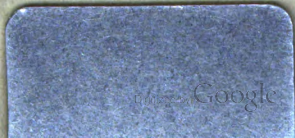




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CHANTS

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.



OUR Father which art in heaven ; |

Hallow " ed | be thy | name ; ||

Thy kingdom come,

Thy will be done in | earth " as it | is in | heaven. ||

Give us this | day our | daily | bread ; ||

And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors. ||

And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from |

evil ; ||

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, " "

For | ever. " A- | men. ||

3



2

Psalm 117.

O PRAISE the Lord, | all ye | nations; || praise | him, all |
ye—·| people. |

For his merciful kindness is | great— | toward us: || and the
truth of the Lord endureth for | ev " er. | Praise " ye the |
Lord. ||

Psalm 138.

I WILL praise thee with my | whole— | heart: || before the
gods will I | sing— | praise— | unto thee. ||

I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name
for thy loving-kindness and | for thy | truth: ||

For thou hast magnified thy word a- | bove all | thy— |
name. ||

In the day when I cried | thou— | answeredst me, || and
strengthenedst | me with | strength in " my | soul. ||

All the kings of the earth shall | praise thee, " O | Lord, ||
when they hear the | words of | thy— | mouth. ||

Yea, they shall sing in the | ways " of the | Lord: || for great
is the | glory | of the | Lord. ||

Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect | unto " the |
lowly: || but the proud he | knoweth " a- | far— | off. ||

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, | thou " wilt re- | vive
me: || thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath
of mine enemies, and | thy right | hand shall | save me. ||

The Lord will perfect | that " which con- | cerneth me: || thy
mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the | works
of | thine own | hands. ||

3

Glo. Pa.

GLORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the |
Holy | Ghost: ||

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev " er | shall be, ||
world | witho\ut | end. " A- | men. ||

4

I WILL extol thee, my | God, O | King; || and I will bless
thy | name for | ever " and | ever. ||

Every day will I | bless— | thee; || and I will praise thy |
name for | ever " and | ever. ||

Great is the Lord, and | greatly to be | praised; || and his |
greatness | is un- | searchable. ||

One generation shall praise thy | works " to an- | other, || and
shall de- | clare thy | mighty | acts. ||

I will speak of the glorious honour | of thy | majesty, || and
of | thy— | wondrous | works. ||

And men shall speak of the might of thy | terrible | acts: ||
and | I " will de- | clare thy | greatness. ||

They shall abundantly utter the memory of | thy " great |
goodness, || and shall | sing of | thy— | righteousness. ||

The Lord is gracious, and | full of " com- | passion; || slow
to | anger, | and of " great mercy. ||

The Lord is | good to | all: || and his tender mercies are |
over | all his | works. ||

All thy works shall | praise thee, " O | Lord; || and thy |
saints shall | bless— | thee. ||

They shall speak of the glory | of thy | kingdom, || and | talk
of | thy— | power; ||

To make known to the sons of men his | mighty | acts, || and
the glorious | majes " ty | of his | kingdom. ||

Thy kingdom is an ever- | lasting | kingdom, || and thy do-
minion endureth through- | out all | gene- | rations. ||

The eyes of all | wait up- | on thee; || and thou givest | them
their | meat in " due | season. ||

Thou | openest " thine | hand, || and satisfiest the desire of |
every | living | thing. ||

The Lord is nigh unto all them that | call up " on | him, || to
all that | call up " on | him in | truth. ||

My mouth shall speak the | praise " of the | Lord: || and let
all flesh bless his holy | name for | ever " and | ever. ||



5

Psalm 65.

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O | God, in | Zion: || and unto |
 thee · · shall the | vow · · be per- | formed. ||

O thou that | hearest | prayer, || unto | thee shall | all flesh |
 come. ||

Iniquities pre- | vail a- | gainst me: || as for our transgres-
 sions, | thou shalt | purge · · them a- | way. ||

Blessed is the man whom thou chooseth, and causeth to approach
 unto thee, that he may | dwell in · · thy | courts: || we shall be
 satisfied with the goodness of thy house, | even · · of thy |
 holy | temple. ||

By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God
 of | our sal- | vation: || who art the confidence of all the
 ends of the earth, and of them that are a- | far off · · up- |
 on the | sea: ||

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being |
 girded · · with | power: || which stilleth the noise of the seas,
 the noise of their waves, and the | tumult | of the | people. ||

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are a- | fraid at · ·
 thy | tokens: || thou makest the outgoings of the morning
 and | evening | to re- | joice. ||

Thou visitest the | earth, and | waterest it: || thou greatly en-
 richest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou
 preparest them corn, when thou | hast · · so pro- | vided |
 for it. ||

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest
the | furrows ·· there- | of: || thou makest it soft with
showers: thou | blessest ·· the | springing ·· there- | of. ||

Thou crownest the | year with ·· thy | goodness; || and thy |
paths— | drop— | fatness. ||

They drop upon the pastures | of the | wilderness: || and the
little hills re- | joice on | every | side. ||

The pastures are | clothed ·· with flocks; || the valleys also are
covered over with corn; they shout for | joy, they | also |
sing. ||

6

Psalm 96.

O SING unto the Lord a | new— | song: || sing unto the |
Lord,— | all the | earth. ||

Sing unto the Lord, | bless his | name; || show forth his sal- |
vation ·· from | day to | day. ||

Declare his glory a- | mong the | heathen, || his wonders a- |
mong— | all— | people. ||

For the Lord is great, and greatly | to be | praised; || he is to
be | feared ·· a- | bove all | gods. ||

For all the gods of the | nations ·· are | idols: || but the |
Lord— | made the | heavens. ||

Honour and majesty | are be- | fore him: || strength and
beauty | are in | his— | sanctuary. ||

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds | of the | people, || give
unto the | Lord— | glory ·· and | strength. ||

Give unto the Lord the glory due | unto ·· his | name: || bring
an offering, and | come in- | to his | courts. ||

O worship the Lord in the | beauty ·· of holiness: || fear be- |
fore him | all the | earth. ||

Say among the heathen that the | Lord— | reigneth; || the
world also shall be established, that it shall not be moved:
he shall | judge the | people | righteously. ||

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the | earth be | glad; || let the
sea | roar, ·· and the | fulness ·· there- | of. ||

Let the field be joyful, and all that | is there- | in: || then shall
all the trees of the wood re- | joice be- | fore the | Lord: ||

REPEAT SECOND PART.

For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth: || he shall
judge the world with righteousness, and the | people | with
his | truth. ||



7

Psalm 98.

O SING unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done | marvelous | things: || his right hand, and his holy arm, hath | gotten | him the | victory. ||
 The Lord hath made known | his sal- | vation: || his righteous- | ness hath he openly showed in the | sight— | of the | heathen. ||
 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the | house of | Israel: || all the ends of the earth have seen the | sal- | vation | of our | God. ||
 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all the | earth: || make a | loud noise, and re- | joice, and | sing— | praise. ||
 Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp; || with the harp, and | the | voice— | of a | psalm. ||
 With trumpets and | sound of | cornet || make a joyful noise | be- | fore the | Lord, the | King. ||
 Let the sea roar, and the | fulness . . . there- | of; || the world, | and | they that | dwell there- | in. ||
 Let the floods | clap their | hands: || let the hills be joyful to- | gether . . . be- | fore the | Lord; ||
 For he cometh to | judge the | earth; || with righteousness shall | he judge the world, and the | people | with— | equity. ||

8

Psalm 93.

THE Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is | clothed with strength, wherewith he hath | girded . . . him- | self: || the world also is established, | that it | cannot . . . be | moved. ||
 Thy throne is es- | tablished . . . of | old: || thou | art from | ever- | lasting. ||
 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted | up | their | voice; || the floods | lift— | up their | waves. ||
 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of | many | waters, || yea, than the | mighty | waves . . . of the | sea. ||
 Thy testimonies are | very | sure: || holiness becometh thine | house, O | Lord, for | ever. ||



9

Psalm 100.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands. || Serve
the Lord with gladness; come before his | presence | with
— | singing. ||

Know ye that the Lord | he is God: || it is he that hath made
us, and not we ourselves; we are his | people, " and the |
sheep of " his | pasture. ||

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts
with | praise: || be thankful unto | him, and | bless his |
name. ||

For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ever- | lasting; || and his
truth en- | dureth " to all | gene- | rations. ||

10

Psalm 27.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation; | whom " shall I |
fear? || The Lord is the strength of my life; of | whom " "
shall I | be a- | fraid? ||

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after;
that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the | days of ..
my | life, || to behold the beauty of the Lord, and | to in- |
quire " in his | temple. ||

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in | his pa- |
vilion; || in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me;
he shall set me | up, up- | on a | rock. ||

Hear, O Lord, when I | cry with " my | voice: || have mercy
also up- | on me | and— | answer me. ||

When thou saidst, | Seek " ye my | face; || mine heart said
unto thee, thy | face Lord | will I | seek. ||

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant a- | way
in | anger: || thou hast been my help: leave me not, neither
forsake me, O | God of | my sal- | vation. ||

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the | goodness " of
the | Lord || in the | land— | of the | living. ||

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall |
strengthen " thine | heart; || wait, I | say,— | on the |
Lord. ||



11

Psalm 150.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise God | in his | sanctuary: || praise him in the | firma-ment | of his | power. || Praise him for his | mighty | acts: || praise him ac- | cording " to his | excellent | greatness. ||

Praise him with the | sound " of the | trumpet: || praise him | with the | psaltery " and | harp. || Praise him with the | timbrel " and | dance: || praise him with | stringed " in- | stru- | ments and | organs. ||

Praise him upon the | loud- | cymbals: || praise him upon the | high- | sounding | cymbals. || Let every thing that | hath- | breath || praise the | Lord. Praise | ye the | Lord.

12

Psalm 89.

I WILL sing of the mercies of the | Lord for | ever; || with my mouth will I make known thy | faithful-ness to | all " gene- | rations. || For I have said, Mercy shall be | built " up for | ever; || thy faithfulness shalt thou es- | tablish " in the | very | heavens. ||

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly | of the | saints, || and to be had in reverence of | all " them that | are a- | bout him. || O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord | like " unto | thee; || or to thy | faithful-ness | round a- | bout thee? ||

Thou rulest the raging | of the | sea: || when the waves thereof a- | rise,— | thou— | stillest them. || Justice and judgment are the habitation | of thy | throne: || mercy and truth shall | go be- | fore thy | face. ||



Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: || they shall walk, O Lord, in the light— of thy countenance. || In thy name shall they rejoice— all the day: || and in thy righteousness shall they be ex- | alted. || For thou art the glory of their— strength: || and in thy favour our horn shall be ex- | alted. || For the Lord is our de- | fence; || and the Holy One of Isra- el is our King. ||

SECOND PART.

Blessed be the Lord for ever more. || A- | men, and | A- | men. ||

13

Psalm 146.

PRAISE | ye the | Lord. || Praise the | Lord,— | O my | soul. || While I live will I | praise the | Lord: || I will sing praises unto my | God · · while I | have · · any | being. || Put not your | trust in | princes, || nor in the son of man, in | whom there | is no | help. || His breath goeth forth, he re- | turneth · · to his | earth; || in that very | day his | thoughts— | perish. || Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob | for his | help, || whose hope is | in the | Lord his | God: || Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that | therein | is: || which | keepeth | truth for | ever: || Which executeth judgment | for · · the op- | pressed: || which giveth food to the hungry. The | Lord— | looseth · · the | prisoners: || The Lord openeth the | eyes · · of the | blind: || the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the | Lord— | loveth · · the | righteous. || The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the | father- · · less and | widow; || but the way of the wicked he | turneth | upside | down. || The Lord shall | reign for | ever, || even thy God, O Zion, unto all gene- | rations. | Praise · · ye the | Lord. ||



14

Psalm 103.

BLESS the Lord, | O my | soul: || and all that is within me, |
bless his | holy | name. ||

Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and for- | get not | all his |
benefits: ||

Who forgiveth all | thine in- | iquities; || who | healeth " all |
thy dis- | eases; ||

Who redeemeth thy | life " from de- | struction; || who crown-
eth thee with loving- | kindness " and | tender | mercies; ||

Who satisfieth thy mouth with | good— | things; || so that thy
youth is re- | new " ed | like the | eagle's. ||

The Lord executeth | righteousness " and | judgment || for |
all that | are op- | pressed; ||

He made known his | ways " unto | Moses, || his acts unto the |
children | of— | Israel. ||

The Lord is | merciful " and | gracious, || slow to anger, and |
plente " ous | in— | mercy. ||

He will not | always | chide: || neither will he | keep his |
anger " for | ever. ||

He hath not dealt with us | after " our | sins; || nor rewarded
us ac- | cording " to | our in- | iquities. ||

For as the heaven is high a- | bove the | earth, || so great is
his mercy | toward | them that | fear him. ||

As far as the east is | from the | west, || so far hath he re-
moved | our trans- | gressions | from us. ||

Like as a father | pitieth " his | children, so the Lord | piti-
eth | them that | fear him. ||

For he | knoweth " our | frame; || he re- | membereth " that |
we are | dust. ||

As for man, his | days · · are as | grass: || as a flower of the |
field so | he— | flourisheth. ||

For the wind passeth over it, | and it · · is | gone; || and the
place there- | of shall | know it · · no | more. ||

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting
upon | them that | fear him, || and his righteousness | unto |
children's | children; ||

To such as | keep his | covenant, || and to those that remember
his com- | mandments · · to | do— | them. ||

The Lord hath prepared his | throne · · in the | heavens; || and
his kingdom | ruleth | over | all. ||

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that ex- | cel in | strength, || that
do his commandments, hearkening unto the | voice of |
his— | word. ||

Bless ye the Lord, all | ye his | hosts; || ye ministers of | his,
that | do his | pleasure. ||

Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of | his do- | min-
ion: || bless the | Lord,— | O my | soul. ||

15

Psalm 95.

O COME, let us sing | unto · · the | Lord: || let us make a joyful
noise to the | Rock of | our sal- | vation. ||

Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving, || and
make a joyful noise | unto | him with | psalms. ||

For the Lord is a | great— | God, || and a great | King a- |
bove all | gods. ||

In his hand are the deep places | of the | earth; || the strength
of the | hills is | his— | also. ||

The sea is his, and | he— | made it: || and his hands | formed · ·
the | dry— | land. ||

O come, let us worship and | bow— | down: || let us kneel be- |
fore the | Lord our | Maker. ||

For he is | our— | God; || and we are the people of his pas-
ture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand. ||



16

Psalm 63.

O God, | thou art " my | God; || early | will I || seek— | thee: ||
 My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh | longeth " for | thee || in
 a dry and thirsty land, | where no | water | is; ||
 To see thy power and | thy— | glory, || so as I have seen |
 thee— | in the | sanctuary. ||
 Because thy loving-kindness is | better " than | life, || my lips |
 shall— | praise— | thee. ||
 Thus will I bless thee | while I | live: || I will lift up my |
 hands in | thy— | name. ||
 My soul shall be satisfied as with | marrow " and | fatness; ||
 and my mouth shall | praise thee " with | joyful | lips: ||
 When I remember thee up- | on my | bed, || and meditate on |
 thee " in the | night— | watches. ||
 Because thou hast been | my— | help, || therefore in the
 shadow of thy | wings will | I re- | joice. ||

17

Psalm 57.

BE thou exalted, O God, a- | bove the | heavens; || let thy glory
 be a- | bove— | all the | earth. ||
 My heart is fixed, O God, my | heart is | fixed; || I will |
 sing— | and give | praise. ||
 Awake up, my glory; awake, | psaltery " and | harp " || I my-
 self | will a- | wake— | early. ||
 I will praise thee, O Lord, a- | mong the | people: || I will
 sing unto | thee a- | mong the | nations. ||
 For thy mercy is great | unto " the | heavens, || and thy |
 truth— | unto " the | clouds. ||
 Be thou exalted, O God, a- | bove the | heavens; || let thy
 glory be a- | bove— | all the | earth. ||



18

Psalms 42 and 43.

As the hart panteth | after " the | water brooks, || so panteth
my soul after | thee, O | God. || My soul thirsteth for God,
for the | living | God: || when shall I come and ap- | pear
be- | fore— | God? ||

Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul? || and why art thou
disquieted in me? | hope " thou in | God: || for I shall yet |
praise— | him || for the | help— | of his | countenance. ||

Deep calleth unto deep at the | noise of " thy | waterspouts: ||
all thy waves and thy billows are | gone— | over me. || Yet
the Lord will command his loving-kindness | in the | day-
time, || and in the night his song shall be with me, and my
prayer | unto " the | God of " my | life. ||

Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul? || and why art thou
disquieted within me? | hope thou " in | God: || for I shall
yet | praise— | him, || who is the health of my | counte-
nance, | and my | God. ||

O send out thy light and thy truth: | let them | lead me; || let
them bring me unto thy holy hill, and | to thy | taberna-
cles. || Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my
ex- | ceeding | joy: || yea, upon the harp will I | praise thee, "
O | God my | God. ||

Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul? || and why art thou
disquieted within me? | hope in | God: || for I shall yet |
praise— | him, || who is the health of my | counte " nance, |
and my | God. ||



19

Psalm 68.

SING unto God, sing praises | to his | name: || extol him that
rideth upon the heavens by his name | JAH, " and re- | joice
be- | fore him. ||

A father of the fatherless, and a | judge " of the | widows || is
God in his | holy | habi- | tation. ||

The Lord | gave the | word: || great was the company of |
those that | publish " ed | it. ||

Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive:
thou hast received | gifts for | men; || yea, for the rebellious
also, that the | Lord God " might | dwell a- | mong them. ||

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth | us with | benefits, ||
even the | God of | our sal- | vation. ||

He that is our God is the | God of " sal- | vation; |, and unto
God the Lord be- | long the | issues " from | death. ||

They have seen thy | goings, " O | God; || even the goings of
my God, my | King,— | in the | sanctuary. ||

Bless ye God in the | congre- | gations, || even the | Lord, .
from the | fountain " of | Israel. ||

Ascribe ye strength | unto | God: || his excellency is over Is-
rael, and his | strength is | in the | clouds. ||

O God, thou art terrible out of thy | holy | places: || the God
of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his |
people. | Blessed " be | God. ||

20

Isa. xxxii.

BEHOLD a king shall | reign in | righteousness, || and princes
shall | rule— | in— | judgment. ||

And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a
covert | from the | tempest; || as rivers of water in a dry
place, as the shadow of a great | rock " in a | weary | land. ||

And the work of righteousness | shall be | peace; || and the
effect of righteousness: quietness and as- | surance | for— |
ever. ||



21

Psalm 122.

I WAS glad when they | said .. unto | me, || Let us go | into ..
the | house .. of the | Lord. ||

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, | O Je- | rusalem. ||
Jerusalem is builded as a city that | is com- | pact to- |
gether: ||

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the |
testimony .. of | Israel, || to give thanks | unto .. the | name ..
of the | Lord. ||

For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || the thrones | of
the | house of | David. ||

Pray for the | peace .. of Je | rusalem: || they shall | prosper ..
that | love— | thee. ||

Peace be with- | in thy walls, || and pros- | perity .. with- | in
thy | palaces. ||

For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes, || I will now
say, | Peace .. be with- | in— | thee. ||

Because of the house of the | Lord our | God || I will |
seek— | thy— | good. ||

22

1 Chron. xxix. 10—13.

BLESSED be thou, Lord God of | Israel .. our | Father, || for |
ever | and— | ever. ||

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, | and the | power, || and the
glory, and the | victo .. ry, | and the | majesty: ||

For all that is | in the | heaven || and in the | earth— | is— |
thine; ||

Thine is the | kingdom, .. O | Lord, || and thou art exalted as |
Head a- | bove— | all. ||

Both riches and honour | come of | thee, || and thou | reign-
est | over | all: ||

And in thy hand is | power .. and | might; || and in thy hand
it is to make great, and to give | strength— | unto | all: ||

Now therefore, our God, we | thank— | thee, || and | praise
thy | glori .. ous | name. ||

BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel; || for he hath visited
and re- | deem " ed | us— | people, ||
And hath raised up a horn of sal- | vation | for us || in the |
house " of his | servant | David; ||
As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets, || which
have | been " since the | world be- | gan: ||
That we should be saved | from our | enemies, || and from the
hand of | all that | hate— | us; ||
To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remem-
ber his | holy | covenant; || the oath which he | sware " to
our | father | Abraham, ||
That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of
the | hand of " our | enemies, || might serve | him— | with-
out | fear, ||
In holiness and righteousness be- | fore— | him, || all the |
days of | our— | life. ||

O GIVE thanks | unto " the | Lord: || for he is good; because
his | mercy " en- | dureth " for | ever. ||
It is better to | trust " in the | Lord || than to put | confi- " "
dence | in— | man. ||
The Lord is my | strength and | song, || and is be- | come— |
my sal- | vation. ||
Open to me the | gates of | righteousness: || I will go into
them, and | I will | praise the | Lord: ||
This gate | of the | Lord, || into which the | righteous |
shall— | enter. ||
I will | praise— | thee: || for thou hast heard me, and | art
be- | come " my sal- | vation. ||
This is the day which the | Lord hath | made; || we will re- |
joice " and be | glad— | in it. ||
Save now, I beseech thee, | O | —Lord: || O Lord, I be- |
seech thee, " send | now pros- | perity. ||
Blessed be he that cometh in the | name " of the | Lord: || we
have blessed you | out " of the | house " of the | Lord. ||
Thou art my God, and | I will | praise thee: || thou art my |
God,— | I " will ex- | alt thee. ||
O give thanks | unto " the | Lord; || for he is good: for his |
mercy " en- | dureth " for | e-er. ||



25

Psalm 92.

It is a good thing to give thanks | unto " the | Lord, || and to
sing praises unto thy | name,— | O Most | High: || to show
forth thy loving-kindness | in the | morning, || and thy |
faithful " ness | every | night, ||

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | psal-
tery; || upon the | harp " with a | solemn | sound. || For
thou, Lord; hast made me glad | through thy | work: || I
will triumph in the | works of | thy— | hands. ||

O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are |
very | deep. || A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a |
fool " under- | stand— | this. ||

When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the work-
ers of in- | iquity " do | flourish, || it is that they | shall be "
de- | stroyed " for | ever: ||

But thou, Lord, art most high for | ever | more. || For, lo, thine
enemies, O Lord, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish; all the
workers of in- | iqui " ty | shall be | scattered. || But my
horn shalt thou exalt like the | horn " of a | unicorn: || I
shall be an- | ointed | with fresh | oil. ||

Mine eye also shall see my desire | on mine | enemies, || and
mine ears shall hear my desire of the | wicked " that | rise
up " a- | gainst me. || The righteous shall flourish | like the |
palm tree: || he shall | grow " like a | cedar " in | Lebanon. ||

Those that be planted in the | house of " the | Lord || shall
flourish in the | courts | —of our | God. || To show that the |
Lord is | up- | right: || he is my rock, and there is | no un-
righteous " ness | in him. ||



26

Psalm 108.

O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even
with my | glory. || Awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will
a- | wake— | early. ||

I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: and I will sing
praises unto thee a- | mong the | nations. || For thy mercy
is great above the heavens: and thy truth reacheth | unto ..
the | clouds. ||

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: and thy glory
above | all the | earth; || that thy beloved may be delivered:
save with thy right hand, | and— | answer me. ||

Give us help from trouble: for vain is the | help of | man. ||
Through God we shall do valiantly: for he it is that shall
tread | down our | enemies. ||

27

Psalm 121.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh ..
my | help. || My help cometh from the Lord, which made |
heaven .. and | earth. ||

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee |
will not | slumber. || Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall
neither | slumber .. nor | sleep. ||

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy |
right— | hand. || The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor
the | moon by | night. ||

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre- |
serve thy | soul. || The Lord shall preserve thy going out
and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for | ever |
more. ||



28

Psalm 33.

REJOICE in the Lord, | O ye | righteous; || for praise is |
comely | for the | upright. ||
Praise the | Lord with | harp; || sing unto him with the psal-
tery, and an | instru " ment | of ten | strings. ||
Sing unto him a | new— | song; || play skilfully | with a |
loud— | noise. ||
For the word of the | Lord is | right; || and all his | works
are | done in | truth. ||
He loveth | righteousness " and | judgment: || the earth is full
of the | goodness | of the | Lord. ||
By the word of the Lord were the | heavens | made; || and all
the host of them by the | breath of | his— | mouth. ||
He gathereth the waters of the sea together | as an | heap: ||
he layeth | up the | depth in | store-houses. ||
Let all the earth | fear the | Lord: || let all the inhabitants of
the | world " stand in | awe— | of him. ||
For he spake, | and it " was | done; || he commanded, | and
it | stood— | fast. ||
The Lord bringeth the counsel of the | heathen " to | nought: ||
he maketh the devices of the | people " of | none ef- | fect. ||
The counsel of the Lord | standeth " for | ever, || the thoughts
of his heart to | all— | gene- | rations. ||
Blessed is the nation whose | God " is the | Lord; || and the
people whom he hath | chosen " for his | own in- | heri-
tance. ||

29

Psalm 84.

How amiable are | thy— | tabernacles, || O | Lord— | of— |
hosts! ||
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the | courts " of the |
Lord: || my heart and my flesh crieth | out " for the | liv-
ing | God. ||
Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest
for herself, where she may | lay her | young, || even thine
altars, O Lord of hosts, my | King, and | my— | God. ||

Blessed are they that | dwell in · thy | house: || they will be |
 still— | praising | thee. ||
 Blessed is the man whose | strength is · in | thee; || in whose
 heart are the ways of them, who passing through the valley
 of Baca make it a well; the | rain · also | filleth · the | pools. ||
 They go from | strength to | strength, || every one of them in
 Zion ap- | peareth · be- | fore | God. ||
 O Lord God of hosts, | hear my | prayer: || Give ear, | O— |
 God of | Jacob. ||
 Behold, O | God our | shield, || and look upon the | face of |
 thine an- | ointed. ||
 For a day in thy courts is better | than a | thousand. || I had
 rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to |
 dwell · in the | tents of | wickedness. ||
 For the Lord God is a | sun and | shield: || the Lord will give
 grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from |
 them that | walk up- | rightly. ||
 O | Lord of | hosts, | blessed is the | man that | trusteth · in |
 thee. ||



30

Hab. iii.

God came from Teman, and the Holy One | from mount |
 Paran. || His glory covered the heavens, and the | earth
 was | full of · his | praise. ||
 His brightness was | as the | light. || Before him went the pes-
 tilence, and burning | coals went | forth at · his | feet. ||
 The mountains saw thee, | and they | trembled; || the deep ut-
 tered his voice, and lifted | up his | hands on | high. ||
 Thou wentest forth for the salvation | of thy | people, || even
 for sal- | vation · with | thine an- | ointed. ||
 Thou didst march through the land in | indig- | nation, || thou
 didst | thrash the | heathen · in anger. ||
 Thou wentest forth for the salvation | of thy | people, || even
 for sal- | vation · with | thine an- | ointed. ||
 I will rejoice | in the | Lord, || I will joy in the | God of | my
 sal- | vation. ||
 The Lord God is | my— | strength, || and he will make me
 to | walk up · on | my high | places. ||

**31***Psalm 148.*

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens ;
praise him | in the | heights. || Praise ye him, all his angels :
praise ye him, | all his | hosts. ||

Praise ye him, sun and moon ; praise him, all ye | stars of |
light. || Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters
that be a- | bove the | heavens. ||

Let them praise the name of the Lord : for he commanded,
and | they were " cre- | ated. || He hath also established
them for ever and ever ; he hath made a decree which |
shall not | pass. ||

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and | all— |
deeps. || Fire and hail ; snow and vapour ; stormy wind ful-
filling " his | word. ||

Mountains, and all hills ; fruitful trees, and | all— | cedars. ||
Beasts, and all cattle ; creeping things, and | flying | fowl. ||
Kings of the earth, and all people ; princes, and all | judges "
of the | earth : || Both young men and maidens ; | old " men
and | children : ||

Let them praise the | name " of the | Lord : || for his name
alone is excellent ; his glory is above the | earth and |
heaven. ||

He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of | all his |
saints ; || even of the children of Israel, a people near unto
him. || Praise " ye the | Lord. ||

32*Psalm 36.*

How excellent is thy loving- | kindness, " O | God ! || There-
fore the children of men put their trust under the shadow |
of thy | wings. ||

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness | of thy |
house ; || and thou shalt make them drink of the river | of
thy | pleasures. ||

For with thee is the | fountain " of | life : || in thy light shall
we | see— | light. ||

Musical score for Psalm 136, showing two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The first system is labeled 'SOLO.' and 'CHORUS.' and the second system is also labeled 'SOLO.' and 'CHORUS.'

33

Psalm 136.

- Solo.* 1. O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is good : ||
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||
- Solo.* 2. O give thanks unto the God of gods : ||
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||
- Solo.* 3. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords : ||
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||
- Solo.* 4. To him who alone doeth great wonders : ||
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||
- Solo.* 5. To him that by wisdom made the heavens : ||
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||
- Solo.* 6. To him that stretched out the earth above the
waters : ||
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||
- Solo.* 7. To him that made great lights : ||
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||
- Solo.* 8. The sun to rule by day ; the moon and stars to rule
by night. ||
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||
- Solo.* 17. Who remembered us in our low estate : ||
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||
- Solo.* 18. And hath redeemed us from our enemies : ||
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||
- Solo.* 19. Who giveth food to all flesh : ||
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||
- Solo.* 20. O give thanks unto the God of heaven : ||
Chorus. For his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ||



34

Rev. iv. 8, 11.

**HOLY, holy, holy, | Lord " God Al- | mighty, || which was,
and | is, and | is to | come. ||**

**Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and | honour "
and | power; || for thou hast created all things, and for thy
pleasure they | are and | were cre- | ated. ||**

Rev. v. 9, 10, 12, 13.

**For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God | by thy |
blood, || and hast made us unto | our God | kings and |
priests. ||**

**Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain, || to receive power, and
riches, and wisdom, and strength; and | honour, " and |
glory, " and | blessing. ||**

**Blessing, and honour, and | glory " and | power, || be unto
him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the | Lamb for |
ever " and | ever. ||**

Isa. vi. 3.

**Holy, holy, holy, is the | Lord of | hosts: || the whole earth
is | full of | his— | glory. ||**

Rev. vii. 10.

**Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and |
unto " the | Lamb. || Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and
thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto
our | God for | ever " and | ever. ||**

Luke ii. 14.

**Glory to | God " in the | highest, || and on earth | peace,
good | will " toward | men. ||**

Rev. i. 5, 6.

**Unto him that | loved | us, || and washed us from our | sins
in | his own | blood. ||**

**And hath made us kings and priests unto | God " and his |
Father: || to him be glory and dominion for | ever " and |
ever. " A- | men. ||**



35

Psalm 51.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy | loving- |
kindness: || according unto the multitude of thy tender
mercies | blot out | my trans- | gressions. ||

Wash me thoroughly from | mine in- | iquity, || and cleanse |
me— | from my | sin. ||

For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions: || and my | sin is |
ever " be- | fore me. ||

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil
in | thy— | sight: || that thou mightest be justified when
thou speakest, and be | clear— | when thou | judgest. ||

Create in me a clean heart, | O— | God; || and renew a |
right— | spirit " with- | in me. ||

Cast me not away | from thy | presence; || and take not thy |
Holy | Spirit | from me. ||

Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation; || and uphold
me | with thy | free | —Spirit. ||

Then will I teach trans- | gressors " thy | ways; || and sinners
shall be con- | verted | unto | thee. ||

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of | my
sal- | vation: || and my tongue shall sing a- | loud— | of
thy | righteousness. ||

O Lord, open | thou my | lips; || and my mouth shall | show
forth | thy— | praise. ||

36

Psalm 111.

PRAISE ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my |
whole— | heart, || in the assembly of the upright, and | in
the | congre- | gation. ||

The works of the | Lord are | great, || sought out of all them
that have | pleasure | there— | in. ||

His work is honourable | and— | glorious: || and his right-
eous- | ness en- | dureth " for | ever. ||



He hath made his wonderful works to | be re- | membered : ||
the Lord is gracious and | full— | of com— | passion.

He hath given meat unto | them that | fear him : || he will
ever be | mindful | of his | covenant. ||

He hath shewed his people the | power .. of his | works, ||
that he may give them the | herit .. age | of the | heathen. ||

The works of his hands are | verity .. and | judgment ; || all
his com- | mandments | are— | sure. ||

They stand fast for | ever .. and | ever, || and are done in |
truth— | and up- | rightness. ||

He sent redemption | unto .. his | people : || he hath commanded
his covenant forever : holy and | reve .. rend | is his | name. ||

The fear of the Lord is the be- | ginning .. of | wisdom : || a
good understanding have all they that do his command-
ments : his | praise en- | dureth .. for | ever. ||

37

Psalm 8.

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the
earth ! Who hast set thy glory a- | bove the | heavens. ||

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained
strength, because of thine enemies ; that thou mightest still
the | ene- .. my | and .. the a- | venger. ||

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the
moon and the stars, which | thou .. hast or- | dained. || What
is man, that thou art mindful of him ? and the son of | man ..
that thou | visit .. est | him. ||

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, thou
hast crowned him with | glory .. and | honour. || Thou
madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands :
Thou has put | all things | under .. his | feet. ||

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field ; the fowl
of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth
through the | paths .. of the | sea. || O Lord, our Lord, how
excellent is thy name in | all the | earth. A- | men. ||



38

Psalm 116.

I | LOVE the | Lord, || because he hath heard my | voice " and
my | suppli- | cations. ||

Because he hath inclined his | ear " unto | me, || therefore will
I call upon him as | long— | as I | live. ||

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat |
hold up- | on me: || I found | trouble | and— | sorrow. ||

Then called I upon the | name " of the | Lord; || O Lord, I
beseech thee, de- | liver | my— | soul. ||

Gracious is the | Lord, and | righteous; || yea, our | God— |
is— | merciful. ||

The Lord pre- | serveth " the | simple: || I was brought low,
and | he— | helped | me. ||

Return unto thy rest, | O my | soul; || for the Lord hath dealt |
bounti- | fully | with thee. ||

For thou hast delivered my | soul from | death, || mine eyes
from tears, and my | feet— | from— | falling. ||

What shall I render | unto " the | Lord || for all his | bene- "
fits | toward | me? ||

I will take the | cup of " sal- | vation, || and call upon the |
name— | of the | Lord. ||

I will pay my vows | unto " the | Lord || now in the | pres-
ence " of | all his | people. ||

Precious in the | sight " of the | Lord || is the | death of |
his— | saints. ||

O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the |
son of " thy | handmaid: || thou hast | loosed | my— |
bonds. ||

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of | thanks- — | giving, || and
will call upon the | name— | of the | Lord. ||

I will pay my vows | unto " the | Lord || now in the | pres-
ence " of | all his | people. ||

In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, | O
Je- | rusalem. || Praise | ye— | the— | Lord. ||

How beautiful up- | on the | mountains || are the feet of him
 that bringeth good | tidings, " that | publish " eth | peace; ||
 That bringeth good tidings of good, that | publisheth " sal- |
 vation; || that saith unto | Zion, " Thy | God— | reigneth! ||
 Thy watchmen shall lift | up the | voice; || with the voice
 to- | gether " shall | they— | sing: ||
 For they shall see | eye to | eye, || when the Lord shall |
 bring a- | gain— | Zion. ||
 Break | forth into | joy, || Sing together, ye waste | places | of
 Je- | rusalem: ||
 For the Lord hath | comforted " his | people, || he hath re- |
 deemed " Je- | rusa- | lem. ||
 The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of | all
 the | nations; || and all the ends of the earth shall see the
 sal- | vation | of our | God. ||

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and | known— | me. || Thou
 knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou under-
 standest my | thought a- | far— | off. ||
 Thou compassest my path and my | lying | down, || and art
 acquainted with | all— | my— | ways. ||
 For there is not a | word " in my | tongue, || but lo, O Lord,
 thou | knowest " it | alto- | gether. ||
 Thou hast beset me be- | hind " and be- | fore, || and | laid
 thine | hand up- | on me. ||
 Such knowledge is too | wonder " ful | for me; || it is high, I
 | cannot " at- | tain— | unto it. ||
 Whither shall I go from | thy— | Spirit? || or whither shall
 I | flee from | thy— | presence? ||
 If I say, Surely the | darkness " shall | cover me; || even the |
 night " shall be | light a- | bout me. ||
 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth |
 as the | day: || the darkness and the light are | both a- | like
 to thee. || How precious also are thy | thoughts " unto | me, ||
 O God! how | great | is the | sum of them! ||
 Search me, O God, and | know my | heart; || try me, and |
 know— | my— | thoughts. || And see if there be any |
 wicked " way | in me, || and lead me | in the | way " ever- |
 lasting. ||

PART I. *Regular.* CODA. PART II. *Regular.*

A-men.

PART III. *Irregular.*

41

Glo : in excel :

I.

GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- |
will " towards | men. ||
We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glo-
rify thee, we give thanks to thee | for thy | great— | glory. ||

II.

O Lord God, | Heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- |
mighty ! ||
O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, ||
O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son " of the | Fa- | ther, ||

III.

That takest away the | sins " of the | world, || have mercy
up- | on— | us. ||
Thou that takest away the | sins " of the | world, || have
mercy up- | on— | us. ||
Thou that takest away the | sins " of the | world, || receive |
our— | prayer. ||
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, ||
have mercy up- | on— | us. ||

L

For thou only } art— | holy, || thou | only | art the | Lord. ||
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high
in the | glory " of | God the | Father. | A- | men. ||



42

Psalm 48.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city | of
our | God, || in the | mountain | of his | holiness. ||

Beautiful for | situ- | ation, || the joy of the whole | earth,— |
is Mount | Zion, ||

On the sides of the north, the city of the | great— | King. ||
God is known in her | pala- | ces | for a | refuge. ||

We have thought of thy loving- | kindness, " O | God, || in
the | midst of | thy— | temple. ||

According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the |
ends " of the | earth: || thy right | hand is | full of | right-
eousness. ||

Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of | Judah " be |
glad, || because of | thy— | judg- — | ments. ||

Walk about Zion, and go | round a- | bout her: || tell the |
towers | there— | of. ||

Mark ye well her bulwarks, con- | sider " her | palaces; || that
ye may tell it to the | gene- | ration | following. ||

For this God is our God for- | ever " and | ever: || he will be
our | guide " even | unto | death. ||

43

Psalm 61.

FROM the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my
heart is | over- | whelmed: || lead me to the | Rock " that
is | higher " than | I.

For thou hast been a | shelter | for me, || and a strong |
tower | from the | enemy. ||

I will abide in thy tabernacle | for— | ever: || I will trust in
the | covert | of thy | wings. ||

For thou, O God, hast | heard my | vows: || thou hast given
me the heritage of | those that | fear thy | name. ||

So will I sing praise unto thy | name for | ever, || that I may |
daily " per- | form my | vows. ||

PART I. CODA.

A - mer.

PART II.

44

Te Deum.

I.

WE praise thee, | O— | God ; || we acknowledge | thee to | be
the | Lord. ||

All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the Father | ever-
last — | ing. ||

To thee all angels | cry a- | loud, || the heavens, and | all the |
powers there- | in.

To thee cherubim and seraphim con- | tinually " do | cry, ||
Holy, holy, holy, Lord | God of | Saba- | oth ; ||

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty | of thy | glory. ||
The glorious company of the apostles praise thee. The
goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise— | thee. ||

The noble army of martyrs | praise— | thee. || The holy church
throughout all the | world " doth ac- | knowledge | thee, ||

The Father, of an | infi " nite | majesty ; || thine adorable, |
true and | only | Son ; ||

Also the Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter. || Thou art the King
of glory, O Christ, thou art the everlasting | Son " of the |
Fa- — | ther. ||

II.

When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, || thou didst
humble thyself to be | born— | of a | virgin. ||

When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness " of | death, || thou
didst open the kingdom of | heaven " to | all be- | lievers. ||

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the | glory " of the |
Father. || We believe that thou shalt | come to | be our |
judge.



We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants, || whom thou
 hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood. ||
 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints, || in | glory |
 ever- | lasting. ||
 O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine | heritage; || govern
 them and | lift them | up for | ever. ||

I.

Day by day we | magni .. fy | thee; || and we worship thy
 name ever, | world with- | out— | end. ||
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day with .. out | sin; || O
 Lord, have mercy upon us, have | mercy .. up- | on— | us, ||
 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as our | trust— | is
 in | thee. ||
 O Lord, in | thee .. have I | trusted; || let me | never | be
 con- | founded. || A- | men. ||

45

Psalm 46.

God is our | refuge .. and | strength, || a very | present | help
 in | trouble. ||
 Therefore will not we fear, though the | earth .. be re- | moved, ||
 and though the mountains be carried into the | midst— |
 of the | sea; ||
 Though the waters thereof | roar .. and be | troubled, || though
 the mountains | shake .. with the | swelling .. there- | of. ||
 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the |
 city .. of | God, || the holy place of the tabernacles | of the |
 Most— | High. ||
 God is in the midst of her; she shall | not be | moved: || God
 shall | help her, .. and | that right | early. ||
 The Lord of | hosts is | with us; || the God of | Jacob | is
 our | refuge. ||
 Be still, and know that | I am | God: || I will be exalted
 among the heathen, I will be ex- | alted | in the | earth. ||
 The Lord of | hosts is | with us; || the God of | Jacob | is
 our | refuge. ||



46

Isa. lx.

ARISE, shine, for thy | light is | come, || and the glory of the |
Lord is | risen " up- | on thee. ||

For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross |
darkness " the | people; || but the Lord shall arise upon
thee, and his glory | shall be | seen up- | on thee. ||

And the Gentiles shall | come to " thy | light: || and kings to
the | brightness | of thy | rising. ||

Lift up thine eyes round about and see: all they gather them-
selves together, they | come to | thee: || thy sons shall come
from far, and thy daughters shall be | nursed | at thy |
side. ||

Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall
fear, and | be en- | larged; || because the abundance of the
sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the | Gentiles "
shall | come " unto | thee. ||

47

Luke ii.

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding | in
the | field, || keeping watch | over " their | flocks by | night. ||

And lo, the angel of the | Lord " came up- | on them, || and
the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and | they
were | sore a- | fraid. ||

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold I bring
you good tidings of | great— | joy, || which shall | be to |
all— | people. ||

For unto you is born this day in the | city " of | David, || a
Saviour | which is | Christ the | Lord. ||

And this shall be a | sign— | unto you: || ye shall find the
babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, | lying | in a | manger. ||

And suddenly there was | with the | angel || a multitude of
the heavenly host, | praising | God and | saying, ||

Glory to | God " in the | highest, || and on earth | peace,
good | will " towards | men. ||



48

Psalm 67.

GOD be merciful unto | us and | bless us ; || and cause his | face
to | shine up- | on us ; ||

That thy way may be | known up " on | earth ; || thy saving |
health a- | mong all | nations. ||

Let the people praise thee, | O— | God, || let all the | people |
praise— | thee. ||

O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy : || for thou shalt
judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations ..
up- | on— | earth. ||

Let the people praise thee, | O— | God ; || let all the | peo-
ple | praise— | thee. ||

Then shall the earth | yield her | increase ; || and God, even |
our own | God shall | bless us. ||

God shall | bless— | us ; || and all the ends of the | earth
shall | fear— | him. ||

49

Psalm 147.

PRAISE the Lord, O Je- | rusa- | lem ; || praise thy | God, | —
O— | Zion. ||

For he hath strengthened the | bars of " thy | gates ; || he hath
blessed thy | children | with- — | in thee. ||

He maketh peace | in thy | borders, || and filleth thee with
the | finest | of the | wheat. ||

He giveth | snow like | wool : || he scattereth the | hoar-frost |
like— | ashes. ||

He casteth forth his | ice like | morsels ; || who can | stand
be- | fore his | cold ? ||

He sendeth out his | word, and | melteth them : || he causeth
his wind to blow, | and the | waters | flow. ||

He showeth his word | unto | Jacob, || his statutes and his |
judgments | unto | Israel. ||

He hath not dealt so with any nation : and as for his judg-
ments, they | have not | known them. || Praise | ye— |
the— | Lord. ||



50

Isaiah xl.

O ZION, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the |
 high— | mountain: || O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings,
 lift | up thy | voice with | strength; ||
 Lift it up, | be not " a- | fraid; || say unto the cities of | Ju-
 dah, " Be- | hold your | God. ||
 Behold the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his
 arm shall | rule— | for him: || behold, his reward is with
 him, and | his— | work be- | fore him. ||

Psalm ciii. 17, 18.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting
 upon | them that | fear him, || and his righteousness | unto |
 children's | children. ||
 To such as | keep his | covenant; || and to those that remem-
 ber his com- | mandments " to | do— | them. ||

Isa. xlv. 3, 4.

I will pour my Spirit up- | on thy | seed, || and my | blessing "
 up- | on thine | offspring: ||
 And they shall spring up as a- | mong the | grass, || as wil-
 lows | by the | water- | courses. ||

Mark x. 14.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and for- | bid
 them | not: || for of | such " is the | kingdom " of | God. ||

Acts ii. 39.

For the promise is unto you, and | to your | children; || and
 to all that are afar off, even as many as the | Lord our |
 God shall | call. ||

Ez. xxxvi. 25, 26.

Then will I sprinkle clean | water " up- | on you, || and | ye
 shall | be— | clean: ||
 A new heart also | will I | give you, || and a new spirit | will
 I | put with- | in you, ||
 And I will take away the stony heart | out of " your | flesh, ||
 and I will | give you " a | heart of | flesh. ||

Isa. xi.

He shall feed his flock | like a | shepherd; || he shall gather
the lambs with his arm, and | carry " them | in his |
bosom. ||

Isa. lxii.

For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's
sake I | will not | rest, || until the righteousness thereof go
forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof | as a | lamp
that | burneth. ||

And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all | kings
thy | glory: || and thou shalt be called by a new name,
which the | mouth " of the | Lord shall | name. ||

Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the | hand of " the |
Lord, || and a royal diadem | in the | hand of " thy |
God. ||

Isa. lxiii.

Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant
of us, and Israel ac- | knowledge " us | not: || thou, O Lord,
art our Father, our Redeemer: thy | name is " from |
ever- | lasting. ||

51

Psalms 126.

WHEN the Lord turned again the cap- | tivity " of | Zion, ||
we were | like— | them that | dream. ||

Then was our mouth | filled " with | laughter, || and our |
tongue— | with— | singing: ||

Then said they a- | mong the | heathen, || the Lord hath
done | great— | things— | for them. ||

The Lord hath done great | things for | us; || where- | of— |
we are | glad. ||

Turn again our captivity, | O— | Lord, || as the | streams— |
in the | south. ||

They that | sow in | tears || shall | reap— | in— | joy. ||

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing | precious | seed, ||
shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, | bringing " his |
sheaves— | with him. ||



52

Psalm 23.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want. || He maketh
me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside
the | still— | waters. ||

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteous-
ness for his | name's— | sake. || Yea, though I walk through
the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for
thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff | they— | comfort
me. ||

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine
enemies, thou anointest my head with oil: my | cup " run-
neth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of
the | Lord, for | ever. || A- | men. ||

53

Psalm 85.

LORD, thou hast been favourable | unto " thy | land: || thou
hast brought back the cap- | tivity " of | Jacob. ||

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity | of thy | people, || thou hast
covered | all their | sin. ||

Thou hast taken away | all thy | wrath: || thou hast turned
thyself from the fierceness of | thine— | anger. ||

Turn us, O God of | our sal- | vation, || and cause thine anger
toward | us to | cease. ||

Wilt thou be angry with | us for | ever? || Wilt thou draw out
thine anger to all | gene- | rations? ||

Wilt thou not re- | vive us " a- | gain: || that thy people may
re- | joice in | thee?

Shew us thy | mercy, " O | Lord, || and grant us | thy sal- |
vation. ||

I will hear what God the | Lord will | speak: || for he will
speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them
not turn a- | gain to | folly. ||

Surely his salvation is nigh | them that | fear him; || that
glory may dwell in | our— | land. ||



Mercy and truth are | met to- | gether ; || righteousness and
peace have | kissed " each | other. ||

Truth shall spring | out of " the | earth ; || and righteousness
shall look | down from | heaven. ||

Yea, the Lord shall give | that " which is | good ; || and our
land shall | yield her | increase. ||

Righteousness shall | go be- | fore him ; || and shall set us in
the way of | his— | steps. ||

54

Psalm 34.

I WILL bless the Lord at | all— | times : || his praise shall
continually | be in | my— | mouth. ||

My soul shall make her | boast " in the | Lord : || the humble
shall | hear there " of, | and be | glad. ||

Oh magnify the | Lord with | me, || and let us ex- | alt his |
name to- | gether. ||

I sought the Lord, | and he | heard me, || and delivered me
from | all— | my— | fears. ||

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about | them that |
fear him, || and de- | liver- | eth— | them. ||

Oh taste and see that the | Lord is | good : || blessed is the |
man that | trusteth " in | him. ||

Oh fear the Lord, | ye his | saints : || for there is no want to |
them that | fear— | him. ||

The young lions do lack, and | suffer | hunger : || but they that
seek the Lord shall not | want any | good— | thing. ||

The righteous cry, and the | Lord— | heareth, || and delivereth
them | out of | all their | troubles. ||

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a | broken | heart ; ||
and saveth such as | be of " a | contrite | spirit. ||

Many are the afflictions | of the | righteous : || but the Lord
delivereth him | out of | them— | all. ||

The Lord redeemeth the | soul of " his | servants ; || and none
of them that trust in | him— | shall be | desolate. ||



55

Psalm 19.

THE heavens declare the | glory " of | God ; || and the firma-
ment | sheweth | his— | handy-work. ||

Day unto day | utter " eth | speech, || and night unto | night— |
sheweth | knowledge. ||

There is no | speech nor | language || where their | voice— |
is not | heard. ||

Their line has gone out through all the earth, and their words
to the | end of " the | world. || In them hath he set a |
taber- " nacle | for the | sun, ||

Which is as a bridegroom coming | out of " his | chamber, ||
and rejoiceth as a | strong " man to | run a | race. ||

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his cir-
cuit | unto " the | ends of it : || and there is nothing | hid "
from the | heat there- | of. ||

The law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting " the | soul : ||
the testimony of the Lord is | sure, " making | wise the |
simple. ||

The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | joicing " the | heart : ||
the commandment of the Lord is | pure, en- | lightening "
the | eyes. ||

The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | during " for | ever : || the
judgments of the Lord are true and | righteous | alto- |
gether. ||

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much fine |
gold : || sweeter also than | honey, | and the | honeycomb. ||

Moreover by them is thy | servant | warned : | and in keeping
of | them " there is | great re- | ward. ||

Who can under- | stand his | errors ? || cleanse thou | me from |
secret | faults. ||

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins ; let them
not have do- | minion | over me : || then shall I be upright,
and I shall be innocent | from the | great trans- | gression. ||

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation | of my |
heart, || be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my | strength,
and | my re- | deemer. ||

A.

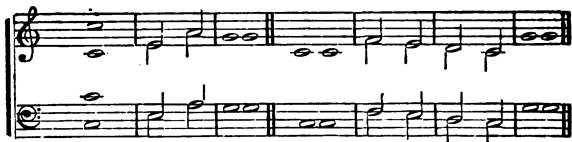
BLESSED are the undefiled | in the | way, || who walk in the |
 law— | of the | Lord. ||
 Blessed are they that | keep his | testimonies, || and that | seek
 him | with the " whole | heart. ||
 They also do | no in- | iquity: || they | walk in | his— | ways. ||
 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy | precepts | diligently. ||
 O that my ways were di- | rected " to | keep thy | statutes! ||
 Then shall I | not be " a- | shamed, || when I have re- | spect
 " unto | all " thy com- | mandments. ||
 I will praise thee with up- | rightness " of | heart, || when I
 shall have | learned " thy | righteous | judgments. ||
 I will | keep thy | statutes: || O for- | sake me | not— | ut-
 terly. ||

B.

Teach me, O Lord, the | way of " thy | statutes; || and I shall |
 keep it | unto " the | end. ||
 Give me understanding, and I shall | keep thy | law; || yea, I
 shall ob- | serve it | with my " whole | heart. ||
 Make me to go in the path of | thy com- | mandments; || for
 therein | do | —I de- | light. ||
 Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and | not to | covetous-
 ness. || Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and |
 quicken " thou | me in " thy | way. ||
 Stablish thy word | unto thy | servant, || who is de- | voted |
 to thy | fear. ||
 Turn away my reproach | which I | fear: || for thy | judg-
 ments | are— | good. ||
 Behold, I have longed | after " thy | precepts: || quicken |
 me— | in thy | righteousness. ||

C.

O how love I | thy— | law! || it is my medi- | tation | all the |
 day. ||
 Thou, through thy commandments, hast made me wiser | than
 mine | enemies: for | they are | ever | with me. ||
 I have more understanding than | all my | teachers: | for thy
 testimonies | are my | medi- | tation. ||
 I understand more than the ancients, because I | keep thy |
 precepts. || I have refrained my feet from every evil way,
 that | I might | keep thy | word. ||
 I have not departed | from thy | judgments: || for | thou hast |
 taught— | me. ||



57

Psalm 2.

WHY do the | heathen | rage, || and the people im- | agine " a | vain— | thing? ||

The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take | counsel " to- | gether, || against the Lord, and against | his An- | ointed, | saying, ||

Let us break their | bands a- | sunder, || and cast a- | way their | cords— | from us. ||

He that sitteth in the | heavens " shall | laugh : || the Lord shall | have them | in de- | rision. ||

Then shall he speak unto them | in his | wrath, || and vex them | in his | sore dis- | pleasure. ||

Yet have I | set my | King || upon my | holy | hill of | Zion. ||

I will declare the decree: the Lord hath | said " unto | me, || Thou art my Son; this day have | I be- | gotten | thee. ||

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for | thine in- | heritance, || and the uttermost parts of the | earth for | thy pos- | session. ||

Thou shalt break them with a | rod of | iron; || thou shalt dash them in pieces | like a | potter's | vessel. ||

Be wise now therefore, | O ye | kings: || be instructed, ye | judges | of the | earth. ||

Serve the Lord | with— | fear, || and re- | joice— | with— | trembling. ||

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled | but a | little. || Blessed are all they that | put their | trust in | him. ||



58

Isa. liii.

HE is despised and re- | jected " of | men ; || a man of | sor-
rows " and ac- | quainted " with | grief : ||

And we hid as it were our | faces | from him : || he was de-
spised and | we es- | teemed " him | not. ||

Surely he hath borne our griefs and | carried " our | sor-
rows : || yet we did esteem him stricken, | smitten " of | God " and af- | flicted. ||

But he was wounded for | our trans- | gressions, || he was |
bruised " for | our in- | iquities. ||

The chastisement of our peace | was " up- | on him : || and
with his | stripes— | we are | healed. ||

All we, like sheep, have gone astray ; we have turned every
one to | his own | way ; || and the Lord hath laid on him
the in- | iqui " ty | of us | all. ||

He was oppressed and | he " was af- | flicted ; || yet he |
open " ed | not his mouth : ||

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep be-
fore her | shearers " is | dumb, || so he | open " eth | not
his | mouth. ||

Yet it pleased the | Lord to | bruise him ; || he hath | put— |
him to | grief. ||

When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall
see his seed, he shall pro- | long his | days, || and the pleas-
ure of the Lord shall | prosper | in his | hand. ||



59

Psalm 132.

I WILL not give sleep | to mine | eyes, || or slumber | to mine |
eye — | lids, || until I find out a place | for the | Lord, ||
a habitation for the | mighty | God of | Jacob. ||

Lo, we heard of it | at— | Ephratah : || we found it | in the |
fields .. of the | wood. || We will go | into .. his | taberna-
cles : || we will | worship | at his | footstool. ||

Arise, O Lord, | into .. thy | rest ; || thou, and the | ark— | of
thy | strength. || Let thy priests be | clothed .. with | right-
eousness ; || and let thy | saints— | shout for | joy. ||

For the Lord hath | chosen | Zion ; || he hath desired it | for
his | habi- | tation. || This is my | rest for | ever : || here will
I dwell ; | for I | have de- | sired it. ||

60

1 *Kings* viii. 27-30, 56. 2 *Chron.* vi. 41.

BUT will God indeed | dwell .. on the | earth ? || Behold the
heaven and the heaven of | heavens | cannot .. con- | tain
thee : || how much less | this— | house || that | I have |
build- | ed ? ||

Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of | thy— | servant, ||
and to his suppli- | cation, .. O | Lord my | God, || to hearken
unto the cry and | to the | prayer || which thy servant |
prayeth .. be- | fore thee .. to- day. ||



That thine eyes may be open toward this house | night and |
 day, || even toward the place of which thou hast | said,
 My | name " shall be | there. || That thou mayest hearken |
 unto " the | prayer || which thy servant shall | make " to-
 ward | this— | place. ||

And hearken thou to the supplication of thy servant, and of
 thy | people | Israel, || when they shall | pray— | toward "
 this | place. || And hear thou in heaven | thy— | dwelling-
 place: || and when | thou— | hearest, " for- | give. ||

Blessed be the Lord that hath given rest unto his | people |
 Israel, || according to | all— | that he | promised. || There
 hath not failed one word of all | his good | promises, || which
 he promised by the | hand of | Moses " his | servant. ||

Now therefore, arise, O Lord God, into | thy— | resting-place, ||
 thou, and the | ark— | of thy | strength: || let thy priests,
 O Lord God, be | clothed " with sal- | vation, || and let thy |
 saints re- | joice in " thy | goodness. ||

61

Psalm 91.

BECAUSE thou hast made the Lord, which | is my | refuge, ||
 even the Most | High, thy | habi- | tation; ||

There shall no. | evil " be- | fall thee, || neither shall any |
 plague come | nigh thy | dwelling. ||

For he shall give his angels | charge— | over thee, || to keep
 thee in | all— | thy— | ways. ||

They shall bear thee | up in " their | hands, || lest thou dash
 thy | foot a- | gainst a | stone. ||

Thou shalt tread upon the | lion " and | adder: || the young
 lion and the dragon shalt thou | trample | under | feet. ||

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will | I de- |
 liver him: || I will set him on high, because he | hath
 known | my— | name. ||

He shall call upon me, and | I will | answer him: || I will be
 with him in trouble; I will de- | liver | him, and | honour
 him. ||



62

Psalm 39.

LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my |
 days, " what it | is; || that I may | know how | frail I | am. ||
 Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and
 mine age is as | nothing " before thee: || verily every man
 at his best state is | alto- | gether | vanity. ||

And now, Lord, what | wait I | for? || My | hope— | is in |
 thee. || I was dumb, I opened | not my | mouth; || be- |
 cause— | thou— | didst it. ||

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry: hold not
 thy | peace at " my | tears: || for I am a stranger with thee,
 and a sojourner, as | all my | fathers | were. || O spare me
 that I may re- | cover | strength, || before I go | hence and |
 be no | more. ||

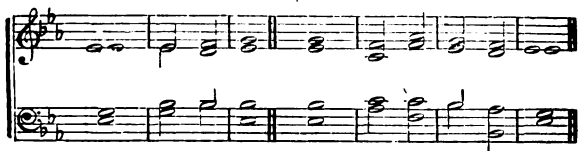
63

Psalm 25.

UNTO thee, O Lord, do I lift | up my | soul. || O my | God,
 I | trust in | thee: || let me not | be a- | shamed; || let not
 mine | ene " mies | triumph | over me. ||

YEA, let none that wait on | thee " be a- | shamed; || let them
 be ashamed which trans- | gress with- | out— | cause. || Show
 me thy ways, O Lord; | teach me " thy | paths. || Lead me |
 in thy | truth, and | teach me: ||

FOR thou art the God of | my sal- | vation; || on thee do I |
 wait— | all the | day. || Remember, O Lord, thy tender
 mercies and thy | loving- | kindnesses; || For they | have
 been | ever " of | old. ||



Remember not the sins of my youth, nor | my trans- |
gressions ; || according to thy mercy remember thou me, for
thy | goodness' | sake, O | Lord. || Good and upright | is
the | Lord : || Therefore will he teach | sinners | in the |
way. ||

The meek will he | guide in | judgment : || and the | meek "
will he | teach his | way. || All the paths of the Lord are |
mercy " and | truth || unto such as keep his | cove " nant |
and his | testimonies. ||

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon | mine in- | iquity ; ||
for | it— | is— | great. || What man is he that | feareth "
the | Lord ? || Him shall he teach in the | way that | he
shall | choose. ||

His soul shall | dwell at | ease ; || and his | seed " shall in- |
herit " the | earth. || The secret of the Lord is with | them
that | fear him ; || and he will | show them | his— | cove-
nant. ||

64

Psalm 130.

Out of the depths have I cried unto | thee, O | Lord. || Lord,
hear my voice ; let thine ears be attentive to the | voice " of
my | suppli- | cations. ||

If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, | who shall |
stand ? || But there is forgiveness with thee, that | thou— |
mayest " be | feared. ||

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his | word " do
I | hope. || My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they
that watch for the morning, I say, | more than " they that |
watch " for the | morning. ||

Let Israel hope in the Lord : for with the Lord there is mercy,
and with him is | plenteous " re- | demption. || And he shall
redeem Israel from | all— | his in- | iquities. ||



65

Psalm 41.

BLESSED is he that con- | sidereth .. the | poor; || the Lord
will de- | liver .. him in time of | trouble. ||

The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall
be blessed up- | on the | earth. || And thou wilt not deliver
him unto the | will of | his— | enemies. ||

The Lord will strengthen him upon the | bed of | languish-
ing: || thou wilt make | all his | bed .. in his | sickness. ||

66

Psalm 112.

A GOOD man showeth | favour .. and | lendeth; || he will |
guide .. his af- | fairs .. with dis- | cretion. ||

Surely he shall not be | moved .. for | ever: || the righteous
shall be in | ever- | lasting .. re- | membrance. ||

He shall not be afraid of | evil | tidings. || His heart is fixed, |
trusting | in the | Lord. ||

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his right-
eousness en- | dureth .. for | ever; || his horn | shall .. be
ex- | alted .. with | honour. ||

67

Psalm 115.

NOT unto us, O Lord, | not .. unto | us, || but unto thy name
give glory, for thy mercy, and | for thy | truth's— | sake. ||

O Israel, trust | thou .. in the | Lord: || he is their | help and |
their— | shield. ||

O house of Aaron, | trust .. in the | Lord: | he is their | help
and | their— | shield. ||

Ye that fear the Lord, | trust .. in the | Lord: || he is their |
help and | their— | shield. ||

The Lord hath been mindful of us: | he will | bless us; || he
will bless the house of Israel; he will | bless the | house
of | Aaron. ||

He will bless them that | fear the | Lord, || both | small— |
and— | great. ||



68

Psalm 24.

WHO shall ascend into the | hill .. of the | Lord? || and who shall | stand .. in his | holy | place? ||

He that hath clean hands, and a | pure— | heart; || who hath not lifted up his soul unto | vanity, .. nor | sworn de- | ceitfully. ||

He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord, || and righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation. ||

This is the generation of | them that | seek him, || that | seek thy | face, O | Jacob. ||

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye ever- | lasting | doors; || and the King of | glory | shall come | in. ||

Who is this | King of | glory? || The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord | mighty | in— | battle. ||

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye ever- | lasting | doors; || and the King of | glory | shall come | in. ||

Who is this | King of | glory? || The Lord of hosts, | he .. is the | King of | glory. ||

69

Isaiah xli:

O LORD, | I will | praise thee: || Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned a- | way,— | and thou | comfortedst me. ||

Behold, God is | my sal- | vation; || I will | trust and | not be .. a- | fraid: ||

For the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and | my— | song: || he also is be- | come— | my sal- | vation. ||

Declare his doings a- | mong the | people, || make mention that his | name— | is ex- | alted. ||

Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done | excel .. lent | things: || this is- | known in | all the- | earth. ||

Cry out and shout, thou in- | habitant .. of | Zion: || for great is the Holy One of | Isra .. el | in the | midst of thee. ||

TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I AM the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

THE CREED.

I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH; AND IN JESUS CHRIST, HIS ONLY SON, OUR LORD, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried,—he descended into hell;* the third day he arose again from the dead, he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST; the holy catholic church—the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY, and the life everlasting. Amen.

* That is, he continued in the state of the dead, and under the power of death, for a time.

GENERAL PRAISE

THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

Lyons. 10, 11.



1

O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above ;
O gratefully sing His pow'r and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.
We sing of Thy might, we sing of Thy grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
Thy chariots of wrath the thunder-clouds form,
And dark is Thy path on the wings of the storm.
Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !
O measureless Might, ineffable Love !
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

Old Hundredth. L. M.



2

P. 100.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,—
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We are Thy people, we Thy care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name!

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise:
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

3

P. 117.

—♦—
FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

General Praise

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

4

H. 367.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep, He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5

P. 57.

BE Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to Thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise,
Awake, and sing His glorious fame.

High o'er the earth Thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
Thy truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

Sterling. L. M.



6

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

With joy we to Thy courts repair,
And bow with adoration here;
Upon Thy name devoutly call
And own Thee Sovereign Lord of all.

The depths of earth are in Thy hand,
Her secret wealth at Thy command;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to Thy empire lies.

Into Thy presence, Lord, we come,
To thank Thee for Thy favours done;
To Thee address in joyful songs
The praise that to Thy name belongs.

7

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high,
The powers of hell are captive led;
Open the portals of the sky.

Who is the King of glory—Who?
The Lord who all our foes o'ercame,
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

Bowen. L. M.



Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.”

Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed.

8

ALL praise to Thee, eternal Lord!
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood,
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

A little child, Thou art our guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,—
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.

All this for us Thy love hath done,
By this to Thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Judgment Hymn.

Musical score for 'Judgment Hymn' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line and a 'Segno' symbol (S:). The second system begins with 'Dal Segno S:' and continues the melody. The piece concludes with the word 'END.' at the top right of the final measure.

9

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake,
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene, the Crucified?

While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come!"

10



HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise Him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

P. 37.

General Praise.

Deep are His counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support His throne;
Though gloomy clouds His ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

In robes of judgment, lo! He comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before Him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

11



H. 21.

FATHER of all! whose love profound,
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pard'ning love extend.

Almighty Son! incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quick'ning power extend.

Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

12



WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth and heaven the Lord of all:
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before Thy footstool fall.

Higher, still higher, swell the strain,
Creation's voice the note prolong,
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign:
Let hallelujahs crown the song!

Rockingham. L. M.



13

P. 65.

THE praise of Sion waits for Thee,
My God, and praise becomes Thy house;
Here shall Thy saints Thy glory see,
And here perform their public vows.

O Thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to Thee shall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.

Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away the stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

Blest is the man whom Thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to Thee;
Give him a place within Thy house,
To taste Thy love divinely free.

Soon shall the flocking nations run
To Sion's hill, and own Thee Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see our Saviour's name adored.

General Praise.

14

P. 106.

To God the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be addressed;
His mercy firm for ever stands,
Give Him the thanks His love demands.

Who knows the wonders of Thy ways?
Who shall fulfil Thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear Thee still,
And pay their duty to Thy will.

Remember what Thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, Thy chosen seed,
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of Thy grace.

Oh may I see Thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice;
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to Thy saints, and near to Thee.

15

COME, let us sing the song of songs—
The saints in heaven began the strain—
The homage which to Christ belongs:
“Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain.”

Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God—
“Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain.”

To Him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
“Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain.”

To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honour, and majesty, and might:
“Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain.”

Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song our song of songs shall be,
“Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain.”

Luton. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

16

P. 103.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
 Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
 His favours claim the highest praise;
 Why should the wonders He hath wrought
 Be lost in silence and forgot?

'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done;
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.

His power He showed by Moses' hands,
 And gave to Israel His commands;
 But sent His truth and mercy down
 To all the nations by His Son.

Let the whole earth His power confess,
 Let the whole earth adore His grace;
 The Gentile with the Jew shall join
 In work and worship so divine.

17

P. 138.

—o—

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
 I'll praise my Maker in my song;
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.

General Praise.

I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much Thy power and glory show.

To God I cried when troubles rose,
He heard me and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

18



H. 195.

Now to the Lord a noble song:
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue,
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thy hands;
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

Melancthon. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Melancthon. L. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a style typical of 16th-century hymnals, with block letters for notes and stems. The first system has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

19

P. 93.

JEHOVAH reigns; He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by His hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

But, ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At Thy rebuke the billows die.

For ever shall Thy throne endure,
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of Thy grace.

20

P. 148.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell

General Praise.

The Lord, how absolute He reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee,
Sing of His love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce His terrors be.

High on a throne His glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compared to His.

Wide as His vast dominion lies
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as His thunder shout His praise,
And sound it lofty as His throne.

Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
Oh may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.



LORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around Thee wait,
Like chariots that attend Thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While He pronounced His holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

Raised by His Father to the throne,
He sent His promised Spirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest,
He's our defence, our joy, our rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
Thou art the strength of every saint.

Duke Street. L. M.



22

P. 36.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines:
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from Thy presence, gracious Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

23

H. 11.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him that earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as He please.

Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules His people by His word;
And there, as strong as His decrees,
He sets His kindest promises.

General Praise.

Firm are the words His prophets give,
Sweet words, on which His children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad. ■

Oh for a strong and lasting faith
To credit what th' Almighty saith,
T' embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

24

II. 134.

—◆—
LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.

In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon:
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind Thy gospel to my heart.

25

—◆—
THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

Thou, Lord, art King! who then shall dare
Resist Thy will, distrust Thy care?
Holy and true are all Thy ways:
Let every creature speak Thy praise.

Thou, Lord, art King! exalt our strains,
O saints, our God, our Father reigns;
One Lord one empire all secures:
He reigns, and life and death are ours.

Arlington. C. M.



26

THE head, that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is Thine, is Thine by right,—
Thou King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom Thou dost reveal Thy love,
And grant Thy name to know.

To whom the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

They suffer with Thee, Lord, below,
They reign with Thee above,
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of Thy love.

Thy cross, dear Lord, is life and health,
Though shame and death to Thee;
Thy people's hope, Thy people's wealth,
Their song eternally.

General Praise.

27

O God, my heart is fully bent
To magnify Thy name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate Thy fame.

Awake, my lute, nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay,
While I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing Thy praise
That round about us dwell;

Because Thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends,
And far beyond the aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess Thy glorious name. ,

28

P. 108.

AWAKE, my soul, to sound His praise,
Awake my harp to sing,
Join all my powers the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

Among the people of Thy care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there Thy name resound.

Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train;
Diffuse Thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world Thy reign.

So shall Thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng Thy courts above;
While sinners hear Thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

Coronation. C. M.



29

H. 378.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

30

H. 388.

—◇—

SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

General Praise.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

31



P. 47.

OH for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him, rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains,
Let all the earth His honours sing;
O'er all the earth He reigns.

Rehearse His praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

In Israel stood His ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now He calls the world His own,
And heathens taste His grace.

The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before His throne.

York. C. M.



32

H. 4

GREAT God! how infinite art Thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made;
 Thou art the ever living God,
 Were all the nations dead.

Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in Thy view;
 To Thee, there's nothing old appears;
 Great God! there's nothing new.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn.
 And vexed with trifling cares,
 While Thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.

Great God! how infinite art Thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.

33

P. 90

OUR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

General Praise.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten—as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.



I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

Sweet is Thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon Thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned Thy sacred head.

Gird on Thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through Thy foes,
And make the world obey.

Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in Thy hands,
To rule Thy saints by love.

Justice and truth attend Thee still,
But mercy is Thy choice:
And God, Thy God, Thy soul shall fill
With Christ's peculiar joys.

Brattle Street. C. M. Double.



35

H. 29.

WHILST Thee I seek, protecting Power!
 Be my vain wishes stilled,
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
 To Thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
 That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see;
 Each blessing to my soul most dear,
 Because conferred by Thee.
 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings the favoured hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet Thy will.
 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see,
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
 That heart will rest on Thee.

Rayford. C. M. Double.

The image shows two systems of musical notation for a double bassoon part. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The first system is labeled '1st time.' and '2d time.' above the treble staff. The second system is also labeled '1st time.' and '2d time.' above the treble staff. The music is written in a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and repeat signs.

36

To God be glory, peace on earth,
 To all mankind good will;
 We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
 And glorify Thee still;
 And thanks for Thy great glory give,
 That fills our souls with light;
 O Lord, our heavenly King, the God
 And Father of all might!

And Thou, begotten Son of God,
 Before all time begun,
 O Jesus Christ, Thou Lamb of God,
 The Father's only Son;
 Thou who the sins of all the world
 Dost fully take away,
 Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
 And hear us when we pray!

O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
 Upon the Father's throne,
 Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
 Who art the Holy One!
 Thou only, with the Holy Ghost,
 Whom earth and heaven adore,
 In glory of the Father art,
 Most high for evermore!

Shirland. S. M.



37

H. 464.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

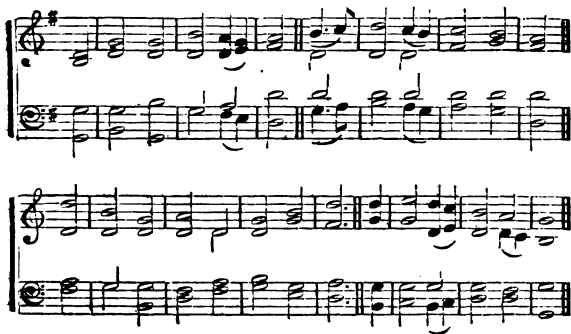
The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

There shall we see Thy face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of Thy grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

St. Thomas. S. M.



38

P. 103.

My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

God will not always chide;
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Silver Street. S. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Silver Street. S. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

39

H. 175.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.

Lord, we obey Thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

40

P. 103.

O! BLESS the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favours are divine.

General Praise.

O! bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud
And justice for th' oppressed.

His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

41



P. 95.

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

We worship at Thy throne,
We bow before Thee, Lord;
We are Thy works, and not our own,
Created by Thy word.

To-day we'll heed Thy voice,
Nor dare provoke Thy rod,—
Come, like the people of Thy choice,
And own our gracious God.

70

Trinity. 6, 4.



42

H. 18.

COME, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise.
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness
On us descend.

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

General Praise.

To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

43

H. 467.

GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye His name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore:
Sing loud for evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

Jesus our Lord and God
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye His name;
Tell what His arm has done,
What spoils from death He won:
Sing His great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb.

While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising Thy name,
We who have felt Thy blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound Thy dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

Join all the ransomed race
Our holy Lord to bless,
Praising Thy name;
In Thee we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

Swaine. H. M.



44

O HOLY, holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King,
Thy majesty adored, let all Thy creatures sing;
Who wast, and art, and art to be,
Nor time shall see Thy sway depart.

Great are Thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might!
All just and true Thy ways, Thou King of saints in light!
Let all above and all below
Conspire to show Thy power and love.

Who shall not fear Thee, Lord,
And magnify Thy name?
Thy judgments sent abroad Thy holiness proclaim:
Nations shall throng from every shore,
And Thee adore in holy song.

While all the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
We here on earth reply, and echo back Thy praise;
Thy glory own, first, last, and best,
God ever blest, and God alone!

General Praise.

45

THE Lord of heaven confess,
On high His glory raise,
Him let all angels bless, Him all His armies praise,
H'im glorify sun, moon, and stars,
Ye higher spheres, and cloudy sky.

From God your beings are,
Him therefore famous make;
You all created were, when He the word but spake
And from that place where fix'd you be
By His decree, you cannot pass.

O let God's name be praised
Above both earth and sky,
For He His saints hath raised, and set their horn on high;
E'en those that be of Isr'el race,
Near to His grace. The Lord praise ye.

46

H. 1.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes are light and majesty.
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe,
His wrath and justice stand to guard His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

Through all His ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell, and breaks their cursed designs.
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,
And will He write His name my Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join all my powers and praise the Lord.

Luther. 7 Double.

Musical score for Luther. 7 Double. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The top system is marked 'END' and the bottom system is marked 'D.C.'.

47

HARK! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore;
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign,
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies;
 See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
 Sheathed His sword, He speaks—'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
 With supreme, unbounded sway;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away;
 Then the end,—beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah! Christ is God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

General Praise.

48

SON of God, to Thee we bow,—
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
Thou the woman's promised Seed,
Thou, who didst for sinners bleed.
Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought,
Wrought to set Thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.
Thee, our Lord whom we adore,
May we follow more and more;
Guide and bless us with Thy love,
Till we join Thy saints above.

49

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame,
Father! hallowed be Thy name.
Though estranged from Thee in heart,
Doubtless Thou our Father art,
From Thy hand our spirits came,
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

Nor by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our Father known;
Nearer now in Christ our claim,
Father! hallowed be Thy name.
Born anew, oh may we feel
Filial love, the Spirit's seal,
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame;
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

Sicily. 8, 7.



Double, by repeating each strain, or 6 lines, by repeating the first strain.

50

H. 208.

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, Thou Galilean King;
 Thou didst suffer to release us,
 Thou didst free salvation bring.

Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
 By Thy merits we find favour,
 Life is given through Thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.

All Thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

51

H. 253.

JESUS hail, enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side.

There for sinners Thou art pleading,
 There Thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

General Praise.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

52

—◆—
Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise to Thee from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

Father, Source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise Him for His love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

53

—◆—
LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

d. 479.

Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

THE CHURCH

ITS SEASONS AND OFFICES.

Dalston. S. P. M.



54

P. 93.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

Upheld by Thy commands
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey Thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky;
Eternal is Thy kingdom, Lord.

The Church.

Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new,
There fixed Thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in Thy courts appear,
And sing Thine everlasting love.

55

P. 122.

How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Sion's hill,
And here our vows and honours pay.

Sion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

Here David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Chalmers. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Chalmers. L. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

56

Lo, God is here!—let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel His power,
And, silent, bow before His face.

Lo, God is here!—Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

Lord God of hosts! oh, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill!
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

57

—♦—♦—♦—
LORD of the harvest, bend Thine ear,
In Zion's heritage appear;
O send forth labourers filled with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.

Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold
Wide fields are opening to our view,
The work is great, the labourers few.

Led by Thine own Almighty hand,
Let Zion's sons, in many a band,
Arise to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

The Church.

Lord of the harvest, bid them rise,
Trained by the influence of the skies,
In wisdom, knowledge, grace, to shine,
Till every kingdom shall be Thine.

58

—◆—
WHEN in these courts we seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

When here Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

When children's voices raise their song
Hosanna!—to the heav'nly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong,
Hosanna!—let the angels sing.

But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come in every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

59

—◆—
WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to Thee commend;
Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.

Gird him with all-sufficient grace,
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And arm him to obey Thy will.

When Thou, Chief Shepherd, shalt appear,
And small and great before Thee stand,
Oh, be the flock assembling here
Found with the sheep on Thy right hand.

Hamburg. L. M.



60

H. 576.

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let Thy God-like power be known.

Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise,
While all their glowing souls are borne,
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

O let a holy flock await
Numerous around Thy temple-gate;
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see Thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

61

H. 453.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

The Church.

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

62

—♦—
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high,
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless,
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

Within Thy temple when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
May we, Thine under-shepherds, be.

Then, when our work is finished here,
And we in hope our charge resign,—
When Thou, Chief Shepherd, shalt appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

63

H. 272.

—♦—
LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Louvan. L. M.



64

LOOK from the sphere of endless day,
 O God of mercy and of might!
 In pity look on those who stray,
 Benighted, in this land of light.
 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
 The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
 A wandering flock, and bring them all
 To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.
 Send them Thy mighty word to speak
 Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,—
 To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
 And bind and heal the broken heart.
 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
 On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
 Shall grow with living waters green,
 And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

65

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
 From Thy secure inclosure's bound,
 And lured by worldly joys away,
 Among the thoughtless crowd be found;
 Remember still that they are Thine,
 That Thy dear sacred name they bear;
 Think that the seal of love divine,
 The sign of covenant grace they wear.

H. 587.

Winchelsea. L. M.



In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears,
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
The wand'ers to Thy fold restore.

66

Oh happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Hebron. L. M.



67

H. 486.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

68

H. 522.

GREAT Saviour, who didst condescend
Young children in Thine arms to embrace,
Still prove Thyself the infants' friend,
Baptize them with Thy cleansing grace.

Whilst in the slippery paths of youth,
Be Thou their Guardian and their Guide,
That they, directed by Thy truth,
May never from Thy precepts slide.

✚

The Church.

To love Thy word their hearts incline,
To understand it light impart;
O Saviour, consecrate them Thine,
Take full possession of their heart.

69

P. 92.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

70

God in His temple let us meet,
Low on our knees before Him bend:
Here hath He fixed His mercy-seat,
Here, on His Sabbath we attend.

Arise into Thy resting-place,
Thou, and Thine ark of strength, O Lord!
Shine through the veil—we seek Thy face;
Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.

With righteousness Thy priests array,
Joyful Thy chosen people be;
Let those who teach, and hear, and pray,
Let all, be holiness to Thee.

Mendon. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Mendon. L. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines, with some notes beamed together. The first system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

71

P. 72.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does its successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

72

H. 487.

THINE early Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent love and strong desire.

Oberlin. L. M.



In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
 From every mortal trouble free;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs,
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

O long expected day begin,
 Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death, and rest in God.

73

H. 553.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
 Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
 And let the world, adoring, see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
 "I am Jehovah—God alone:"
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt,
 Vain sacrifice for human guilt,
 But to each conscience be applied
 The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim,
 In every land declare Thy name,
 Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour—**LORD OF ALL.**

Uxbridge. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Uxbridge. L. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

74

P. 84

GREAT God, attend, while Sion sings
 The joy that from Thy presence springs,
 To spend one day with Thee on earth
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

God is our sun, He makes our day;
 God is our shield, He guards our way
 From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
 From foes without and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too;
 He gives us all things, and withholds
 No real good from upright souls.

O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
 The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
 And devils at Thy presence flee,
 Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

75

H. 534.

At Thy command, our dearest Lord,
 Here we attend Thy dying feast;
 Thy love has spread the sacred board,
 To feed the faith of every guest.

Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
 And trusts for life in One that died;
 We hope for heavenly crowns above,
 From a Redeemer crucified.

The Church.

Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And cast contempt upon Thy cause,
We glory in our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in His cross.

With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

76



H. 557.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Be darkness at Thy coming light,
Confusion order in Thy path,
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations, far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record,
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

77



H. 531.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach Him not,
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget His glorious face,
And to refresh our minds, He gave
These kind memorials of His grace.

Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and His love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.

While He is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near His face.

Windham. L. M.



78

H. 530.

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
 When powers of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betrayed Him to His foes.

Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
 What love through all His actions ran!
 What wondrous words of grace He spake!

"This is my body broke for sin,
 Receive and eat the living food;"
 Then took the cup and blessed the wine,
 "'Tis the new covenant in My blood."

"Do this, (He cried,) till time shall end,
 In memory of your dying Friend;
 Meet at My table, and record
 The love of your departed Lord."

Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate,
 We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

79

P. 69.

—♦—

DEEP in our hearts let us record
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
 Behold the rising billows roll
 To overwhelm His holy soul.

Ward. L. M.



In long complaints He spends His breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.

Yet, gracious God, Thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of Thy Son
Atoned for crimes which we had done.

The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of Thy law restored;
His sorrows made Thy justice known,
And paid for follies not His own.

Oh for His sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in His name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

80



LORD, now we part in Thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days
To work Thy will, and spread Thy praise.

Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Then shall we better sing Thy love.

Peterborough. C. M.



81

H. 524.

BEHOLD, what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays;
To babes and sucklings He extends
The riches of His grace.

He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in His arms He takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Thus to the parents and their seed
Let Thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

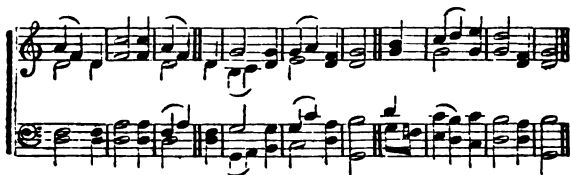
82

P. 78.

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

Laight Street. C. M.



Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

83

—♦—
THOU, whose unmeasured temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, O God, to Thee.

And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before Thy mercy-seat.

May those who err be guided here
To find the better way,
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

Rochester. C. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Rochester. C. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

84

H. 461.

COME, Thou Desire of all Thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints
Low at Thy feet we bend.

When we Thy wondrous glories hear,
And all Thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear,
What rich unbounded grace!

How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame,
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.

85

H. 551.

CHRIST and His cross is all our theme:
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love
Shine in their dying Lord.

The Church.

The vital savour of His name
Restores their fainting breath,
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

Till God diffuse His graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

86

H. 517.

How large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

The words of His extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessings sure.

Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father given;
He takes young children in His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

Our God! how faithful are His ways;
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of His grace
Blots out the children's name.

87

Now may the Lord, our Shepherd, lead
To living streams His flock;
May we in flowery pastures feed,—
Shade us beneath the rock.

Now may we hear our Shepherd's voice,
And answer to his call;
Now may our hearts for Him rejoice,
Who knows and loves us all.

When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
And all before Him stand,
Oh, be the flock assembling here
Found safe on His right hand.

Cambridge. C. M.



88

H. 492.

DAUGHTER of Sion, from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head;
 Again in thy Redeemer trust,
 He calls thee from the dead.

Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array,
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.

They come, they come:—Thine exiled bands,
 Where'er they rest or roam,
 Have heard Thy voice in distant lands,
 And hasten to their home.

Thus, though the universe shall burn,
 And God His works destroy,
 With songs Thy ransomed shall return,
 And everlasting joy.

89

H. 522.

— — —

JESUS, with all Thy saints above
 My tongue would bear her part,
 Would sound aloud Thy saving love,
 And sing Thy bleeding heart.

Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
 Who bought me with His blood,
 And quenched His Father's flaming sword
 In His own vital flood.

The Church.

All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know His name,
Or saints to feel His grace.

90

P. 118.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

Blest is the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

91

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

"Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name,
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

Naomi. C. M.



92

H. 537.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be:
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee:

Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

The Church.

93

H. 489.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams,
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!

Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like Thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.

Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

94

H. 618.

LORD, at Thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here,
Oh make our joys the same.

With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was filled,
When fondly in his withered arms,
He clasped the holy child!

"Thou art the light prepared to shine
Upon the Gentile lands,
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

Jesus! the vision of Thy face,
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

St. Ann's. C. M.



95

LORD, Thou on earth didst love Thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
Oh still from Thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.

The love the Father bears to Thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all Thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

As Thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all who bear Thy name.

One blessed fellowship in love
Thy living Church should stand,
Till faultless, she at last above,
Shall shine at Thy right hand.

Oh glorious day when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
When robed in beauty at His side,
She shall forget her tears.

96

—••—
GREAT is the Lord, and greatly He
Is to be praised still,
Within the city of our God,
Upon His holy hill.

The Church.

Mount Sion stands most beautiful,
The joy of all the land;
The city of the mighty King
On her north side doth stand.

Walk about Sion, and go round,
The high towers thereof tell:
Consider ye her palaces,
And mark her bulwarks well,

That ye may tell posterity;
For this God doth abide
Our God for evermore; He will
E'en unto death us guide.

97

H. 533.

How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

While all our hearts, in this our song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

"Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in,
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

Colchester. C. M.



98

P. 122.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Sion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face.

Up to her courts with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

He hears our praises and complaints,
And while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

My soul shall pray for Sion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

The Church.

99

How lovely is Thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of Thy grace
How pleasant, Lord, they be!

For in Thy courts one day excels
A thousand; rather in
My God's house will I keep a door,
Than dwell in tents of sin.

For God the Lord's a sun and shield:
He'll grace and glory give,
And will withhold no good from them
That uprightly do live.

O Thou that art the Lord of hosts,
That man is truly blest,
Who, by assured confidence,
On Thee alone doth rest.

100

—♦—
THE Lord doth reign, and clothed is He
With majesty most bright;
His works do show Him clothed to be,
And girt about with might.

The world is also 'stablished,
That it cannot depart;
Thy throne is fixed of old, and Thou
From everlasting art.

The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And make a mighty noise.

But yet the Lord that is on high
Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are.

Thy testimonies ev'ry one
In faithfulness excel;
And holiness for ever, Lord,
Thine house becometh well.

Stephens. C. M.



101

P. 102.

LET Sion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promised hour,
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt His power.

Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.

He sits a sovereign on His throne,
With pity in His eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

He frees the souls condemned to death,
Nor, when His saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

The Church.

102

H. 547.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

The beams that shine from Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore,
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years,
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at His shrine,
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

103

H. 508.

—♦—
LET Sion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from Thy mouth, O God,
Their solemn charge receive.

'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

They watch for souls, for which Thou, Lord,
Didst heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.

May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

Howard. C. M.



104

P. 132.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to Thy rest;
 Lo! Thy church waits with longing eyes
 Thus to be owned and blest.

Enter with all Thy glorious train,
 Thy Spirit and Thy word;
 All that the ark did once contain
 Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
 Here let Thy praise be spread,
 Bless the provisions of Thy house,
 And fill Thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign,
 Let God's Anointed shine,
 Justice and truth His court maintain,
 With love and power divine.

Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
 And as His kingdom grows,
 Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,
 And shame confound His foes.

105

H. 463.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
 Of Thy salvation, Lord,
 But still how weak my faith is found,
 And knowledge of Thy word!

The Church.

Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain :
How small a portion of Thy grace
Can my false heart retain.

How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !

Great God, Thy sovereign power impart,
To give Thy word success,
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.

Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joy on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay
And love shall never die.

106

H. 511

—♦—
WHAT, though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade ?
What, though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead ?

Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue :

Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and His voice
Still animates our heart.

"Lo, I am with you!" saith the Lord :
Thy church shall safe abide,
For Thou wilt ne'er forsake Thine own,
Whose souls in Thee confide.

Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust ;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

Balerna. C. M.



107

H. 469.

DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow,
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

The Church

108

H. 579.

BLEST Jesus, come Thou gently down,
And fill this hallowed place,
Oh make Thy glorious goings known,
Diffuse around Thy grace.

Shine, dearest Lord, from realms of day,
Disperse the gloom of night,
Chase all our clouds and doubts away,
And turn the shades to light.

Behold, and pity from above,
Our cold and languid frame;
Oh shed abroad Thy quickening love,
And we'll adore Thy name.

All glorious Saviour, Source of grace,
To Thee we raise our cry;
Unveil the beauties of Thy face,
To every waiting eye.

109

H. 532.

—♦—
THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good;
He said, and gave His soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

To this dear covenant of Thy word
I set my worthless name,
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

Thy light, and strength, and pard'ning grace
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are Thine.

I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

Sweet is the mem'ry of His name,
Who bless'd us in His will,
And to His testament of love,
Made His own blood the seal.

State Street. S. M.



110

H. 586.

WITH humble heart and tongue,
Our God, to Thee we pray,
Oh make us learn while we are young,
How we may cleanse our way.

Make us, unguarded youth,
The objects of Thy care,
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

Our hearts to folly prone,
Renew by power divine,
Units them to Thyself alone,
And make us wholly Thine.

Oh let Thy word of grace
Our warmest thoughts employ,
Be this through all our following days,
Our treasure and our joy.

To what Thy laws impart,
Be our whole soul inclined;
Oh let them dwell within our heart,
And sanctify our mind.

May Thy young servants learn,
By these to cleanse their way;
And may we here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

The Church.

P. 48.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone!
How fair His heavenly grace!

Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where His own flocks have been.

In every new distress
We'll to His house repair,
Recall to mind His wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.



LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon Thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

Peace to our brethren give,
Fill all our hearts with love,
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

Through changes, bright or drear,
We would Thy will pursue,
And toil to spread Thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

To God, the Only Wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Lisbon. S. M.



113

P. 48.

FAR as Thy name is known,
 The world declares Thy praise;
 Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne
 Their songs of honour raise.

With joy Thy people stand
 On Sion's chosen hill,
 Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
 And counsels of Thy will.

Let strangers walk around
 The city where we dwell,
 Compass and view Thy holy ground,
 And mark the building well:

The orders of Thy house,
 The worship of Thy court,
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
 And make a fair report.

How decent and how wise!
 How glorious to behold!
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 And rites adorned with gold.

114

H. 485.

—•—

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise,
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.

The Church.

The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

115

P. 137.

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Olney. S. M.



116

H. 457.

How charming is the place,
 Where my Redeemer God
 Unveils the beauties of His face,
 And sheds His love abroad!

Here on the mercy-seat,
 With radiant glory crowned,
 Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
 And smile on all around.

To Him their prayers and cries
 All humbled souls present;
 He listens to the broken sighs,
 And grants them all they want.

To them His sovereign will
 He graciously imparts,
 And in return accepts with smiles
 The tribute of their hearts.

Give me, O Lord, a place
 Within Thy blest abode,
 Among the children of Thy grace
 The servants of my God.

117

H. 509.

—◆—

How beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Sion's hill,
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.

The Church.

How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

O Lord, make bare Thine arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

118

To Thee, O God, in heaven!
This little one we bring,
Giving to Thee what Thou hast giv'n,
Our dearest offering.

Here in a world of toil
Its little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief will come.

To Thee, O God! whose face
The angels do behold,
We bring it, praying that Thy grace
May keep,—Thine arms enfold.

To Thee, who children blest,
And suffered them to come,
To Thee who took them to Thy breast,
We bring this infant home.

Murray. H. M.



119

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blessed;
From the low train of mortal toys.
We soar to reach immortal joys.
Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

120

—♦—
RISE, Sun of glory, rise,
And chase the shades of night,
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide Thy sacred light:
Oh chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright millennial day.

The Church.

Now send Thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of Thy word,
That heathen lands may own Thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

Then shall Thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And all the earth become
The temple of Thy grace,
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise till time shall end.

121

THE happy morn is come;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Almighty now to save:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Who now accuseth them
For whom the Surety died?
Or who shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

The ransom Christ hath paid—
The glorious work is done,
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won;
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

All hail, triumphant Lord!
The resurrection, Thou!
All hail, incarnate God!
Before Thy throne we bow:
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

Lenox. H. M.



122

P. 84

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires, to see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service here!
They praise Thee still, and happy they
That love the way to Sion's hill.

We go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence,
With gifts His hands are filled,
We have our blessings thence:
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

The Church.

123

H. 555.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Exalt the Son of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb,
Redemption in His blood
To all the world proclaim:—The year, &c.

Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:—The year, &c.

The gospel trumpet sounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:—The year, &c.

124

H. 251.

—♦—♦—♦—
REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:—Lift up, &c.

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:—Lift up, &c.

Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:—Lift up, &c.

Knox. H. M.



125

H. 501.

GREAT King of glory, come,
 And with Thy favour crown
 This temple as Thy dome,
 This people as Thine own ;
 Beneath this roof, oh deign to show
 How God can dwell with men below,

Here may Thine ears attend
 Our interceding cries,
 And grateful praise ascend,
 All fragrant to the skies ;
 Here may Thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around.

Here may th' attentive throng
 Imbibe Thy truth and love,
 And converts join the song
 Of seraphim above,
 And willing crowds surround Thy board,
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.

126

—◆—

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
 On Him alone we build,
 With His true saints alone
 The courts of heaven are filled ;
 On His great love our hopes we place,
 Of present grace and joys above.

The Church.

Oh then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring :
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing,
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh ;
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,—
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

127



ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword—Love :
From diff'rent temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone !
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

Head of Thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew !
Then shall Thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7.



128

H. 474.

Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow,
Oh do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return,
Those who are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

The Church.

129

To Thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship here,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.

While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love! to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

While I hearken to Thy law
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

From Thine house when I return
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

130

HEAVENLY Father! may Thy love
Beam upon us from above;
Let this infant find a place
In Thy covenant of grace.

Son of God! be with us here,
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

Holy Ghost! to Thee we cry,
Thou this infant sanctify;
Thine almighty power display,
Seal it to redemption's day.

Great Jehovah!—Father, Son,
Holy Spirit—Three in One,
Let the blessing come from Thee,
Thine shall all the glory be!

12

133

Hendon. 7.



131

LORD, behold us few and weak,
Humbly at Thy feet we fall;
See, we come Thy face to seek,
Deign, oh deign to hear our call.

When we lay in sin and death,
Thou didst pass and bid us live,
Thou didst give Thy people faith,
Thou didst all our sins forgive.

Jesus, Thou didst shed Thy blood,
On this rock our hope we raise,
Thou hast brought us near to God,
Thine the work, and Thine the praise.

'Tis Thy will that we should be
Separate from all around,
Let our will with Thine agree,
Let Thy people thus be found.

Let us bear each other's load,
Faithful to each other prove,
Till we gain the saints' abode,
Till we take our place above.

There to see without a cloud,
There with zeal untired to sing,
Mix with heaven's triumphant crowd,
And for ever praise our King.

The Church.

132

H. 456.

LORD of hosts, how lovely, fair,
E'en on earth Thy temples are;
Here Thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of Thee.

From Thy gracious presence flows
Bliss, that softens all our woes,
While Thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

Here we supplicate Thy throne,
Here Thou mak'st Thy glories known,
Here we learn Thy righteous ways,
Taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise.

133

H. 245.

—♦—
Lo! the stone is rolled away,
Death yields up his mighty prey,
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

Praise Him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues,
Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell.

Let Immanuel be adored,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let th' eternal praise resound.

134

—♦—
FATHER of eternal grace,
Who hast loved our rebel race,
Let Thy will, through Christ Thy Son,
As in heaven, on earth be done.

Here in vain Thy will is known,
Heard in thunder, graved on stone;
By Thy grace Thy will impart,
Write Thy law on every heart.

Let Thy reconciling word,
By all tribes of men be heard;
Give the new creation birth,
Let Thy will be done on earth.

Spanish Chant. 7 Double.

The image shows two systems of musical notation for a piece titled 'Spanish Chant. 7 Double.' Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The first system ends with the word 'END.' in the right margin. The second system ends with 'D.C.' in the right margin. The music is written in a style characteristic of early printed music, with square notes and stems.

135

God of mercy, God of grace!
 Show the brightness of Thy face;
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
 Fill Thy Church with light divine,
 And Thy saving health extend
 To the earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
 Be by all that live adored,
 Let the nations shout and sing
 Glory to their Saviour King;
 At Thy feet their tribute pay,
 And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
 Earth shall then her fruits afford,
 God to man His blessing give,
 Man to God devoted live;
 All below, and all above,
 One in joy, and light, and love.

136

H. 527.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds I hear,
 Bursting on my ravished ear!
 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

The Church.

Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day:
Up to My eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

137

H. 536.

—••—
BREAD of heav'n, on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed,
With the true and living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him that died.

Vine of heav'n, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give,
To Thy cross I look and live;
Thou, my life, oh let me be
Rooted, grounded, built on Thee.

Sabbath. 7. 6 lines.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The first system is divided into two sections, 'No. 1.' and 'No. 2.', each with a repeat sign. The second system is also divided into two sections, 'No. 1.' and 'No. 2.', each with a repeat sign. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with a focus on melody and accompaniment.

* Sing the small notes in the repeat.

138

H. 452.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

Here we've come Thy name to praise,
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints;
Such let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

Zion. 8, 7, 4.



139

WHO but Thou, almighty Spirit!
 Can the heathen world reclaim?
 Men may preach, but till Thou favour
 Pagans will be still the same.
 Mighty Spirit,
 Witness to the Saviour's name.

Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
 Glorious light in latter days;
 Come and bless bewildered nations,
 Change our prayers and tears to praise.
 Promised Spirit!
 Round the world diffuse Thy rays.

140

H. 575.

SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless Thou return again.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from Thee.

Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from Thee.

Harwell. 8, 7. Double.

Musical notation for the first system, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment. The system concludes with the word "END." in the right margin.

Musical notation for the second system, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff continues the melody, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The system concludes with the word "D.C." in the right margin.

141

H. 494.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God,
 He whose word can ne'er be broken
 Chose thee for His own abode.
 Lord, Thy church is still Thy dwelling,
 Still is precious in Thy sight,
 Judah's temple far excelling,
 Beaming with the gospel's light.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake her true repose?
 With salvation's wall surrounded,
 She can smile at all her foes.
 Round her habitation hov'ring,
 See the cloud and fire appear
 For a glory and a cov'ring,
 Showing, Lord, that Thou art near.

See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply her sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage;
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

The Church.

142

H. 548.

SON'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own His sway,
He will make His kingdom glorious,
He shall reign through endless day.
Nations now from God estranged,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changed,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

Then shall Israel all be saved,
War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquered world in peace.
Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to Thy reign!

143

H. 178.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth His praises sing;
We receive whom God appointed,
For our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Missionary Hymn. 7, 6.



144

H. 562.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

The Church.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.



HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
Thy reign on earth begun!
Thou com'st to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

Kings shall fall down before Thee
And gold and incense bring,
All nations shall adore Thee,
Thy praise all people sing;
For Thou shalt have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

O'er every foe victorious
Thou on Thy throne shalt rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
Thy covenant remove;
Thy name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is—LOVE.

Huntington. 7, 6.



146

O BREAD to pilgrims given,
 O Food that angels eat,
 O Manna sent from heaven,
 For heaven-born natures meet!
 Give us, for Thee long pining,
 To eat till richly filled,
 Till, earth's delights resigning,
 Our every wish is stilled.

O Water, life bestowing,
 From out the Saviour's heart,
 A fountain purely flowing,
 A fount of love Thou art!
 Oh let us freely tasting,
 Our burning thirst assuage;
 Thy sweetness, never wasting,
 Avails from age to age.

Jesus, this feast receiving,
 We Thee unseen adore,
 Thy faithful word believing,
 We take—and doubt no more;
 Give us, Thou true and loving,
 On earth to live in Thee,
 Then death the veil removing,
 Thy glorious face to see.

Brightness. 11, 10.



147

H. 169.

BRIGHT in the east, lo! the son of the morning
Dawns on our darkness, and lends us his aid,
While his pure light, the horizon adorning,
Guides where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

New Haven. 6, 4.



148

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh now to all mankind
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

The Church.

149

O HOLY Lord, our God,
By heavenly hosts adored,
Hear us, we pray;
To Thee the cherubim,
Angels and seraphim,
Unceasing praises hymn—
Their homage pay.

Here give Thy word success,
And this Thy servant bless,
His labours own;
And while the sinner's Friend
His life and words commend,
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And make Him known.

May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day;
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn Thy saints with grace,
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

150

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways,—
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring
To shout Thy praise.

Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thine endearing word
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong. .

Portuguese Hymn. 11, 10.

151

H. 174.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
 To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet;
 To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour;
 ||: Oh come, and let us worship: || * at His feet.

O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension
 Our praise and rev'rence are an off'ring meet;
 Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among us,
 Oh come, and let us worship at His feet.

Shout His almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
 Let the celestial court His praise repeat;
 Unto our God be glory in the highest,—
 Oh come, and let us worship at His feet.



FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
 All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven
 As was, and is, and shall be for ever giv'n.

* The same repetition in each verse.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

ITS EXPERIENCES AND EXPRESSIONS.

▷ PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW,
PRAISE HIM ALL CREATURES HERE BELOW,
PRAISE HIM ABOVE, YE HEAVENLY HOST;
PRAISE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

Seasons. L. M.



152

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
 Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

It tells me of a place of rest,
 It tells me where my soul may flee;
 Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
 How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

Oh voice of mercy! voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above!
 And gently whisper, "Come to me."

I come; all else must fail and die,
 Earth has no resting-place for me;
 To Christ I lift my weeping eye,
 Thou art my hope; I come to Thee.

153

H. 297.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
 Oh burst these bonds, and set it free.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be Thou my light, be Thou my way:
 No foes, nor violence I fear,
 Nor fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

The Christian Life.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
Oh let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

154

H. 351.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

155

O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our heart still whisp'ring, Thou art near.

On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near.

Ashwell. L. M.



156

O CHRIST! our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust Thy word!
To them who seek Thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend an ear.

In Thy dear cross a grace is found,
It flows from every streaming wound,
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

Thou didst create the stars of night:
Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

When Thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged Thee;
When Thou didst there yield up Thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqu'ror, never more to die,
Us by Thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

157

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

The Christian Life.

When from the dust of earth I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul was shed.

This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice,
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness!

158

H. 282.

—◆—
WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Watts. L. M.



159

H. 309.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
 To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort die,
 Fixed on Thine everlasting word,
 That word which built the earth and sky?

If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives,
 Here let me build and rest secure.

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
 Since Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.

160

H. 271.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
 'Tis He sustains my fainting heart;
 Else would my hope for ever die,
 And every cheering ray depart.

When some kind promise cheers my soul,
 Do I not find His healing voice
 The tempest of my fears control,
 And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

The Christian Life.

When'er to call the Saviour mine
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?

What less than Thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to Thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and taste His grace,
Lord, is it not Thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

Let Thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love,
And light, and heav'nly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

161

H. 262.

—♦—
STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay;
Though I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, who e'er Thy grace received,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved:

Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

If yet Thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into Thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Missionary Chant. L. M.



162

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh, from Thee
May such our blissful refuge be;
Securely may our ashes lie,
And wait Thy summons from on high.

163

JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Anvern. L. M.



Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay,
 Make all our moments calm and bright;
 Chase the dark night of sin away,
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

164



H. 672.

Now let our souls on wings sublime
 Rise from the vanities of time,
 Draw back the parting veil, and see
 The glories of eternity.

Born by a new celestial birth,
 Why should we grovel here on earth?
 Why grasp at transitory toys,
 So near to heaven's eternal joys?

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
 When we are walking back to God?
 For strangers into life we come,
 And dying is but going home.

To dwell with God, to feel His love,
 Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
 And the sweet expectation now
 Is the bright dawn of heaven below.

Migdol. L. M.



165

H. 275.

MAY I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the Lord;
 Nor from His precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.

Oh, be His service all my joy,
 Around let my example shine,
 'Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labours so divine.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determined choice,
 To yield to His supreme control,
 And in His kind commands rejoice.

Oh may I never faint, nor tire,
 Nor wand'ring leave His sacred ways;
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live Thy praise.

166

—♦—
 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
 My Refuge, my almighty Friend,
 How can my soul from Thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend?

Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
 A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One glimpse of happiness afford?

Darley. L. M.



Thy name my inmost powers adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
 Depart from Thee!—'tis death, 'tis more—
 'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!

Low at Thy feet my soul would lie,
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
 Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
 For life, eternal life, is Thine.

167

H. 182.

JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
 That Thou the one thing needful art;
 I could from all things parted be,
 But never, never, Lord, from Thee.

Needful art Thou to make me live;
 Needful art Thou all grace to give;
 Needful to guide me, lest I stray;
 Needful to help me every day.

Needful is Thy most precious blood;
 Needful is Thy correcting rod;
 Needful is Thine indulgent care;
 Needful Thine all-prevailing prayer.

Needful art Thou to be my stay
 Through all life's dark and thorny way;
 Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be,
 When I yield up my soul to Thee.

Germany. L. M.



168

H. 120.

How oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from Thee, my God!
But everlasting is Thy love,
And Jesus seals it with His blood.

The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm His wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

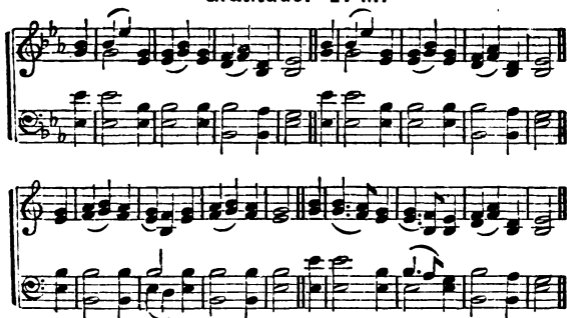
169

H. 267.

—♦—
COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

Gratitude. L. M.



Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

170

H. 609.

—♦—

As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still:

Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He will wipe my tears away.

Jesus, on Thee our hope depends
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

Rothwell. L. M.



171

H. 276.

AWAKE, our souls, away our fears,
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
 Awake and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 Who feeds the strength of every saint:

The mighty God, whose matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young;
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop and die.

172

H. 661.

OH for a sight, a pleasing sight
 Of our almighty Father's throne!
 There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
 Clothed in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around Him stand,
 And thrones and powers before Him fall;
 The God shines gracious through the man,
 And sheds sweet glories on them all.

Shoel. L. M.



Oh what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill
And spread the triumphs of their King.

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view Thy face, and sing and love?

173

H. 256.

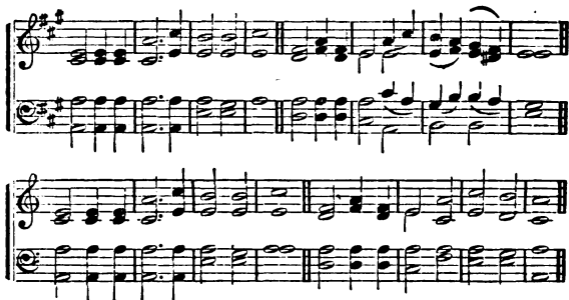
ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God, the Father and the Son.

Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

The troubled conscience knows Thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Welton. L. M.



174

H. 257.

FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Send down Thy Spirit from above;
Let me His sacred influence feel,
To quicken, purify, and heal.

He is the source of every grace,
Of light, and life, and holiness;
By Him alone may I be taught,
And all my works in Him be wrought.

Oh let Thy Holy Spirit come;
And make my heart His constant home;
There His abundant grace display,
And lead me in a perfect way.

175

H. 204.

—◆—

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He, whom I fixed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

The more I strove against sin's power,
I erred and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way."

Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

The Christian Life.

Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found,
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

176

H. 230.

—◆—
NATURE with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And every labour of His hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

Oh the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died;
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.

I would for ever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

177

H. 108.

—◆—
No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Federal Street L. M.



178

H. 279.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,
 False as the smooth deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.

Your streams were floating me along,
 Down to the gulf of black despair;
 And, whilst I listened to your song,
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
 That warned me of that dark abyss,
 That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
 And bade me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above
 I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
 Oh for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear me to the upper skies.

179

P. 130:

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts
 To Thee, my God, I raise my cries;
 If Thou severely mark our faults,
 No flesh can stand before Thine eyes.

But Thou hast built Thy throne of grace,
 Free to dispense Thy pardons there,
 That sinners may approach Thy face,
 And hope, and love, as well as fear.

The Christian Life.

As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before Thy gate;—
When will my God His face display?

My trust is fixed upon Thy word,
Nor shall I trust Thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

Great is Thy love, and large Thy grace,
Through the redemption of Thy Son,
To turn our feet from sinful ways,
And pardon what our hands have done.

180

H. 222.

—♦—
LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While His own hand my head sustains.

181

H. 624.

—♦—
How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, incessant world, farewell!

Hebron. L. M.



182

H. 32

LORD, how mysterious are Thy ways;
How blind are we, how mean our praise!
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore,
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

Great God! I do not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then shall my future hours be praise.

Are darkness and distress my share,
Give me to trust Thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine:

Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,
That Christ is mine,—this great request
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

183

H. 202.

— — — — —

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,—
Jesus, no other name but Thine,
Can save us from eternal woe.

In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

The Christian Life.

No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

184

H. 349.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His word.

185

H. 219

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,—
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy vict'ry too.

Be Thou my pattern,—make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name,
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

Windham. L. M.



186

P. 51.

SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live;
 Are not Thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in Thee?

Oh wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
 So let Thy pard'ning love be found.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
 Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

187

P. 51.

O THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from Thy book.

Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin;
 Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

The Christian Life.

I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

188

H. 269.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to Thy blest abode.

Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

189

P. 51.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

Then will I teach the world Thy ways,
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

Oh may Thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Stonefield. L. M.



190

H. 389.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel armour on;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone,

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
 Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when He rose.

What though thy inward lusts rebel?
 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
 The weapons of victorious grace
 Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace;
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

191

LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
 To search the starry vault profound;
 In vain would wing her flight sublime,
 To find creation's outmost bound.

The Christian Life.

But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sov'reign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

When my dim reason would demand
Why that or this Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,
That so it seemeth good to Thee.

Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
Thy sov'reign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

192

P. 19.

THE heav'ns declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiv'n;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heav'n.

Retreat. L. M.



193

H. 470.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Oh let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy seat.

WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,—
The Advocate of saints appears.

He, who for men in mercy stood
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n His plan of grace,
The Saviour of the chosen race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heav'nly power
To help us in the evil hour.

LORD, Thou wilt bring the joyful day:—
Beyond earth's weariness and pains
Thou hast a mansion far away,
Where for Thine own a rest remains.

No sun there climbs the morning sky,
There never falls the shade of night;
God and the Lamb, for ever nigh,
O'er all shed everlasting light.

The bow of mercy spans the throne,
Emblem of love and goodness there;
While notes to mortals all unknown
Float on the calm celestial air.

Tallis' Hymn. L. M.

196

THY Father's house!—thine own bright home!
And Thou hast there a place for me!
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.

I see its domes resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall,
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

I know that Thou, who on the tree
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
Wilt bring Thine own to dwell with Thee,
And waitest to receive me there.

Thy love will there array my soul
In Thine own robe of spotless hue;
And I shall gaze, while ages roll,
On Thee, with raptures ever new.

Oh, welcome day! when Thou my feet
Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er,
A Father's warm embrace to meet,
And dwell at home for evermore.

197

— — — — —
THERE is none other name than Thine,
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine,
On which to rest for sins forgiven,
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

The Christian Life.

There is none other name than Thine,
When cares, and fears, and griefs are mine,
That, with a gracious power, can heal
Each care, and fear, and grief I feel.

There is none other name than Thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And e'en in death to be my life.

Name, above every name! Thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine,
Rock of salvation, Thou art mine

198

P. 17.

LORD, I am Thine; but Thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is Thine.

Their hope and portion lie below,
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

What sinners value, I resign,
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Medley. L. M. 6 lines.



199

H. 381.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving-kindness, oh how free!

He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh how great!

Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh how good!

Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But, though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

Loving-Kindness. L. M.

Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing with rapture and surprise
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

200



THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am if Thou art mine!
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

Jesus, my All in All Thou art;
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
 The healing of my broken heart;
 In strife, my peace; in loss, my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown
 In shame, my glory and my crown;

In want, my plentiful supply;
 In weakness, my almighty power;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty;
 My light in Satan's darkest hour;
 Thee, in each grief, my joy I call,
 My life in death, my All in All.

Belville. L. M. 6 lines.



201

H. 226.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noonday walks He shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When on the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales, and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps He leads;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly arm shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

202

H. 225.

When gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On Him I lean who, not in vain,
 Experienced every human pain;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

The Christian Life.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

203

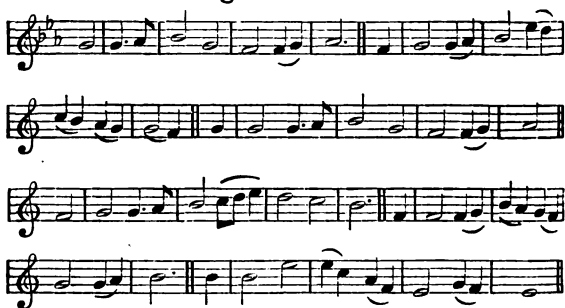
THEE will I love, my Strength and Tower,
Thee will I love, my Joy and Crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works,—and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till that pure fire
Fills my whole soul with strong desire.

In darkness willingly I strayed,
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my heart and flesh decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

* Brighton. 6 lines 8.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space,

204

WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow me to the rod:
 Yet not in hopeless grief I mourn,—
 I have an Advocate above,
 A Friend before the throne of love.

Dear Saviour, full of truth and grace,
 Thou know'st the way me to restore;
 Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

205

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
 The image of Thy God-head here,
 Who soughtest me with tender care
 Through all my wand'rings wide and drear;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in time was slain,
 Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
 O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
 That we eternal joy might know;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

The Christian Life.

O Love, who lovest me for aye
Who for my soul doth ever plead;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once above the skies
Shall set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

206



HERE is my heart,—I give it Thee;
My God, I heard Thee call, and say,
“Not to the world, my child,—to me!”
I heard Thy voice, and will obey:
Here is love’s off’ring to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring.

Here is my heart;—the gift, though poor,
Thou, O my God, wilt not despise;
Long have I sought to make it pure
And fit to meet Thy searching eyes;
Corrupted first in Adam’s fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all.

Here is my heart,—so hard before,
But now by Thy rich grace made meet;
Yet bruised and sad it can but pour
Its tears and anguish at Thy feet;
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs salvation’s joy to win.

Here is my heart,—its longings end
In Christ, as near His cross it draws;
It says, “Thou art my rest, my Friend,
Thy precious blood my ransom was;”
In Thee, the Saviour, it has found
That peace and blessedness abound.

* Halifax Chapel. 8-6.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

207

H. 76.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe."

The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt His pity move;
The sinner, by His justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

208

—♦—

O THOU who hast redeemed of old,
And bidst me of Thy strength lay hold,
And be at peace with Thee,—
Help me Thy benefits to own,
And hear me tell what Thou hast done,
O dying Lamb! for me.

The Christian Life.

Love, only love, Thy heart inclined,
And brought Thee, Saviour of mankind
Down from Thy Throne above;
Love made my God a Man of grief,
Distressed Thee sore for my relief;—
O mystery of Love!

As Thou hast loved and died for me,
So grant me, Saviour, love to Thee,
And gladly I resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am;
My life be all with Thine the same,
And all Thy death be mine.

209

O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

God only knows the love of God;
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

Oh that I could for ever sit
In transport at my Saviour's feet!
Be this my happy choice,—
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear my Saviour's voice.

Ariel. 8, 6.



210

H. 185.

OH could I speak the matchless worth,
 Oh could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine;
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
 In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine;
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.

Soon the delightful day will come,
 When my dear Lord will call me home,
 And I shall see His face:
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

* Rapture. 8, 6.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

211

H. 317.

O THOU, that hear'st the prayer of faith,
 Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,
 That casts itself on Thee?
 I have no refuge of my own,
 But fly to what my Lord has done
 And suffered once for me.

Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
 Thy spotless righteousness I plead,
 And Thine atoning blood:
 Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
 Thy merit shall avail for me,
 And bring me near to God.

Then snatch me from eternal death,
 The Spirit of Adoption breathe,
 His consolation send:
 By Him some word of life impart,
 And sweetly whisper to my heart.
 "Thy Maker is thy Friend."

The king of terrors then would be
 A welcome messenger to me,
 To bid me come away:
 Unclogg'd by earth, or earthly things,
 I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings
 To everlasting day.

Meribah. C. P. M.



212

H. 648.

WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
 To take Thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at Thy right hand?

I love to meet among them now,
 Before Thy feet with them to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
 But, can I bear the piercing thought,—
 What if my name should be left out
 When Thou for them shalt call?

O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace,
 Be Thou my only hiding-place,
 In this th' accepted day;
 Thy pard'ning voice oh let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

Among Thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see Thy smiling face;
 Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

The Christian Life.

213

H. 612.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

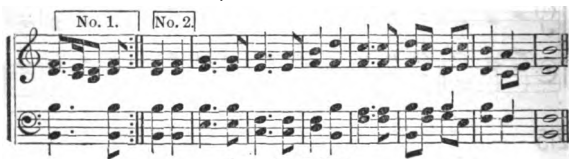
O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late,—
Wake me to righteousness.

Before me place in bright array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Conway. C. M.



Repeat fifth line.

214

FATHER, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me,—
 The changes that will surely come
 I do not fear to see;
 I ask Thee for a present mind,
 Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And wipe the weeping eyes;
 A heart at leisure from itself
 To soothe and sympathize.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied,
 A mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at Thy side,—
 Content to fill a little space,
 If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
 Among my blessings be,
 I'd have my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to Thee;
 More careful,—not to serve Thee much,
 But please Thee perfectly.

Topaz. 8-6, 8-6, 8.



215

ALONG the mountain track of life,
Along the weary lea,
In rocks, in storms, in joy, in strife,
Let this my heart-cry be,—
Nearer to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

This pilgrim-path by Thee was trod,
Jesus,—my King, by Thee,
Traced by Thy feet, Thy tears, Thy blood,
In love, in death, for me:
Oh bring my soul nearer to Thee.

Let every step, let every thought
Sweet memories bear of Thee;
And hear the soul Thy love hath bought,
Whose every cry shall be,
“Nearer to Thee,” “Nearer to Thee.”

Thou wilt! Thou dost!—a still small voice
Whispers of faith in Thee,
Of hope that might in grief rejoice,
If still the way-cry be,
“Nearer to Thee,” “Nearer to Thee.”

Yet a few days to me, perhaps,
And time shall no more be;
But boundless love can know no lapse,
Thou art eternity!
Draw then, my soul, “Nearer to Thee.”

Bendon. C. M. Double.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Bendon. C. M. Double.' It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a style that appears to be a double bass or a similar instrument, with a focus on rhythmic patterns and chordal structures. The first system has a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The second system continues the piece with similar rhythmic and harmonic elements.

216

My God, lo! here before Thy face
I cast me in the dust;
Where is the hope of happier days?
Where is my wonted trust?
O Father, compass me about
With love, for I am weak;
Forgive, forgive my sinful doubt,
Thy pitying glance I seek.

Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast;
Who follows Thee in pious trust,
Shall reach the goal at last:
Though strange and winding seem the way
While yet on earth I dwell,
In heaven my heart shall gladly say,
Thou, God, dost all things well.

217

I LOVE Thee, O my God, but not
For what I hope thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally;
I love Thee, O my God, and still
I ever will love Thee,
Solely because my God Thou art,
Who first hast loved me.

The Christian Life.

For me, to lowest depths of woe
Thou didst Thyself abase,—
For me didst bear the cross, the shame,
And manifold disgrace,—
For me didst suffer pains unknown,
Blood-sweat and agony,
Yea, death itself,—all, all for me,
For me, Thine enemy.

Then shall I not, O Saviour mine,
Shall I not love Thee well?
Not with the hope of winning heav'n,
Nor of escaping hell,—
Not with the hope of earning aught,
Nor seeking a reward,—
But freely, fully, as Thyself
Hast lovéd me, O Lord.

218

—♦—
O LORD, when we the path retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod,—
To man Thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God,—
Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced Thy side,
Drew forth the blood to save:

Faithful amid unfaithfulness,
'Mid darkness only light,
Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,
And in His will delight;
Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suff'ring, shame, and loss,—
Thy path, uncheered by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

O Lord! with sorrow and with shame
Before Thee we confess
How little we, who bear Thy name,
Thy mind, Thy ways express:
Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind,—
We would obedient be,
And all our rest and pleasure find
In learning, Lord, of Thee.

Marlow. C. M.



219

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

220

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence;
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
I'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

The Christian Life.

My life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

221

—♦—
JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus,—what it is
None but His loved ones know.

222

—♦—
THY promise is my only plea,—
Jesus I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fear within,
I come to Thee for rest.

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

Oh wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

Asmon. C. M.



223

P. 71.

My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
 When I begin Thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of Thy grace?

Thou art my everlasting trust,
 Thy goodness I adore;
 And since I knew Thy graces first,
 I speak Thy glories more.

My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road,
 And march with courage in Thy strength,
 To see my Father, God.

When I am filled with sore distress
 For some surprising sin,
 I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but Thine.

How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The vict'ries of my King;
 My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
 Shall Thy salvation sing.

224

THOU, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
 Upon the cross embrace,
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,
 And manifold disgrace;

The Christian Life.

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself,—and all for one
That was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well,—
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward,
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O everlasting Lord?

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

225

H. 334.

My God, what gentle cords are Thine,
How soft, and yet how strong;
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

Thou saw'st us crushed beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One offering takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

Comfort through all this vale of tears
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.

Drawn by such cords we onward move,
Till round Thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqu'ror's feet.

Hillhurst. C. M. Double.

Musical score for Hillhurst. C. M. Double. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef, a bass clef, and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music is in common time. The first system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second system begins with a treble clef, a bass clef, and a key signature of two flats. It starts with the word "END." above the first staff and "Dal Segno." above the second staff. The music continues with a double bar line and a repeat sign at the end.

226

JESUS, Thou art the sinner's Friend,
As such I look to Thee;
Now in the fulness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me:
Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary,
Remember all Thy dying groans;
And then remember me.

Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to Thee;
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me:
Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do Thou remember me:
And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,
I pray remember me.

The Christian Life.

227

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest,—
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast:
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,—
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

228

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord,—
In Thee I put my trust,
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.

And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last ling'ring sands,
Is ebbing fast away,—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on Thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

St. Ann's. C. M.



229

H. 390.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?

Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this dark world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign,—
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

230

—◆—
 THOU art the Way,—to Thee alone
 From sin and death we flee;
 And he, who would the Father seek,
 Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.

Thou art the Truth,—Thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart;
 Thou only canst instruct the mind,
 And purify the heart.

The Christian Life.

Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those, who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;—
Grant us to know that Way,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

231

I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps;
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay;
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

The Lord shall keep thy soul; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill:
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

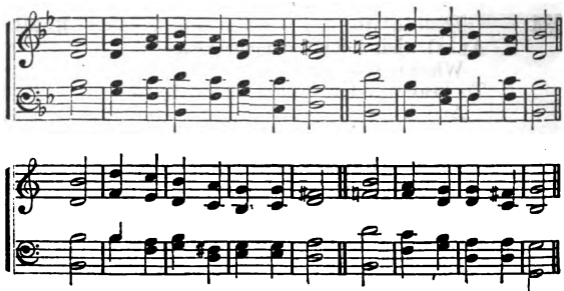
232

BEHOLD, how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell.

Like precious ointment on the head,
That down the beard did flow,
E'en Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
Did of his garments go.

As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth
On Sion's hills descend;
For there the blessing God commands,
Life that shall never end.

Windsor. C. M.



233

H. 59.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Thy body slain, dear Jesus, Thine,—
And bathed in its own blood;
While all exposed to wrath divine
The glorious sufferer stood.

Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

The Christian Life.

234

H. 294.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way;
To heaven I fain would lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Nor let me be dismayed.

Do Thou increase my faith and hope,
When fears and foes prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

Oh keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and Thee.

235

P. 39.

— — — — —
Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame,—
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,—
But all their noise is vain.

What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

Mear. C. M.



236

H. 121.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,—
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

237

H. 398.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

The Christian Life.

To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

But oh when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust,—
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

238

H. 266.

—◆—
COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Ortonville. C. M.



239

H. 392.

Oh for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame,—
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
 How sweet their mem'ry still!
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return
 Sweet messenger of rest;
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

Caswell. C. M.



240

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair,
Who fill the heavenly train.

He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Maitland. C. M.



241

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No, there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free;
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.

Before the great, the heavenly throne,
 At Jesus' piercéd feet,
 Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
 And His dear name repeat.

O precious cross! O glorious crown!
 O resurrection day!
 Let angels from Thy throne come down,
 And bear my soul away.

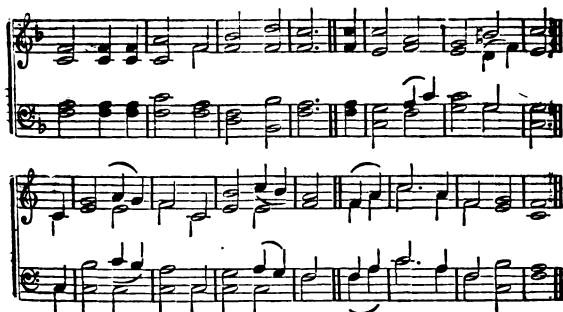
242

H. 95.

FATHER, how wide Thy glories shine!
 How high Thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.

But when we view Thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms;—

Latimer. C. M.



Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The justice or the grace.

Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains;
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

243

P. 63.

EARLY, my God, without delay
 I haste to seek Thy face;
 My thirsty spirit faints away
 Without Thy cheering grace.

I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
 Through all Thy temple shine;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
 That vision so divine.

Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when Thy richer grace I taste,
 And in Thy presence dwell.

Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move.
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As Thy forgiving love.

Cranmer. C. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Cranmer. C. M.'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a style typical of 16th-century lute tablature or early keyboard music, with many beamed notes and rests.

244

H. 172.

HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long;*
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
 Exerts His sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
 His holy breast inspire.

He comes the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
 To clear the inward sight,
 And on the eyes obscured by sin
 To pour celestial light.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the treasures of His grace
 To enrich the humble poor.

* Repeat the second line.

The Christian Life.

245

H. 465.

COME, happy souls, approach our God,
With new melodious songs,*
We'll render to almighty grace
The tribute of our tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son
To give us life again.

Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission, to perform
The vengeance of a God.

But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

Here, sinners, we may heal our wounds,
And wipe our sorrows dry;
We trust the mighty Saviour's name,
And thus shall never die.

246

P. 50.

—♦—
THRONED on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare His way,*
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

Heaven from above His call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

"But gather all my saints," He cries,
"That made their peace with God
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And sealed it with His blood."

Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess
Thy sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore Thy grace.

* Repeat the second line.

Geneva. C. M.



247

H. 9.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme
 And speak some boundless thing,—
 The mighty works, or mightier name
 Of our eternal King.

Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound His power abroad;
 Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
 And the performing God.

Proclaim "Salvation from the Lord
 For wretched dying men,"
 Thy hand has writ the sacred word
 With an immortal pen.

Thy very word of grace is strong
 As that which built the skies;
 The voice that rolls the stars along
 Speaks all the promises.

Oh might I hear Thy heav'nly tongue
 But whisper, "Thou art mine,"
 Those gentle words should raise my song
 To notes almost divine.

How would my weeping heart rejoice,
 And think my heaven secure!
 I trust the all-creating voice,
 And faith desires no more.

AWAKE, my heart,—arise, my tongue,
 Prepare a tuneful voice,
 To God, the life of all my joys,
 Aloud will I rejoice.

'Tis He adorned my sinful soul,
 And made salvation mine;
 Upon a poor, polluted worm
 He makes His graces shine.

And, lest the shadow of a spot
 Should on my soul be found,
 He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
 And cast it all around.

How far the heav'nly robe excels
 What earthly princes wear!
 These ornaments how bright they shine,
 How white the garments are!

Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
 By the great sacred Three;
 In sweetest harmony of praise
 Let all thy powers agree.

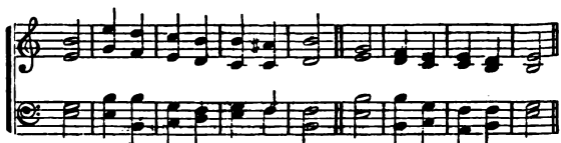
WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

Dundee. C. M.



250

H 382.

COME, let our hearts and voices join
To praise the Saviour's name,—
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.

When most we need his gracious hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at His command,
He waits to answer prayer.

His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.

When frowns appear to veil His face,
And clouds surround His throne,
He hides the purpose of His grace
To make it better known.

And when our dearest comforts fall,
Before His sov'reign will,
He never takes away our all,
Himself He gives us still.

251

H. 31.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

The Christian Life.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,—
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

252

P. 139.

—♦—
In all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

Oh wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

Antioch. C. M.



253

P. 98.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come,
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
 Let men their songs employ,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love.

254

H. 237.

—o—

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
 “To be exalted thus;”

“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
 “For He was slain for us.”

The Christian Life.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

255

H. 368.

—♦—
LET them neglect Thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew Thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of Thy praise.

We raise our shouts, O God, to Thee,
And send them to Thy throne;
All glory to the united Three,
The undivided One.

'Twas He, and we'll adore His name,
That formed us by a word;
'Tis He restores our ruined frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

256

H. 193.

—♦—
THE Saviour! oh what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wond'ring eyes,
And hailed th' incarnate God.

Oh the rich depth of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All.

Woodstock. C. M.



257

H. 343.

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

Let saints below Thy praises sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To Thy commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

How many to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly!
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

The Christian Life.

258

H. 64.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,—
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve :

“I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

“Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sov'reign grace.

“I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

“Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

“I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try:
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.”

259

H. 371.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Chester. C. M.



260

H. 330.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treas'ry, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,—
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

The Christian Life.

261

H. 674

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I asked them whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

262

H. 397.

How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of His word.

Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn,
Oh take the wand'rer home.

Almighty grace, Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine,
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Naomi. C. M.



263

H. 98.

DEAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus, and my God,
 Who can resist Thy heav'nly love
 Or trifle with Thy blood?

'Tis by the merits of Thy death
 The Father smiles again;
 'Tis by Thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.

Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three
 Are terrors to my mind.

But, if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy begins,
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sins.

While Jews on their own law rely,
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,
 I love th' incarnate mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

264

H. 88.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.

The Christian Life.

With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, oh amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

He spoiled the powers of darkness thus
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

265



H. 274.

DIDST Thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own Thy name,
Or Thy disciple be?

Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
Oh let me in Thy footsteps tread,
And glory in Thy cross.

Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold thy Saviour ever near
Will guard thee in the way."

Oh how my soul would rise and run
At this reviving word,
Nor any painful suff'rings shun,
To follow Thee, my Lord.

Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will,—
If I may glorify Thy name,
And be Thy servant still.

Henderson. C. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Henderson. C. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with chords and single notes.

266

P. 73.

God, my supporter and my hope,
 My help for ever near,
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,
 When sinking in despair.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Through life's dark wilderness;
 Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,
 To dwell before Thy face.

Were I in heaven without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me;
 And whilst this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but Thee.

What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint,
 God is my soul's eternal rock,
 The strength of every saint.

Aye to draw near to Thee, my God,
 Shall be my sweet employ;
 My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
 And tell the world my joy.

267

H. 229.

—o—

How condescending and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son!
 Our mis'ry reached His heav'nly mind,
 And pity brought Him down.

The Christian Life.

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan.

This was compassion like a God,
That though the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor lets His saints forget.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

268



H. 655

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear Thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart?"

Oh wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I must not taste His love.

Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon Thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from Thee
My spirit cannot rest.

Oh tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands;
Show me some promise in Thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

Manoah. C. M.



269

P. 27.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
 "Ye children, seek my grace,"
 My heart replied, without delay,
 "I'll seek my Father's face."

Let not Thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away;
 God of my life, I fly to Thee
 In a distressing day.

Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want or die,
 My God will make my life His care,
 And all my need supply.

My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believed,
 To see Thy grace provide relief,
 Nor was my hope deceived.

270

H. 92.

—♦—

THERE is a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word,
 "Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord."

My soul obeys the mighty call,
 And runs to this relief;
 I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
 Oh help my unbelief.

Chimes. C. M.



To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Jesus and my All.

27

P. 13.

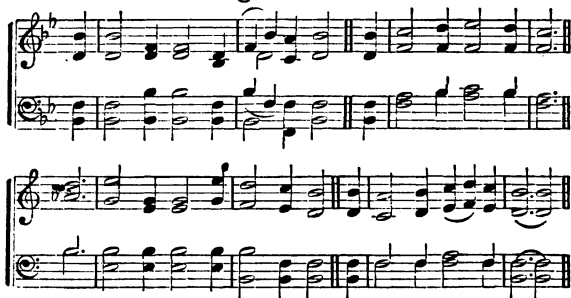
How long wilt Thou, conceal Thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
That chase my fears away?

How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

Be Thou my Sun, and Thou my Shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste before mine eyes are sealed
In death's eternal sleep.

Thou wilt display Thy sov'reign grace,
Whence all my comforts spring;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And Thy salvation sing.

Ridgwood. C. M.



272

H. 335.

JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
 'Tis music to mine ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven should hear.

Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
 My joy, my hope, my trust;
 Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish
 In Thee most richly meet;
 Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there,
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of Thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath;
 Then speechless clasp Thee in mine arms,
 The antidote of death.

273

H. 58.

I SAW one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies and blood,
 Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
 As near His cross I stood.

The Christian Life.

Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death.
Though not a word He spoke.

A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that Thou may'st live."

Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

274



H. 421.

PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our breath.

'Tis Thou, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

'Tis Thou, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice,
Yet scatter'st, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

Our cov'nant God and Father, Thou,
In Christ our bleeding Lord,
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart,
With one reviving word.

Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss Thy scourging hand
And yield our comforts, and our life,
To Thy supreme command.

Bartow. C. M.



275

H. 656.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end

There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

The Christian Life.

276

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

277



H. 349.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend His cause,
Maintain the honour of His word,
The glory of His cross.

Jesus, my God, I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Evan. C. M.



278

P. 119: 16.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

I need the influence of Thy grace,
To speed me in Thy way;
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

When sore afflictions press me down,
I need Thy quick'ning powers;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Are not Thy mercies sov'reign still,
And Thou a faithful God?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heav'nly road?

Does not my heart Thy precepts love,
And long to see Thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enliv'ning grace!

Then shall I love Thy gospel more
And ne'er forget Thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning power
To draw me near the Lord.

The Christian Life.

279

P. 5.

LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye:

Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

Oh may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

280

P. 119: 8.

LORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the hist'ries of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

Hanover. C. M.



281

H. 326.

My God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades, if He appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 He is my soul's bright morning star,
 And He my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
 And whispers, I am His.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,
 At that transporting word;
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe,
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Should bear me conqu'ror through.

282

H. 254.

—♦—

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High Priest above,
 And celebrate His constant care,
 And sympathetic love.

The Christian Life.

Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honours crowned;

The names of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart,
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

283



P. 27.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires;
Oh! grant me mine abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauties still,
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.

When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may Thy children hide:
God is a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

Patmos. C. M.



284

H. 338.

OH! for a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace.

My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honours of Thy name.

Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of reigning sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood availed for me

285

H. 631.

—♦—

OH! for an overcoming faith
 To cheer my dying hours,
 To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
 And all his frightful powers.

Joyful with all the strength I have
 My quiv'ring lips should sing,
 "Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave,
 And where the monster's sting?"

The Christian Life.

If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside ;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

286

H. 425.

O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend ;
To Thee in every trouble flee
My best, my only Friend.

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which shall ever run,
With waters sweet and clear ?

No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee ;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

Oh that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

He who has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide ;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?

O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore,
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise Thee more.

Siloam. C. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Siloam. C. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with chords and single notes.

287

H. 214.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green: He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear no ill;
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.

Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me,
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

288

H. 357.

JESUS, my Saviour, bind me fast
 In cords of heav'nly love;
 Then sweetly draw me to Thy breast,
 Nor let me thence remove.

Draw me from all created good;
 From self, the world, and sin,
 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
 And make me pure within.

Woodlawn. C. M.



Oh lead me to Thy mercy-seat,
 Attract me nearer still;
 Draw me, like Mary, to Thy feet,
 To sit and learn Thy will.

Oh draw me by Thy providence,
 Thy Spirit and Thy word,
 From all the things of time and sense,
 To Thee, my gracious Lord.

289

H. 406.

OH! that I knew the secret place
 Where I might find my God;
 I'd spread my wants before His face,*
 And pour my woes abroad.

I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
 What sorrows I sustain,
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain.

He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God;
 I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
 And for my Saviour's blood.

Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear;
 He calls thee to His throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there.

* Repeat the third line.

Avon. C. M.



290

P. 119 : 11.

Oh that the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep His statutes still ;
 Oh that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do His will.

Oh send Thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart ;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off mine eyes,
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by Thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip ;
 Yet, since I've not forgot Thy way,
 Restore Thy wand'ring sheep.

Make me to walk in Thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
 Offend against my God.

The Christian Life.

291

P 51: 5.

O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from Thy love.

Give me the presence of Thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud Thy righteousness,
And make Thy praise my song.

No blood of goats nor heifers slain
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

A soul oppressed with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart
Is our best sacrifice.

292

H. 54.

—♦—
PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at Thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upwards to Thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which Thou hast shed,
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

Tyndal. C. M.



293

H. 404.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be
 If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,*
 We could not fly to Thee.

The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes are flown;
 And he, who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And e'en the hope, that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimmed and vanished too;

Oh who could bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not Thy wing of love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light,
 We never saw by day.

* Repeat the third line.

The Christian Life.

294

H. 72.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye,—

See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said—Return?

And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
Oh let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way.

Oh shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

295

H. 431.

'Tis sweet to know that grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that Thy blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.

Sweet in Thy righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
Thy Spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet on Thy faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on Thy covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee?

Beveridge. C. M.



296

P. 116.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

Among the saints that fill Thy house
Mine off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.

Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

The Christian Life.

297

H. 400.

SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw His glory shine;
And when I read His holy word,
I called each promise mine.

But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail,
Oh make my soul Thy care;
I know Thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

298

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of Thy grace,
Low at Thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

Shall love like Thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed
From Jesus to depart.

Oh, while I breathe to Thee, my Lord,
The deep, repentant sigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word,
With pity in Thine eye.

Then shall the mourner at Thy feet
Rejoice to see Thy face,
And grateful own how kind, how sweet
Thy condescending grace.

Fountain. C. M.



299

H. 667.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes:

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

The Christian Life.

300

H. 90.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

301

P. 34.

—♦—
THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

My soul shall make her boast in Him,
And celebrate His fame;
Come magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

Oh make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Greenwood. C. M.



302

H. 35.

THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil Thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love Thee more.

Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in Thy sacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
My fainting heart supplies.

Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
Oh come with blissful ray,
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of Thy love;
But the full glories of Thy face
Are only known above.

Oh, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the cheering beams
Of His o'erflowing grace!

The Christian Life.

303

H. 665.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

304

H. 77.

How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

Can aught beneath a power divine,
A stubborn will subdue?
'Tis Thine, eternal Spirit, Thine
To form the heart anew.

'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
And bid them upward rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;

To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis Thine alone to give.

Renew these wretched hearts of ours,
Oh, give us life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

Phuvah. C. M.



305

H. 187.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears,
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

The Christian' Life.

306

H. 321.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

Have we forgot th' almighty Name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease,
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

307

H. 60.

'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

Oh how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God,—
Those sins that pierced and nailed His flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

Whilst, with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'ers too.

Dennis. S. M.



308

A FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those that rest,
 Asleep within the tomb.

A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.

A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore,
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.

A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way,
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 Th' eternal Sabbath day.

'Tis but a little while
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, who lives
 That we with Him may reign.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad day;
 Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away.

The Christian Life.

309

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me, O God, by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, O Lord, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it, O Lord, be Thine,—
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee, O Lord, may seem,—
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou, O Lord, my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

310

H. 264.

BLEST Comforter Divine,
Whose rays of heav'nly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;

Thou, who with "still small voice"
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;

Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death
A smile of glory wear;

Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter! to us impart
The blessings of Thy grace.

Olmutz. S. M.



311

P. 23.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my foll'wing days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

The Christian Life.

312

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,—
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

313

H. 342.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,—
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts, and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

The glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Stillingfleet. S. M.



314

OUR times are in Thy hand,
 O God, we wish them there;
 Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
 Entirely to Thy care.

Our times are in Thy hand,
 Whatever they may be,
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to Thee.

Our times are in Thy hand,
 Why should we doubt or fear?
 A Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.

Our times are in Thy hand,
 Jesus, the crucified;
 The hand our many sins have pierced
 Is now our guard and guide.

315

—◆—

THOU art gone up on high,
 To mansions in the skies,
 And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise.

But we are ling'ring here,
 With sin and care oppressed;
 Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to Thy rest.

Conway. S. M.



Thou art gone up on high;—
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.

Oh, by Thy saving power
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,
 At Thy right hand on high.

316



H. 395.

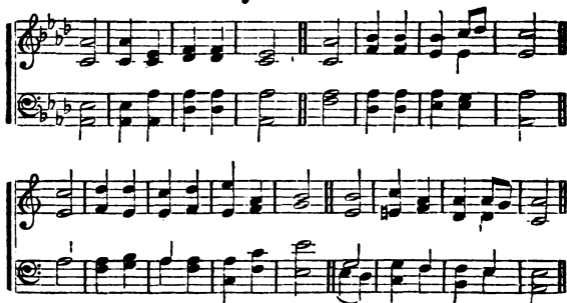
BLESSED is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on Thee;
 Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall Thy salvation see.

Thy grace will, to the end,
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the love divine.

When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heav'nly flame,—
 Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon Thy name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at Thy control;
 Thy loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.

Bayard. S. M.



317

H. 110.

BEHOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

The Christian Life.

318

ENTHRONED is Jesus now,
Upon His heav'nly seat;
The kingly crown is on His brow,
The saints are at His feet.

In shining white they stand,
A great and countless throng;
A palmy sceptre in each hand,
On every lip a song.

They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood
Each wears his diadem.

Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

319

—◆—
"FOR ever with the Lord!"
So, Jesus, let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,—
'Tis immortality.

Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Thee we roam;
Yet nightly pitch our moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

"For ever with the Lord!"
Saviour, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to us fulfil.

So when our latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death we shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as we are known,
How shall we love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

Calvin. S. M.



320

OH, whither should I go,
 Burdened, and sick, and faint?
 To whom should I my troubles show
 And pour out my complaint?

My Saviour bids me come,
 Ah, why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from Him I stay.

What worldly tie must break,
 What idol yet depart,
 Which will not let the Saviour take
 Possession of my heart?

Lord, break the fatal chain,
 And all my bonds remove;
 Nor let one bosom sin remain
 To keep me from Thy love.

321

—♦—
 It is Thy hand, my God,
 My sorrow comes from Thee;
 I bow beneath Thy chast'ning rod,
 'Tis love that bruises me.

I know Thy will is right,
 Though it may seem severe;
 Thy path is still unsullied light,
 Though dark it oft appear.

The Christian Life.

Jesus for me hath died,
Thy Son Thou didst not spare:
His piercéd hands, His bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

Here my poor heart can rest,
My God, it cleaves to Thee:
Thy will is love, Thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.

322

My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.

In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me:
Secure in having Thee in all,
And having all in Thee.

323

P. 19 : 2.

OH! who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold, presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.

Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

While with my heart and tongue
I spread Thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

Aylesbury. S. M.



324

H. 49.

AH! how shall fallen man
 Be just before his God?
 If He contend in righteousness,
 We fall beneath His rod.

If He our ways should mark
 With strict inquiring eyes,
 Could we for one of thousand faults
 A just excuse devise?

All-seeing, pow'rful God,
 Who can with Thee contend?
 Or who, that tries th' unequal strife
 Shall prosper in the end?

Ah! how shall guilty man
 Contend with such a God?
 None, none can meet Him and escape,
 But through the Saviour's blood.

325

H. 642.

—•••—

AND must this body die,
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?

God my Redeemer lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till He shall bid it rise.

The Christian Life.

Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heav'nly and divine.

These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love:
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.

326



P. 61.

WHEN overwhelmed with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

Oh lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tow'r of my defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

327



H. 331.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear His name,
And love Him in His word.

On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon Thy grace.

And when we taste Thy love
Our joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

Gerar. S. M.



328

IF God be on my side,
Then let who will oppose;
For oft ere now to Him I cried,
And He hath quelled my foes.

Here I can firmly rest,
I dare to boast of this,—
That God, the highest, and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and His blood,
For 'tis through Him that I have found
The true eternal good.

His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind He reigns,
All care and sadness He dispels,
And soothes away all pains.

He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer;
How he, who seeks in God his rest,
Shall ever find Him near.

The sun that glads mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for us above.

The Christian Life.

329

P. 25.

I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in His name;
Let not the foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

From the first dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For Thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever longing eyes.

Remember all Thy grace,
And lead me in Thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn His ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of His grace.

330

P. 19.

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way,
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

But, where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is Thy word,
And all Thy judgments just;
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given!
Oh may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send Thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

Mornington. S. M.



331

H. 87.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear:
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone
And well deserves the praise.

The Christian Life.

332

H. 265.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open Thou our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The gracious love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

333

—♦—
IF through unruffled seas
Tow'rd heav'n we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee
We'll own the fost'ring gale.

But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Boylston. S. M.



334

H. 211.

How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with His reviving light,
Over our souls arise.

Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heav'n;
But, in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks th' accursed chain.

Lord, we adore Thy ways
To bring us near to God,—
Thy sov'reign pow'r, Thy healing grace,
And Thine atoning blood.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit too.

The Christian Life.

335

H. 118.

To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of His grace
And make His wonders known.

To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

336

H. 653.

PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before Thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in His blood;
So shall I lift my head with joy
Among the sons of God.

Do Thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known,
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in Thy Son.

Let me attest Thy pow'r,
Let me Thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

Golden Hill. S. M.



337

H. 301.

JESUS, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint,
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,
 To pray and never faint.

He bows His gracious ear,
 We never plead in vain:
 Yet we must wait till He appear,
 And pray, and pray again.

Though unbelief suggest,
 Why should we longer wait?
 He bids us never give Him rest,
 But be importunate.

Jesus the Lord will hear
 His chosen, when They cry;
 Yes, though He may a while forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.

338

H. 385.

Is this the kind return,
 And these the thanks we owe,—
 Thus to abuse eternal love,
 Whence all our blessings flow?

To what a stubborn frame
 Has sin reduced our mind!
 What strange rebellious wretches we,
 And God as strangely kind!

Kentucky. S. M.



Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise.

339

P. 55 : 2

—○—
THOU wilt regard my cries,
Oh my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath Thine angry rod.

Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust Thy name,
Nor learn to do Thy will.

But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on Thine arm,
And rest upon Thy word.

Thine arm shall well sustain
The children of Thy love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

Neander. S. M.



340

H. 89.

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

341

P. 25.

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord,
I love to plead His promised grace,
And rest upon His word.

When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?

Dover. S. M.



With every morning light
 My sorrow new begins;
 Look on my anguish and my pain,
 And pardon all my sins.

Oh keep my soul from death,
 Nor put my hope to shame,
 For I have placed my only trust
 In my Redeemer's name.

342

P. 63.

—••—

My God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call Thee mine,
 And let my early cries prevail
 To taste Thy love divine.

For life without Thy love
 No relish can afford;
 No joy can be compared with this,
 To serve and please the Lord.

Since Thou hast been my help,
 To Thee my spirit flies,
 And on Thy watchful providence
 My cheerful hope relies.

The shadow of Thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps;
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And He supports my steps.

Laban. S. M.



343

H. 170.

YE saints, proclaim abroad
 The honours of our King;
 To Jesus, our incarnate God,
 Our songs of praises sing.

Not angels, round the throne
 Of Majesty above,
 Are half so much obliged as we
 To our Immanuel's love.

They never sunk so low,
 They are not raised so high;
 They never knew such depths of woe,
 Such heights of majesty.

The Saviour did not join
 Their nature to His own:
 For them He shed no blood divine,
 Nor breathed a single groan.

May we with angels vie
 The Saviour to adore;
 Our debts are greater far than theirs,
 Oh be our praises more!

344

H. 295.

My soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise,
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

The Christian Life.

Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

345



H. 355.

DEAR Saviour, we are Thine
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts we would resign,
Our souls into Thy hands.

Accepted for Thy sake,
And justified by faith,
We of Thy righteousness partake,
And find in Thee our life.

To Thee we still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh let them ne'er prevail.

Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee our head;
Shall form us to Thine image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.

Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
Since He in heav'n has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

Pisgah. S. M. Double.



346

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I'm nearer home to-day,
Than I have been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,—
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down,—
Nearer to leave the cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.
But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
The deep and unknown stream,
Crossed ere we reach the light.

Jesus, confirm my trust;
Strengthen the hand of faith
To feel Thee, when I stand
Upon the shore of death.
Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,—
For I am nearer home
Perhaps, than now I think.

Wiltz. S. M. Double.



347

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Oh may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign:
Through sorrow or through joy
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with Thee:
Then to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Wesley. S. M.

S: *Dal Segno.*

348

JESUS, my Strength, my Hope,
 On Thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know Thou hear'st my pray'r;
 Give me on Thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,
 On Thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye,
 That looks to Thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly;—
 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto pray'r.

I rest upon Thy word,
 Thy promise is for me;
 My succour and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from Thee;
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till Thou my patient spirit guide
 Into Thy perfect love.

The Christian Life.

349

I WAS a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wand'ring one.

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wand'ring sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,—
'Tis He that still doth keep.

No more a wand'ring sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold;
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heav'nly Father's voice,—
I love, I love His home.

Gillert. H. M.



350

H. 194.

COME, every pious heart,
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest pow'rs exert
 To celebrate His fame;
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to Him you owe.

He left His starry crown,
 And laid His robes aside,
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died;
 What He endured, oh who can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell?

From the dark grave He rose,
 The mansions of the dead,
 And thence His mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led;
 Up through the sky the Conqu'ror rode,
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe Thy love;
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve;
 Our hearts, our all to Thee we give,—
 The gift, though small, Thou wilt receive.

The Christian Life.

351

H. 201.

COME, my Redeemer, come
And deign to dwell with me ;
Come, and Thy right assume,
And bid Thy rivals flee :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home

Rule Thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my pow'rs are brought
Beneath Thy full control :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

Then shall my days be Thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

352

—♦—
O THOU that hearest pray'r,
Attend our humble cry,
And let Thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high ;
We plead the promise of Thy word,
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry,—
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply,
Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,
And answer when Thy children pray

Our heav'nly Father Thou.
We children of Thy grace,—
Oh, let Thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place ;
We plead the promise of Thy word,
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

Harwich. H. M.



353

P. 121.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid,—
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made ;
God is the tow'r
To which I fly ; His grace is nigh
In every hour.

My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears ;
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep, shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there ;
Thou art my sun,
And Thou my shade, to guard my head
By night or noon.

Hast Thou not giv'n Thy word
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath ;—
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die, till from on high
Thou ca'l me home.

The Christian Life.

354

H. 212.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore,—
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

But oh, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach His heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.

Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;—
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.

355

H. 196.

—♦—
JESUS, my great High-Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His pow'rful blood did once atone,—
And now it pleads before the throne.

I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul, among
The thousands of His sheep;
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

My great and glorious Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r;—behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

Bethany. 6, 4.



356

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,*
 Nearer to Thee.

Though a lone wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 Pillowed on stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
 Steps up to heav'n,—
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy giv'n,—
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

* Repeat the sixth line.

The Christian Life.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

357

—••—
I'm but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home;
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand,
Heav'n is my Father-land,
Heav'n is my home.

What though the tempests rage,
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last,—
Heav'n is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,
Heav'n is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heav'n is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heav'n is my Father-land,—
Heav'n is my home.

Olivet. 6, 4.



358

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,—
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tear away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

The Christian Life.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distress remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

359

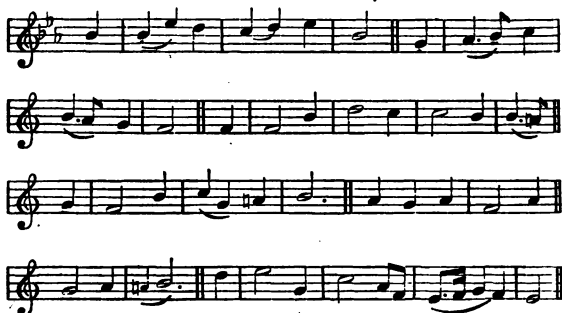
SAVIOUR, I look to Thee,—
Be not Thou far from me
'Mid storms that low'r;
On me Thy care bestow,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw
This trying hour.

Saviour, I look to Thee
Feeble as infancy,—
Gird up my heart;
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sov'reign right,
Thy strength impart.

Saviour, I look to Thee,—
Let me Thy fullness see,
Save me from fear;
While at Thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a full pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.

Saviour, I look to Thee,—
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of pray'r;
Thou art my only aid,
On Thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade
While Thou art near.

* Central Church. 6, 8.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

360

H. 205.

WHEN I behold my heart
 With sin's deep stain impressed,
 Fain would I draw a curtain dark
 Across my guilty breast;
 Hiding from all, but most from Thee,
 My God, its vast iniquity.

Oh, could I mount the wing
 Of the ascending morn,
 And be to earth's remotest ring
 Ere close of evening borne,
 I'd haste, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
 To hide me from myself and Thee.

But whither shall I fly,
 Omniscient God, from Thee?
 Within the deep, impervious folds
 Of night's dark canopy?
 'Twere vain,—I could not 'scape Thy sight,
 For Thou Thyself, my God, art light.

Jesus, to Thee I fly,
 In Thine embrace to rest;
 O shield me from Thy Father's frown,
 Within Thy shelt'ring breast:—
 But no! within that hiding-place,
 Frowns turn to smiles, and wrath to grace.

Lewin. 5, 8.



361

JESUS, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won;
 And, although the way be cheerless,
 We will follow, calm and fearless;—
 Guide us by Thy hand
 To our Father-land.

If the way be drear,
 If the foe be near,
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
 Let not faith and hope forsake us;
 For, through many a foe,
 To our home we go.

When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief,
 When temptations come alluring,
 Make us patient and enduring;
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won;
 Heav'nly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our Father-land.

Rosefield. 7, 6 lines.



362

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
 Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
 Whither,—whither but to Thee,
 Can a trembling sinner fly?
 Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
 Save, oh save, my sinking soul.

Never bowed a martyred head
 Weighed with equal sorrow down,
 Never blood so rich was shed,
 Never king wore such a crown!
 To Thy cross and sacrifice
 Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

All my soul, by love subdued,
 Melts in deep contrition there;
 By Thy mighty grace renewed,
 New-born hope forbids despair;
 Lord, Thou canst my guilt forgive,
 Thou hast bid me look and live.

While with broken heart I kneel,
 Sinks the inward storm to rest;
 Life,—immortal life I feel
 Kindled in my throbbing breast;
 Thine,—for ever Thine I am,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

The Christian Life.

363

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,—
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If Thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,—
Till Thy inward light impart
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, radiant Sun divine,
Scatter all my unbelief,—
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

364

WHO are those before God's throne?
What the crown'd host I see?
As the skies with stars thick strown
Is their shining company:
Hallelujahs, hark, they sing,
Solemn praise to God they bring.

They are those who much have borne,
Trial, sorrow, pain, and care,
Who have wrestled night and morn
With Thee, mighty God, in prayer;
Now their strife hath found its close,
God hath turned away their woes.

Cast my lot in earth and heav'n
With Thy saints made like to Thee,
Let my bonds be also riv'n,
Make Thy child who loves Thee free,
Near the throne where Thou dost shine
May a place at last be mine.

Martyn. 7 Double.



365

H. 359.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All in all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,—
Rise to all eternity.

* Hotham. 7. Double.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

366

JESUS, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child,—
On no other arm but Thine
Would my weary soul recline;
I am weakness, Thou art might;
I am darkness, Thou art light;
I am all defiled with sin,
Thou canst make me pure within.

Jesus, Saviour all divine,
Hast Thou made me truly Thine?
Hast Thou bought me by Thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my humble prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear;
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till I reach heav'n's blissful shore.

Horton. 7.

367

HOLY Ghost, with light divine
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

Holy Ghost, with joy divine
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

368

PRINCE of Peace, control my will,
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Open wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask,—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

The Christian Life.

May Thy will, not mine, be done,—
May Thv will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

Saviour, at Thy feet I fall,
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee.

369

—♦—
WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to Thee,
Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
Only in Thy wisdom wise?—

Only Thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below,
Only guided by Thy light,
Only mighty in Thy might?—

Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

370

—♦—
JESUS, cast a look on me,
Give me true simplicity;
Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know.

All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to Thine submit,
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

Make me like a little child,
Simple, teachable, and mild;
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might.

Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from Thy precious blood.

Sherlock. 7.



371

DEPTH of mercy, can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Canst Thou still Thy wrath forbear,
 And the chief of sinners spare?

We have long withstood Thy grace,
 Long provoked Thee to Thy face,
 Would not hear Thy gracious calls,
 Grieved Thee by a thousand falls.

Jesus, answer from above,
 Is not all Thy nature love?
 Wilt Thou not our crimes forget?
 Lo, we fall before Thy feet.

Lord, incline us to repent,
 Help us now our fall lament,
 Deeply our revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

372

—♦—

HOLY Father, hear our cry,
 Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear,
 Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh;—
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

Father, save us from our sin,
 Saviour, we Thy mercy crave,
 Gracious Spirit, make us clean;—
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

Norwich. 7.



Father, let us taste Thy love,
Saviour, fill our souls with peace,
Spirit, come our hearts to move;—
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within us now;
Be our Father and our God.

373

JESUS, save my dying soul,
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humble in the dust I lie,—
Saviour, leave me not to die.

Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal Thy smiling face;
Grant the joys of sin forgiv'n,
Foretaste of the bliss of heav'n.

All my guilt to Thee is known,
Thou art righteous, Thou alone;
All my help is from Thy cross,
All beside I count but loss.

Lord, in Thee I now believe,
Wilt Thou, wilt Thou not forgive?
Helpless at Thy feet I lie,
Saviour, leave me not to die.

Morning. 7 Double.



374

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow th' adoring knee,—
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
 Oh, by all Thy pains and woe,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear Thy people when they cry.

By Thy birth and early years,
 By Thy human griefs and fears,
 By Thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness,
 By Thy vict'ry in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power,—
 Jesus, look with pitying eye,
 Hear Thy people when they cry.

By Thine hour of dark despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer,
 By the purple robe of scorn,
 By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
 By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
 By Thy perfect sacrifice,—
 Jesus, look with pitying eye,
 Hear Thy people when they cry.

The Christian Life.

By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy pow'r from death to save,—
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heav'n restored,—
Saviour, Prince exalted high,
Hear Thy people when they cry.

375



WHEN, along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubts and fear,—
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to Thee.

Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
List'nest to Thy people's moan;
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Ev'ry pang Thy members bear:
Full of tenderness Thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of pow'r, Thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riv'n,
Open'd wide the gate of heav'n:
Soon in glory Thou shalt come,
Taking Thy poor pilgrims home;
Jesus, then we all shall be
Ever, ever, Lord, with Thee.

Huss. 4 lines 7.



376

JESUS, Jesus, visit me,
How my soul longs after Thee!
When, my best, my dearest Friend,
Shall our separation end?

Lord, my longings never cease,—
Without Thee I find no peace;
'Tis my constant cry to Thee,
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

Mean the joys of earth appear,—
All below is dark and drear;
Nought but Thy beloved voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

Thou alone, my gracious Lord,
Art my shield and great reward;
All my hope, my Saviour Thou,
To Thy sov'reign will I bow.

From my heart wilt Thou remove
All which Thou dost not approve,—
Let me own no God but Thee;
Glorify Thyself in me.

Come, inhabit then my heart,—
Purge its sin, and heal its smart;
See, I ever cry to Thee,
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

The Christian Life.

377

H. 339.

BOUNDLESS glory, Lord, be Thine;
Thou hast made the darkness shine,
Thou hast sent a cheering ray,
Thou hast turned our night to day.

Darkness long involved us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound;
Then our darkness fled away,
Chased by truth's effulgent ray.

They are blest, and none beside,
They who in the truth abide;
Clear the light that marks their way,
Leading to eternal day.

Guide us, Saviour, through the road,
Till we reach the saints' abode,—
Till we see Thee throned above,
As Thou art, the God of love.

378

H. 117.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As we journey we will sing,—
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Oh ye mourning souls, be glad,
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
Soon we'll enter into rest;
There our seat is now prepared,
There our kingdom and reward.

Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Penrynhurst. 4 lines 7.



379

H. 173.

God with us! Oh glorious name!
 Let it shine in endless fame:
 God and man in Christ unite,
 Oh mysterious depth and height.

God with us! th' eternal Son
 Took our soul, our flesh, and bone:
 Now, ye saints, His grace admire,
 Swell the song with holy fire.

God with us! but tainted not
 With the first transgressor's blot;
 Yet did He our sins sustain,
 Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

God with us! Oh wondrous grace!
 Let us see Him face to face,
 That we may Immanuel sing,
 As we ought, our God and King.

380

H. 268.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
 Let Thy light within me shine;
 All my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me full of heav'n and love.

Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me,
 Set the burdened sinner free;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in His precious blood.

The Christian Life.

Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

381

HOLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
"As Thou art, so let us be!"

Gladly would we now be clean,—
Cleanse us, Lord, from ev'ry sin:
Fix, oh, fix our wav'ring mind,
To Thy cross our spirit bind.

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of Thy blood.

382

JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only Thine, I am:
Take my body, spirit, soul,—
Only Thou possess the whole.

Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to Thee,
Let me choose the better part.
Let me give Thee all my heart.

Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only Thee, I know:
Whom have I in heav'n but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, earth and heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Oreb. 7.



383

FATHER, to Thy sinful child
 Though Thy law is reconciled,
 By Thy pard'ning grace I live;
 Daily still I cry,—Forgive.

Though my ransom-price He paid,
 Upon whom my guilt was laid,
 Humbly at Thy mercy-seat
 Full remission I entreat.

Lord, forgive me day by day
 Debts I cannot hope to pay,
 Duties I have left undone,
 Evils I have failed to shun;

Trespases in word or thought,
 Deeds from evil motive wrought,
 Cold ingratitude, distrust,
 Thoughts unhallowed and unjust.

Gracious Lord, if there are those
 Who my debtors are, or foes,
 I, who by forgiveness live,
 Here their trespases forgive.

Much forgiven, may I learn
 Love for hatred to return;
 Then assured my heart shall be
 That Thou, Lord, hast pardoned me.

The Christian Life.

384

DAY by day the manna fell,
Oh, to learn this lesson well:
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

Day by day the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in Thy hand,
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy promise mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give,
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not mine own,—my Father's will.

385

HEAV'NLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

Lead me not,—for flesh is frail,—
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's pow'r.

Lord, uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way,
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.

Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,—
Father, glorify Thy name.

Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod
Tending still to Thee, my God.

Eshtemoa. 7.



386

SHEPHERD of the ransomed flock,
Lead us to the shad'wing rock,
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the fresh'ning pastures grow.

Grant, O Lord, that we may be
Ever glad to follow Thee,—
And with thankful hearts rejoice
When we hear Thy gracious voice.

Saviour, when Thy loved ones stray
From the new and living way,
Gently call Thine own by name,
All our wand'ring steps reclaim.

Jesus, who Thy life didst give,
Dying that Thy sheep might live,
Let us in Thy presence rest,
With eternal comfort blest.

387

—♦—

FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face
May the world Thine image see.

Happy only in Thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on Thee alone.

Dallas. 7.



Humble, holy, all resigned
To Thy will,—Thy will be done;
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son.

Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod,—
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

388



LORD, if Thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Clothed with humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child,
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

Father, fix my soul on Thee,
Ev'ry evil let me flee,
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in Thy precious love.

Oh that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Christ combined;
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

Benevento. 7. Double.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Benevento. 7. Double.' It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. The music is written in a style characteristic of 18th-century dance music. The second system is marked 'END.' and 'Dal Segno.' and continues the piece. The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and articulation marks.

389

H. 589.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here ;
 Fixed in their eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;—
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

As the wingéd arrow flies'
 Speedily the mark to find,—
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,—
 All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view :
 Bless Thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

The Christian Life.

390

H. 273.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found:
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh receive me into rest.

Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,—
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth shall fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

391



EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above:
He who left His throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright,
He who on th' accursed tree
Gave His precious life for me,—
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

He who wields creation's rod,
He my Brother, yet my God,—
Faithful He, whate'er betide,
Is my everlasting Guide!
Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.

Jerome. 8 lines 7.



392

H. 677.

HIGH in yonder realms of light
 Dwell the raptured saints above,
 Far beyond our feeble sight
 Happy in Immanuel's love;—
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Once they knew, like us below,
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
 Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 Mid th' angelic lyres above,
 Hark! their songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love:
 Happy spirits, they are fled
 Where no grief can entrance find,—
 Lulled to rest the aching head,
 Soothed the anguish of the mind.

All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturbed repose;
 There no cloud can intervene,
 There no angry tempest blows;
 Every tear is wiped away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
 Night is lost in endless day,
 Sorrow, in eternal rest.

The Christian Life.

393

H. 679.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away
Gird and deck the saints in light,—
Priests, and kings, and conqu'rors they:
Yet the conqu'rors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Vict'ry through His cross alone.

Who were these? on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suff'ring felt,
But were saved from all by grace:
They were mortal, too, like us;—
Ah! when we like them shall die,
May our souls translated thus
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

394

—••—
JESUS, seek Thy wand'ring sheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on Thee my ev'ry care,
Bear me, on Thy bosom bear.
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in Thee rejoice;
More and more of Thee receive,
Ever in Thy spirit live,—

Live till all Thy life I know,
Foll'wing Thee, my Lord, below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above:
Oh that I at last may stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand,
Take the crown so freely giv'n,
Enter in by Thee to heav'n.

Toplady. 7 6 lines.

395

H. 199.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood
 From Thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,—
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil the law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,—
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace,—
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my heart-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,—
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

The Christian Life.

396

EVER patient, gentle, meek,
Holy Saviour, was Thy mind,—
Vainly in myself I seek
Likeness to my Lord to find;—
Yet that mind which was in Thee
May be, must be formed in me.

Days of toil 'mid throngs of men
Vexed not, ruffled not Thy soul;
Still collected, calm, serene,
Thou each feeling couldst control;—
Lord, that mind which was in Thee
May be, must be formed in me.

Though such griefs were Thine to bear,
For each suff'rer Thou couldst feel,—
Every mourner's burden share,
Every wounded spirit heal;—
Saviour, let Thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in Thee.

When my pain is most intense,
Let Thy cross my lesson prove;
Let me hear Thee, e'en from thence,
Breathing words of peace and love:—
Saviour, let Thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in Thee.

397

PITY, Lord! the child of clay,
Who can only hope and pray;
I would on Thy love depend,
Thou who art the sinner's friend,
Thou, the sinner's only plea,
Jesus, Saviour, pity me.

Oh, where stillest streams are poured,
In green pastures lead me, Lord;
Bring me back, where angels sound
Joy to the poor wand'rer found,
Evermore my Shepherd be,
Jesus, Saviour, pity me.

Oneida. 7 Double.



In verses of ten lines observe repeat.

398

SHALL I not sing praise to Thee,
 Shall I not give thanks, O Lord?
 Since for me in all I see
 How Thou keepest watch and ward,—
 How the truest, tend'rest love
 Ever fills Thy heart, my God,
 Helping, cheering on their road
 All who in Thy service move:
 All things else have but their day,—
 God's love only lasts for aye.

As the eagle o'er her nest
 Spreads her shelt'ring wings abroad,
 So from all that would molest
 Doth Thine arm defend me, Lord;
 From my youth up e'en till now
 Of the being Thou didst give,
 And the earthly life I live,
 Faithful Guardian still wert Thou:
 All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

The Christian Life.

As a father ne'er withdraws
From a child his all of love,
Though it often breaks his laws,
Though it careless, wilful, prove,—
Even so my loving Lord
Doth my faults with pity see;
With His rod He chastens me,
Not avenging with His sword:
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

Since then neither change nor end
In Thy love can e'er have place,
Father, I beseech Thee, send
Unto me Thy loving grace;—
Help Thy feeble child, and give
Strength to serve Thee day and night;
Loving Thee with all my might,
While on earth I yet must live,
So shall I, when time is o'er,
Praise and love Thee evermore.

399



WHAT within me and without
Hourly on my spirit weighs,
Burd'ning heart and soul with doubt,
Dark'ning all my weary days?
In it I behold Thy will,
God, who givest rest and peace;
And my heart is calm and still,
Waiting till Thou send release.

Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to Thee;
In the peace Thy love doth shed
Let me dwell eternally.
Be my All! in all I do
Let me only seek Thy will;
If my heart to Thee is true,
All is peaceful, all is well.

Pascal. 7.



400

H. 305.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He Himself has bid me pray,
 Therefore will not say me nay.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast;
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do,
 Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die Thy people's death.

401

—•••—

JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
 Pow'ful is Thine arm to keep
 All Thy flocks with safest care,—
 Fed in pastures large and fair.

Thee their Guide and Guard they own,—
 Thee they love, and Thee alone;
 Thee they follow day by day,
 Fearful lest their feet should stray.

The Christian Life.

Lord, Thy helpless sheep behold,
Gather all unto Thy fold;
Gently lead the wand'ers home,
Watch them, lest again they roam.

Bring Thy sheep, now far astray,
Lost in Satan's evil way;
Then, the fold and shepherd one,
We shall praise Thee round the throne.

402

—♦—
SON of God, Thy blessing grant;
Still supply mine every want:
Tree of life, Thine influence shed:
From Thy fulness I am fed.

Unsustained by Thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me, to the end:
Still preserve me by Thy grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

403

—♦—
HOLY GHOST, Thou Source of light,
We invoke Thy kindling ray:
Dawn upon our spirit's night
Turn our darkness into day.

To the anxious soul impart
Hope, all other hopes above;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom;
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.

Work in all; in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to Thee subdue,
All our hearts to Thee incline.

* Ramsey. 6 lines 7.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

404

BLESSED Saviour, Thee I love
 All my other joys above;
 All my hopes in Thee abide,
 Thou my hope, and naught beside :
 Ever let my glory be
 Only, only, only Thee.

Once again beside the cross
 All my gain I count but loss;
 Earthly pleasures fade away,—
 Clouds they are that hide my day:
 Hence, vain shadows! let me see
 Jesus crucified for me.

From beneath that thorny crown
 Trickle drops of cleansing down;
 Pardon from thy piercéd side
 Now I take, while here I bide;
 Only then I live to Thee,
 When Thy wounded self I see.

Blessed Saviour! Thine am I,
 Thine to live, and Thine to die;
 Height or depth, or earthly pow'r
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;—
 Ever shall my glory be
 Only, on'y, only Thee.

The Christian Life.

405

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart:
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me Thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

406

—♦—
WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon radiant sun,
When I stand with Christ on high,
Looking o'er life's history,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not mine own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Now on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
Someth'ing of the debt I owe.

Elliot. 8, 6.



407

JUST as I am, without one plea
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

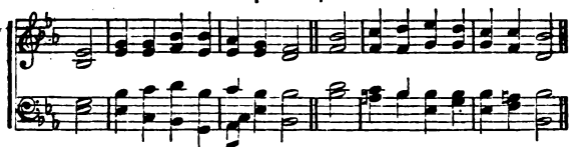
Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea all I need in *Thee* to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

408

—♦—
 MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 Oh teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will, O Lord, be done!"

Hope. 8, 6.



If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
"Thy will, O Lord, be done!"

Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will, O Lord, be done!"

409

OH, stronger Thou than death and hell,
Where is the foe Thou canst not quell?
What heavy grief can Christ not roll
From off the burdened soul?

If Jesus lives, can I be sad?
Knowing Thy love, I must be glad,
Though all the world were dead to me;—
Enough, if I have Thee!

No more to fear or grief I bow,—
God, my Redeemer, keeps me now;
The joys prepared for me to-day
Drive mourning far away.

Messiah, Lord, for this grace see
The whole world bring their thanks to Thee!
Ere long may we thus raise above
More sweet the song we love.

Berea. 7; 6.



410

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load:
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus,—
 All fulness dwells in Him;
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem:
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrow shares.

I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child:
 I long to be with Jesus
 Amid the heav'nly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 And learn the angels' song.

The Christian Life.

411

IN heav'nly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

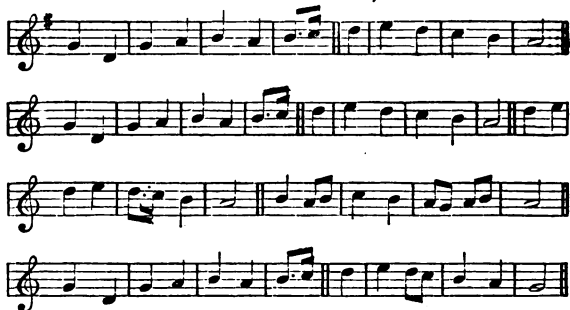
Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure,—
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

412

O LORD, Thy love's unbounded,—
So full, so sweet, so free!
Our thoughts are all confounded,
Whene'er we think on Thee:
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die;
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

Oh let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee;
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth Thee:
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suff'ring, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

* Amsterdam. 7, 6.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

413

H. 658.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place;
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course,
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source:
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view His glorious face,
 Upward tends to His abode,
 To rest in His embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

The Christian Life.

414

H. 270.

SAVIOUR, I Thy word believe,
My unbelief remove;
Now Thy quick'ning Spirit give,
The unction from above:
Show me, Lord, how good Thou art,
Me with all Thy fullness fill,—
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

Dead in sin, till then I lie,
Bereft of pow'r to rise,
Till Thy Spirit inwardly
Thy saving blood applies:
Now the mighty gift impart,
Sin erase, my pardon seal;
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

Let me in Thy love rejoice,
Thy shrine, Thy pure abode;
Tell me, by Thine inward voice,
That I'm a child of God:
Lord, I choose the better part,
Here I wait Thy peace to feel;
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

Whom the world cannot receive
Oh manifest in me;
Son of God, I cease to live
Unless I live in Thee:
Now impute Thy whole desert,
Give the joy from which I fell,
Breathe the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

Canonbury. 7, 6.

415

O SACRED Head, once wounded,
 With grief and pain weighed down,
 How scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, Thine only crown!
 How pale art Thou with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn!
 How does that visage languish,
 Which once was bright as morn!

O Lord of life and glory,
 What bliss till now was thine!
 I read the wondrous story,
 I joy to call Thee mine.
 Thy grief and Thy compassion
 Were all for sinners' gain;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.

What language shall I borrow
 To praise Thee, heav'nly Friend,—
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 Lord, make me Thine for ever,
 Nor let me faithless prove;
 Oh let me never, never
 Abuse such dying love.

* Beza. 7, 6, 8.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

416

LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find;
 Think on us who think on Thee,
 And ev'ry burdened soul release;
 Oh remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

By Thine agonizing pain
 And bloody sweat, we pray,—
 By Thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away;
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,
 From all iniquity release;
 Oh remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal;
 Own us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal:
 By Thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
 Oh remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

Makemie. 8s. Double.



417

MY Saviour, whom absent I love,
 Whom, not having seen, I adore,
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and pow'r,—
 Dissolve Thou those bands that detain
 My soul from her portion in Thee;
 Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,
 When clothed in Thy glories I shine,
 Nor grieve any more by my sins
 The bosom on which I recline,
 Oh then shall the veil be removed,
 And round me Thy brightness be poured;
 I'll meet Him, whom absent I loved,—
 I'll see, whom unseen I adored.

And then nevermore shall the fears,
 The trials, temptations, and woes,
 Which darken this valley of tears,
 Intrude on my blissful repose:
 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone;
 Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to His throne.

* Hart. L. M. 6 lines.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

418

BEAUTIFUL Zion built above,
 Beautiful city that I love;
 Beautiful gates of pearly white,
 Beautiful temple—God its light;
 He who was slain on Calvary
 Opens those pearly gates to me.

Beautiful heav'n where all is light,
 Beautiful angels clothed in white,
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through all the choir;
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conqu'rors show,
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there;
 Thither I press with eager feet,
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.

Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing,
 Beautiful rest, all wand'ring cease,
 Beautiful home of perfect peace!
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see;—
 Haste to this heav'nly home with me.

Autumn. 8, 7. Double.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "Autumn. 8, 7. Double." It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a style characteristic of the 18th or 19th century, with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. A repeat sign with a double bar line and a fermata is placed at the end of the first system. The second system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. It starts with the word "END." above the first few notes. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns. At the end of the second system, there is a repeat sign with a double bar line and a fermata, followed by the instruction "D. C. al fine" above the staff.

419

HOLY Father, Thou hast taught us
We should live to Thee alone;
Year by year, Thy hand hath brought us
On through dangers oft unknown.
When we wandered, Thou hast found us,—
When we doubted, sent us light;
Still Thine arm has been around us,
All our paths were in Thy sight.

In the world will foes assail us,
Craftier, stronger far than we;
And the strife shall never fail us,
Well we know, before we die.
Therefore, Lord, we come believing
Thou canst give the pow'r we need,—
Through the pray'r of faith receiving
Strength, the Spirit's strength, indeed.

We would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm;
Follow wholly Thy directing,
Thou, our only guard from harm:
Keep us from our own undoing,
Help us turn to Thee when tried;
Still our footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep us ever at Thy side.

The Christian Life.

420

H. 405.

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,—
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear:
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

421

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Ev'ry burdened soul release;
Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Still we wait for Thine appearing,—
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Ev'ry poor, benighted heart:
Come and manifest Thy favour
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

Bayley. 8, 7.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is divided into two parts: 'No. 1.' and 'No. 2.' with a dotted line indicating a repeat. The second system ends with a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) marking. The music is in a 7/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

422

H. 83.

HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
 Only Thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul Thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
 Oh what mercy flows from heaven!
 Oh what joy and happiness!
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way:
 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness;
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
 Whilst astonished I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love.
 That blest moment I received Him
 Filled my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

The Christian Life.

423

TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh:
Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances,—
Shall it be the night of rest?

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness,—
While I sleep still watch by me:
Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me,—
Morning of eternal rest!

424

—♦—
I WOULD love Thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer, and my King!
I would love Thee, for without Thee
Life is but a bitter thing:
I would love Thee,—ev'ry blessing
Flows to me from out Thy throne:
I would love Thee,—he who loves Thee
Never feels himself alone.

I would love Thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with Thine eye:
I would love Thee; if not nourished
By Thy love, my soul would die.
I would love Thee,—I do love Thee,—
On Thy love my heart is set:
While I love Thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

Middleton. 8, 7. Double.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Middleton. 8, 7. Double.' It consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are the first system, and the last two are the second system. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a style typical of 18th or 19th-century hymn tunes. The second system ends with the initials 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

425

H. 63.

JESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry,—
 Let me know Thy great salvation;
 See, I languish, faint, and die:
 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
 Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
 Send, oh send me quick relief.

Whither should a wretch be flying,
 But to Him who comfort gives?
 Whither, from the dread of dying,
 But to Him who ever lives?
 While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,
 Breathless on the curséd tree,
 Fain, I'd feel my heart believing
 That Thou suffer'dst thus for me.

With Thy righteousness and Spirit
 I am more than angels blessed;
 Heir with Thee, all things inherit,
 Peace, and joy, and endless rest:
 Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
 Through the shining realms above;
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptured with Thy love.

The Christian Life.

426

H. 286.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Let the world neglect and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hopes have oft deceived me,
Thou art faithful, Thou art true.

And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,—
Show Thy face, and all is bright.
I may call Thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Let me know my full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
I would haste from grace to glory
Armed by faith and winged by pray'r;
Heav'n's eternal day before me,
Thine own hand to guide me there.

Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
Soon shall close this earthly mission,
Soon shall pass these pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

Fount. 8, 7. Double.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'Fount. 8, 7. Double.' It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first system contains two measures of music. The second system contains two measures of music, with the second measure ending with a double bar line and the letters 'D.C.' (Da Capo) written above the staff.

427

H. 375.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing
 Call for songs of loudest praise:
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount,—O fix me on it,—
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed with precious blood.

Oh to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,—
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

The Christian Life.

428

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I Thy timely aid implore:
Suff'ring Son of man, be near me,
All my suff'rings to sustain;
By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By Thy more than mortal pain.

Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In Thy days of flesh below,
When Thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe;
When Thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

By Thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, Satanic hour,
By Thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse pow'r;
By Thy fainting in the garden,
By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

By the travail of Thy spirit,
By Thine outcry on the tree.
By Thine agonizing merit,—
In my pangs remember me:
By Thy death I now implore Thee,
Lord, my dying soul befriend;
Make me lovingly adore Thee,
Make me faithful to the end.

Tennent. 8, 6.



429

O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend!
 Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
 On this alone my hopes depend,
 That Thou wilt plead for me.

When, weary in the Christian race,
 Far off appears my resting-place,
 And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
 Then, Saviour, plead for me.

When I have erred and gone astray
 Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
 And see no glimm'ring, guiding ray,
 Still, Saviour, plead for me.

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
 Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
 Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
 And plead, oh, plead for me.

And when my dying hour draws near,
 Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
 Then to my fainting sight appear
 Pleading in heav'n for me.

When the full light of heav'nly day
 Reveals my sins in dread array,
 Say Thou hast washed them all away,—
 Oh, say Thou plead'st for me.

Wisner. 8, 6.



430

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
 Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean,
 Help me throughout life's changing scene,
 By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with this fellowship divine,
 Take what Thou wilt, I'll not repine;
 For, as the branches to the vine,
 My soul would cling to Thee.

Though far from home, fatigued, oppressed,
 Here have I found a place of rest;
 An exile still, though not unblest,
 Because I cling to Thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and hopes remove,
 With patient, uncomplaining love
 Still would I cling to Thee.

Though oft I seem to tread alone
 Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
 Thy voice of love in gentlest tone,
 Still whispers, "Cling to Me."

Though faith and hope are often tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside;
 So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
 The soul that clings to Thee.

Worthing. 8, 7.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 7/8. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes, and rests.

431

H. 353.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,—
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,—
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

The Christian Life.

432

CHRIST, above all glory seated,
King eternal, strong to save,
To Thee death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.

Thou art gone where now is given,
What no mortal might could gain,—
On th' eternal throne of heaven,
In Thy Father's pow'r to reign.

There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heav'n above and earth below,
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and defeated bow.

We, O Lord, with hearts adoring
Follow Thee above the sky;
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high.

So when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heav'n shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

433

H. 201.

—♦—
ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

When He lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now, above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.

Oh for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

Bartimeus. 8, 7.



434

“MERCY, O Thou Son of David,”
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed,—
“Others by Thy word are savèd,
Now to me afford Thine aid.”

Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still,—
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
Come, and ask Me what you will.

Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but He could give.

“Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!”
Straight he saw and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

Oh, methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
“Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

“Oh that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me,
Surely They would hasten to Him,
He would cause them all to see.”

The Christian Life.

435

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.

Come, Thou best of all donations
God doth give, when men implore,—
Having Thy sweet consolations
We need wish for nothing more.

Author of the new creation,
Let us now Thine influence prove;
Make our hearts Thy habitation,
Shed abroad a Saviour's love.

From that height that knows no measure,
As a gracious rain descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
We can ask, or God can send.

Manifest Thy love for ever,
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our Reliever,—
Guard and teach, support and guide.

Hear, oh hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation
With the fullness of Thy grace.

436

H. 189.

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Vesper Hymn. 8, 7. Double.

437

H. 345.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry longing heart.

Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,—
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us now Thy life receive,—
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thine hosts above,—
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

The Christian Life.

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

438



H. 410

SAVIOUR, hast Thou fled for ever
From my tempest-riven breast?
Will Thy gracious Spirit never
Come, and cheer, and make me blest?
Long, dear Lord, in silent sorrow
I have sighed to taste Thy love,
Hoping, on some sweet to-morrow,
Thou wouldst all my guilt remove.

Peace, my soul, the Saviour hears thee,
He will chase Thy fears away;
'Tis His gracious presence cheers Thee,
Turning darkness into day;
Precious Saviour, have I found Thee?
Wilt Thou then my portion be?
Spread Thy shelt'ring arm around me,
Let me lean alone on Thee.

Through this world, so dark and dreary
Be my constant friend and guide;
Hungry, thirsty, faint, and weary,
Keep me ever near Thy side;
Blessed be Thy name for ever,
For Thy pard'ning grace to me;
Sinners, doubt His promise never,
Jesus' love is full and free.

Oliphant. 8, 7, 4.

No. 1.

No. 2.

Repeat fifth line.

439

H. 220.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong Deliv'rer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

The Christian Life.

440

SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear Thy children when they pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Blessed Jesus,
Let us ever turn to Thee.

Ever let us seek Thy favour,
Ever let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

441



WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Ev'ry pow'r and thought be Thine;
Thine entirely,—
Through eternal ages Thine.

Known to all to be Thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear,—
All in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near:
Shout, O Zion,
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

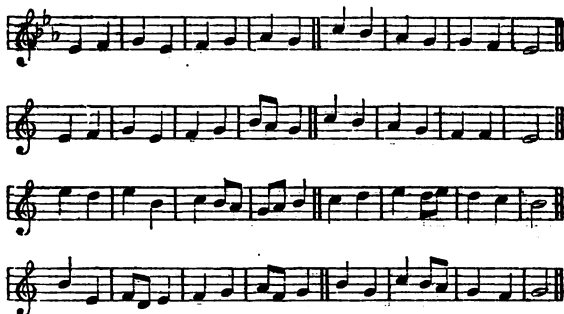
Judgment Hymn. 8, 7.



442

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created;
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated;
 The trumpet sounds,—the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,—
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.
 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing:
 The day of grace is past and gone,
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.
 Great God! what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:
 Low at His cross I wait the day
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

* Whitefield. 8, 7.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

443

H. 654.

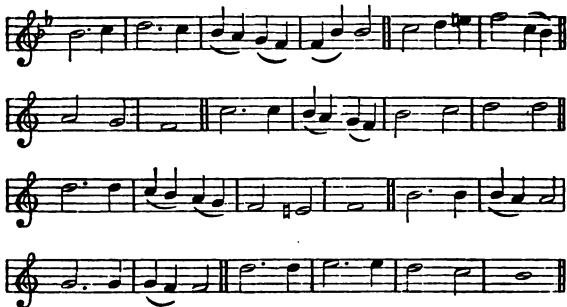
Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of His train:
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught, and sold Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 Now despairing, deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear;
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear.

Mighty King, let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
 Oh come quickly, great Redeemer,
 Hallelujah, come, Lord, come.

* Calvary. 8, 7, 4.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

444

H. 101.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
 "It is finished!" "It is finished!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

It is finished,—Oh what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 "It is finished!" "It is finished!"
 Saints, the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law,—
 Finished—all that God hath promised,
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
 "It is finished!" "It is finished!"
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All on earth and all in heaven
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

The Christian Life.

445

LEAD us, heav'nly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee :
Yet possessing
Ev'ry blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,—
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

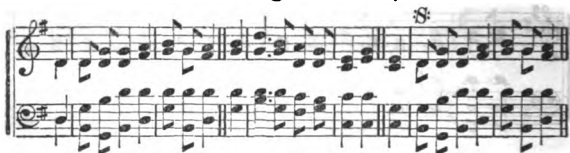
Spirit of our God, descending
Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy ;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy ;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

446

KEEP us, Lord, oh keep us ever,
Vain our hope, if left by Thee ;
We are Thine,—oh leave us never,
Till Thy glorious face we see ;
Then to praise Thee
Through a bright eternity.

Precious is Thy word of promise,
Precious to Thy people here ;
Never take Thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near ;
Living, dying,
May Thy name our spirits cheer.

The Shining Shore. 8, 7.



END.

♩: Dal Segno.



447

My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger;
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning;
For oh, we stand, &c.

Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where angel harps are ringing;
For oh, we stand, &c.

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
For ever, oh, for ever!
For oh, we stand, &c.

Fenelon. 8, 7.

448

NEAR the cross our station taking,
 Earthly cares and joys forsaking,
 Meet it is for us to mourn;
 'Twas for us Thou cam'st from heaven,
 'Twas for us Thy heart was riven,—
 All Thy griefs for us were borne.

When no eye its pity gave us,
 When there was no arm to save us,
 Thou Thy love and pow'r display'dst;
 By thy stripes our help and healing,
 By Thy death our life revealing,
 Thou for us the ransom paid'st.

Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,
 That from sin we may refrain us,
 In Thy griefs may deeply grieve;
 Thee our best affections giving,
 To Thy praise and honour living,
 May we in Thy glory live.

Baxter. 8, 7.



429

TAKE me, O my Father, take me,—
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let Thy will in me be done.

Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to Thy love, my God.

Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.

Father take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

The Christian Life.

450

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joy that through all time abide.

451

—♦—
FLOW my tears, O flow still faster,
Thus my guilt and sin bemoan;
Mourn, my heart, in deepest anguish,
Over sorrow: not thine own.

Can we view the Saviour given
To the smiter's hands for us?
Can we all unmoved, unhumbled,
See Him mocked and slighted thus?

Must I, Jesus, thus behold Thee
In Thy toil and sorrow here?
Can I nothing better yield Thee
Than my unavailing tear?

Poor is all that I can offer,
Soul and body while I live;
Take it, O my Saviour, take it,—
I have nothing more to give.

Loud and louder saints are singing,
Glory, glory, Christ, to Thee!
Over death and hell for ever
Thou hast triumphed gloriously.

Alford. 8, 7.



452

I WILL love Thee, all my Treasure;
 I will love Thee, all my Strength;
 I will love Thee without measure,
 And without a stain at length:
 I will love Thee, Light Divine,
 Till I die and find Thee mine.

I will praise Thee, Sun of Glory,
 For the bliss Thy beams have brought;
 I will praise Thee, will adore Thee,
 For the light I long had sought,—
 Praise Thee that Thy words so blest
 Soothed my troubled soul to rest.

Be my heart more warmly glowing,
 Sweet and calm the tears I shed;
 And, its love, its ardour showing,
 Let my spirit onward tread;
 Near to Thee, and nearer still
 Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

I will love in joy or sorrow,
 While I in this body dwell;
 I will love to-day, to-morrow,
 With a love no words can tell;
 I will love Thee, Light Divine,
 Till I die, and find Thee mine.

The Christian Life.

453

CLOUDS and darkness round about Thee
For a season veil Thy face,
Still I trust and cannot doubt Thee,
Jesus, full of truth and grace;
Resting on Thy word I stand,—
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

Oh rebuke me not in anger,
Suffer not my faith to fail;
Let not pain, temptation, languor
O'er my struggling heart prevail;
Holding fast Thy word I stand,—
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

In my heart Thy word I cherish,
Though unseen, Thou still art near;
Since Thy sheep shall never perish,
What have I to do with fear?
Trusting in Thy word I stand,—
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

454

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices,
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, He sits on yonder throne,—
Jesus rules the world alone.

King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

Saviour, hasten Thine appearing,—
Bring, oh bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
Then, with angel choirs, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

* Haydn. 8, 7.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

455

WELL for us—if all things losing
 E'en ourselves we count as naught,
 Aye the one thing needful choosing,
 That with all true good is fraught:
 Well for us—if nothing knowing
 But our God, whose boundless love
 Makes the heart, where *it* is glowing,
 Calm and pure as hearts above.

Well for us—if, all forsaking,
 We walk not in shadows vain,
 But Thy path of peace are taking
 Through this vale of tears and pain:
 Oh that we our hearts might sever
 From earth's tempting vanities,
 Fixing them on Thee for ever,
 In whom all our fullness lies.

Oh that ne'er our eyes might wander
 From Thee, Lord,—so might we cease
 Ever o'er our sins to ponder,
 And our conscience be at peace:
 Thou, Abyss of love and goodness,
 Draw us by Thy cross to Thee,—
 That our senses, soul, and spirit,
 Ever one with Christ may be.

The Christian Life.

456

STRIVE we will;—Lord, Thou dost call us,
Thou wilt aid us by Thy grace;
We'll cast off what would enthrall us,
And deter us from the race:
Heav'nly trust will love to follow
Watchfully our Master's ways;
Lacks not comfort poor and hollow,
Looks not earthward for its praise.

Heav'nly trust from worldly pleasure,—
Worldly resource stands apart;
For in heav'n is hid our treasure,
There shall also be our heart:
Soldiers of the cross, take courage!
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,
Daily conqu'ring sin and sorrow,
Till our King o'er all shall reign.

457

HARK! the church proclaims her honour,
And her strength is only this,—
God hath laid His choice upon her,
And the work she doth is His:
Thou Thy church hast firmly founded,
And wilt guard what so began;
We, by sin and foes surrounded,
Build her bulwarks as we can.

Onward then! for, naught despairing,
Calm we follow at Thy word,—
Thus through joy and sorrow bearing
Faithful witness to our Lord:
Though we here must strive with weakness,
Though in tears we often bend,
What Thy might began in meekness
Shall achieve a glorious end.

* Anticipation. 8, 7.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

458

In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request:
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home:
There is rest, &c.

In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Ev'ry trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse hath passed away:
There is rest, &c.

The Christian Life.

There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song:
There is rest, &c.

459



FOR Thy Sabbath, Lord, I bless Thee!
Let its calmness fill my breast,—
Let me through it now possess Thee,
And anticipate Thy rest:
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

Is my journey full of sadness,
Through a desert wild and drear?
Be to me a well of gladness,
Bid me quite forget my fear:
There is rest, &c.

So, when life's long week is over,
Blessed may it be to die;
Angels whispering, as they hover,—
Rest is coming, rest is nigh
There is rest, &c.

Then, the heav'nly rest to enter,
In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine;
Rest of God,—the Sun and Centre
Of the bliss that is divine:
There is rest, &c.

The Shining Shore. 8, 7.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "The Shining Shore. 8, 7." It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a style characteristic of 19th-century hymn tunes. Above the first staff of the first system is a fermata symbol with a cross, indicating a long note. The second system begins with the word "END." above the first staff and "Dal Segno." above the second staff, indicating that the piece should be repeated from the beginning. The music is written in a common time signature (C).

447

My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 These hours of toil and danger;
 For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning;
 For oh, we stand, &c.

Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing;
 That perfect rest naught can molest,
 Where angel harps are ringing;
 For oh, we stand, &c.

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each cord on earth to sever;
 Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
 For ever, oh, for ever!
 For oh, we stand, &c.

Fenelon. 8, 7.



448

NEAR the cross our station taking,
 Earthly cares and joys forsaking,
 Meet it is for us to mourn;
 'Twas for us Thou cam'st from heaven,
 'Twas for us Thy heart was riven,—
 All Thy griefs for us were borne.

When no eye its pity gave us,
 When there was no arm to save us,
 Thou Thy love and pow'r display'dst;
 By thy stripes our help and healing,
 By Thy death our life revealing,
 Thou for us the ransom paid'st.

Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,
 That from sin we may refrain us,
 In Thy griefs may deeply grieve;
 Thee our best affections giving,
 To Thy praise and honour living,
 May we in Thy glory live.

Baxter. 8, 7.



449

TAKE me, O my Father, take me,—
 Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
 That which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
 Let Thy will in me be done.

Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proved the way I trod;
 Weary come I now, and praying—
 Take me to Thy love, my God.

Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin;
 At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To Thy household take me in.

Freely now to Thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine;
 Freely, life and soul I offer,
 Gift unworthy love like Thine.

Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
 Bore our sins upon the tree;
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to Thee.

Father take me! all forgiving,
 Fold me to Thy loving breast;
 In Thy love for ever living,
 I must be for ever blest.

The Christian Life.

450

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

451

—♦—♦—♦—
FLOW my tears, O flow still faster,
Thus my guilt and sin bemoan;
Mourn, my heart, in deepest anguish,
Over sorrows not thine own.

Can we view the Saviour given
To the smiter's hands for us?
Can we all unmoved, unhumbled,
See Him mocked and slighted thus?

Must I, Jesus, thus behold Thee
In Thy toil and sorrow here?
Can I nothing better yield Thee
Than my unavailing tear?

Poor is all that I can offer,
Soul and body while I live;
Take it, O my Saviour, take it,—
I have nothing more to give.

Loud and louder saints are singing,
Glory, glory, Christ, to Thee!
Over death and hell for ever
Thou hast triumphed gloriously.

Alford. 8, 7.



452

I WILL love Thee, all my Treasure;
 I will love Thee, all my Strength;
 I will love Thee without measure,
 And without a stain at length:
 I will love Thee, Light Divine,
 Till I die and find Thee mine.

I will praise Thee, Sun of Glory,
 For the bliss Thy beams have brought;
 I will praise Thee, will adore Thee,
 For the light I long had sought,—
 Praise Thee that Thy words so blest
 Soothed my troubled soul to rest.

Be my heart more warmly glowing,
 Sweet and calm the tears I shed;
 And, its love, its ardour showing,
 Let my spirit onward tread;
 Near to Thee, and nearer still
 Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

I will love in joy or sorrow,
 While I in this body dwell;
 I will love to-day, to-morrow,
 With a love no words can tell;
 I will love Thee, Light Divine,
 Till I die, and find Thee mine.

The Christian Life.

453

CLOUDS and darkness round about Thee
For a season veil Thy face,
Still I trust and cannot doubt Thee,
Jesus, full of truth and grace;
Resting on Thy word I stand,—
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

Oh rebuke me not in anger,
Suffer not my faith to fail;
Let not pain, temptation, languor
O'er my struggling heart prevail;
Holding fast Thy word I stand,—
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

In my heart Thy word I cherish,
Though unseen, Thou still art near;
Since Thy sheep shall never perish,
What have I to do with fear?
Trusting in Thy word I stand,—
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

454

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices,
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, He sits on yonder throne,—
Jesus rules the world alone.

King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

Saviour, hasten Thine appearing,—
Bring, oh bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
Then, with angel choirs, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

* Haydn. 8, 7.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

455

WELL for us—if all things losing
 E'en ourselves we count as naught,
 Aye the one thing needful choosing,
 That with all true good is fraught:
 Well for us—if nothing knowing
 But our God, whose boundless love
 Makes the heart, where *it* is glowing,
 Calm and pure as hearts above.

Well for us—if, all forsaking,
 We walk not in shadows vain,
 But Thy path of peace are taking
 Through this vale of tears and pain:
 Oh that we our hearts might sever
 From earth's tempting vanities,
 Fixing them on Thee for ever,
 In whom all our fullness lies.

Oh that ne'er our eyes might wander
 From Thee, Lord,—so might we cease
 Ever o'er our sins to ponder,
 And our conscience be at peace:
 Thou, Abyss of love and goodness,
 Draw us by Thy cross to Thee,—
 That our senses, soul, and spirit,
 Ever one with Christ may be.

The Christian Life.

456

STRIVE we will;—Lord, Thou dost call us,
Thou wilt aid us by Thy grace;
We'll cast off what would enthrall us,
And deter us from the race:
Heav'nly trust will love to follow
Watchfully our Master's ways;
Lacks not comfort poor and hollow,
Looks not earthward for its praise.

Heav'nly trust from worldly pleasure,—
Worldly resource stands apart;
For in heav'n is hid our treasure,
There shall also be our heart:
Soldiers of the cross, take courage!
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,
Daily conqu'ring sin and sorrow,
Till our King o'er all shall reign.

457

—♦—
HARK! the church proclaims her honour,
And her strength is only this,—
God hath laid His choice upon her,
And the work she doth is His:
Thou Thy church hast firmly founded,
And wilt guard what so began;
We, by sin and foes surrounded,
Build her bulwarks as we can.

Onward then! for, naught despairing,
Calm we follow at Thy word,—
Thus through joy and sorrow bearing
Faithful witness to our Lord:
Though we here must strive with weakness,
Though in tears we often bend,
What Thy might began in meekness
Shall achieve a glorious end.

* Anticipation. 8, 7.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

458

In the Christian's home in glory
 There remains a land of rest,
 There my Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfil my soul's request:
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you;
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

This is not my place of resting,
 Mine's a city yet to come;
 Onward to it I am hasting,
 On to my eternal home:
 There is rest, &c.

In it all is light and glory,
 O'er it shines a nightless day;
 Ev'ry trace of sin's sad story,
 All the curse hath passed away:
 There is rest, &c.

The Christian Life.

There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song:
There is rest, &c.

459

—•••—
FOR Thy Sabbath, Lord, I bless Thee!
Let its calmness fill my breast,—
Let me through it now possess Thee,
And anticipate Thy rest:
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

Is my journey full of sadness,
Through a desert wild and drear?
Be to me a well of gladness,
Bid me quite forget my fear:
There is rest, &c.

So, when life's long week is over,
Blessed may it be to die;
Angels whispering, as they hover,—
Rest is coming, rest is nigh
There is rest, &c.

Then, the heav'nly rest to enter,
In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine;
Rest of God,—the Sun and Centre
Of the bliss that is divine:
There is rest, &c.

Ayrshire. 8, 7.

For second hymn use also small notes.

460

BRIGHTLY gleams a holy radiance
 Round that undiscovered land,
 Where immortal hopes are anchored,
 And immortal joys expand;
 And that radiance pure and heav'nly,
 All undimmed by earthly blight,
 Is the shadow of Thy glory,—
 Thine the fountain of all light.

Darkness flees away before Thee,
 Sun and stars no more can shine,
 And the angels who adore Thee
 Bow beneath those rays divine;
 And through all the glorious city
 Thine is undivided might,—
 Thou its pow'r, and life, and glory,
 Thou the temple and the light.

The Christian Life.

Angel harps, Thy praise attuning,
Sing Thy wondrous love to man;
Countless millions glad are shouting
God Almighty and the Lamb!
The redeemed of every nation
"Walk in light" with the I AM,
And the shining hosts cry glory,
God Almighty and the Lamb!

461

WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye:
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my found'ring bark:
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,—
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace:
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star,—the Star of Bethlehem.

Wartberg. 8, 4, 7.



462

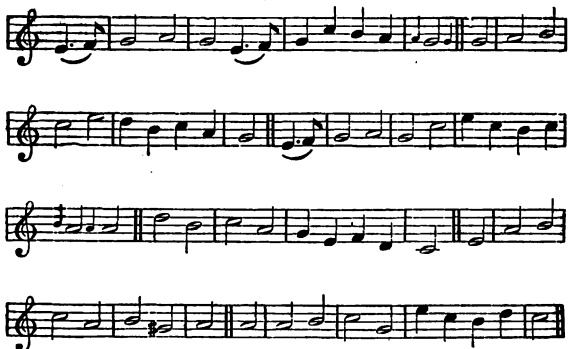
JESUS, pitying Saviour, hear me,
 Draw Thou near me,
 Turn Thee, Lord, in grace to me,
 For Thou knowest all my sorrow;
 Night and morrow
 Doth my cry go up to Thee.

Peace I cannot find; oh take me,
 Lord, and make me
 From the yoke of evil free:
 Calm this longing never-sleeping,
 Still my weeping,
 Grant me hope once more in Thee.

Thou, my God and King, hast known me,
 Yet hast shown me
 True and loving is Thy will;
 Though my heart from Thee oft ranges,
 Through its changes,
 Lord, Thy love is faithful still.

Here I bring my will, oh take it,
 Thine, Lord, make it,—
 Calm this troubled heart of mine;
 In Thy strength I too may conquer,
 Wait no longer,—
 Show in me Thy grace divine.

* Verstegan. 10, 8.



In third verse use also the small notes.

* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

463

O SILENT Lamb, for me Thou hast endured,—
 Jesus, Thou holy, perfect, sinless One,
 Thy grief and bitter anguish have secured
 My soul's salvation when this race is run;
 Then let me, to Thine image true,
 Thus meekly suffer with the crown in view.

The narrow way, that leads us up to heav'n,
 Must here through strife and tribulation lie;
 Then in the thorny path may strength be giv'n,
 This sinful flesh, O Lord, to crucify:
 Oh take this feebleness away,
 And make me strong to meet each future day.

So help me, Lord, Thy holy will to suffer,
 And still a learner at Thy feet to be;
 Give faith and patience when the way is rougher,
 And at the end a joyful victory;
 Thus grief itself is changed to song,
 Ofttimes on earth, but evermore ere long.

"Come, ye Disconsolate."



464

H. 411.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
 Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,—
 Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot heal:

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
 Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot cure:

Here see the bread of life,—see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
 Come to the feast prepar'd,—come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can remove.

* Victory. 10.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

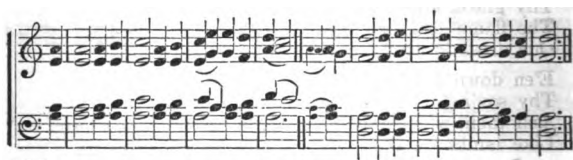
465

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as we come,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home:"
Soon, with our pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits we go;
Pilgrims and strangers no more shall we roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before,—
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer us through death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home:"
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your voices we hear;
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."

Death with his weapons may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home:
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquer'd, his sceptre be gone;
Over the plains of blest Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully with Christ at home.

Melville. 11.



466

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know,
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
 Thou leadest my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restorest when wand'ring, redeem'st when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
 Since Thou art my guardian no evil I fear;
 Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay,—
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
 Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

467

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way,—
 The Lord is our Leader, His word is our stay;
 Though suff'ring, and sorrow, and trial be near,
 The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads,
 His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds;
 The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
 And brings back the wand'ers all safe from the snares.

Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light,—
 Though storms rage around us, our God is our might,—
 So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
 The Lord is our Leader, and heaven our home.

The Christian Life.

468

H. 38.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can He say than to us He hath said,—
To us who to Jesus for refuge have fled?

When through fiery trials our pathway shall lie,
Thy grace, all-sufficient, shall be our supply;
The flame shall not hurt us,—Thine only design
Our dross to consume, and our gold to refine.

E'en down to old age all Thy people shall prove
Thy sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall our temples adorn,
Like lambs we shall still in Thy bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
Thou wilt not, Thou wilt not desert to its foes;
That soul,—though all hell should endeavour to shake,
Thou wilt not,—no never,—no never forsake.

469

H. 323.

BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief He will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform,—
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

Though dark be my way, Thou, Lord, art my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis Thine to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word Thou hast spoken shall surely prevail.

Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then oh how pleasant the conqueror's song.

470

H. 28.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

No strength of our own, no goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known the Redeemer's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,—
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

Home. 11.



471

H. 670.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home:

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my own glorious home.

Whate'er Thou deniest, oh give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine,—
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,—
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

Frederick. 11.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Frederick. 11.'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines in both hands.

472

H. 627.

I WOULD not live alway,—I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
 Temptation without, and corruption within;
 The rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 The cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway, no—welcome the tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
 There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
 To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the nontide of glory eternally reigns;

Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Eden. 11.



473

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou with me,
 Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for Thee;
 Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
 And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the smart.

Without Thee but weakness, with Thee I am strong;
 By day Thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
 Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
 Since Thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper art near.

Thy love, oh how faithful! so tender, so pure;
 Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
 That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
 That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, Thy peace,—
 From restless vain wishes, bid Thou my heart cease;
 In Thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
 Till glad to Thy presence my soul shall ascend.

Oh then, blessed Jesus, who once for me died,
 Made clean in the fountain that gushed from Thy side,
 I'll see Thy full glory, Thy face shall behold,
 And praise Thee for ever with raptures untold.

The Christian Life.

474

OH eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Thee, Lord, near;
I know that Thy presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled?" Thou say'st unto me.

Still looking, dear Saviour, oh may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in Thy presence to be,—
I'll see Thee still nearer whom always I see.

Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how Thy love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever mine eyes turned away.

475

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah, my Saviour, seemed nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me,—I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see,
Jehovah, Thou only my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before Thy sweet name,
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, so copious and free;
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.

Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and boast,
Jehovah, my Saviour,—I ne'er can be lost;
In Thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield.

E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
For, while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah, my Saviour, my death-song shall be.

Scotland. 12.



476

H. 569.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain,
 For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
 For sin and uncleanness, and ev'ry transgression,
 His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation:
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon,—
 We'll praise Thee again, when we pass over Jordan.

All glory to God in the highest be given,
 All glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of His love, His salvation and glory:
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

O Jesus, ride on, Thy kingdom is glorious,—
 O'er sin, death, and hell Thou wilt make us victorious;
 Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation:
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,—
 With harps in our hands, we will praise Thee evermore,—
 We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
 And sing of salvation for ever and ever.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

OCCASIONAL

HOME, SCHOOL, NATION, TIMES.

Wilberforce. 7, 6.



477

JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our night,—all our night.
Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go;
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All the day,—all the day.
Thou our only Life and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
In Thy light may we abide
Till th' eternal morning break;
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Homeward still,—homeward still.

Malvern. L. M.



478

P. 46.

GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Occasional.

479

GREAT God! to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful can from Thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name.

480

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

Tallis' Hymn. L. M.

481

H. 438.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,—
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design or do or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all my might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

482

H. 450.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Occasional.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

Oh let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,—
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

483

H. 434.

God of the morning, at Thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

Oh like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heav'nly way.

But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wand'ring star.

484

H. 446.

My God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Berlin. L. M.



485

H. 599.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds above,
 Thy glory, with unclouded rays,
 Shines through the realms of light and love,
 Inspiring angels with Thy praise.

Thy pow'r we own, Thy grace adore,—
 Thou deign'st to visit man below;
 And, in affliction's darkest hour,
 The humble shall Thy mercy know.

These western States at Thy command
 Rose from dependence and distress;
 Prosperity now crowns the land,
 And millions join Thy name to bless.

Praise is Thy due, eternal King,—
 We'll speak the wonders of Thy love;
 With grateful hearts our tribute bring,
 And emulate the hosts above.

Oh be Thou still our guardian God,
 Preserve these States from ev'ry foe,—
 From party rage, from scenes of blood,
 From sin, and every cause of woe.

Here may the great Redeemer reign,
 Display His grace, and saving power;
 Here liberty and truth maintain,
 Till empires fall to rise no more.

Occasional.

486

H. 591.

GREAT God, we sing Thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
Let mercy crown it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsels led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

487

H. 447.

—◆—
MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

Wells. L. M.



488

H. 596.

God of the passing year, to Thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With swelling heart and bending knee
We offer Thee our song of praise.

We bless Thy name, almighty God,
For all the kindness Thou hast shown
To this fair land our fathers trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
For Thou our country's arms didst guide,
And lead them on their conqu'ring way.

We praise Thee, that the gospel light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,—
Scatters the shades of error's night,
And heav'nly blessings round us spreads.

When foes without, and foes within,
With threat'ning ills our land have pressed,
Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,
And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest.

O God, preserve us in Thy fear,—
In troublous times our helper be,
Diffuse Thy truth's bright precepts here,
And may we worship only Thee.

Occasional.

489

P. 20.

Now may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend His people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

Well He considers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His grace accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

In His salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flag abroad.

Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From Thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till Thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

490

H. 310.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

Then what my thoughts design to do
My hands with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

Ware. L. M.



491

H. 401.

THUS far my God has led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

My soul, with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils Thy people know,
While in this wilderness below?

'Tis even so,—Thy faithful love
Doth all Thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in All.

492

H. 593.

—o—o—o—

ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear
To hail Thee, Sov'reign of the year.

The flow'ry spring at Thy command
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Occasional.

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.

493

—o—
ON Thee, O Lord our God, we call,
Before Thy throne devoutly fall;
Oh whither should the helpless fly?
To whom but Thee direct their cry?

Lord, we repent, we weep, we mourn,—
To our forsaken God we turn;
Oh spare our guilty country, spare
The church Thine hand hath planted here.

We plead Thy grace, indulgent God,—
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood,
We plead Thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?

These pleas, presented at Thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to serve us too.

494

—o—
IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more with awe rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee.

Oh guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head.

Quito. L. M. 6 lines.



495

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Oh chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

And when to heav'n's all glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,—
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, Thy heav'nly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise.

Nuremburgh. 7. 6 lines.



496

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,—
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladd'ning streams,
Pure religion's holier beams,—
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Elizabethtown, C. M.



497

H. 440.

God of my life, my morning song
To Thee I cheerful raise;
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

Preserved by Thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night
Serene and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes;
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

Oh let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let Thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

Occasional.

498

H. 437.

DREAD Sov'reign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

Perpetual blessings from above
Encompassed me around;
But oh how few returns of love
Has my Creator found!

What have I done for Him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To Thy dear cross I flee,
And to Thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by Thee.

499

P. 4.

Lord, Thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever Thine;
I fear before Thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and Thee.

I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon Thy grace alone.

Thus with my thoughts composed to peace
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

Christmas. C. M.



500

H. 445.

HOSANNA with a cheerful sound
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

That was a most amazing Pow'r,
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

Our lives are forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own Thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

God is our Sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath His spreading wings.

Occasional.

501

P. 21.

OUR land, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in Thy strength rejoice;
And, blest with Thy salvation, raise
To heaven a cheerful voice.

Thy sure defence, through nations round,
Hath spread our country's name,
And all her humble efforts crowned
With freedom and with fame.

In deep distress, a patriot band
Implored Thy pow'r to save,—
For liberty they prayed; Thy hand
The timely blessing gave.

On Thee, in want, in woe, or pain,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights Thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

Thus, Lord, Thy wond'rous pow'r declare,
And still exalt Thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare,
For Thine almighty name.

502

H. 436.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

Night unto night His name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which He sits
To turn the seasons round.

How many wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet Thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

Great God, let all my hours be Thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

Monson. C. M.



503

H. 449.

I LOVE to steal a while away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful pray'r.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.

Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

504

H. 639

How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by Heav'n's decree,
Receives us all at last.

Occasional.

The wicked there from troubling cease,
There passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

There rest the pris'ners, now released
From slav'ry's sad abode;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

There servants, masters, poor and rich,
Partake the same repose;
As there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

All, levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,—
Till God in judgment call them forth,
To meet their final doom.

505



H. 462.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit, waiting, stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit giv'n.

We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon His word;
But, while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

Farel. C. M.



506

H. 611

AND is this life prolonged to me?
 Are days and seasons giv'n?
 Shall I not then prepare to be
 A fitter heir for heav'n?

I will not let these moments pass,
 These golden hours be gone:
 Lord, I accept Thine offered grace,—
 I bow before Thy throne.

Now cleanse my soul from every sin,
 Through my Redeemer's blood;
 Now let my flesh and heart begin
 The honours of my God.

Let me no more my soul defile
 With sin's deceitful toys;
 Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
 Approach to heav'nly joys.

Oh may my thankful lips proclaim
 The wonders of Thy praise,
 And spread the savour of Thy name
 Where'er I spend my days.

On earth let my example shine;
 And, when I leave this state,
 May heav'n receive this soul of mine,
 To bliss divinely great.

Occasional.

507

GREAT King of nations, hear our pray'r.
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call.

The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine;
Oh turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own;
Yet wond'rously, from age to age,
Thy goodness hath been shown.

With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chast'ning hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer:
"Correct us in Thy judgment, Lord,
But in Thy mercy spare."

508

H. 601.

—♦—
SEE, gracious God, before Thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on Thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

Tremendous judgments from Thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

What num'rous crimes increasing rise
Through this apostate land,
What land so favoured of the skies,
Yet thoughtless of Thy hand.

Oh turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By rich and sov'reign grace:
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,
And humbly seek Thy face.

Thatcher. S. M.



509

H. 443.

SERENE I laid me down
 Beneath God's guardian care;
 I slept, and I awoke and found
 My kind Preserver near.

Oh how shall I repay
 The bounties of my God?
 This feeble spirit pants beneath
 The pleasing, painful load.

Dear Saviour, to Thy cross
 I bring my sacrifice;
 Tinged with Thy blood, it shall ascend
 With fragrance to the skies.

My life I would anew
 Devote, O Lord, to Thee;
 And in Thy service I would spend
 A long eternity.

510

H. 608

—•••—
TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
 Lodged in Thy sov'reign hand;
 And, if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by Thy command.

The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away;
 Oh make Thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.

Occasional.

One thing demands our care;
Oh be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed!

To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

511

H. 442.

—♦—
THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh may we in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.

512

—♦—
IN all our ways, O God,
We would acknowledge Thee;
And seek to keep our hearts and houses
From all defilement free.

Where'er we have a tent,
An altar will we raise;
And thither our oblations bring,
Our humble prayer and praise.

Oh hear Thy servants, Lord,
And let our household be
Devoted to Thyself alone,
A dwelling meet for Thee.

Coverdale. 7, 6.



513

I WANT to be with Jesus,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise Him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heav'n to live:
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh send a shining angel,
And bear me to the sky.

Occasional.

Oh, there I'll be with Jesus,
Among the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand ;
And there, before Thee, Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Thee day and night

514



THIS night, O Lord, we bless Thee
For Thy protecting care,
And ere we rest address Thee
In lowly, fervent prayer :
From evil and temptation
Defend us through the night,
And round our habitation
Be Thou a wall of light.

On Thee our whole reliance
From day to day we cast ;
To Thee, with firm affiance,
Would cleave from first to last ;
To Thee, through Jesus' merit,
For needful grace we come,
And trust that Thy good Spirit
Will guide us safely home.

What may be on the morrow
Our foresight cannot see ;
But, be it joy or sorrow,
We know it comes from Thee :
And nothing can take from us,
Where'er our steps may move,
The staff of Thy sure promise,
The shield of Thy true love.

Bunyan. 11.



515

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look, when He said,
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,—

In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
For al' who are washed and forgiv'n;
And many dear children are gathering there,
“For of such is the kingdom of heav'n.”

I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

* Columbia. 6, 4.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

516

LORD God, we worship Thee!
 Our nation's Friend,
 Thou pourest down Thy grace,
 And war doth end;
 ||: Since golden peace, O Lord,
 Thou grantest us to see,
 Our land, with one accord,
 Gives thanks to Thee.:||

Lord God, we worship Thee!
 Thou didst chastise,
 Yet still Thy anger spares,
 Thou heard'st our cries;
 ||: Once more our Father's hand
 Doth bid our sorrows flee,
 And peace rejoice our land;
 We worship Thee.:||

Lord God, we worship Thee,—
 Thee who hast blest!
 Oh may we live in peace,
 And none molest;
 ||: Oh crown us with Thy love,
 Fulfil our cry to Thee,
 O Father, grant our pray'r;
 We worship Thee.:||

America. 6, 4.



517

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might.

For her our pray'rs shall rise
To God above the skies,—
On Him we wait;
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be Thou for ever nigh;
God save the State.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Occasional.

518

FATHER of love and pow'r,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might;
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night.

Jesus Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light;
Heal ev'ry sinner's smart,
Still ev'ry throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart;
Bless us to-night.

519



THE God of harvest, praise,—
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice:
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

We bless Thy holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth:
To glory in our lot
Is comely,—but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid our mirth.

* Indiana. 7.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

520

SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labour free,
 Lord, I would commune with thee:
 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity;
 Open fault and secret sin.

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity;
 Now from Thy eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye:
 Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

521

—♦—

FOR the mercies of the day,
 For this rest upon our way,
 Thanks to Thee alone be giv'n,
 Lord of earth and King of heav'n:
 Cold our services have been,
 Mingled ev'ry pray'r with sin,
 But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
 By Thy grace alone we live.

Dallas. 7.



While this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last:
Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joy above;
While their steps Thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

522



WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost and dear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

Thou, our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou, our mortal grief hast borne;
Thou hast shed the bitter tear;
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

When the heart is sad within,
With the sense of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

Thou, the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

Wilmot. 7.



523

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father, and Redeemer, hear!

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, oh help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

Occasional.

524

H. 598.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praise to heav'n's almighty King.

Blessings from His lib'ral hand
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath His sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.

Now to Thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heav'nly Friend;
Guarded by Thy mighty pow'r,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel a tyrant's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heav'nly notes prolong.

525

—♦—
PRAISE on Thee, in Zion's gates,
Daily, O Jehovah, waits;
Unto Thee, O God, belong
Grateful words and holy song.

Thou the hope and refuge art
Of remotest lands apart;
Distant isles and tribes unknown,
'Mid the ocean waste and lone.

Thou dost visit earth, and rain
Blessings on the thirsty plain,
From the copious founts on high,
From the rivers of the sky.

Thus the clouds Thy pow'r confess,
And Thy paths drop fruitfulness,
And the voice of song and mirth
Rises from the tribes of earth.

Dorrance. 8, 7.



526

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding,
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs Thy bosom share;
 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
 There, we know, Thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.
 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey;
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dang'rous way.
 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

527

BLEST be Thou, O God of Israel,
 Thou our Father and our Lord!
 Majesty is Thine for ever,—
 Ever be Thy name adored.
 Thine, O Lord, are pow'r and greatness,
 Glory, vict'ry, are Thine own;
 All is Thine in earth and heav'n,
 Over all Thy boundless throne.

Ovio. 8, 7.



Riches come of Thee, and honour,
Pow'r and might to Thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only Thine to make us strong.

Lord, our God, for these Thy bounties
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To Thy name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise.

528

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From Thy temple in the skies
Hear Thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliv'rance rise.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

*Ridley. 8, 7. Double.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

529

SAVIOUR King, in hallowed union,
 At Thy sacred feet we bow;
 Heart with heart, in blest communion,
 Join to crave Thy favour now.
 Though celestial choirs adore Thee,
 Let our prayer as incense rise;
 And our praise be set before Thee,
 Sweet as evening sacrifice.

Heav'nly Fount, Thy streams of blessing,
 Oft have cheered us on our way;
 By Thy pow'r and grace unceasing,
 We continue to this day.
 Raise we then in glad emotion
 Thankful lays: and while we sing,
 Vow a pure, a full devotion
 To Thy work, O Saviour King.

When we tell the wondrous story
 Of Thy rich, exhaustless love,
 Send Thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
 On the youthful heart to move.
 Oh that He, the Ever-living,
 May descend, as fruitful rain,
 Till the wilderness, reviving,
 Blossom as the rose again.

Occasional.

Then may they, whom we have guided
Life's tempestuous ocean o'er,
In the house Thou hast provided
Meet us, to depart no more.
There, beside the crystal river
Flowing from th' eternal throne,
Shall arise to Thee for ever
Praise more meet than earth has knowi .

530



JESUS CHRIST, our Lord and Saviour,
Who hath bid us come to thee,
Now extend to us Thy favour,
Little children though we be;
Low we humbly bend before Thee,
All unworthy of Thy love;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Hear us from Thy throne above.

Thou who holdest high dominion
Over air, and earth, and sea,
Yet did'st bless the little children
That of old were brought to Thee:
Lord, this day we ask Thy blessing,
Send Thy Holy Spirit down;
May we all, our sins confessing,
Thee our Lord and Saviour own.

So, when death this frame shall sever,
(For we know that all must die,)
May our souls, O Lord, for ever
Live and reign with Thee on high:
Oh that we, to whom 'tis given
Here to join in praise and prayer,
May around Thy throne in heaven
Meet, and none be wanting there.

Canaan. C. M.



531

AROUND the throne of God in heav'n
 Thousands of children stand,
 Children whose sins are all forgiv'n,
 A holy, happy band,
 Singing glory, glory,
 Glory be to God on high.

In flowing robes of spotless white
 See every one arrayed;
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade,
 Singing, &c.

What brought them to that world above,
 That heav'n so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love;—
 How came those children there?
 Singing, &c.

Because the Saviour shed his blood,
 To wash away their sin;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean!
 Singing, &c.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved His name;
 So now they see His 'llesed face,
 And stand before the Lamb,
 Singing, &c.

* Athens. C. M. Double.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

532

DEAR Saviour, ever at my side,
 How loving Thou must be,
 To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
 A little child like me!
 Thy beautiful and shining face
 I see not, though so near;
 The sweetness of Thy soft low voice
 I am too deaf to hear.

I cannot feel Thee touch my hand
 With pressure light and mild,
 To check me, as my mother did
 When I was but a child;
 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts
 Fighting with sin for me;
 And when my heart loves God, I know
 The sweetness is from Thee.

And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down
 Morning and night to pray'r,
 Something there is within my heart
 Which tells me Thou art there:
 Yes,—when I pray, Thou prayest too,
 Thy pray'r is then for me;
 And when I sleep Thou, sleeping not,
 Dost watch me lovingly.

* Westminster. 5, 12.



Repeat third line.

* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

533

COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear;
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

Our life is a dream;
 Our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,—
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone,
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

Oh, that each in the day
 Of Thy coming, may say,
 "I have fought my way through,
 I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!"
 Oh, that each from Thee, Lord,
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done,
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

* Beulah.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

534

THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day;
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King,
 Loud let His praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye.

Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with Thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 Oh then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright, above the sun,
 We reign for aye.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Columbus. 8, 7, 4.



Repeat fifth line.

535

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Joyful news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God Himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,—
Zion still is well beloved.

Miscellaneous.

God, thy God, will soon restore thee,
He Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

536



ZION stands, by hills surrounded,—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favoured lot is thine!

Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,—
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,—
God thy everlasting light.

* Clifford. C. M.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

537

H. 176.

MORTALS, awake; with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine
 To hail the auspicious day.

In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tuned the lyre.

Down through the portals of the sky
 The impetuous torrent ran;
 And angels flew with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song,—
 Good will and peace are heard throughout
 The harmonious, angel throng.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 "Glory to God on high;
 Good will and peace are now complete,
 Jesus was born to die."

Miscellaneous.

538

H. 115.

OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,—
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me ;
A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,—
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;
A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Holy, and right, and pure, and good,—
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

539



H. 127.

NOR to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke ;
But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.
Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light ;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.
Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven ;
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.
The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His grace partake.
In such society as this
My weary soul would rest ;
The man, that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

* Brewer. L. M.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

540

H. 260.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the disciples all were met,—
 While on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

What gifts, what miracles He gave,
 And power to kill, and power to save,—
 Furnished their tongues with wondrous words,
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low!

Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.

Great King of grace, my heart subdue;
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,—
 And sing the victories of His word.

541

H. 499.

—◆—

AND will the great, eternal God,
 On earth establish His abode?
 And will He, from His radiant throne,
 Accept our temples for His own?

Miscellaneous.

These walls we to Thy honour raise,—
Long may they echo with Thy praise;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.

And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born for glory here.

542



P. 62.

My spirit looks to God alone,—
My rock and refuge is His throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on His salvation waits.

Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways,—
Pour out your hearts before His face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in a balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

Once has His awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard—
“All power is His eternal due,—
He must be feared and trusted too.”

For sovereign power reigns not alone,—
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

Portugal. L. M.

Musical score for 'Portugal. L. M.' in 2/4 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system ends with the word 'END.' above the staff. The second system ends with 'D.C.' above the staff. The music is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

543

H. 289.

AND what am I?—My soul awake,
And an impartial survey take;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed and living there?
Say, do His lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?

Searcher of hearts, O! search me still,—
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove,—let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear.

May I, consistent with Thy word,
Approach Thy table, O my Lord?
May I among Thy saints appear?
Shall I a welcome guest be there?

Have I the wedding garment on?
Or do I, naked, stand alone?
O! quicken, clothe and feed my soul,—
Forgive my sins, and make me whole.

544

H. 675.

OH for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

Miscellaneous.

There, low before His glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

Immortal glories crown His head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound His everlasting praise.

There all the followers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
Oh may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

Dear Saviour, let Thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold Thy lovely face.

545



P. 85.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord,—
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By His obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark His steps, and keep the road.

Park-Street. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Park-Street. L. M.'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

546

H. 676.

HARK! how the choral song of heaven
 Swells full of peace and joy above;
 Hark! how they strike their golden harps,
 And raise the tuneful notes of love.

No anxious care, nor thrilling grief,
 No deep despair, nor gloomy woe
 They feel, when high their lofty strains
 In noblest, sweetest concord flow.

But we are pierced with inward pain,
 And waste in sighs the livelong day;
 Or, if we join to praise our God,
 How harsh, how feeble is our lay!

When shall we join the heavenly host,
 Who sing Immanuel's praise on high,
 And leave behind our doubts and fears,
 To swell the chorus of the sky?

O come, thou rapture-bringing morn,
 And usher in the joyful day;
 We long to see thy rising sun
 Drive all these clouds of grief away.

547

H. 505.

—♦—

“Go, preach my gospel,” saith the Lord,
 “Bid the whole earth My grace receive;
 He shall be saved who trusts My word,—
 He shall be damned that won't believe.

Miscellaneous.

"I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove My gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

"Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead,
Go, cast out devils in My name;
Nor let My prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

"Teach all the nations My commands,—
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted to My hands,
I can destroy, and can defend."

He spake, and light shone round His head;
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

548



H. 328.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the blest.

While we are held in Thine embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile upon Thy beauteous face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

While of Thy absence we complain,
And long, or weep in all we do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

When round Thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night
For some kind tidings of our love,
Thy very name creates delight.

Jesus, our God, yet rather come,—
Our eyes would dwell upon Thy face:
'Tis best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of His grace.

* Broomsgrove. C. M.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

549

God's law is perfect, and converts
 The soul in sin that lies:
 God's testimony is most sure,
 And makes the simple wise.
 The statutes of the Lord are right,
 And do rejoice the heart:
 The Lord's command is pure, and doth
 Light to the eyes impart.

Unspotted is the fear of God,
 And doth endure for ever:
 The judgments of the Lord are true
 And righteous altogether.

They more than gold, yea, much fine gold,
 To be desired are:
 Than honey, honey from the comb
 That droppeth, sweeter far.

Moreover, they Thy servant warn
 How he his life should frame:
 A great reward provided is
 For them that keep the same.

550



ONE thing I of the Lord desired,
 And will seek to obtain,
 That all days of my life I may
 Within God's house remain:

Miscellaneous.

That I the beauty of the Lord
Behold may and admire,
And that I in His holy place
May rev'rently inquire.

For He in His pavilion shall
Me hide in evil days;
In secret of His tent me hide,
And on a rock me raise.

And now, ev'n at this present time,
Mine head shall lifted be
Above all those that are my foes,
And round encompass me:

Therefore unto His tabernacle
I'll sacrifices bring
Of joyfulness; I'll sing, yea, I
To God will praises sing.

551



Ye gates, lift up your heads on high,
Ye doors that last for aye
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may.

But who of glory is the King?
The mighty Lord is this;
Ev'n that same Lord, that great in might
And strong in battle is.

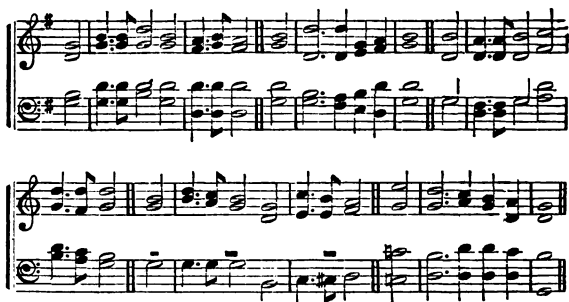
Ye gates, lift up your heads; ye doors,
Doors that do last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may.

But who is He that is the King
Of glory? who is this?
The Lord of hosts, and none but He,
The King of glory is.



To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Woodland. C. M.



552

H. 37.

How precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.

This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,—
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

553

H. 70

—♦—

WITH tears of anguish I lament,
 Here at Thy feet, my God,
 My passion, pride, and discontent,
 And vile ingratitude.

Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
 So false as mine has been,—
 So faithless to its promises,
 So prone to every sin.

How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
 These struggles in my breast?
 When wilt Thou bow my stubborn will,
 And give my conscience rest?

Miscellaneous.

Break, sovereign grace, oh break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, Thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

554



H. 135.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than eastern climes unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems or stores of gold.

Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heav'nly crowns displays.

And, as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

555



I WAITED for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me He did incline,
My voice and cry to hear.

He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.

He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

O blessed is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

St. Martin's. C. M.



556

GOD is our Refuge and our Strength,
 In straits a present aid;
 Therefore, although the earth remove,
 We will not be afraid;
 Though hills amid the seas be cast,
 Though waters roaring make,
 And troubled be; yea, though the hills
 By swelling seas do shake;
 A river is, whose streams do glad
 The city of our God,—
 The holy place, wherein the Lord
 Most high hath His abode.
 God in the midst of her doth dwell;
 Nothing shall her remove;
 The Lord to her a helper will,
 And that right early, prove.
 The heathen raged tumultuously,
 The kingdoms movéd were;
 The Lord God utteréd His voice,
 The earth did melt for fear.
 The Lord of hosts upon our side
 Doth constantly remain;
 The God of Jacob's our refuge,
 Us safely to maintain.

Miscellaneous.

557

H. 386.

IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in Him,
When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

558

AFTER Thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon me;
For Thy compassions great, blot out
All mine iniquity.

Me cleanse from sin, and throughly wash
From mine iniquity;
For my transgressions I confess;
My sin I ever see.

'Gainst Thee, Thee only, have I sinn'd,
In Thy sight done this ill;
That when Thou speak'st Thou may'st be just
And clear in judging still.

Behold, I in iniquity
Was form'd the womb within;
My mother also me conceived
In guiltiness and sin.

Behold, Thou in the inward parts
With truth delighted art;
And wisdom Thou shalt make me know
Within the hidden part.

Do Thou with hyssop sprinkle me,
I shall be cleansed so;
Yea, wash Thou me, and then I shall
Be whiter than the snow.

Greenville. 8s & 7s. Double.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and the bottom staff has a bass clef. The notation includes various rhythmic values and rests. The word "END." is written in the upper right corner of the system.

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and the bottom staff has a bass clef. The notation includes various rhythmic values and rests. The word "D. C." is written in the upper right corner of the system.

559

H. 444.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal:
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow near us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be:
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

560

H. 477.

COME, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed;
 Let each heart Thy grace inherit,
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
 From the gospel
 Now supply Thy people's need.

Miscellaneous.

Oh may all enjoy the blessing,
Which Thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To Thy praise and glory live.

561

H. 556.

—♦—
O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,—
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

—♦—
GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory to th' eternal Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Hail the blessed Three in One;
Hallelujah!
Praise above, below the sky;
Loud proclaim Jehovah's glory,
Hail! the blessed Three in One.

Warwick. C. M.



562

H. 119.

FIRM as the earth Thy gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust:
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honour is engaged to save
 The meanest of His sheep;
 All that His heavenly Father gave,
 His hands securely keep.

Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
 His favourites from His breast;
 In the dear bosom of His love
 They must for ever rest.

563

H. 81.

—••—

ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
 And triumph in thy God;
 Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
 His glorious grace abroad.

He raised me from the depths of sin,
 The gates of gaping hell,
 And fixed my standing more secure
 Than 'twas before I fell.

The arms of everlasting love
 Beneath my soul He placed,
 And on the Rock of Ages set
 My slippery footsteps fast.

Miscellaneous.

The city of my blest abode,
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

564

H. 52.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread:
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was Thine eternal law.

Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

I'm like a helpless captive, sold
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

My God, I cry with every breath,
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

Orford. L. M.

565

H. 106.

WHEN on the cross my Saviour died,
 God's holy law He satisfied;
 My debts He paid, my sins He bore,
 And justice now demands no more.

A healing balm His hand bestows,
 To cure my wounds, and ease my woes;
 And a rich fountain still remains,
 To wash away my guilty stains.

Here will I bathe my guilty soul,
 Here blessings without number roll;
 My hopes and joys I hence derive,
 For Jesus died that I might live.

566

H. 133.

—♦—

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
 That seeks relief for all his woe?
 Where shall the guilty conscience find
 Ease for the torment of the mind?

How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
 Or form our nature fit for heaven?
 Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin,
 Make their own powers and passions clean?

In vain we search, in vain we try,
 Till Jesus brings His gospel nigh;
 'Tis there that power and glory dwell,
 That save rebellious souls from hell.

M.scellaneous.

This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

567

H. 152.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,—
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

O lovely attitude, He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands;
O matchless kindness, and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will,—the very friend you need;
The Friend of Sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,—
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

568

H. 589.

HERE we have seen Thy face, O Lord,
And viewed salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the Living Word,
The bread descending from the skies.

Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set His blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of Thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

He is our Light; our Morning-star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown,—
The glory of Thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near Thy throne.

* Alfreton. L. M.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

569

H. 82.

To God, my Saviour, and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring,
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt His grace.

Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;
He saw me weltering in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.

With speed He flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and soothed my grief,—
Poured joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
Deep in my breast I will record;
The life, which I from Thee receive,
To Thee, behold, I freely give.

My heart and tongue shall tune Thy praise,
Through the remainder of my days;
And when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing Thy love.

570

H. 560.

ASCEND Thy throne, almighty King,
And spread Thy glories all abroad;
Let Thine own arm salvation bring,
And be Thou known the gracious God.

Miscellaneous.

Let millions bow before Thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek Thy face,
Bring daring rebels to Thy feet,
Subdued by Thy victorious grace.

Oh let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord ;
Let saints and angels praise Thy name,—
Be Thou through heaven and earth adored.

571



H. 8

JEHOVAH reigns, His throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

His terrors keep the world in awe ;
His justice guards His holy law ;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

Through all His works His wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of His will.

And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
Then let my songs with angels join ;
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

572



H. 564.

SOVEREIGN of worlds, display Thy power,
Be this Thy Sion's favoured hour ;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
On western wilds, and heathen plains ;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
And be the universe Thine own.

Speak—and the world shall hear Thy voice,
Speak—and the nations shall rejoice ;
Scatter the shades of moral night
With the blest beams of heavenly light.

* Swanwick. C. M.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

573

H. 466.

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

574

—•—
TEACH me, O Lord, the perfect way
Of Thy precepts divine,
And to observe it to the end
I shall my heart incline.

Miscellaneous.

Give understanding unto me,
So keep Thy law shall I;
Yea, ev'n with my whole heart I shall
Observe it carefully.

In Thy law's path make me to go
For I delight therein;
My heart unto Thy test'monies,
And not to greed, incline.

Turn Thou away my sight and eyes
From viewing vanity;
And in Thy good and holy way
Be pleased to quicken me.

575



H. 364.

My God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis Thy sweet beams create my noon;
If Thou withdraw, 'tis night.

To Thee we owe our wealth and frierds,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own;
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

* Triumph 7, 5.



* The harmonies are omitted for want of space.

576

SAINTS, for whom the Saviour bled,
 In your Captain's footsteps tread;
 Follow Jesus, and be led
 On to victory!
 See your foeman take the ground;
 While the signal trumpets sound,
 Hear His accents pour around
 Cheering melody!

Christian soldier, on with me!
 Soon your enemies must flee;
 Your reward before you see
 Sparkling from on high!
 Boldly take the glorious field:
 You may fall—but must not yield;
 You shall write upon your shield,
 Victory, though you die!

By the ransom which He gave,
 By His triumph o'er the grave,
 Trust His mighty power to save;
 Firm and faithful be:
 And when death's dark hour is nigh,
 When the tear-drop dims the eye,
 You shall, in the parting sigh,
 Grasp the victory!

Miscellaneous.

The tunes whose names are prefixed to the following hymns, are found in the Hymnal or in the Presbyterian Psalmodist. The figures refer to the pages on which they are found.

577

L. M.

(Zephyr, P. P. 93.)

H. 10.

LORD, what is man that he should prove
The object of Thy boundless love!
Say, why should he so largely share
Thy favour and Thy tender care?

While these my lips draw vital breath,
Or till I close my eyes in death,
I'll ne'er forget Thy wondrous love,
Nor thoughtless of Thy kindness prove.

Beneath Thy shadowing wing's defence
I'll place my only confidence:
In every danger and distress,
To Thee will I my prayer address.

Should all my hopes on earth be lost,
In Thee I'll make my constant boast;
I'll spread the glories of Thy name,
And Thy unbounded love proclaim.

578

S. M.

(Gerar, Hyl. 264.)

H. 17.

O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

Miscellaneous.

All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

579

H. M. (Haddam, P. P. 232.)

H. 19.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above;
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.
To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by His blood,
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.
To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
Almighty God, to Thee,
Be endless honours done,
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

580

S. M. (Watchman, P. P. 204.)

H. 23.

MY God, my life, my love;
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art All in All.
Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.

Miscellaneous.

Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

To Thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from Thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

581

C. M. (Siloam, Hyl. 238.)

SUCH pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear;
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship Him in fear.
For He remembers we are dust,
And He our frame well knows.
Frail man, his days are like the grass,
As flow'r in field he grows:

For over it the wind doth pass,
And it away is gone;
And of the place where once it was
It shall no more be known.
But unto them that do Him fear
God's mercy never ends;
And to their children's children still,
His righteousness extends.

582

L. M. (Park St., P. P. 71.)

P. 18.

JUST are Thy ways, and true Thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a Refuge like our God?

'Tis He that girds me with His might,
Gives me His holy sword to wield;
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads His salvation for my shield.

He lives, and blessings crown His reign,
The God of my salvation lives;

Miscellaneous.

The dark designs of hell are vain,
While heavenly peace my Father gives.

Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

583

C. M. (Howard, Hyl. 116.)

P. 89.

WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands devoutly hear,
And tremble at His word.

How terrible Thy glories rise!
How bright Thine armies shine!
Where is the power with Thee that vies,
Or truth compared with Thine!

The northern pole and southern rest
On Thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at Thy command.

Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou makest the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

Justice and judgment are Thy throne,
Yet wondrous is Thy grace!
While truth and mercy joined in one,
Invite us near Thy face.

584

S. M. (Lisbon, Hyl. 122.)

P. 92.

THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at His throne,
And saints be humble there.

Miscellaneous.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs His attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil His word.

In Zion stands His throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make His wonders known,
For there His glories shine.

How holy is His name!
How terrible His praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all His works of grace.

585

S. M. (Dover, Hyl. 273.)

P. 99.

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at His feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is His seat.

When Israel was His church,
When Aaron was His priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave His people rest.

Oft He forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft He made His justice known,
When they abused His grace.

Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still He's a God of holiness,
And jealous for His name.

586

C. M. (Warwick, Hyl. 434.)

P. 111.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and He my tongue,
To spread His name abroad.

How great the works His hands have wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

Miscellaneous.

How fair and beauteous nature's frame!

How wise th' eternal mind!

His counsels never change the scheme

That His first thoughts designed.

When He redeemed His chosen sons,

He fixed His covenant sure;

The orders that His lips pronounce

To endless years endure.

Nature and time, and earth and skies,

Thy heavenly skill proclaim;

What shall we do to make us wise,

But learn to read Thy name?

To fear Thy power, to trust Thy grace,

Is our divinest skill!

And he's the wisest of our race

That best obeys Thy will.

587

C. M. (Laight Street, Hyl. 103.)

H. 30.

O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,

My glory, and my all;

Unsent by Thee, no good can come,

Nor evil can befall.

Such are Thy schemes of providence,

And methods of Thy grace,

That I may safely trust in Thee,

Through all the wilderness.

'Tis Thine outstretched and powerful arm

Upholds me in the way;

And Thy rich bounty well supplies

The wants of every day.

For such compassions, O my God!

Ten thousand thanks are due;

For such compassions, I esteem

Ten thousand thanks too few.

588

C. M. (Naomi, Hyl. 222.)

H. 34.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,

I fly to Thee, my Lord;

And not a glimpse of hope appears,

But in Thy written word.

Miscellaneous.

The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

Oh may Thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to Thy right hand.

589

C. M. (Caswell, Hyl. 207.)

H. 36.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Miscellaneous.

590

C. M.

(Mear, Hyl. 204.)

H. 51.

SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

Help us, O Lord, to watch and pray
Lest sin our ruin prove;
Oh lead us in a perfect way,
And guard us with Thy love.

591

C. M.

(Devizes, P. P. 116.)

H. 68.

OH how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

Pleased with the news the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan:
Jesus receives him in His arms,
And claims him for His own.

Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

Miscellaneous.

592

C. M. (Henderson, Hyl. 224.)

H. 74.

AND are we wretches yet alive?

And do we yet rebel?

'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,

That bears us up from hell.

The burden of our weighty guilt

Would sink us down to flames,

And threatening vengeance rolls above

To crush our feeble frames.

Almighty goodness cries, Forbear!

And straight the thunder stays:

And dare we now provoke His wrath,

And weary out His grace?

Lord, we have long abused Thy love,

Too long indulged our sin,

Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see

What rebels we have been.

No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,

No more will we obey;

Stretch out, O God, Thy conquering hand,

And drive Thy foes away.

593

C. M. (Clarendon, P. P. 111.)

H. 79.

NOR all the outward forms on earth,

Nor rites that God has given,

Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,

Can raise a soul to heaven.

The sovereign will of God alone

Creates us heirs of grace;

Born in the image of His Son,

A new, peculiar race.

The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,

Blows on the sons of flesh,

New models all the carnal mind,

And forms the man afresh.

Our quickened souls awake and rise

From the long sleep of death;

O: heavenly things we fix our eyes,

And praise employs our breath.

Miscellaneous.

594

L. M. (Portugal, P. P. 74.)

H. 80.

Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perished bones revive?
That, mighty God, to Thee is known;
That wondrous work is all Thy own.

Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till Thine almighty aid is nigh.

But if Thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death,
Dry bones obey Thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

So when Thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

595

S. M. (Olmutz, Hyl. 254.)

H. 540.

JESUS invites His saints
To meet around His board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

For food He gives His flesh;
He bids us drink His blood;
Amazing favour, matchless grace
Of our descending God.

This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in His death.

Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and His members one;
We the young children of His love,
And He the first-born Son.

Miscellaneous.

We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise:
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

596

C. M. (Hanover, Hyl. 234.)

H. 86.

WHAT is the thing of greatest price
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in paradise,
That which in Christ was found?

The soul of man, Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.

And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

597

C. M. (Crowningshield, P. P. 115.)

H. 91.

LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

Miscellaneous.

But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love His name;
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through the Son.

'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are washed from sin.

'Tis through the purchase of His death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

598

C. M. (St. Ann's, Hyl. 110.)

H. 93.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

Miscellaneous.

The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

599

L. M. (Gratitude, Hyl. 161.)

H. 94.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See Him descending from above!

Our sins and griefs on Him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price He fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

To save a guilty world, He dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in His name.

Pardon and peace through Him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in His name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

Jesus, my Lord, I look to Thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and wo.

600

C. M. (Caswell, Hyl. 207.)

H. 96.

JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polished gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

They first their own burnt-offerings brought,
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot
And all Thy nature clean.

Miscellaneous.

Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But Thy one offering takes away,
For ever, all our guilt.

Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands,
Eternal as Thy days.

Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

But Christ, by His own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies;
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows His own sacrifice.

601

C. M. (Crowningshield, P. P. 115.)

H. 97.

WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebelled and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;

Infinite pity touched the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left His Father's throne.

Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapped His Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

To Thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for Thy own.
For we are doubly Thine.

Miscellaneous.

602

L. M. (Surrey, P. P. 83.)

H. 99.

Now to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell, (we bless His name:)
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

Not for our duties or deserts,
But of His own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for His praise.

'Twas His own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ His Son,
Before He spread the starry sky.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes His Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

He dies! and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy:
Rising, He brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

603

L. M. (Sterling, Hyl. 54.)

H 102.

SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach Thy throne, O God;
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears.

The encircling rainbow, peaceful sign,
Does with refulgent brightness shine;
And while by faith I see it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.

Let me my grateful homage pay;
With courage sing, with fervour pray;
And though myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance through Thy Son:—

Thy Son, who on the accursed tree,
Expired to set the vilest free:
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in His name.

Miscellaneous.

604

C. M. (Marlow, Hyl. 194.)

H. 107.

How long beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and distress!
I toiled, the precept to obey,
But toiled without success.

Then all my servile works were done,
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose His ways.

To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
And hear His pardoning voice,
Will change a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

605

C. M. (Peterborough, Hyl. 102.)

H. 109.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace,
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

606

C. M. (Barby, P. P. 101.)

H. 111.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow our humble claim;
Nor while poor worms would raise their heads,
Disdain a Father's name.

Miscellaneous.

Our Father God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
Thou knowest, I, Abba, Father, cry,
Nor can Thy word deceive.

607

C. M. (Lanesborough, P. P. 134.)

H. 112.

COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love:
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends:
Calls you His treasure and His joy,
His children and His friends.

My Father God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore;
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

Miscellaneous.

608

S. M. (Dover, Hyl. 273.)

H. 116.

BEHOLD the leprous Jew,
Oppressed with pain and grief,
Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet
For pity and relief.

"Oh speak the word," he cries,
"And heal me of my pain;
Lord, Thou art able, if Thou wilt,
To make a leper clean."

Compassion moves His heart,
He speaks the gracious word;
The leper feels his strength return,
And all his sickness cured.

To Thee, dear Lord, I look,
Sick of a worse disease;
Sin is my painful malady,
And none can give me ease.

But Thy almighty grace
Can heal my leprous soul:
Oh bathe me in Thy precious blood,
And that will make me whole.

609

S. M. (Cranbrook, P. P. 178.)

H. 123.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

Amidst the house of God,
Their different works were done;
Moses, a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

Then to His new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all His Father's house He stands
The sovereign and the head.

The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault!

Miscellaneous.

But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist His grace.

610

C. M. (Patmos, Hyl. 236.)

H. 126

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below,
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

More needful this, than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Nor reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.

Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

Oh may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

611

L. M. (Hamburg, Hyl. 90.)

H. 128

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above:
Jehovah here resolves to show
What His almighty grace can do.

This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

Miscellaneous.

The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice and live:
Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

Where Satan reigned in shades of night,
The gospel sheds a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb;
While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.

May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

612

L. M. (Missionary Chant, Hyl. 156.)

H. 129.

GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known:
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste His grace, and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies:
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

Oh grant us grace, almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Miscellaneous.

613

C. M. (Mear, Hyl. 204.)

H. 130.

On Sion, His most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare;
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.

Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows:
Wine on the lees, and well refined,
In rich abundance flows.

See, to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given!
See, rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven.

The pained, the sick, the dying now,
To ease and health restored,
With eager appetites partake
The bounties of Thy board.

But oh what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven!

There joys immeasurably high
Shall satisfy the soul,
And springs of life, that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

614

7s. (Nuremburgh, Hyl. 387.)

H. 132

Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

Miscellaneous.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

Welcome all, by sin oppressed,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

When His Spirit leads us home,
When we to His glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

615

C. M. (Patmos, Hyl. 236.)

God's mercies I will ever sing;
And with my mouth I shall
Thy faithfulness make to be known
To generations all.

Thou hast an arm that's full of power:
Thy hand is great in might;
And Thy right hand exceedingly
Exalted is in height.

Justice and judgment of Thy throne
Are made the dwelling-place;
Mercy, accompanied with truth,
Shall go before Thy face.

Oh greatly blessed the people are
The joyful sound that know;
In brightness of Thy face, O Lord,
They ever on shall go.

They in Thy name shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly;
And in Thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high.

Miscellaneous.

616

C. M. (Chimes, Hyl. 227.)

P. 96.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.

Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array
And fields in cheerful green.

The joyous earth, the bending skies,
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord His way.

Behold He comes, He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

617

L. M. (Luton, Hyl. 80.)

P. 97.

THE Lord is come; the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn His name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before Him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Zion shall His glories sing.
And earth confess her sovereign King.

Miscellaneous.

618

S. M. (St. Bride's, P. P. 201.)

H. 140.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before His face,
Astonished shrink away?

But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

Ye sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear!
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

619

L. M. (Hingham, P. P. 56.)

H. 145.

PRISONERS of sin and Satan too,
The Saviour calls—He calls for you;
Ye who have sold yourselves for nought,
Jesus your liberty has bought.

The great Redeemer lived and died,
The Prince of Life was crucified,
He shed His own most precious blood,
To ransom guilty souls for God.

He came to set the captive free;
He came to publish liberty;
To bind the broken-hearted up,
And give despairing sinners hope.

Prisoners of hope, why will you die?
Why from the only refuge fly?

Miscellaneous.

Jesus, our hiding-place and tower,
Invites the guilty and the poor.

He came to comfort those that mourn,
He sweetly says to sinners, Turn!
Prisoners of hope, His voice attend,
Nor slight the calls of such a Friend.

620

L. M. (Oberlin, Hyl. 97.)

H. 146.

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

Oh hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's course be run.

Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

621

7s. (Benevento, Hyl. 308.)

H. 140.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why;
God who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live,
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why;
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live,

Miscellaneous.

Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye rebel sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
Many a time with you He strove,
Wooded you to embrace His love;
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why will ye for ever die,
O ye guilty sinners, why?

622

7s.

(Martyn, Hyl. 292.)

H. 150.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See His body mangled, rent,
Covered with His flowing blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the incarnate Son!

Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed Him there;
Crowned with thorns His sacred head,
Pierced Him with a soldier's spear;
Made His soul a sacrifice;
For a sinful world He dies.

Will you let Him die in vain,
Still to death pursue the Lord;
Open tear His wounds again,
Trample on His precious blood?
No, with all my sins I'll part,
Saviour, take my broken heart.

623

L. M.

(Louvan, Hyl. 92.)

H. 155.

COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to My heavenly home.

Miscellaneous.

They shall find rest that learn of Me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

Jesus, we come at Thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
To mould and guide us at Thy will.

624

C. M. (Laight Street, Hyl. 103.)

H. 158.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast;
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

See, Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, He bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart,
That trembles at His feet.

Oh come, and with His children, taste
The blessings of His love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

Miscellaneous.

625

C. M. (Franklin, P. P. 123.)

H. 159

THE Saviour calls, let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow:
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.
Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain:
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
Ye sinners come, 'tis Mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?
Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

626

L. M. (Winchester, P. P. 92.)

H. 161.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near.

Miscellaneous.

627

8s, 7s, & 4s. (Oliphant, Hyl. 346.)

H. 163.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry, before He dies;
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

Lo! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Miscellaneous.

628

8s & 7s. (Bartimeus, Hyl. 342.)

H. 180.

LORD of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be Thy just and awful praise.

Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord, who came to die.

Did the angels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

629

7s. (Horton, Hyl. 294.)

H. 192.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis Thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above:

Miscellaneous.

Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh for grace to love Thee more.

630

L. M.

(Illinois, P. P. 58.)

H. 198.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's power.

Sin, like a raging fever, reigns,
With fatal strength, in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

And can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in His heavenly smiles appear
Such aid as nature cannot give.

See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

631

S. M.

(Gorton, P. P. 185.)

H. 217.

THE great Redeemer's gone,
To appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With His atoning blood.

Miscellaneous.

No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down:
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows His own.

Before His Father's eye
Our humble suit He moves:
The Father lays His thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

632

C. M. (Bedford, P. P. 102.)

H. 218.

We bless the Prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, Thy Spirit and Thy word
Shall lead us in Thy ways.

We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offered up His blood,
And lives to carry on His love,
By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are His commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By His almighty hands.

Hosanna to His glorious name,
Who saves by different ways;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

633

C. M. (Clarendon, P. P. 117)

H. 228.

So did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

Miscellaneous.

Look upward in the dying hour,
And live, the prophet cries:
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens He reigns;
Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
The expiring gentile lives.

634

S. M. (Haverhill, P. P. 187.)

II. 231.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once His vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

His honour and His breath
Were taken both away;
Joined with the wicked in His death
And made as vile as they.

But God shall raise His head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed,
To recompense His pain.

Miscellaneous.

635

S. M. (Guilford, P. P. 186.)

H. 233.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

He wept, that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

636

H. M. (Swaine, Hyl. 80.)

H. 240.

YES, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised His conquering head;
In wild dismay, the guards around
Fall to the ground, and sink away.

Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
Has left the dead; He rose to-day."

Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell:
And send the echo round
The globe, on which you dwell,
Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

Miscellaneous.

All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who savest us with Thy blood!
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God;
With Thee we rise, with Thee we reign,
And empires gain, beyond the skies.

637

H. M. (Stowe, P. P. 235.)

H. 241

ALL hail the glorious morn,
That saw our Saviour rise,
With victory bright adorned,
And triumph in His eyes!
Ye saints, extol your risen Lord,
And sing His praise with sweet accord.

Behold the Lamb of God,
The atoning sacrifice,
Sustains the dreadful load
Of man's iniquities;
Death, sin, and hell, our cruel foes,
All vanquished fell, when Jesus rose.

The Conqueror ascends
In triumph to the skies:
Celestial hosts attend,
To crown His victories;
Hark! they proclaim His glorious name;
And heaven resounds Immanuel's fame.

Now to the throne above,
Let every saint draw near;
There dwells incarnate love;
Grace sits triumphant there:
See mercy smile, e'en on that throne,
Where once did wrath and justice frown.

638

7s. (Wilmot, Hyl. 406.)

H. 242.

HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

Miscellaneous.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ has opened paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once He died our souls to save;
"Where's Thy victory, boasting grave?"

What though once we perished all,
Partners of our parents' fall?
Second life we now receive,
And in Christ for ever live.

Hail! Thou dear almighty Lord,
Hail! Thou great incarnate Word,
Hail! Thou suffering Son of God,
Take the trophies of Thy blood.

639

C. L. M. (Hastings, P. P. 221.)

H. 243.

How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh! weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place—He is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will Himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

Miscellaneous.

How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh! weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.
And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

640

S. M. (Athol, P. P. 174.)

H. 246.

PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name;
Let His high praise employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame.

He laid His glory by,
And bitter pains endured,
That sinners of the deepest dye
From wrath might be secured.

Stretched on the cross He died,
Our debt of sin to pay;
The blood and water from His side
Wash guilt and filth away.

Pleading for us He stands
Before the Father's throne;
And answers all the law's demands,
With what Himself has done.

The Holy Ghost He sends,
Our stubborn souls to move;
To make His enemies His friends,
And conquer them by love.

641

C. M. (Christmas, Hyl. 390.)

H. 255.

AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how He lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

Miscellaneous.

With cries and tears, He offered up
His humble suit below;
But with authority He asks,
Enthroned in glory now.

For all that come to God by Him,
Salvation He demands:
Points to their names upon His breast,
And spreads His wounded hands.

His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to His claim;
"Father, I will that all My saints
Be with Me where I am.

"By their salvation, recompense
The sorrows I endured:
Just to the merits of Thy Son,
And faithful to Thy word."

Eternal life, at His request,
To every saint is given:
Safety on earth, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

642

C. M. (Warwick, Hyl. 434.)

MY heart brings forth a goodly thing;
My words that I indite
Concern the King: my tongue's a pen
Of one that swift doth write.

Thou fairer art than sons of men:
Into Thy lips is store
Of grace infused; God therefore Thee
Hath blessed for evermore.

O Thou that art the mighty One,
Thy sword gird on Thy thigh;
Ev'n with Thy glory excellent,
And with Thy majesty.

For meekness, truth, and righteousness,
In state ride prosp'rously;
And Thy right hand shall Thee instruct
In things that fearful be.

Miscellaneous.

643

C. M. (St. Ann's, Hyl. 200.)

THOU hast, O Lord, most glorious,
Ascended up on high;
And in triumph victorious led
Captive captivity:

Thou hast received gifts for men,
For such as did rebel;
Yea, ev'n for them, that God the Lord
In midst of them might dwell.

Blessed be the Lord, who is to us
Of our salvation God;
Who daily with His benefits
Us plenteously doth load.

He of salvation is the God,
Who is our God most strong;
And unto God the Lord from death
The issues do belong.

644

S. M. (Shawmut, P. P. 199.)

P. 2.

MAKER and sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms Thy word,
And answers Thy decrees.

The things so long foretold
By David, are fulfilled;
When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
Jesus, Thy Holy Child.

Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against His Christ they join.

The Lord derides their rage,
And will support His throne;
He that hath raised Him from the dead,
Hath owned Him for His Son.

Miscellaneous.

645

C. M. (Laight St. Hyl. 103.)

P. 110.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend Thy throne,
And near Thy Father sit;
In Zion shall Thy power be known,
And make Thy foes submit.

What wonders shall Thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own Thy sovereign grace.

God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what He swore;
"Eternal shall Thy priesthood be,
When Aaron's is no more.

'Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
That king of high degree,
That holy man, who Abram blest,
Was but a type of Thee."

Jesus our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of His love.

God shall exalt His glorious head,
And His high throne maintain,
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose His reign.

646

S. M. (Olney, Hyl. 124.)

P. 118.

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse:
Yet God hath built His church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

The scribe and angry priest
Reject Thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

The work, O Lord, is Thine,
And wondrous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

Miscellaneous.

This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless Him, ye saints; He comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

We bless Thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on Thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

647

C. M. (London, P. P. 136.)

H. 259.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

Miscellaneous.

648

S. M. (Oxford, P. P. 197.)

H. 261.

AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till He thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all thy sins oppressed?

To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

649

L. M. (Windham, Hyl. 170.)

H. 278.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

“Deny thyself, and take thy cross,”
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

Miscellaneous.

650

C. M. (Avon, Hyl. 240.)

H. 280.

How vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

Dear Saviour, let Thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

651

S. M. (Little Marlborough, P. P. 192.)

H. 281.

SHALL we go on to sin,
Because Thy grace abounds;
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all His wounds?

Forbid it, mighty God,
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free;
Has nailed our tyrants to His cross,
And bought our liberty.

Miscellaneous.

652

L. M. (Upton, P. P. 86.)

H. 284.

OH might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to mine eyes'

Had I a glance of Thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

Great All in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view Thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and Thy grace.

653

C. M. (Contrition, P. P. 113.)

H. 285.

MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your power.

There's nothing round this spacious earth,
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth,
My nobler thoughts aspire:

Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

The almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings His own all-sufficiency there,
To make our bliss complete.

Miscellaneous.

Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour, dressed in love,
And there my smiling God.

654

C. M. (Christmas, Hyl. 390.)

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:

That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Blest Saviour! introduced by Thee,
Have we our race begun:
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

655

C. M. (Elizabethtown, Hyl. 388.)

P. 119.

THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know Thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey Thy word,
And suffers no delay.

I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

Miscellaneous.

The testimonies of Thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
If once I wander from Thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to Thy commands,
And trust Thy pardoning grace.
Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Oh save Thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place,
My hope is in Thy word.
Thou hast inclined this heart of mine,
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform Thy will.

656

C. M. (Winter, P. P. 170.)

P. 119.

BEHOLD Thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to Thy fear;
Remember and confirm Thy word,
For all my hopes are there.
Hast Thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address Thy throne?
And yet Thy love delays.
Mine eyes for Thy salvation fail;
Oh bear Thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.
Didst Thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let Thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

657

C. M. (Archdale, P. P. 97.)

P. 126.

WHEN God revealed His gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

Miscellaneous.

The world beheld the glorious change,
And did Thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

"Great is the work," my neighbours cried,
And owned the power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory Thine."

The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

Let those who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

658

C. M. (St. Ann's, Hyl. 200.)

P. 144.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends His Spirit with His word,
To arm me for the field.

When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul His care;
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

A friend and helper so divine,
My fainting hope shall raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And His shall be the praise.

659

C. M. (Communion, P. P. 112.)

H. 298.

PERMIT me, Lord, to seek Thy face,
Obedient to Thy call;
To seek the presence of Thy grace,
My Strength, my Life, my All.

Miscellaneous.

All I can wish is Thine to give:
My God, I ask Thy love,
That greatest bliss I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.

To heaven my restless heart aspires;
Oh for a quickening ray,
To wake and warm my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way!

The path to Thy divine abode,
Through a wild desert lies;
A thousand snares beset the road,
A thousand terrors rise.

Satan and sin unite their art,
To keep me from my Lord;
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by Thy word.

My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On Thee my soul would rest;
On Thee alone my hopes depend,
Be near, and I am blest.

660

L. M. (Hebron, Hyl. 94.)

H. 299.

O SUN of Righteousness divine,
On us with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn our darkness into day.

While mourning o'er our guilt and shame,
And asking mercy in Thy name,
Dear Saviour, cleanse us with Thy blood,
And be our Advocate with God.

Sustain, when sinking in distress,
And guide us through this wilderness;
Teach our low thoughts from earth to rise,
And lead us onward to the skies.

661

L. M. (Warrington, P. P. 88.)

H. 303.

WHAT various hinderances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat?
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

Miscellaneous.

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Have you no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

662

L. M. (Ward, Hyl. 101.)

H. 304.

WHERE is my God? Does He retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

No, Lord, my breathings of desire,
My weak petitions, if sincere,
Are not forbidden to aspire,
But reach to Thy all-gracious ear.

Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands:
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in His hands.

He smiles on every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on Him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call Thee mine
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

Miscellaneous.

663

L. M. (Duke St. Hyl. 64.)

H. 312.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

So Abram, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

664

C. M. (Clarendon, P. P. 111.)

H. 314.

'Tis faith supports my feeble soul,
In times of deep distress;
When storms arise and billows roll,
Great God, I trust Thy grace.

Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And Thou my All in All.

Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To Thee I all my fears disclose,
In Thee my help is found.

In every want, in every strait,
To Thee alone I fly;
When other comforters depart,
Thou art for ever nigh.

Miscellaneous.

665

C. M. (Asmon, Hyl. 196.)

H. 318.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

666

L. C. M. (Ganges, P. P. 218.)

H. 320.

O ISRAEL, who is like to thee,
A people saved and called to be
Peculiar to the Lord!
Thy Shield, He guards thee from the foe,
Thy Sword, He fights thy battles too;
Himself thy great reward.

Fear not, though many should oppose,
For God is stronger than thy foes,
And makes thy cause His own:
The promised land before thee lies,
Go and possess the glorious prize,
Reserved for thee alone.

In glory there the King appears,
He wipes away His people's tears,
And makes their sorrow cease;
From toil and strife they there repose,
And dwell secure from all their foes,
In everlasting peace.

Miscellaneous.

Nor shall I always absent be,
From Him my soul desires to see,
Within the realms of light:
Ere long my Lord will rend the veil,
And not a cloud shall then conceal
His glory from my sight.

667

S. M. D. (Wiltz, Hyl. 277.)

H. 324

OH where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death?"

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

668

C. M. (Rochester, Hyl. 104.)

P. 31.

To Thee, O God of truth and love,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
And saved me from the pit.

Miscellaneous.

My times are in Thy hand, I cried,
Though I draw near the dust:
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

Oh make Thy reconciled face
Upon Thy servant shine,
And save me, for Thy mercy's sake,
For I am wholly Thine.

Thy goodness, how divinely free,
How sweet Thy smiling face
To those that fear Thy majesty,
And trust Thy promised grace!

Oh love the Lord, all ye His saints,
And sing His praises loud;
He'll bend His ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

669

C. M. (Clarendon, P. P. 111.)

P. 56.

GOD counts the sorrows of His saints,
Their groans affect His ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

When to Thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee:
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

In Thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do
The offspring of the dust.

Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing how faithful is Thy word,
How righteous all Thy ways.

Thou hast secured my soul from death:
Oh set Thy prisoner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employed for Thee.

Miscellaneous.

670

L. M. (Timsbury, P. P. 84.)

H. 32a.

THE God of my salvation lives;
My nobler life He will sustain;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

Oh let me hear Thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joy divine;
The barren desert shall rejoice;
'Tis paradise, if Thou art mine.

671

L. M. (Louvain, Hyl. 92.)

H. 33a.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ His Son.

672

C. M. (Crowningshield, P. P. 115.)

WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply?

Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be?

Miscellaneous.

Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in His love;
In Him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

He to my tardy feet shall lend
The swiftness of the roe;
Till, raised on high, I safely dwell
Beyond the reach of woe.

God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

673

C. M. (Avon, Hyl. 240.)

P. 1:1.

Lo! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love!

Where streams of bliss, from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

'Tis like the oil, divinely blest,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, perfumed his vest,
And round its fragrance shed.

'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God His mildest glory shows,
And makes His grace distil.

674

L. M. (Hingham, P. P. 56.)

H. 347.

JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conformed to Thee;
Implunt each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like Thine own.

Miscellaneous.

My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need;
The haughty frown may I not fear
But with a lowly meekness bear.

To others let me always give,
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor when provoked, with anger burn.

This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the gospel are;
And God Himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

675

C. M. (Downs, P. P. 117.)

H. 354.

RICH are the joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

676

S. M. (Shirland, Hyl. 74.)

P. 1.

THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place:

But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

Miscellaneous.

He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live
His works are heavenly fruit.

Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

He knows and He approves
The way the righteous go:
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

677

C. M. (Meriden, P. P. 141.)

H. 356.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame:

- Our God appeared consuming fire,
And Vengeance was His name.

Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calmed His frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace.

Now we may bow before His feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards His seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the eternal throne.

Miscellaneous.

To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the almighty King,
That lays His fury by.

678

C. M. (St. Ann's, Hyl. 200.)

H. 360.

OUR God, how firm His promise stands!
E'en when He hides His face,
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands,
His glory and His grace.

Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to His saints,
Is faithful to His Son.

Beneath His smiles my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possessed;
I praise His name for grace received,
And trust Him* for the rest.

679

S. M. (Shirland, Hyl. 74.)

P. 32.

OH blessed souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.

Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

Miscellaneous

680

C. M. (Melody, P. P. 141.)

H. 370.

How can I sink, with such a prop:
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever Thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

681

C. M. (Peterborough, Hyl. 102.)

THY mercy, Lord, is in the heavens;
Thy truth doth reach the clouds:
Thy justice is like mountains great;
Thy judgments deep as floods:

Lord, Thou preservest man and beast:
How precious is Thy grace!
Therefore in shadow of Thy wings
Men's sons their trust shall place.

They with the fatness of Thy house
Shall be well satisfied;
From rivers of Thy pleasures Thou
Wilt drink to them provide.

Because of life the fountain pure
Remains alone with Thee;
And in that purest light of Thine
We clearly light shall see.

682

C. M. (Barby, P. P. 101.)

LOBD, Thee my God, I'll early seek:
My soul doth thirst for Thee;
My flesh longs in a dry parched land,
Wherein no waters be:

Miscellaneous.

That I Thy power may behold,
And brightness of Thy face,
As I have seen Thee heretofore
Within Thy holy place.

Since better is Thy love than life,
My lips Thee praise shall give.
I in Thy name will lift my hands,
And bless Thee while I live.

Ev'n as with marrow and with fat
My soul shall filléd be;
Then shall my mouth with joyful lips
Sing praises unto Thee.

683

C. M. (Mear, Hyl. 204.)

O THOU my soul, bless God the Lord;
And all that in me is
Be stirréd up His holy name
To magnify and bless.

Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

All thine iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive:
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death may'st not go down;
Who thee with loving-kindness doth
And tender mercies crown.

684

C. M. (Balerna, Hyl. 118.)

To Him that loved the souls of men,
And washed us in His blood,
To royal honours raised our head,
And made us priests to God;

Miscellaneous.

To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love!
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above!

Behold, on flying clouds He comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced Him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay

I am the First, and I the Last.
Time centres all in Me;
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

685

C. M. (St. Martin's, P. P. 160.)

P. 9.

With my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, Sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put Thy foes to shame.

I'll sing Thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares His throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make His justice known.

Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor opprest,
To save the people of His love,
And give the weary rest.

The men that know Thy name, will trust
In Thy abundant grace;
For Thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly seek Thy face.

Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes His threatening word,
And doth His grace fulfil.

Miscellaneous.

686

C. M. (Woodlawn, Hyl. 239.)

P. 34.

PILL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all His ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come help my lips to praise.

Sing to the honour of His name,
How a poor sufferer cried,
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

O sinners, come and taste His love,
Come, learn His pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of His grace.

He bids His angels pitch their tents
Round where His children dwell;
What ills their heavenly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.

O love the Lord, ye saints of His;
His eye regards the just:
How richly blest their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

Young lions, pinched with hunger, roar,
And famish in the wood;
But God supplies His holy poor
With every needful good.

687

C. M. (Hanover, Hyl. 234.)

P. 66.

Now shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Power,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make His mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders He has done.

Miscellaneous.

When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought His heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

If sin lay covered in my heart
While prayer employed my tongue;
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I His praises sung.

But God (His name be ever blest)
Has set my spirit free;
Nor turned from Him my poor request,
Nor turned His heart from me.

688

C. M. (Stephens, Hyl. 114.)

P. 95.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in His strength rejoice;
When His salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach His awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before His face;
Oh may the creatures of His power
Be children of His grace!

Now is the time He bends His ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest He rouse His wrath, and swear
"Ye shall not see my rest."

689

L. M. (Mendon, Hyl. 96.)

P. 145.

My God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

Miscellaneous.

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of Thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise!

690

C. M. (Arlington, Hyl. 66.)

P. 145

SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word
To cheer the souls He loves.

Miscellaneous.

Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim,
But saints, that taste Thy richer grace,
Delight to bless Thy name.

691

P. M. (Creation, P. P. 200.)

P. 146.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace!
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

He loves His saints, He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

Miscellaneous.

I'll praise Him while He lends me breath:
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

692

L. M. (Anvern, Hyl. 157.)

P. 150.

PRAISE ye the Lord; all nature join
In work and worship so divine;
Let heaven and earth unite, and raise
High hallelujahs to His praise.

While realms of joy, and worlds around,
Their hallelujahs high resound;
Let saints below and saints above
Exulting sing redeeming love.

As instruments well tuned and strung,
We'll praise the Lord with heart and tongue;
While life remains we'll loud proclaim
High hallelujahs to His name.

Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,
When freed from sorrow, sin, and pains,
Eternally the church will raise
High hallelujahs to His praise.

693

S. M. (Olmütz, Hyl. 254.)

H. 395.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

Miscellaneous.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside, at His control:
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

694

C. M. (Dundee, Hyl. 214.)

HE that doth in the secret place
Of the Most High reside,
Under the shade of Him that is
The Almighty shall abide.

I of the Lord my God will say,
He is my refuge still;
He is my fortress, and my God,
And in Him trust I will.

Thou shalt not need to be afraid
For terrors of the night;
Nor for the arrow that doth fly
By day, while it is light;

Nor for the pestilence, that walks
In darkness secretly;
Nor for destruction, that doth waste
At noon day openly.

A thousand at thy side shall fall,
On thy right hand shall lie
Ten thousand dead; yet unto thee
It shall not once come nigh.

Only thou with thine eyes shalt look
And a beholder be;
And thou therein the just reward
Of wicked men shalt see.

Miscellaneous.

695

C. M. (Athens, P. P. 99.)

H. 396.

AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?
Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmoved and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?
Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, His rightful due,
Remain for ever barred?
’Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power,
The lodging has possessed;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heavenly Guest.
Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

696

C. M. (Bangor, P. P. 101.)

H. 407.

A PRESENT God is all our strength
And all our joy and hope;
When He withdraws, our comforts die,
And every grace must droop.
But flattering trifles charm our hearts,
To court their false embrace,
Till justly this neglected Friend
Averts His angry face.
He leaves us, and we miss Him not,
But go presumptuous on;
Till baffled, wounded, and enslaved,
We learn that God is gone.
And what, my soul, can then remain
One ray of light to give?
Severed from Him, their better life,
How can His children live?

Miscellaneous.

Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,
And leave my heart to mourn:
I would devote these eyes to tears,
Till cheered by His return.

697

7s. (Rosefield, Hyl. 290.)

H. 409.

ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move:
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins renew,
Now I feel the stormy hour:
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turned my day to night.

Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive,
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive:
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to Thee.

698

C. M. (Braintree, P. P. 105.)

H. 413.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul;
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labour and toil and strive;
Yet we who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!

We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above:

Miscellaneous.

We, for whom God the Son came down,
And laboured for our good
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with His blood!

Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Spirit, come and fill,
And wake and warm our hearts.

Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

699

L. M. (Judgment Hymn, Hyl. 56.)

H. 414.

LORD, we adore Thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of Providence;
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

Now Thou arrayest Thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile:
We, through the cloud, believe Thy grace,
Secure of Thy compassion still.

Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briers, and the night.

Dear Father, if Thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

700

C. M. (Conway, Hyl. 190.)

H. 417

WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

Miscellaneous.

Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
To indulge a sordid lust.

The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dashed with bitter bowls.

God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In Him my vast desires are filled,
And all my powers rejoice.

In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

701

C. M. (Dundee, Hyl. 214.)

OH send Thy light forth and Thy truth;
Let them be guides to me,
And bring me to Thy holy hill,
Ev'n where Thy dwellings be.

Then will I to God's altar go,
To God my chiefest joy;
Yea, God, my God, Thy name to praise
My harp I will employ.

Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
Disquieted in me?

Still trust in God; for Him to praise
Good cause I yet shall have:
He of my count'nance is the health,
My God that doth me save.

Miscellaneous.

702

L. M. (Retreat, Hyl. 174.)

LONG unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed;
Thou mad'st me feel Thy chastening rod,
And straight I turned unto my God.

What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I bless Thy hand that caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

Oh, hadst Thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised;
And still the snare, in secret laid
Had my unwary feet betrayed.

I love Thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe toward Thy dear abode,
Where in Thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

703

L. M. (Wells, Hyl. 382.)

P. 64.

GREAT God, attend to my complaint,
Nor let my drooping spirit faint;
When foes in secret spread the snare,
Let my salvation be Thy care.

Shield me without, and guard within
From treacherous foes and deadly sin,
May envy, lust, and pride depart,
And heavenly grace expand my heart.

Thy justice and Thy power display,
And scatter far Thy foes away;
While listening nations learn Thy word,
And saints triumphant bless the Lord.

Then shall Thy church exalt her voice,
And all that love Thy name rejoice;
By faith approach Thine awful throne,
And plead the merits of Thy Son.

Miscellaneous.

704

L. M. (Tranquillity, P. P. 85.)

H. 424.

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, His counsels wise.

He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs His work, the cause conceals;
And though His footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support His throne.

In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes His wise decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed,
That what He does is ever best.

Then, O my soul, submissive wait,
With reverence bow before His seat;
And 'midst the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

705

C. M. (Arlington, Hyl. 66.)

H. 430.

O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize, to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?

A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

Miscellaneous.

706

C. M. (New York, P. P. 145.)

H. 439.

Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise:
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

707

C. M. (Rochester, Hyl. 104.)

H. 441.

O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a little band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for Thou dost deign to hear
The song that meekness pours.

And Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before Thee pray;
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

Oh let Thy grace perform its part;
Let sin's dominion cease;
And shed abroad in every heart,
Thine everlasting peace!

Miscellaneous.

708

L. M. (Retreat, Hyl. 174.)

H. 448.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

O Thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with Thy presence fill the place.

Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

Then, with the visits of Thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God has fixed His dwelling there

709

L. M. (Pilesgrove, P. P. 72.)

H. 451.

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart:
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

710

L. M. (Migdol, Hyl. 158.)

H. 458.

COME, Jesus, heavenly Teacher, come,
Convey Thine own instructions home;
While men Thy sacred truth impart,
'Tis Thine alone to reach the heart.

Whene'er I read or hear Thy word,
Thine inward teachings, Lord, afford:
To me Thy holy will reveal,
Unfold the book, and loose the seal.

Miscellaneous.

Call me, O call me to Thy feet,
And there transported may I sit;
With joy Thy heavenly features trace,
And feast upon Thy richest grace.

711

C. M. (Laight St. Hyl. 103.)

H. 459.

Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known:
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
That sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

And when before Thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

712

C. M. (Siloam, Hyl. 238.)

H. 460.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore!

Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope on every heart.

When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.

Miscellaneous.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
Oh let our wills resign!
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies:
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

713

L. M. (Darley, Hyl. 159.)

H. 462.

JESUS, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;
Like the dear hour, when from above,
We first received Thy pledge of love.

The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay:
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comforts sink, nor love grow cold.

Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing Thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Oh that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne,
With all His Father's glories on.

714

L. M. (Nazareth, P. P. 67.)

H. 471.

AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near Thy seat.

Miscellaneous.

Lord, in the temple of Thy grace,
We see Thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon Thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of Thy power.

While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer brings down a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

If Satan rage and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

Or if our spirit faints and dies,
Our conscience galled with inward stings,
Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath His wings.

Father, my soul would still abide
Within Thy temple, near Thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep Thy dwelling in my heart.

715

L. M.

(Luton, Hyl. 60.)

H. 472.

WITHIN Thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glorious majesty appear;
Make this a place of Thine abode,
And shed Thy choicest blessings here.

When we Thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, to us impart:
And let Thy gospel's joyful sound,
With power divine, reach every heart.

Here let the blind their sight obtain,
Here give the broken spirit rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every yielding breast.

Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble supplication rise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms of bliss beyond the skies.

Miscellaneous.

716

L. M. (Ashwell, Hyl. 152.)

H. 473.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us-to receive Thy word;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

To us Thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we in true faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

717

C. M. (York, Hyl. 70.)

H. 475.

IN Thy great name, O Lord, we come
To worship at Thy feet;
O pour Thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

Teach us to pray, and praise—to hear
And understand Thy word;
To feel Thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

Let sinners now Thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in Thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

718

C. M. (Barby, P. P. 101.)

H. 478.

ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast,
Like seed into the ground:
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

Miscellaneous.

Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold
The fruits of peace and joy.

Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

719

L. M. (Old Hundredth, Hyl. 52.)

H. 480.

DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood:
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

720

L. M. (Hebron, Hyl. 94.)

ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

May the great truths we here have heard,
The lessons of Thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

Oh may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as a constant guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above,

Miscellaneous.

721

L. M. (Federal St. Hyl. 166.)

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by His word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!

And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

722

S. M. (St. Thomas, Hyl. 75.)

To God the only wise,
Who keeps us by His word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless His name.

The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion too,
Be with us from above.

723

S. M. (Watchman, P. P. 204.)

GOD of the prophets' power!
God of the gospel's sound!
Move glorious on,—send out Thy voice
To all the nations round.

With hearts and lips unfeigned
We bless Thee for Thy word:
We praise Thee for the joyful news,
Which our glad ears have heard.

Miscellaneous.

Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Prevent the fruits of peace.

And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy,
At Heaven's great harvest-home.

724

S. M. (Shirland, Hyl. 74.)

OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near
To Thee all nations bow.

Thy kingdom come: Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend:
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine:
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

725

7s. (Wilmot, Hyl. 406.)

FATHER, bless Thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
Oh may sinners hear Thy call,
Let Thy people grow in love.

Miscellaneous.

Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success,
Thine the work, the glory Thine.

Father, bid the world rejoice,
Send, oh send Thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear Thy voice,
Hear it and return to God.

726

7s. (Horton, Hyl. 294.)

Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep

May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Make us perfect in His will,
And preserve us day and night!

To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

727

8's & 7's. (Sicily, Hyl. 84.)

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

728

8's & 7's. (Autumn, Hyl. 330.)

HEAVENLY Father, grant Thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts, Thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

Miscellaneous.

Have we wandered? O forgive us;
Have we wished from truth to rove?
Turn, O turn us, and receive us,
And incline us Thee to love.

729

C. M. (Cambridge, Hyl. 106.)

P. 89.

BLEST are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope
And fills their foes with shame.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, Thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

730

L. M. (Orford, P. P. 70.)

H. 481.

COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now, let our noblest passions rise,
With ardour to their native skies.

Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blessed,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

731

C. M. (Colchester, Hyl. 112.)

H. 483.

BLEST morning! whose first dawning light
Beheld our rising God;
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave His last abode.

Miscellaneous.

To Thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

In the cold prison of the tomb,
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God, in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

732

S. M. (State St., Hyl. 120.)

H. 488.

TO-DAY the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead,
He conquered our malignant foes
And Satan captive led.

He left His glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings for ever on His name,
He bought us with His blood.

For us, His life He paid,
For us the law fulfilled;
On Him our load of guilt was laid;
We by His stripes are healed.

Ye saints adore His name,
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make His praises known.

Miscellaneous.

733

S. M. (Golden Hill, Hyl. 270.)

H. 497.

O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

734

1sts & 10's. (Portuguese Hymn, Hyl. 148.)

H. 498.

DAUGHTER of Sion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them.
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

Daughter of Sion, the Power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout; for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Sion is free.

735

C. M. (Avon, Hyl. 240.)

THOU shalt arise, and mercy have
Upon Thy Sion yet;
The time to favour her is come,
The time that Thou hast set.

For in her rubbish and her stones
Thy servants pleasure take;
Yea, they the very dust thereof
Do favour for her sake.

Miscellaneous.

So shall the heathen people fear
The Lord's most holy name;
And all the kings on earth shall dread
Thy glory and Thy fame.

When Sion by the mighty Lord
Built up again shall be,
In glory then and majesty
To men appear shall He.

The prayer of the destitute
He surely will regard;
Their prayer will He not despise,
By Him it shall be heard.

For generations yet to come
This shall be on record:
So shall the people that shall be
Created praise the Lord.

736

C. M. (Marlow, Hyl. 194.)

PRAY that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.

Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

Now for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
Peace be in thee, I'll say,
And for the house of God our Lord
I'll seek thy good alway.

737

L. M. (Illinois, P. P. 58.)

P. 87.

GOD in His earthly temple lays
Foundation for His heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

Miscellaneous.

His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows,
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born and nourished there.

738

L. M.

(Louvan, Hyl. 92.)

H. 372.

BLEST Jesus, when Thy cross I view,
That mystery to the angelic host,
I gaze with grief and rapture too,
And all my soul's in wonder lost.

What strange compassion filled Thy breast
That brought Thee from Thy throne on high,
To woes that cannot be expressed,
To be despised, to groan and die!

Was it for man, rebellious man,
Sunk by his crimes below the grave,
Who, justly doomed to endless pain,
Found none to pity or to save?

For man didst Thou forsake the sky,
To bleed upon the accursed tree?
And didst Thou taste of death, to buy
Immortal life and bliss for me?

Had I a voice to praise Thy name,
Loud as the trump that wakes the dead,
Had I the raptured seraph's flame,
My debt of love could ne'er be paid.

Miscellaneous.

Yet, Lord, a sinner's heart receive,
This burdened contrite heart of mine;
Thou knowest I've nought beside to give—
And let it be for ever Thine.

739

7's. (Toplady, Hyl. 312.)

WHEN the parting bosom bleeds
When their native shore recedes,
When the wild and faithless main
Takes them to her trust again,
Father! view the sailors' woe—
Guide them wheresoe'er they go.

When the lonely watch they keep,
Silent on the mighty deep,
While the boisterous surges hoarse
Bear them daily on their course,
Eye that never slumbers! shed
Holy influence on their head.

When the Sabbath's peaceful ray
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,
Though no throngs assemble there,
No sweet church-bell warns to prayer,
Spirit! let Thy presence be
Sabbath to th' unresting sea.

When the raging billows dark
Thunder round the storm-tossed bark,
Thou who on the whelming wave
Didst the loved disciples save,
Thou canst hear them when they pray—
Jesus, Saviour, be their stay!

740

C. M. (Howard, Hyl. 116.)

WE come, O Lord, before Thy throne,
And with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

Oh may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to Thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops on the sea.

Miscellaneous.

Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above,
Of everlasting rest.

741

7's. (Pleyel's Hymn, Hyl. 132.)

LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the bottom of Thy hand,
Hide and bring us safe to land.

Father, let our faithful mind
Rest, on Thee alone reclined:
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

Keep the friends whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea,
Bid them come, by faith, to Thee.

Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on Thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

742

L. M. (Rockbridge, P. P. 77.)

H. 516.

"TWAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go teach the nations, and baptize;"
The nations have received the word,
Since He ascended to the skies.

He sits upon the eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in His hands,
And sends His covenant with the seals,
To bless the distant Christian lands.

"Repent and be baptized," He saith,
"For the remission of your sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what the gospel means.

Miscellaneous.

Our souls He washes in His blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

Thus we engage ourselves to Thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord;
Oh may the great eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record.

743

C. M. (Naomi, Hyl. 108.)

H. 518.

GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild-olive wood;
Grace takes us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew:
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

Now, let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out Thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in Thy blood.

Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall Thy salvation come,
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

744

C. M. (Melody, P. P. 141.)

H. 519.

THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee!
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for Me."

Abraham believed the promised grace,
And gave his son to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was sealed with blood.

Miscellaneous.

Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord.

Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truths embrace:
To Thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim Thy grace.

745

C. M. (Ortonville, Hyl. 206.)

H. 523.

BEHOLD, what matchless, tender love,
Doth Christ to babes display;
He bids each parent bring them near,
Nor turns the least away

See how He takes them in His arms,
With smiles upon His face;
And says His kingdom is of such,
By free and sovereign grace.

"Forbid them not," whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since His own lips to us declare,
Heaven will of such consist.

With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to Thee;
Receive them, Lord, into Thine arms,
Thine may they ever be.

746

L. M. (Orford, P. P. 70.)

H. 526.

COME, Holy Ghost, come from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits, Thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

Exert Thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal his child, a child of God.

Miscellaneous.

747

C. M. (Balerna, Hyl. 118.)

H. 535.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let Thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

Let us from all our sins be washed
In Thy atoning blood;
And let Thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast;
Oh let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon His breast.

748

7's. (Horton, Hyl. 294.)

H. 538.

JESUS, Master, hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record Thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in Thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of Thine.

And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me.

749

L. M. (Illinois, P. P. 58.)

H. 541.

THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth Thy sweetest pasture grow?

Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends Thy flock?
Fain would I feed among Thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

Miscellaneous.

Why should Thy bride appear like one,
That turns aside to paths unknown;
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

The footsteps of Thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast Thy love prepares,
Bought with Thy wounds, and groans and tears.

His dearest flesh He makes my food,
And bids me drink His richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved leads me home.

750

L. M.

(Ward, Hyl. 101.)

H. 544.

FATHER of faithful Abraham, hear
Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed;
Justly they claim the tenderest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead.

Outcast from Thee, and scattered wide
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven.

But hast Thou finally forsook,
For ever cast Thine own away?
Wilt Thou not bid the murderers look
On Him they pierced, and weep and pray?

Come then, Thou great Deliverer, come;
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Oh bring Thine ancient people home,
And let them know Thy dying love.

751

L. M.

(Nazareth, P. P. 67.)

H. 545.

DISOWNED of heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Sion's hallowed ground,
Oh! why should Israel's sons, once blessed,
Still roam the scorning world around?

Miscellaneous.

Lord, visit Thy forsaken race,
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light,
The severed olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

Hail, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour;
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

752

C. M. (Stephens, Hyl. 114.)

H. 554.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation Thine;
And in Thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

But, Lord, Thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in Thy mind.

Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne,
The temple of Thy praise.

753

L. M. (All Saints, P. P. 35.)

H. 559.

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Sion's holy towers shine.

Miscellaneous.

That light shall glance on distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The power and greatness of His love.

Lord, may the triumphs of Thy grace
Abound, while righteousness and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

754

C. M. (Asmon, Hyl. 196.)

O COME, and let us ev'ry one
Sing to the Lord most high,
The Rock of our salvation praise,
And sing to Him with joy.

Let us before His presence come
With praise and thankful voice;
Let us sing psalms to Him with grace
And make a joyful noise.

For God's a great God and great King,
Above all gods He is:
Depths of the earth are in His hands,
The strength of hills is His.

To Him the spacious sea belongs,
For He the same did make;
The dry land also from His hands
Its form at first did take.

O come, and let us worship Him,
Let us bow down withal,
And on our knees before the Lord,
Our Maker, let us fall.

755

L. M. (Angel's Hymn, P. P. 35.)

H. 543.

THY people, Lord, who trust Thy word,
And wait the smilings of Thy face,
Assemble round Thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of Thy grace.

Miscellaneous.

We consecrate these hours to Thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall Divine acceptance meet.

Hast Thou not sworn to give Thy Son,
To be a light to gentile lands;
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched prisoners' bands?

Hast Thou not said, from sea to sea,
His vast dominion shall extend;
That every tongue shall call Him Lord,
And every knee before Him bend?

Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Sion come;
Send forth Thy heralds far and near,
To call Thy banished children home.

756

L. M. (Ware, Hyl. 384.)

H. 565.

TRUSTING in Christ, go, heralds, rear
The gospel standard, void of fear;
Go seek with joy your destined home,
And preach a Saviour, there unknown.

Yes, Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

And when our labours all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus, Lord of all.

757

7's. (Watchman, P. P. 204.)

H. 570.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star:

Miscellaneous.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
See it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

758

7's & 6's. (Berea, Hyl. 322.)

H. 571.

Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine,
His arm throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
Immanuel, Prince of peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

Miscellaneous.

Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favour,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

759

C. M. (Colechester, Hyl. 112.)

OF corn an handful in the earth
On tops of mountains high,
With prosp'rous fruit shall shake, like trees
On Lebanon that be.

The city shall be flourishing,
Her citizens abound
In number shall, like to the grass
That grows upon the ground.

His name for ever shall endure;
Last like the sun it shall:
Men shall be blessed in Him, and blessed
All nations shall Him call.

Now blesséd be the Lord our God,
The God of Israel,
For He alone doth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.

And blesséd be His glorious name
To all eternity:
The whole earth let His glory fill,
Amen, so let it be.

760

C. M. (Meriden, P. P. 141.)

P. 67.

SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.

Miscellaneous.

When shall Thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt His praise,
And every heart rejoice.

He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge
That sits enthroned above,
In wisdom rules the worlds He made
And bids them taste His love.

761

S. M. (Shawmut, P. P. 199.)

P. 117.

THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is Thy grace and sure Thy word:
Thy truth for ever stands.

Far be Thine honour spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

762

C. M. (Communion, P. P. 112.)

H. 578.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.

Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

Miscellaneous.

763

H. M. (Rhine, P. P. 234.)

H. 581.

O SION, tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high;
Tell all the world thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

He gilds the mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crowned.

In honour to His name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue His praise,
Till sovereign love
In worlds above
Thy glory raise.

There on His holy hill,
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with His radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies:
While round His throne,
Ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres,
His influence own.

764

(Barby, P. P. 101.)

FOR Thy name's glory help us, Lord,
Who hast our Saviour been;
Deliver us; for Thy name's sake,
O purge away our sin.

Miscellaneous.

Why say the heathen, Where's their God?
Let Him to them be known;
When those who shed Thy servants' blood
Are in our sight o'erthrown.

O let the prisoner's sighs ascend
Before Thy sight on high;
Preserve those in Thy mighty power
That are designed to die.

And to our neighbours' bosom cause
It seven fold rendered be,
Ev'n the reproach wherewith they have,
O Lord, reproached Thee.

So we Thy folk, and pasture-sheep,
Shall give Thee thanks always;
And unto generations all
We will show forth Thy praise.

765

C. M. (Devizes, P. P. 116.)

O LET Thy hand be still upon
The Man of Thy right hand,
The Son of man, whom for Thyself
Thou madest strong to stand.

So henceforth we will not go back,
Nor turn from Thee at all:
O do Thou quicken us, and we
Upon Thy name will call.

Turn us again, Lord God of hosts,
And upon us vouchsafe
To make Thy countenance to shine,
And so we shall be safe.

766

C. M. (Bedford, P. P. 102.)

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

Miscellaneous.

His voice commands the tempest forth
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground.

So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

767

L. M. (Stonefield, Hyl. 172.)

P. 70.

O THOU, whose hand the kingdom sways,
Whom earth, and hell, and heaven obeys,
To help Thy chosen sons appear,
And show Thy power and glory here!

O haste, with every gift inspired,
With glory, truth, and grace attired,
Thou Star of heaven's eternal morn;
Thou Sun, whom beams divine adorn!

Assert the honour of Thy name;
O'erwhelm Thy foes with fear and shame;
Bid them beneath Thy footstool lie,
Nor let their souls for ever die.

Saints shall be glad before Thy face,
And grow in love, and truth, and grace;
Thy church shall blossom in Thy sight,
And yield her fruits of pure delight.

Miscellaneous.

O hither, then, Thy footsteps bend;
Swift as a roe, from hills descend;
Mild as the Sabbath's cheerful ray,
Till life unfolds eternal day!

768

L. M. (Coleshill, P. P. 112.)

H. 582.

Now, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."

Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

Eternal King, I fear Thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in Thy love.

769

C. M. (Funson, Hyl. 392.)

P. 119.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

The men that keep Thy law with care,
And meditate Thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Miscellaneous.

Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

770

C. M. (China, P. P. 109.)

H. 604.

How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

God from on high invites us none,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

How we deserve the deepest hell,
Who slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
Who break such cords of love!

Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

771

C. M. (Windsor, Hyl. 202.)

H. 605.

THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms are we!

The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

Miscellaneous.

Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

772

C. M. (Blackburn, P. P. 102.)

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And entered life at first;
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.

Whate'er we fondly call our own
Belongs to heaven's great Lord;
The blessings lent us for a day
Are soon to be restored.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave:
He gives; and, when He takes away,
He takes but what He gave.

Then, ever blessed be His name.
His goodness swelled our store;
His justice but resumes its own;
'Tis ours still to adore.

773

L. M. (Windham, Hyl. 100.)

P. 88.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

Miscellaneous.

While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
"Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God He's found."

"Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

"In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies."

774

C. M. (Armenia, P. P. 98.)

P. 60.

LORD, Thou hast scourged our guilty land,
Behold Thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide Thy hand?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

Beneath the terrors of Thine eye,
Earth's haughty towers decay;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

Our Zion trembles at the stroke,
And dreads Thy lifted hand;
O heal the people Thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

Exalt Thy banner in the field,
For those that fear Thy name;
From barb'rous hosts our nation shield,
And put our foes to shame.

Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God;
In vain shall numerous powers unite
Against Thy lifted rod.

Our troops beneath Thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown:
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

Miscellaneous.

775

L. M.

(Nazareth, P. P. 67.)

H. 617.

ETERNITY is just at hand;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

Eternity without a bound,
To guilty souls a dreadful sound!
But oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!

Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

But should my highest hopes be vain,
The rising doubt, how sharp the pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to Thy love.

Search, Lord, oh search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and Thee.

776

C. M.

(Naomi, Hyl. 222.)

H. 619.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Miscellaneous.

777

C. M. (Chelmsford, P. P. 141.)

H. 620.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade
And never yield to fear.

I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

778

L. M. (Zephyr, P. P. 93.)

H. 621.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Miscellaneous.

779

C. M. (China, P. P. 169.)

H. 622.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to His arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish our hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all the saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

780

S. M. (Shawmut, P. P. 199.)

H. 625.

OH for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be, like theirs, my last repose,
Like theirs, my last reward!

Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

Miscellaneous.

With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

Oh for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

781

C. M. (Blackburn, P. P. 102.)

H. 632.

WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

Oh for the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave!
To see that Friend, and call Him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save!

Lord, I commit my soul to Thee,
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust.

Till that illustrious morning come,
When all Thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full, immortal bloom,
Attend Thee to the skies.

782

L. M. (Windham, Hyl. 100.)

H. 639.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch his soft repose.

Miscellaneous.

So Jesus slept, God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from His throne, illustrious morn,
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

783

C. M. (Dundee, Hyl. 214.)

WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
When op'ning graves shall yield their charge
And dust to life awake;

Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled,
That Death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.

Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing;
O Grave! where is thy triumph now?
And where, O death! thy sting?

Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt,
'Twas this that armed thy dart;
The law gave sin its strength and force
To pierce the sinner's heart.

But God, whose name be ever blessed!
Disarms that foe we dread,
And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescribed by God
Yet more and more abound.

Miscellaneous.

Assured that though we labour now,
We labour not in vain,
But, through the grace of heaven's great Lord,
Th' eternal crown shall gain.

784

C. M. (Naomi, Hyl. 108.)

H. 640.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

Death spreads his withering, wintry arms,
And beauty smiles no more;
Ah! where are now those rising charms,
Which pleased our eyes before?

That once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
We weep our earthly comforts fled,
And withered all our joys.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
The Saviour dwells on high:
There everlasting spring appears,
There joys shall never die.

785

L. M. (Rest, P. P. 76.)

P. 88.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst Thou forget Thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and Thy power to save?

Shall spring the faded world revive?
Shall waning moons their light return?
Again shall setting suns ascend,
And the lost day anew be born?

Miscellaneous.

Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insect's wing?
And oh, shall man awake no more,
To see Thy face, Thy name to sing?

- Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears;
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprung,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rung.

Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make His children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

786

C. M.

(Jordan, P. P. 132.)

H. 657.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Oh the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

On all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

Miscellaneous.

787

C. M. (Colchester, Hyl. 112.)

H. 664.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

When from the dead He raised His Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all His followers must.

There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till that salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

788

C. M. (Reo, P. P. 153.)

H. 668.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of Thine abode:
I'd leave Thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to Thy seat, my God.

I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon Thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

The more Thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

Miscellaneous.

789

C. M. (Warwick, Hyl. 434.)

H. 671.

My thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight,
On God's incarnate Son.

His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon His arm,
And seals it on His heart.

Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things,
The present we compare!

I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

790

C. M. (Patmos, Hyl. 236.)

H. 673.

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims, for Sion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

The garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue His footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While labouring up the hill.

Miscellaneous.

791

7's. (De Fleury, P. P. 368.)

H. 659.

YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make Him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to His praise.
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
While others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by His power, ye stood.

Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat;
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

Oh when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong.
I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His name:
I want—Oh I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

792

7's. (Martyn, Hyl. 292.)

WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Tuning their triumphant song?

Miscellaneous.

Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour.

These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs:
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away heir tears.

DOXOLOGIES.

- 1 L. M.
PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
- 2 L. M.
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
- 3 C. M.
LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.
- 4 C. M.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.
- 5 S. M.
YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit too.
- 6 S. M.
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall be done
Through all eternity.

Doxologies.

7

L. P. M. or L. M. (6 lines.)

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

8

L. C. M. or 8. 6. (6 lines.)

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
Is now, and shall for ever last,
When time shall be no more.

9

H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our pow'rs, eternal King.
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

10

6, 4.

To the Great One in Three
The highest glories be
Hence evermore;
O God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Praises to Thee belong
On earth, in heaven.

11

7.

(Use 4 or 6 or 8 lines.)

PRAISES be to God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him all ye heav'nly host
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise Him all below the sky,
Praise the name of God, Most High;
As through countless ages past
Evermore His praise shall last.

Doxologies.

12

7, 6.

To the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit blest,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be addressed;
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
Now is given; and shall be so
While endless ages last.

13

11.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
All glory and worship from earth and from heav'n,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be giv'n.

14

8, 7.

(Use 4 or 6 or 8 lines.)

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory to th' eternal Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Hail the blessed Three in One;
Hallelujah!
Praise above, below the sky;
Loud proclaim Jehovah's glory,
Hail! the blessed Three in One.

563

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

THIS HYMNAL claims to be an advance upon our previous facilities for praise. To the most valuable of our own "Psalms and Hymns" have been added many from the best collections at home and abroad.

Most of the familiar and popular **TUNES**, which have permanent value, will be found here. Some are now first transferred from the church music of Germany and England. A small number are new.

Hymns and Tunes associated by the church have not been intentionally sundered. There may be a few omissions, or modifications, rendered necessary by the exigencies of the plan and purpose of the book, which some will regret. But all this has been done carefully, with intent to please the church, and to render the collection homogeneous and strictly devotional. A generous candor will appreciate the conflicting difficulties of such a work, and the impossibility of fully satisfying all.

Occasionally two tunes on opposite pages present a choice for differing tastes. In all cases the aim has been to secure the best musical expression for the sentiment, and also to promote **CONGREGATIONAL SINGING**. With this end in view, the

Explanatory Note.

tunes, at the suggestion of musical advisers, have been "set" low, and the notes "shortened," in a number of instances. This is necessary for most worshippers. Yet if in the judgment of any a tune is set *too low*, or if it is desirable to bring in longer time, *or even if some other and familiar tune is preferred in a given case*, the Leader can readily make the requisite change.

The book is mainly indebted to Mr. C. C. CONVERSE for its musical arrangements. This gentleman has given to it, gratuitously, the benefit of the highest culture, and a warm interest in these wants of our Church.

It is also under obligations for invaluable aid and counsel to Dr. LOWELL MASON, whose eminent ability and experience have been most generously accorded.

Acknowledgments are gratefully made of kind responses to our requests from the Proprietors of the Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book, by which very valuable additions have been secured for our collection; also for the frank and Christian liberality of Rev. Dr. R. Palmer, and of the Compilers of "Songs of the Church," and the "Plymouth Collection."

THE SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS, WITH CHANTS, will afford opportunity to recur to the modes of praise prevalent among the Reformers and earlier Christians; and at the same time provides for those who prefer to restrict themselves to an "inspired psalmody."

The division of the Hymns into FOUR TOPICAL SECTIONS, though not perfect, will facilitate the use of the book.

The *small numbers* above many of the hymns, on the right-hand side of the page, are by direction of the General Assembly to indicate those in our "Psalms and Hymns."

Explanatory Note.

The index of **SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS**, alphabetically arranged, is as brief as possible, aiming to supplement the help from the "topical divisions." Therefore the same hymns are often referred to under several particulars. Such an index, to be of value, must allow this variety of application, and be not too minute.

According to the recommendation of the General Assembly an **INDEX OF TEXTS** has been provided. These texts, though not always alike related to the hymns referred to, will be suggestive. They may also aid in the use of the index of subjects.

The index of **AUTHORS OF HYMNS**, and that of **TUNES**, as well as that relating to **SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING**, and **AUTHORS OF CHANTS**, will speak for themselves. These all follow this note in the order designated below.

The Book will accomplish its design, so far as it induces **ALL** worshippers to take part in the praise of God, and to realize that Zion's songs, devoutly rendered, may be the joy and crown of our religious services.

**HALLELUJAH! LET THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE, O GOD;
LET ALL THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE.**

JOHN M. KREBS

J. T. BACKUS

R. DAVIDSON

J. E. ROCKWELL

WILLIS LORD

Committee.

N. B. By permission of the General Assembly of 1866, which approved and recommended the use of the Hymnal, there have been added to this edition about two hundred and

Explanatory Note.

fifty Psalms and Hymns, for the satisfaction of those in our church who desire more than the Hymnal contained, and chiefly from our book of "Psalms and Hymns." Among these additions will be found about twenty of Rouse's versions of Psalms, and a few Scotch Paraphrases, that brethren of our faith and order, who indulge a preference for these, may be gratified. In the same spirit fourteen tunes have been added.

For the largest portion of the supplementary hymns the committee have restricted themselves to suggesting at the head of each a suitable tune, found in the Hymnal or in the Presbyterian Psalmodist. In thus suggesting, care has been taken to afford the best musical expression for the sentiment, and at the same time to bring into use a number of favourite tunes in the Psalmodist, *which their authors denied to the Hymnal*. Nor can we refrain from reminding the church that this liberty of choice, and of obviating the difficulty in the way of using certain tunes, was included in the original design of the Hymnal.

Appended to the name of the tunes is a reference to the page in the Hymnal, or (if with P. P.) to the page of the Presbyterian Psalmodist on which the tune is found.

It is hoped that the new plan of an INDEX OF SUBJECTS will prove acceptable. It has been prepared with great care, and to those who will take pains to familiarize themselves with the work, we believe it will be useful.

JOHN M. KREBS
J T. BACKUS
R. DAVIDSON

J. E. ROCKWELL
WILLIS LORD
P. D. GURLEY

Committee.

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FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

HYMNS.

- 189 **A** BROKEN heart, my God, my King..... *Watts.*
 92 According to Thy gracious word.....*Montgomery.*
 312 A charge to keep I have....*C. Wesley.*
 308 A few more years shall roll..... *Bonar.*
 558 After Thy loving-kindness, Lord..... *Rouse.*
 324 Ah! how shall fallen man..... *Watts.*
 233 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed..... *Watts.*
 234 Alas! what hourly dangers rise..... *Mrs. Steele.*
 637 All hail! the glorious morn..... *Peacock.*
 29 All hail! the power of Jesus' name..... *Ferronet.*
 718 Almighty God, Thy word is cast.....
 4 All people that on earth do dwell..... *Rouse.*
 8 All praise to Thee, eternal Lord..... *Luther.*
 215 Along the mountain track of life..... *Carey.*
 236 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound..... *Newton.*
 229 Am I a soldier of the cross..... *Watts.*
 592 And are we wretches yet alive..... *Watts.*
 648 And canst thou, sinner, slight..... *Hyde.*
 506 And is this life prolonged to me..... *Watts.*
 325 And must this body die..... *Watts.*
 543 And what am I? My soul, awake..... *Davies.*
 541 And will the great, eternal God..... *Doddridge.*
 618 And will the Judge descend..... *Doddridge.*
 695 And will the Lord thus condescend..... *Steele.*
 67 Another six days' work is done..... *Stennett.*
 696 A present God is all our strength..... *Doddridge.*
 563 Arise, my soul, my joyful powers..... *Watts.*
 104 Arise, O King of grace, arise..... *Watts.*
 73 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake..... *Shrubsole.*
 531 Around the throne of God in heaven.....
 570 Ascend Thy throne, almighty King..... *Beddome.*
 162 Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep..... *Mrs. Mackay.*
 170 As when the weary traveller gains..... *Newton.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 75 At Thy command, our dearest Lord..... *Watts.*
 207 Awaked by Sinai's awful sound..... *Ockum.*
 248 Awake, my heart, arise my tongue..... *Watts.*
 481 Awake, my soul, and with the sun..... *Ken.*
 199 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays..... *Medley.*
 654 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve..... *Doddridge.*
 28 Awake, my soul, to sound His praise..... *Barlow.*
 171 Awake, our souls, away our fears..... *Watts.*
 641 Awake, sweet gratitude, and sing..... *Toplady.*
 714 Away from every mortal care..... *Watts.*
- 418 **BEAUTIFUL** Zion, built above..... *Beers.*
 2 Before Jehovah's awful throne..... *Abridged from Watts.*
 247 Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme..... *Watts.*
 469 Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near. *Newton.*
 567 Behold a stranger at the door..... *Gregg.*
 232 Behold how good a thing it is..... *Rouse.*
 598 Behold the glories of the Lamb..... *Watts.*
 608 Behold the leprous Jew..... *Stennett.*
 330 Behold the morning sun..... *Watts.*
 102 Behold the mountain of the Lord..... *Bruce.*
 599 Behold the sin-atoning Lamb..... *Fawcett.*
 656 Behold Thy waiting servant, Lord..... *Watts.*
 81 Behold what condescending love..... *Doddridge.*
 745 Behold what matchless, tender love..... *Peacock.*
 317 Behold what wondrous grace..... *Watts.*
 5 Be Thou exalted, O my God..... *Watts.*
 404 Blessed Saviour, Thee I love..... *Duffield.*
 16 Bless, O my soul, the living God..... *Watts.*
 729 Blest are the souls who hear and know..... *Watts.*
 787 Blest be the everlasting God..... *Watts.*
 313 Blest be the tie that binds..... *Fawcett.*
 527 Blest be Thou, O God of Israel..... *Sab. Hymn Book.*
 310 Blest Comforter divine..... *Pratt's Coll.*
 316 Blest is the man, O God..... *Toplady.*
 108 Blest Jesus, come Thou gently down..... *Watts.*
 738 Blest Jesus, when Thy cross I view..... *Speece.*
 731 Blest morning, whose first dawning light..... *Watts.*
 123 Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... *C. Wesley.*
 377 Boundless glory, Lord, be Thine..... *Scotch Coll.*
 137 Bread of heaven, on Thee I feed..... *Conder.*
 147 Bright in the east, lo! the son of the morning..... *Heber.*
 460 Brightly gleams a holy radiance.....
 649 Broad is the road that leads to death..... *Watts.*
- 378 **CHILDREN** of the Heavenly King..... *Cennick.*
 432 Christ, above all glory seated..... *Breviary.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 85 Christ and His cross is all our theme..... *Watts.*
 126 Christ is our corner stone.....*J. Chandler.*
 363 Christ, whose glory fills the skies..... *Toplady.*
 453 Clouds and darkness round about Thee.....*Sab. Hymn Book.*
 709 Come, Christian brethren, ere we part.....*H. Kirke White.*
 730 Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day.....*Dobell.*
 671 Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell..... *Watts.*
 350 Come, every pious heart.....*Stennett.*
 169 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.....*Browne.*
 245 Come, happy souls, approach our God..... *Watts.*
 623 Come hither, all ye weary souls..... *Watts.*
 746 Come, Holy Ghost, come from on high.....
 188 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind.....*Burder's Coll.*
 332 Come, Holy Spirit, come.....*Hart.*
 238 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove..... *Watts.*
 258 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast.....*Jones.*
 710 Come, Jesus, heavenly Teacher, come.....*Beddome.*
 473 Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou with..*Dr. Ray Palmer.*
 250 Come let our hearts and voices join.....*Swaine.*
 533 Come, let us anew.....*C. Wesley.*
 254 Come, let us join our cheerful songs..... *Watts.*
 257 Come, let us join our friends above.....*C. Wesley.*
 677 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes..... *Watts.*
 15 Come, let us sing the song of songs.....*Montgomery.*
 766 Come, let us to the Lord our God.....*Scotch Paraphrase.*
 762 Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart.....*Steele.*
 351 Come, my Redeemer, come.....*Reed.*
 400 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....*Newton.*
 60 Come, sacred Spirit, from above.....*Doddridge.*
 607 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace.....
 41 Come, sound His praise abroad..... *Watts.*
 42 Come, Thou Almighty King.....*Madan's Coll.*
 84 Come, Thou desire of all Thy saints.....*Mrs. Steele.*
 427 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing.....*Robinson.*
 436 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus.....*Madan's Coll.*
 560 Come, Thou soul-transforming Spirit.....*Rippon.*
 37 Come, we that love the Lord..... *Watts.*
 464 Come, ye disconsolate.....*Moore.*
 627 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched.....*Hart.*
- 734 DAUGHTER of Sion, awake from thy sadness.....
 88 Daughter of Sion, from the dust.....*Montgomery.*
 384 Day by day the manna fell.....*Conder.*
 262 Dearest of all the names above..... *Watts.*
 237 Dear Refuge of my weary soul.....*Mrs. Steele.*
 522 Dear Saviour, ever at my side.....*Faber.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 65 Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray.....*Hyde.*
 345 Dear Saviour, we are Thine.....*Doddridge.*
 298 Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall... ..*Mrs. Steele.*
 107 Dear Shepherd of Thy people, here.....*Newton.*
 777 Death cannot make our souls afraid.....*Watts.*
 630 Deep are the wounds which sin has made.....*Steele.*
 79 Deep in our hearts let us record.....*Watts.*
 371 Depth of mercy, can there be.....*C. Wesley.*
 635 Did Christ o'er sinners weep.....*Beddome.*
 265 Didst Thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame.....*Kirkham.*
 719 Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord.....*Hart.*
 751 Disowned of Heaven, by man oppressed.....*.....*
 528 Dread Jehovah, God of nations.....*Sab. Hymn Book.*
 498 Dread Sovereign, let my evening song.....*Watts.*
- 243 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay.....*Watts.*
 318 Enthroned is Jesus now.....*Judkins.*
 219 Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord.....*Humphreys.*
 720 Ere to the world again we go.....*.....*
 492 Eternal source of every joy.....*Doddridge.*
 173 Eternal Spirit, we confess.....*Watts.*
 775 Eternity is just at hand.....*Steele.*
 391 Everlasting arms of love... ..*Macduff.*
 396 Ever patient, gentle, meek.....*Sab. Hymn Book.*
 585 Exalt the Lord our God.....*Watts.*
- 113 **F**AR as Thy name is known.....*Watts.*
 61 Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone.*Watts.*
 725 Father, bless Thy word to all.....*Kelly.*
 242 Father, how wide Thy glories shine.....*Watts.*
 214 Father, I know that all my life,.....*Miss Waring.*
 788 Father, I long, I faint to see.....*Watts.*
 387 Father of eternal grace, Glorify, &c.....*Montgomery.*
 134 Father of eternal grace, Who, &c.....*Comber.*
 750 Father of faithful Abraham, hear.....*C. Wesley.*
 11 Father of heaven, whose love profound.....*Eng. Cong. Coll.*
 518 Father of love and power.....*Eng. Cong. Coll.*
 174 Father of mercies, God of love.....*Heginbotham.*
 589 Father of mercies, in Thy word.....*Steele.*
 383 Father, to Thy sinful child.....*Comber.*
 259 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....*Mrs. Steele.*
 562 Firm as the earth Thy gospel stands.....*Watts.*
 451 Flow, my tears, oh flow still faster.....*Laurentius.*
 658 For ever blessed be the Lord.....*Watts.*
 319 For ever with the Lord.....*Montgomery.*
 521 For the mercies of the day.....*Noel.*
 523 For Thy mercy and Thy grace.....*Sir Ro. Palmer.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 764 For Thy name's glory help us, Lord..... *Rouse.*
 459 For Thy Sabbath, Lord, I bless Thee..... *Lond. Cong. Coll.*
 93 Frequent the day of God returns..... *Brown.*
 3 From all that dwell below the skies..... *Watts.*
 179 From deep distress and troubled thoughts..... *Watts.*
 193 From every stormy wind that blows..... *Stowell.*
 144 From Greenland's icy mountains..... *Heber.*
 136 From the cross uplifted high..... *Haweis.*
 428 Full of trembling expectation..... *C. Wesley.*
- 743 **G**ENTILES by nature, we belong..... *Watts.*
 420 Gently, Lord, oh gently lead us..... *Hastings.*
 261 Give me the wings of faith to rise..... *Watts.*
 141 Glorious things of thee are spoken..... *Newton.*
 43 Glory to God on high..... *Hill's Coll.*
 482 Glory to Thee, my God, this night..... *Ken.*
 517 God bless our native land..... *J. S. Dwight.*
 609 God counts the sorrows of His saints.....
 737 God in His earthly temple lays..... *Watts.*
 70 God in His temple let us meet..... *Montgomery.*
 612 God in the gospel of His Son..... *Beddome.*
 556 God is our Refuge and our Strength..... *Rouse.*
 478 God is the refuge of His saints..... *Watts.*
 251 God moves in a mysterious way..... *Cowper.*
 266 God, my supporter and my hope..... *Watts.*
 135 God of mercy, God of grace..... *Lyte.*
 497 God of my life, my morning song..... *Mrs. Steele.*
 483 God of the morning, at Thy voice..... *Watts.*
 488 God of the passing year, to Thee..... *Bacon.*
 723 God of the prophets' power.....
 549 God's law is perfect and converts..... *Rouse.*
 615 God's mercies I will ever sing..... *Rouse.*
 379 God with us! O glorious name..... *Wood's Coll.*
 547 Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord..... *Watts.*
 331 Grace, 'tis a charming sound..... *Doddridge.*
 380 Gracious Spirit, Love Divine..... *Stochen.*
 703 Great God, attend to my complaint.....
 74 Great God, attend while Sion sings..... *Watts.*
 32 Great God, how infinite art Thou..... *Watts.*
 752 Great God, the nations of the earth..... *Gibbons.*
 479 Great God, to Thee my evening song..... *Mrs. Steele.*
 486 Great God, we sing Thy mighty hand..... *Doddridge.*
 442 Great God, what do I see and hear..... *Luther.*
 96 Great is the Lord, and greatly He..... *Rouse.*
 111 Great is the Lord our God..... *Watts.*
 125 Great King of glory, come..... *Francis.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 507 Great King of nations, hear our prayer.....
- 68 Great Saviour, who didst condescend..... *Campbell's Coll.*
- 540 Great was the day, the joy was great..... *Watts.*
- 431 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, (Welsh)..... *Williams.*
- 422 **HAIL!** my ever blessed Jesus..... *Wingrove.*
- 50 Hail! Thou once despised Jesus..... *Bakewell.*
- 145 Hail! to the Lord's anointed..... *Montgomery.*
- 546 Hark! how the choral song of heaven.....
- 629 Hark! my soul, it is the Lord..... *Newton.*
- 454 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices..... *Kelly.*
- 457 Hark! the church proclaims her (Eng. Cho.)..... *Preiswick.*
- 244 Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes..... *Doddridge.*
- 638 Hark! the herald angels say..... *Credworth.*
- 47 Hark! the song of Jubilee..... *Montgomery.*
- 444 Hark! the voice of love and mercy..... *Francis.*
- 143 Hark! what mean those holy voices..... *Cawood.*
- 620 Hasten, O sinner, to be wise..... *T. Scott.*
- 622 Hearts of stone, relent, relent..... *Har. Sac.*
- 776 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims..... *Watts.*
- 728 Heavenly Father, grant Thy blessing.....
- 130 Heavenly Father, may Thy love..... *Guest.*
- 385 Heavenly Father, to whose eye..... *Conder.*
- 10 He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns..... *Watts.*
- 206 Here is my heart, I give it Thee..... *German Lyric.*
- 568 Here we have seen Thy face, O Lord.....
- 694 He that doth in the secret place..... *Rouse.*
- 22 High in the heavens, eternal God..... *Watts.*
- 392 High in yonder realms of light..... *Raffles.*
- 151 Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs.....
- 372 Holy Father, hear our cry..... *Bohar.*
- 419 Holy Father, Thou hast taught us.....
- 435 Holy Ghost, dispel our..... *Gerhardt, transl. by Toplad.*
- 403 Holy Ghost, Thou source of light..... *Sab. Hymn Book.*
- 367 Holy Ghost, with light divine..... *Reed.*
- 49 Holy, holy, holy Lord..... *Conder.*
- 381 Holy Lamb, who Thee..... *Gerhardt, transl. by J. Wesley.*
- 500 Hosanna, with a cheerful sound..... *Watts.*
- 220 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord..... *Addison.*
- 117 How beauteous are their feet..... *Watts.*
- 181 How blest the righteous when he dies..... *Mrs. Barbauld.*
- 639 How calm and beautiful the morn..... *Hastings.*
- 680 How can I sink with such a prop..... *Watts.*
- 116 How charming is the place..... *Stennett.*
- 267 How condescending and how kind..... *Watts.*
- 98 How did my heart rejoice to hear..... *Watts.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 468 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.....*Kirkham.*
 334 How heavy is the night..... *Watts.*
 304 How helpless guilty nature lies.....*Mrs. Steele.*
 86 How large the promise, how divine..... *Watts.*
 604 How long beneath the law I lay..... *Couper.*
 271 How long wilt Thou conceal Thy face..... *Watts.*
 99 How lovely is Thy dwelling-place.....*Rouse.*
 262 How oft, alas! this wretched heart.....*Mrs. Steele.*
 168 How oft have sin and Satan strove..... *Watts.*
 55 How pleased and blest was I..... *Watts.*
 552 How precious is the book divine.....*Rippon.*
 769 How shall the young secure their hearts..... *Watts.*
 770 How short and hasty is our life..... *Watts.*
 504 How still and peaceful is the grave.....*Logan.*
 97 How sweet and awful is the place..... *Watts.*
 260 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....*Newton.*
 650 How vain are all things here below..... *Watts.*
- 328 IF God be on my side..... *Gerhardt.*
 333 If through unruffled seas.....*Pratt's Coll.*
 227 I heard the voice of Jesus say.....*Bonar.*
 410 I lay my sins on Jesus.....*Bonar.*
 329 I lift my soul to God..... *Watts.*
 686 I'll bless the Lord from day to day..... *Watts.*
 691 I'll praise my Maker with my breath..... *Watts.*
 34 I'll speak the honours of my King..... *Watts.*
 217 I love Thee, O my God, but not.....*Xavier.*
 115 I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....*Dwight.*
 503 I love to steal a while away.....*Mrs. Brown.*
 357 I'm but a stranger here.....*Taylor.*
 277 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord..... *Watts.*
 252 In all my vast concerns with Thee..... *Watts.*
 512 In all our ways, O God.....*Beddome.*
 557 In every trouble sharp and strong..... *Coombes.*
 411 In heavenly love abiding.....*Eng. Bapt. Coll.*
 494 In sleep's serene oblivion laid.....*Hawkesworth.*
 458 In the Christian's home in glory.....
 450 In the cross of Christ I glory.....*Bowring.*
 717 In Thy great name, O Lord, we come.....*Hoskins.*
 475 I once was a stranger to grace and to God.....*McCheyne.*
 273 I saw one hanging on a tree.....*Newton.*
 178 I send the joys of earth away..... *Watts.*
 338 Is this the kind return..... *Watts.*
 515 I think when I read that sweet story of old.....
 321 It is Thy hand, my God.....*Darby.*
 231 I to the hills will lift mine eyes.....*Rouse.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 555 I waited for the Lord, my God.....*Rouse.*
 513 I want to be with Jesus.....*Miss Gill.*
 349 I was a wandering sheep.....*Bonar.*
 452 I will love Thee, all my treasure (Sab. H. Bk.).....*German.*
 424 I would love Thee, God and Father (Sab. H. Bk.)...*French.*
 472 I would not live alway.....*Muhlenberg.*
- 19 **JEHOVAH** reigns; He dwells in light..... *Watts.*
 571 Jehovah reigns; His throne is high..... *Watts.*
 275 Jerusalem, my happy home.....*Dickson.*
 382 Jesus, all-atoning Lamb..... *Wesley.*
 154 Jesus, and shall it ever be..... *Grigg.*
 370 Jesus, cast a look on me.....*Berridge.*
 530 Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour.....
 167 Jesus, engrave it on my heart.....*Medley.*
 425 Jesus, full of all compassion.....*Turner.*
 51 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory.....*Bakewell.*
 272 Jesus, I love Thy charming name.....*Doddridge.*
 426 Jesus, I my cross have taken.....*Lyle.*
 600 Jesus, in Thee our eyes behold..... *Watts.*
 595 Jesus invites His saints..... *Watts.*
 77 Jesus is gone above the skies..... *Watts.*
 376 Jesus, Jesus, visit me.....*Angelus, transl. by Dunn.*
 362 Jesus, Lamb of God, for me.....*Dr. Ray Palmer.*
 365 Jesus, lover of my soul..... *C. Wesley.*
 748 Jesus, Master, hear me now.....
 366 Jesus, merciful and mild.....*Hastings.*
 175 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone..... *Cennick.*
 355 Jesus, my great High Priest..... *Watts.*
 288 Jesus, my Saviour, bind me fast.....*Beddome.*
 674 Jesus, my Saviour, let me be.....*Beddome.*
 348 Jesus, my strength, my hope..... *C. Wesley.*
 645 Jesus, our Lord, ascend Thy throne..... *Watts.*
 462 Jesus, pitying Saviour, hear me.....*Tersteegen.*
 373 Jesus, save my dying soul.....*Hastings.*
 394 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep.....*Kelly.*
 71 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun..... *Watts.*
 401 Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep..... *Ch. Psalmist.*
 361 Jesus, still lead on.....*Zinzendorf.*
 477 Jesus, Sun of Righteousness.....*Rosenmoth.*
 276 Jesus, these eyes have (Sab. Hymn Book.)...*Dr. Ray Palmer.*
 183 Jesus, the spring of joys divine.....*Mrs. Steele.*
 221 Jesus, the very thought of Thee.....*Bernard.*
 226 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's Friend.....*Burnham.*
 713 Jesus, Thou everlasting King.....
 163 Jesus, Thou joy of loving...*Bernard, transl. by Dr. R. Palmer.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 157 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.....*Zinzendorf.*
 837 Jesus, who knows full well.....*Newton.*
 89 Jesus, with all Thy saints above..... *Watts.*
 354 Join all the glorious names..... *Watts.*
 465 Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move.....
 253 Joy to the world, the Lord is come..... *Watts.*
 582 Just are Thy ways, and true Thy word..... *Watts.*
 407 Just as I am, without one plea..... *Miss Elliot.*
- 446 **KEEP** us, Lord, oh keep us ever.....*Sab. Hymn Book.*
- 588 **LADEN** with guilt and full of fears..... *Watts.*
 416 Lamb of God, whose bleeding love..... *C. Wesley.*
 445 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.....*Edmonston.*
 82 Let children hear the mighty deeds..... *Watts.*
 24 Let everlasting glories crown..... *Watts.*
 180 Let me but hear my Saviour say..... *Watts.*
 101 Let Sion and her sons rejoice..... *Watts.*
 103 Let Sion's watchmen all awake.....*Doddridge.*
 255 Let them neglect Thy glory, Lord..... *Watts.*
 784 Life is a span, a fleeting hour.....*Steele.*
 490 Life is the time to serve the Lord..... *Watts.*
 421 Light of those, whose dreary dwelling..... *C. Wesley.*
 634 Like sheep we went astray..... *Watts.*
 56 Lo! God is here, let us adore...*Tersteegen, transl. by Wesley.*
 443 Lo! He comes with clouds descending.....*Brydges.*
 105 Long have I sat beneath the sound..... *Watts.*
 702 Long unafflicted, undismayed..... *Cooper.*
 594 Look down, O Lord! with pitying eye.....*Doddridge.*
 64 Look from the sphere of endless day..... *Bryant.*
 213 Lo! on a narrow neck of land..... *C. Wesley.*
 112 Lord, at this closing hour..... *Fitch.*
 94 Lord, at Thy temple we appear..... *Watts.*
 131 Lord, behold us, few and weak..... *Kelly.*
 53 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing..... *Burder.*
 516 Lord God, we worship Thee..... (Eng. Cho.)...*Francke.*
 182 Lord, how mysterious are Thy ways.....*Mrs. Steele.*
 564 Lord, how secure my conscience was..... *Watts.*
 198 Lord, I am Thine, but Thou wilt prove..... *Watts.*
 63 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine.....*Davies.*
 388 Lord, if Thou the grace impart..... *Madan.*
 280 Lord, I have made Thy word my choice..... *Watts.*
 279 Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear..... *Watts.*
 191 Lord, my weak thought (Sab. Hymn Book)...*Dr. R. Palmer.*
 80 Lord, now we part in Thy blest name.....*Heber.*
 628 Lord of every land and nation.....*Robinson.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 132 Lord of hosts, how lovely fair.....*Turner.*
 57 Lord of the harvest, bend Thine ear.....*Hastings.*
 122 Lord of the worlds above.....*Watts.*
 682 Lord, Thee, my God, I'll early seek.....*Rouse.*
 774 Lord, Thou hast scourged our guilty...*Altered from Watts.*
 95 Lord, Thou on earth didst love Thine own...*Dr. Ray Palmer.*
 195 Lord, Thou wilt bring the joyful day.....*Dr. Ray Palmer.*
 499 Lord, Thou wilt hear me when I pray.....*Watts.*
 699 Lord, we adore Thy vast designs.....*Watts.*
 128 Lord, we come before Thee now.....*Hammond.*
 597 Lord, we confess our numerous faults.....*Watts.*
 577 Lord, what is man that he should prove.....*Rove.*
 21 Lord, when Thou didst ascend on high.....*Watts.*
 712 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne.....*Pratt's Coll.*
 741 Lord, whom winds and seas obey.....*C. Wesley.*
 133 Lo! the stone is rolled away.....*Scott.*
 20 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.....*Watts.*
 437 Love divine, all love excelling.....*C. Wesley.*
 673 Lo! what an entertaining sight.....*Watts.*
- 240 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned.....*Stennett.*
 644 Maker and Sovereign Lord.....*Watts.*
 165 May I resolve with all my heart.....*Mrs. Steele.*
 727 May the grace of Christ our Saviour.....*Newton.*
 434 Mercy, O Thou Son of David.....*Newton.*
 471 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints...*Denham.*
 341 Mine eyes and my desire.....*Watts.*
 537 Mortals, awake, with angels join.....*Watts.*
 241 Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....*Allen.*
 447 My days are gliding swiftly by.....*Nelson.*
 185 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord.....*Watts.*
 698 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so.....*Watts.*
 358 My faith looks up to Thee.....*Dr. Ray Palmer.*
 484 My God, how endless is Thy love.....*Watts.*
 216 My God, lo! here before Thy face.....*Drewes.*
 408 My God, my Father, while I stray.....*Miss Elliot.*
 689 My God, my King, Thy various praise.....*Watts.*
 580 My God, my Life. my Love.....*Watts.*
 575 My God, my Portion, and my Love.....*Watts.*
 487 My God, permit me not to be.....*Watts.*
 342 My God, permit my tongue.....*Watts.*
 281 My God, the spring of all my joys.....*Watts.*
 225 My God, what gentle cords are Thine.....*Doddridge.*
 642 My heart brings forth a goodly thing.....*Rouse.*
 347 My Jesus, as Thou wilt.....*Schmolk.*
 223 My Saviour, my almighty Friend.....*Watts.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 417 My Saviour, whom absent I love..... *Cowper.*
 344 My soul, be on thy guard..... *Heath.*
 653 My soul forsakes her vain delight..... *Watts.*
 278 My soul lies cleaving to the dust..... *Watts.*
 38 My soul, repeat His praise..... *Watts.*
 542 My spirit looks to God alone..... *Watts.*
 322 My spirit on Thy care..... *Lyte.*
 789 My thoughts surmount these lower skies..... *Watts.*
- 772 **N**AKED as from the earth we came..... *Scotch Paraphrase.*
 176 Nature with open volume stands..... *Watts.*
 356 Nearer, my God, to Thee..... *Miss Adams.*
 448 Near the cross our station taking..... *Sab. Hymn Book.*
 177 No more, my God, I boast no more..... *Watts.*
 340 Not all the blood of beasts..... *Watts.*
 593 Not all the outward forms on earth..... *Watts.*
 539 Not to the terrors of the Lord..... *Watts.*
 327 Not with our mortal eyes..... *Watts.*
 614 Now begin the heavenly theme..... *Rippon.*
 758 Now be the gospel banner..... *Hastings.*
 706 Now, from the altar of our hearts..... *Mason.*
 711 Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal..... *Newton.*
 768 Now in the heat of youthful blood..... *Watts.*
 282 Now let our cheerful eyes survey..... *Doddridge.*
 164 Now let our souls on wings sublime..... *Gibbons.*
 726 Now may He, who from the dead..... *Newton.*
 489 Now may the God of power and grace..... *Watts.*
 87 Now may the Lord our Shepherd lead..... *Montgomery.*
 687 Now shall my solemn vows be paid..... *Watts.*
 18 Now to the Lord a noble song..... *Watts.*
 602 Now to the power of God supreme..... *Watts.*
- 679 **O** BLESSED souls are they..... *Watts.*
 40 O bless the Lord, my soul..... *Watts.*
 146 O Bread to pilgrims given... *Aquinas, transl. by Dr. R. Palmer.*
 733 O cease, my wandering soul..... *Muhlenberg.*
 156 O Christ! our King..... *Gregory, transl. by Dr. R. Palmer.*
 754 O come, and let us every one..... *Scottish Version.*
 6 O come, loud anthems let us sing..... *Tate and Brady.*
 210 O could I speak the matchless worth..... *Medley.*
 561 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness..... *Williams.*
 474 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are... *Plymouth Coll.*
 548 Of all the joys we mortals know..... *Watts.*
 759 Of corn an handful in the earth..... *Rouse.*
 239 O for a closer walk with God..... *Cowper.*
 285 O for an overcoming faith..... *Watts.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 538 O for a heart to praise my God..... *C. Wesley.*
 31 O for a shout of sacred joy..... *Watts.*
 172 O for a sight, a pleasing sight..... *Watts.*
 544 O for a sweet inspiring ray..... *Steele.*
 284 O for a thousand tongues to sing..... *C. Wesley.*
 780 O for the death of those.....
 27 O God, my heart is fully bent..... *Tate and Brady.*
 573 O God of Bethel, by whose hand..... *Logan.*
 291 O God of mercy, hear my call..... *Watts.*
 66 O happy day that fixed my choice..... *Doddridge.*
 554 O happy is the man who hears..... *Logan.*
 44 O holy, holy Lord..... *Sab. Hymn Book.*
 149 O holy Lord, our God..... *Young.*
 430 O holy Saviour, Friend unseen..... *Miss Elliot.*
 591 O how divine, how sweet the joy..... *Needham.*
 666 O Israel, who is like to thee.....
 765 O let Thy hand be still upon..... *Rouse.*
 707 O Lord, another day is flown..... *H. Kirke White.*
 286 O Lord I would delight in Thee..... *Ryland.*
 705 O Lord, my best desires fulfil..... *Couper.*
 578 O Lord our God, arise..... *Wardlaw's Coll.*
 412 O Lord, Thy love's unbounded..... *Sab. Hymn Book.*
 218 O Lord, when we the path retrace..... *Sab. Hymn Book.*
 209 O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art..... *C. Wesley.*
 155 O Love Divine, that stooped to share..... *O. W. Holmes.*
 205 O Love, who formedst me to wear..... *Scheffler.*
 652 O might I once mount up and see..... *Watts.*
 697 Once I thought my mountain strong..... *Newton.*
 502 Once more, my soul, the rising day..... *Watts.*
 127 One sole baptismal sign..... *Robinson.*
 346 One sweetly solemn thought..... *Miss Carey.*
 433 One there is above all others..... *Newton.*
 786 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand..... *Stennett.*
 550 One thing I of the Lord desired..... *Rouse.*
 535 On the mountain's top appearing..... *Kelly.*
 493 On Thee, O Lord our God, we call..... *Sab. Hymn Book.*
 613 On Sion, His most holy mount..... *Gibbons.*
 415 O sacred Head.... *Gerhardt, transl. by Dr. J. W. Alexander.*
 701 O send Thy light forth, and Thy truth..... *Rouse.*
 463 O silent Lamb, for me Thou hast endured..... *Bogatsky.*
 763 O Sion, tune thy voice..... *Doddridge.*
 76 O Spirit of the living God..... *Montgomery.*
 409 O stronger Thou than death and hell..... *Heermann.*
 660 O Sun of Righteousness divine.....
 289 O that I knew the secret place..... *Watts.*
 290 O that the Lord would guide my ways..... *Watts.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 587 O Thou, my light, my life, my joy.....*Montgomery.*
 683 O Thou, my soul, bless God the Lord.....*Rouse.*
 352 O Thou that hearest prayer.....*Pratt's Coll.*
 211 O Thou that hearest the prayer of faith.....*Toplady.*
 187 O Thou that hearest when sinners cry.....*Watts.*
 429 O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend.....*Miss Elliot.*
 153 O Thou, to whose all-searching sight.....*C. Wesley.*
 293 O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear.....*Moore.*
 208 O Thou, who hast redeemed of old.....*C. Wesley.*
 767 O Thou, whose hand the kingdom sways.....
 294 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears.....*Mrs. Steele.*
 678 Our God, how firm His promise stands.....*Watts.*
 33 Our God, our help in ages past.....*Watts.*
 724 Our heavenly Father, hear.....*Montgomery.*
 501 Our land, O Lord, with songs of praise.....*Watts.*
 7 Our Lord is risen from the dead.....*C. Wesley.*
 314 Our times are in Thy hand.....*Bonar.*
 667 O where shall rest be found.....*Montgomery.*
 320 O whither should I go.....*C. Wesley.*
 323 O who can ever find.....*Watts.*
 1 O worship the King all-glorious above.....*Sir R. Grant.*
- 393 **P**ALMS of glory, raiment bright.....*Montgomery.*
 274 Peace, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand.....*Doddridge.*
 390 People of the living God.....*Montgomery.*
 659 Permit me, Lord, to seek Thy face.....*Steele.*
 397 Pity, Lord, the child of clay.....*Sab. Hymn Book.*
 264 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.....*Watts.*
 62 Pour out Thy Spirit from on high.....*Montgomery.*
 23 Praise, everlasting praise be paid.....*Watts.*
 525 Praise on Thee in Zion's gates.....*Conder.*
 496 Praise to God, immortal praise.....*Barbault.*
 52 Praise to Thee, Thou Great Creator.....*Fawcett.*
 692 Praise ye the Lord, all nature join.....
 736 Pray that Jerusalem may have.....*Rouse.*
 640 Prepare a thankful song.....*Newton.*
 536 Prepare me, gracious God.....*Elliot.*
 368 Prince of Peace, control my will.....*Songs of the Church.*
 619 Prisoners of sin and Satan too.....*Hoskins.*
 292 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at Thy feet.....*Stennett.*
- 405 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart.....*Newton.*
- 39 **R**AISE your triumphant songs.....*Watts.*
 124 Rejoice, the Lord is King.....*C. Wesley.*
 610 Religion is the chief concern.....*Fawcett.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 708 Return, my roving heart, return.....*Doddridge.*
 626 Return, O wanderer, return..... *Collver.*
 675 Rich are the joys that cannot die.....
 413 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....*Seagrave.*
 120 Rise, Sun of glory, rise..... *Bender.*
 395 Rock of ages, cleft for me.....*Toplady.*
- 138 SAFELY through another week.....*Newton.*
 576 Saints, for whom the Saviour bled.....
 545 Salvation is for ever nigh..... *Watts.*
 30 Salvation! oh the joyful sound..... *Watts.*
 559 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.....*Edmeston.*
 438 Saviour, hast Thou fled for ever.....*Mrs. McCarlee.*
 359 Saviour, I look to Thee.....*Hastings.*
 414 Saviour, I Thy word believe..... *Toplady.*
 529 Saviour, King, in hallowed union.....*Boardman's Coll.*
 440 Saviour, like a shepherd, lead us.....
 140 Saviour, visit Thy plantation.....*Newton.*
 374 Saviour, when in dust to Thee.....*Sir R. Grant.*
 526 Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.....*Muhlenberg.*
 508 See, gracious God, before Thy throne.....*Steele.*
 91 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand.....*Doddridge.*
 646 See what a living Stone..... *Watts.*
 509 Serene I laid me down.....*E. Scott.*
 398 Shall I not sing praise to Thee..... *Gerhardt.*
 785 Shall man, O God of light and life.....*Dwight.*
 651 Shall we go on to sin..... *Watts.*
 150 Shepherd of tender youth..... *Clem. Alexandrinus.*
 386 Shepherd of the ransomed flock.....*Sab. Hymn Book.*
 760 Shine, mighty God, on Zion shine..... *Watts.*
 186 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive..... *Watts.*
 688 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name..... *Watts.*
 616 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands..... *Watts.*
 790 Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord.....*Doddridge.*
 590 Sin has a thousand treacherous arts..... *Watts.*
 621 Sinners, turn, why will ye die..... *Wesley.*
 142 Sion's King shall reign victorious.....*Kelly.*
 633 So did the Hebrew prophet raise..... *Watts.*
 520 Softly now the light of day..*Doane.*
 184 So let our lips and lives express..... *Watts.*
 586 Songs of immortal praise belong..... *Watts.*
 402 Son of God, Thy blessing grant..... *C. Wesley.*
 48 Son of God, to Thee we bow..... *Cennick.*
 269 Soon as I heard my Father say..... *C. Wesley.*
 485 Sovereign of all the worlds above.....*Furman.*
 606 Sovereign of all the worlds on high.....*Doddridge.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 572 Sovereign of worlds, display Thy power.....*Pratt's Coll.*
 603 Sprinkled with reconciling blood.....*Beddome.*
 190 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears.....*Watts.*
 161 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay.....*C. Wesley.*
 456 Strive we will—Lord, Thou dost call us.....*Winkler.*
 581 Such pity as a father hath.....*Rouse.*
 480 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.....*Keble.*
 160 Sure the blöst Comforter is nigh.....*Mrs. Steele.*
 690 Sweet is the memory of Thy grace.....*Watts.*
 69 Sweet is the work, my God, my King.....*Watts.*
 431 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.....*Robinson.*
 297 Sweet was the time when first I felt.....*Newton.*
 524 Swell the anthem, raise the song.....*N. Strony.*
- 449 **T**AKE me, O my Father, take me.....*Dr. Ray Palmer.*
 423 Tarry with me, O my Saviour.....*Watts.*
 574 Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way.....*Rouse.*
 235 Teach me the measure of my days.....*Watts.*
 268 That awful day will surely come.....*Watts.*
 511 The day is past and gone.....*J. Leland.*
 771 Thee we adore, Eternal Name.....*Watts.*
 203 Thee will I love, my Strength and Tower.....*J. Wesley.*
 584 The God Jehovah reigns.....*Watts.*
 519 The God of harvest praise.....*Montgomery.*
 670 The God of my salvation lives.....*Watts.*
 631 The great Redeemer's gone.....*Watts.*
 121 The happy morn is come.....*Sab. Hymn Book.*
 26 The Head, that once was crowned with thorns.....*Kelly.*
 192 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord.....*Watts.*
 609 The law by Moses came.....*Watts.*
 100 The Lord doth reign, and clothed is He.....*Rouse.*
 617 The Lord is come; the heavens proclaim.....*Rouse.*
 25 The Lord is King, lift up thy voice.....*Conder.*
 466 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I.....*Montgomery.*
 54 The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal, &c.....*Watts.*
 46 The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne, &c.....*Watts.*
 201 The Lord my pasture shall prepare.....*Addison.*
 311 The Lord my Shepherd is.....*Watts.*
 283 The Lord of glory is my light.....*Watts.*
 45 The Lord of heaven confess.....*Rouse.*
 9 The Lord shall come, the earth shall quake.....*Heber.*
 287 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.....*Rouse.*
 676 The man is ever blest.....*Watts.*
 721 The peace which God alone reveals.....*Newton.*
 13 The praise of Sion waits for Thee.....*Watts.*
 109 The promise of my Father's love.....*Watts.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 300 There is a fountain filled with blood..... *Cowper.*
 534 There is a happy land.....
 505 There is a house not made with hands..... *Watts.*
 299 There is a land of pure delight..... *Watts.*
 270 There is a voice of sovereign grace..... *Watts.*
 197 There is none other name than Thine..... *Sab. Hymn Book.*
 625 The Saviour calls, let every ear..... *Steele.*
 256 The Saviour! oh what endless charms..... *Mrs. Steele.*
 647 The Spirit breathes upon the word..... *Cowper.*
 476 The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the..... *Thornby.*
 72 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love..... *Doddridge.*
 90 This is the day the Lord hath made..... *Watts.*
 611 This is the word of truth and love..... *Watts.*
 514 This night, O Lord, we bless Thee.....
 315 Thou art gone up on high.....
 228 Thou art my Hiding-Place, O Lord..... *Raffles.*
 655 Thou art my portion, O my God..... *Watts.*
 230 Thou art the way, to Thee alone..... *Doane.*
 467 Though faint yet pursuing, we go on our way.....
 753 Though now the nations sit beneath..... *Bacon.*
 470 Though troubles assail, and dangers affright..... *Newton.*
 643 Thou hast, O Lord, most glorious..... *Rouse.*
 200 Thou hidden Source of calm repose..... *C. Wesley.*
 302 Thou lovely Source of true delight..... *Mrs. Steele.*
 224 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst.. *Xavier, transl. by Mrs. Steele.*
 166 Thou only Sovereign of my heart..... *Mrs. Steele.*
 735 Thou shalt arise and mercy have..... *Rouse.*
 749 Thou, whom my soul admires above..... *Watts.*
 148 Thou, whose almighty word..... *Marriott.*
 83 Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands..... *Bryant.*
 339 Thou wilt regard my cries..... *Watts.*
 246 Throned on a cloud our God shall come..... *Watts.*
 301 Through all the changing scenes of life..... *Tate and Brady.*
 491 Thus far my God has led me on..... *Fawcett.*
 744 Thus saith the mercy of the Lord..... *Watts.*
 196 Thy Father's house, Thine own bright..... *Dr. R. Palmer.*
 681 Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heavens..... *Rouse.*
 761 Thy name, Almighty Lord..... *Walis.*
 755 Thy people, Lord, who trust Thy word..... *Voke.*
 716 Thy presence, gracious God, afford..... *Fawcett.*
 222 Thy promise is my only plea..... *Newton.*
 309 Thy way, not mine, O Lord..... *German, transl. by Bonar.*
 663 'Tis by the faith of joys to come..... *Watts.*
 664 'Tis faith supports my feeble soul..... *Beddoms.*
 295 'Tis sweet to know that grace divine..... *Toplady.*
 732 To-day the Saviour rose..... *Hoskins.*

First Lines of Hymns.

HYMNS.

- 747 Together with these symbols, Lord.....
 36 To God be glory, peace on earth..... *Telesphorus.*
 569 To God my Saviour and my King *Stennett.*
 14 To God, the Great, the Ever Blest..... *Watts.*
 335 To God, the Only Wise, Our Saviour, &c..... *Watts.*
 722 To God, the Only Wise, Who keeps, &c..... *Watts.*
 684 To Him that loved the souls of men *Scotch Paraphrase.*
 510 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine..... *Doddridge.*
 118 To Thee, O God, in heaven.....
 668 To Thee, O God of truth and love.....
 129 To Thy temple I repair..... *Montgomery.*
 756 Trusting in Christ, go, heralds, rear.....
 307 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord..... *Watts.*
 78 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night..... *Watts.*
 742 'Twas the commission of our Lord..... *Watts.*
- 782 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb..... *Watts.*
 353 Upward I lift mine eyes..... *Watts.*
- 605 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men..... *Watts.*
- 704 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will..... *Beddome.*
 757 Watchman, tell us of the night..... *Couring.*
 204 Weary of wandering from my God..... *C. Wesley.*
 632 We bless the Prophet of the Lord..... *Watts.*
 740 We come, O Lord, before Thy throne.....
 579 We give immortal praise..... *Watts.*
 119 Welcome, delightful morn..... *Hayward.*
 114 Welcome, sweet day of rest..... *Watts.*
 441 Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer..... *Village Hymns.*
 455 Well for us, if all things losing..... *G. Arnold.*
 596 What is the thing of greatest price..... *Montgomery.*
 296 What shall I render to my God..... *Watts.*
 566 What shall the dying sinner do..... *Watts.*
 672 What though no flowers the fig-tree..... *Scotch Paraphrase.*
 106 What though the arm of conquering death..... *Doddridge.*
 661 What various hinderances we meet..... *Cowper.*
 399 What within me and without..... *Francke.*
 249 When all Thy mercies, O my God..... *Addison.*
 375 When along life's thorny road.....
 306 Whence do our mournful thoughts arise..... *Watts.*
 781 When death appears before my sight..... *Steele.*
 202 When gathering clouds around I view..... *Sir R. Grant.*
 657 When God revealed His gracious name..... *Watts.*
 360 When I behold my heart..... *Grey.*
 803 When I can read my title clear..... *Watts.*

First Lines of Hymns.

Hymns.

- 700 When in the light of faith divine..... *Watts.*
 58 When in these courts we seek Thy face.....*Montgomery.*
 158 When I survey the wondrous cross..... *Watts.*
 461 When marshalled on the nightly plain.....*H. Kirke White.*
 369 When, my Saviour, shall I be..... *C. Wesley.*
 565 When on the cross my Saviour died.....*Beddome.*
 522 When our heads are bowed with woe.....*Milman.*
 326 When overwhelmed with grief..... *Watts.*
 159 When sins and fears prevailing rise..... *Mrs. Steele.*
 495 When streaming from the eastern skies.....*Sir R. Grant.*
 601 When the first parents of our race..... *Watts.*
 783 When the last trumpet's awful voice.....*Scotch Paraphrase.*
 739 When the parting bosom bleeds.....*Mrs. Sigourney.*
 406 When this passing world is done.....*McCheyne.*
 212 When Thou, my Righteous Judge, shalt..*Lady Huntingdon.*
 194 Where high the heavenly temple stands.....*Logan.*
 662 Where is my God, does He retire.....*Steele.*
 773 While life prolongs its precious light.....*Dwight.*
 389 While with ceaseless course the sun.....*Newton.*
 35 Whilst Thee I seek, Protecting Power.....*Miss Williams.*
 792 Who are these in bright array.....*Montgomery.*
 364 Who are those before God's throne.....*Schenck.*
 139 Who but Thou, Almighty Spirit..... *Village Hymns.*
 779 Why do we mourn departing friends..... *Watts.*
 665 Why should the children of a King..... *Watts.*
 778 Why should we start and fear to die..... *Watts.*
 17 With all my powers of heart and tongue..... *Watts.*
 59 With heavenly power, O Lord, defend.....*Eng. Cong. Coll.*
 110 With humble heart and tongue.....*Fawcett.*
 715 Within Thy house, O Lord our God.....
 305 With joy we meditate the grace..... *Watts.*
 685 With my whole heart I'll raise my song..... *Watts.*
 583 With reverence let the saints appear..... *Watts.*
 152 With tearful eyes I look around.....*Hugh White.*
 553 With tears of anguish I lament.....*Stennett.*
 12 Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway..... *Shirley.*
- 791 YE angels, who stand round the throne.....*De Fleury.*
 551 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high..... *Rouse.*
 343 Ye saints, proclaim abroad..... *Ryland.*
 636 Yes, the Redeemer rose. *Doddridge.*
 624 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor.....*Steele.*
 693 Your harps, ye trembling saints..... *Toplady.*
- 536 ZION stands, by hills surrounded.....*Kelly.*

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ADOPTION.

- 317 Behold what wondrous
- 607 Come shout aloud the
- 571 Jehovah reigns, His
- 211 O Thou that hear'st the
- 606 Sovereign of all the
- 449 Take me, O my Father,

AFFLICTIONS, *acquiesced in.*

- 333 If through unruffled
- 321 It, is Thy hand, my God
- 702 Long unafflicted,
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