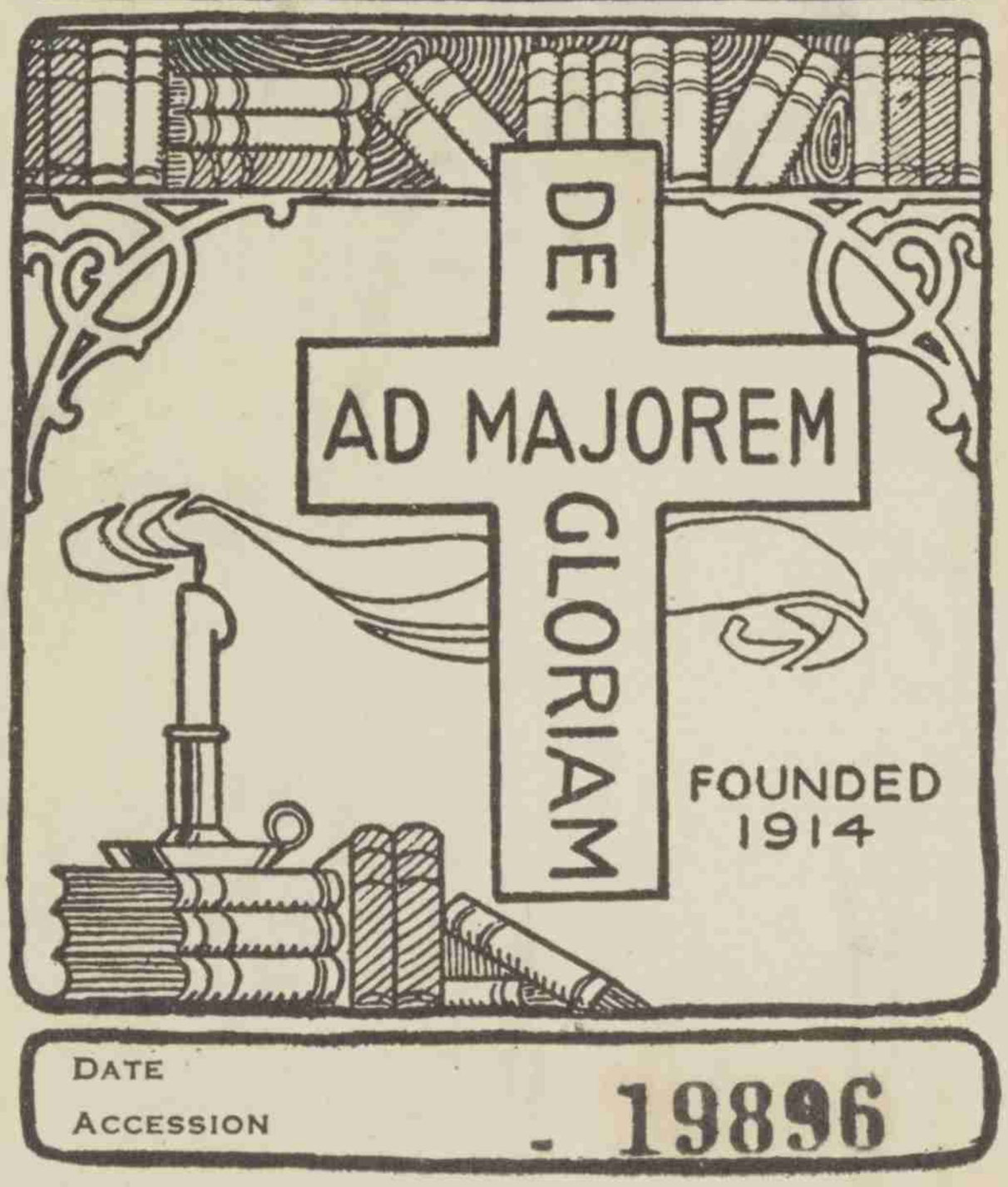
BAPTIST

CHORALS.

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CANDLER SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
EMORY UNIVERSITY, GA.



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BAPTIST CHORALS:

A

TUNE AND HYMN BOOK

DESIGNED TO PROMOTE

GENERAL CONGREGATIONAL SINGING;

CONTAINING

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR TUNES,

ADAPTED TO ABOUT

FOUR HUNDRED CHOICE HYMNS.

HYMNS SELECTED BY

REV. B. MANLY, JR., D. D.

MUSIC ADAPTED BY

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT,

ONE OF THE EDITORS OF THE "PROGRESSIVE CHURCH VOCALIST," THE "NEW THESAURUS MUSICUS," AND AUTHOR OF "ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC, HARMONY AND VERSIFICATION," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:
SHELDON & COMPANY,
115 NASSAU STREET

1860.

Entered accordingto Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by A. Brooks Everett and B. Manly, Jr., in the District Court for the District of Virginia.

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INTRODUCTION.

The object of this volume is not to come into competition with the hymn books now in circulation, but to render them more useful, by supplying tunes adapted expressly to some of the choicest hymns; while, for convenience' sake, the words are printed on the same page, so that every embarrassment may be removed likely to hinder those who are slightly skilled in musical science.

The simple design of this work is, to promote, as far as possible, Congregational Singing in the use of the ordinary hymn books. Hence hymns have been selected, almost exclusively, which are to be found in both the Baptist Psalmody and the Psalmist, the two books most extensively used in the Baptist churches of the United States.

The importance of general congregational singing has been frequently urged, yet it is not sufficiently acknowledged; and, even where it is acknowledged, no adequate measures are adopted to secure it.

It seems to be common to imagine that the singing of God's praise in public worship is a matter of indifference; that it is valuable principally as a sort of agreeable relaxation from the tediousness of other services, and that no particular obligation rests on any to join in it. It is, therefore, not unusual for the whole business of worshipping God in song to be committed to a few, sometimes to a hired company, whose voices are trained in the theatre all the week, to perform, with about as much devotion, in the church on Sunday.

Another mistake not unfrequent is, that the quality of sacred music is regarded as a mere matter of taste or convenience. Singing, it is thought, is singing, whether well, or indifferently, or badly done; and the duty of singing is discharged by any performance, however faulty and disagreeable, even though it may fail entirely of accomplishing the real object.

By some, sacred music is regarded as an elegant luxury, a religious superfluity; by others as an affair of taste only, and not of devotion, intended primarily to please the auditors rather than to praise God. In some places it is cultivated for pride and show, and earthly vanity is invoked to aid and adorn the heavenly service; in others it is left to drag along, uncared for by the body of the church, the duty and burden of the few, rather than the privilege and delight of the many.

Now, not to dwell upon the fact that the Bible distinctly commands singing, both under the old and under the new dispensation; and that the Church of Christ in all ages have practised singing as a regular part of the worship of God, it ought to be sufficient to consider that song is the natural ebullition of strong

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religious feeling. From the devotional compositions of Christians in all periods a much more accurate sketch may be derived of the doctrines really impressed on the mind, and translated into the life, than from the regular creeds or confessions of faith.

The efficiency of good singing in promoting Christian emotion is still more important than its adaptedness to express it. We possess, in the English language, a body of sacred poetry, which, for richness, variety, beauty of style, clearness of thought and warmth of devotion, is unsurpassed by that of any nation on earth. A large portion of this is lyric, or suited to be sung. The proper effect of these compositions can not be obtained by their being read in books, nor by their being recited, however impressively; for the simple reason that reading is not singing, that the art of oratory can not do the work of music, that the recitation of beautiful sentences, by one man to the multitude, can not produce the same results, as if all that multitude should join in musical repetition of them.

Good singing is a powerful auxiliary to preaching. When burning words and living thoughts have come from the sacred desk, and impressed themselves upon the mind, how is the effect heightened if, with melody pliantly adapting itself to all the turns and graces of sentiment, kindred thoughts float upon the charmed air, and memory takes up the echo of the sounds and of the ideas, to cherish them with fond admiration!

Music can minister to amusement; it can be subservient to friendship; it is the chosen language of love. Music is summoned to excite the warrior for battle, to gladden the dissolute, to wreath its charms around the wine cup, and even to lure, by its enchantments, the unsuspicious into vice. Music—one of the richest natural gifts of God to a world where discord, and confusion, and tears have so much place—has been perverted from its beneficial intent. She has been forced to grind for the Philistines; let us liberate her, and employ her best services in inviting men to holiness. "The first and proper place of music, on this side of heaven, is in the house of God."

If churches everywhere would cease to regard sacred music either with indifference or as a matter of mere taste; if they would commence with the young, training their ears while they are sensitive, and their voices while they are flexible; if families would unite at least once a day in a brief, spirited hymn, as well as in other domestic devotions; if, instead of the choirs being burdened with *doing the singing*, they should simply be honored with *leading the singing;* and if the voices of *all* God's people should join heartily and understandingly, with grace not only in the notes but in the heart, the effect would certainly surprise us all.

My wish for those who use this book may be couched in the language of the apostle: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing, with grace in your hearts, to the Lord."

B. MANLY, JR.

RICHMOND, VA., October, 1859.

19896

MUSIC EDITOR'S PREFACE.

In adapting music to the hymns selected for this work, great care has been taken to associate, as far as circumstances would admit, tunes and hymns that indicate consonant emotions and breathe one spirit.

The majority of instances where this principle has been departed from will be found among the very old tunes and hymns, some of which have been so long associated that it was thought best not to separate them. We trust, however, no serious defect will be found in this department of our work.

In the selection of OLD MUSIC, we have drawn largely from the original fountains of sacred psalmody, and gathered in many venerated compositions of other times. Some of these have been transmitted to us from our fathers and forefathers. For centuries past they have been the voice of the people, their consolation and their strength. They were the armor of the Church at the time of the Reformation, and with all these reminiscences, and with all this power, they will pass on to posterity, perhaps for centuries to come.

To exclude all of this class of well-known tunes from a work "designed to promote general congregational singing" would, indeed, be highly censurable.

We have confined our selections from them, however, to such as are most universally popular with congregations and choirs, on account of their chaste simplicity and truly devotional character, not making use of any of a light and secular nature, merely because they were old.

There is as obvious a distinction of style between sacred and secular music as there is between sacred and secular poetry; and we have endeavored to keep this distinction constantly in view in the preparation of this work.

We have carefully examined all the popular works that have been published in this country, and selected from each the choicest, *and none but the choicest, gems.*

Having heard much complaint of the lack of good short metres in other books, we have taken great care to supply the deficiency in this; and we confidently believe that it contains a greater number of really good tunes in this metre than

any other book ever published in this country. In all the peculiar metres, too, there are as good and interesting tunes as can be found among the regular metres in any other work.

Among the NEW MUSIC are many beautiful compositions by southern musicians of distinction; and, as one of the most valuable contributors to this department of the work, we would especially mention Professor R. M. McIntosh, to whom we are under many obligations for the numerous compositions with which he has furnished us.

We would also express our thanks to Professor W. Caspari, and to Edward H. Sexton and J. D. Hunt, Esquires, for their valuable contributions. To carry out the plan of the work, that of having an old and a new tune on each folio, we have been compelled to insert a good many of our own compositions, which, without expressing any opinion as to their merits, we trust will be found acceptable and useful. On the first page of each folio will be found, with but few exceptions, and those chiefly among the peculiar metres that are not much used, an OLD and well-known tune, and on the second page a NEW tune of the same metre, and similar in style and general character; so that either an old or a new tune can be sung to every hymn on each opening.

This we claim as an original feature, and one that, we think, possesses important advantages.

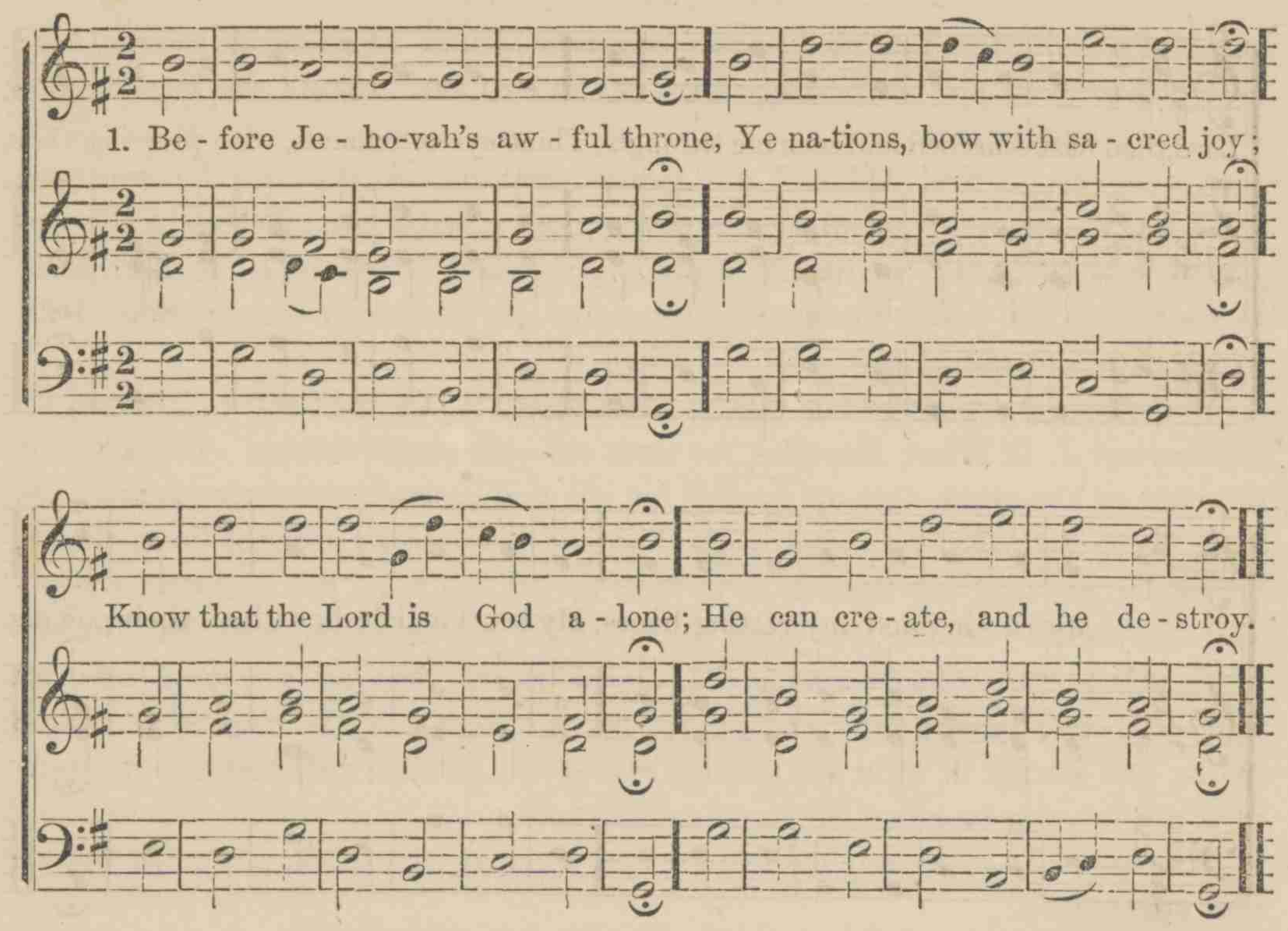
Having it in contemplation to prepare, as soon as practicable, a small volume of anthems and set pieces, for the opening and close of service, and for special occasions in the Baptist Church, we have not inserted anything of the kind in this work, with the exception, we believe, of one short piece.

With the sincere wish that the result of our humble efforts to advance congregational singing in the Baptist Churches may prove an acceptable and useful auxiliary in the worship of God, we submit it to the candid judgment of those for whom it is designed.

A. BROOKS EVERETT.

RICHMOND, VA., October, 1859.

No. 1. **OLD HUNDRED. L. M.** WILLIAM FRANC.



1. BAPTIST PSALMODY 107.
PSALMIST . . . 2.

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

2 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.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

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

2. BAPTIST PSALMODY 124.
PSALMIST . . . 70.

BE thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fix'd; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart, my voice I 'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

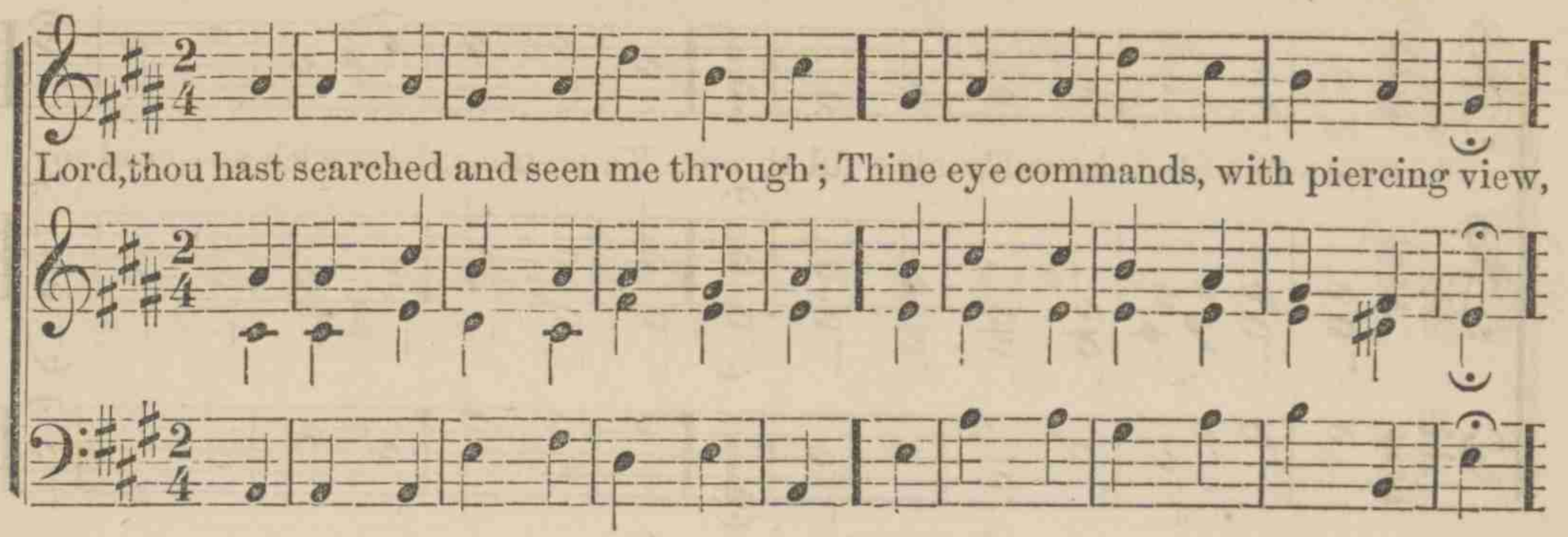
3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

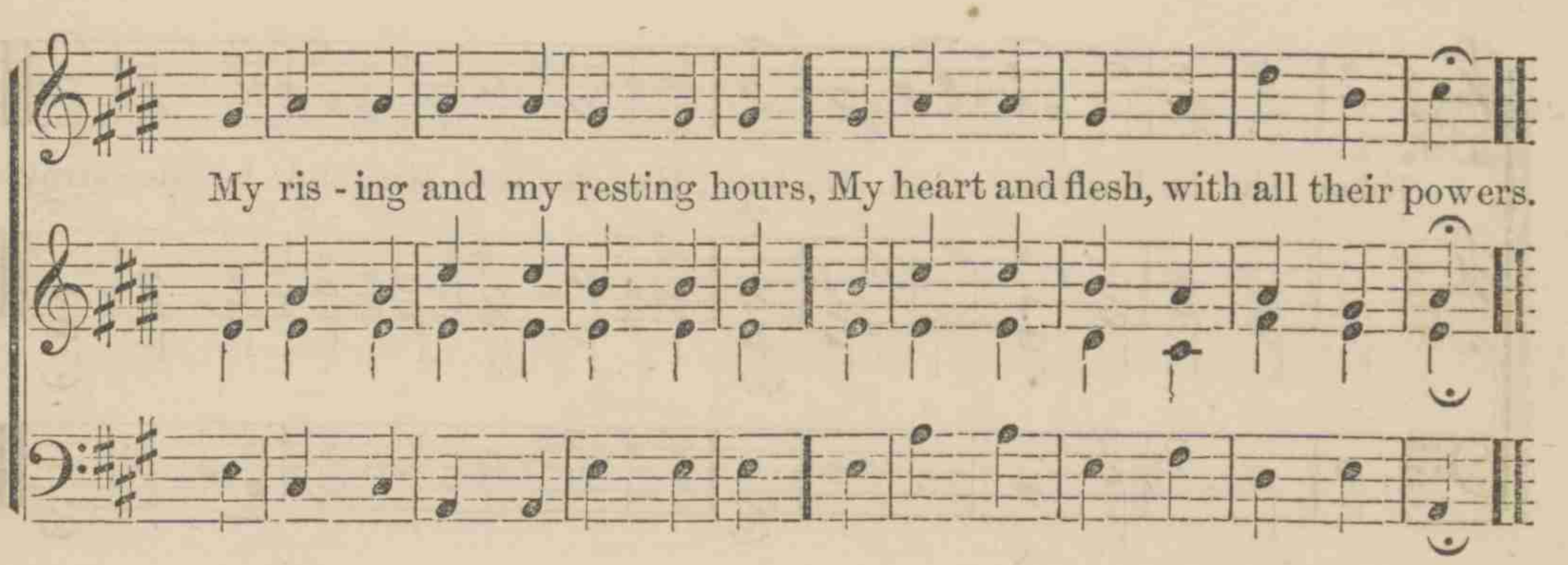
4 Be thou, O God. exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

DOXOLOGY.

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.

No. 2. HASTINGS. L. M. *





3. BAPTIST PSALMODY 7.
PSALMIST . . . 136.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known :
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I feel thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent, what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

4. BAPTIST PSALMODY 85.
PSALMIST . . . 186.

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.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favors claim thy highest praise ;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

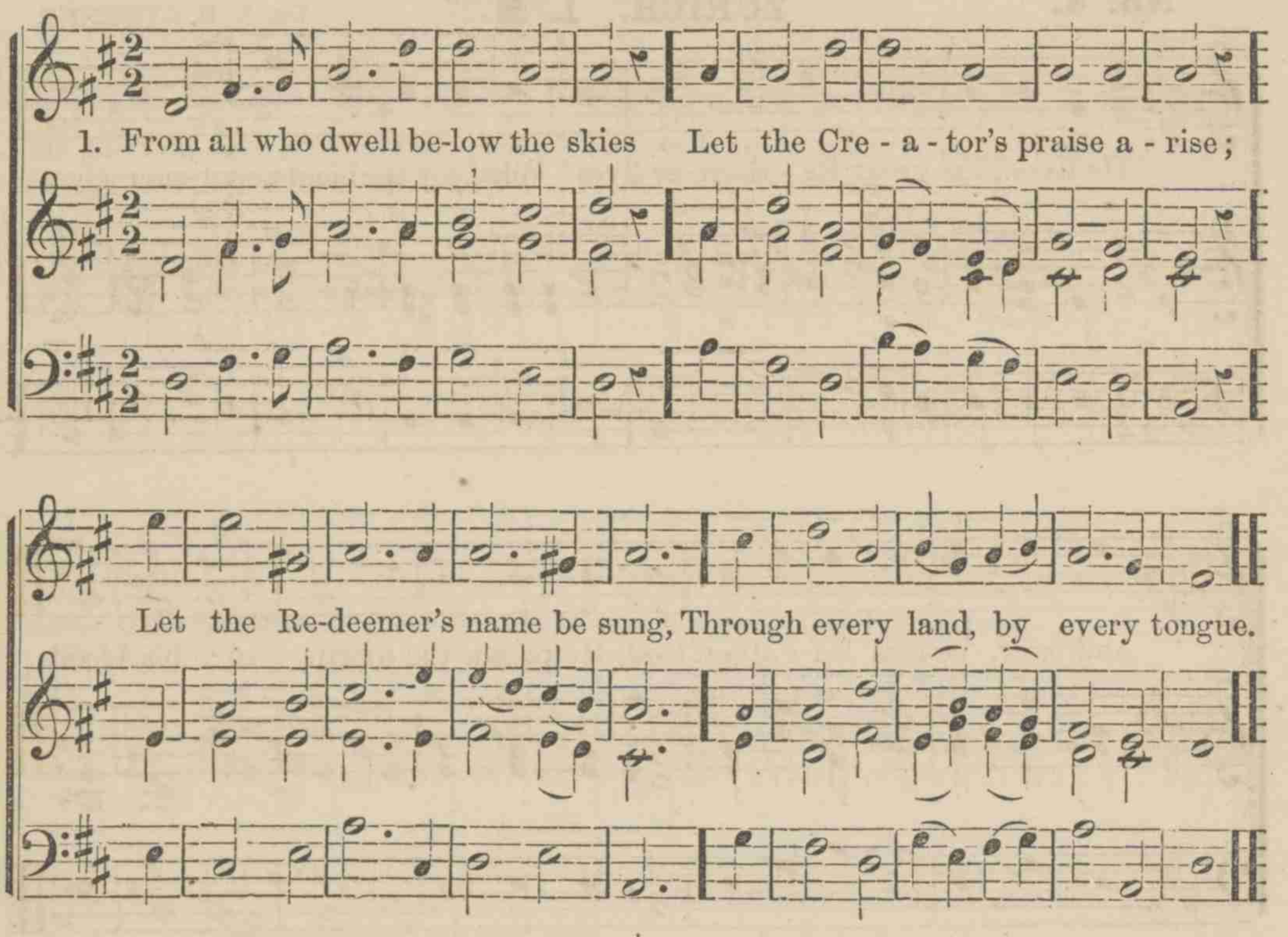
3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done :
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess ;
Let all the earth adore his grace ;
My heart and tongue, with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

DOXOLOGY.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

No. 3. **TRURO. L. M.** Dr. CH. BURNEY.



5. Baptist Psalmody 1016.
Psalmist . . . 926.

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

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

6. Baptist Psalmody 1004.
Psalmist . . . 854.

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

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

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

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

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

7. Baptist Psalmody 1024.
Psalmist . . . 896.

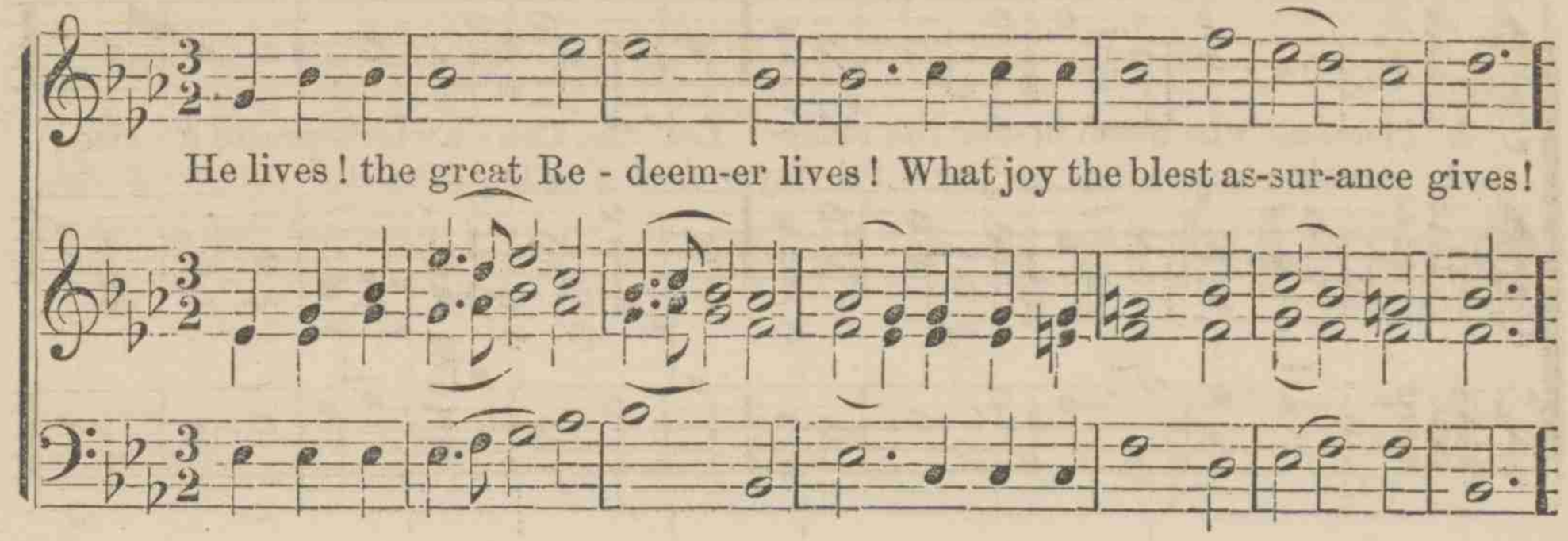
ZION, awake; thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

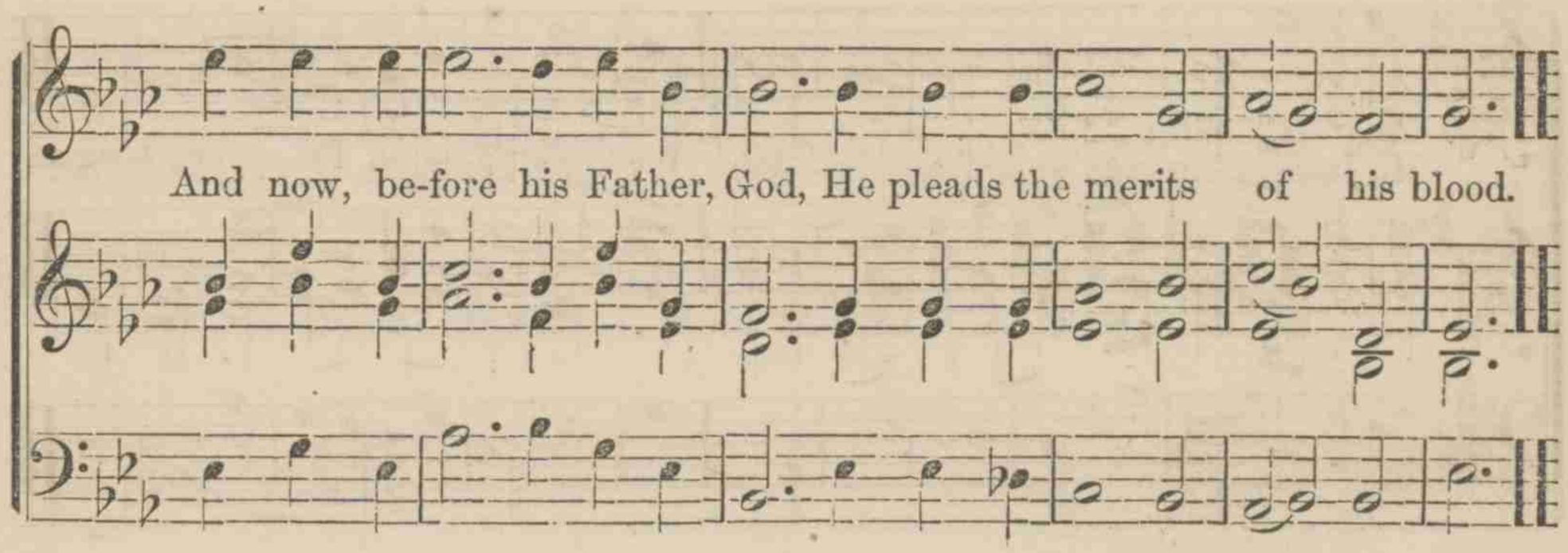
2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
All shall admire and love thee too.

DOXOLOGY.

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.

No. 4. **ZURICH. L. M.** DR. A. B. EVERETT.





8. BAPTIST PSALMODY 184.
PSALMIST . . . 296.

HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
He pleads the merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence then, ye dark, despairing thoughts,
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

9. BAPTIST PSALMODY 241.
PSALMIST . . . 344.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of life, that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
He wears a crown without a thorn.

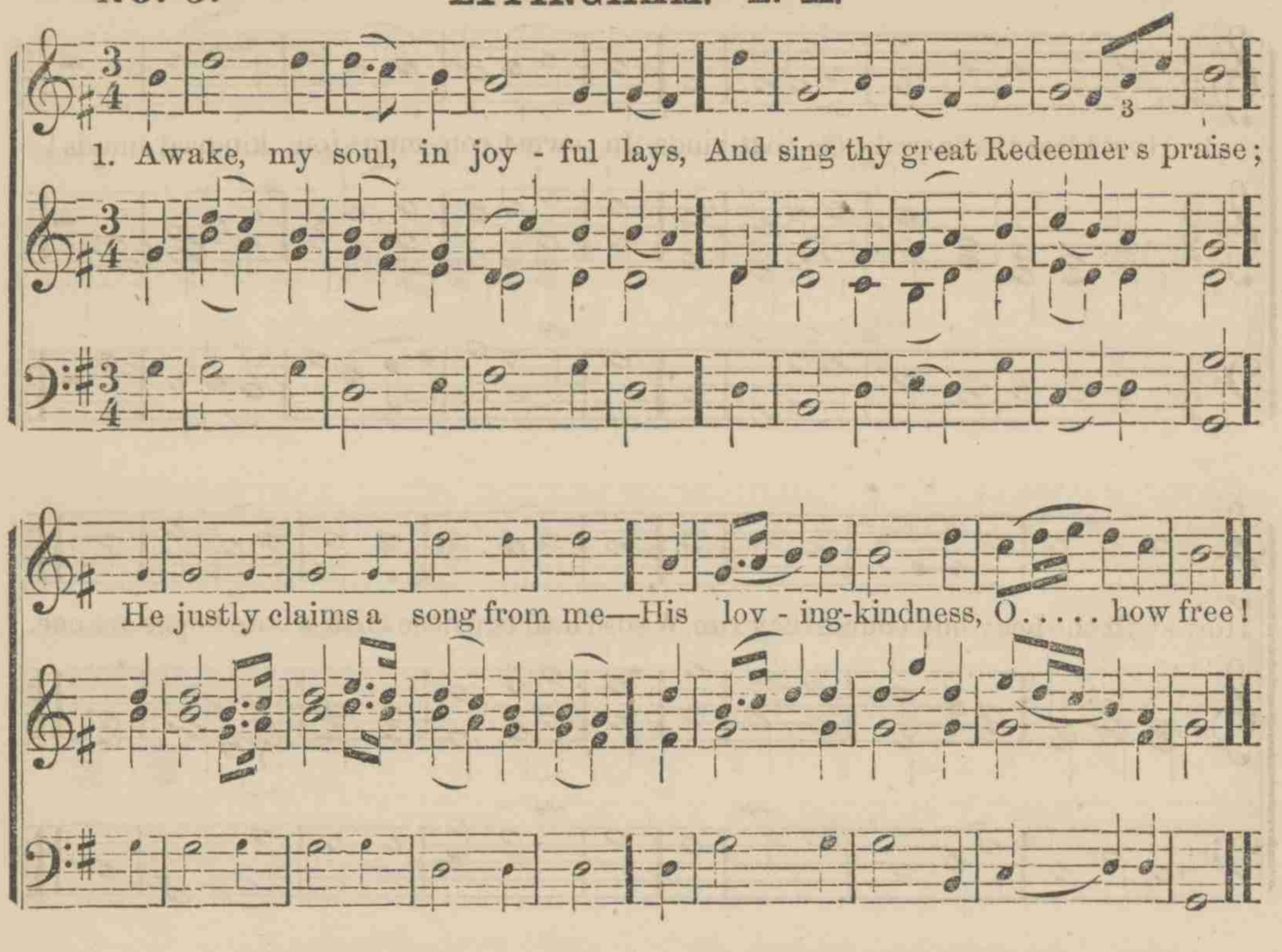
4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men,
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, "Amen!"

10. BAPTIST PSALMODY 345.

OUR God invites the wanderers home,
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
Let him that hears repeat the sound,
And spread the joyful accents round.

2 Let him that is athirst draw near,
And find a fountain flowing here;
Let whosoever will, receive
The freely-offered grace, and live.

No. 5. **EFFINGHAM. L. M.**



11. BAPTIST PSALMODY 484.
PSALMIST. SUP. . 47.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me—
His loving kindness. O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

7 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.
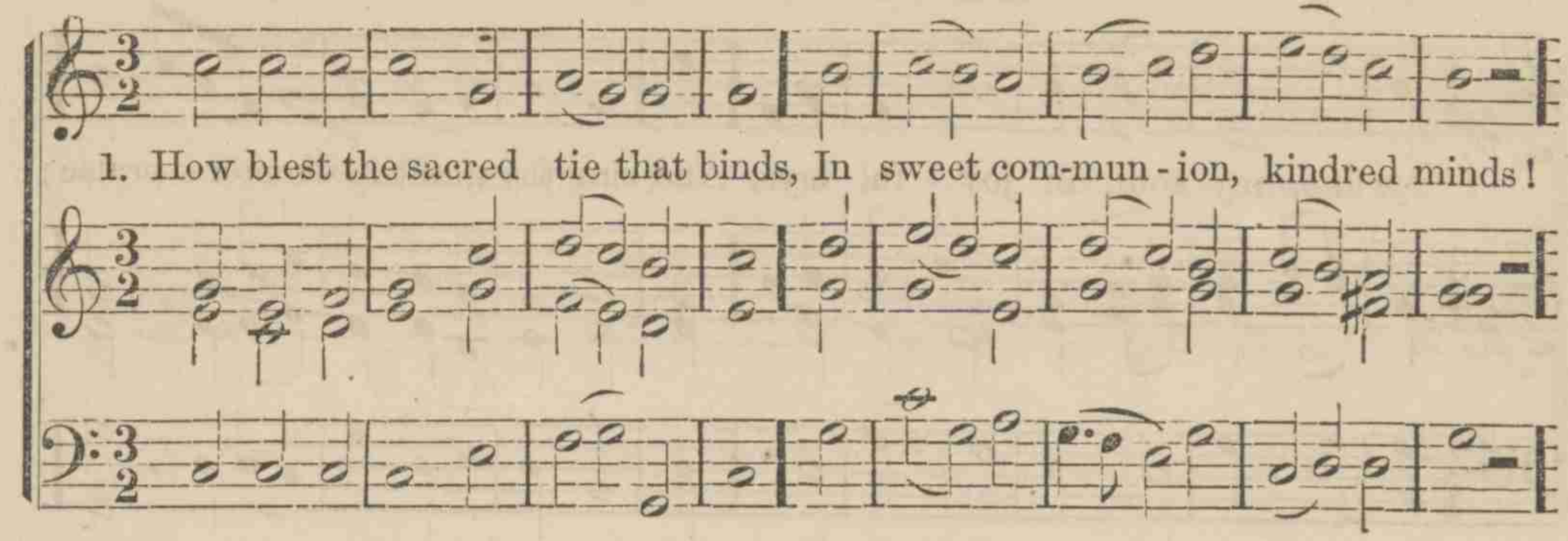
12. BAPTIST PSALMODY 547.
PSALMIST . . . 515.

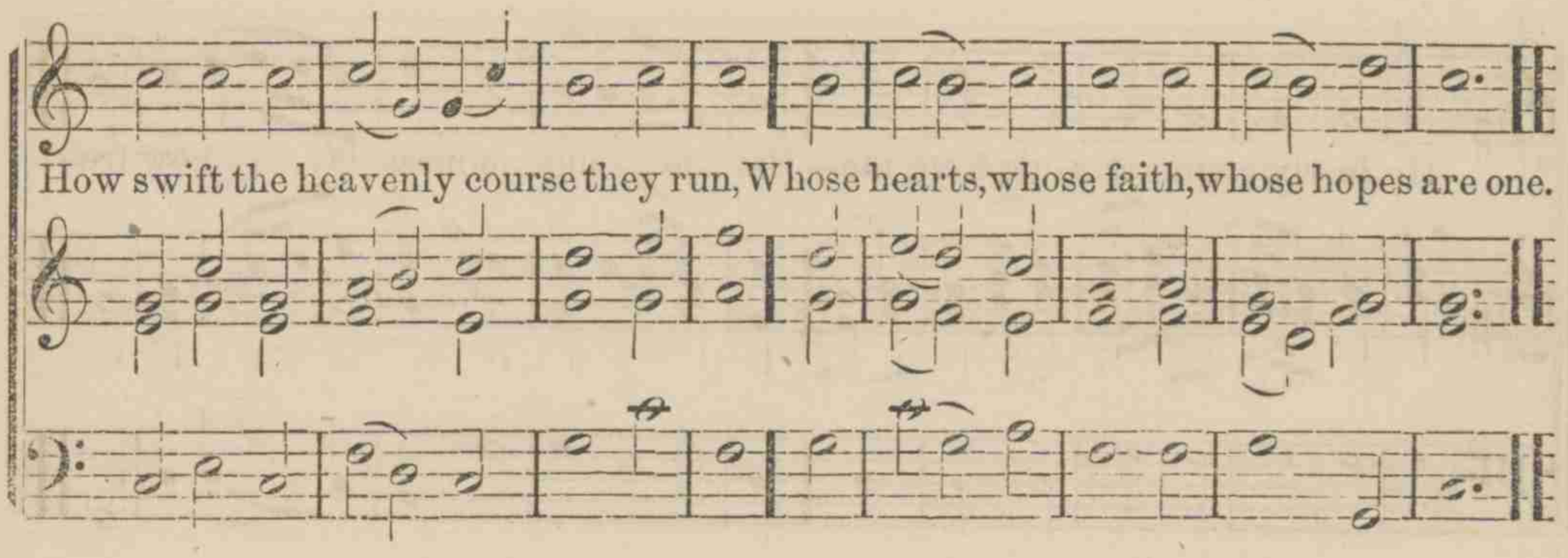
'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies:
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 With joy we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

No. 6. **ALDIE. L. M.** *





13. BAPTIST PSALMODY 594.
PSALMIST . . . 698.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
are one.

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

14. BAPTIST PSALMODY 639.
PSALMIST . . . 720.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on:
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain 's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes:
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 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.
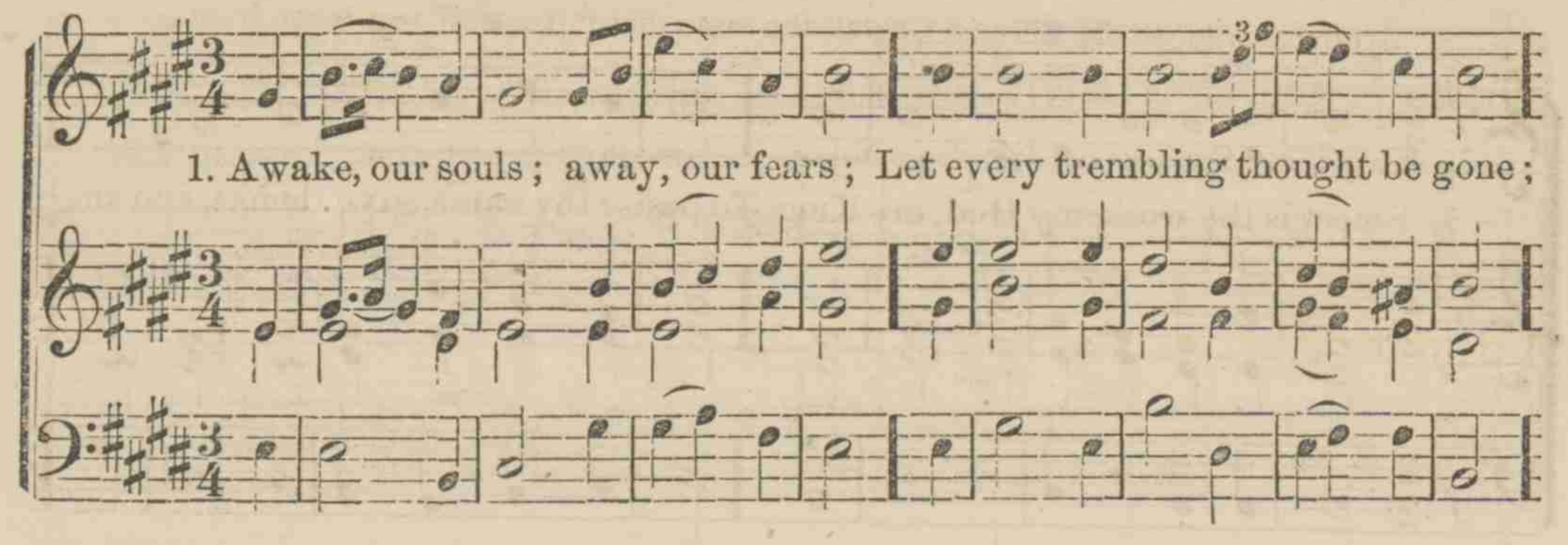
15. BAPTIST PSALMODY 892.
PSALMIST . . . 804.
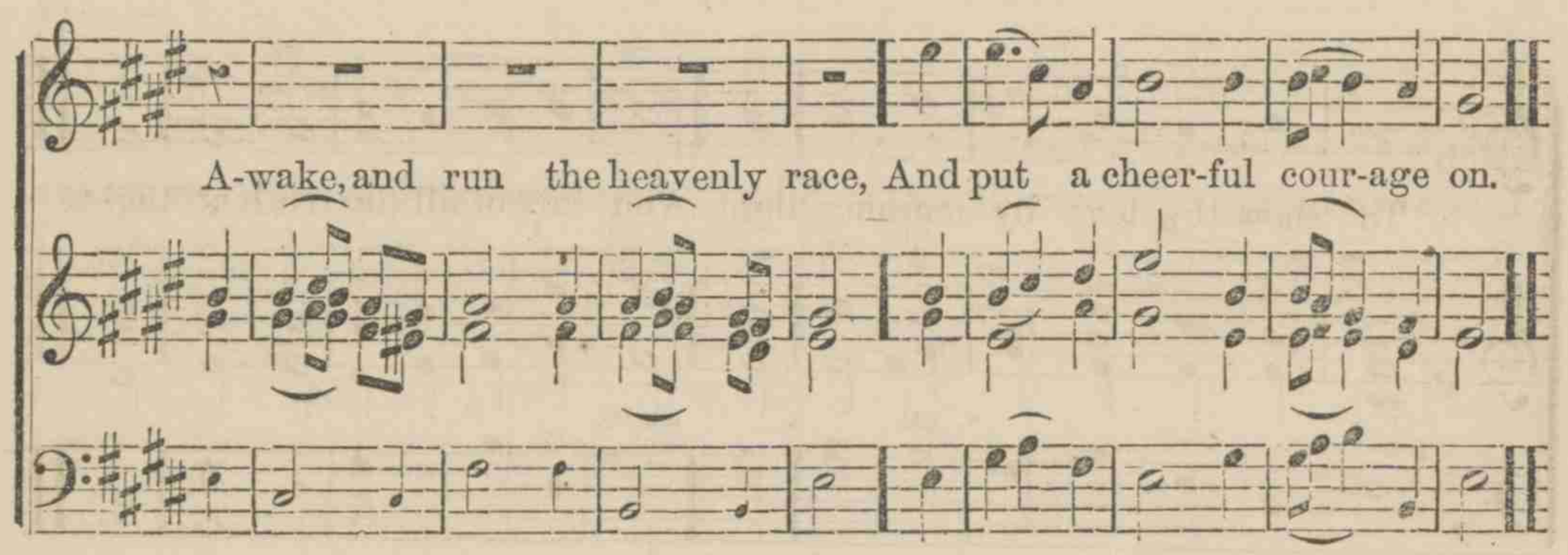
OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave:
Come, see the sacred path he trod—
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

No. 7. **STONEFIELD. L. M.** STANLEY.





16. BAPTIST PSALMODY 643.
PSALMIST . . . 725.

AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 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;—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

17. BAPTIST PSALMODY 676.
PSALMIST . . . 706.

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.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

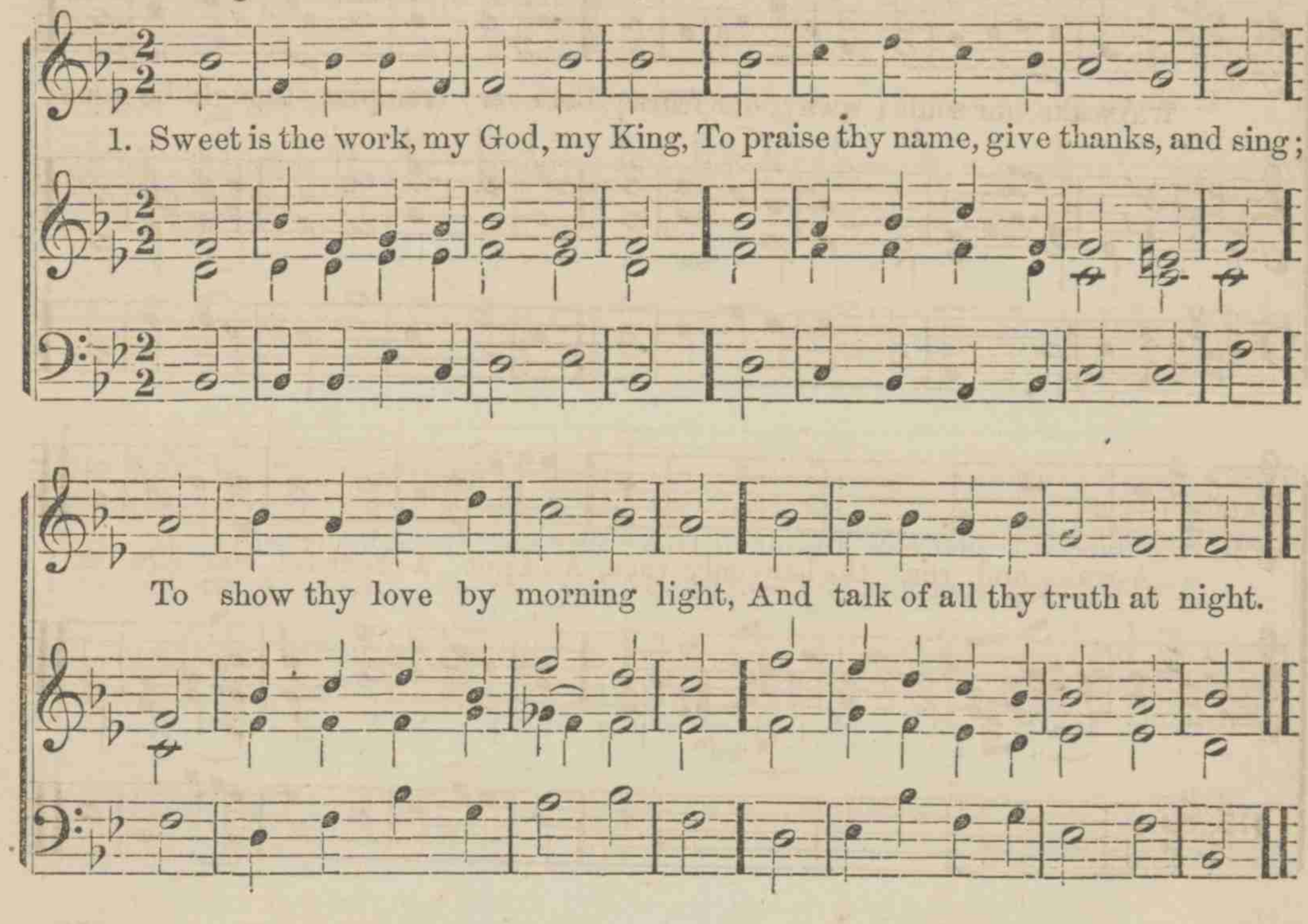
4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect this blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

DOXOLOGY.

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.

No. 8. HERMANN. L. M. *

Arranged from an old German Choral, the same that "HEBRON" was taken from.



18. BAPTIST PSALMODY 865.
PSALMIST . . . 50.

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.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall fill my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

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

4 And 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.

5 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.

19. BAPTIST PSALMODY. 918.
PSALMIST . . . 849.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone!
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.
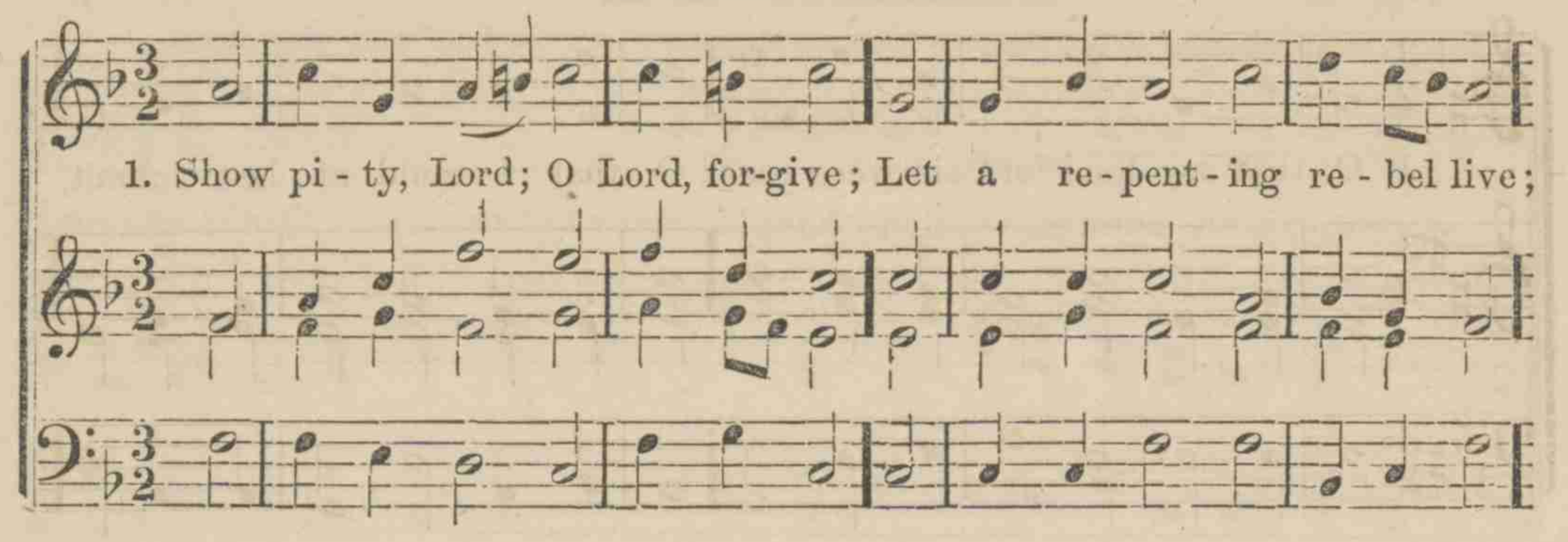
3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Ne'er did the angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

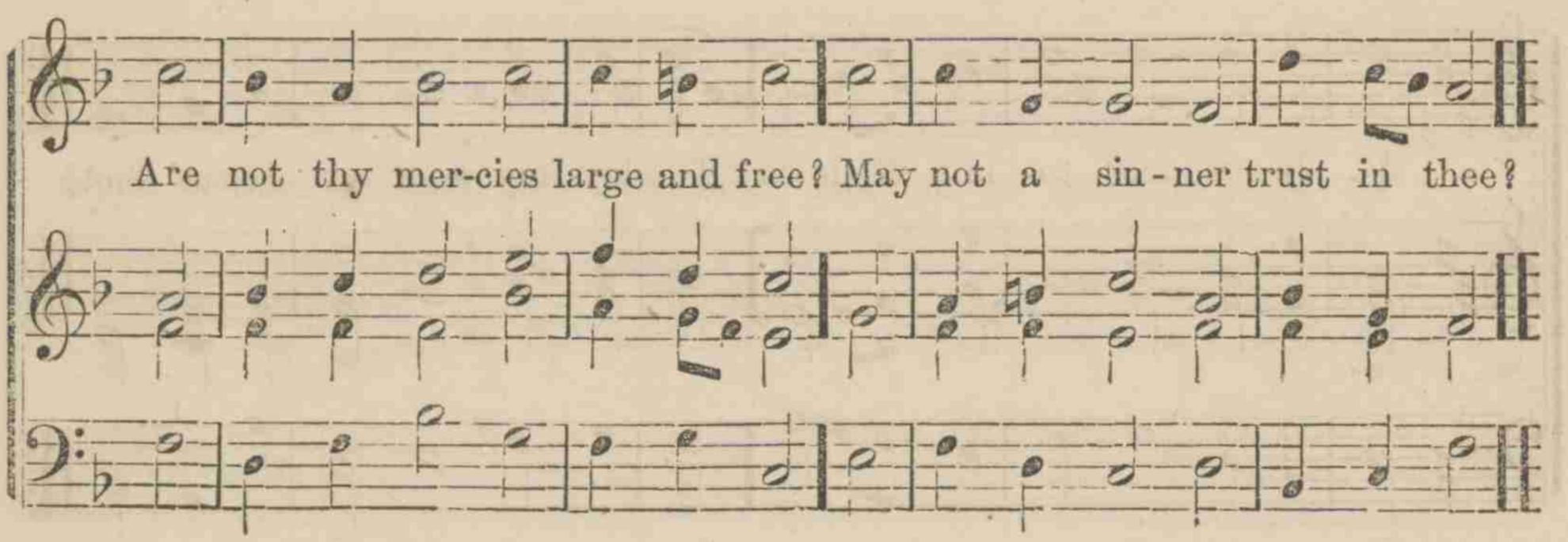
4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

DOXOLOGY.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

No. 9. **WELLS. L. M.** HOLDRAYD.





20. BAPTIST PSALMODY 443.
PSALMIST . . . 484.

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?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

21. BAPTIST PSALMODY 725.
PSALMIST . . . 490.

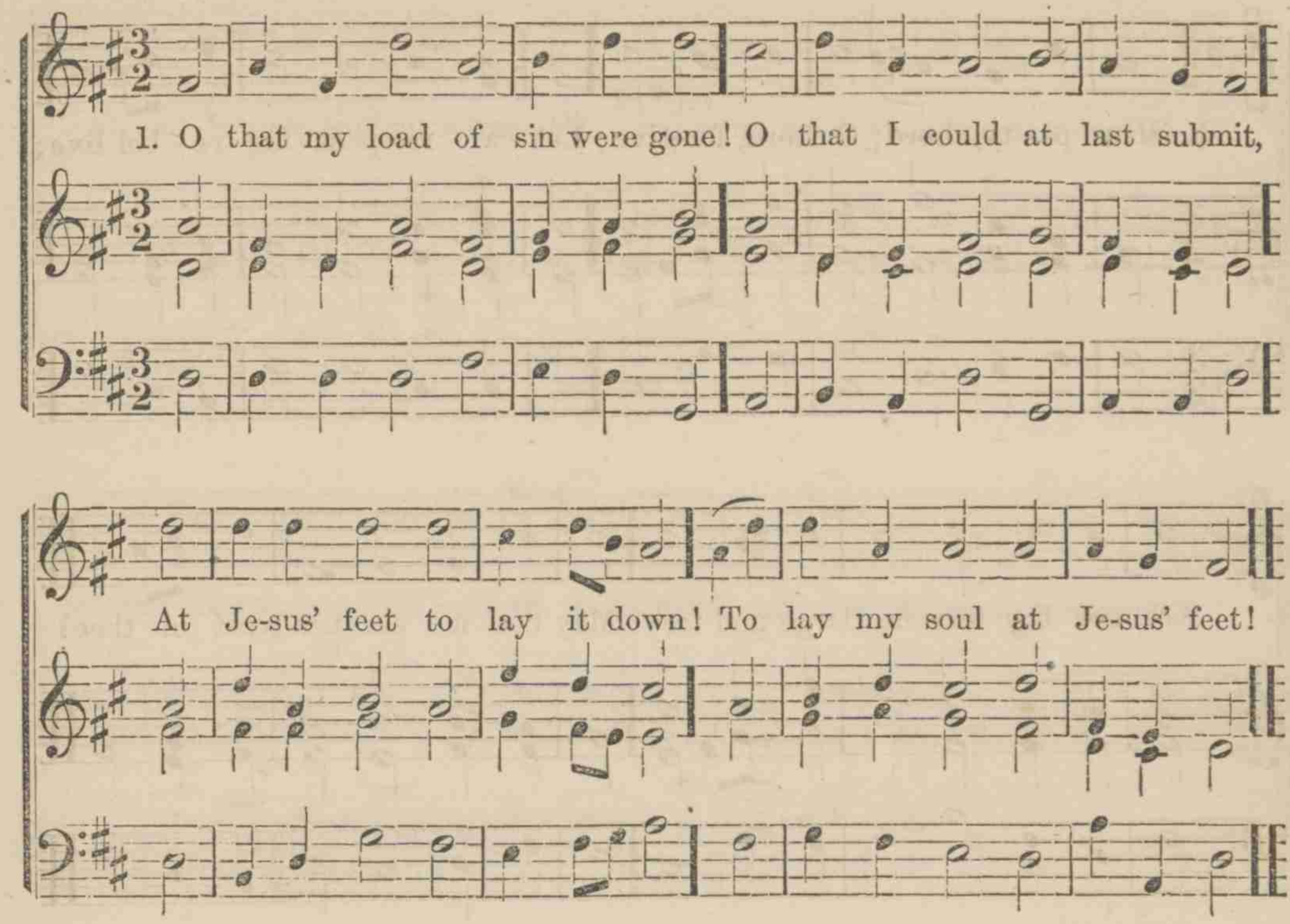
RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

No. 10. **BRYAN. L. M.** DR. A. B E.



22. BAPTIST PSALMODY 463.
PSALMIST. SUP. . 33.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove:
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

4 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

23. BAPTIST PSALMODY 468.
PSALMIST . . . 253.

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.

2 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.

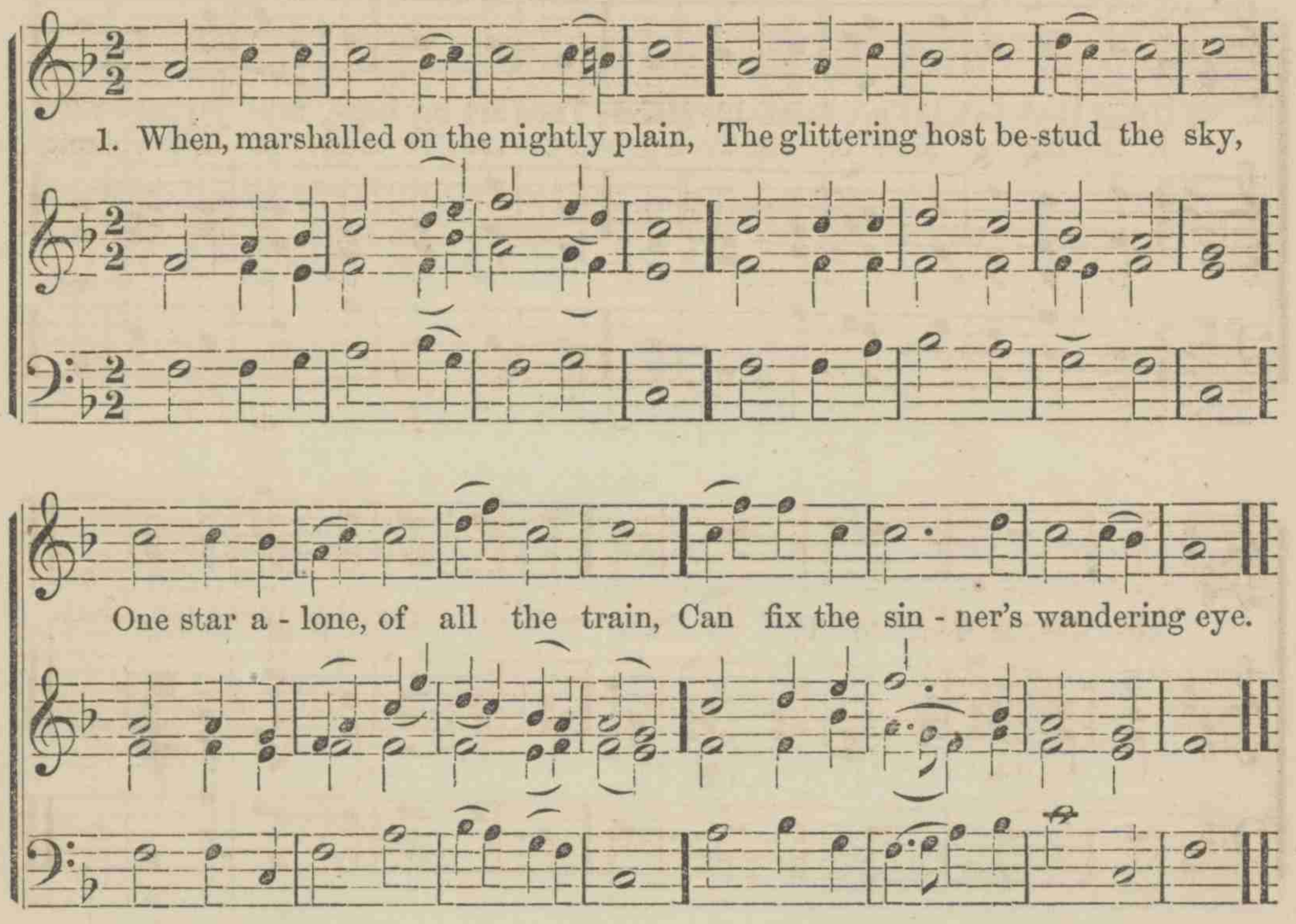
3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 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.

DOXOLOGY.

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.

NO. 11. **DUKE STREET. L. M.** J. HATTON.



24. BAPTIST PSALMODY 485.
PSALMIST . . . 959.

WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 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!

3 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 foundering bark.

4 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!

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forever more—
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

25. BAPTIST PSALMODY 496.
PSALMIST . . . 539.

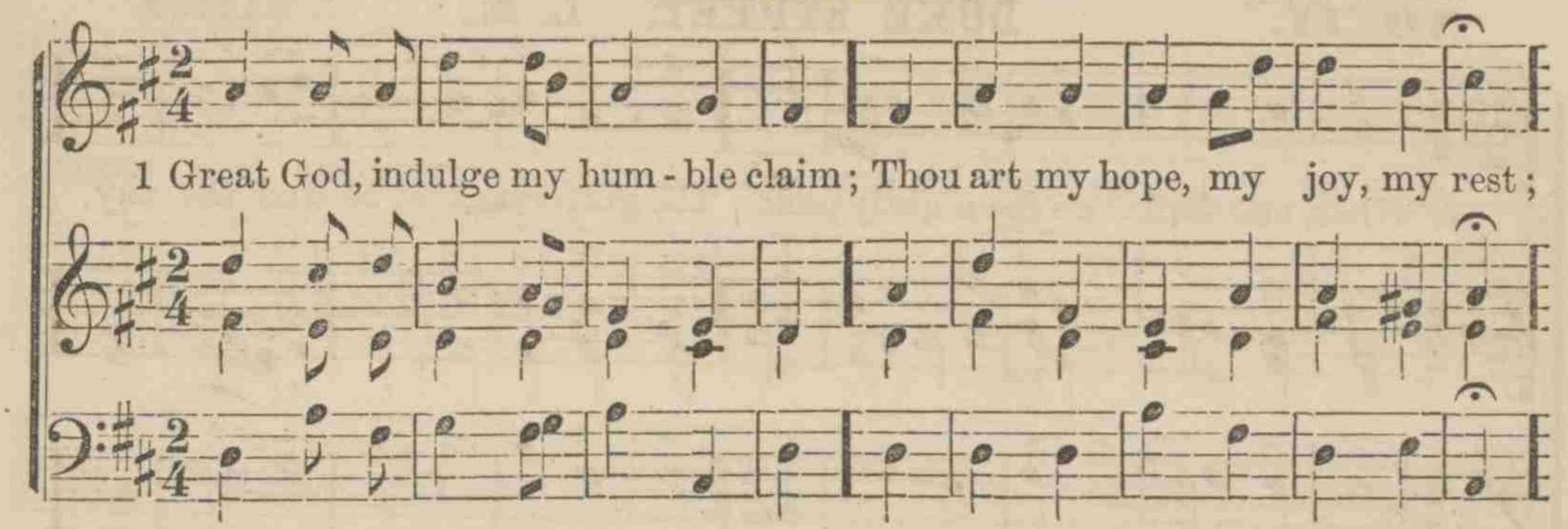
I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

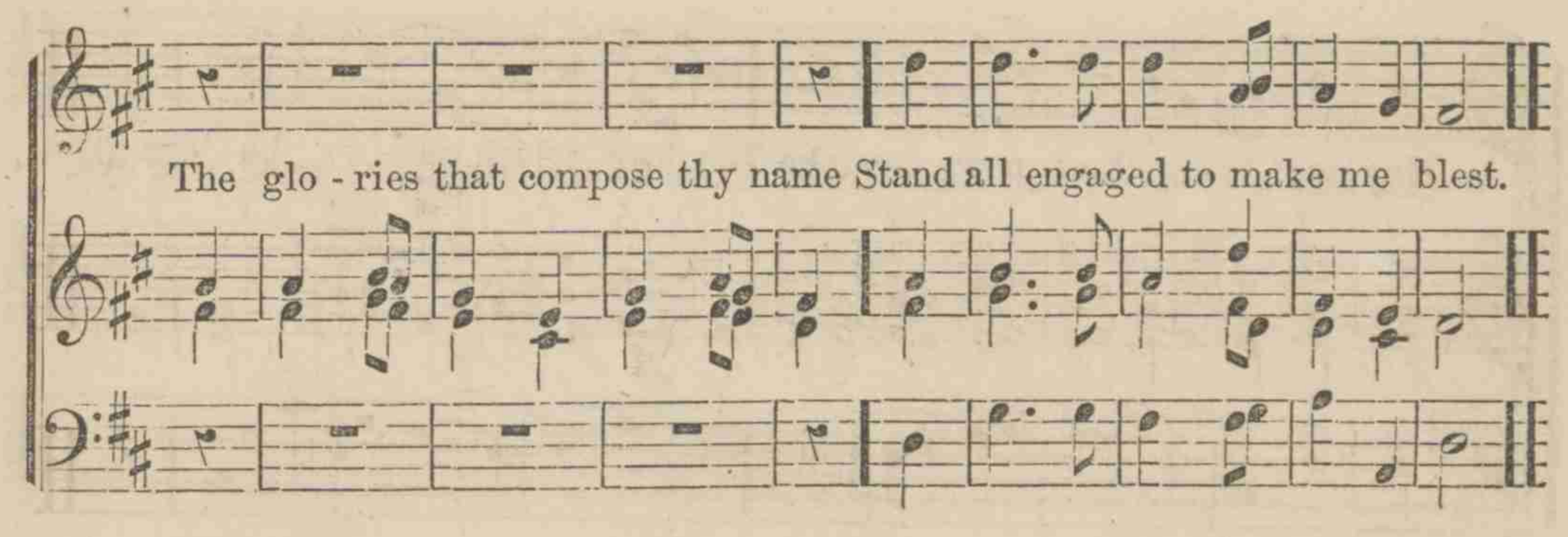
2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

No. 12. **STETTINIUS. L. M.** L. C. EVERETT.





26. BAPTIST PSALMODY 508.
PSALMIST . . . 192.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise;
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

4 I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

27. BAPTIST PSALMODY 519.
PSALMIST . . . 556.

MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'T is my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

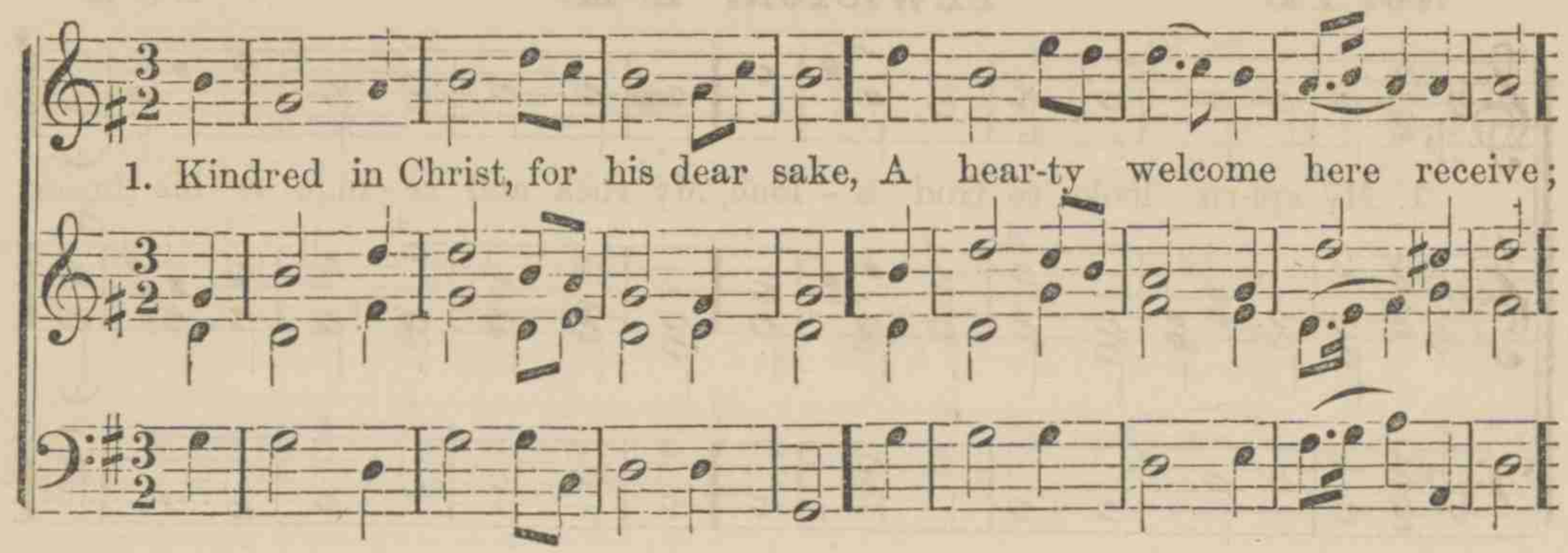
4 'T is to my Saviour I would live—
To him who for my ransom died:
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

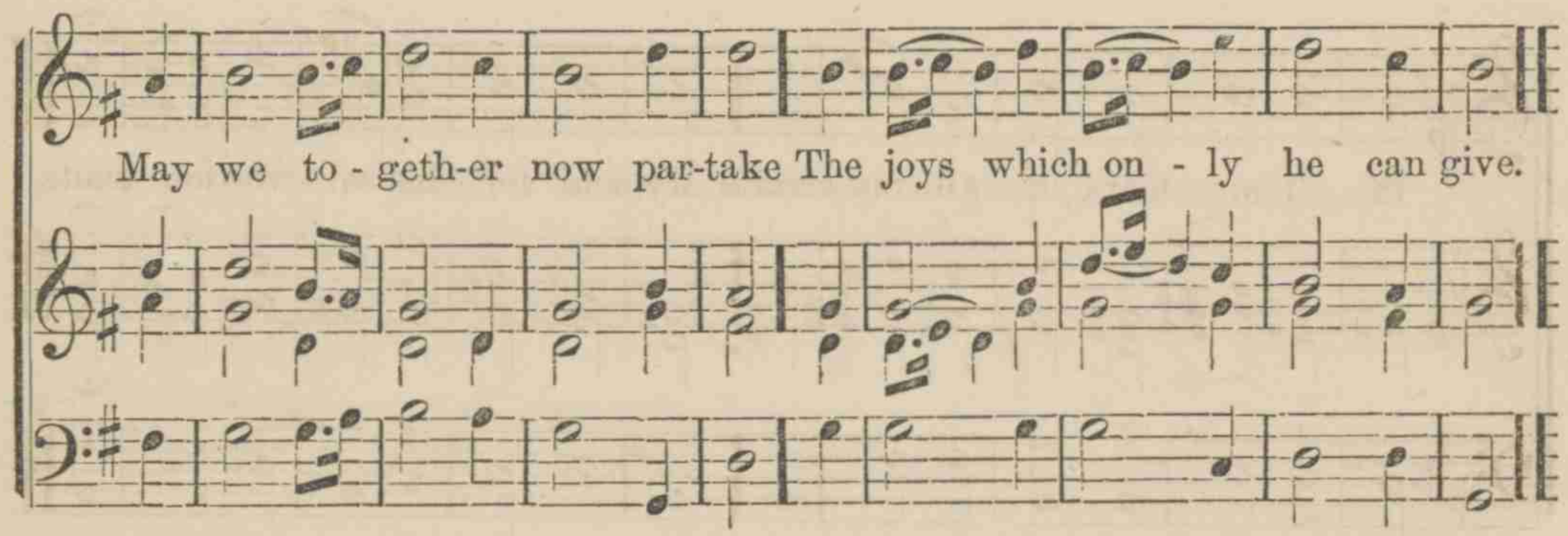
5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

DOXOLOGY.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

No. 13. **PILESGROVE. L. M.** N. MITCHELL.





28. BAPTIST PSALMODY 916.
PSALMIST . . 828.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

4 We 'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered, for us here below,
The path he marked for us to tread.
And what he 's doing for us now.

5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We 'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And long to see the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

29. BAPTIST PSALMODY 931.
PSALMIST . . . 844.

O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

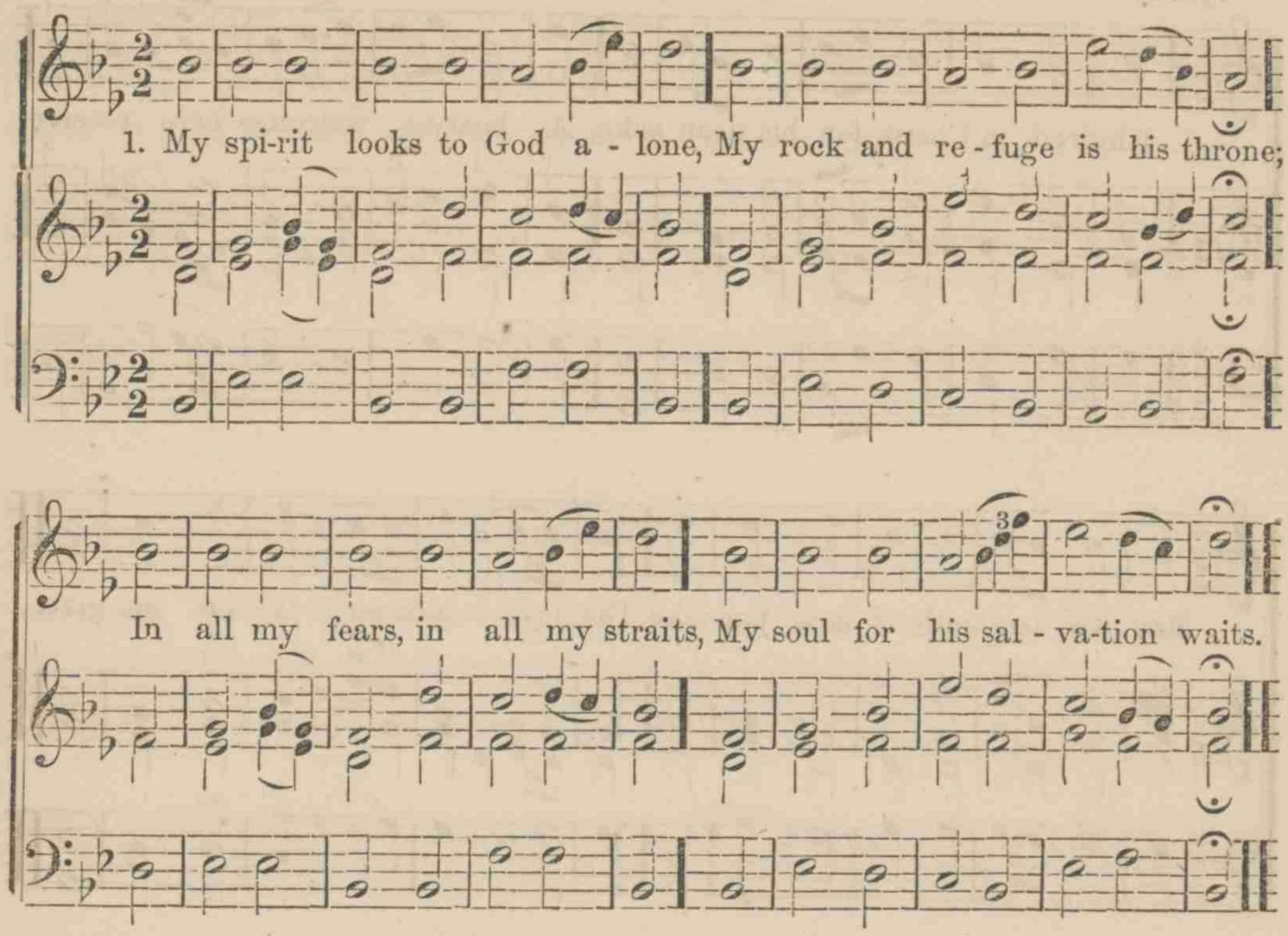
3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I 'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

DOXOLOGY.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

No. 14. **LEWISTON. L. M.** L. C. E.



30. BAPTIST PSALMODY 559.
PSALMIST . . . 601.

MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.

2 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.

31. BAPTIST PSALMODY 661.
PSALMIST . . . 672.

O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

32. BAPTIST PSALMODY 670.
PSALMIST . . . 630.

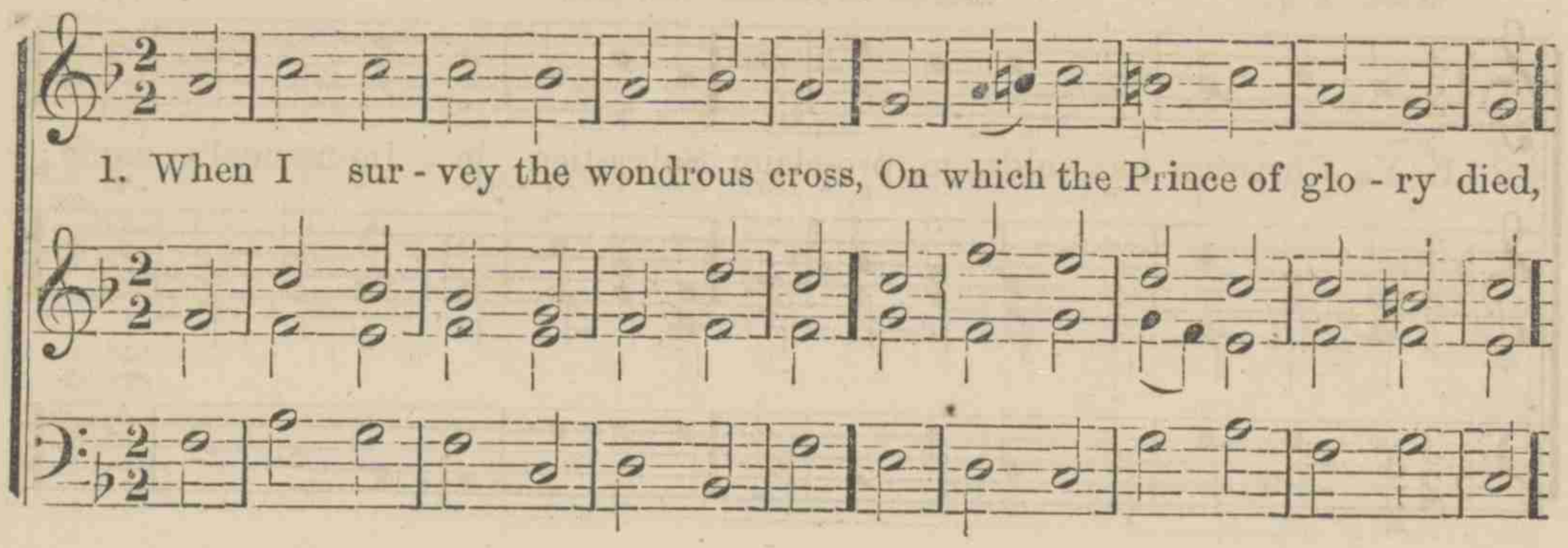
MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

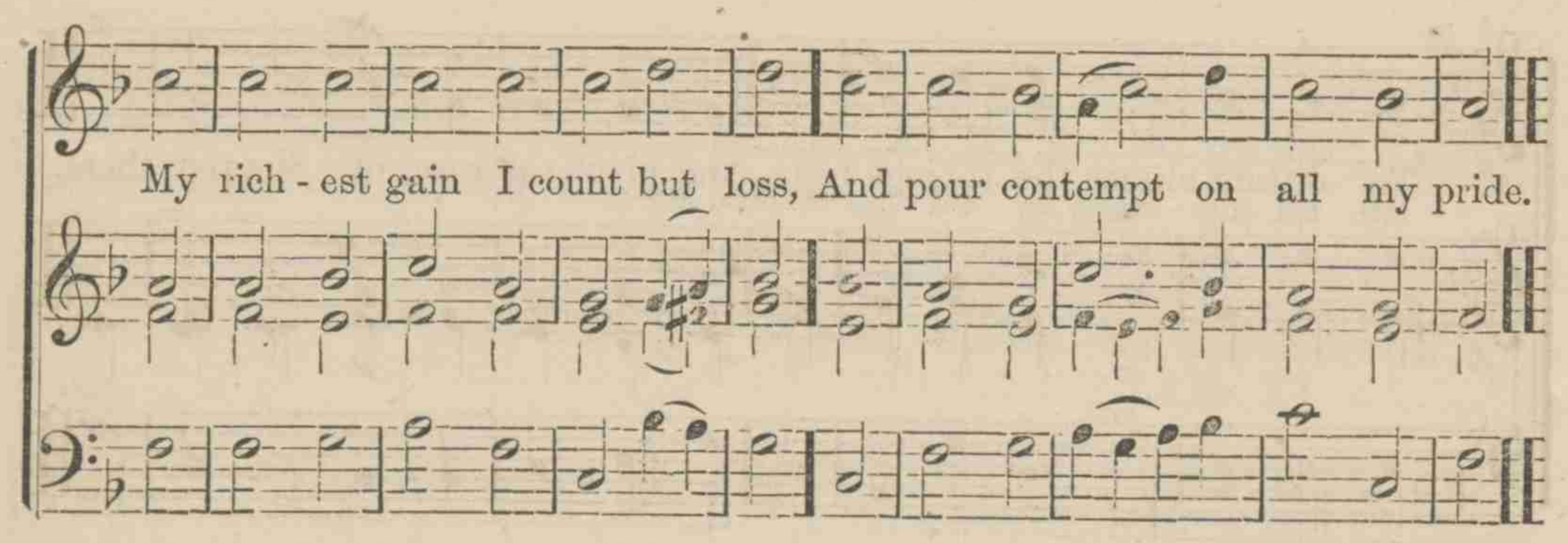
2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

No. 15. **NAZARETH, L. M.** WEBBE.





33. BAPTIST PSALMODY 933.
PSALMIST . . . 834.

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.

2 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.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love or sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

34. BAPTIST PSALMODY 970.
PSALMIST . . . 931.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength; and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against thy throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

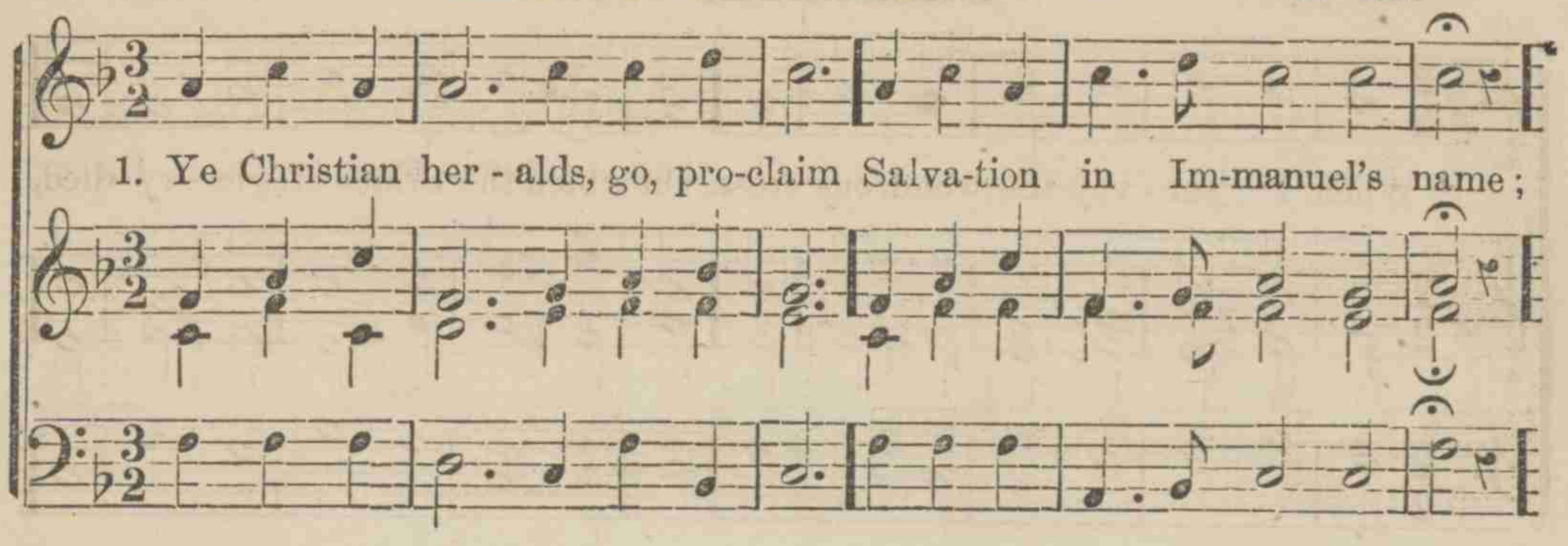
4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

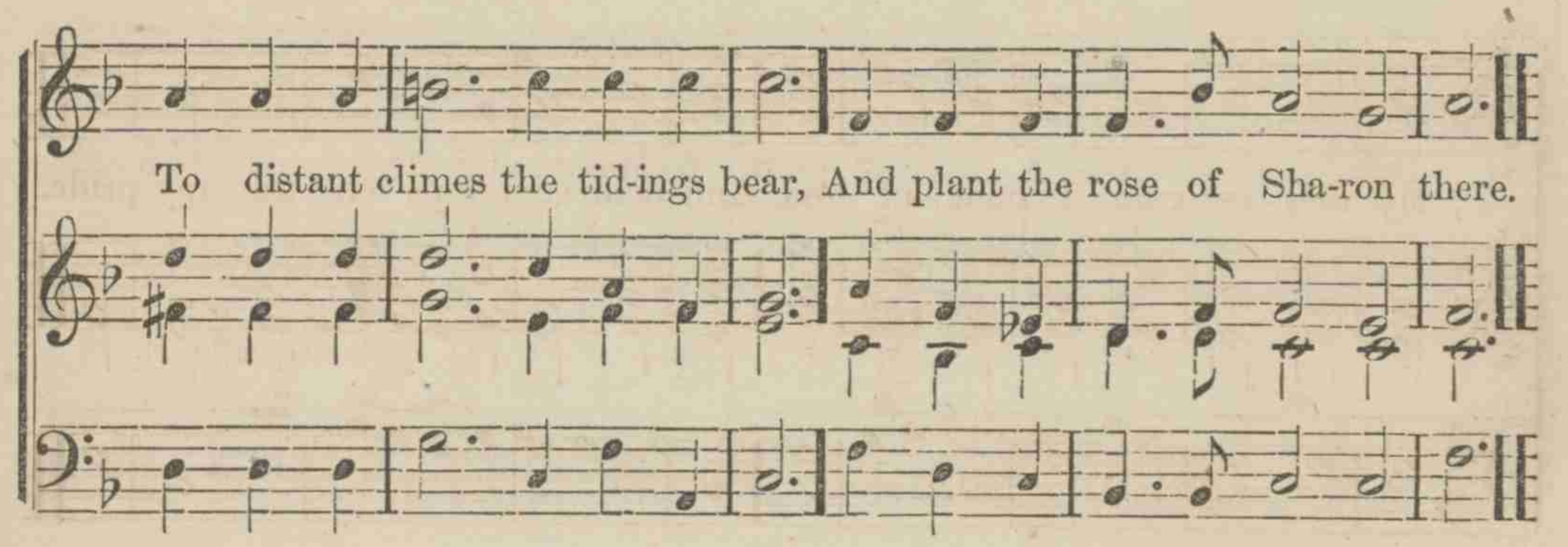
35. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1152.

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.

2 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.

No. 16. MISSIONARY CHANT. (EVERETT'S.) L. M.





36. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1037.
PSALMIST . . . 882.

YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your heart inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more—
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

37. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1077.
PSALMIST . . . 1046.

OUR Helper, God, we bless his name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make his mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

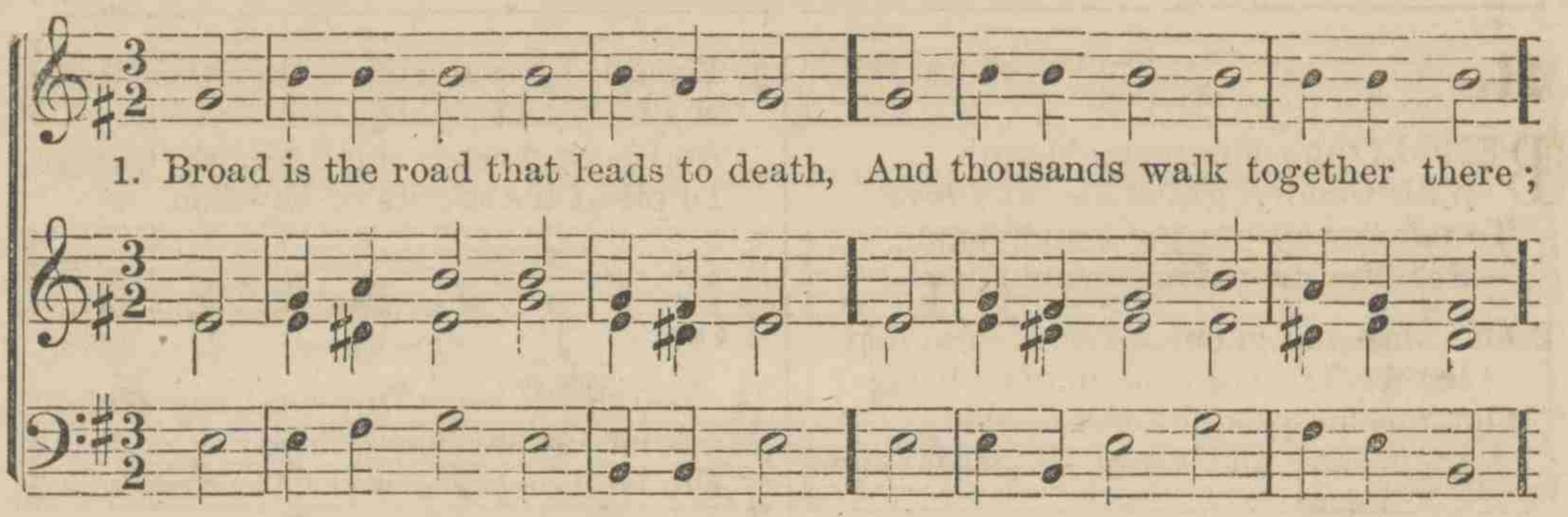
38. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1108.
PSALMIST . . . 1006.

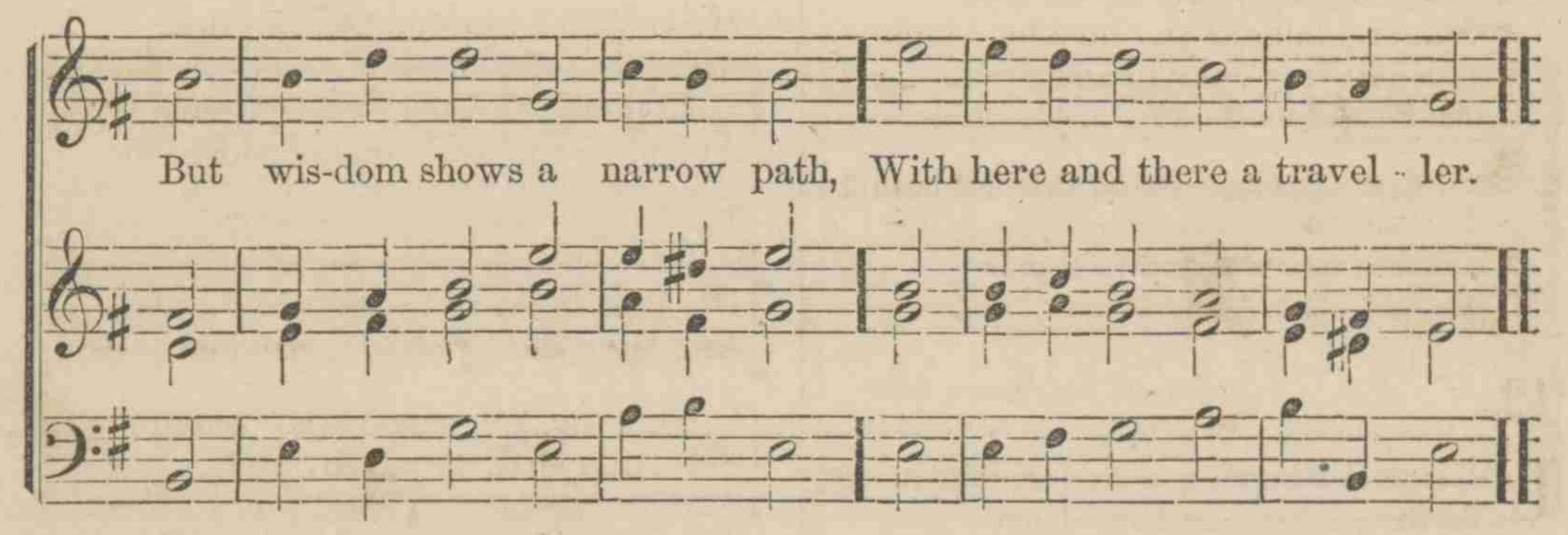
LORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let every peaceful, private home,
A temple, Lord, to thee become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still, in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

No. 17. **WINDHAM. L. M.** READ.





39. BAPTIST PSALMODY 351.
PSALMIST . . . 686.

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.

2 "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.

3 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.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

2 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 is found.

3 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.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

40. BAPTIST PSALMODY 362.
PSALMIST . . . 451.

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.

DOXOLOGY.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One;
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

41.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 398.
PSALMIST . . . 256.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he freely paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 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.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give:
Salvation in his name is found:
He bids the dying sinner live.

42.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 450.
PSALMIST . . . 475.

LORD, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart;
O, hear an humble prisoner's sigh.

2 Here on my soul the burden lies;
No human power can ease the load;
My numerous sins against me rise,
And far remove me from my God.

3 Break, break, O Lord, these tyrant chains,
And set the struggling captive free;
Redeem from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

43.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 452.
PSALMIST . . . 467.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 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.

3 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.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

44.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 453.
PSALMIST . . . 468.

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.

2 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.

3 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 pardoning God.

4 O, 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.

45.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 522.
PSALMIST . . . 548.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

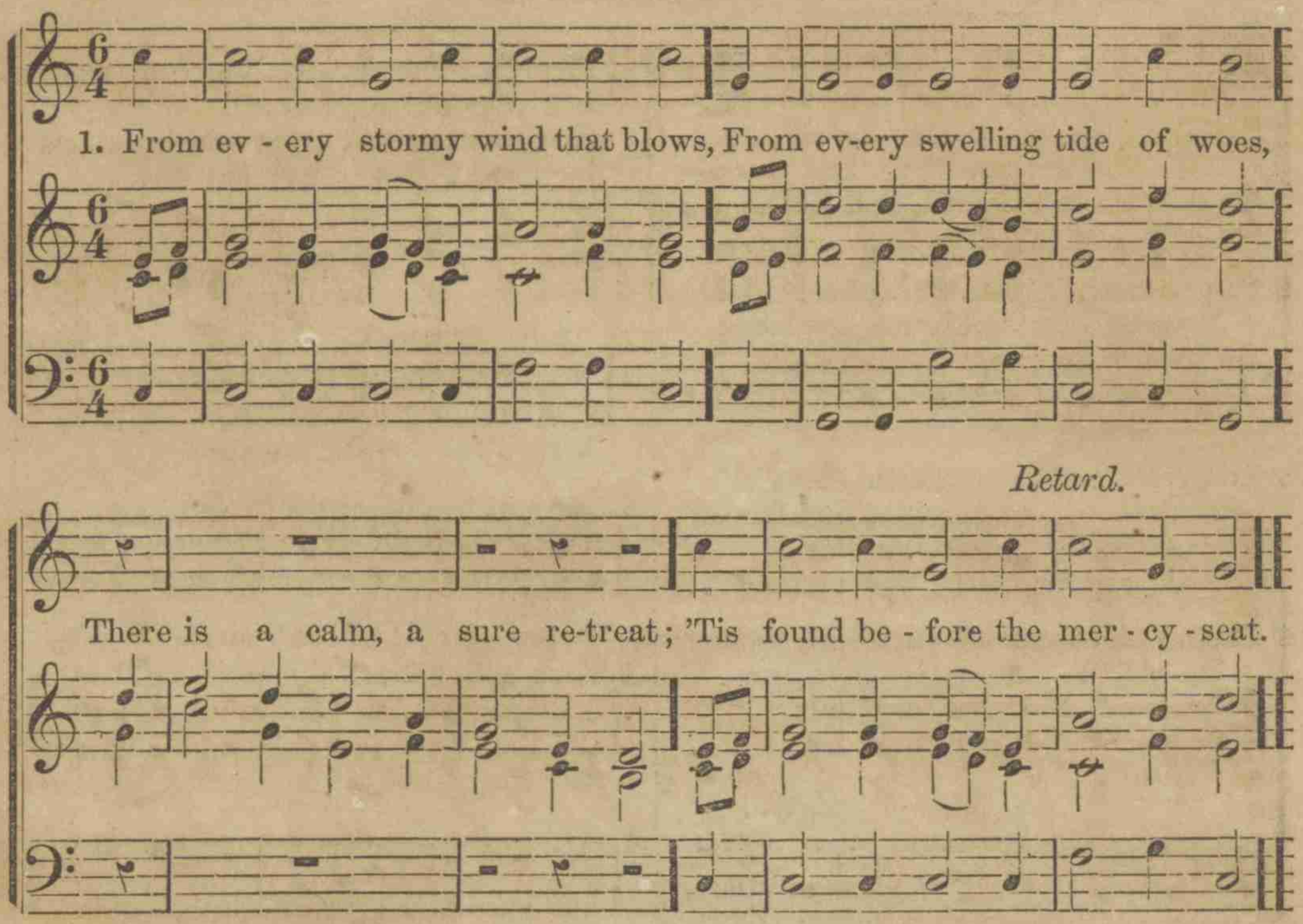
2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile, of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

5 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.

No. 18. RETREAT. L. M. THOS. HASTINGS.



46. BAPTIST PSALMODY 679. PSALMIST . . . 636.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 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.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

47. BAPTIST PSALMODY 700. PSALMIST . . . 756.

MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Still will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray,

3 I 'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too,
He is my rest, my sure relief.

4 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy words shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy holy hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

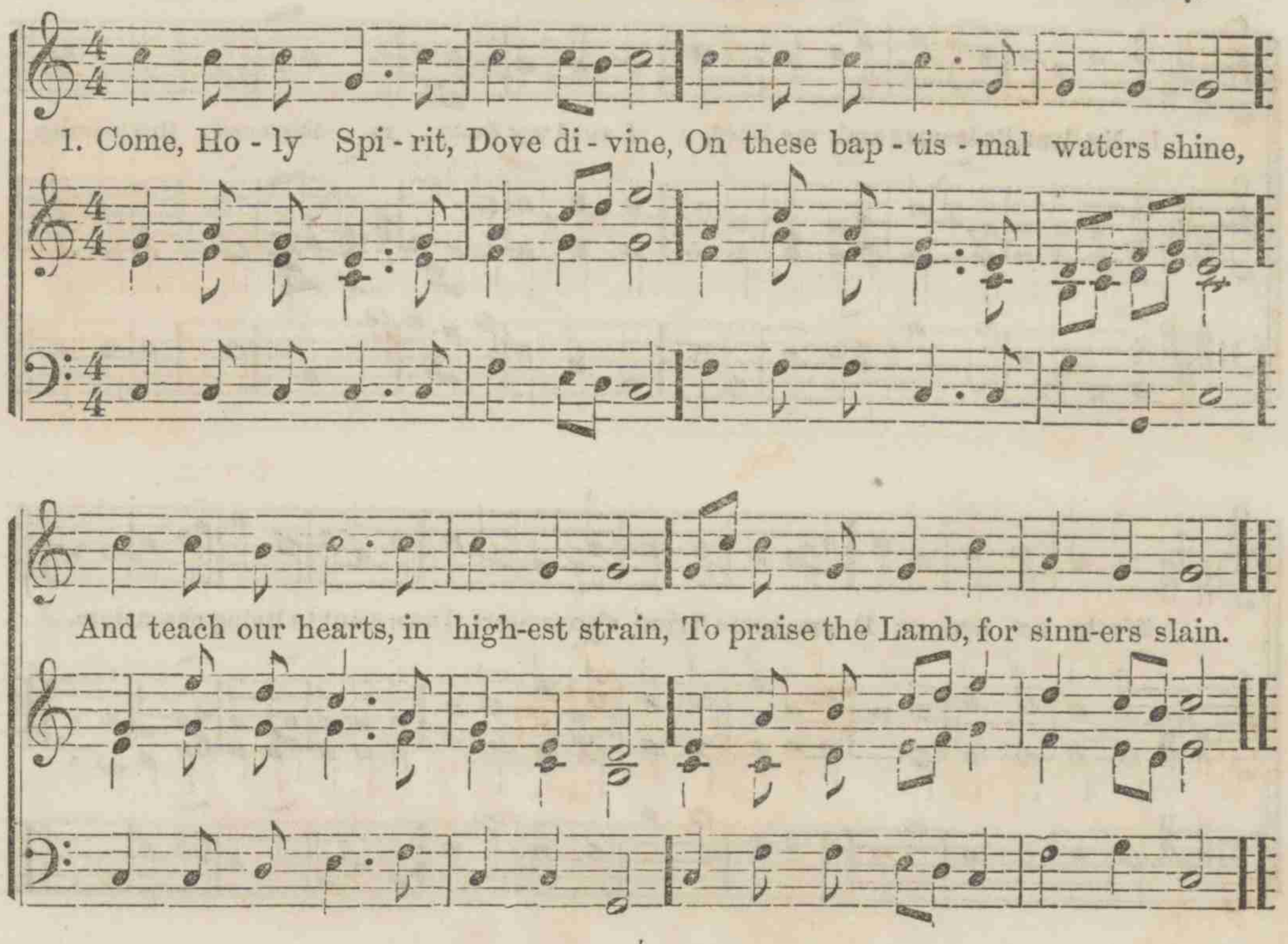
48. BAPTIST PSALMODY 905. PSALMIST . . . 805.

DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Within our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

No. 19. BELLINI. L. M. *



49. BAPTIST PSALMODY 906. PSALMIST . . . 807.

COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath the mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

50. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1000. PSALMIST . . . 869.

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall beam o'er distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste, to prove
The power and greatness of his love.

3 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace;
Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.
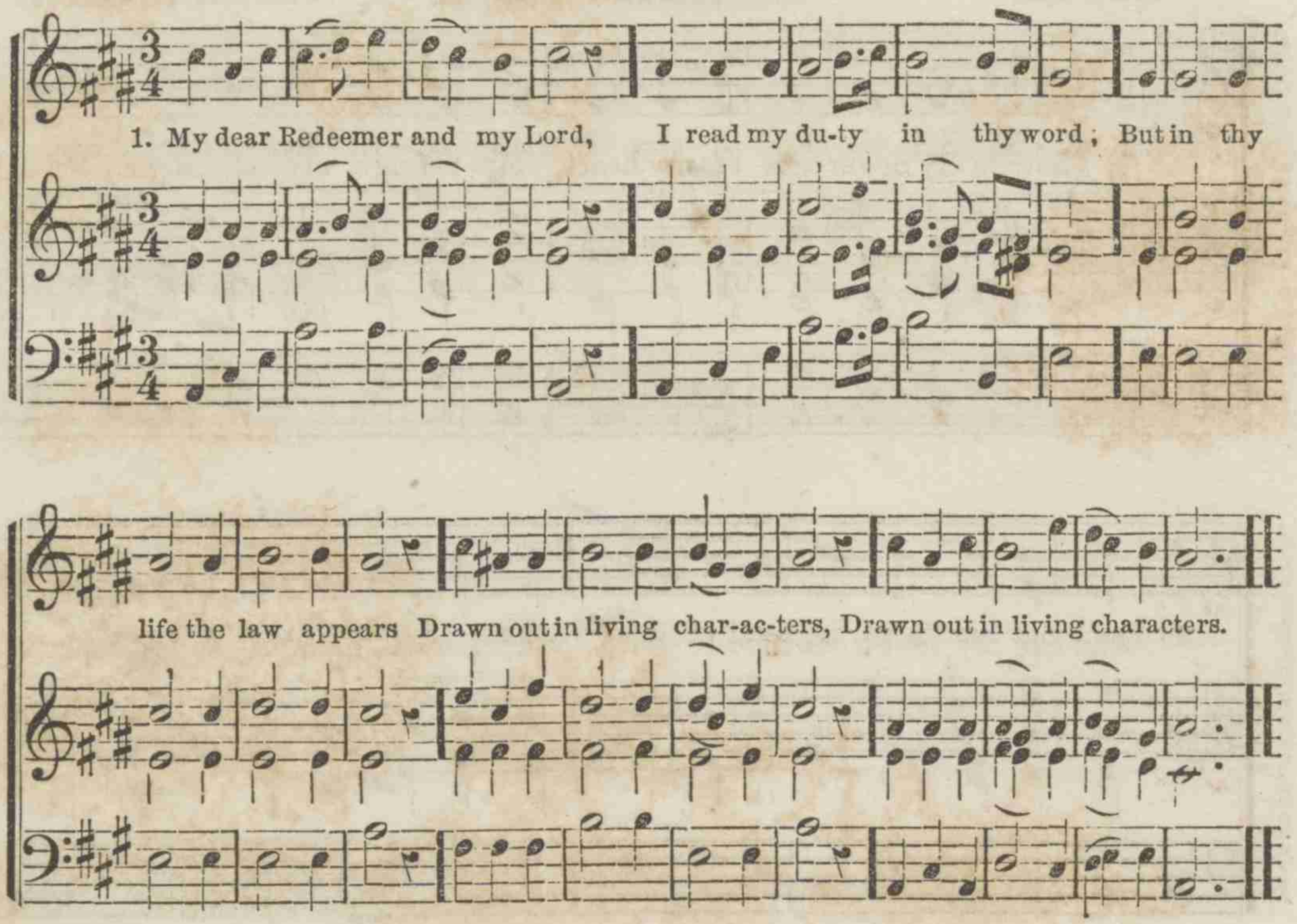
51. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1014. PSALMIST . . . 903.

SOON may the last, glad song arise
Through all the myriads of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3 O, let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

No. 20. **PARK STREET. L. M.** VENUA.



52. BAPTIST PSALMODY 675.
PSALMIST . . . 704.

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.

2 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.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here:
Thou God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

53. BAPTIST PSALMODY 523.
PSALMIST . . . 554.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

2 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.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I 've no sins to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

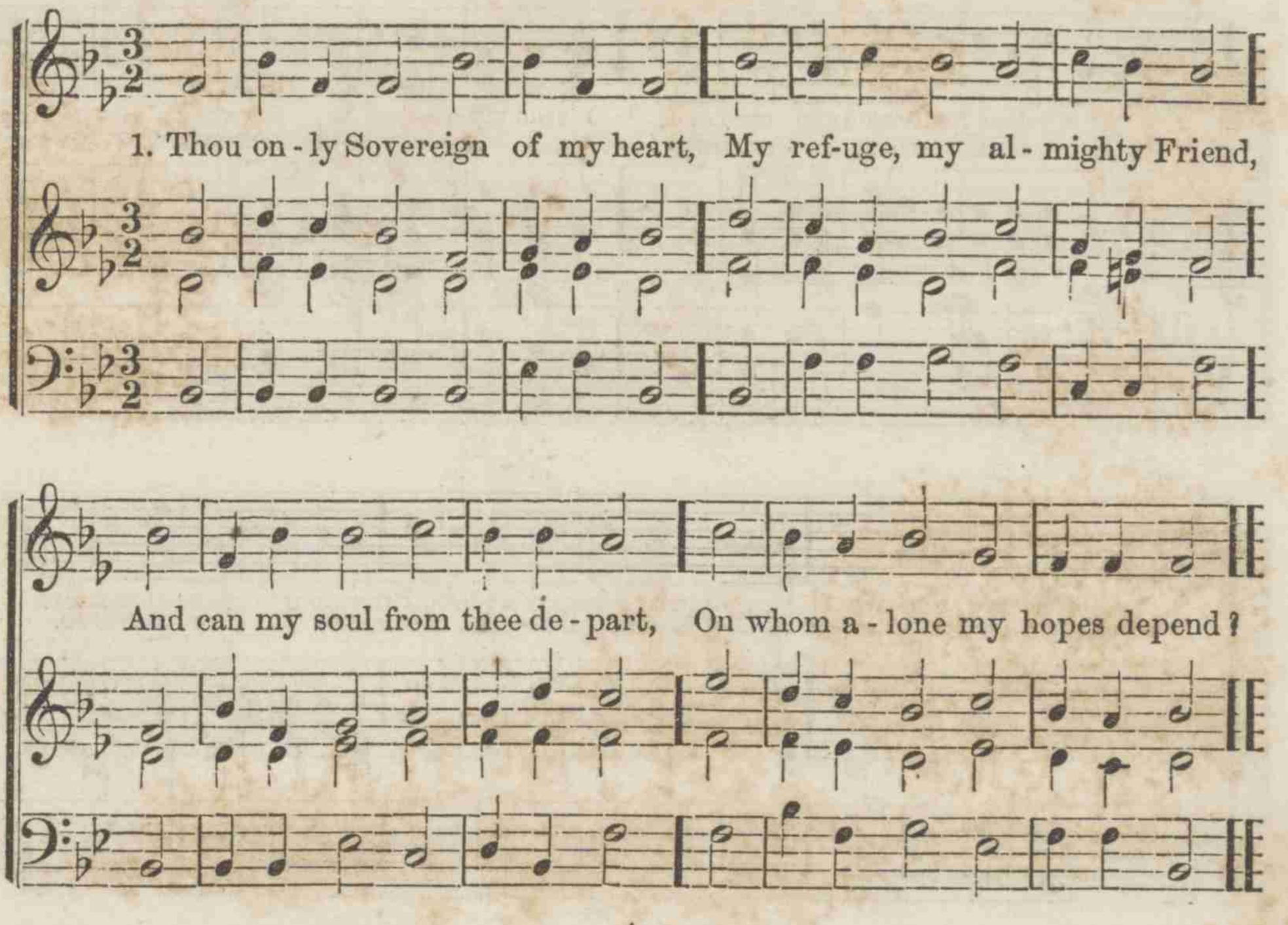
4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

5 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

DOXOLOGY.

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.

No. 21. **WATTS. L. M.** E. HENRY SEXTON.



54. BAPTIST PSALMODY 522.
PSALMIST . . . 548.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend!

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart:
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine:
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile, of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

5 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.

55. BAPTIST PSALMODY 549.
PSALMIST . . . 287.

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
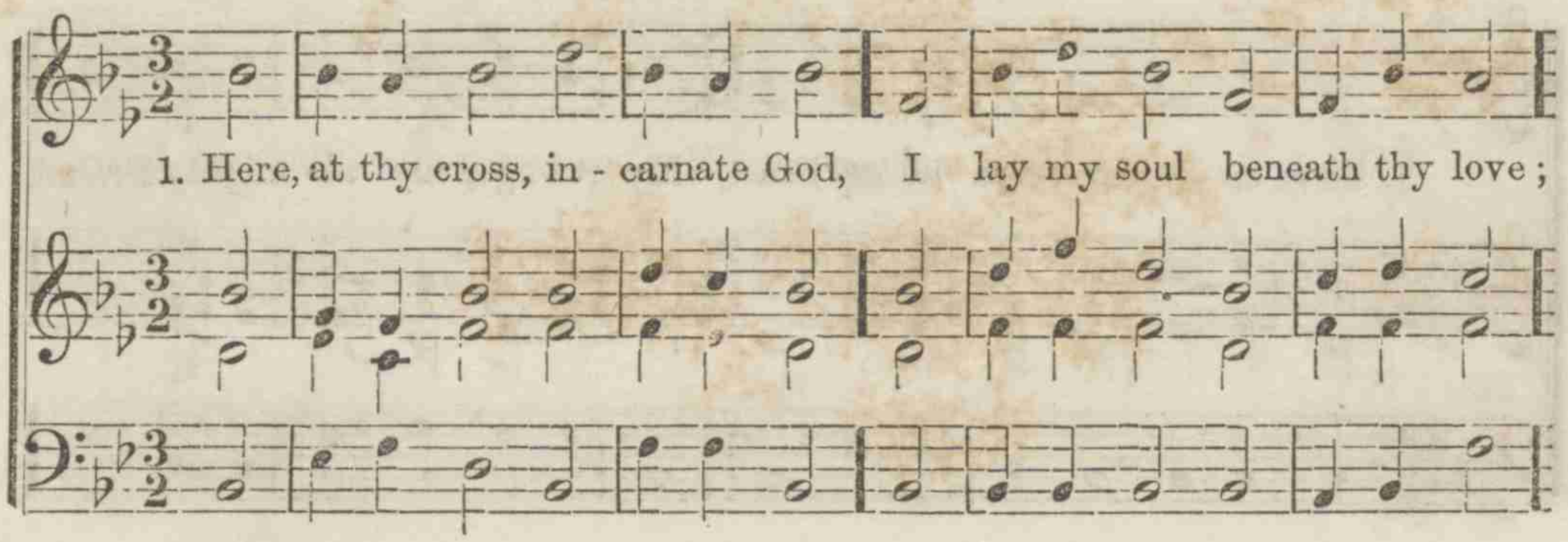
2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort, die?
'T is fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky.

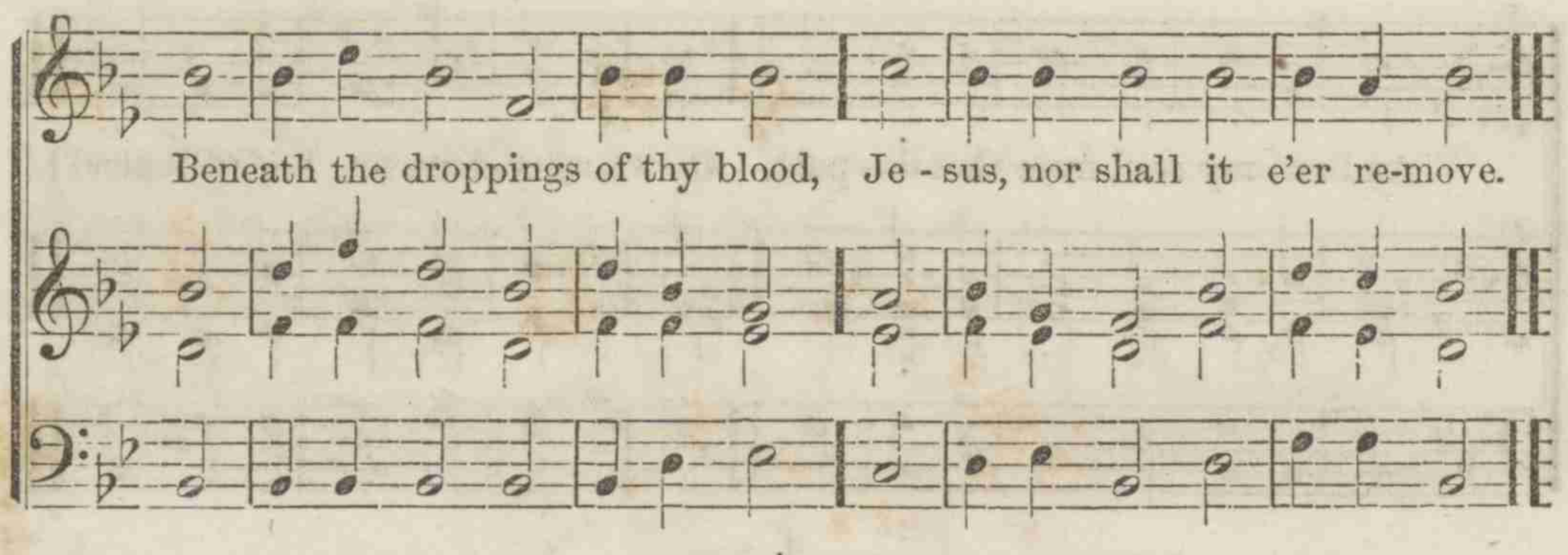
3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here I may build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Forever sure the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

No. 22. FOREST. L. M. CHAPIN.





56. BAPTIST PSALMODY 470.
PSALMIST . . . 531.

HERE, at thy cross, incarnate God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie!
Resolved, for that 's my last defence,
If I must perish, here to die.

3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4 Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my Saviour God!
And my best honors to his name.

57. BAPTIST PSALMODY 472.

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, I come!

2 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, I come!

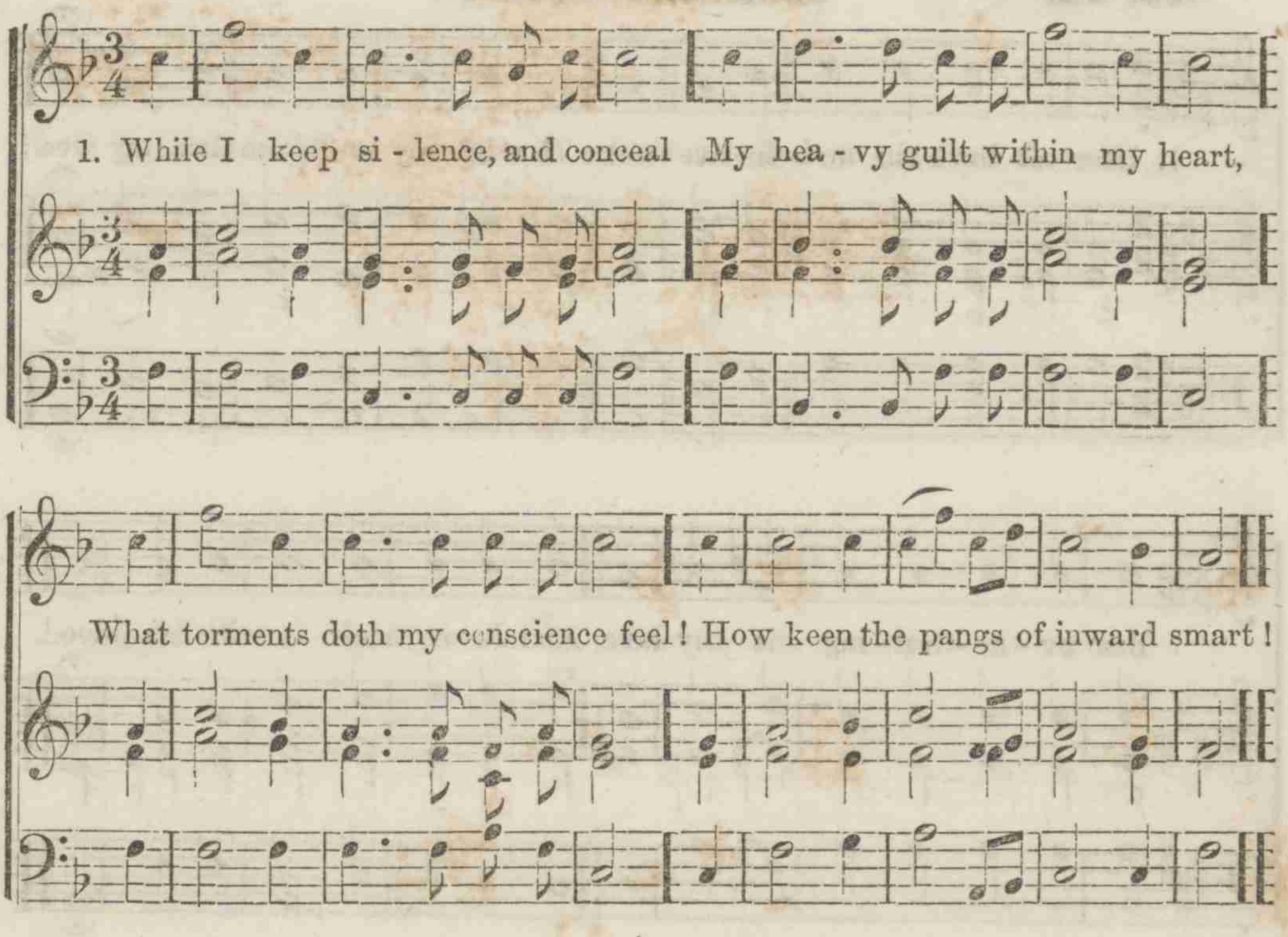
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yes, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 23. **McGLASSON. L. M.** R. M. McINTOSH.



58. BAPTIST PSALMODY 483.
PSALMIST . . . 496.

WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
How keen the pangs of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess:
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses at thy feet;
When floods of strong temptation roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark and storms appear!
And, when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

59. BAPTIST PSALMODY. 602.
PSALMIST . . . 739.

THOU God of hope, to thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless.

2 The poor are thy peculiar care:
To them thy promises are sure:
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share:
O, may we always thus be poor.

3 May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here,
Endure and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

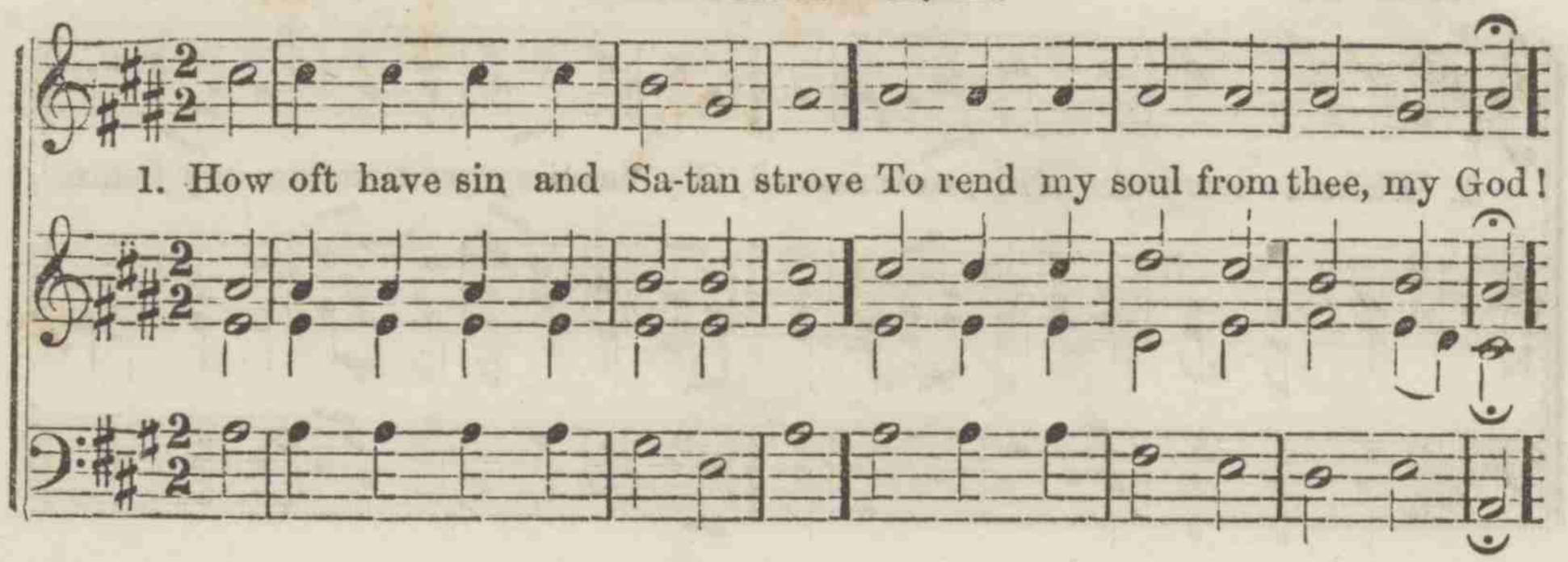
60. BAPTIST PSALMODY 552.
PSALMIST . . . 546.

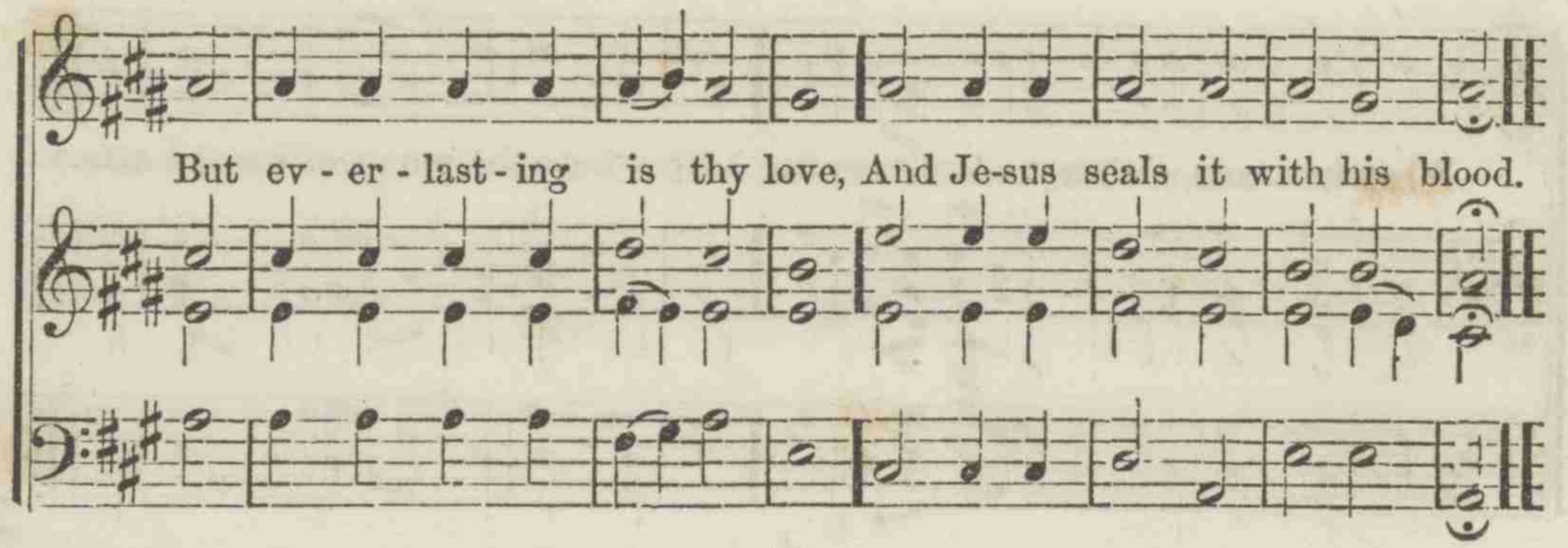
LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day"—
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things, or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there:
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 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.

No. 24. **STERLING. L. M.**





61. BAPTIST PSALMODY 32.
PSALMIST . . . 563.

HOW oft have sin and nature strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace:
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 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.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

62. BAPTIST PSALMODY 87.
PSALMIST . . . 212.

NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sin, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

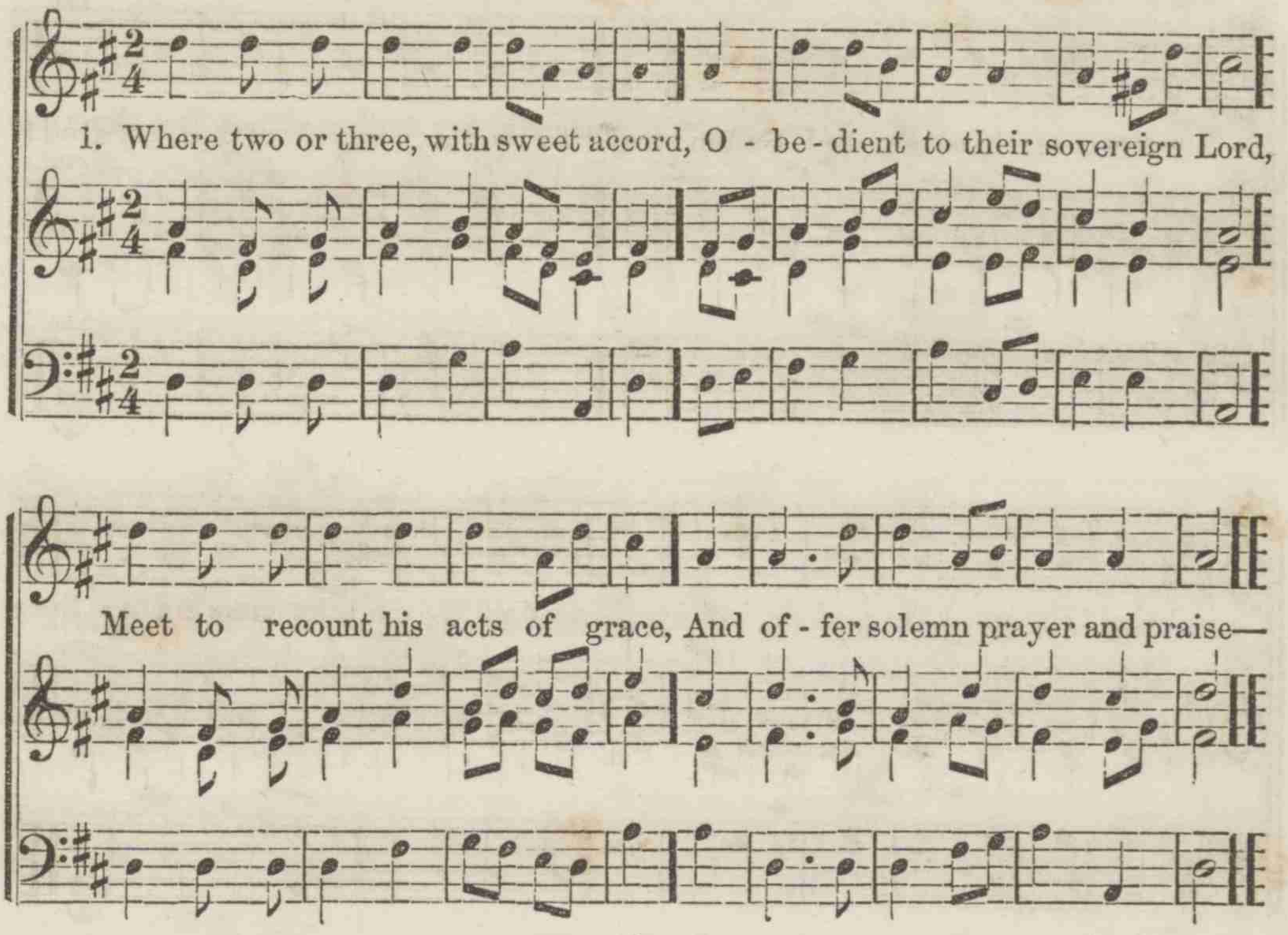
63. BAPTIST PSALMODY 91.
PSALMIST . . . 26.

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.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargèd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ, his Son.

No. 25. IONIA. L. M. DR. A. B. E.



64. BAPTIST PSALMODY 100.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company:
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

65. BAPTIST PSALMODY 250.
PSALMIST . . . 358.

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.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O, kindle now the sacred flame,
And make me burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see:
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

66. BAPTIST PSALMODY 264.
PSALMIST . . . 368.

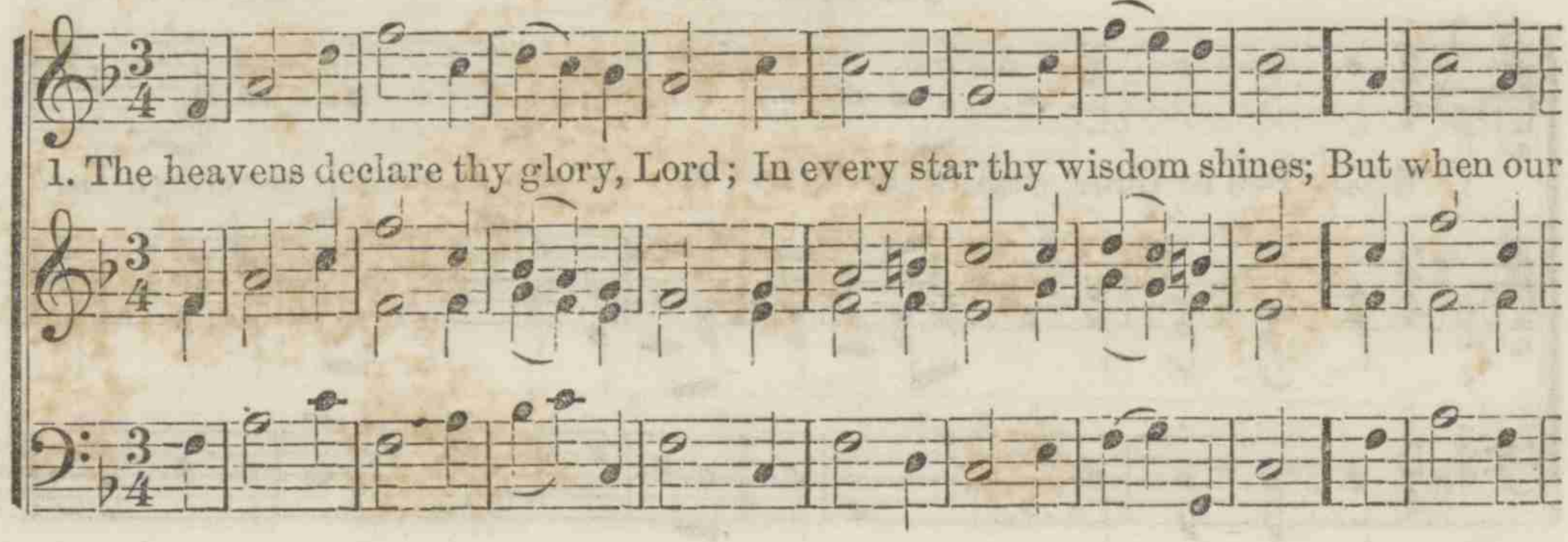
COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
That holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ—the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray:

4 Lead us to God—our final rest—
To be with him forever blest:
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy forever there.

No. 26. ROTHWELL. L. M.



67. BAPTIST PSALMODY 288.
PSALMIST . . . 76.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord:
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights, and days, thy power confess;
But that blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Around the earth, and never stand:
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 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.

5 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.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

68. BAPTIST PSALMODY 287.

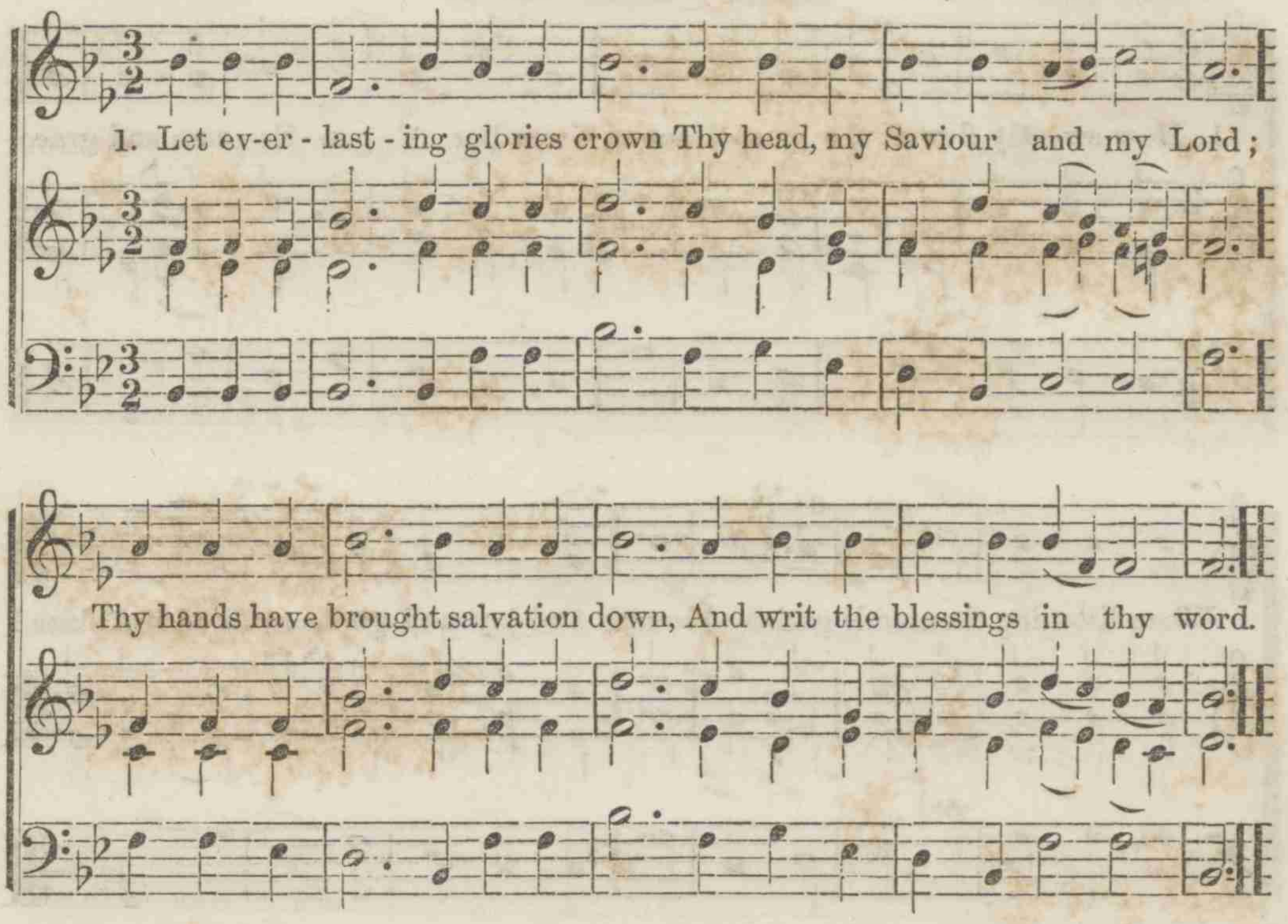
ALL nature sings God's boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in his blesséd word I trace
Diviner wonders of his grace.

2 There what delightful truths I read!
There I behold the Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

3 There Jesus bids my sorrow cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
There lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

4 For love like this, O let my song
Thro' endless years, thy praise prolong:
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

No. 27. **MALAN. L. M.** Arranged for this Work. Subject from Dr. MALAN.



69. Baptist Psalmody 305. Psalmist . . . 388.

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

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

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

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

70. Baptist Psalmody 221. Psalmist . . . 321.

NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'T was he who cleansed us from our sins,
And wash'd us in his precious blood;
'T is he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed;
Let every tongue his glory sing.

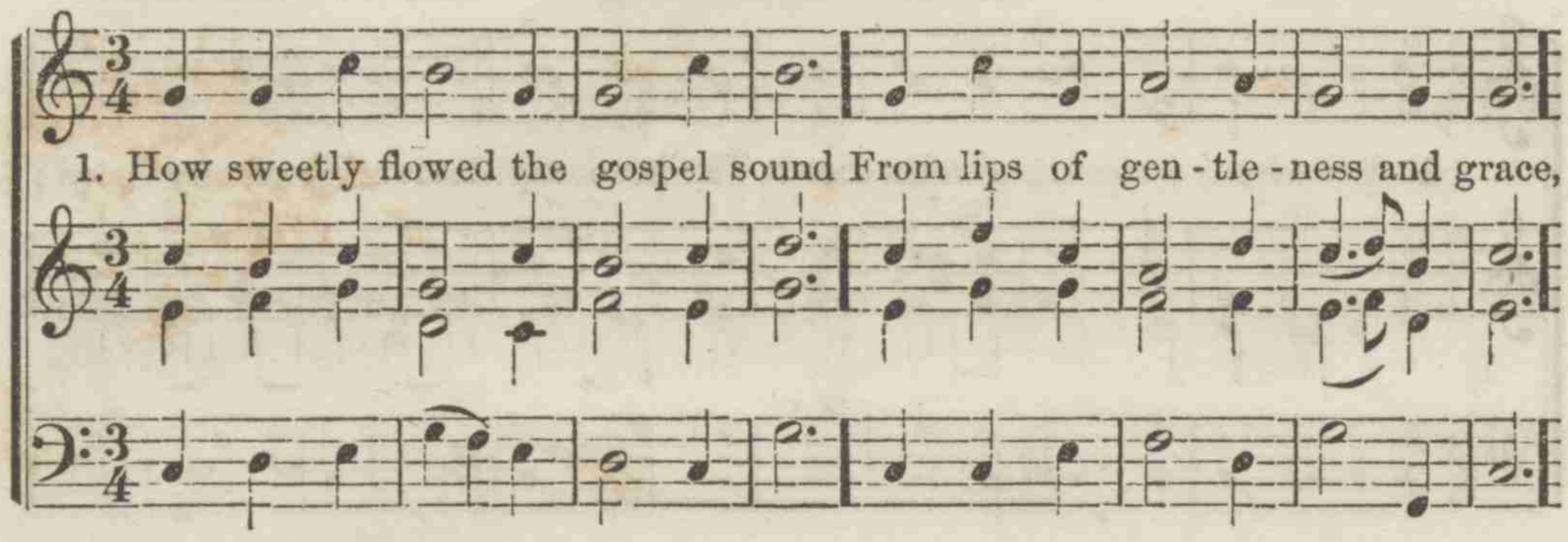
4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move:
Tho' with our sins we pierced him once,
Now he displays his pardoning love.

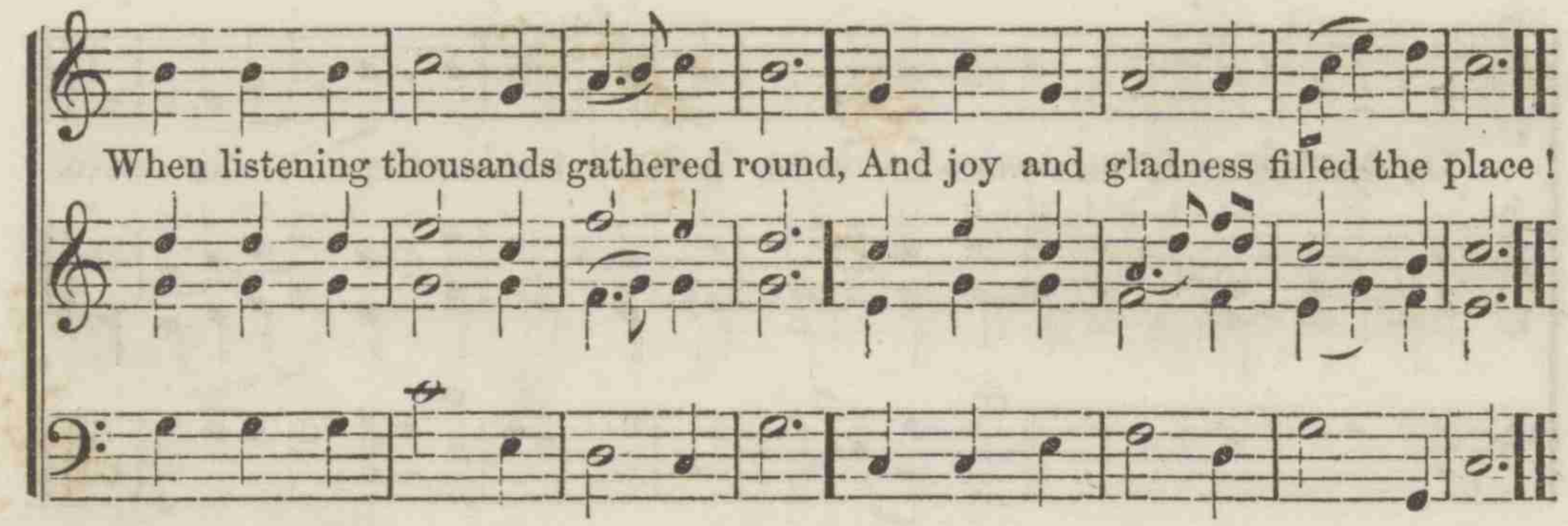
5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

DOXOLOGY.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

No. 28. **MENDON. L. M.** GERMAN.





71. BAPTIST PSALMODY 319.
PSALMIST . . . 406.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

72. BAPTIST PSALMODY 294.
PSALMIST . . . 497.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief from all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Rest for the torment of his mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'T is there such power and glory dwell
As saves rebellious souls from hell.

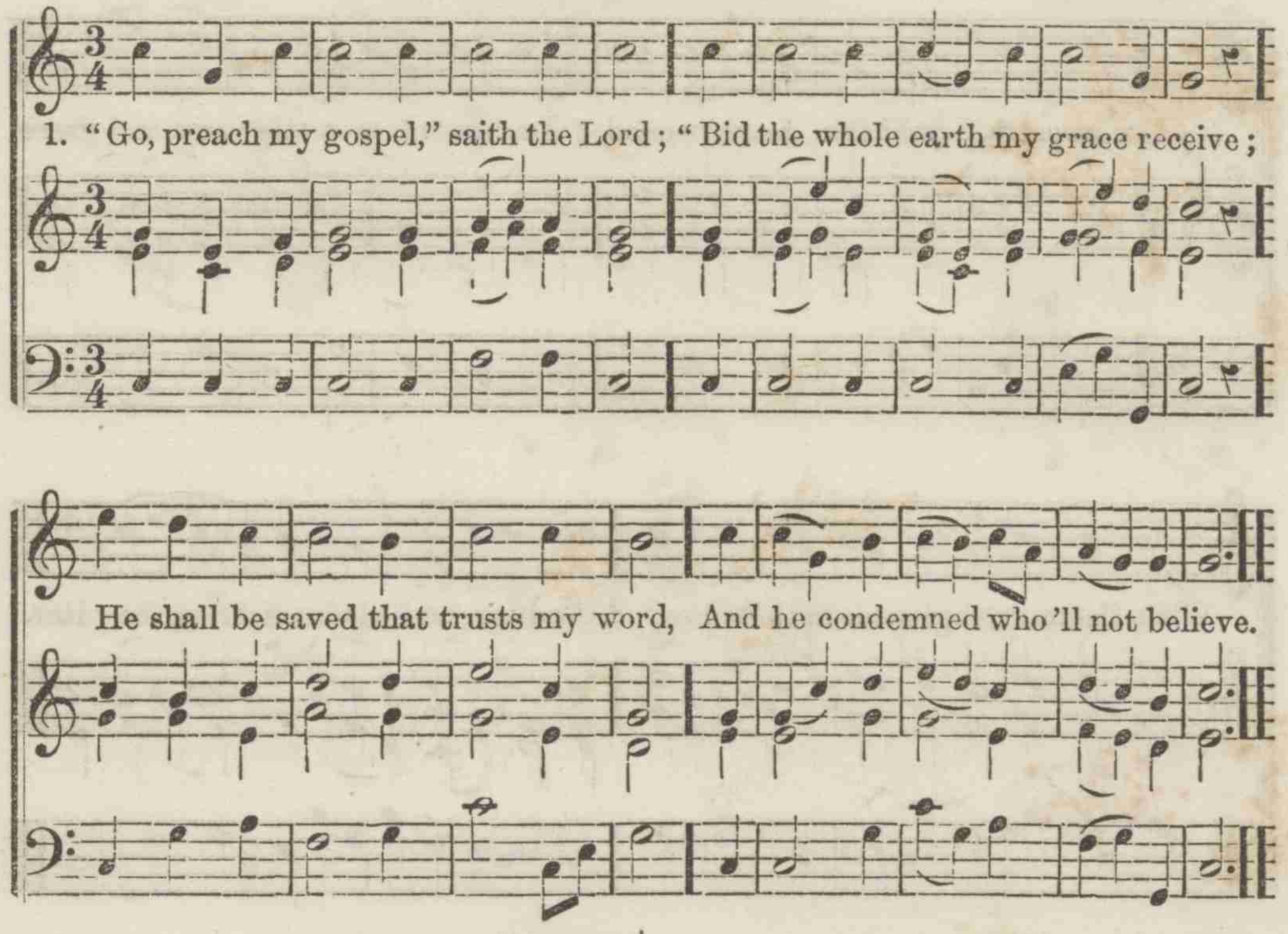
4 This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up:
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

73. BAPTIST PSALMODY 396.

O LORD, thy righteous law demands
Full satisfaction at thy hands;—
Faith points to thine atonement made,
And pleads thy full obedience paid.

2 Thou art, O God, my righteousness,
A robe of light—a spotless dress;
Thyself my title to thy love,
And to the heritage above.

No. 29. **SASNETT. L. M.** R. M. McINTOSH.



74. BAPTIST PSALMODY 947. PSALMIST . . . 852.

2 "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.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the work shall end:
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 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.

75. BAPTIST PSALMODY 987. PSALMIST . . . 914.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand:
The voice that marshalled every star
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The anthems of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

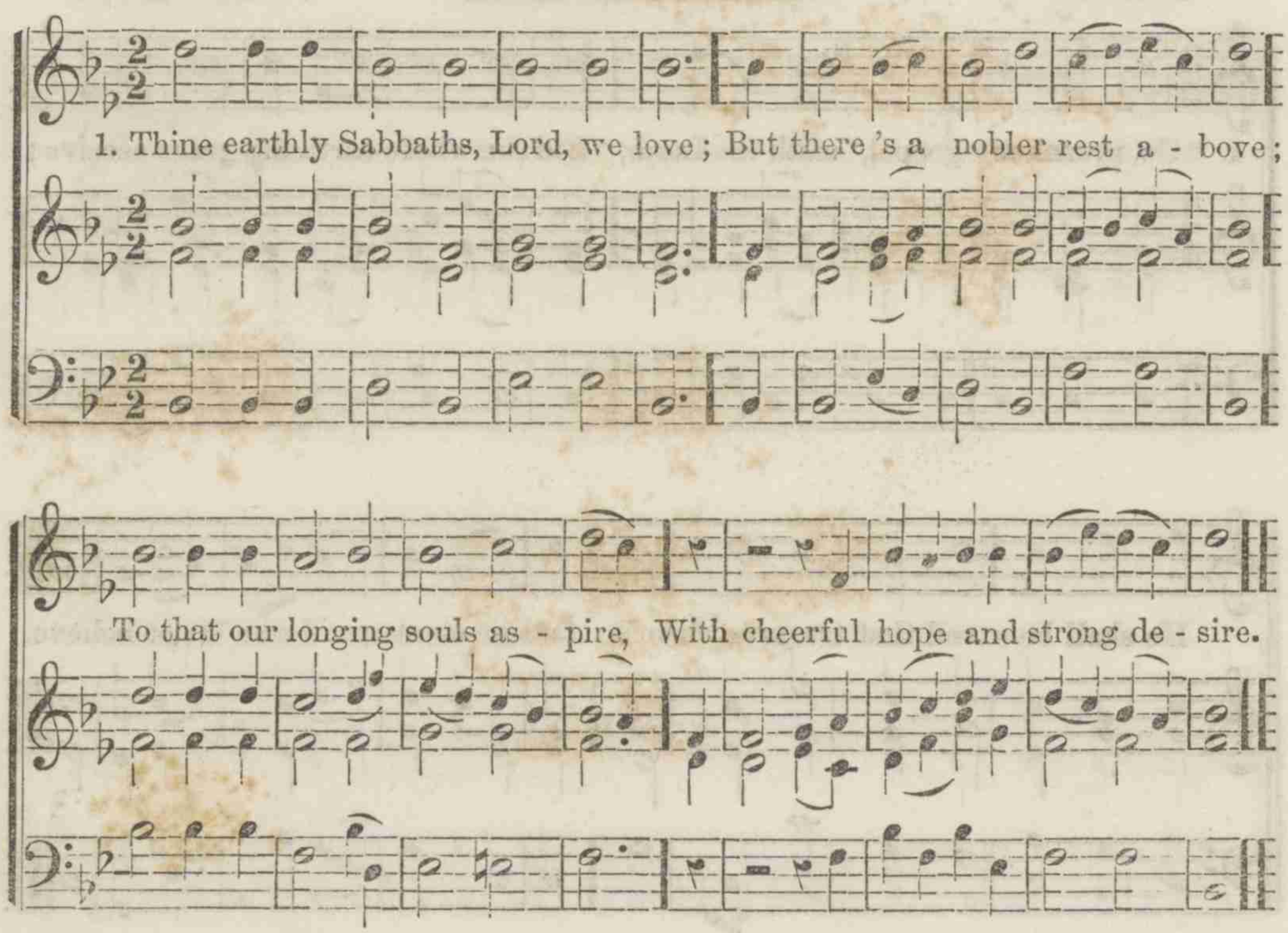
76. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1122. PSALMIST . . . 1011.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

No. 30. **ORLAND. L. M.** DR. ARNOLD.



77. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1260.
PSALMIST . . . 55.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues;—

3 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we 'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

78. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1264.
PSALMIST . . . 1172.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues and shades of light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across the calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the Paradise of God.

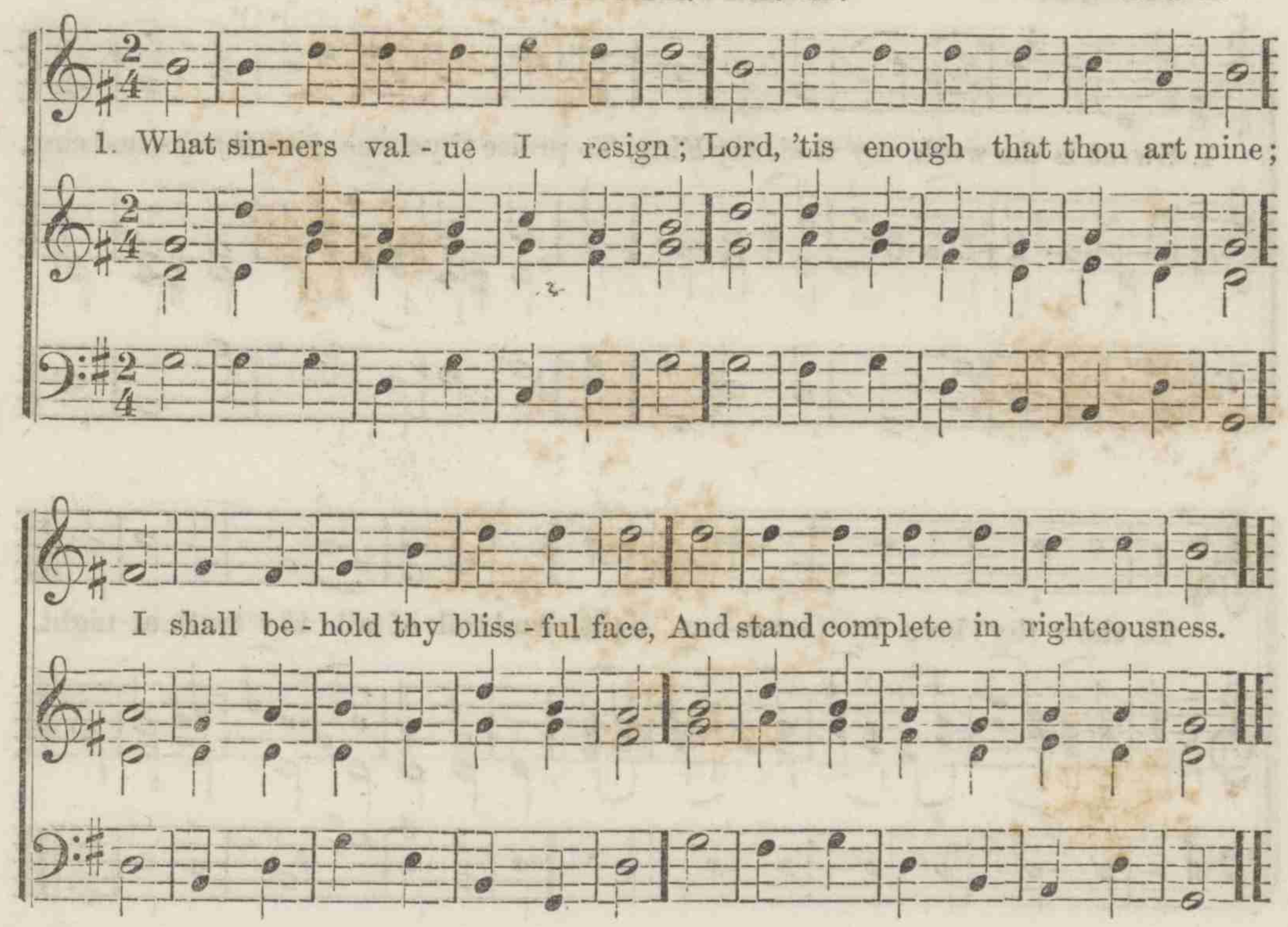
79. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1266.
PSALMIST . . . 1180.

O, HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white!
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2 Released from sorrow, toil, and strife,
And welcomed to an endless life,
Their souls have now begun to prove
The height and depth of Jesus' love.

3 There, gazing on his beauteous face,
They tell the wonders of his grace,
And, while they sing with rapture sweet,
They bow, adoring, at his feet.

No. 31. **LATROBE. L. M.** L. C. E.



80. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1274.
PSALMIST . . . 1165.

WHAT sinners value I resign:
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream—an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 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 my soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

81. BAPTIST PSALMODY 366.
PSALMIST . . . 437.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.
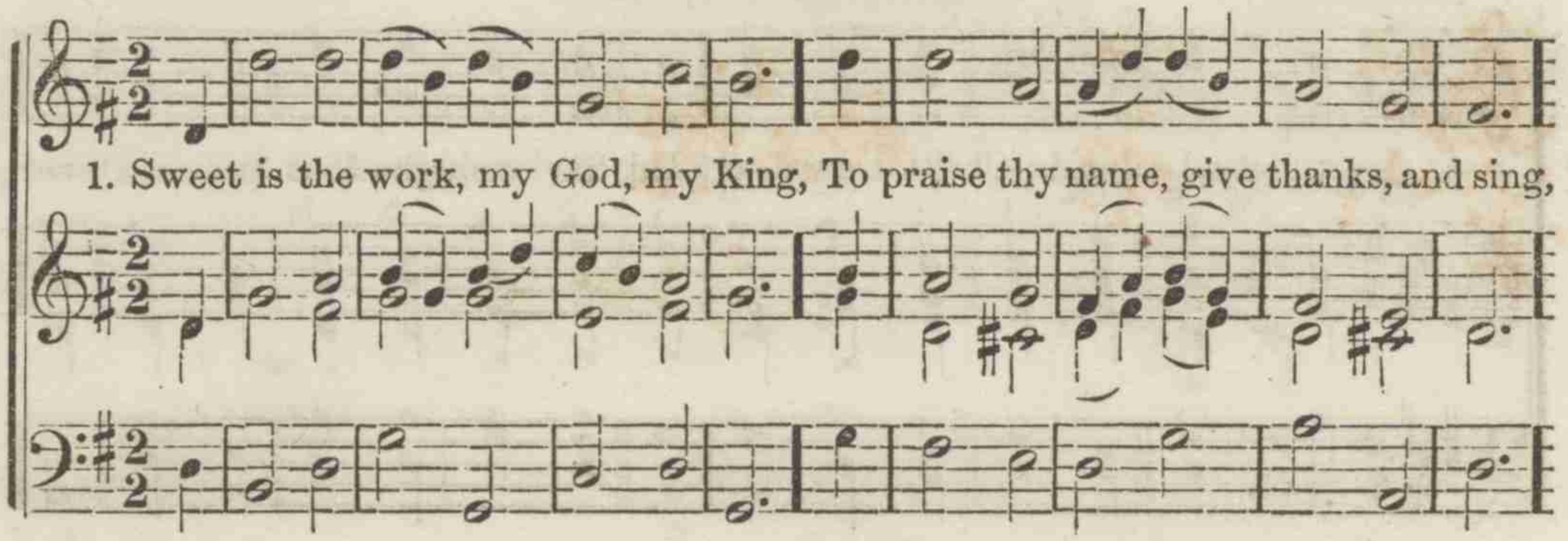
4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let me waste on trifling cares
The life which thy compassion spares.

82. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1159.
PSALMIST . . . 64.

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.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

No. 32. **PORTUGAL. L. M.** T. THORLEY.



83. BAPTIST PSALMODY 865.
PSALMIST . . . 50.

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.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall fill my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels, how divine!

4 And 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.

5 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.

84. BAPTIST PSALMODY 885.

REJOICE, for Christ the Saviour reigns;
He spreads his triumphs all abroad;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their God.

2 His sons and daughters from afar
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

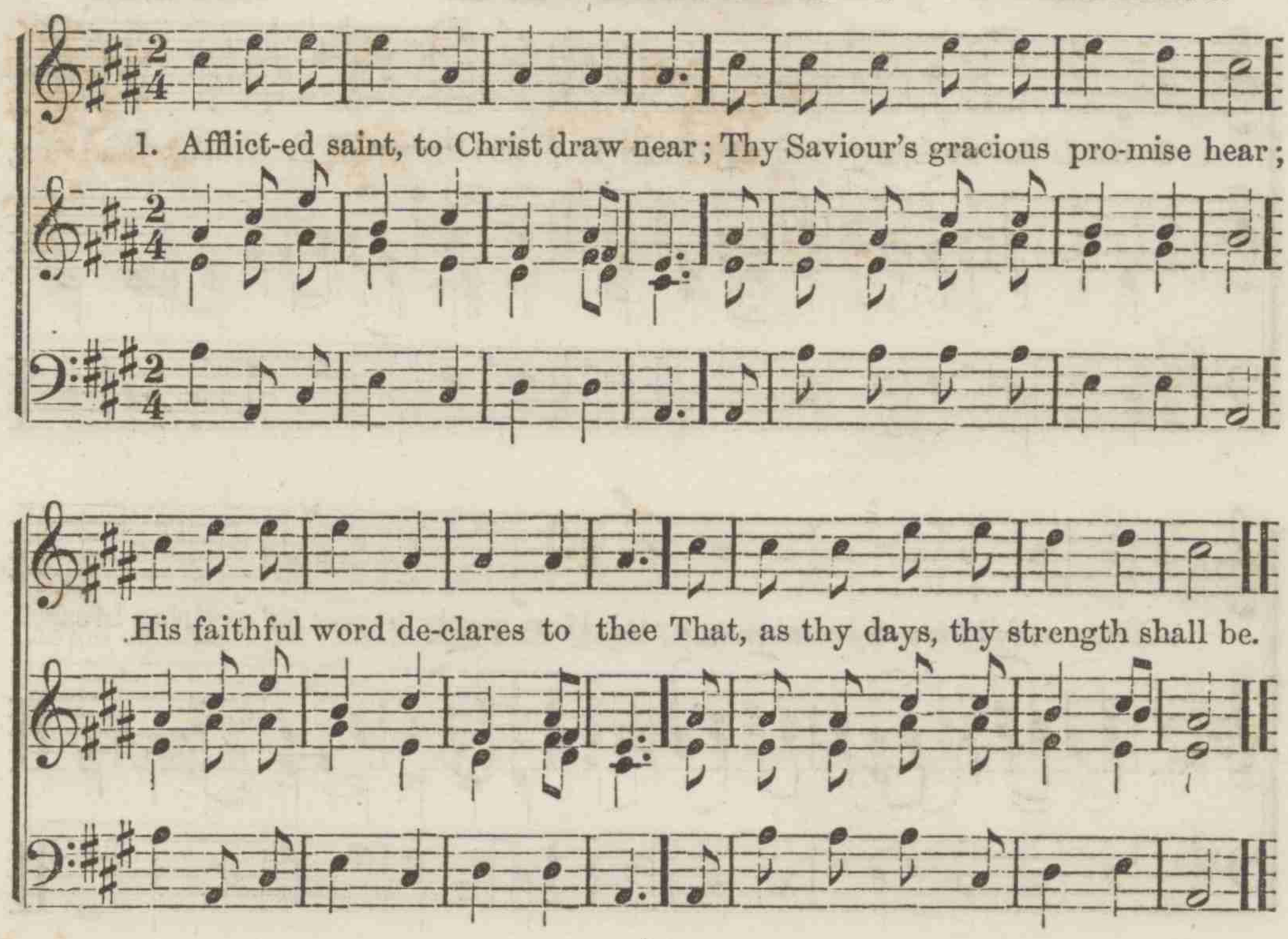
3 O, may his conquest still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, from all above,
In lofty songs exalt his name—
In songs as lofty as his love.

DOXOLOGY.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

No. 33. **VESPER HYMN. L. M.** DR. A. B. EVERETT.



85. BAPTIST PSALMODY 764.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near;
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5 When called to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty—
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue:
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

86. BAPTIST PSALMODY 136.

JESUS, my Lord, I own thee God,
Earth sprang to being at thy nod;
All things were made by thee, the Word,
Who was, with God, as God adored.

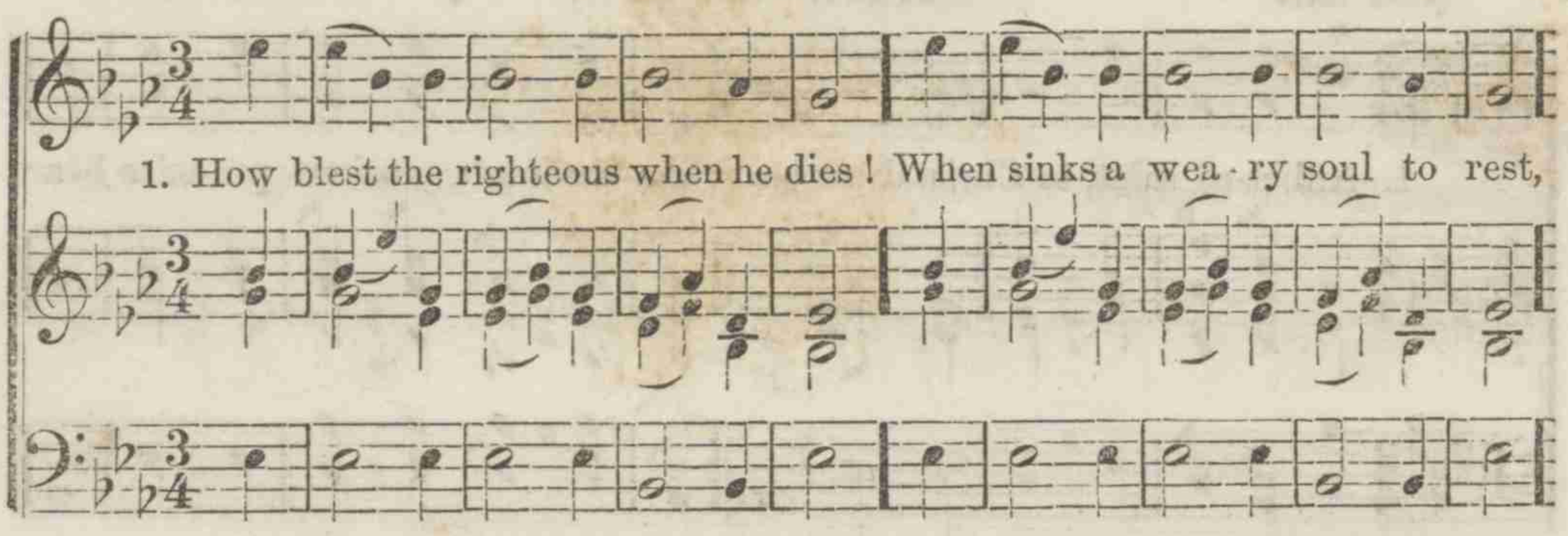
2 Before the world's firm base was laid,
Thy glorious Godhead was displayed:
And after worlds have ceased to be,
Thy praise shall fill eternity.

3 Thou, gracious Lord, my soul would own,
The power to save is thine alone;
O'er me assert thy sovereign will,
And be my God, my Saviour still.

DOXOLOGY.

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.

No. 34. **GRATITUDE. L. M.** BOST.



87. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1201.
PSALMIST . . . 1103.

2 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.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

88. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1215.
PSALMIST . . . 1109.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet?
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venomed sting!

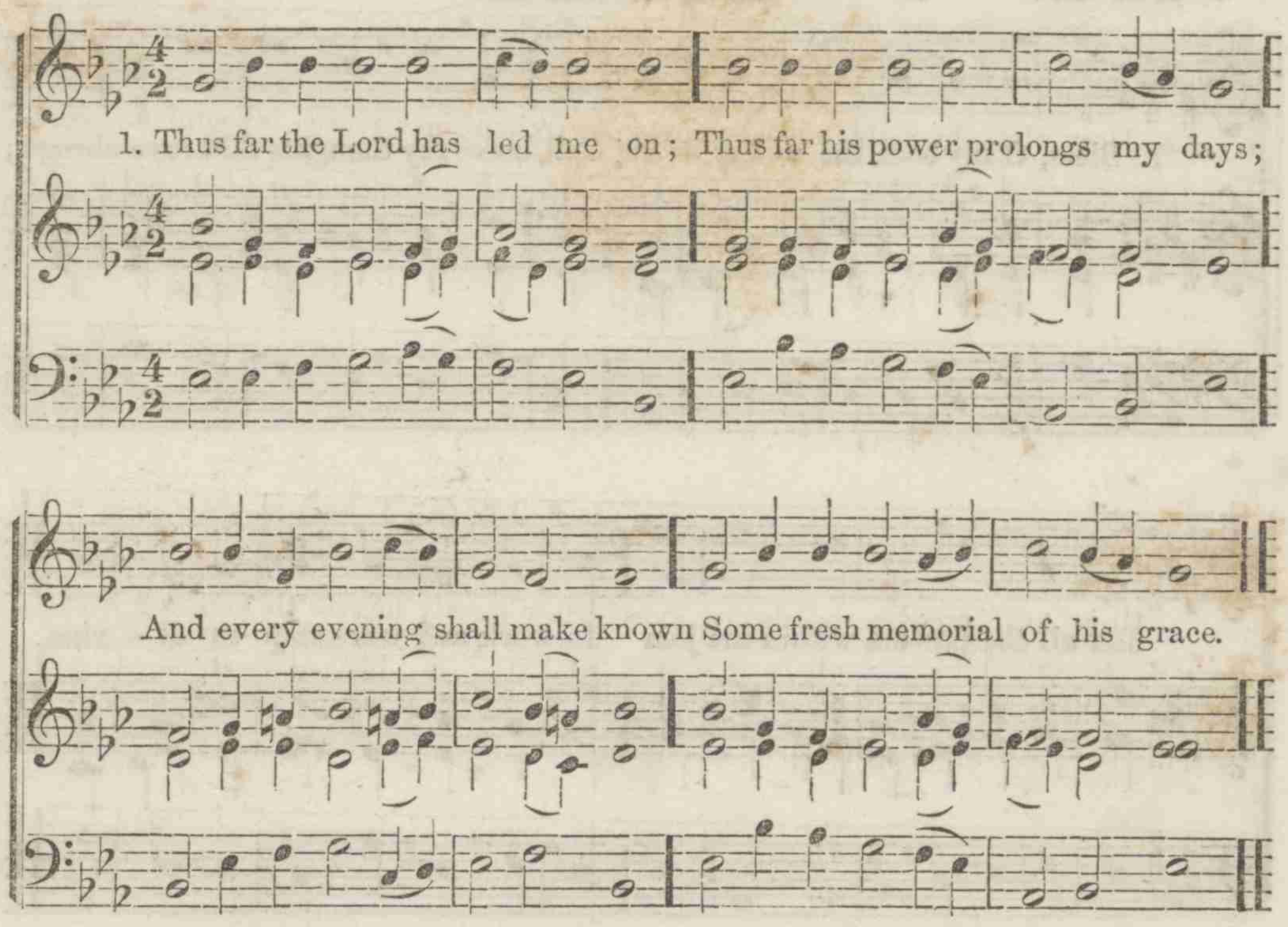
3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

3 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

No. 35. ELM. L. M. Dr. A. B. E.



89. Baptist Psalmody 1135.
Psalmist . . . 1023.

THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head·
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

90. Baptist Psalmody 1137.
Psalmist . . . 1025.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise,
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

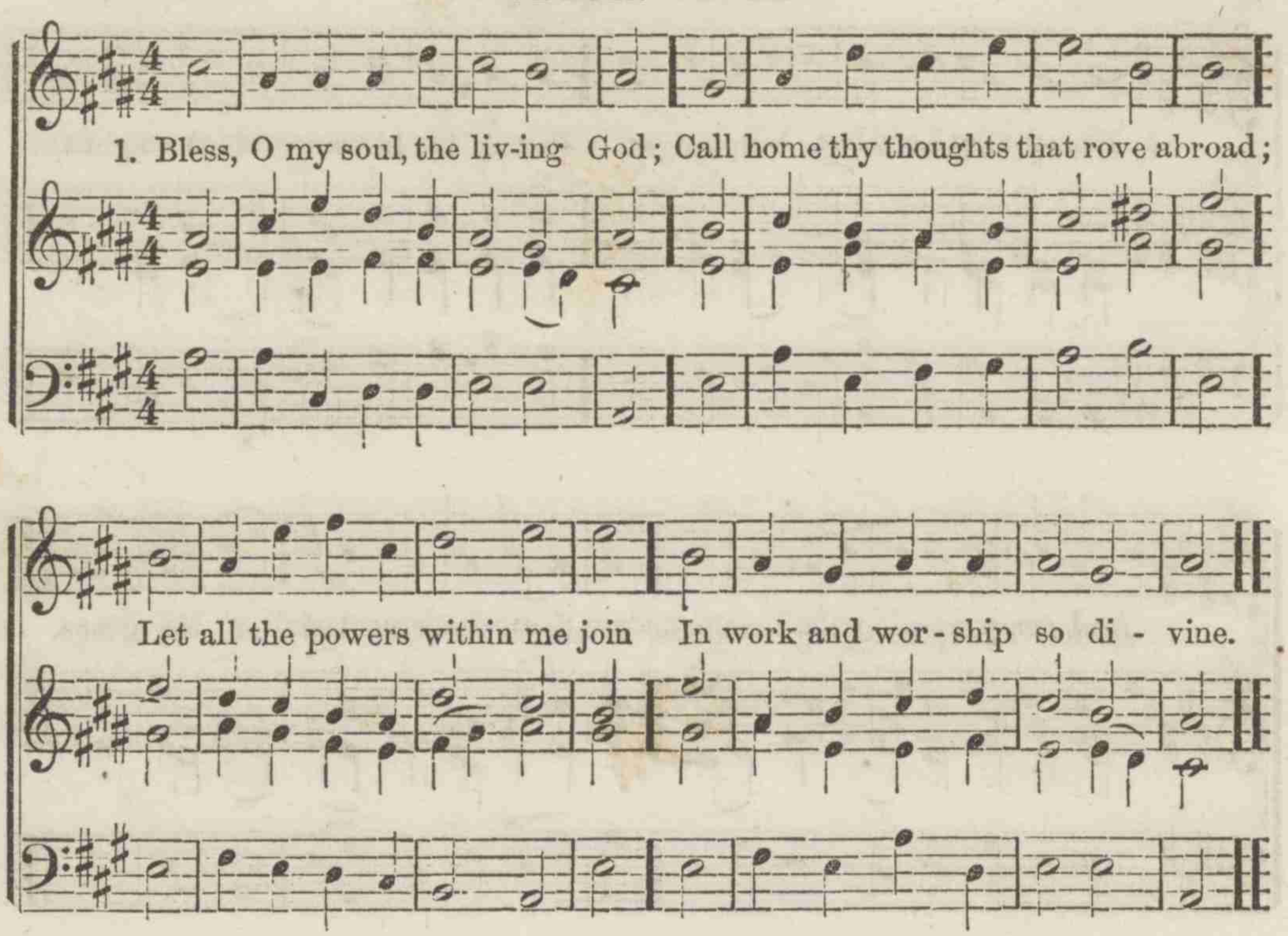
4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance, at thy throne.

5 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.

DOXOLOGY.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

No. 36. **UPTON. L. M.**



91. BAPTIST PSALMODY 85.
PSALMIST . . . 186.

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.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim the highest praise:
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot.

3 'T is he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes that thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue, with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

92. BAPTIST PSALMODY 76.
PSALMIST . . . 95.

PRAISE ye the Lord: my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

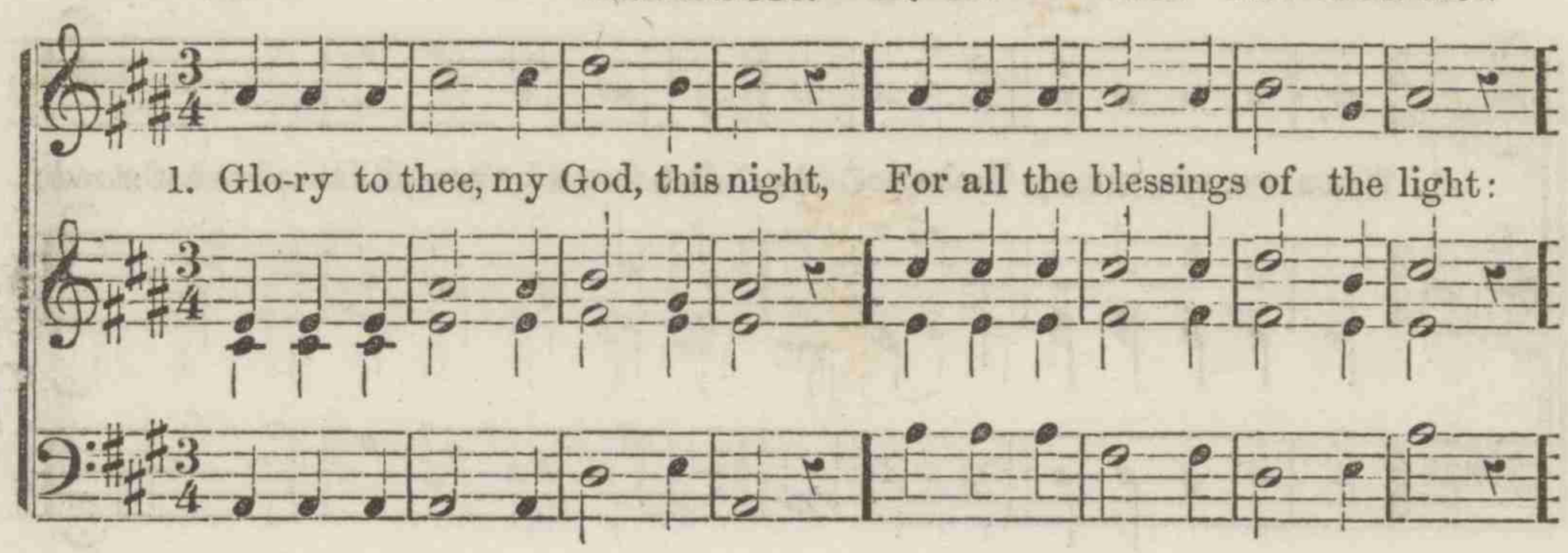
4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
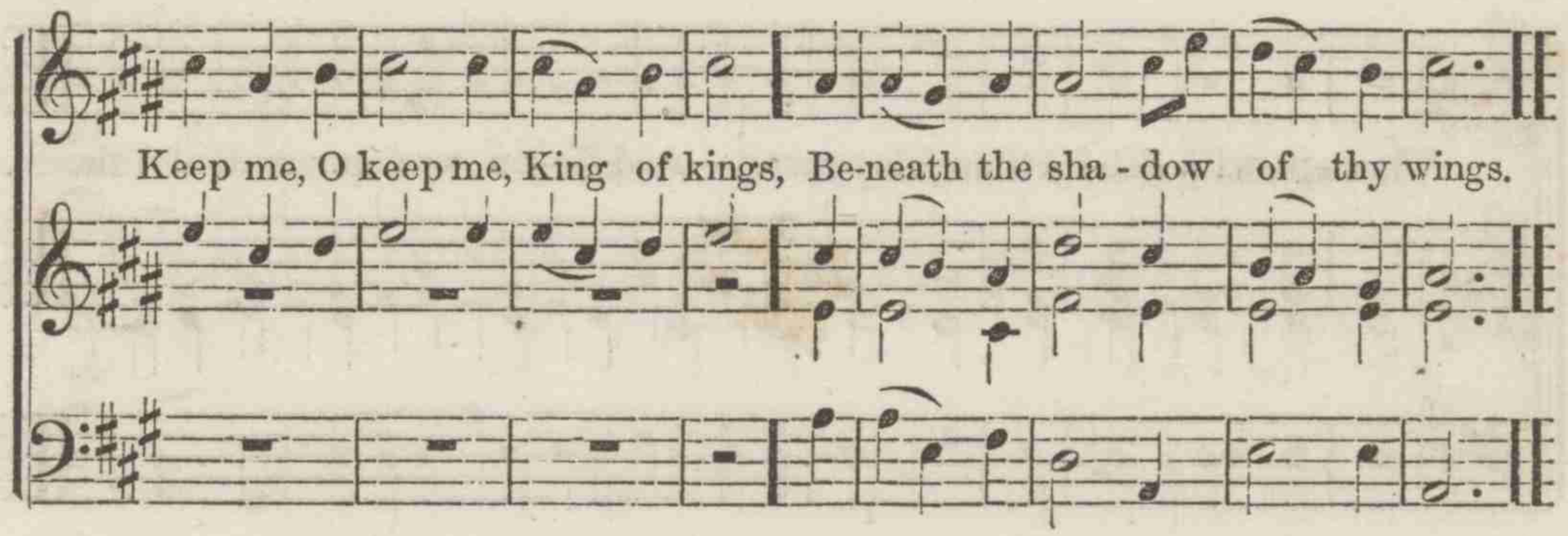
93. BAPTIST PSALMODY 284.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way!

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale!"

No. 37. **SIMPSON. L. M.** FROM "NEW THES. MUS."





94. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1141.
PSALMIST . . . 1031.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

5 Lord, let my heart forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

95. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1186.
PSALMIST . . . 1072.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

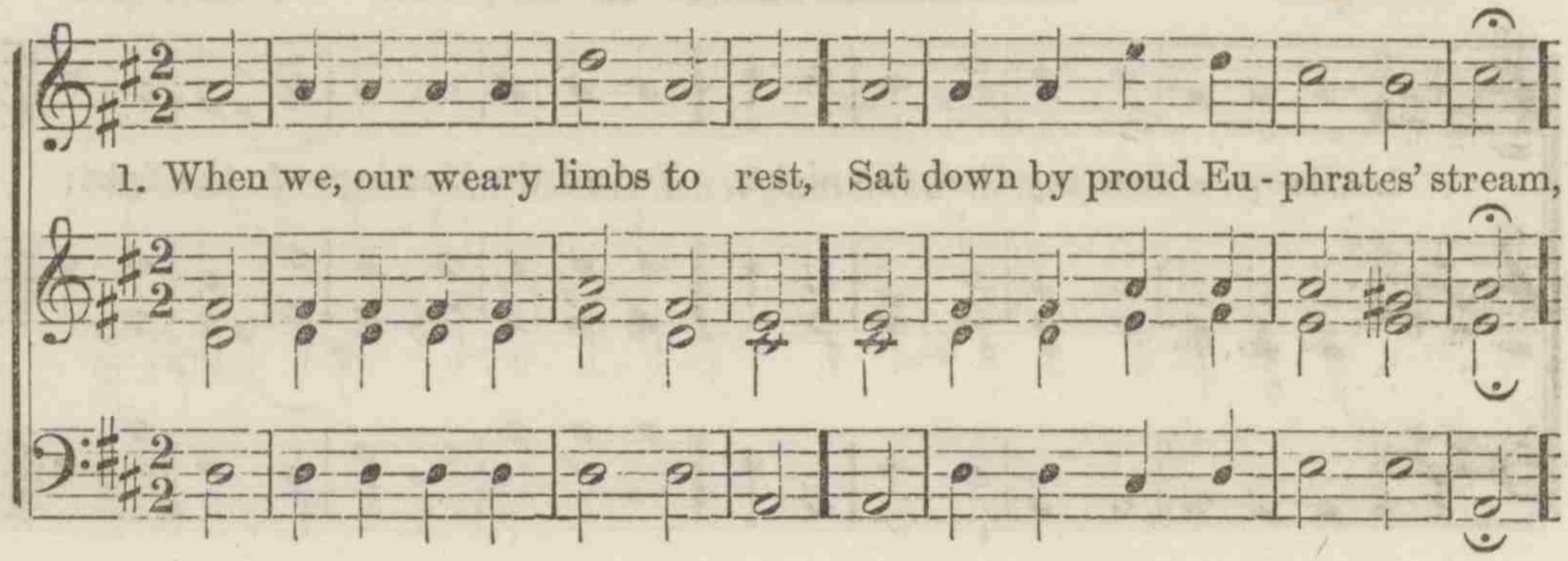
3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

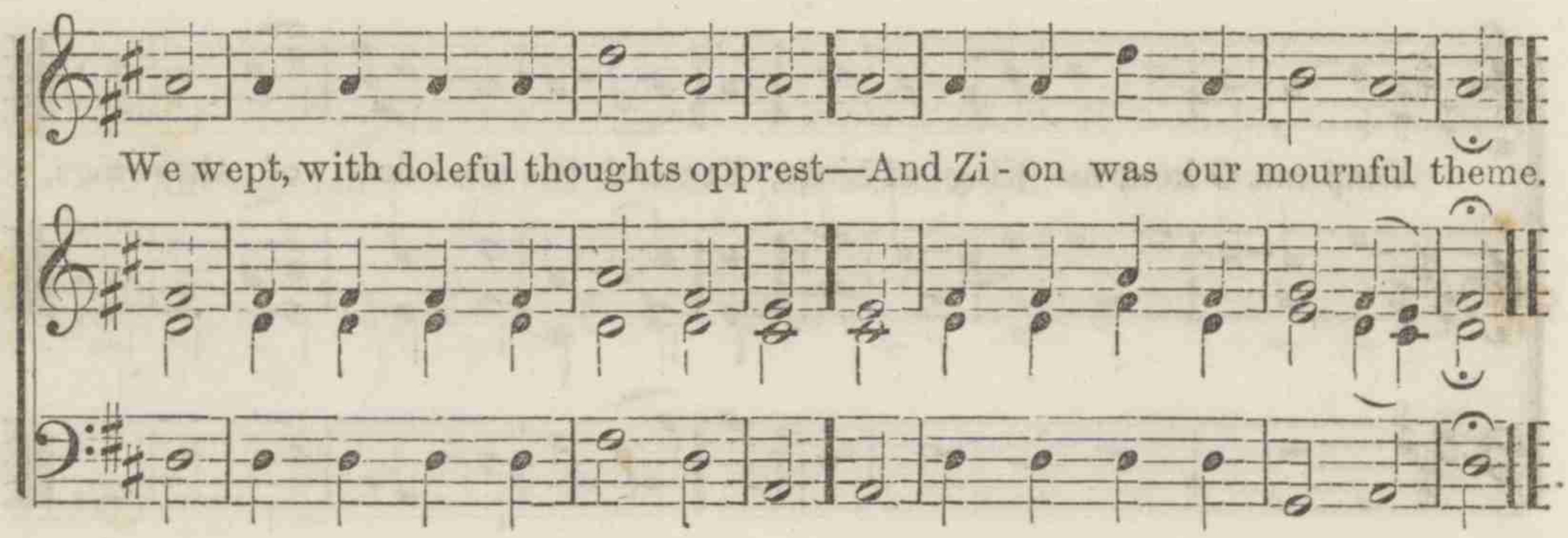
4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

DOXOLOGY.

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.

No. 38. EUPHRATES. (Or HALL.) L. M. Dr. A. B. E.





96. BAPTIST PSALMODY 977.

WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress,
And Zion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that withered there.

3 Regardless whence our sorrows spring,
Th' insulting foe a song demands;—
How can we tune our voice to sing
Jehovah's song in foreign lands?

4 O Salem! our once happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let, then, my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.

5 If I to mention thee forbear,
My faithless tongue in silence seal—
If aught to Zion I prefer,
Or cease for her distress to feel.

97. BAPTIST PSALMODY 326.
PSALMIST . . . 417.

"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.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

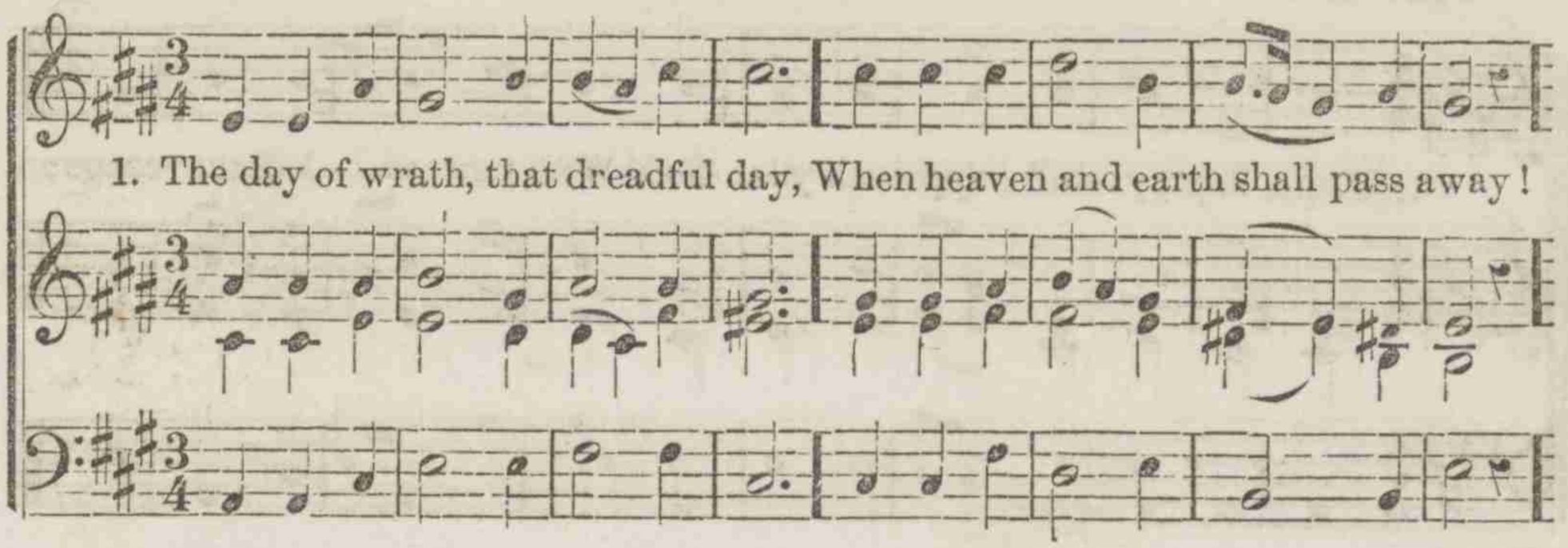
3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to the neck!
My grace shall make the burden light."

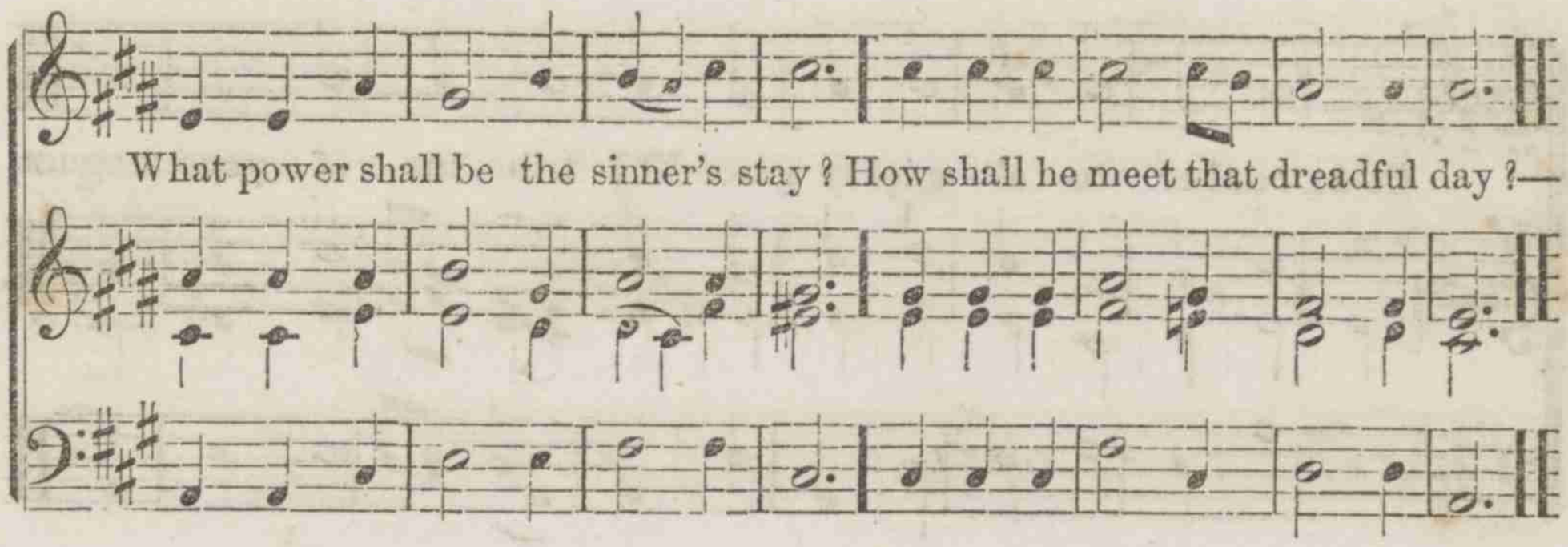
4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

DOXOLOGY.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One;
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

No. 39. MENDELSSOHN. L. M. From "New Thes. Mus."





98. Baptist Psalmody 1249.
Psalmist . . . 1130.

2 When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.

99. Baptist Psalmody 1248.

THE day of wrath, that awful day,
Shall all the world in ashes lay;
The last loud trumpet's mighty sound
Shall wake the nations under ground.

2 The Judge ascends the awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known;
Nature and death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise.

3 Thou great Redeemer of mankind,
Let guilty souls now favor find:
My God, my Saviour, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

4 O, save me from the dark abyss,
And raise me to the world of bliss;
Give my preparéd soul a place
Among the chosen heirs of grace.

100. Baptist Psalmody 166.

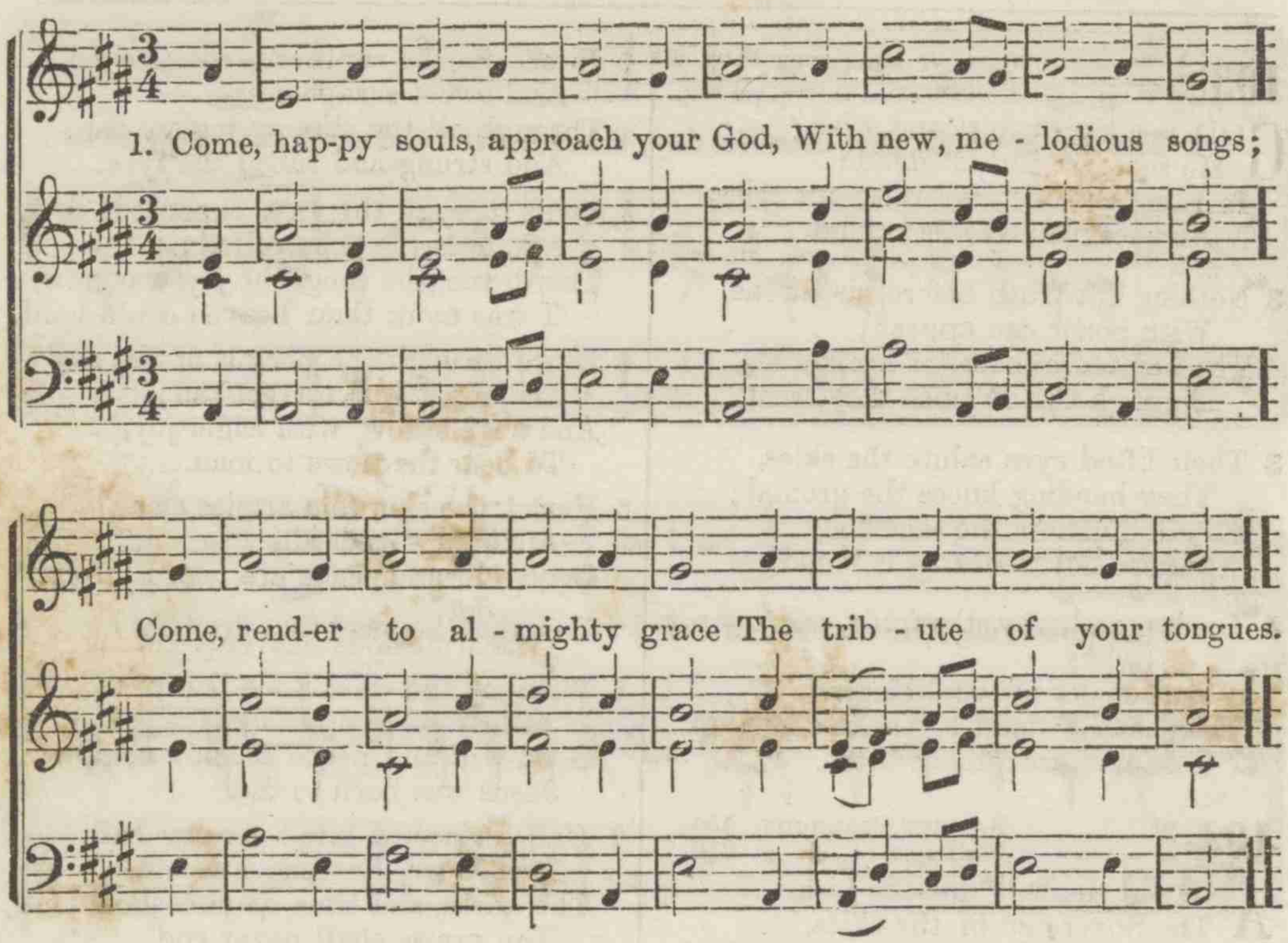
YE that pass by, behold the man;
The man of grief condemned for you!
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2 See there! his temples crowned with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

3 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convulsed, when her Creator died:
O, may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified!

4 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
Could tremble, and asunder part;
Oh, rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

No. 40. **AVON. C. M.** A Scotch Tune.



101. Baptist Psalmody 89.
Psalmist . . . 268.

COME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revengeful rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on mercy's errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry:
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dear Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

102. Baptist Psalmody 105.

THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart be there.

2 Upon thy all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere—
The tribute of the good.

3 My offerings will indeed be blessed,
If sanctified by thee;
If thy pure Spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

4 O may that Spirit warm my heart
To piety and love;
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays fron heaven above.

103. BAPTIST PSALMODY 106.
PSALMIST . . . 133.

GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind:
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

3 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

104. BAPTIST PSALMODY 154.
PSALMIST . . . 210.

AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man—O, wondrous grace!
For sinful man he bled.

4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

5 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take my all, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

105. BAPTIST PSALMODY 139.
PSALMIST. SUP. . . 224.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled:
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we 'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete:
Jesus was born to die."

7 Hail, Prince of Life! forever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

106. BAPTIST PSALMODY 215.
PSALMIST . . . 257.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

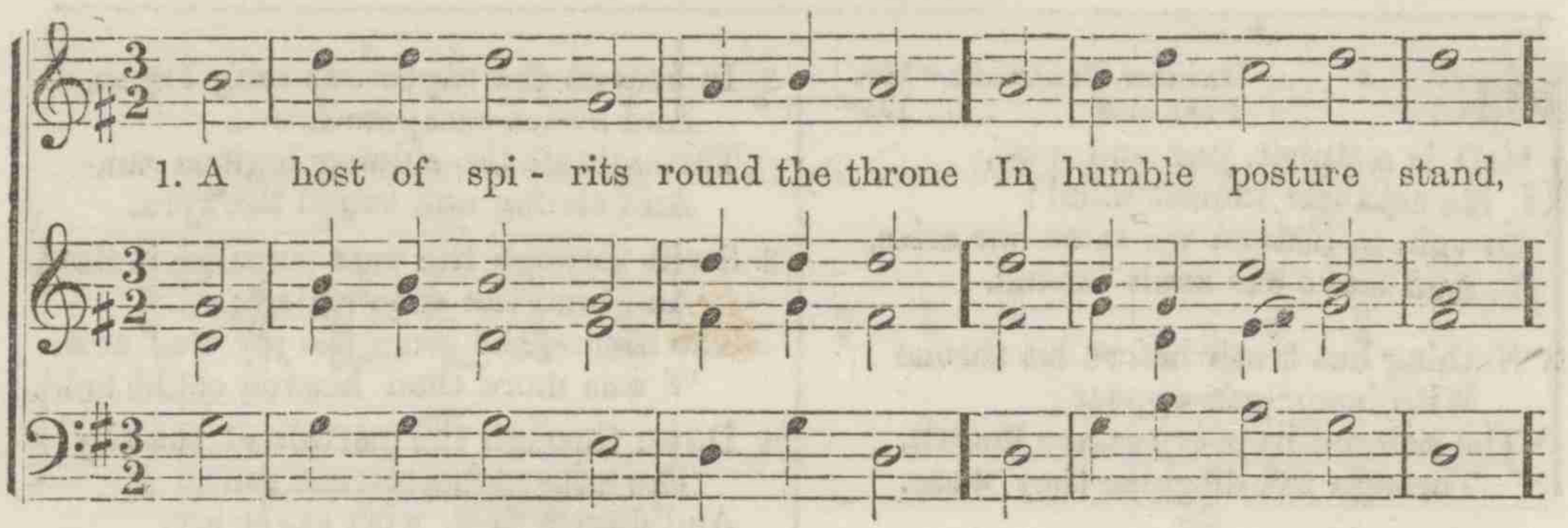
3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

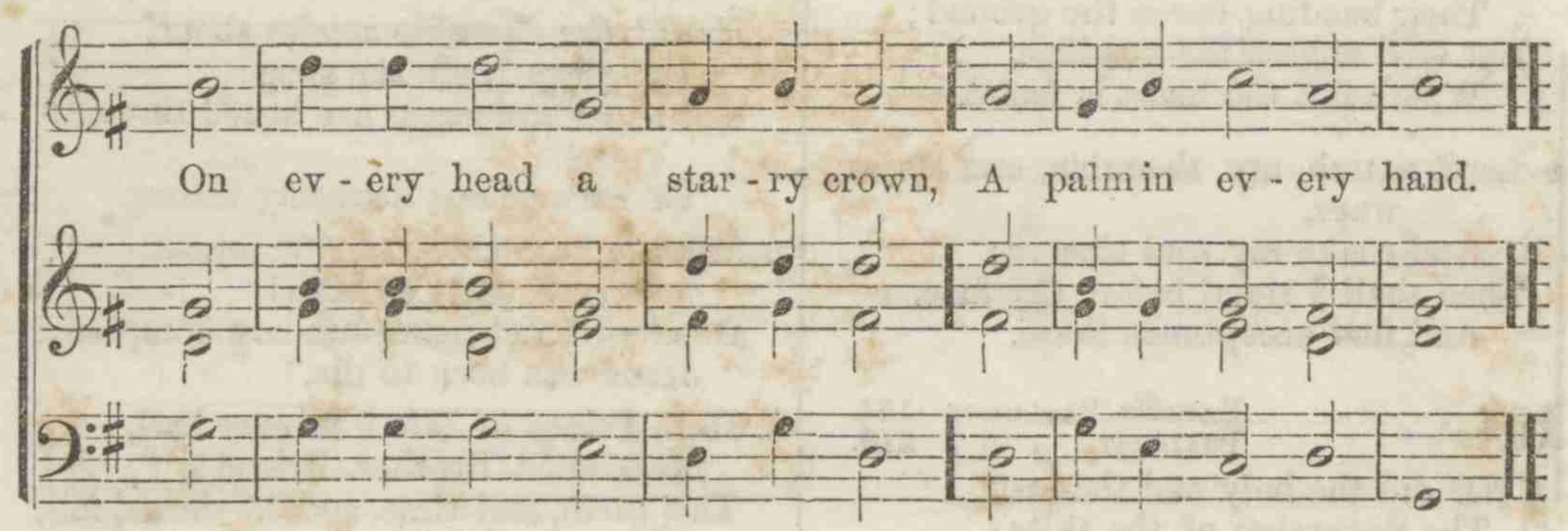
4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 41. MARLOW. C. M.





107. BAPTIST PSALMODY 986. PSALMIST . . . 796.

A HOST of spirits round the throne
In humble posture stand,
On every head a starry crown,
A palm in every hand.

2 From different regions of the globe
These happy spirits came;
In Jesus' blood they washed their robes,
And triumphed in his name.

3 One glorious body now they make—
More glorious far their Head;
Their sonls to rapturous joys awake;
Their sorrows all are fled.

4 Without a jarring note they join
In ceaseless songs of praise,
And to the sacred Three in One
Loud hallelujahs raise.

108. BAPTIST PSALMODY 580. PSALMIST . . . 330.

COME, ye, that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine:
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.
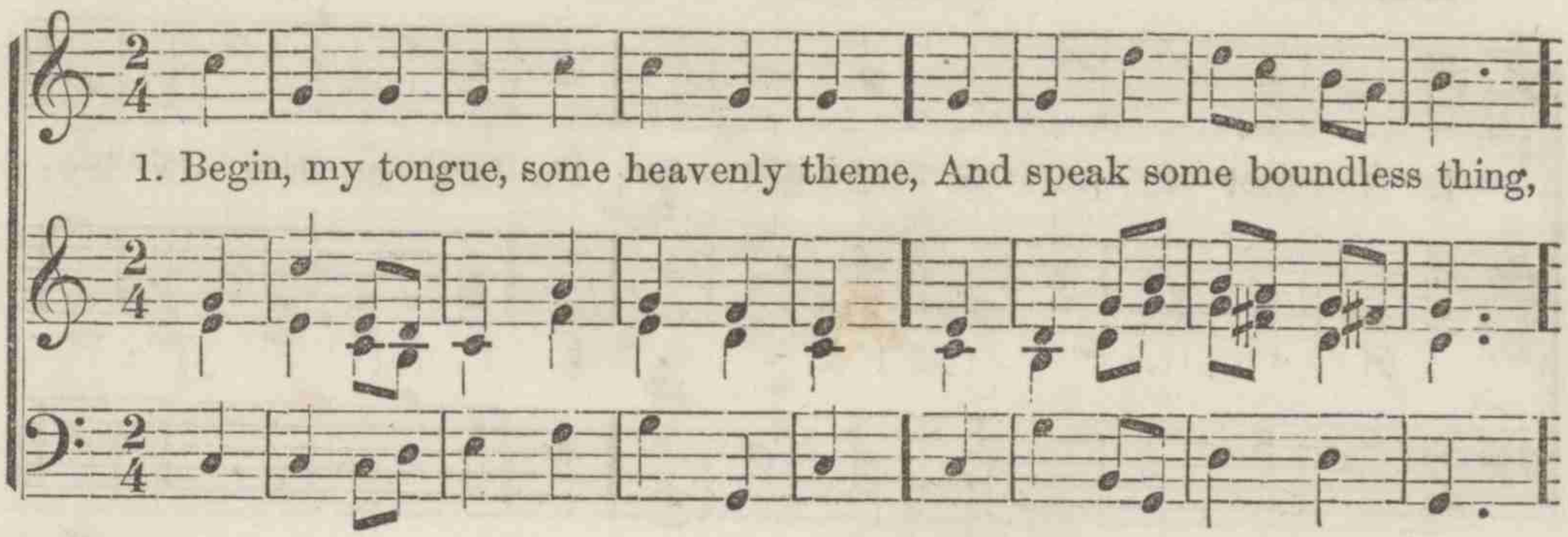
3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays:
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

No. 42. **SEXTON. C. M.** THEME FROM HANDEL.



109. BAPTIST PSALMODY 28. PSALMIST . . . 100.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad:
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim "Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen,

4 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

5 O might I hear his heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

110. BAPTIST PSALMODY. 50. PSALMIST . . . 148.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
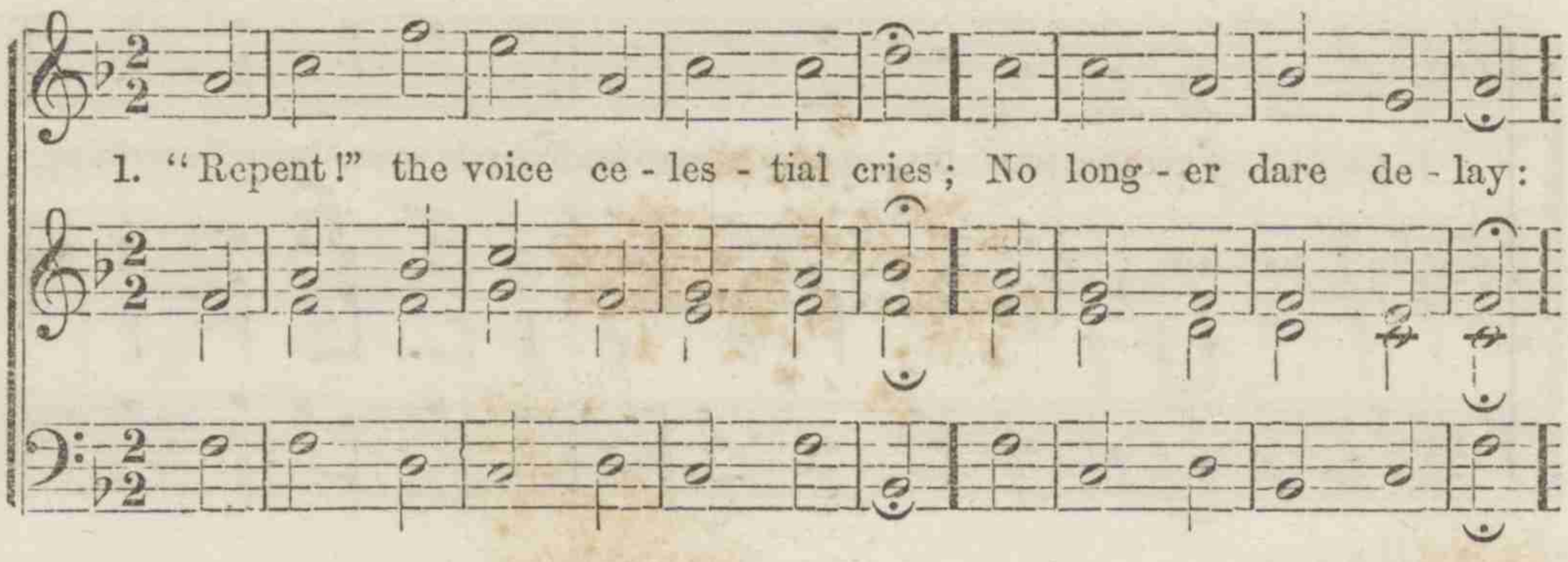
2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

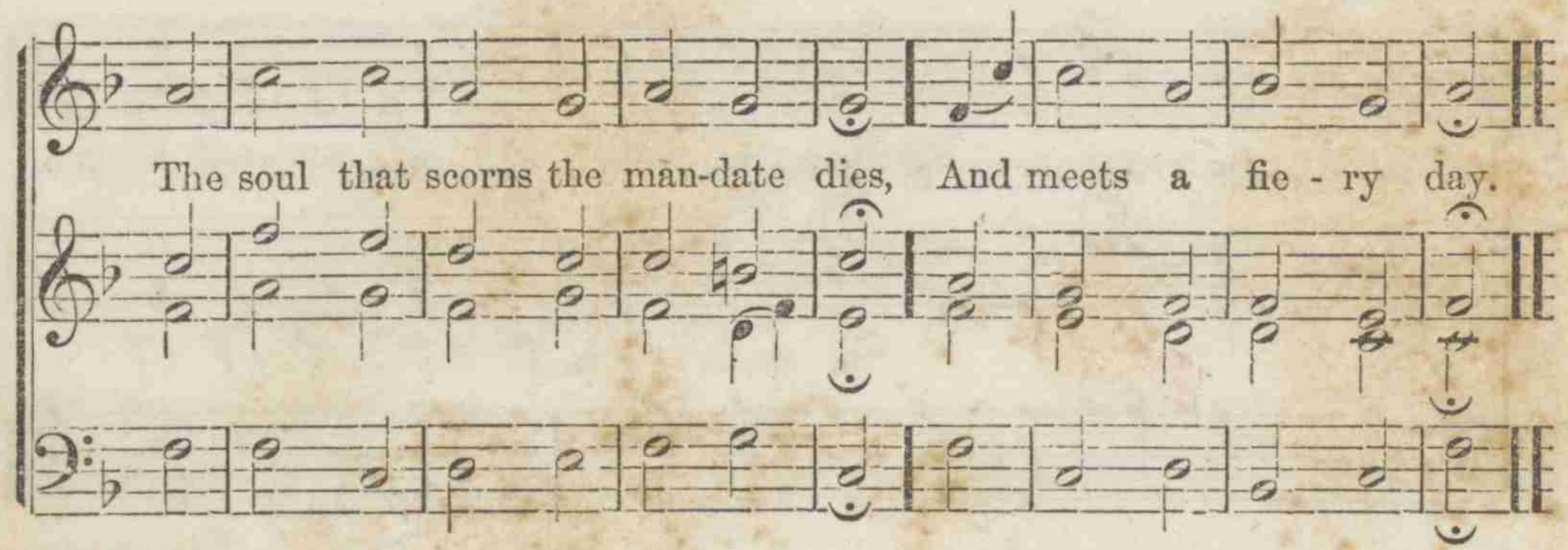
3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

No. 43. **DUNDEE. C. M.** SCOTCH TUNE.





111. BAPTIST PSALMODY 385.
PSALMIST . . . 452.

"REPENT!" the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men:
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess:
Embrace the blesséd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

112. BAPTIST PSALMODY 686.
PSALMIST . . . 21.

LORD, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

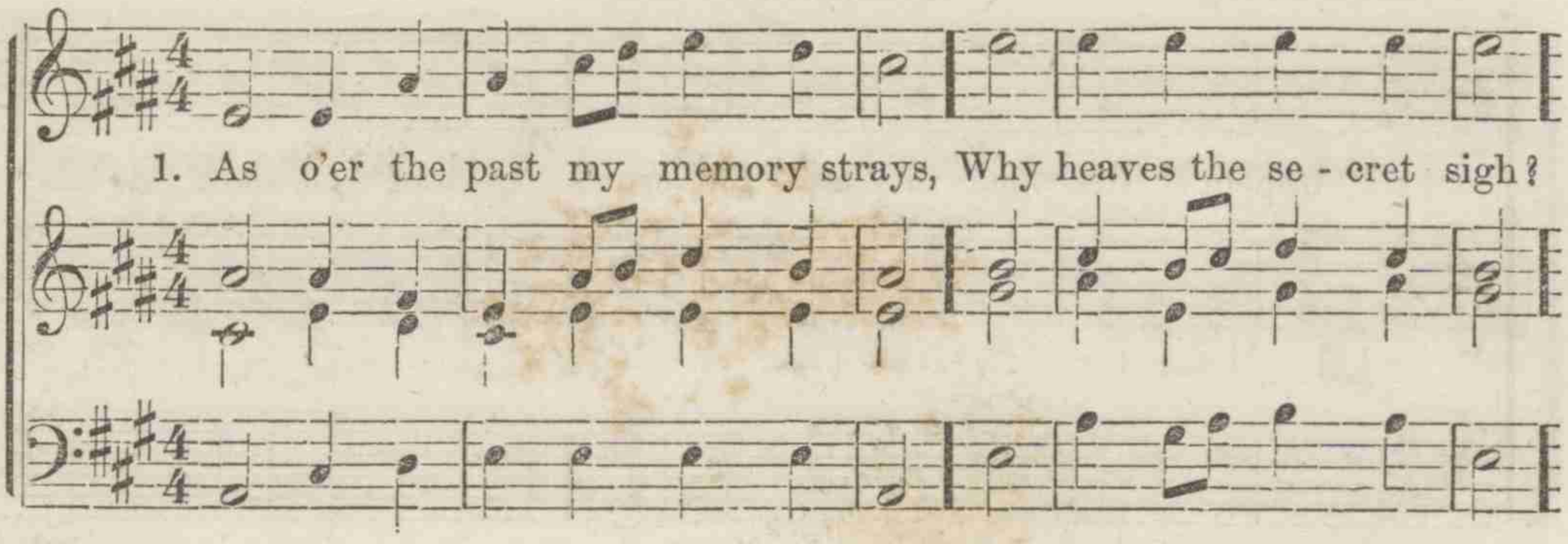
3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.
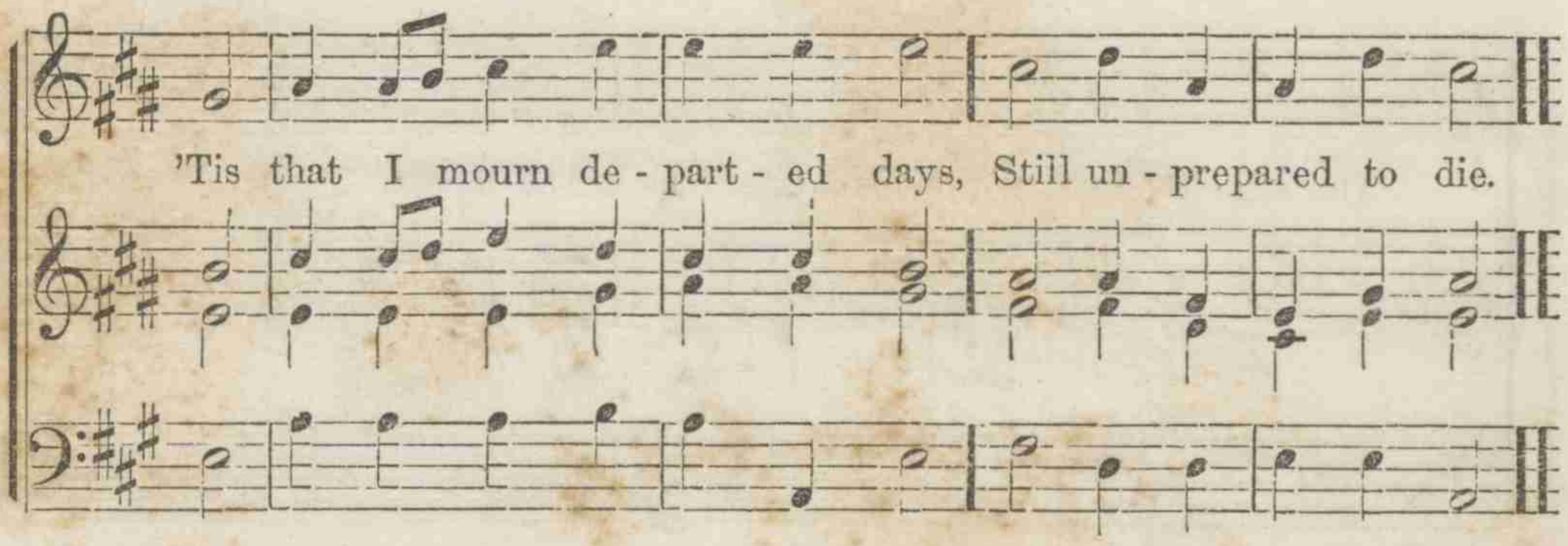
4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 't is goodness, still,
That grants it, or denies.

DOXOLOGY.

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.

No. 44. **SANDERS. C. M.** From "New Thes. Mus."





113. Baptist Psalmody 426.
Psalmist . . . 460.

AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'T is that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world, and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time, unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O, speed my soul to thee.

114. Baptist Psalmody 424.
Psalmist . . . 488.

O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2 O, for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 O Lord, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.

115. Baptist Psalmody 825.
Psalmist . . . 621.

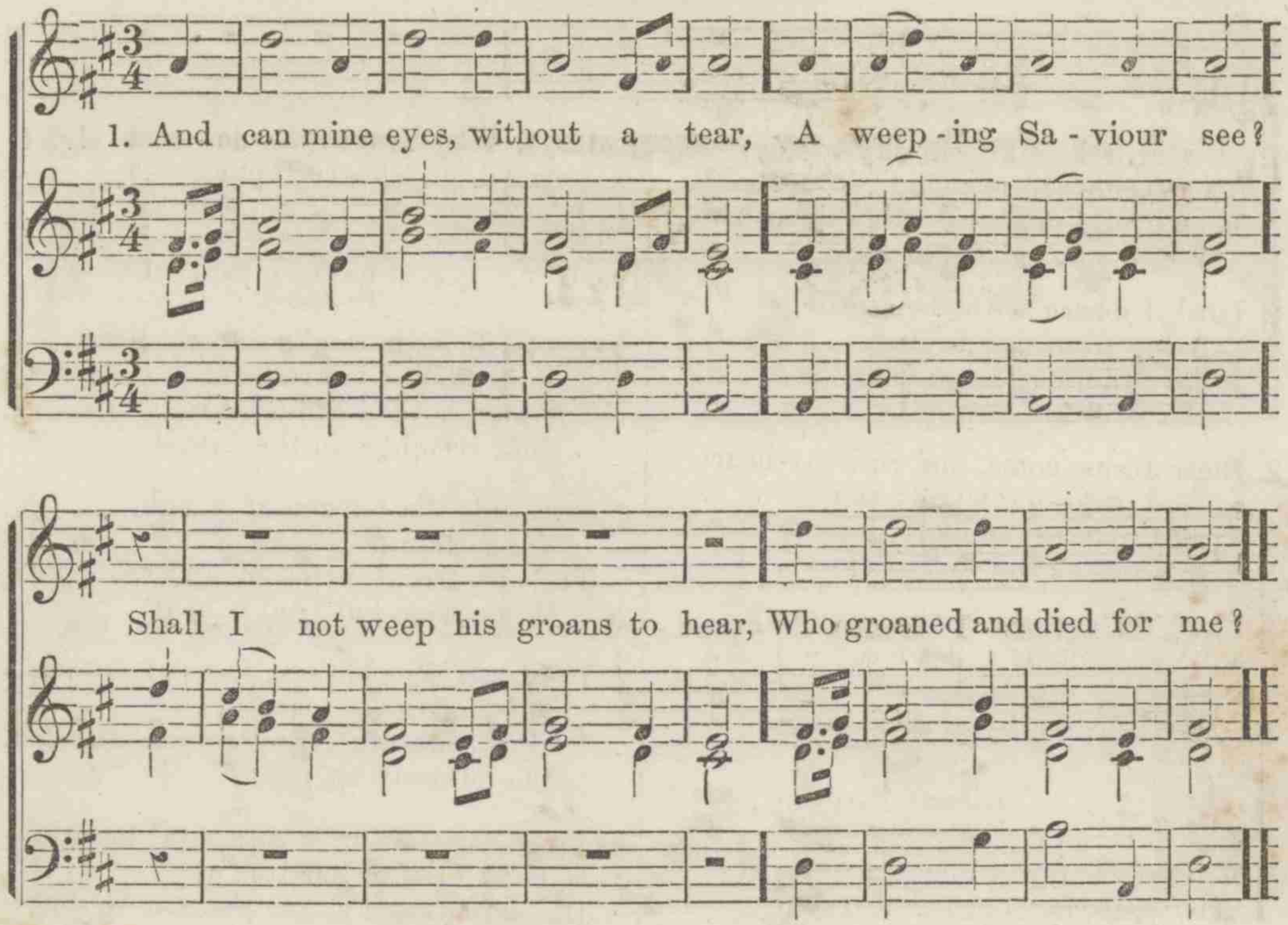
UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be—
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on,
Within the gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

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No. 45. **SILOAM. C. M.** I. B. WOODBURY.



116. BAPTIST PSALMODY 436.
PSALMIST . . . 463.

AND can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groaned and died for me?

3 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

117. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1120.
PSALMIST . . . 986.

O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God seeketh not of thee:
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

4 O, righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

118. BAPTIST PSALMODY 652.
PSALMIST . . . 663.

O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that 's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 O for a heart submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 O for an humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
O, write thy name upon my heart;
Thy name, O God, is love.

119.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 656.
PSALMIST . . . 661.

O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I 'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

120.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 674.
PSALMIST . . . 702.

IN duties and in sufferings, too,
Thy path, my Lord, I 'd trace:
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

3 Inflamed with zeal, 't was thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
O, may that zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Unsullied meekness, truth, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
O, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

121.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 677.
PSALMIST . . . 705.

DIDST thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I 'll no more repine.

122.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 684.
PSALMIST . . . 632.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

123.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 691.
PSALMIST . . . 637.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

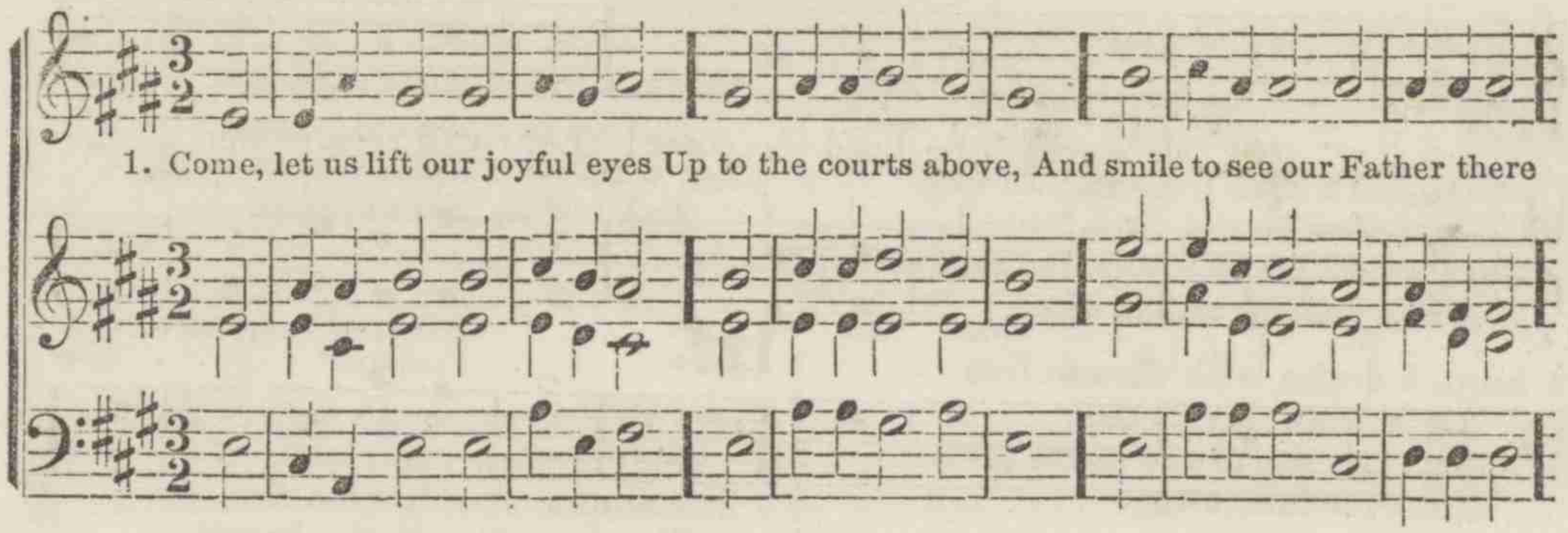
2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
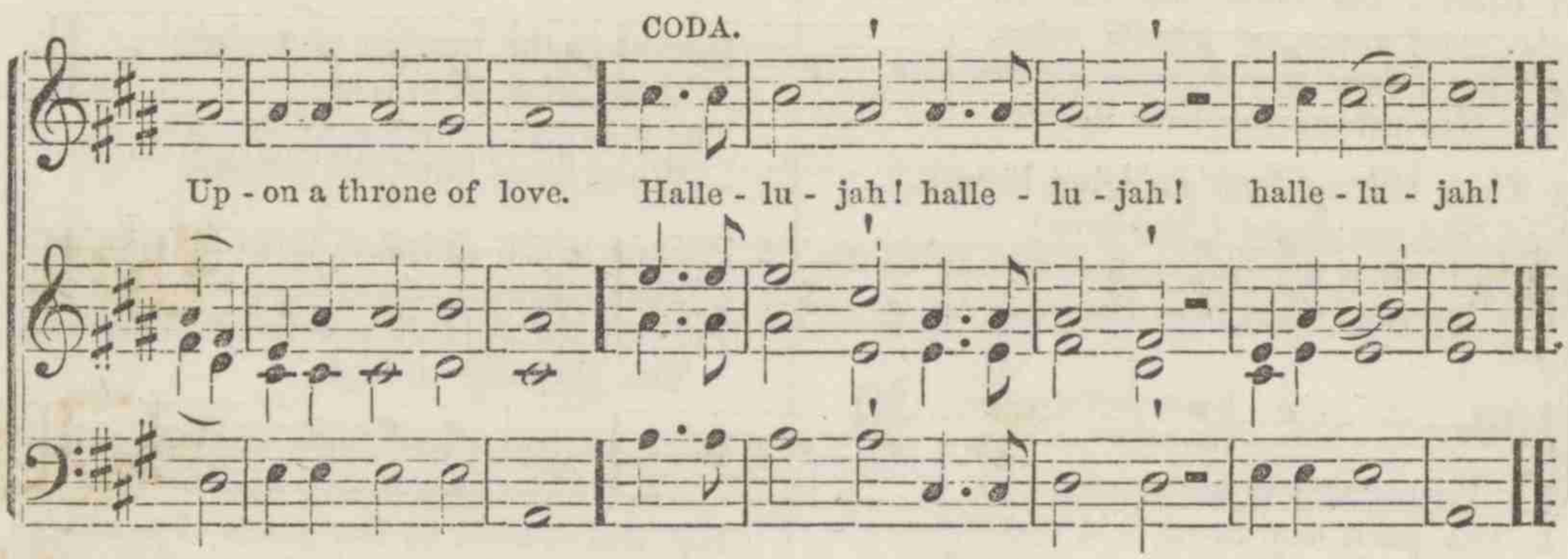
3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

No. 46. **AZMON. C. M.** GLASER.





124. BAPTIST PSALMODY 88. PSALMIST . . . 102.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by his Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his anger by.

Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

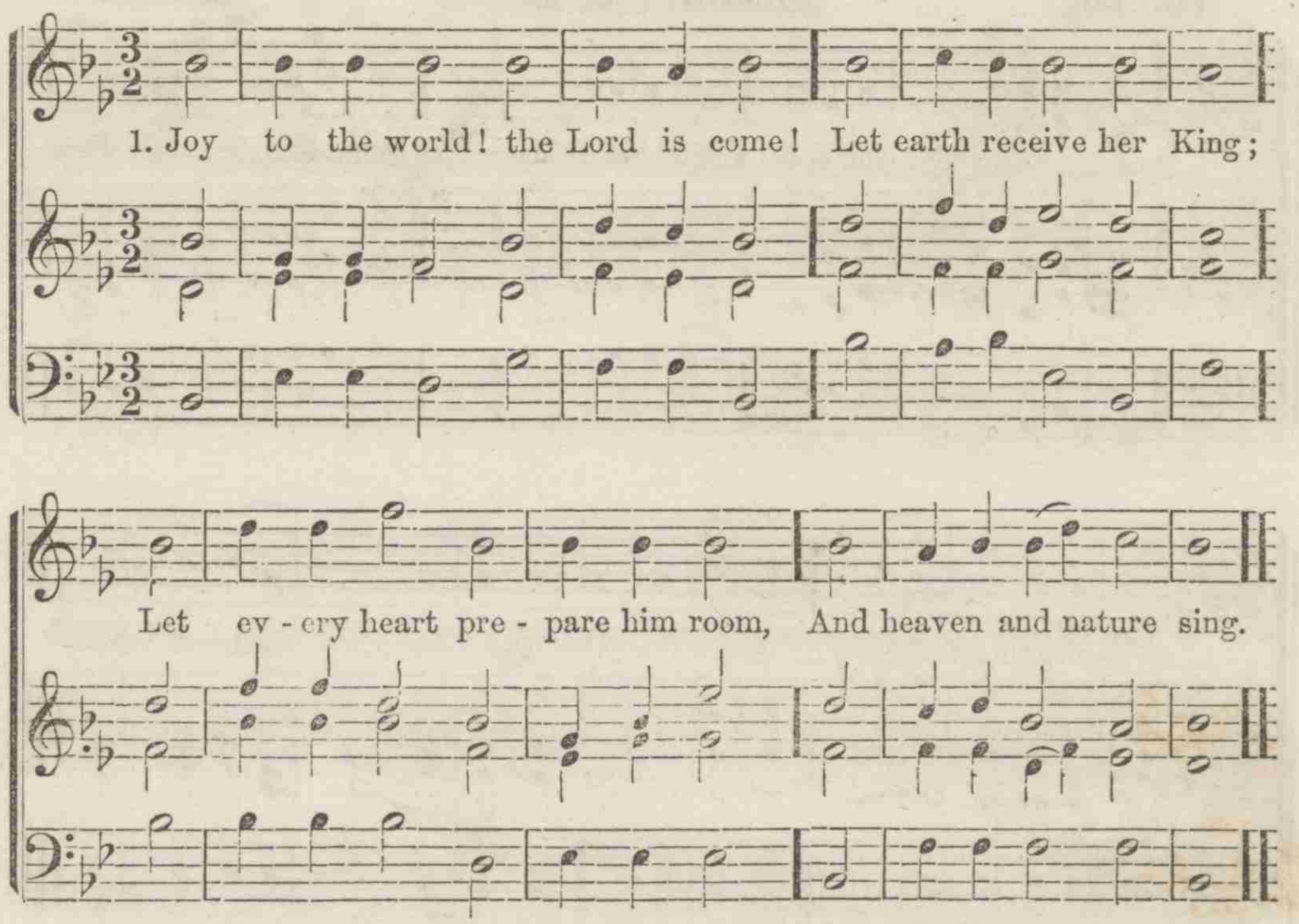
125. BAPTIST PSALMODY 94. PSALMIST . . . 27.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;

DOXOLOGY.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

No. 47. WADSWORTH. C. M. *



126. BAPTIST PSALMODY. 146.
PSALMIST . . . 213.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ:
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 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.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

127. BAPTIST PSALMODY 219.
PSALMIST . . . 310.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love—immortal flame!—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

4 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

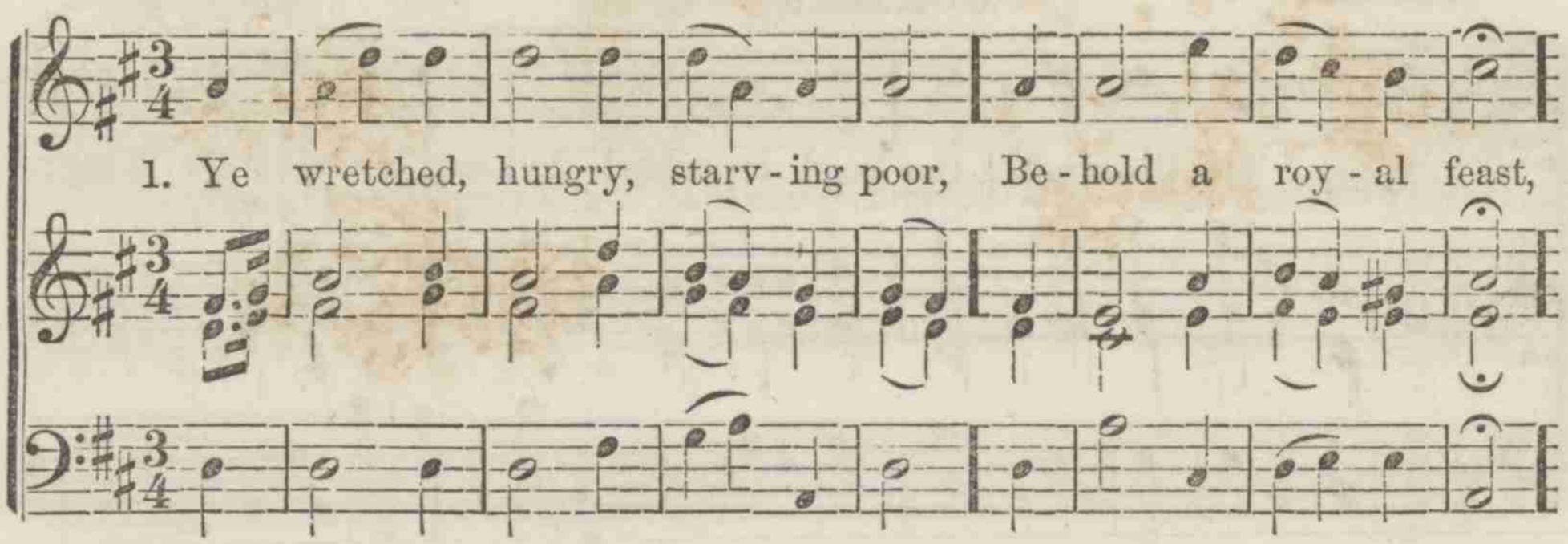
128. BAPTIST PSALMODY 320.
PSALMIST . . . 277.

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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

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

No. 48. **HOWARD. C. M.** MRS. CUTHBERT.



129. BAPTIST PSALMODY 332.
PSALMIST . . . 420.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 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—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 O, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

130. BAPTIST PSALMODY 372.
PSALMIST . . . 765.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

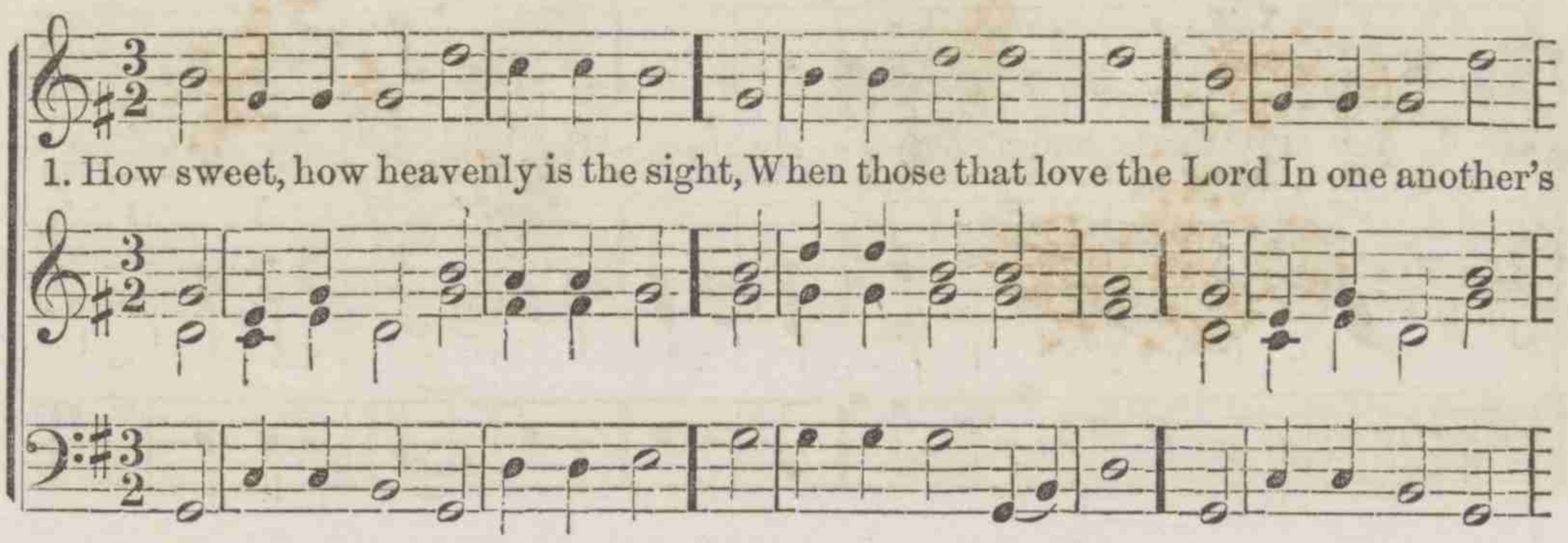
2 More needful *this* than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Nor reputation, food, or health
Can give us such repose.

3 *Religion* should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'T will fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

DOXOLOGY.

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.

No. 49. **GORMAN. C. M.** FROM "NEW THES. MUS."



131. BAPTIST PSALMODY 591.
PSALMIST , . . 697.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart?

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir to heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

132. BAPTIST PSALMODY 597.
PSALMIST . . . 790.

IN one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

3 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.

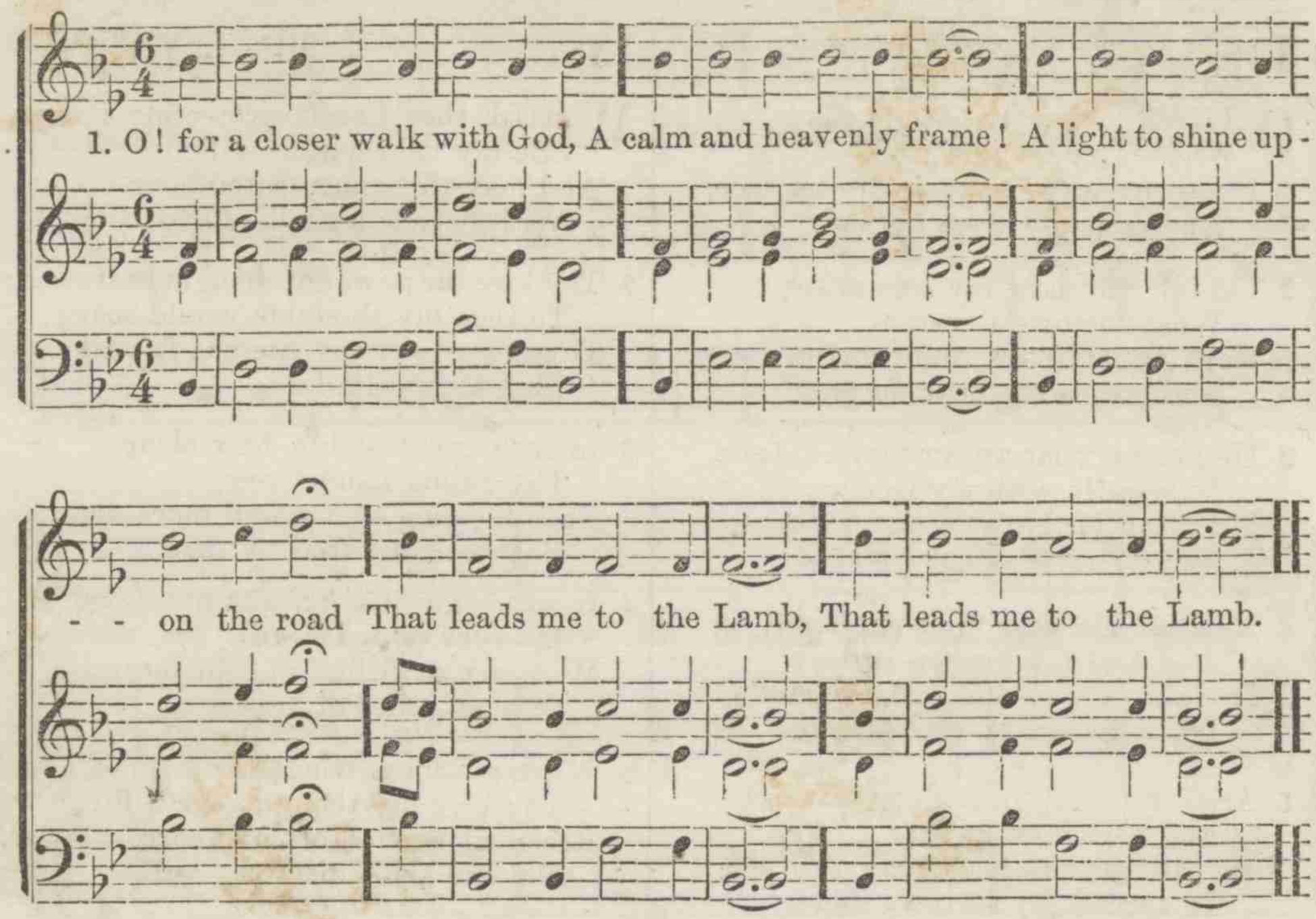
133. BAPTIST PSALMODY 603.
PSALMIST . . . 1160.

YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store:
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

3 Whate'er my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And grace at large repay.

No. 50. ORTONVILLE. C. M. HASTINGS.



134. BAPTIST PSALMODY 730.
PSALMIST . . . 691.

O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still?
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 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.

135. BAPTIST PSALMODY 729.
PSALMIST . . . 690.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

136.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 726.
PSALMIST . . . 646.

O 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.

2 I 'd tell him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 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.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

137.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 734.
PSALMIST . . . 759.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glories shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns:
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O, make my soul thy care:
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

138.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 737.
PSALMIST . . . 17.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 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.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

139.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 749.
PSALMIST . . . 664.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:
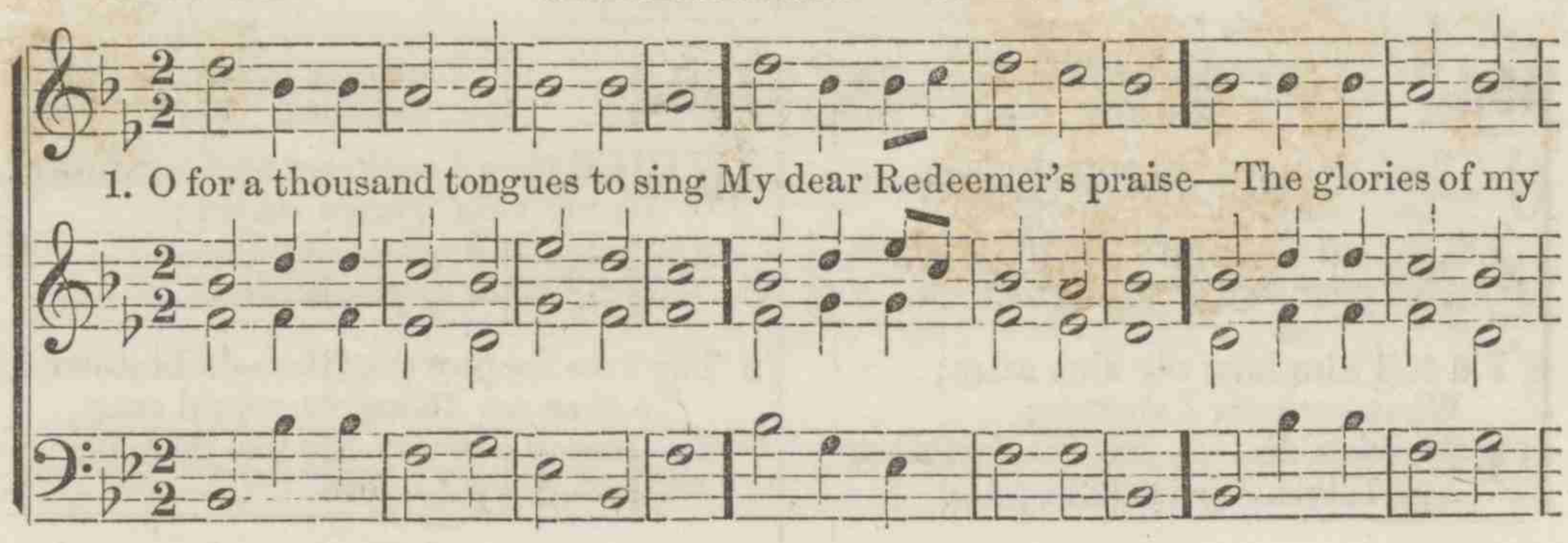
2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free:
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 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.

DOXOLOGY.

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.

No. 51. **CAMBRIDGE. C. M.** DR. RANDALL.



140. BAPTIST PSALMODY 225.
PSALMIST . . . 348.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears:
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

141. BAPTIST PSALMODY 244.
PSALMIST , . . 346.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

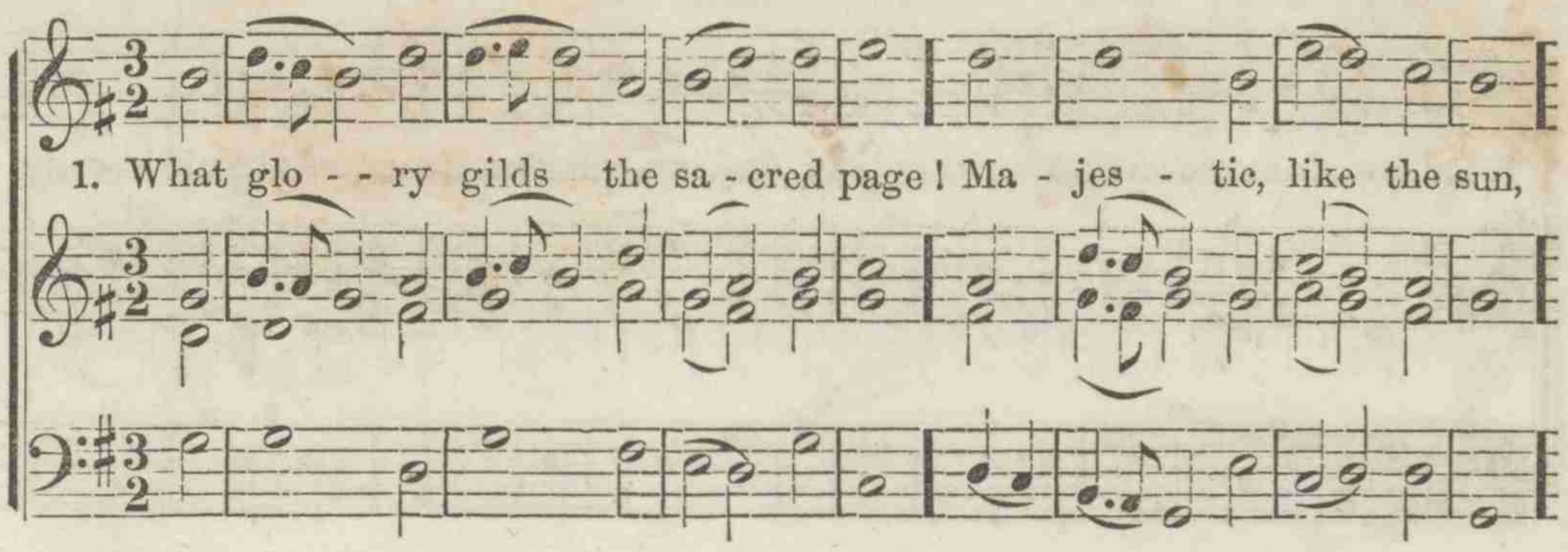
4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb

DOXOLOGY.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

No. 52. **CONSTANCE. C. M.** *



142. BAPTIST PSALMODY 297.
PSALMIST . . . 395.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page?
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

143. BAPTIST PSALMODY 409.
PSALMIST . . . 274.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

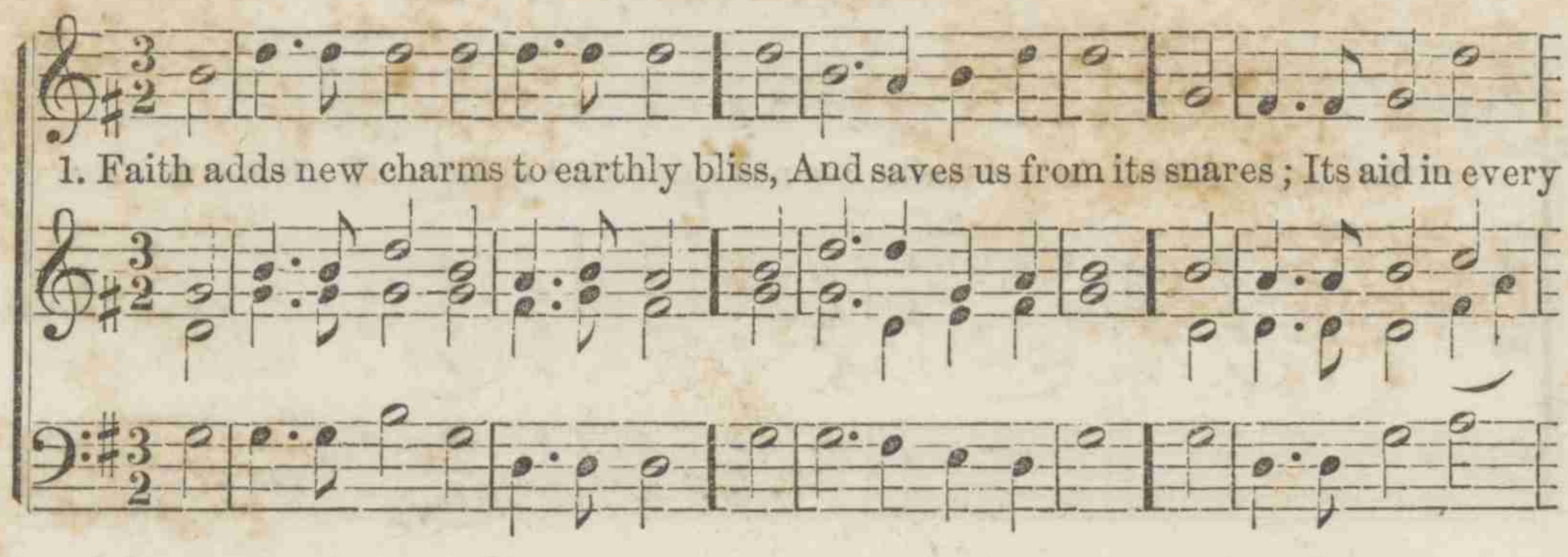
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

DOXOLOGY.

LET God the Father, God the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

No. 53. **WOODLAND. C. M.** GOULD.



144. BAPTIST PSALMODY 413. PSALMIST . . . 507.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares:

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give:
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 While it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign:
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 Faith shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There, there unshaken, would we rest
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

145. BAPTIST PSALMODY 486. PSALMIST . . . 782.

WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed our mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
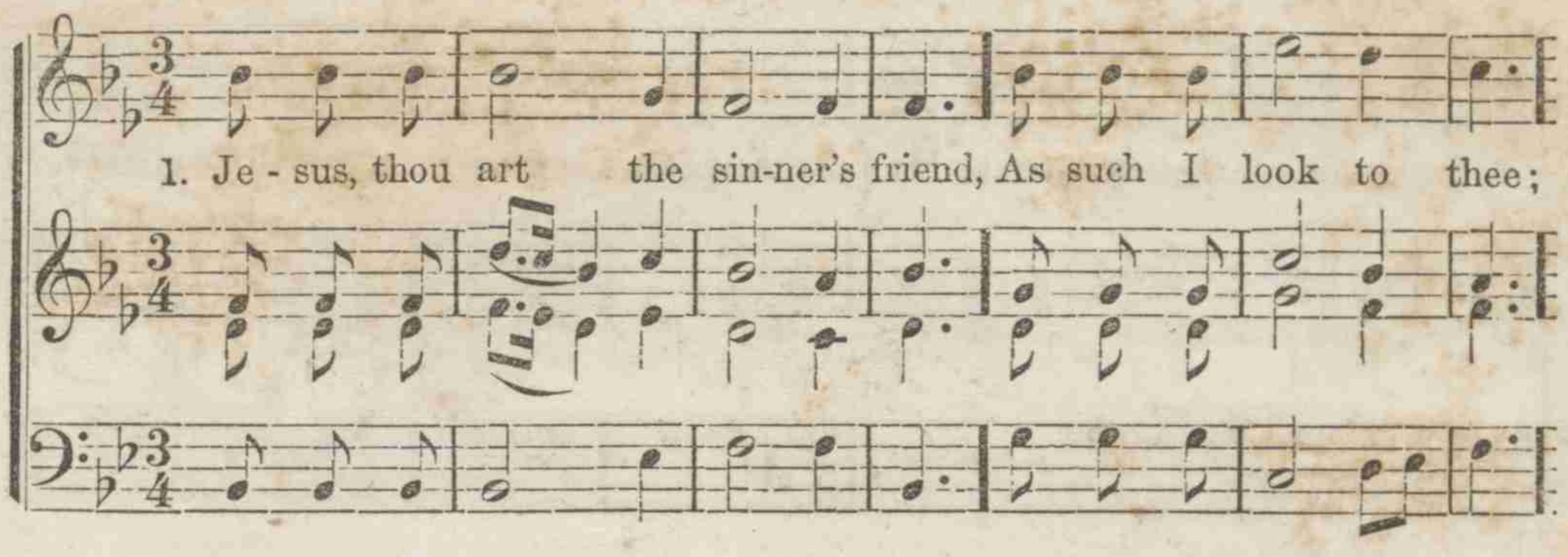
2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

No. 54. **MANLY. C. M.** *



146. BAPTIST PSALMODY 442. PSALMIST (Sup.) 34.

JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me!

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me!

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me!

4 I own I 'm guilty, own I 'm vile,
But thy salvation 's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me!

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me!

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer-God,
I pray, remember me!

147. BAPTIST PSALMODY 505. PSALMIST . . . 188.

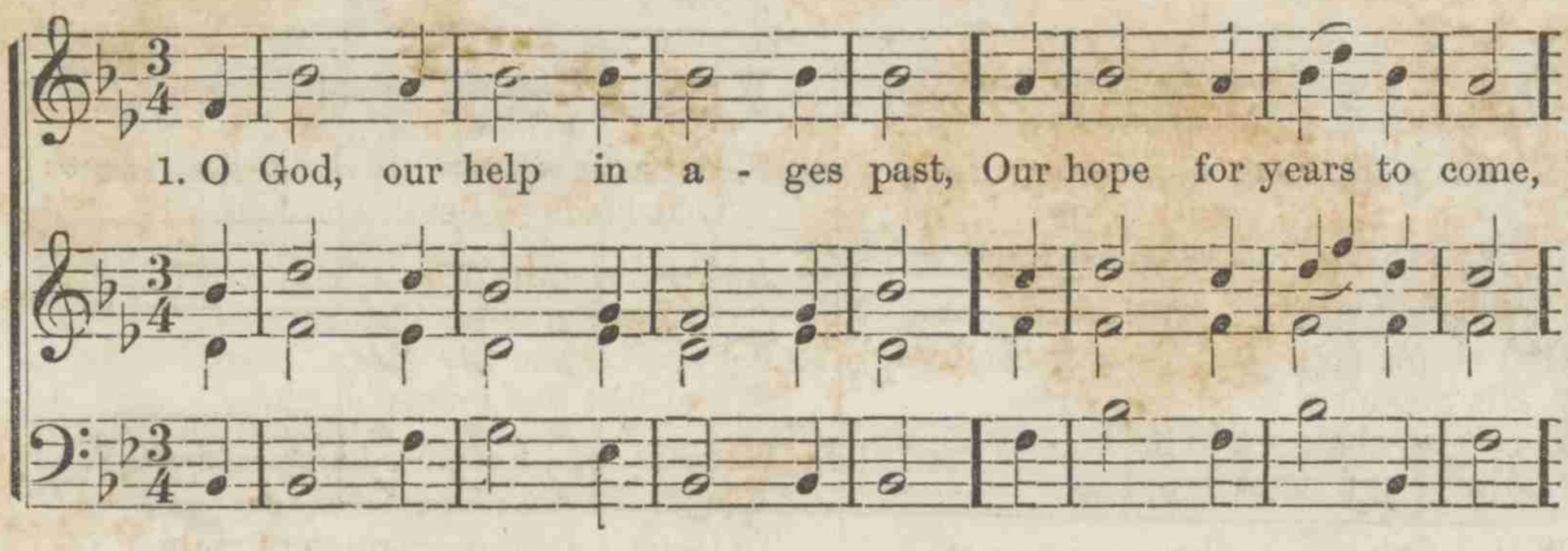
MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

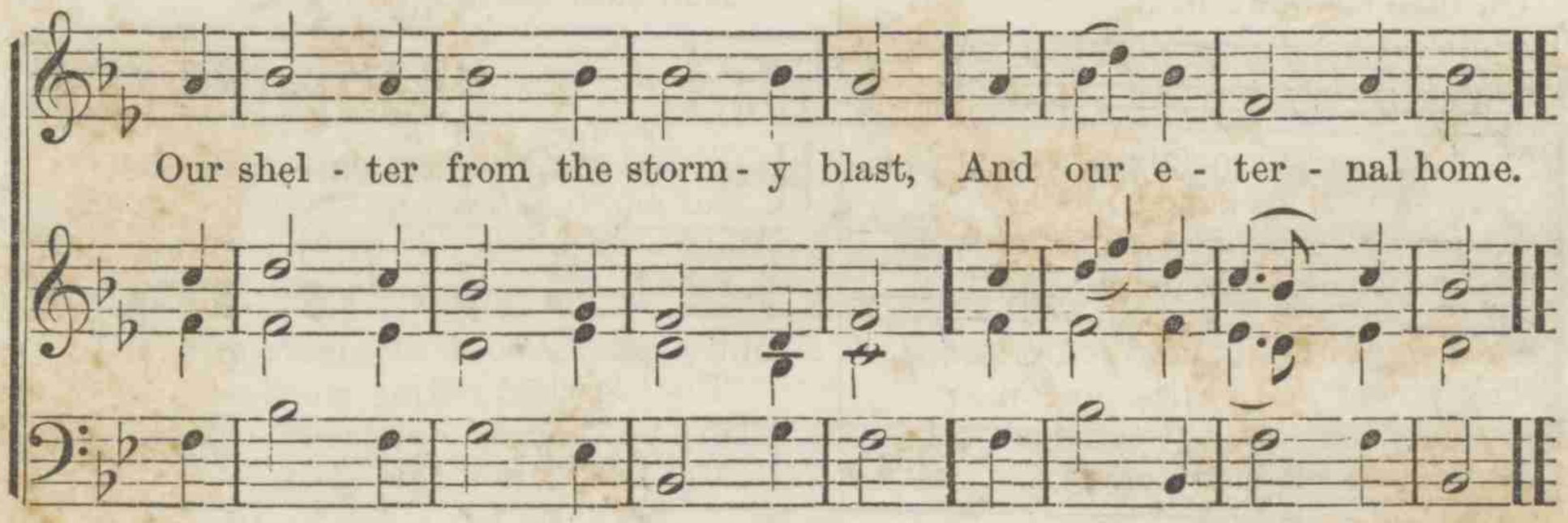
2 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what 's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

No. 55. **BALERMA. C. M.** SCOTTISH.





148. BAPTIST PSALMODY 2.
PSALMIST . . . 760.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

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

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,—
"Return, ye sons of men:"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone:
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

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

149. BAPTIST PSALMODY 56.
PSALMIST . . . 190.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good when he gives—supremely good—
Nor less when he denies:
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There, let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

150. BAPTIST PSALMODY 71. PSALMIST . . . 187.

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

151. BAPTIST PSALMODY 74. PSALMIST . . . 499.

AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall Mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmoved and cold remain?
Has it no soft, no tender part?
Must Mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And shall my heart his rightful due,
Remain forever barred?

4 O Lord, exert thy conquering grace;
Thy mighty power display:
One beam of glory from thy face
Can melt my sin away.

152. BAPTIST PSALMODY 310. PSALMIST . . . 492.

GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.

2 We live estranged, afar from God,
And love the distance well:
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.

3 And can such rebels be restored?
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

4 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

153. BAPTIST PSALMODY 314. PSALMIST . . . 500.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But, hark! a voice of sovereign love!
'T is Christ's inviting word—
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys the mighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From stains of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.

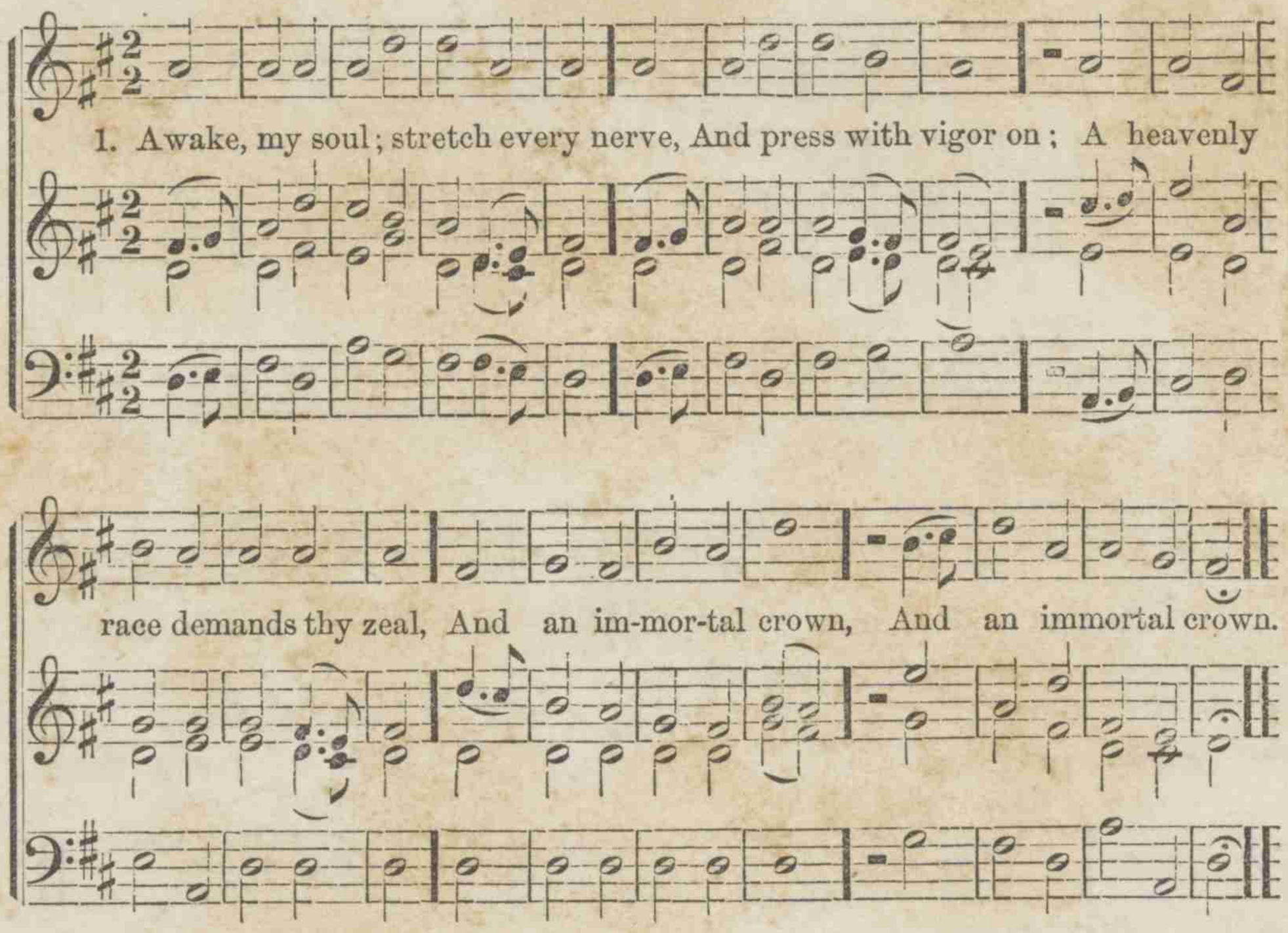
154. BAPTIST PSALMODY 352. PSALMIST . . . 688.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high:
'T is but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain distress subdued.

3 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard!
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

No. 56. CHRISTMAS. C. M. HANDEL.



155. BAPTIST PSALMODY 644.
PSALMIST . . . 726.

AWAKE, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We 'll lay our laurels down.

156. BAPTIST PSALMODY 645.
PSALMIST . . . 727.

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.
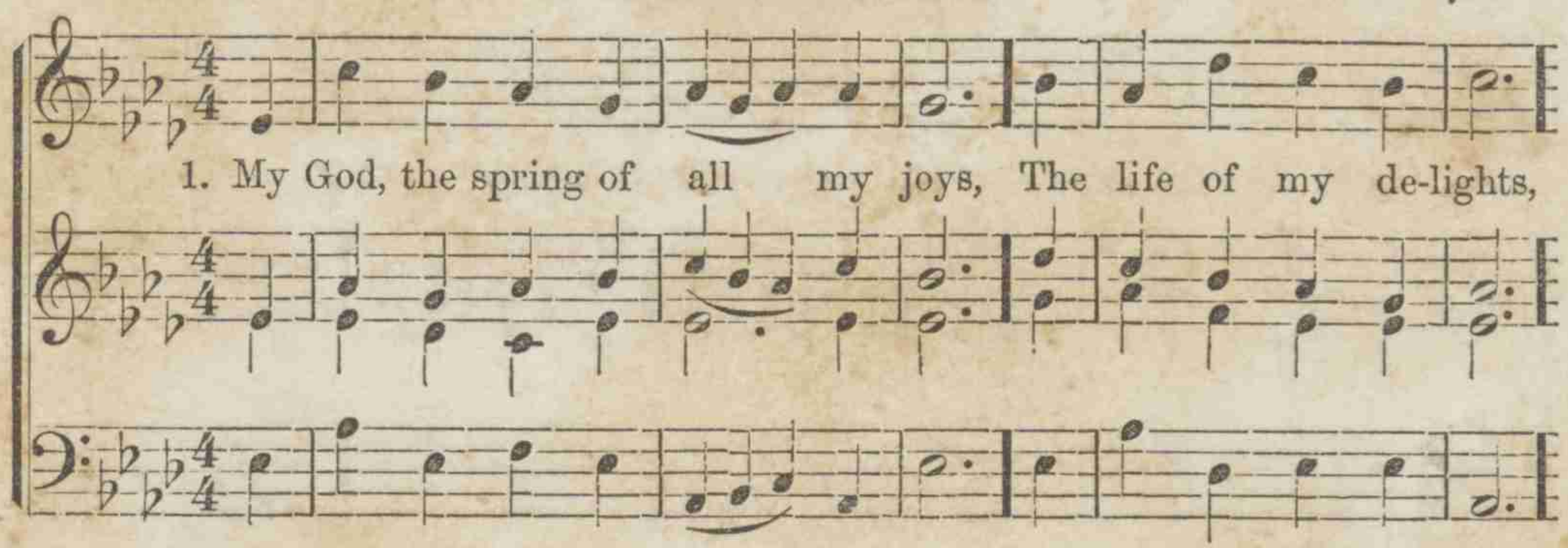
2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
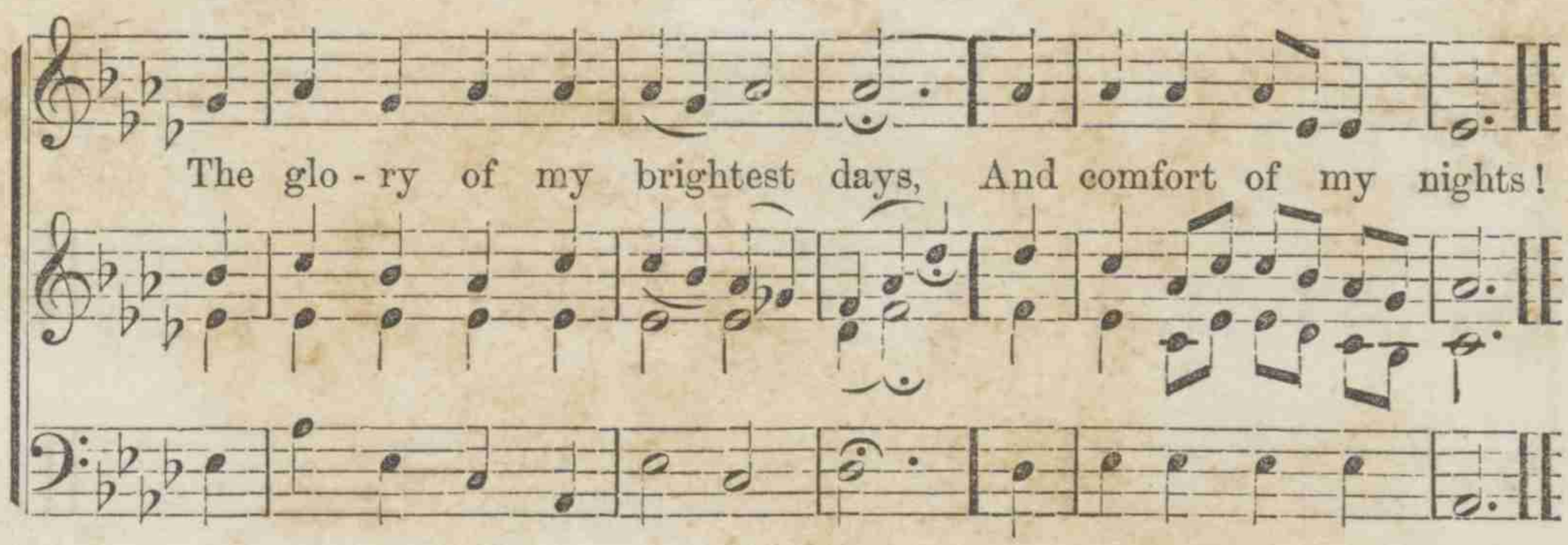
3 I ask them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast:
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

No. 57. **KEEN. C. M.** *





157. BAPTIST PSALMODY 624.
PSALMIST . . . 681.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up, with joy, the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I break through every foe:
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

158. BAPTIST PSALMODY 581.
PSALMIST . . . 324.

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end
The numbers of thy grace!

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
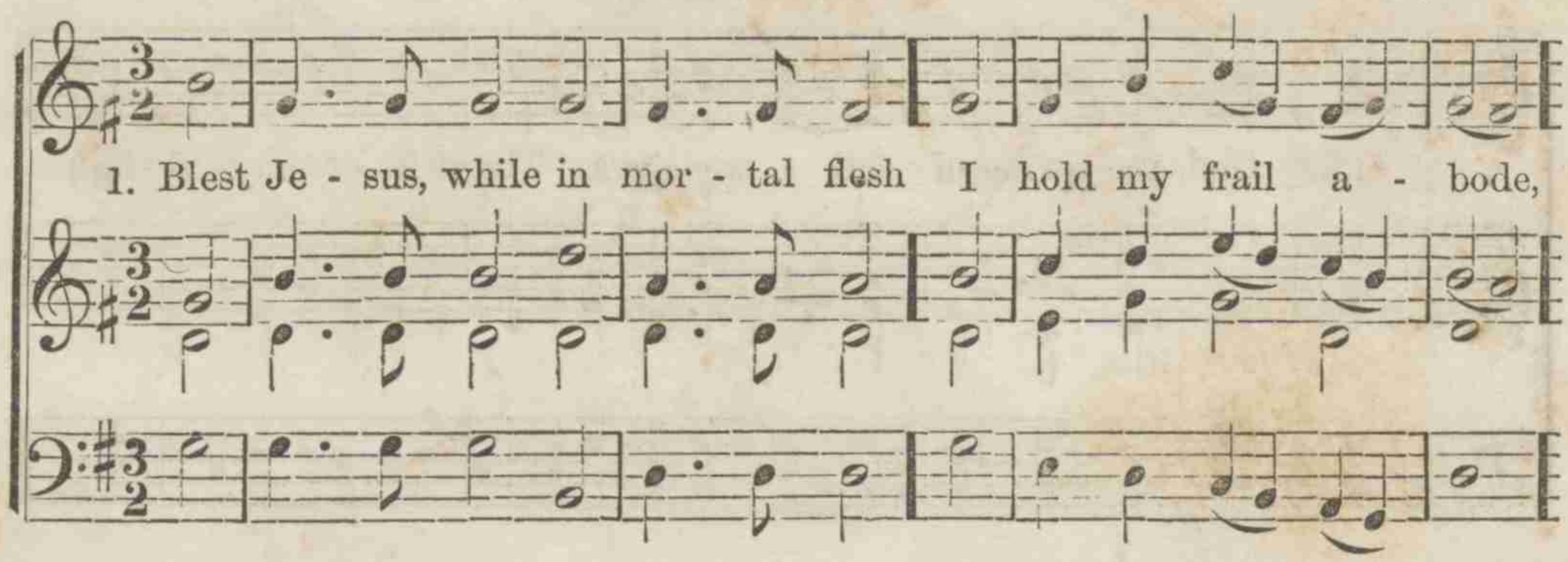
3 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I 'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

DOXOLOGY.

LET God the Father, God the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

No. 58. **WOODSTOCK. C. M.** D. DUTTON, JR.



159. BAPTIST PSALMODY 692.
PSALMIST . . . 536.

BLEST Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour and my God.

2 On thy dear cross I fix mine eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.

3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly eharms;
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foe without,
That Jesus reigns within.

160. BAPTIST PSALMODY 697.
PSALMIST . . . 504.

O LORD, when billows o'er me rise,
When deep cries out to deep,
When angry clouds obscure the skies,
My soul in safety keep.

2 Thy promise has in troubles past
My staff and succor been;
Support me now, while trials last,
Nor leave me to my sin.

3 No sacrifice my soul can plead,
But that rich offering paid,
When Christ on Calvary deigned to bleed,
And full atonement made.

4 Forever here I rest my cause;
In faith I make this plea;
Christ hath obeyed thy righteous laws;
Christ hath expired for me.

161. BAPTIST PSALMODY 803.
PSALMIST . . . 602.

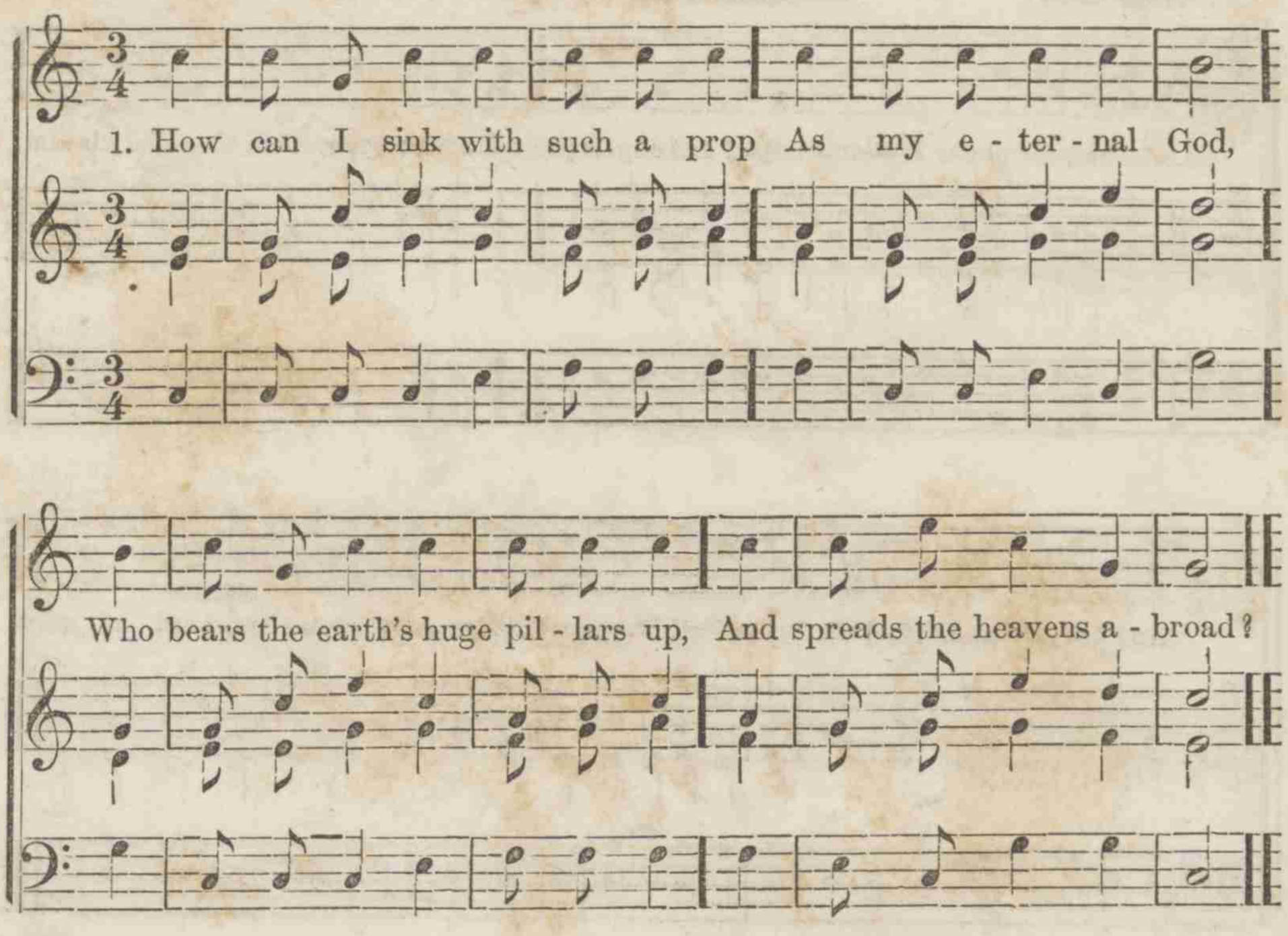
HOW happy they who know the Lord—
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He cheers and guides them by his word;
His arm supports them well.

2 His presence sweetens all their cares,
And makes their burdens light;
A word from him dispels their fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

DOXOLOGY.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

No. 59. **BASIL. C. M.** R. M. McINTOSH.



162. BAPTIST PSALMODY 815.
PSALMIST . . . 620.

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?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did me call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

163. BAPTIST PSALMODY 819.
PSALMIST . . . 560.

STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain;
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.

2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny
To those who trust his love:
The men who on his grace rely,
Nor earth nor hell shall move.

164. BAPTIST PSALMODY 832.
PSALMIST . . . 552.

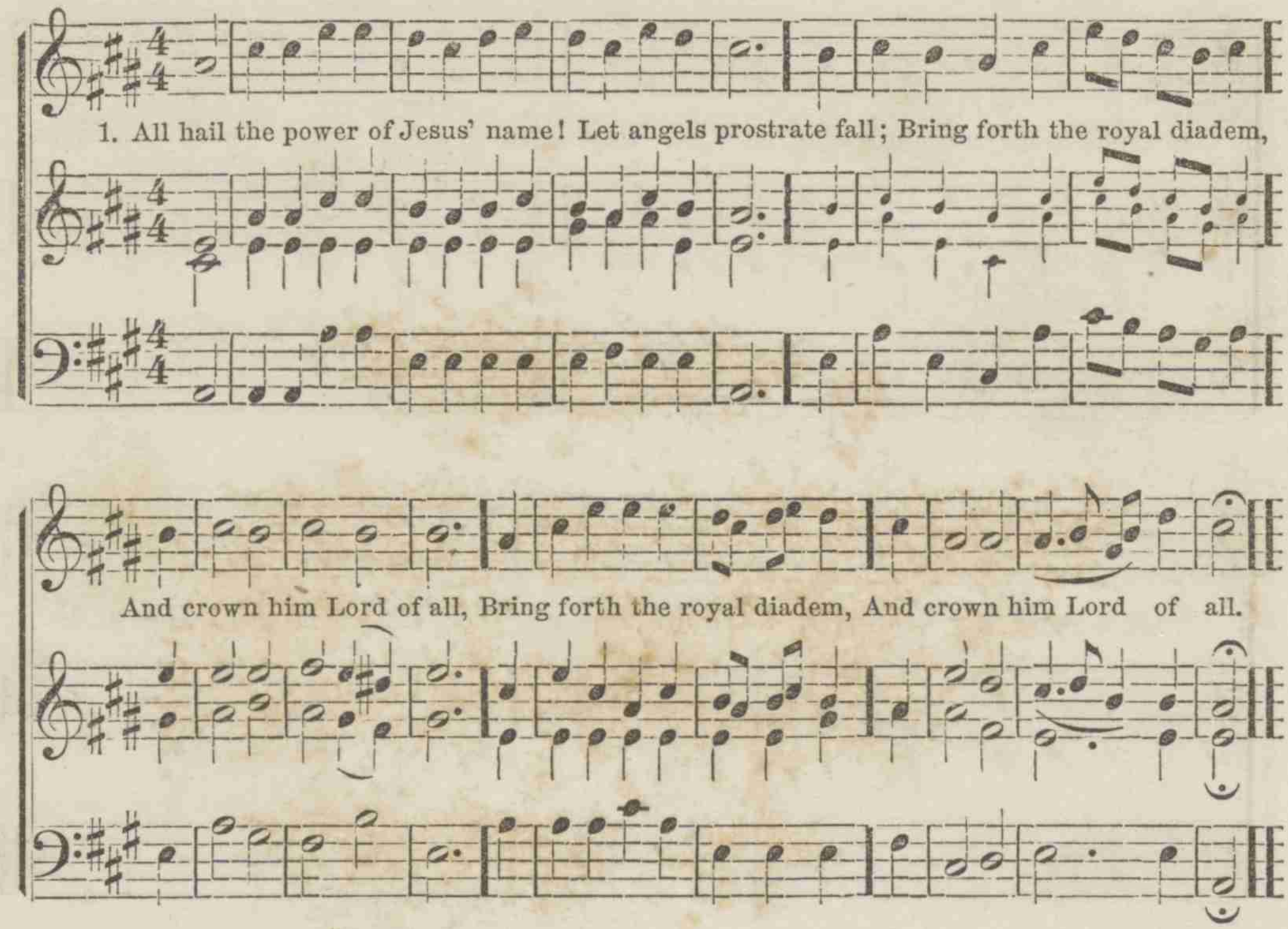
I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 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.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

No. 60. CORONATION. C. M. O. HOLDEN.



165. BAPTIST PSALMODY 239.
PSALMIST . . . 338.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

166. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1125.
PSALMIST . . . 1019.

HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

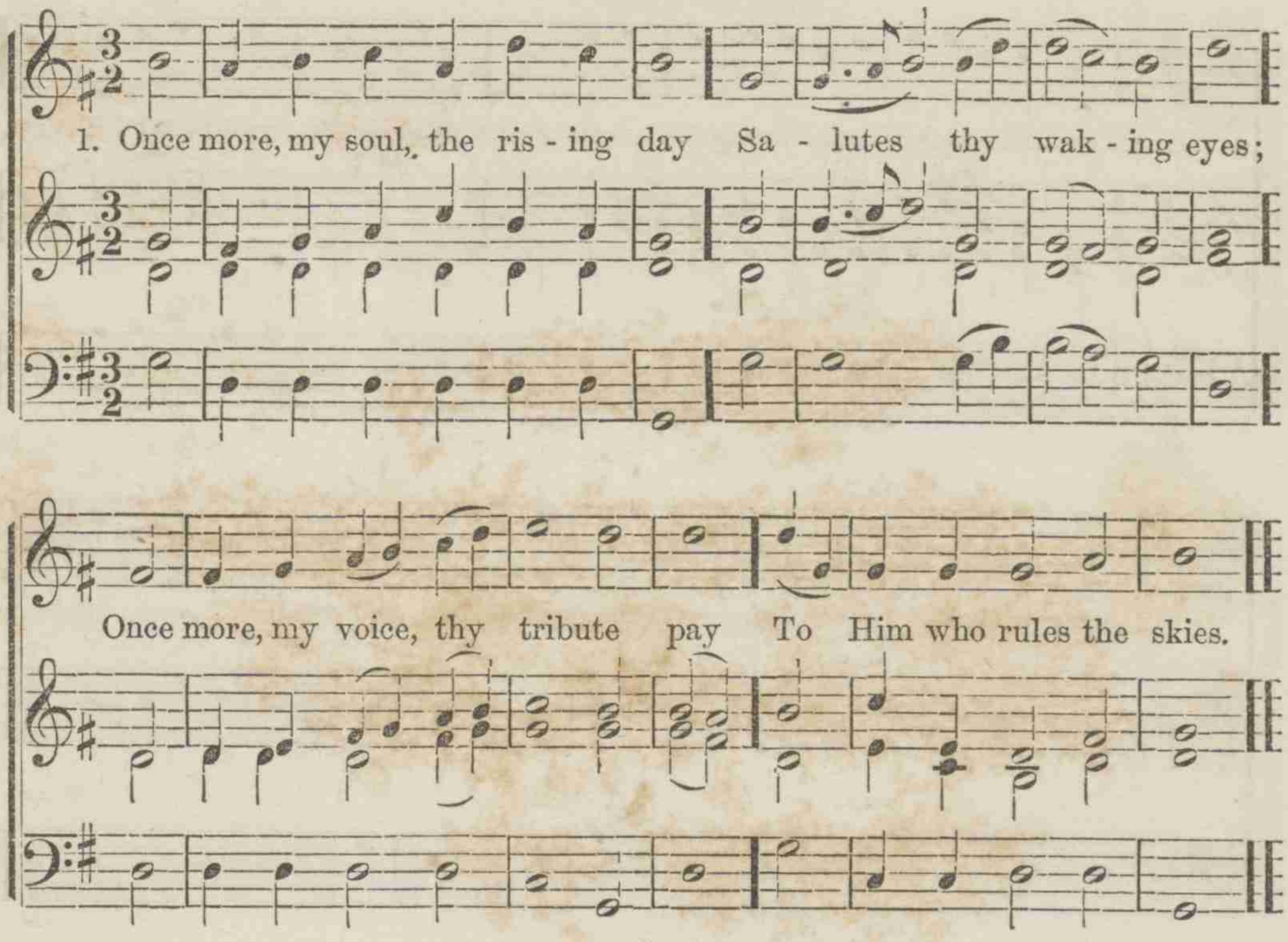
2 That was a most amazing power
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To hurry us away.

4 Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's most righteous law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

5 God is our Sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night,
Beneath his guardian wings.

No. 61. **COWAN. C. M.** FROM "NEW THES. MUS."



167. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1126.
PSALMIST . . . 1009.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise:
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And still my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light:
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

168. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1127.
PSALMIST . . . 1015.

GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

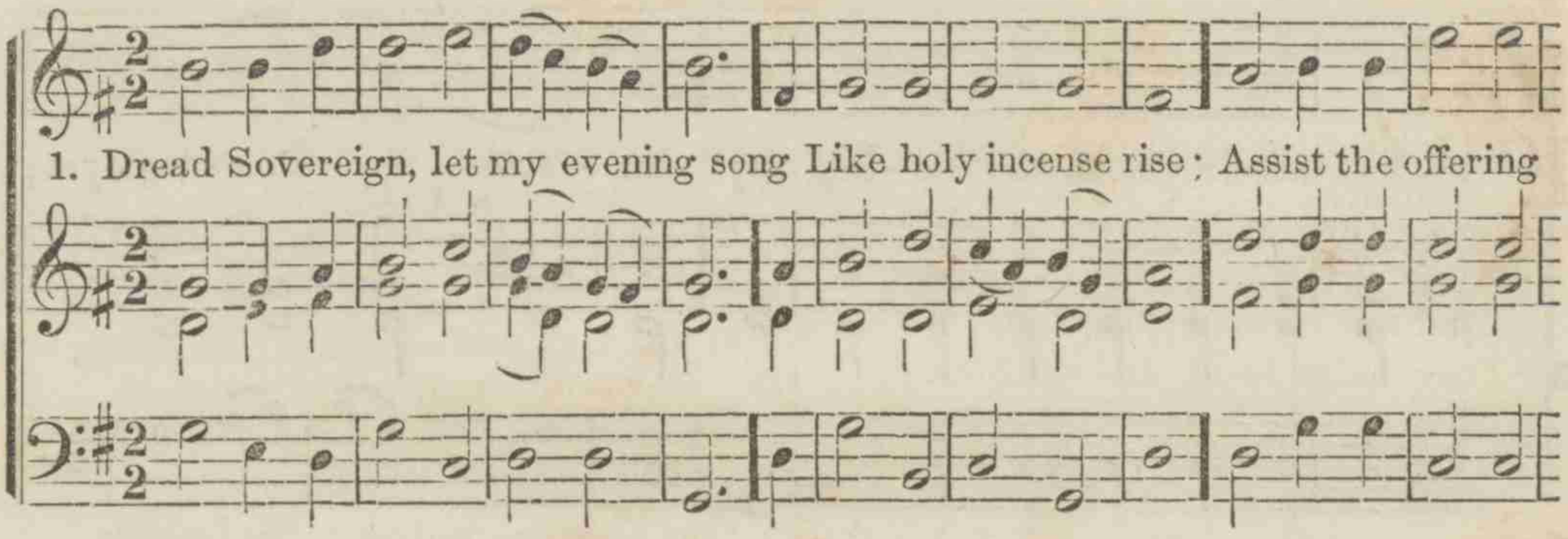
2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed mine eyes,
And woke from sweet repose.

4 O, let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

No. 62. DEVIZES. C. M. J. TUCKER.



169. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1136.
PSALMIST . . . 1024.

DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like heavenly incense rise;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But, O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul?
Alas! my sins are multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.

5 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.

170. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1150.

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O, may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

171. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1207. PSALMIST . . . 1104.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 "They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
They 're freed from every snare.

3 "Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

172. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1272. PSALMIST . . . 1153.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come:
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys beyond the sky,
And all the region peace:
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
And none shall gain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

173. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1275. PSALMIST . . . 1156.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

174. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1276. PSALMIST . . . 1173.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!—
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

175. BAPTIST PSALMODY 823. PSALMIST (Sup.) 7.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:
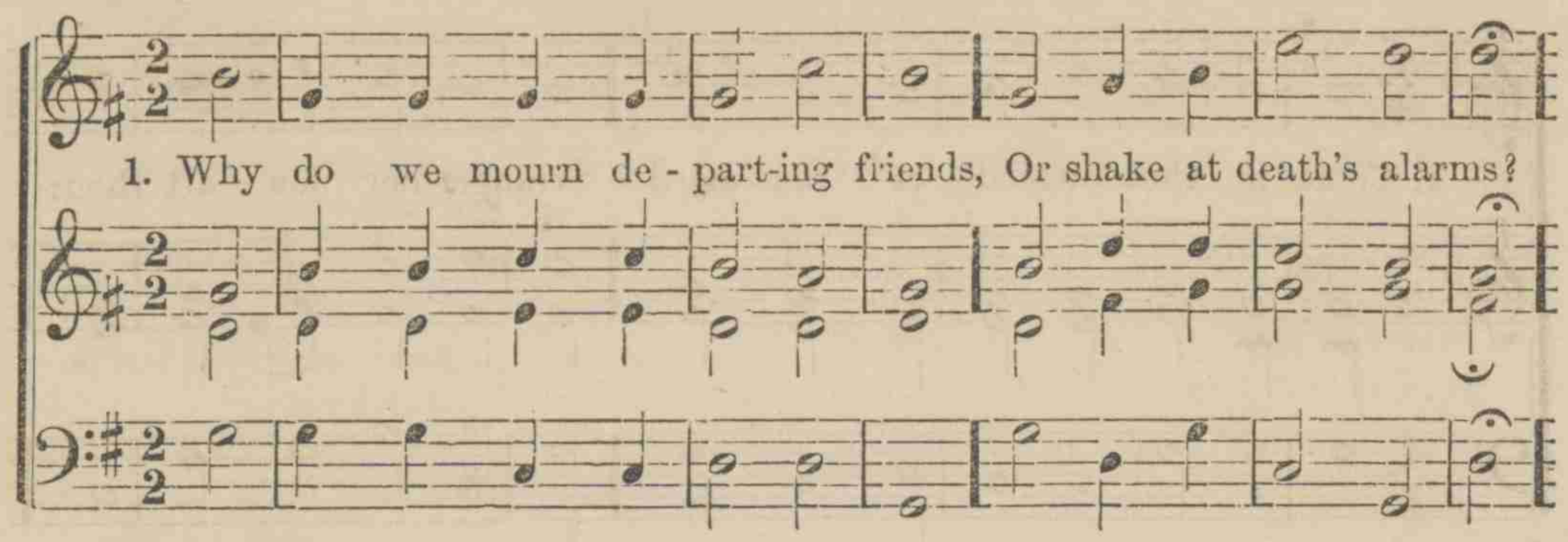
2 He points the clouds their course,
He shall prepare thy way:
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
Whom winds and seas obey.

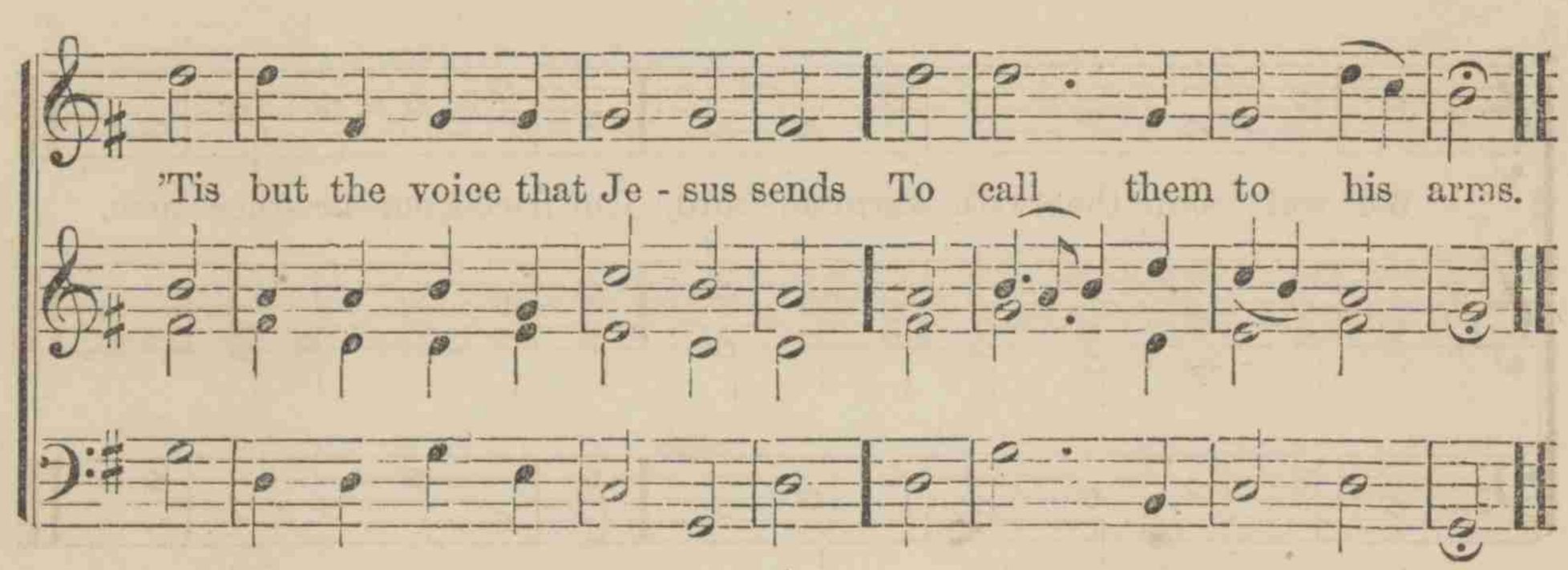
3 Firm on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

5 Ne profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

No. 63. **PETERBOROUGH. C. M.**





176. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1198.
PSALMIST . . . 1092.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'T was there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

177. BAPTIST PSALMODY 930.
PSALMIST . . . 842.
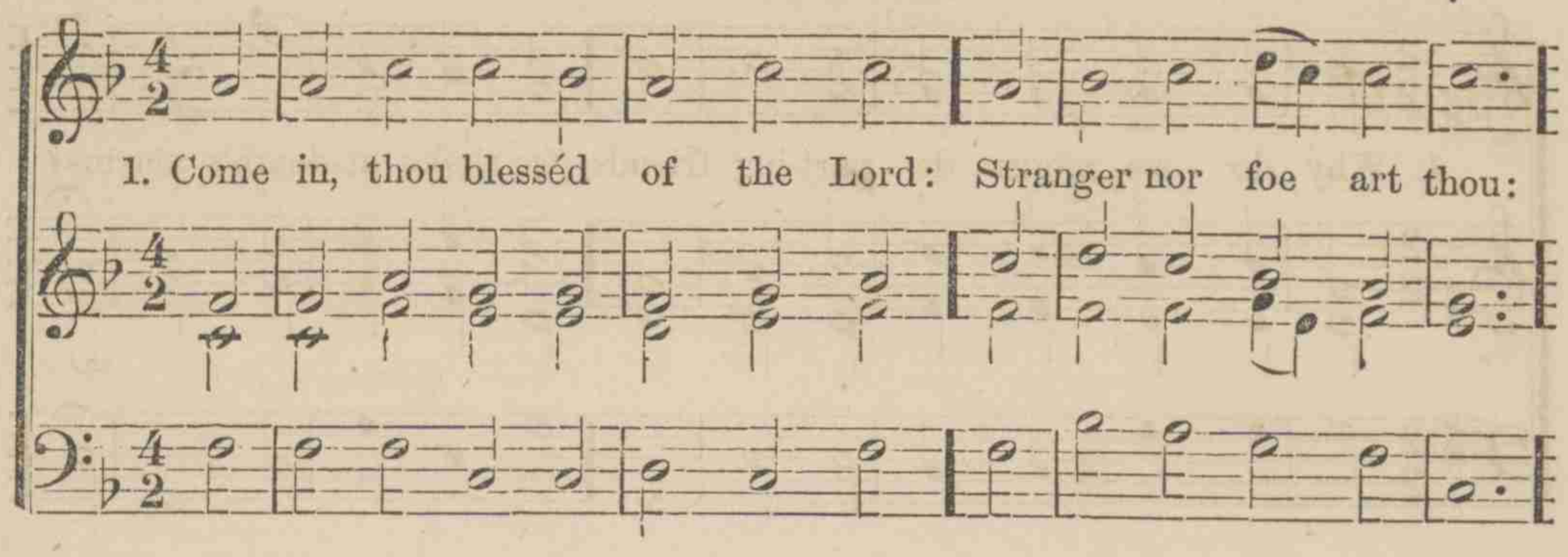
IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!—
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

No. 64. NEEDHAM. C. M. *



178. BAPTIST PSALMODY 915. PSALMIST . . . 827.

COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break—
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,
Freely with us partake.

4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual powers.

5 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost, and found in him.

179. BAPTIST PSALMODY 985. PSALMIST . . . 793.

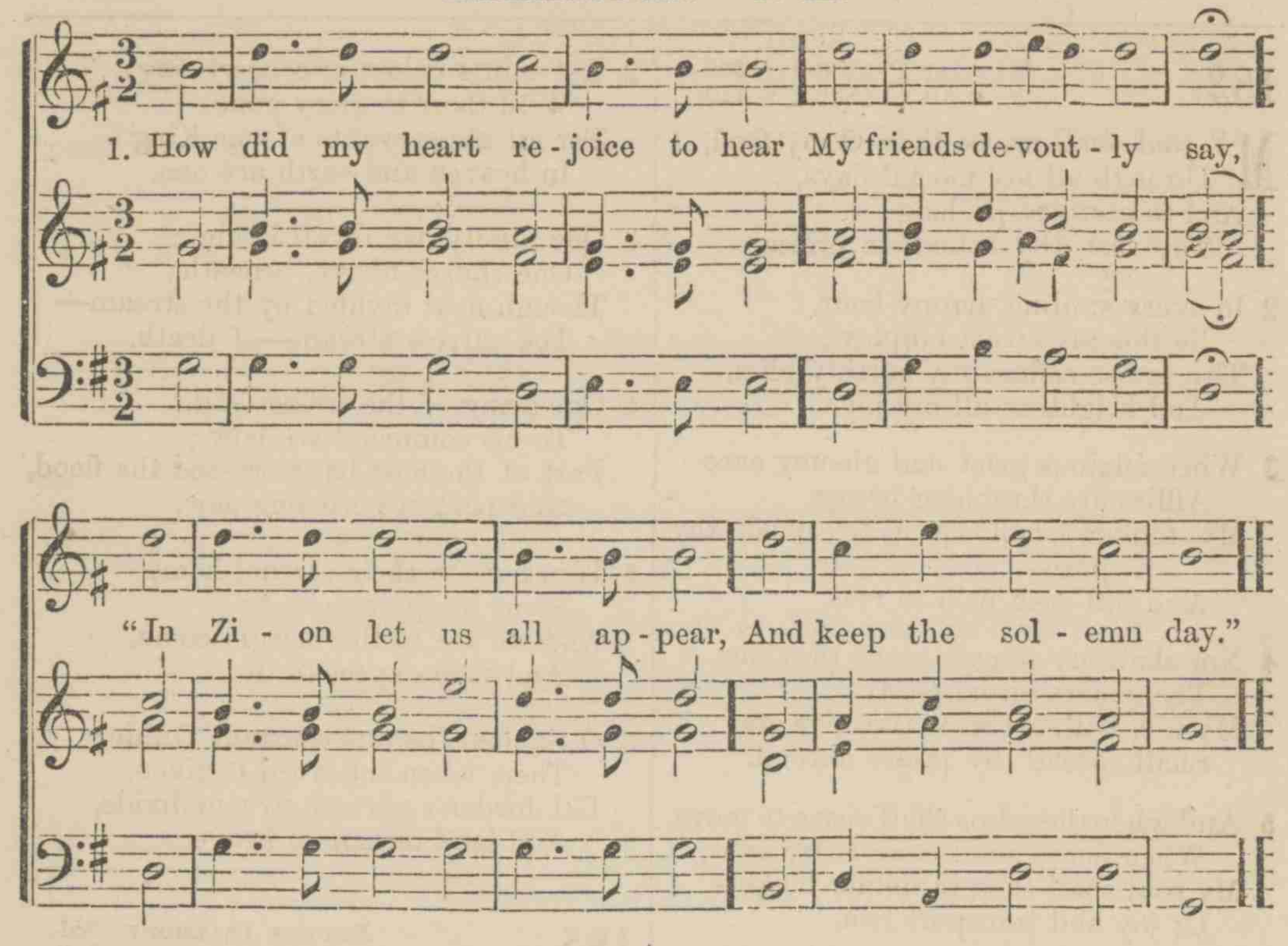
HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads:
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

No. 65. **ARLINGTON. C. M.** Dr. ARNE.



180. Baptist Psalmody 857.
Psalmist . . . 3.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 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.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair:
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts, and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

181. Baptist Psalmody 887.
Psalmist . . . 780.

O, HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ:
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joy contain,
Nor kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

182. BAPTIST PSALMODY 569. PSALMIST (Sup.) 110.

MY soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
My soul shall then to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6 My powers shall then, in lofty strains,
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
An everlasting day.

183. BAPTIST PSALMODY 576. PSALMIST . . . 754.

I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I 'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away:
O, let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

184. BAPTIST PSALMODY 984. PSALMIST . . . 791.

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream—of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 O Saviour, be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

185. BAPTIST PSALMODY 551. PSALMIST . . . 538.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

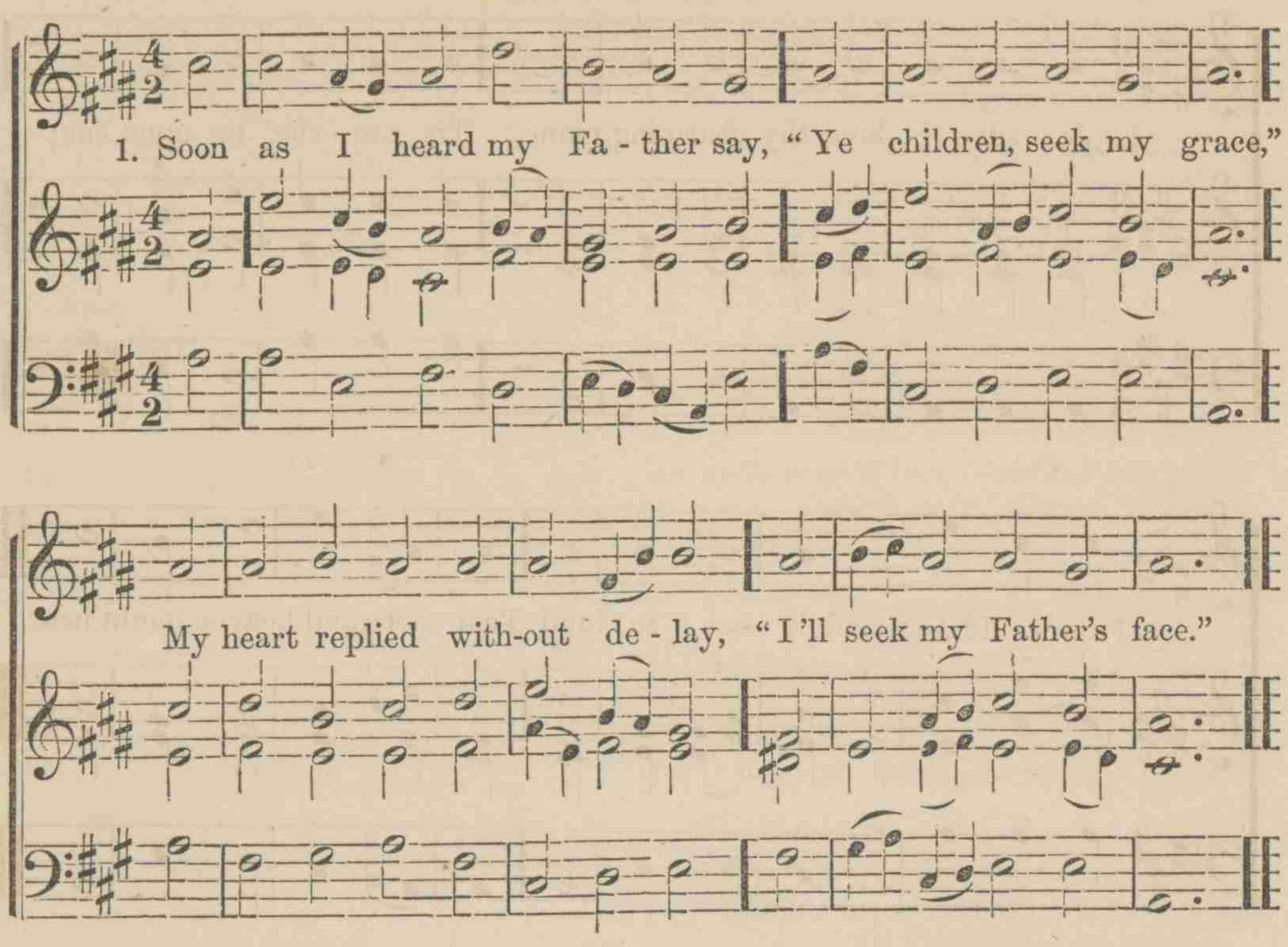
3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
My great concern shall ever be
To love and please thee more.

DOXOLOGY.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

No. 66. **STEPHENS. C. M.** JONES.



186. BAPTIST PSALMODY 556.
PSALMIST . . . 594.

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In each distressing day.

3 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.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He 'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

187. BAPTIST PSALMODY 557.
PSALMIST . . . 193.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

3 O, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He 'll make your wants his care.

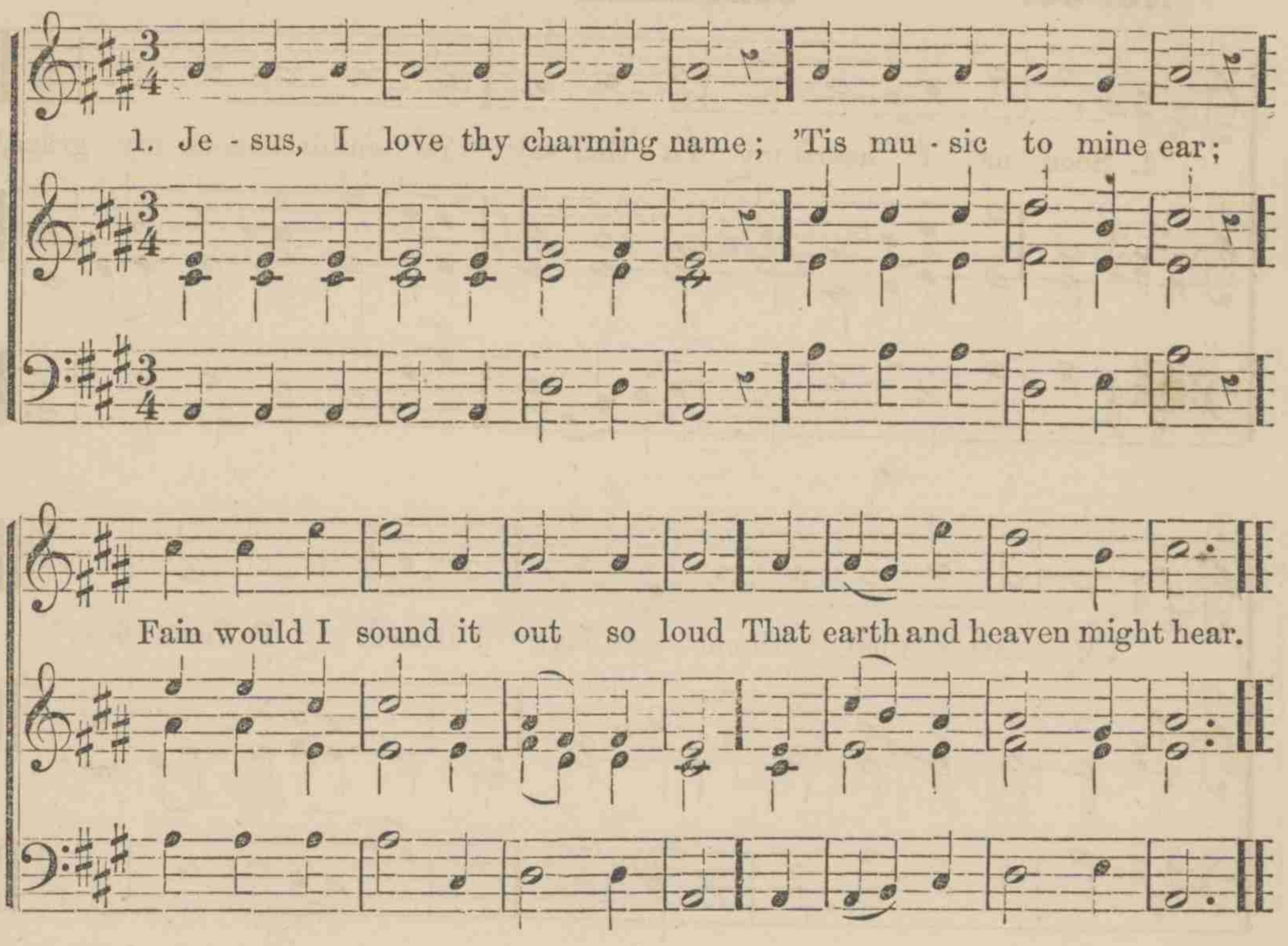
188. BAPTIST PSALMODY 584.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music 's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 Our Saviour shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We 'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

3 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favored throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

No. 67. **BARCLAY. C. M.** FROM "NEW THES. MUS."



189. BAPTIST PSALMODY 587
PSALMIST . . . 306.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

190. BAPTIST PSALMODY 564.
PSALMIST . . . 693.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

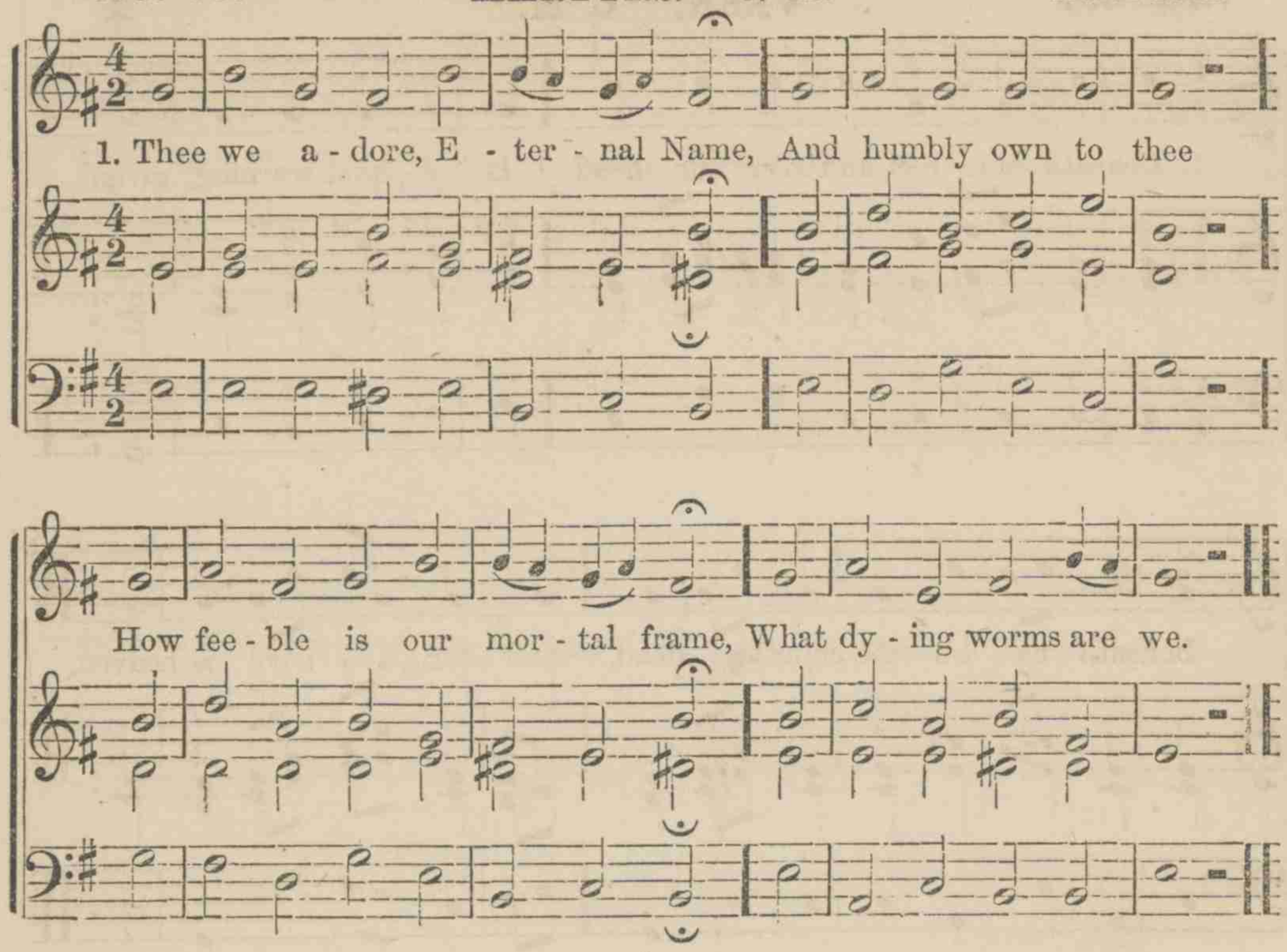
3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise:
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

No. 68. **MARTYRS. C. M.** SCOTCH TUNE.



191. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1169.
PSALMIST . . . 1061.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 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.

3 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!—
The final state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Eternal joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath:
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

192. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1173.
PSALMIST . . . 1079.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
Mine ears, attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

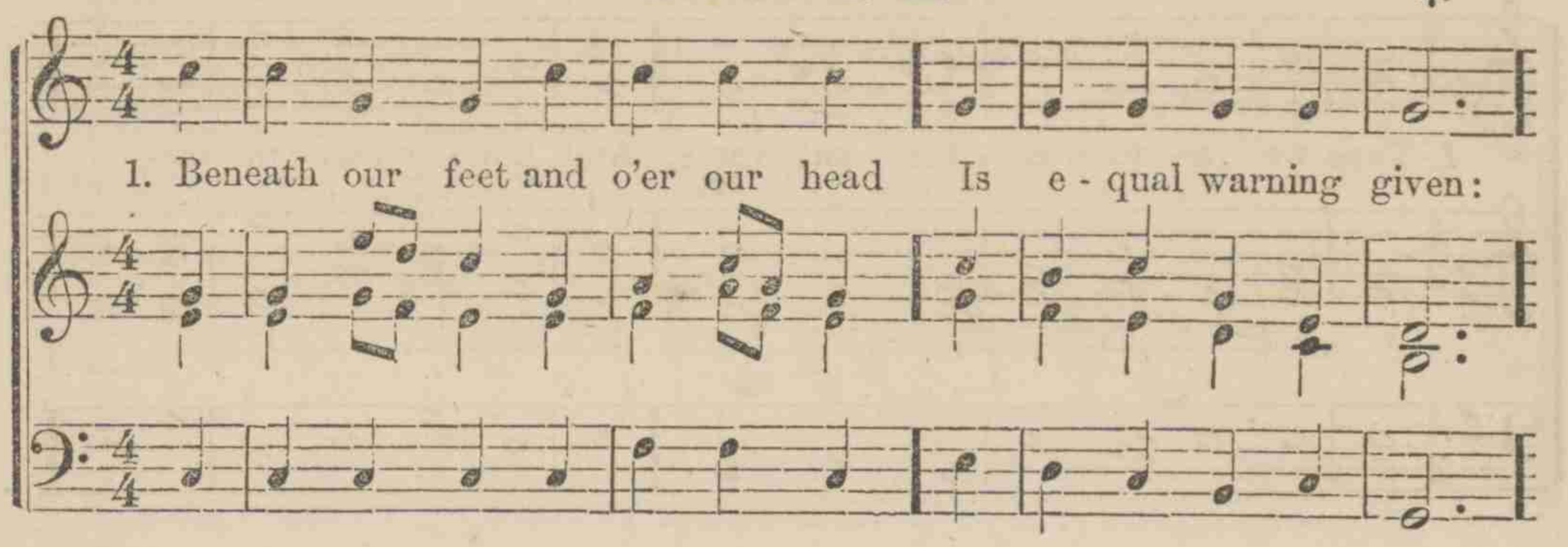
3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

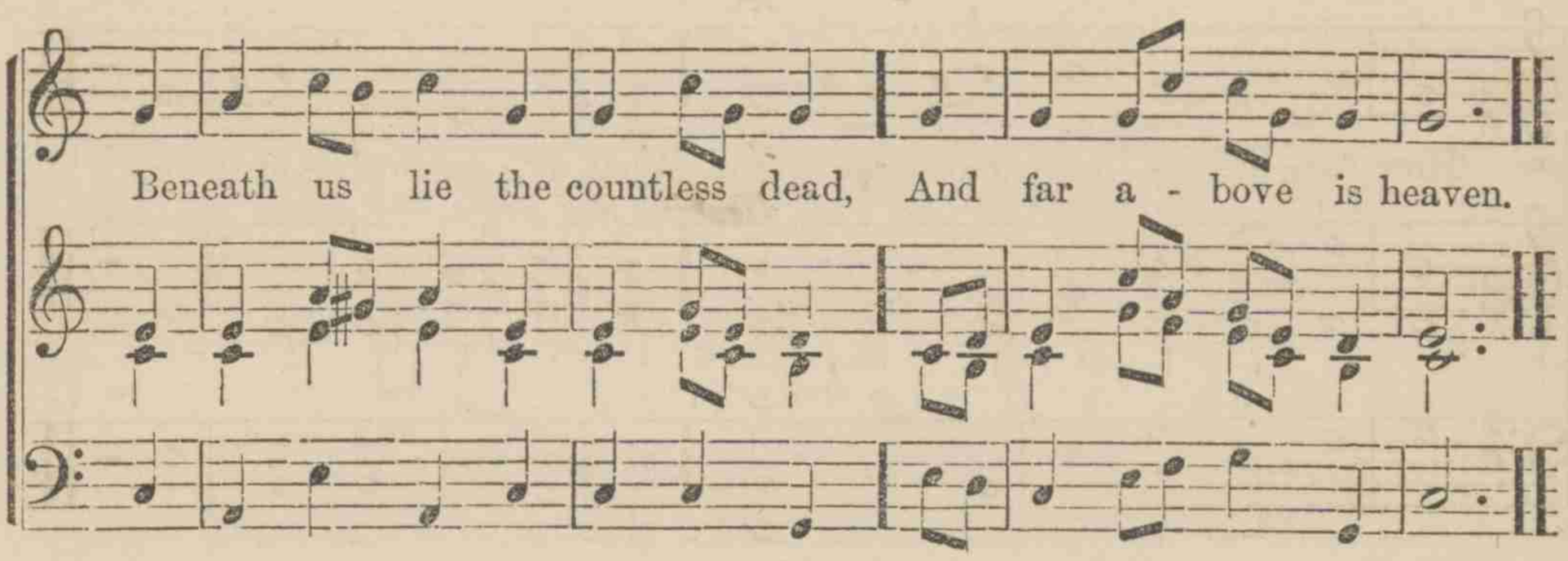
4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace
To fit our souls to fly:
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We 'll rise above the sky.

DOXOLOGY.

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.

No. 69. **VERN. C. M.** *





193. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1180.
PSALMIST . . . 1081.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, sinner, turn: thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

4 Turn, Christian turn: thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live in heaven—or hell.

194. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1185.
PSALMIST . . . 1074.

WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command;—

2 When weeping friends surround my bed,
To close my sightless eyes,
And, shattered by the dire disease,
This broken body lies;—

3 When every long-loved scene of life
Stands ready to depart,
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart;—

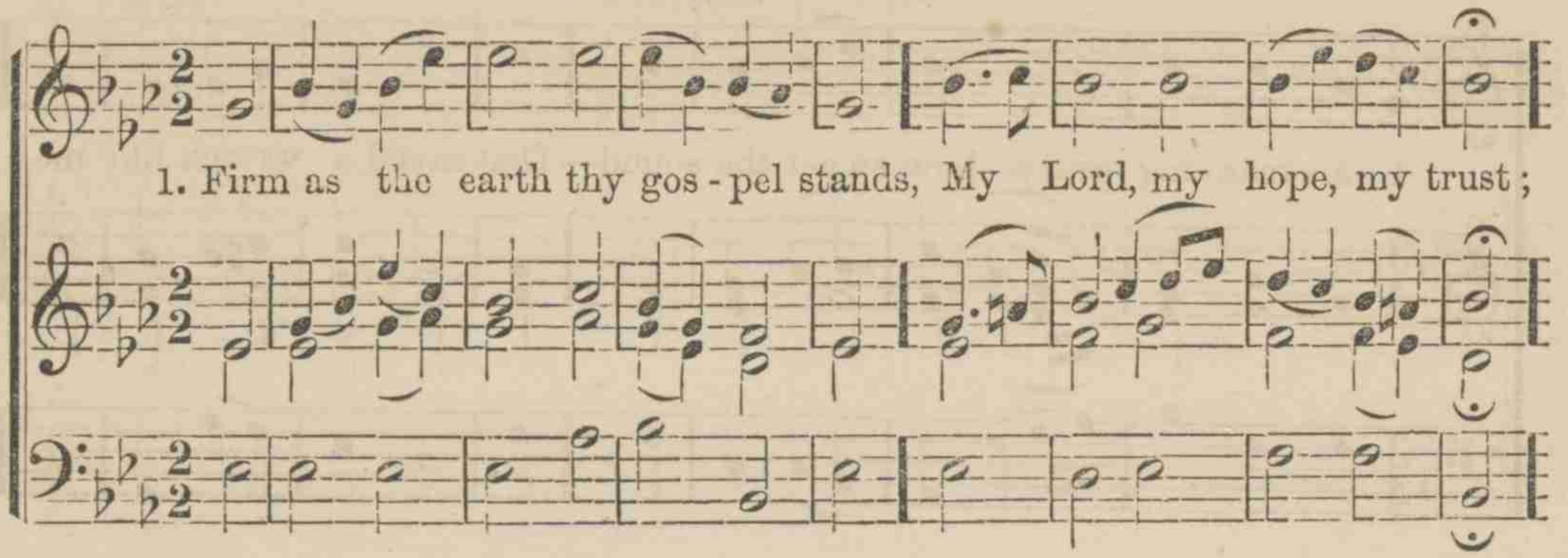
4 Then, O thou source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.
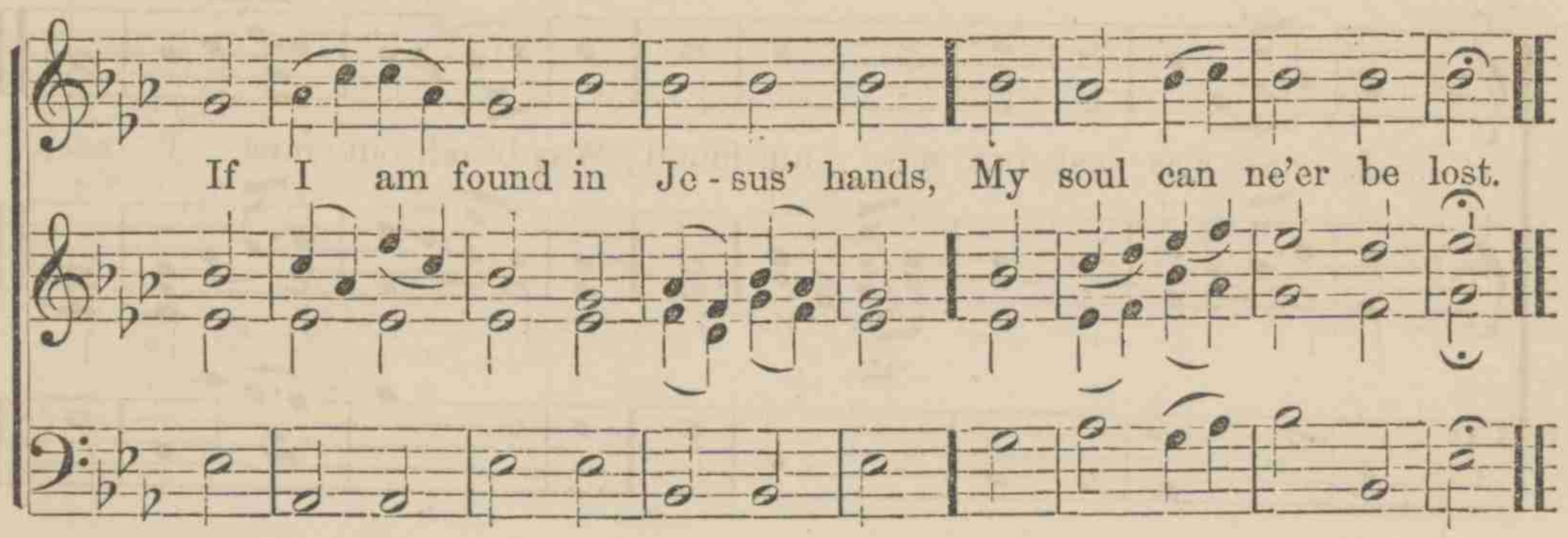
5 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my fainting head,
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed.

DOXOLOGY.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

No. 70. **WARWICK. C. M.** STANLEY.





195. BAPTIST PSALMODY 831.
PSALMIST . . . 561.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His chosen from his breast;
Within the bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

196. BAPTIST PSALMODY 841.
PSALMIST . . . 33.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more?

197. BAPTIST PSALMODY 890.
PSALMIST . . . 800.

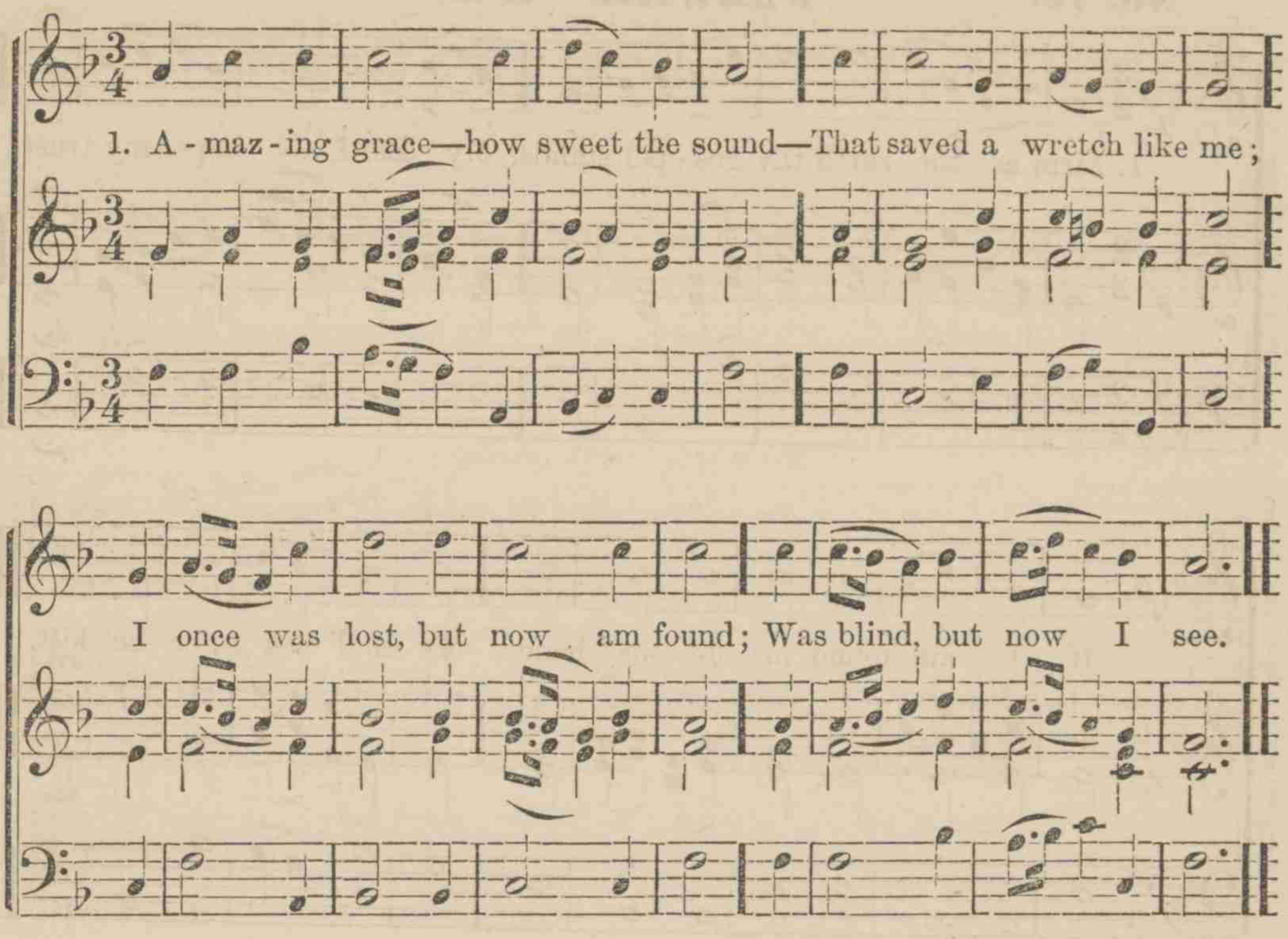
O LORD, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That 's worthy of my God?

4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

No. 71. **GARY. C. M.** FROM "NEW THES. MUS."



198. BAPTIST PSALMODY 574.
PSALMIST (Sup.) 66.

AMAZING grace—how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me;
Once I was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieve:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me:
His word my hope secures:
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

199. BAPTIST PSALMODY 562.
PSALMIST . . . 749.

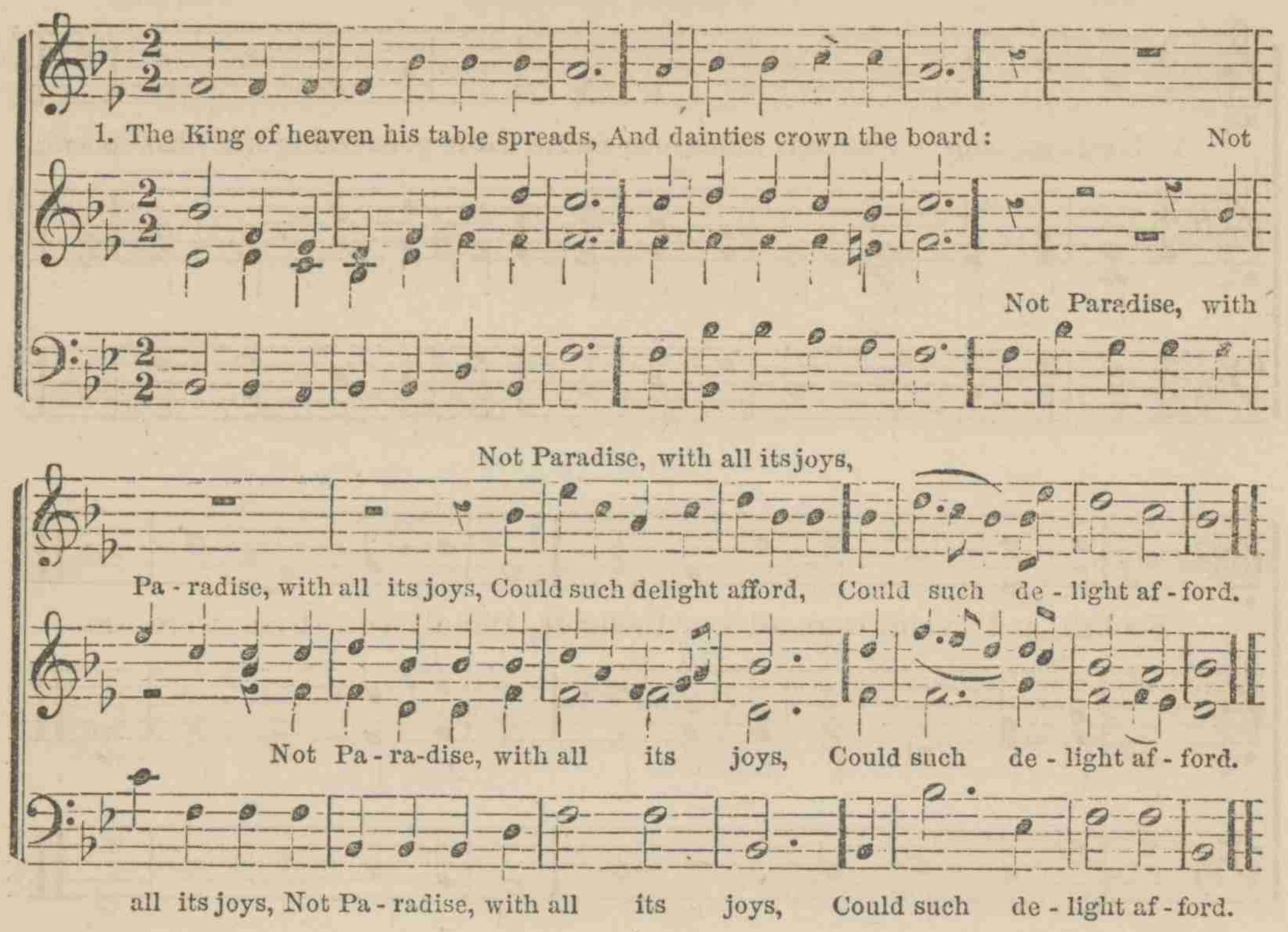
HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'T is love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

No. 72. **NORTHFIELD. C. M.** J. INGALLS.



200. BAPTIST PSALMODY 335. PSALMIST . . . 424.

2 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

5 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame:
Come, taste the dainties of the feast,
And bless the Master's name.

201. BAPTIST PSALMODY 341. PSALMIST , . 433.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose:

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

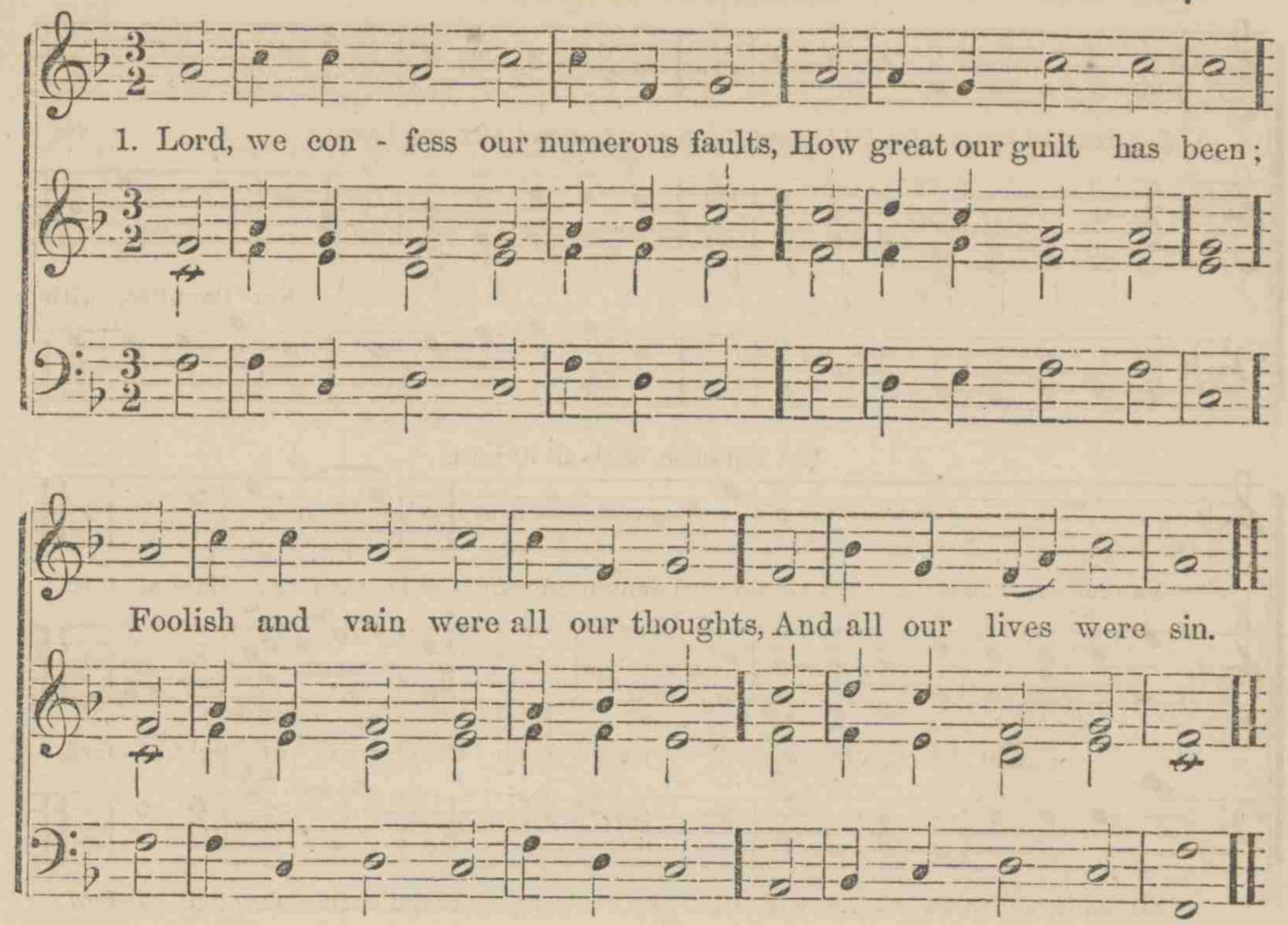
4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go;"
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

No. 73. **VERDI. C. M.** *



202. BAPTIST PSALMODY 405. PSALMIST . . . 266.

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.

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'T is not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

4 'T is from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'T is by the water and the blood
Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'T is through the purchase of His death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

203. BAPTIST PSALMODY 415. PSALMIST . . . 514.

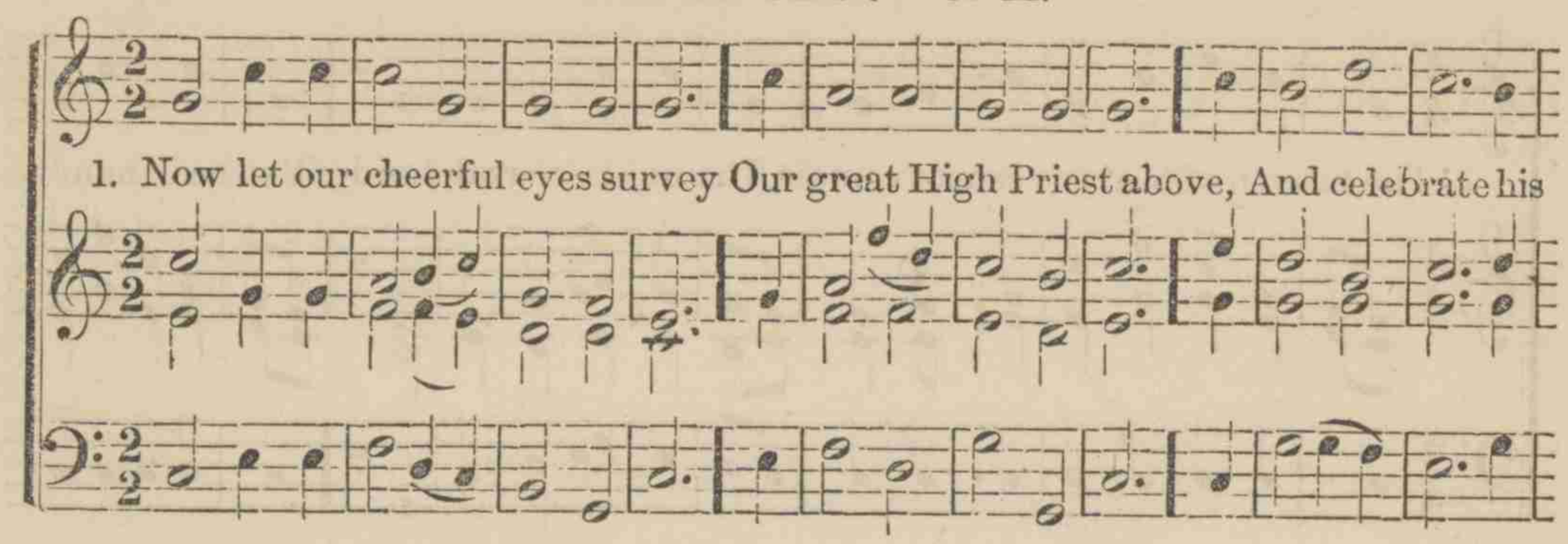
MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living Head.

3 'T is faith that changes all the heart,
'T is faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'T is faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

No 74. LANESBORO'. C. M.



204. BAPTIST PSALMODY 181. PSALMIST . . . 297.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathizing love.

2 Tho' raised to heaven's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crowned,—

3 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.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on our breasts
May thy dear name be worn,—
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

205. BAPTIST PSALMODY 182. PSALMIST . . . 298.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is made of tenderness:
His bosom glows with love.

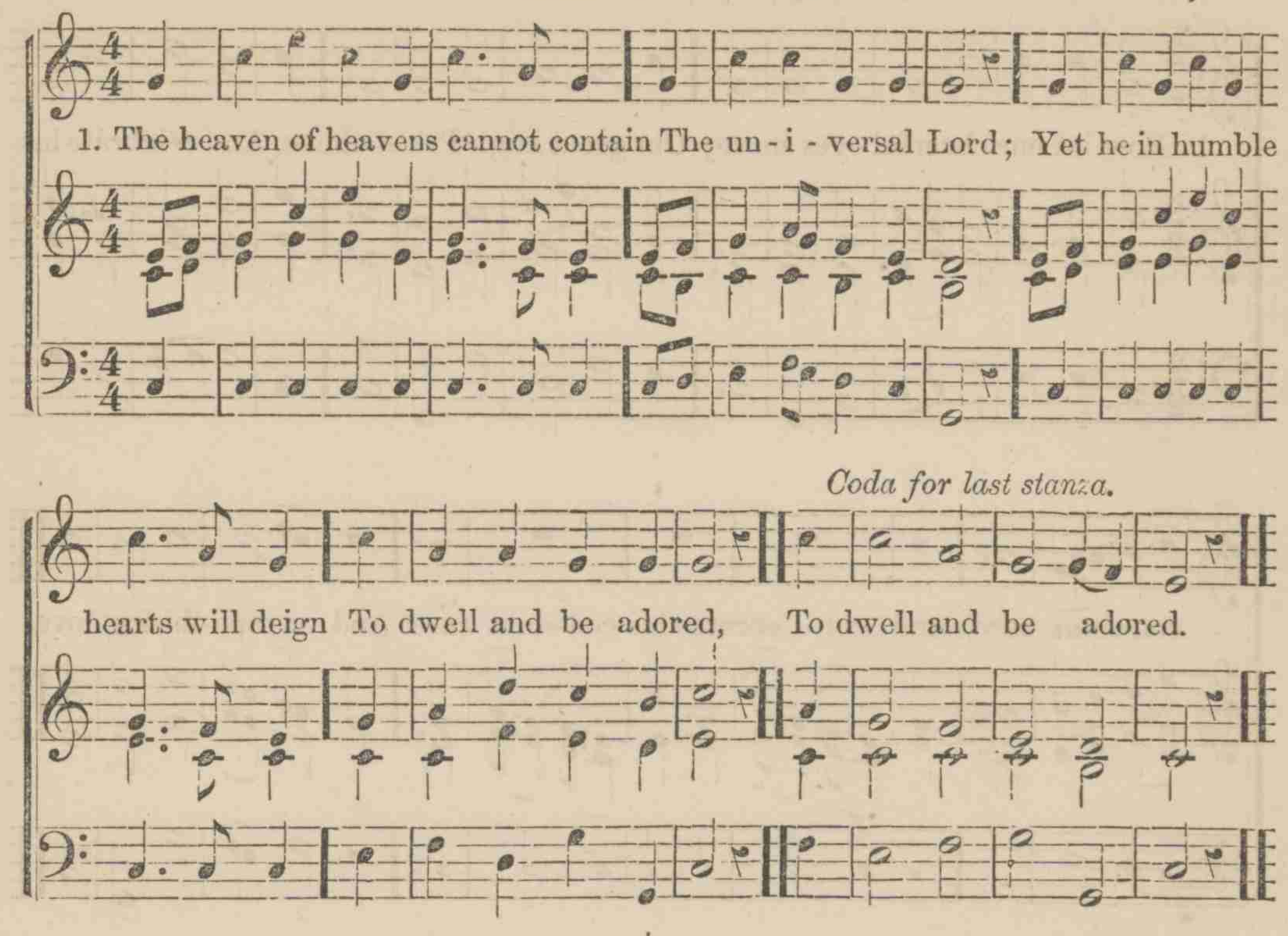
2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He 'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruiséd reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

No. 75. CHALKLEY. C. M. *



206. BAPTIST PSALMODY 11.
PSALMIST . . . 167.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms and worlds unknown:
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

207. BAPTIST PSALMODY 249.
PSALMIST . . . 353.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 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?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
And that shall kindle ours.

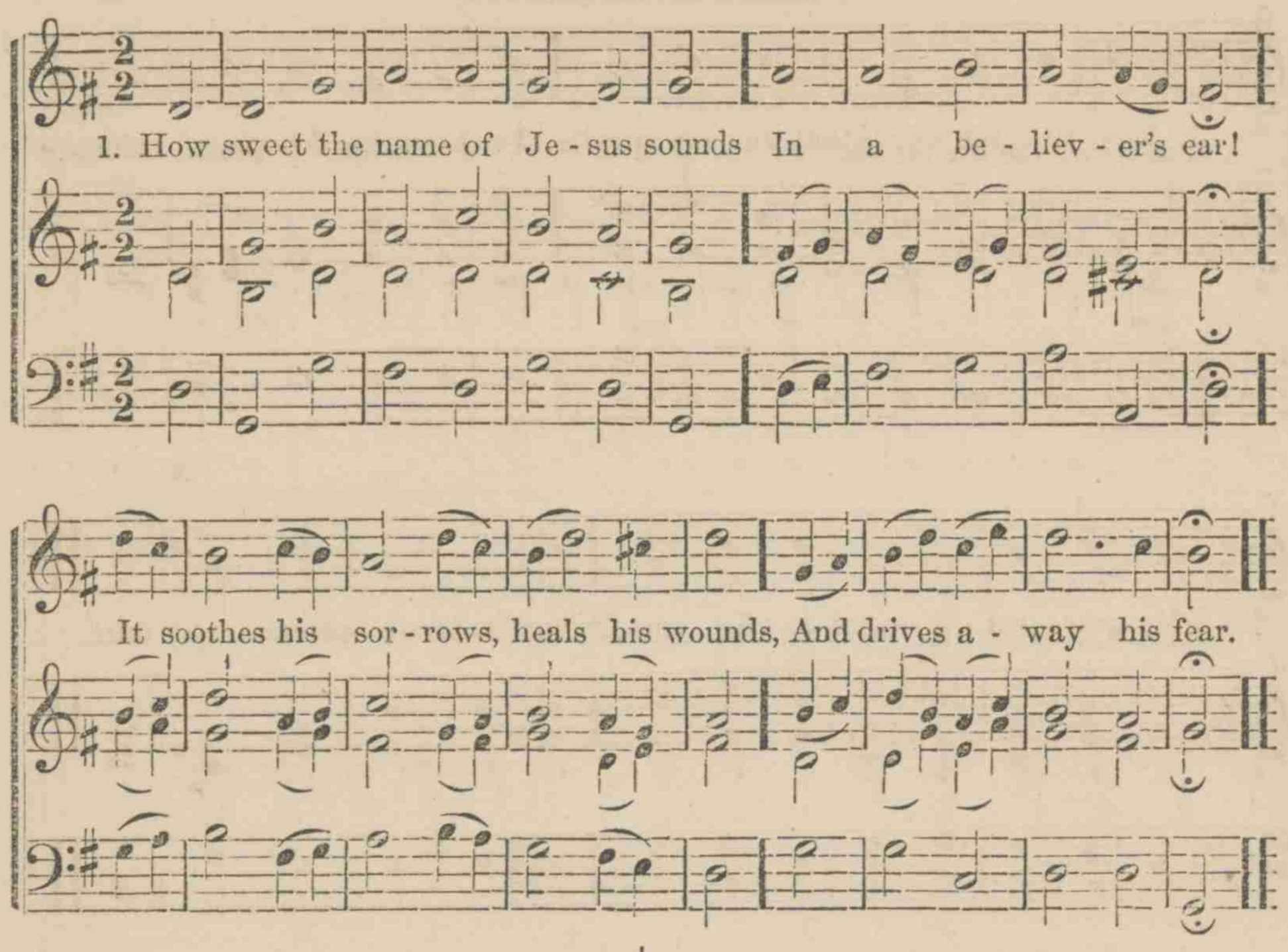
208. BAPTIST PSALMODY 286.
PSALMIST . . . 393.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
The pardon of my sin.

No. 76. **MEDFIELD. C. M.** W. MATHER.



209. BAPTIST PSALMODY 583. PSALMIST (Sup.) 13.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 By him my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled:
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4 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.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

210. BAPTIST PSALMODY 609. PSALMIST . . . 742.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

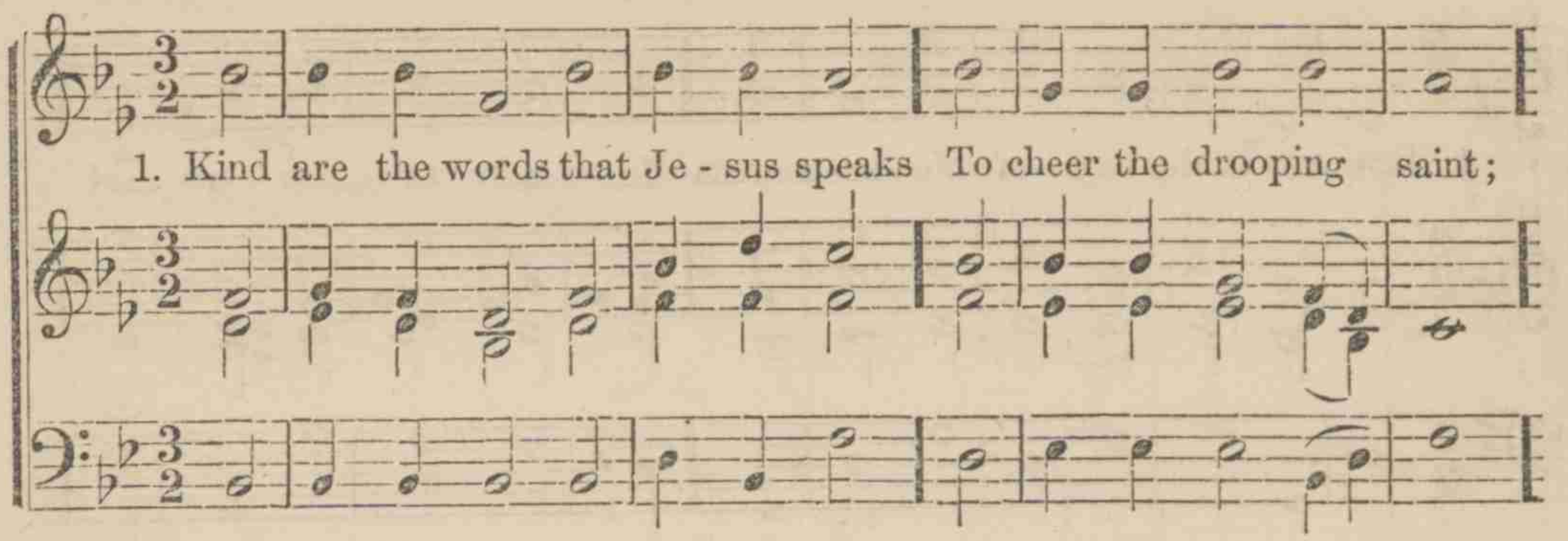
2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

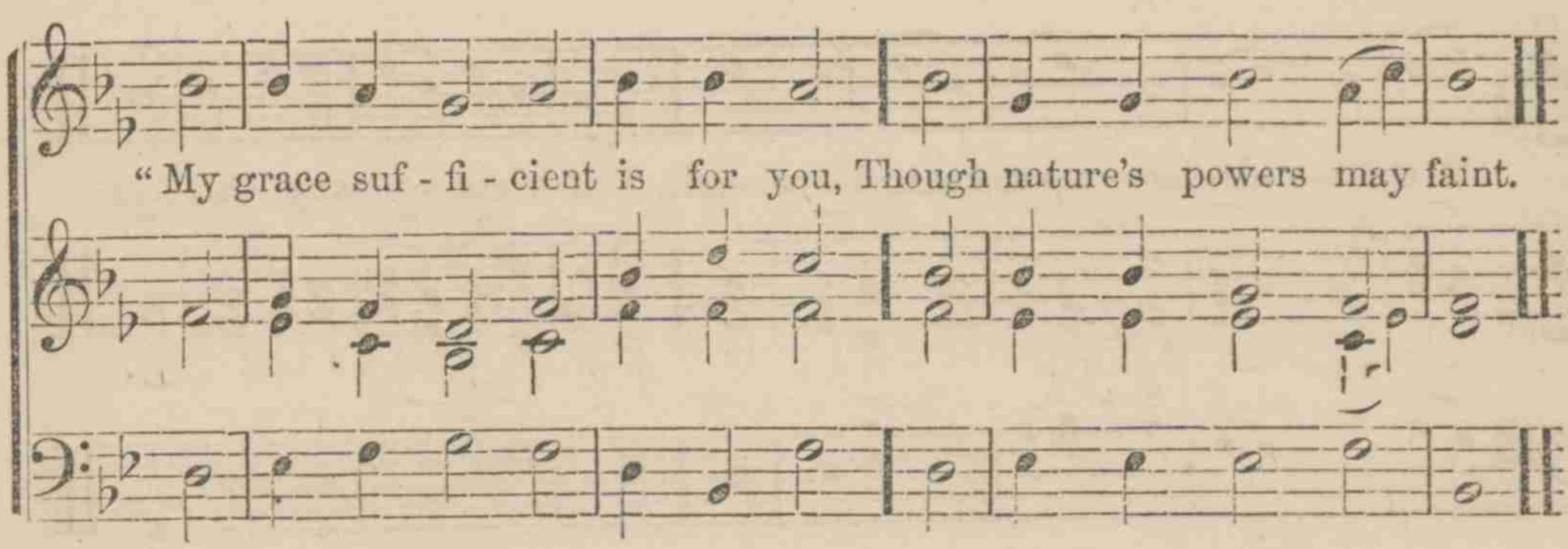
3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When throned above the skies,
And, in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground;
For us he shed his precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

No. 77. **WIGHTMAN, C. M.** NATHAN EDWARD EVERETT.





211. BAPTIST PSALMODY 553.
PSALMIST . . . 503.

KIND are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint:
"My grace sufficient is for you,
Though nature's powers may faint.

2 "My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove;
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love."

3 What though my griefs are not removed;
Yet why should I despair?
For, if my Saviour's arm support,
I can the burden bear.

4 O thou, my Saviour and my Lord,
'T is good to trust thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
I all things can perform,
And, smiling, triumph in thy name,
Amid the raging storm.

212. BAPTIST PSALMODY 554.
PSALMIST . . . 170.

NO change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A sure defence to me.

2 Thou our deliverer art, O God;
Our trust is in thy power;
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard and our tower.

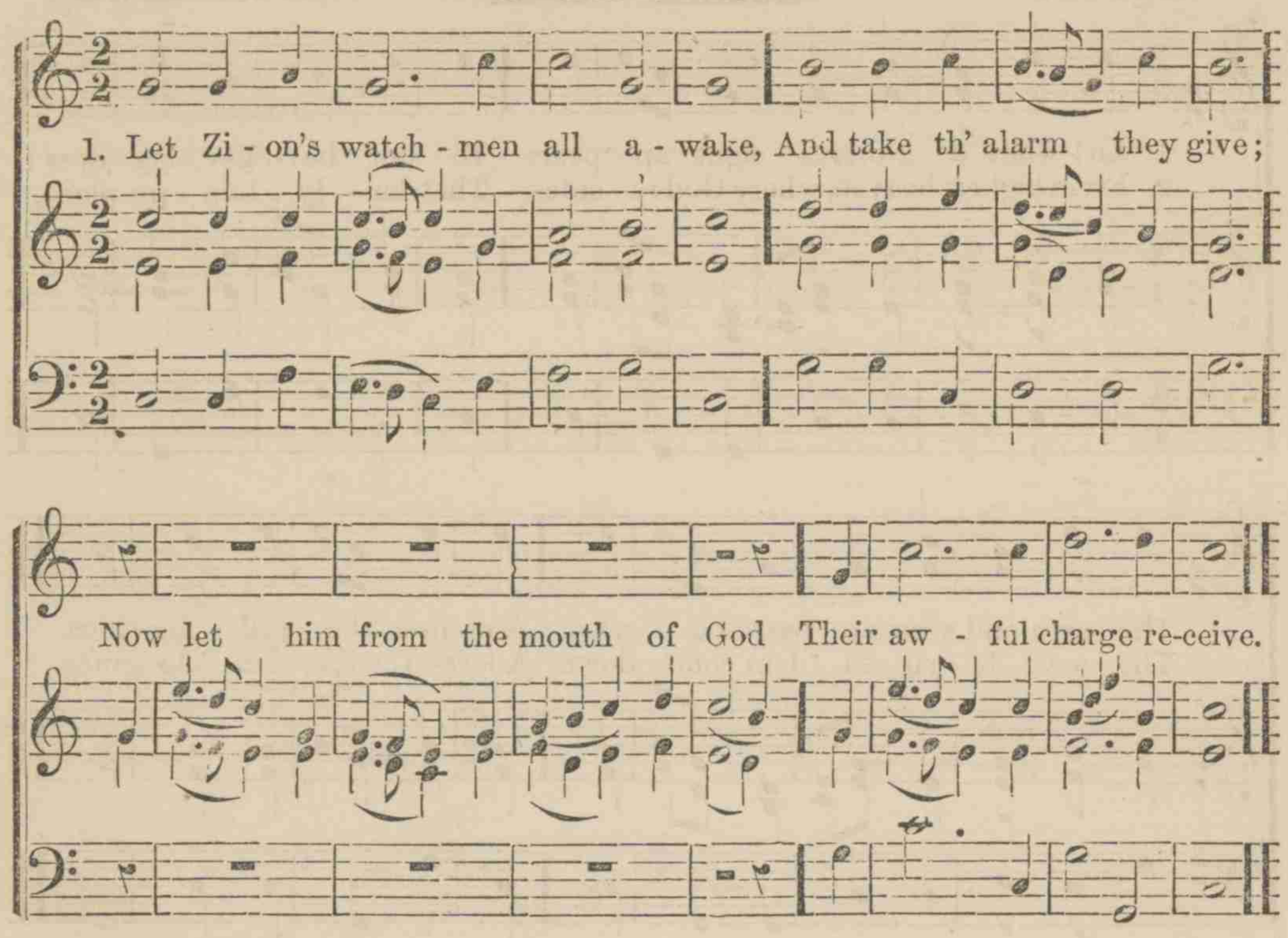
3 To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe:
O, may we, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every foe.

4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend?

DOXOLOGY.

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.

No. 78. **HENRY. C. M.** S. P. POND.



213. BAPTIST PSALMODY 944.
PSALMIST . . . 955.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'T is 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.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—
For souls, which must forever live,
In rapture or in woe.

4 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.

214. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1284.
PSALMIST . . . 1166.

JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

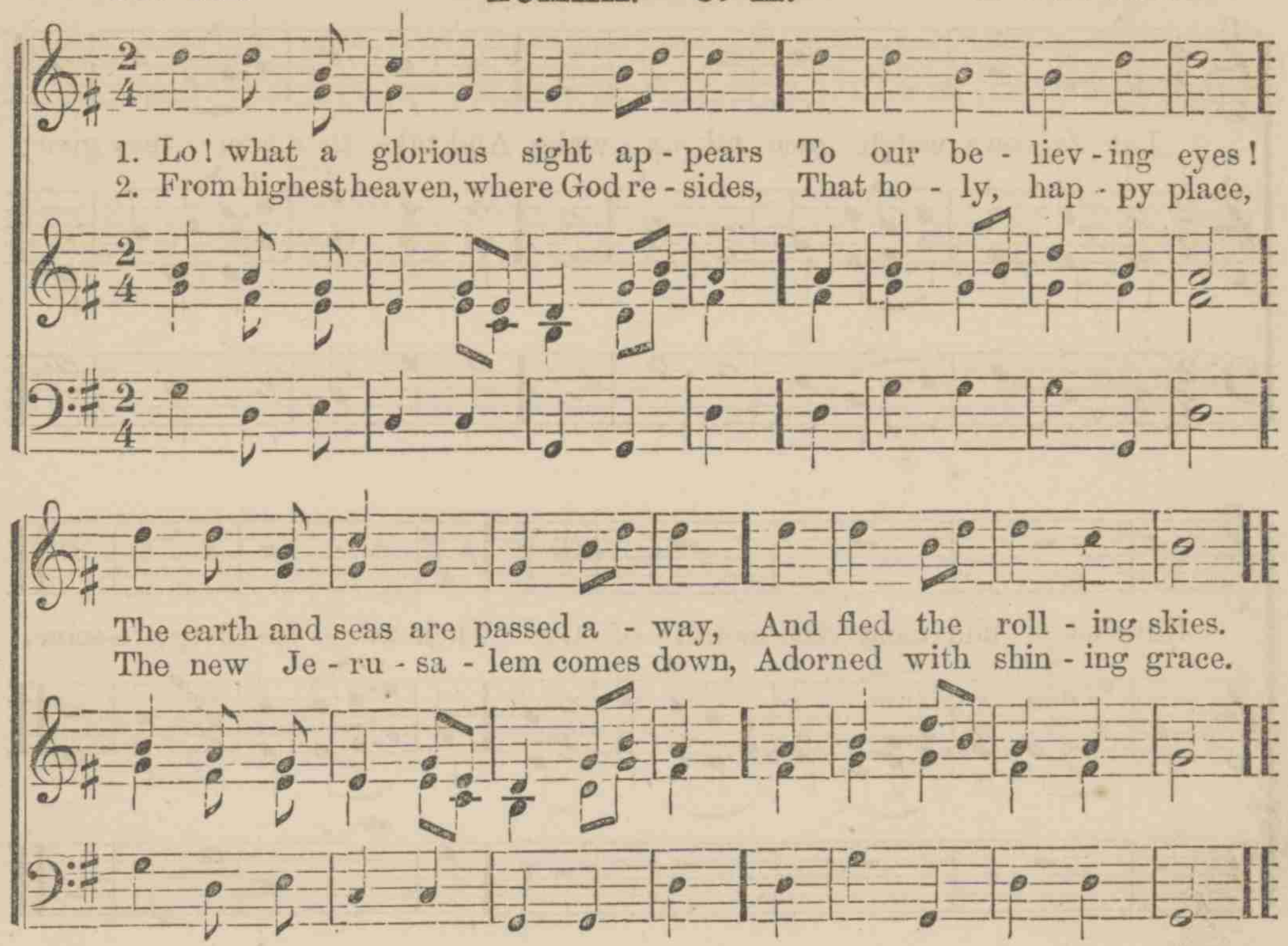
3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 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.

6 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

No. 79. **LOMAX. C. M.** L. C. EVERETT.



215. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1277. PSALMIST . . . 905.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And heavenly armies sing—
"Ye saints, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode—
His saints the objects of his grace,
And he their faithful God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

216. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1279. PSALMIST . . . 1146.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

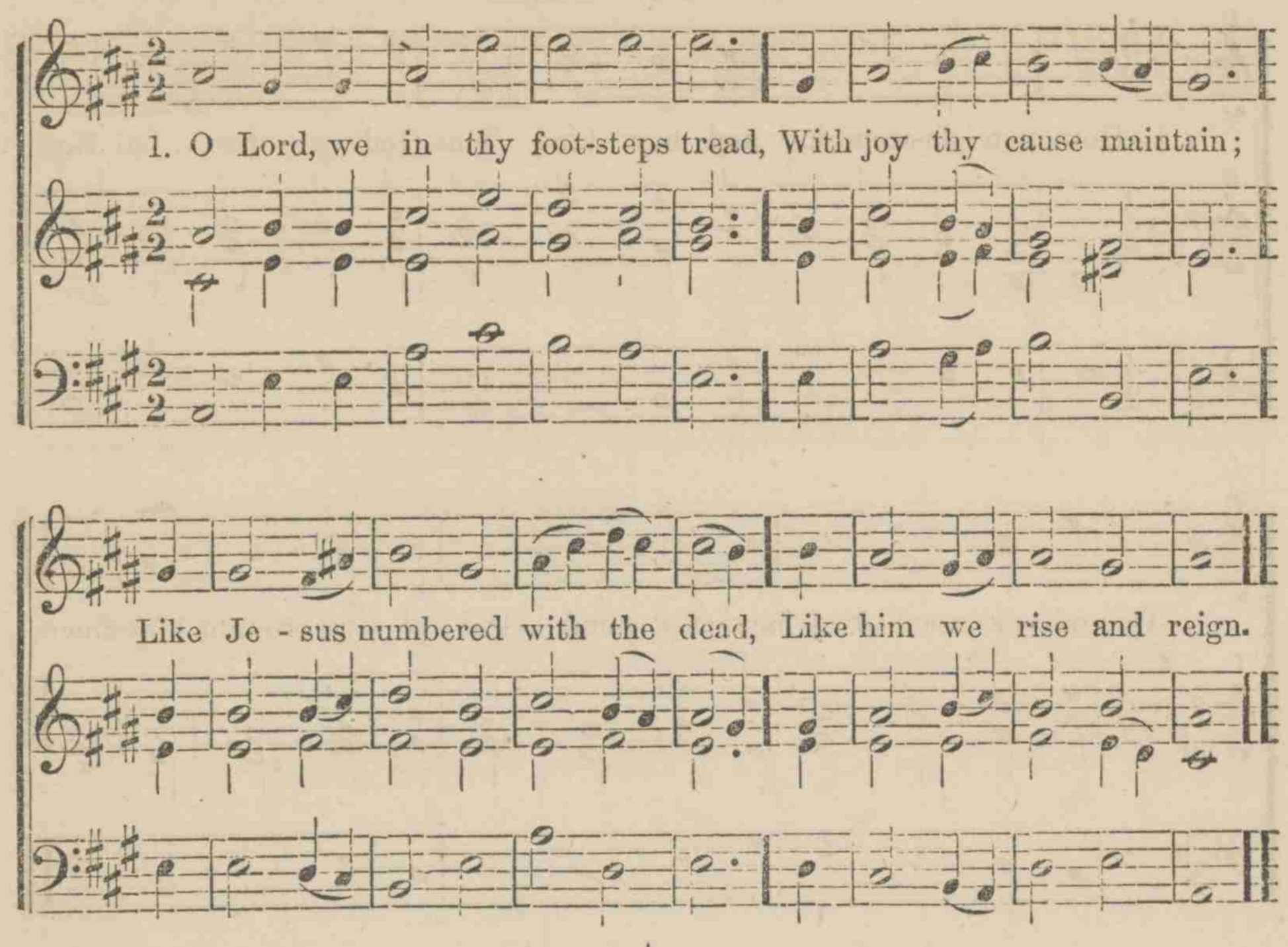
3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes—

6 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.

No. 80. **DEDHAM. C. M.** GARDNER.



217. BAPTIST PSALMODY 899.
PSALMIST . . . 823.

O LORD, we in thy footsteps tread,
With joy thy cause maintain;
Like Jesus numbered with the dead,
Like him we rise and reign.

2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
Obedient to thy word;
'T is thus the world around shall know
We 're buried with the Lord.

3 'T is thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in:
O, may we rise to live anew,
And only die to sin.

218. BAPTIST PSALMODY 901.

THE Lord my heart has now prepared
To walk in wisdom's ways;
My purpose is to do his will,
And serve him all my days.

2 I to this watery grave descend,
Because my Lord has died;
And by his powerful blood alone
My soul is justified.

3 I 'm buried in this liquid tomb,
To show what Christ endured;
And that with him I die to sin,
Whose death my life procured.

4 I rise again to live anew,
Because my Saviour lives;
He clothes me with his righteousness,
And every comfort gives.

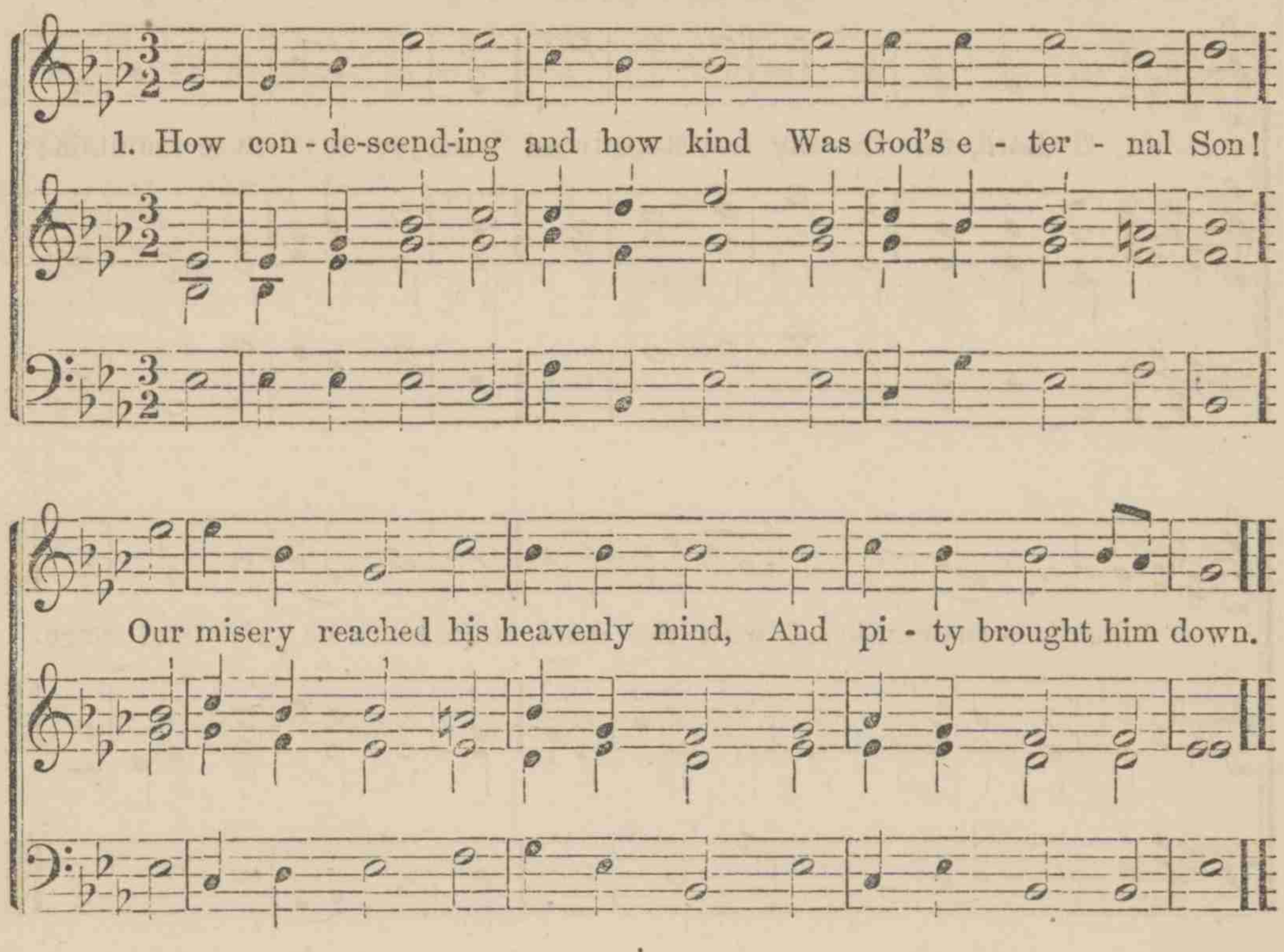
5 Thus does this solemn rite display
The doctrines of my Lord;
I haste to follow where he leads,
Obedient to his word.

219. BAPTIST PSALMODY 934.
PSALMIST . . . 841.

PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced;
To look on thee, and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice;
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

No. 81. YANTLEY. C. M. Altered from "New Thes. Mus."



220. Baptist Psalmody 929. Psalmist . . . 840.

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down,

2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.

3 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.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

6 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.
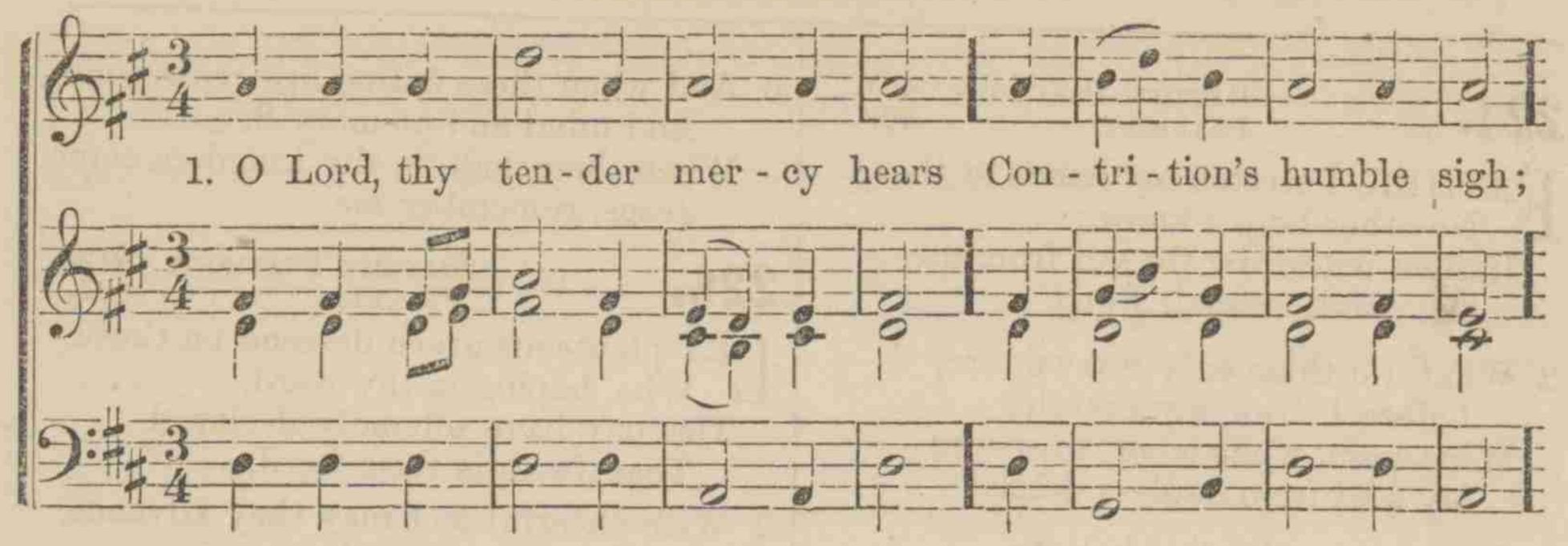
221. Baptist Psalmody 935. Psalmist . . . 838.

"THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good,"
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 I call that legacy mine own,
Which Jesus did bequeath:
'T was purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

4 Thy light and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory, shall be mine:
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers, are thine.



222. BAPTIST PSALMODY 449. PSALMIST . . . 482.

O LORD, thy tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Thy hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A sinful wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return?"

3 O, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

4 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my solace here below
And my eternal joy.

223. BAPTIST PSALMODY 456. PSALMIST . . . 519.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O, wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead his gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tosséd soul, be still,
My promised grace receive:"
'T is Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

224.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 467.
PSALMIST . . . 508.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death?

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power!
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O, let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies!

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O, let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

225.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 925.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord—
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me:
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

226.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 912.
PSALMIST . . . 824.

LET plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

227.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 1284.
PSALMIST . . . 1166.

JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

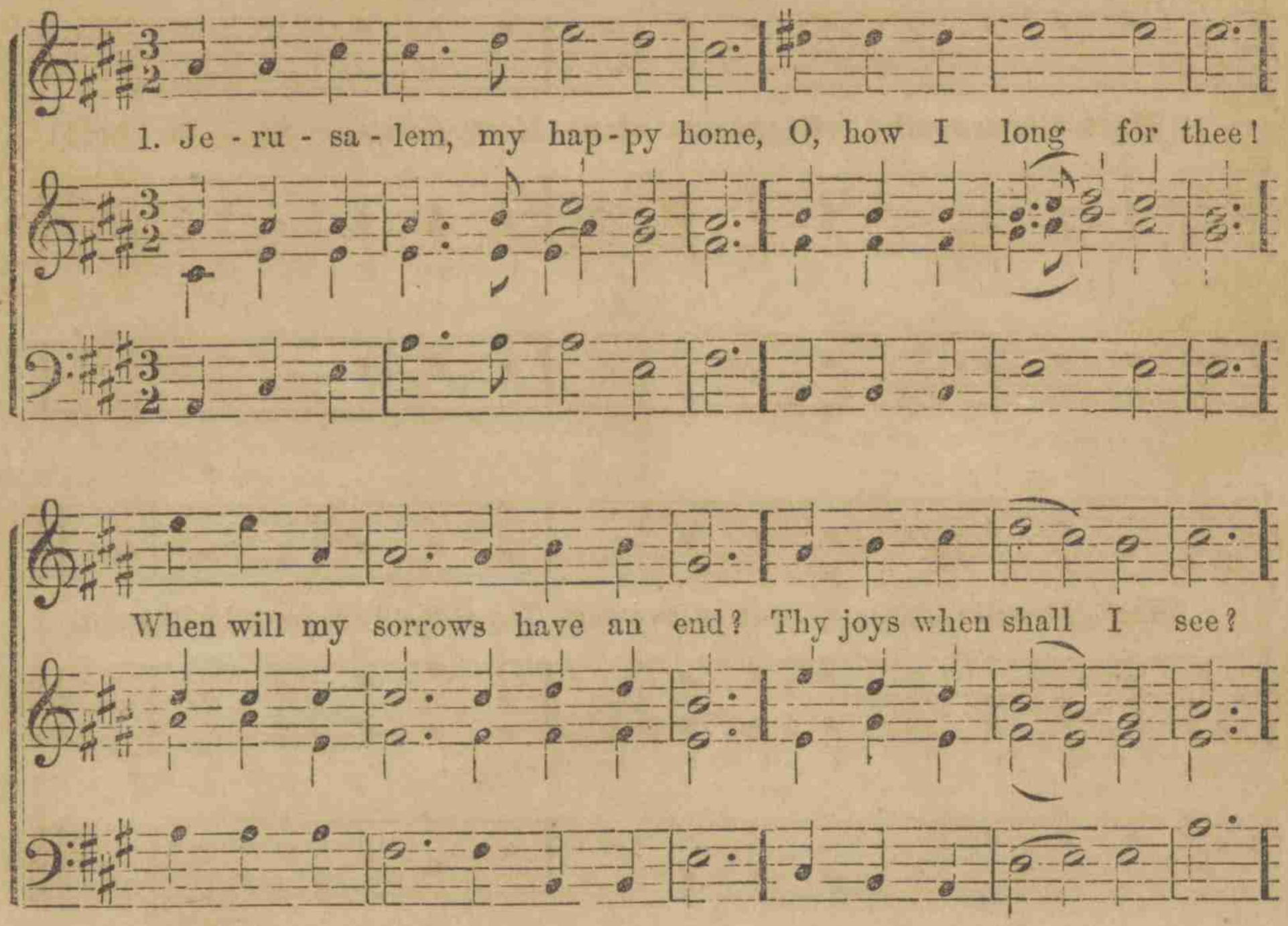
4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 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.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

No. 83. WAINWRIGHT. C. M. (Double.) *



228. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1285.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant scenes
My study long have been;
Such radiant light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 't is that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory 's gone;
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 Then we shall meet, and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love, in every heart,
Shall tune the song—*free grace.*

8 When we 've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We 've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

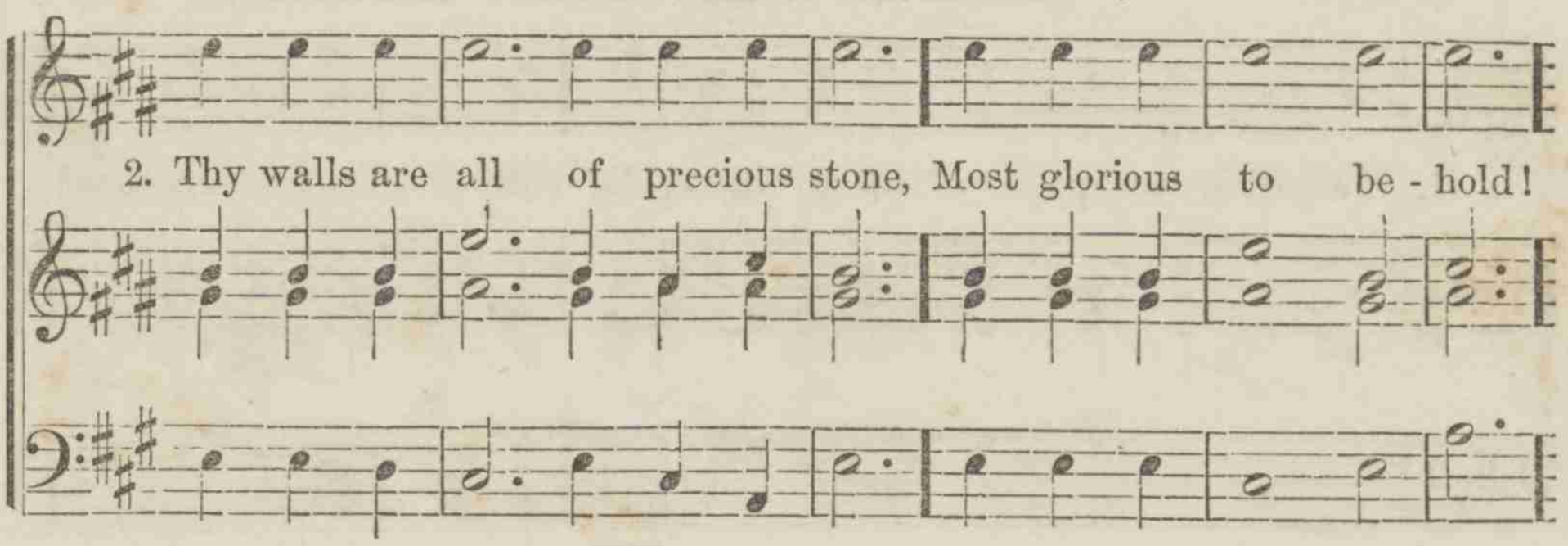
229. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1287.
PSALMIST (Sup.) 96.

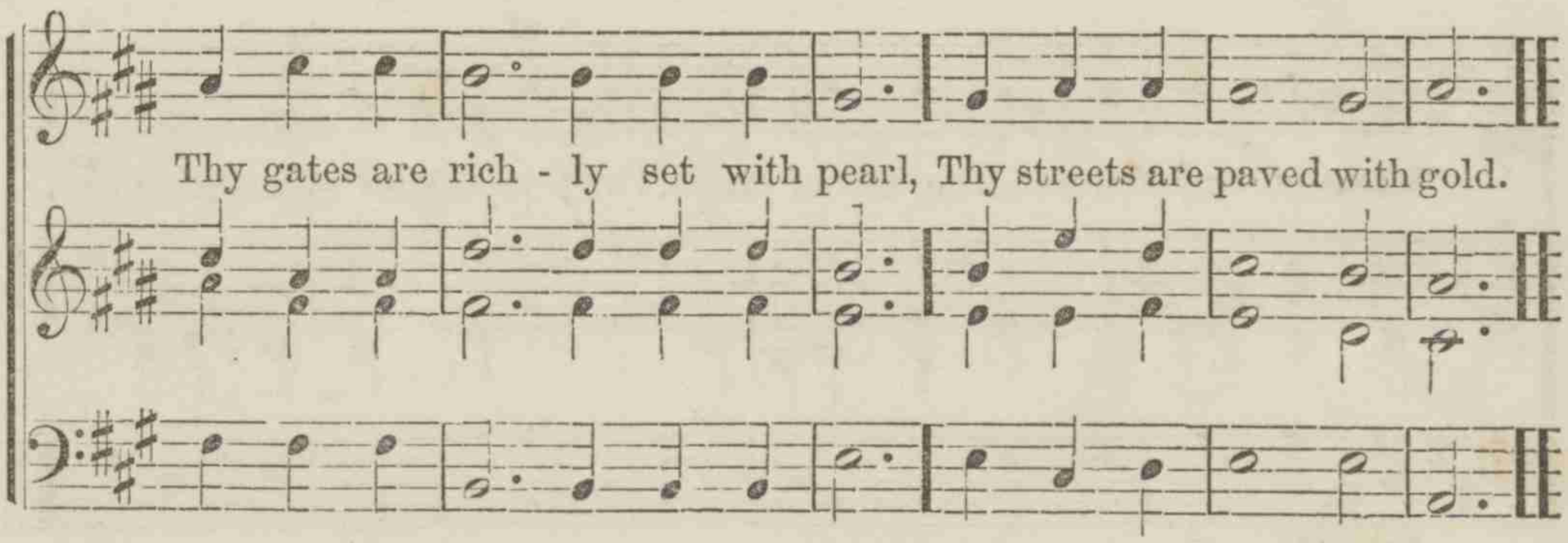
AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die!
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;—
Shall join the disembodied saints.
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I travel my appointed years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears.
And take his exile home.

3 O, what hath Jesus done for me!—
Before my raptured eyes

WAINWRIGHT. (Concluded.)





Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there:
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

230.

Baptist Psalmody 619.
Psalmist (Sup.) 71.

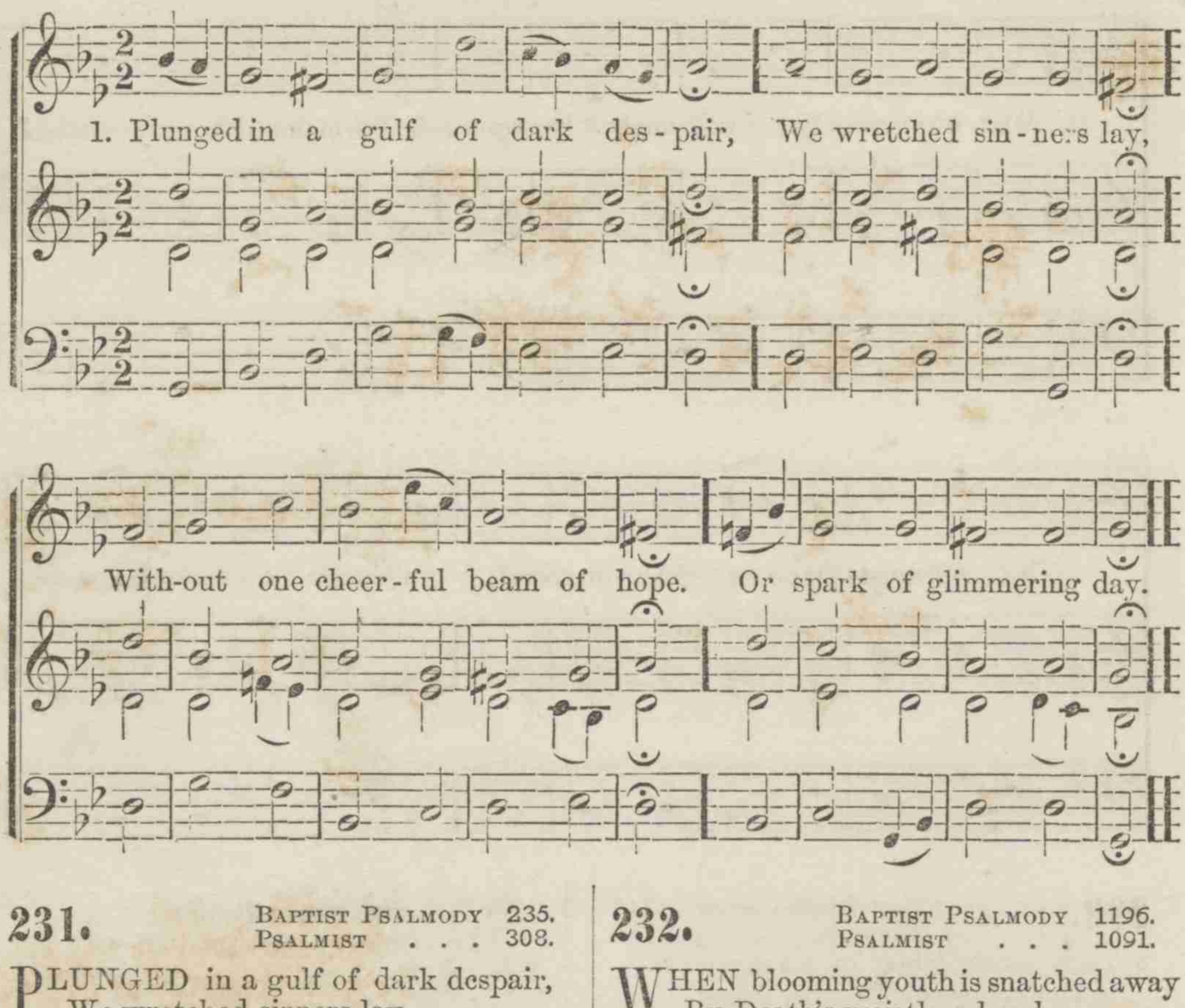
HOW happy 's every child of Grace,
Who feels his sins forgiven!
"This world," he cries, "is not my place;
I seek a place in heaven—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O, by faith, I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 "To that Jerusalem above
With singing I 'll repair:
While in the world, by hope and love,
My heart and soul are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

3 "O, what a blesséd hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

4 "O, would he more of heaven bestow,
And let this vessel break!
And let my ransomed spirit go
To find the God I seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bled and died for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity."

No. 84. **MELOS. C. M.** ARRANGED FROM AN EOLIAN MELODY.



231. BAPTIST PSALMODY 235. PSALMIST . . . 308.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O, amazing love!—
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys:
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

232. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1196. PSALMIST . . . 1091.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By Death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

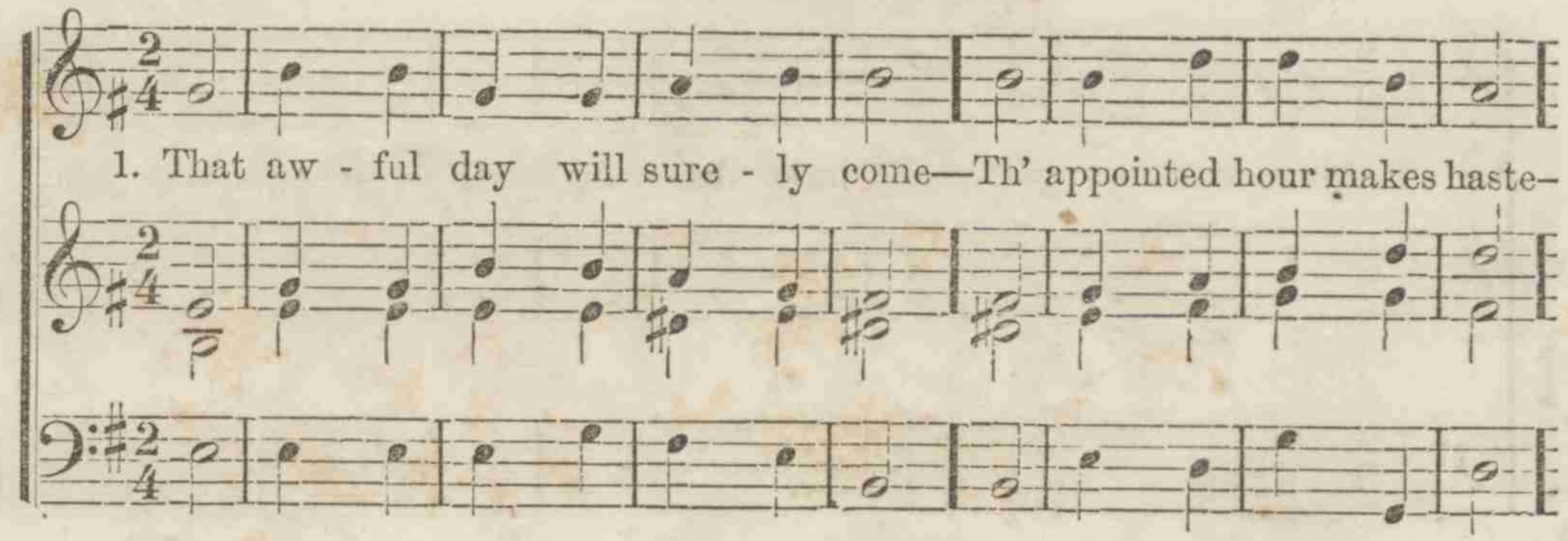
2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, impressed
With awful power, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

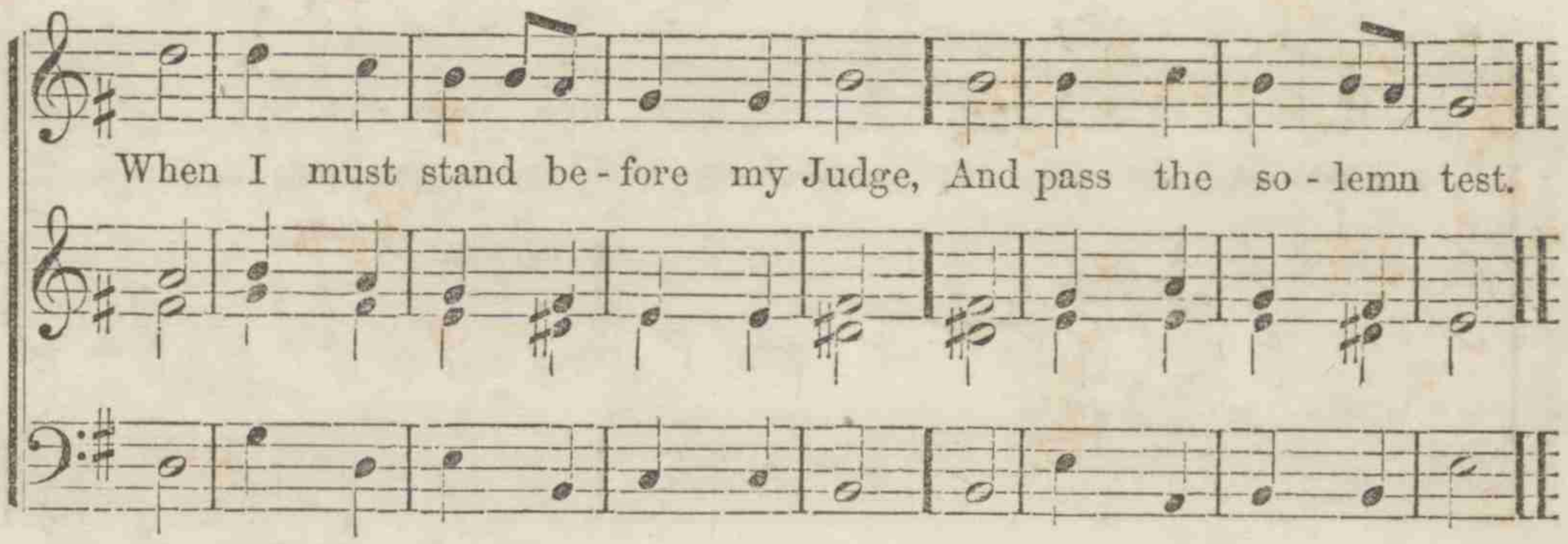
3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

4 O, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

5 Great God! thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

No. 85. **EDIE. C. M.**





233. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1240.
PSALMIST . . . 1142.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus, I throw mine arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

234. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1242.
PSALMIST . . . 1137.

THE day approaches, O my soul—
The great decisive day—
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another day more awful dawns,
And, lo! the Judge appears:
Ye heavens, retire before his face;
And sink, ye darkened stars.

3 Yet does one short, preparing hour—
One precious hour—remain:
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

235. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1243.
PSALMIST . . . 459.

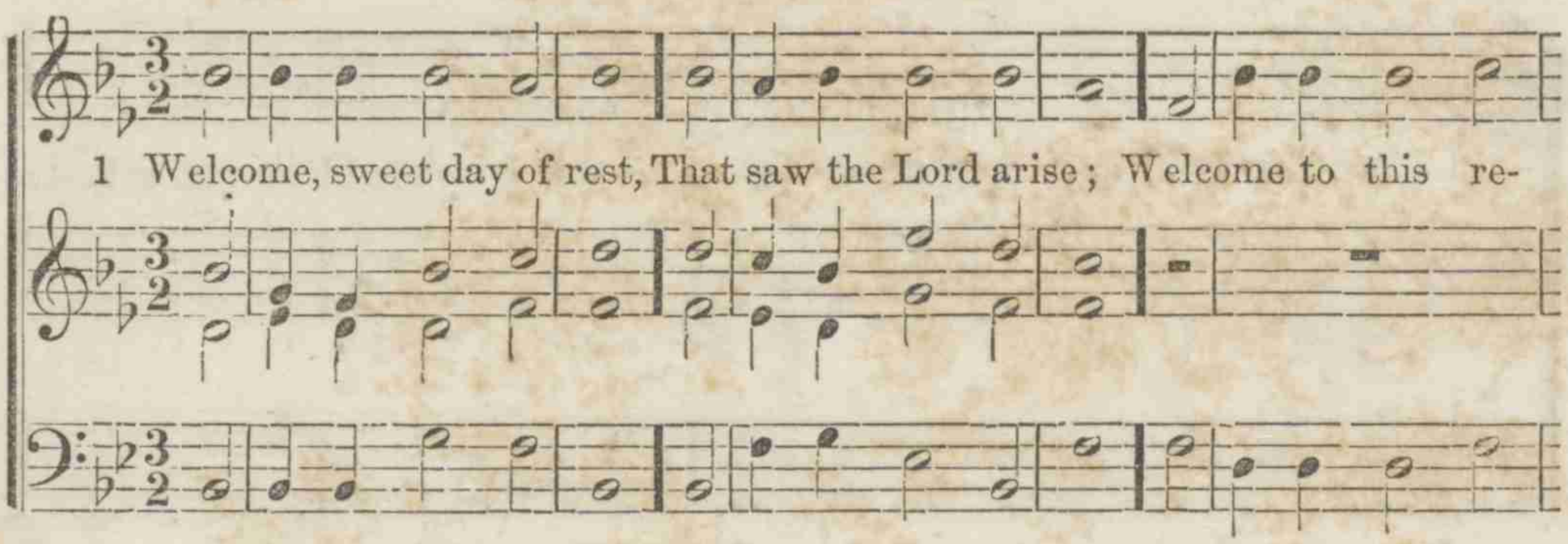
WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O, how shall I appear?

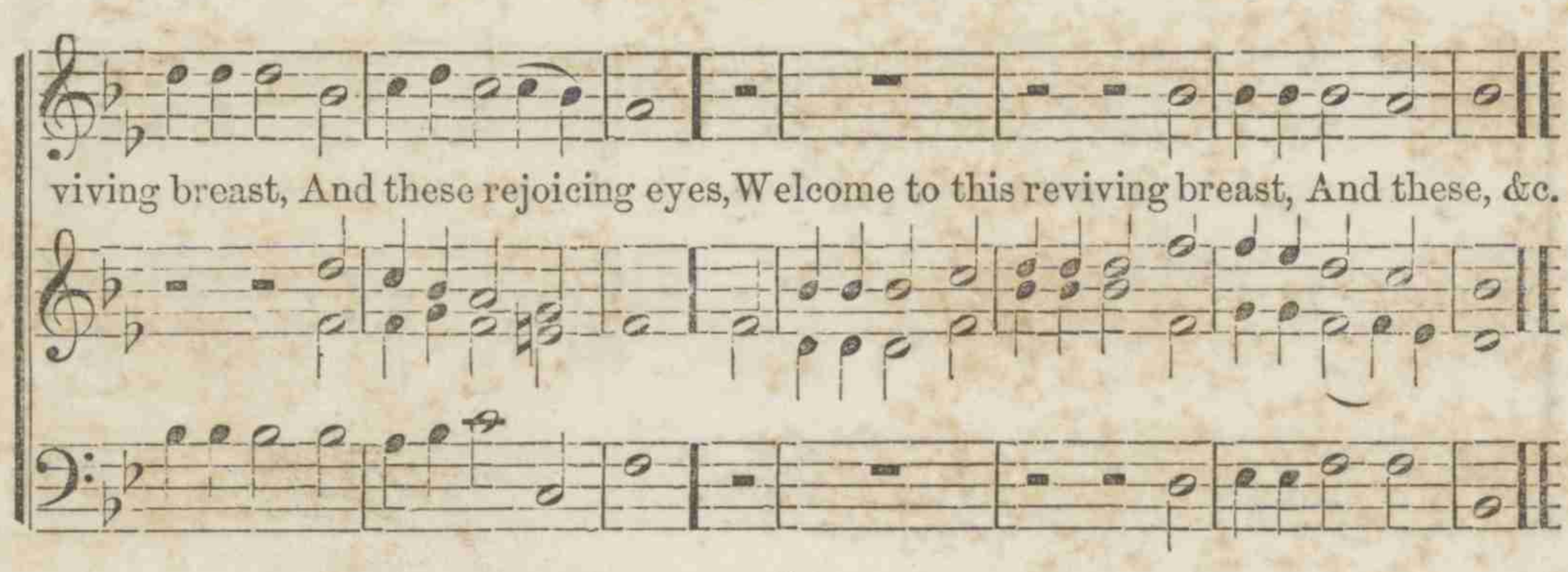
2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear?

4 Yet never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.

No. 86. **LISBON. S. M.** D. REED.





236. BAPTIST PSALMODY 839.
PSALMIST . . . 40.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 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.

3 One day amidst the place
Where Christ my God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

237. BAPTIST PSALMODY 827.
PSALMIST . . . 708.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ, our Lord,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

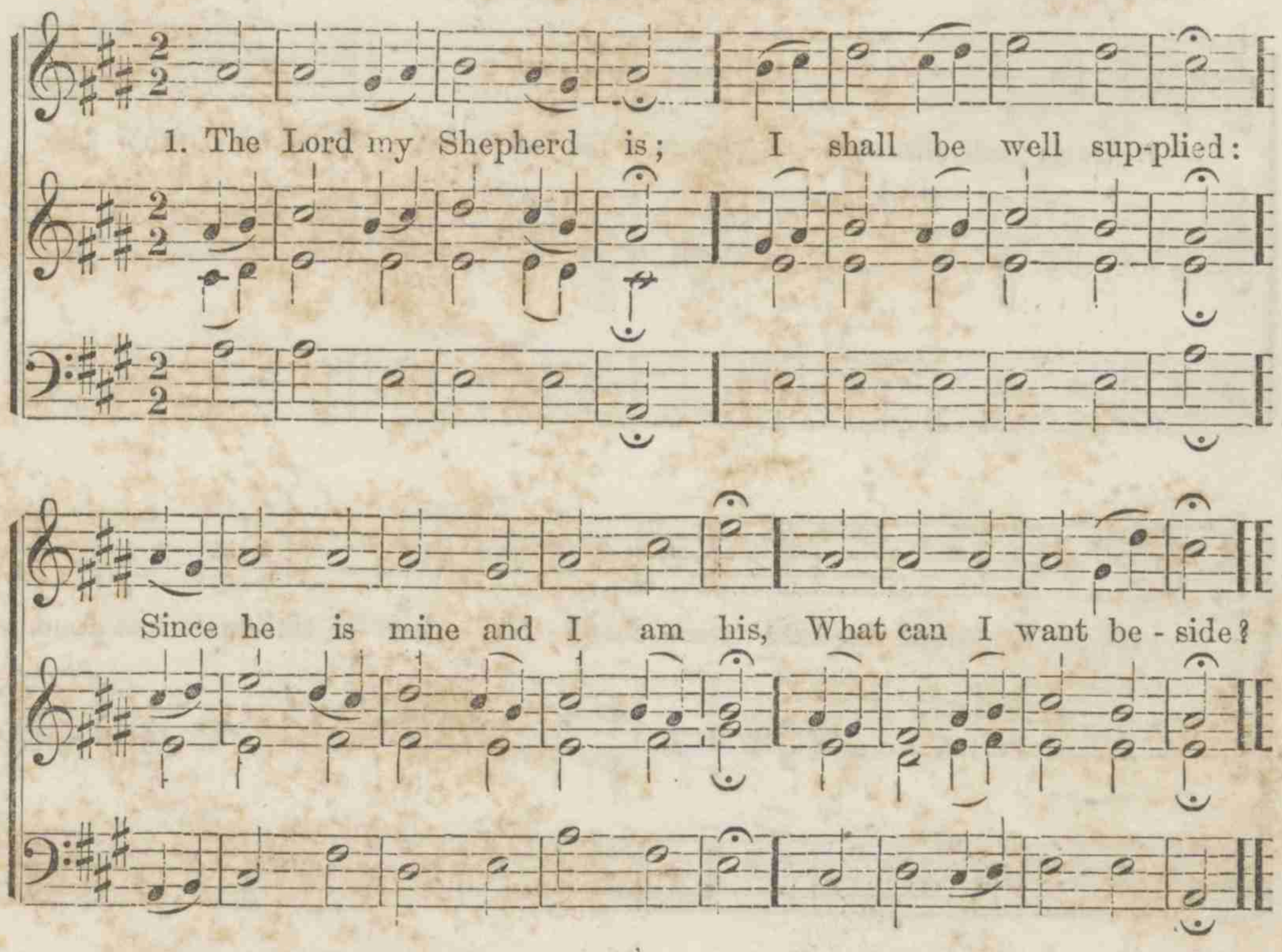
4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "for me."

5 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

DOXOLOGY.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

No. 87. **ALVORD. S. M.** Dr. A. B. E.



238. Baptist Psalmody 55.
Psalmist . . . 195.

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Thoagh I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd 's with me there.

5 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

239. Baptist Psalmody 70.
Psalmist . . . 183.

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

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

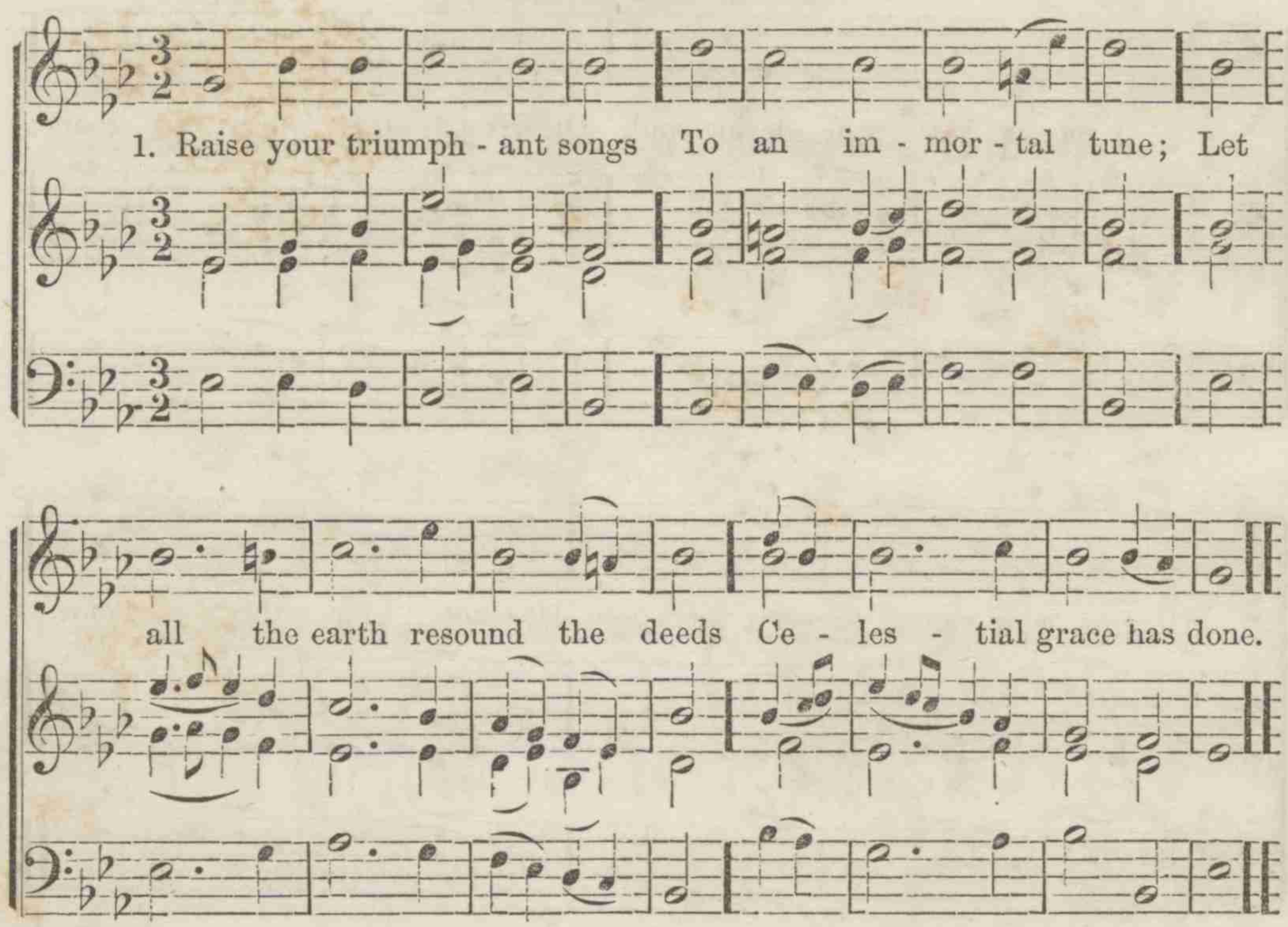
3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

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

240. Baptist Psalmody 364.
Psalmist , . 443.

ALL yesterday is gone;
To-morrow 's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
To bow before the throne.

2 O, hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word—"Depart."



241. BAPTIST PSALMODY 236.
PSALMIST . . . 269.

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

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Belovéd chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears;
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

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

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

242. BAPTIST PSALMODY 273.
PSALMIST . . . 356.

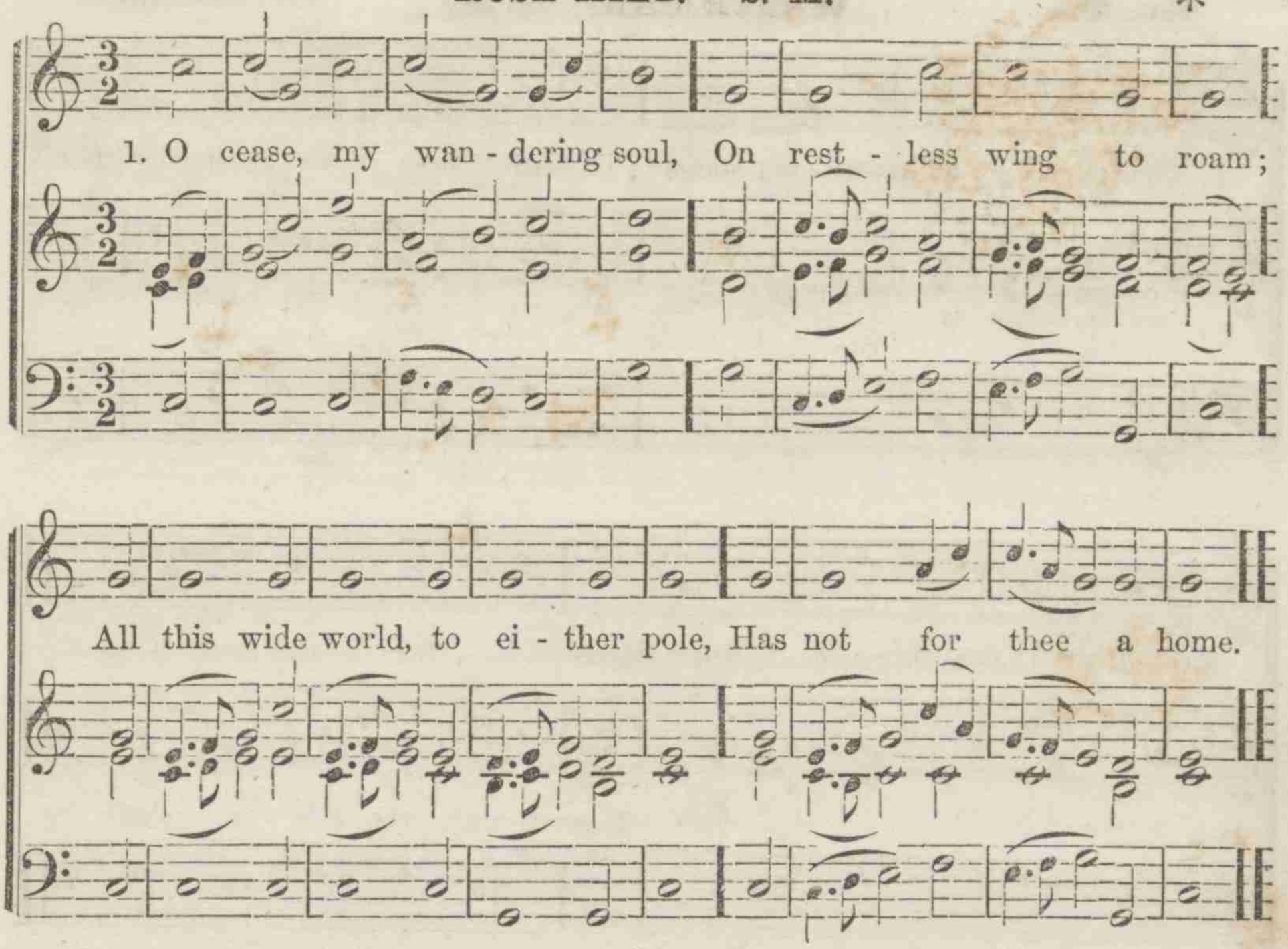
BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

No. 89. **ROSE HILL. S. M.** *



243. BAPTIST PSALMODY 349.
PSALMIST . . . 613.

O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God:
Behold the open door:
O haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

244. BAPTIST PSALMODY 358.
PSALMIST . . . 436.

NOW is the day of grace;
Now to the Saviour come;
The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,
And I will guide you home."

2 A Father bids you speed;
O wherefore, then delay?
He calls in love; he sees your need;
He bids you come to-day.

3 To-day the prize is won;
The promise is to save;
Then, O, be wise; to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

245. BAPTIST PSALMODY 387.
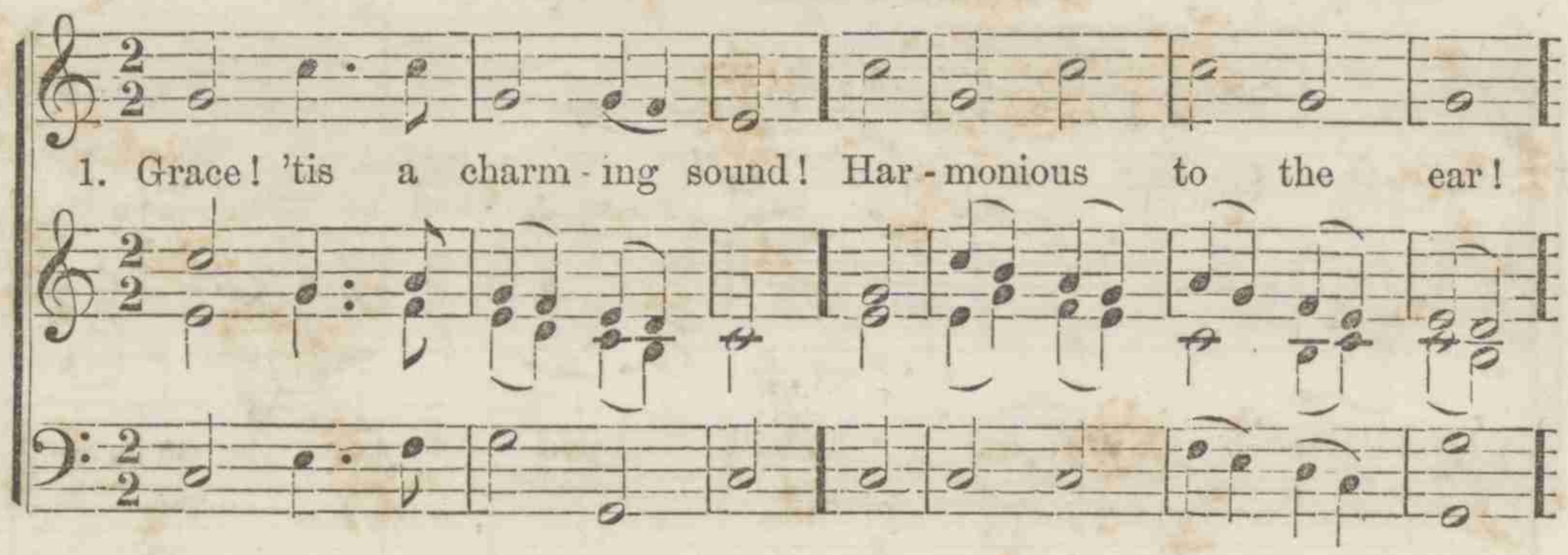
CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?
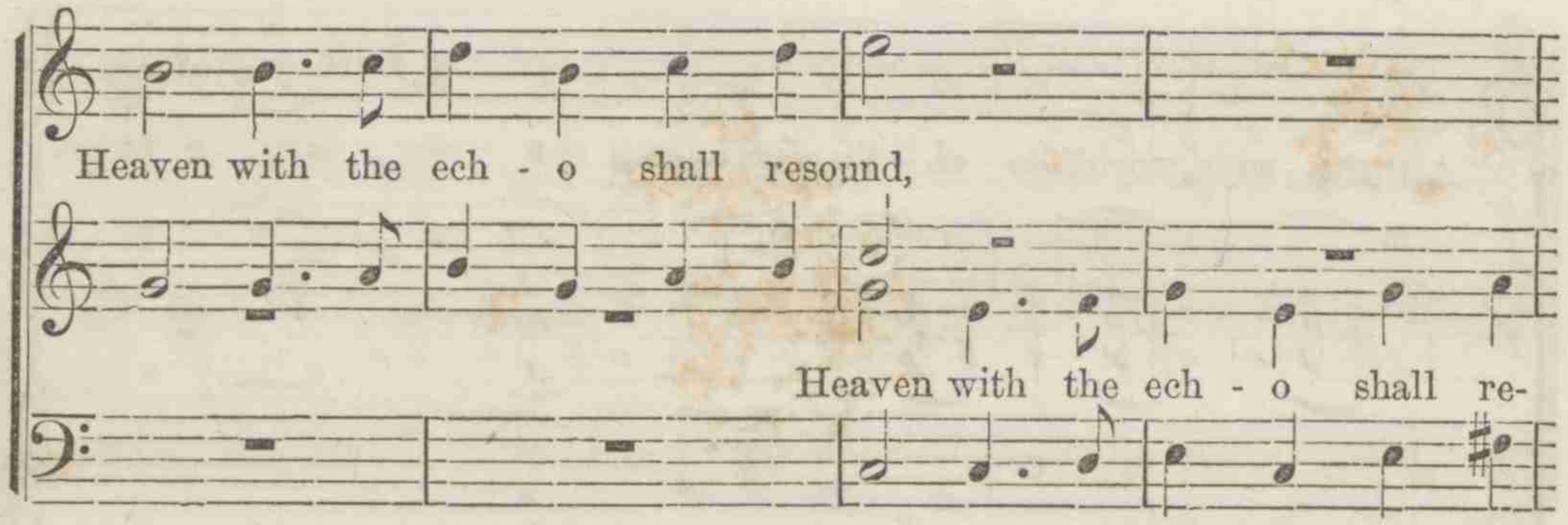
2 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign,
Who disregard his will?

3 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hopes can e'er afford!
The pardoned and renewed shall see
The glory of the Lord.

No. 90. **CRANBROOK. S. M.** THOMAS CLARK.





246. BAPTIST PSALMODY 80.
PSALMIST . . . 520.

GRACE! 't is a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear?
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book:
'T was grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies, each hour, I meet
While passing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'T was grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

247. BAPTIST PSALMODY 582.
PSALMIST . . . 313.

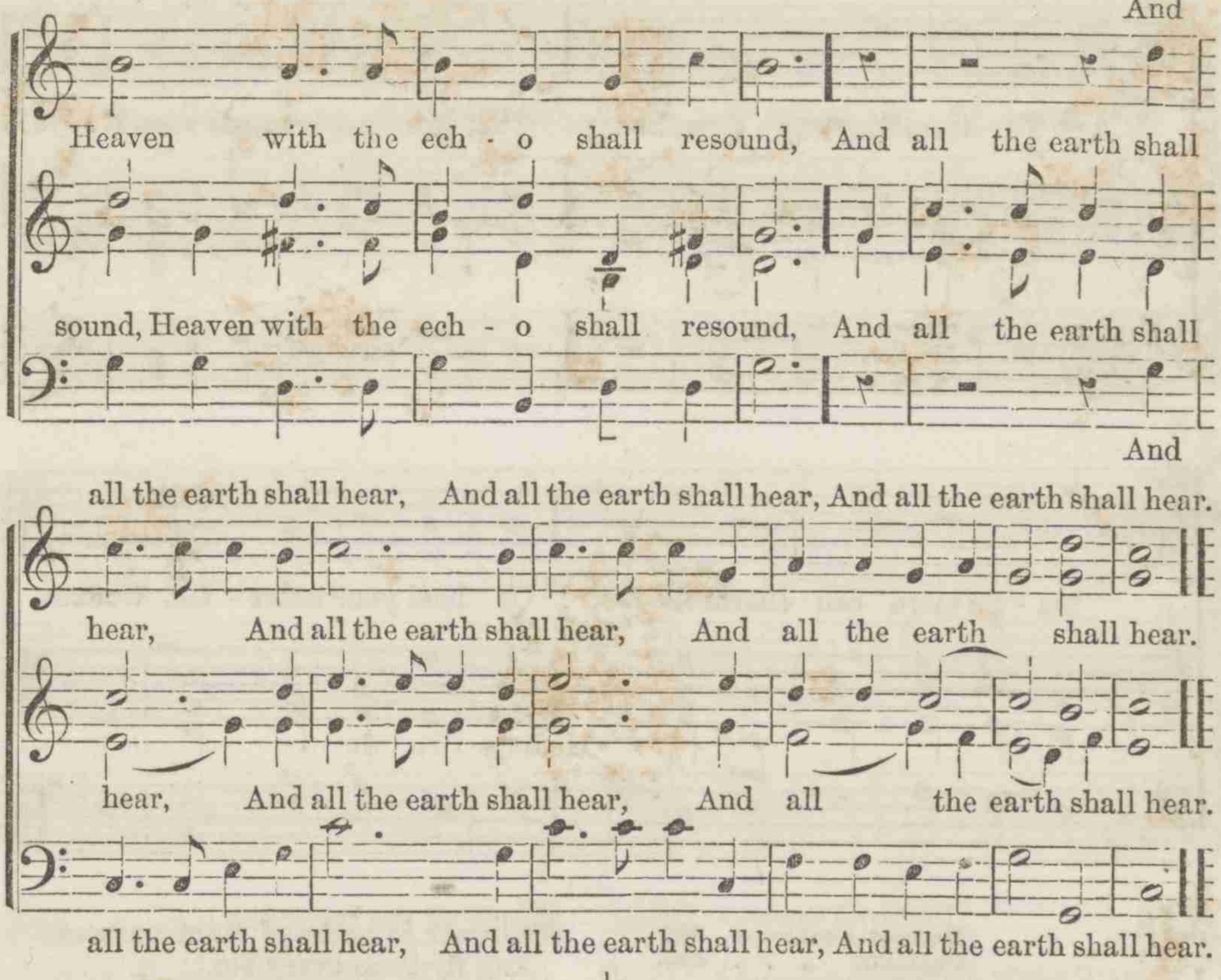
AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love:
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue,
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

CRANBROOK. (Concluded.)



5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

248.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 623.
PSALMIST . . 767.

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

9 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

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

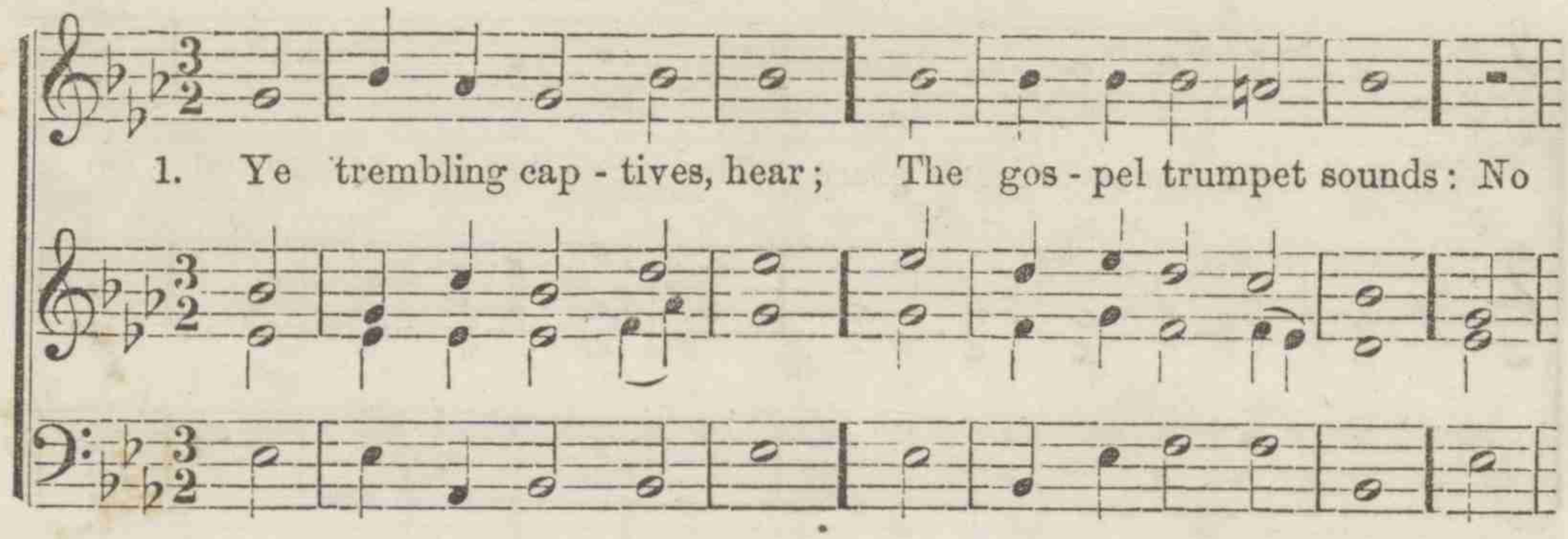
5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

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

DOXOLOGY.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

No. 91. **DOVER. S. M.** ENGLISH TUNE.



249. BAPTIST PSALMODY 340
PSALMIST . . . 430.

YE trembling captives, hear;
The gospel trumpet sounds:
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heartfelt wounds.

2 'T is not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar:
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth the jubilee release,
With eager rapture, claims.

4 Far, far, to distant lands
Thy saving news shall spread,
And Jesus all his willing bands
In glorious triumph lead.

250. BAPTIST PSALMODY 593.
PSALMIST (Sup.) 63.

I LOVE the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness,
And fly from every sin.

2 They will my faults reprove,
When heedlessly I err:
How do I prize their faithful love,
Their kind and tender care!

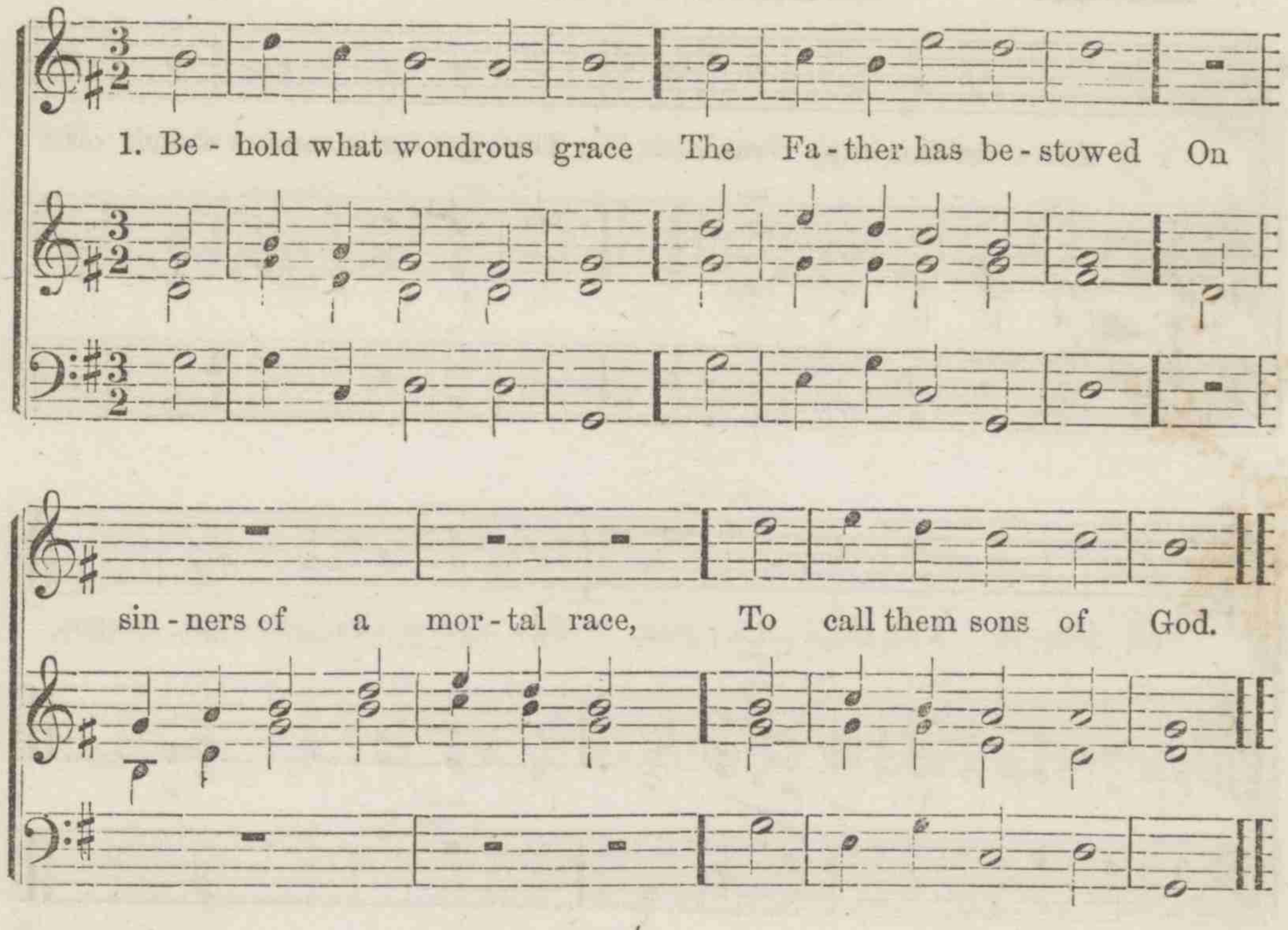
3 They Jesus' image bear;
How lovely is the sight!
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.

4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will;
They humbly follow Christ, the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.

5 Their footsteps I'll pursue
With vigor till I die,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.

6 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here;
But how divine will be the joy
To see each other there!

No. 92. **ESTHER. S. M.** DR. A. B. E.



251. BAPTIST PSALMODY 615.
PSALMIST . . . 191.

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

252. BAPTIST PSALMODY 678.
PSALMIST . . . 642.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

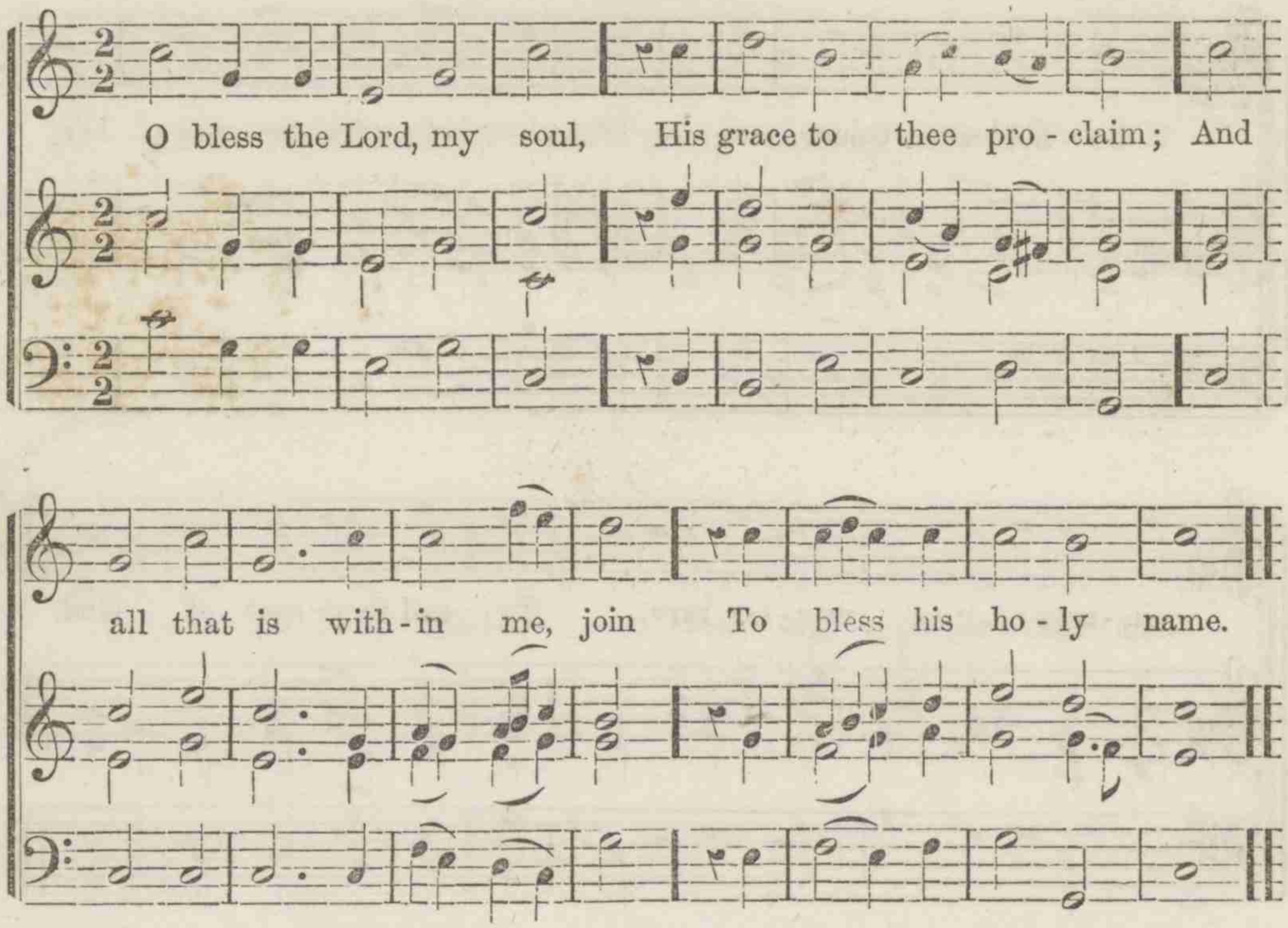
2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

3 Beyond thy utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

No. 93. SILVER STREET. S. M. I. SMITH



253. BAPTIST PSALMODY 572.
PSALMIST . . . . 96.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds the with his truth,
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O, bless the Lord, my soul.

254. BAPTIST PSALMODY 565.
PSALMIST . . . 689.

MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

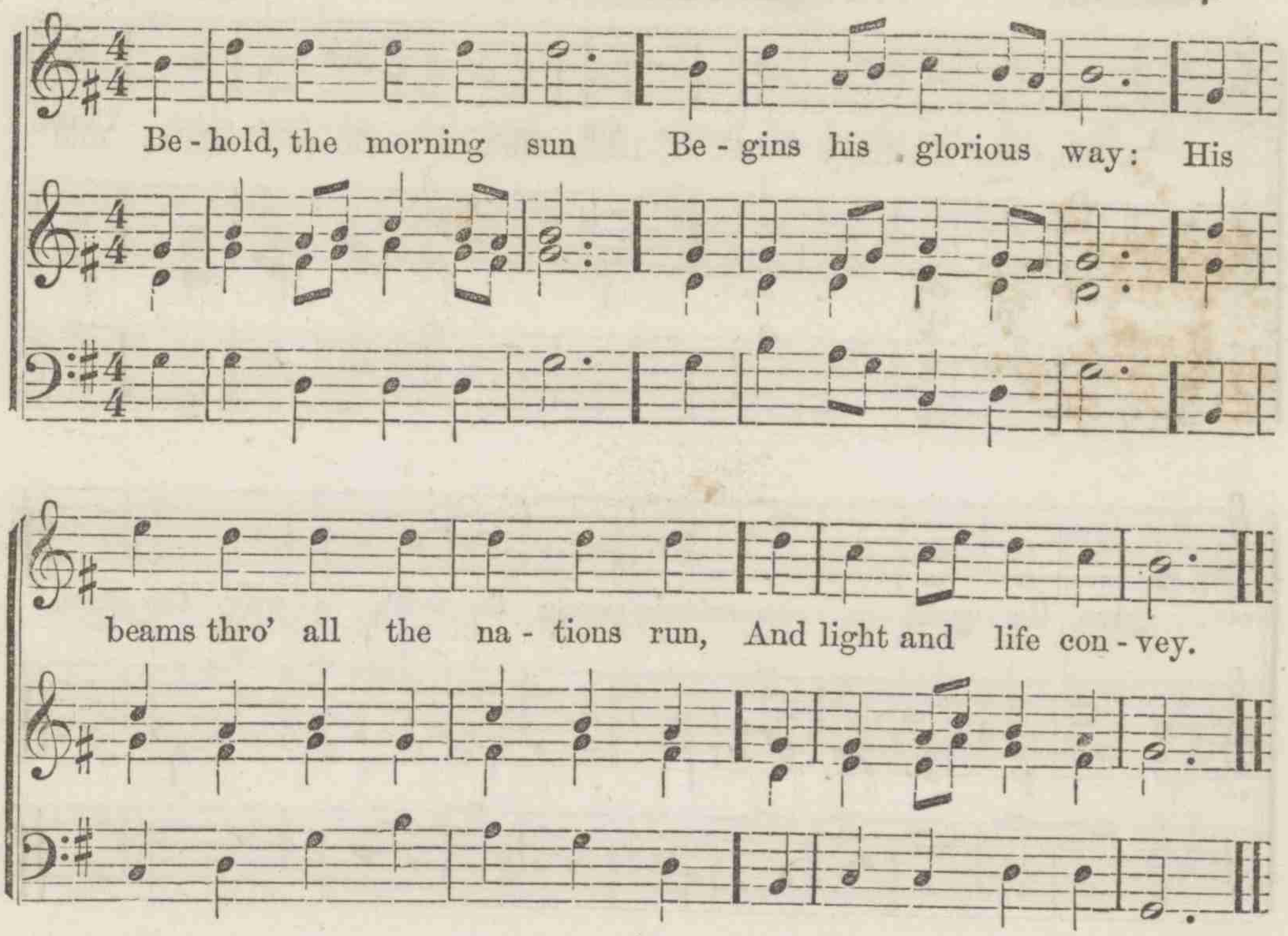
2 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

3 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart—
The gift, alas! how poor!

4 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

5 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

No. 94. **JETER. S. M.** *



255. BAPTIST PSALMODY 289. PSALMIST . . . 403.

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way:
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments jnst!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given:
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

256. BAPTIST PSALMODY 263. PSALMIST . . . 361.

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

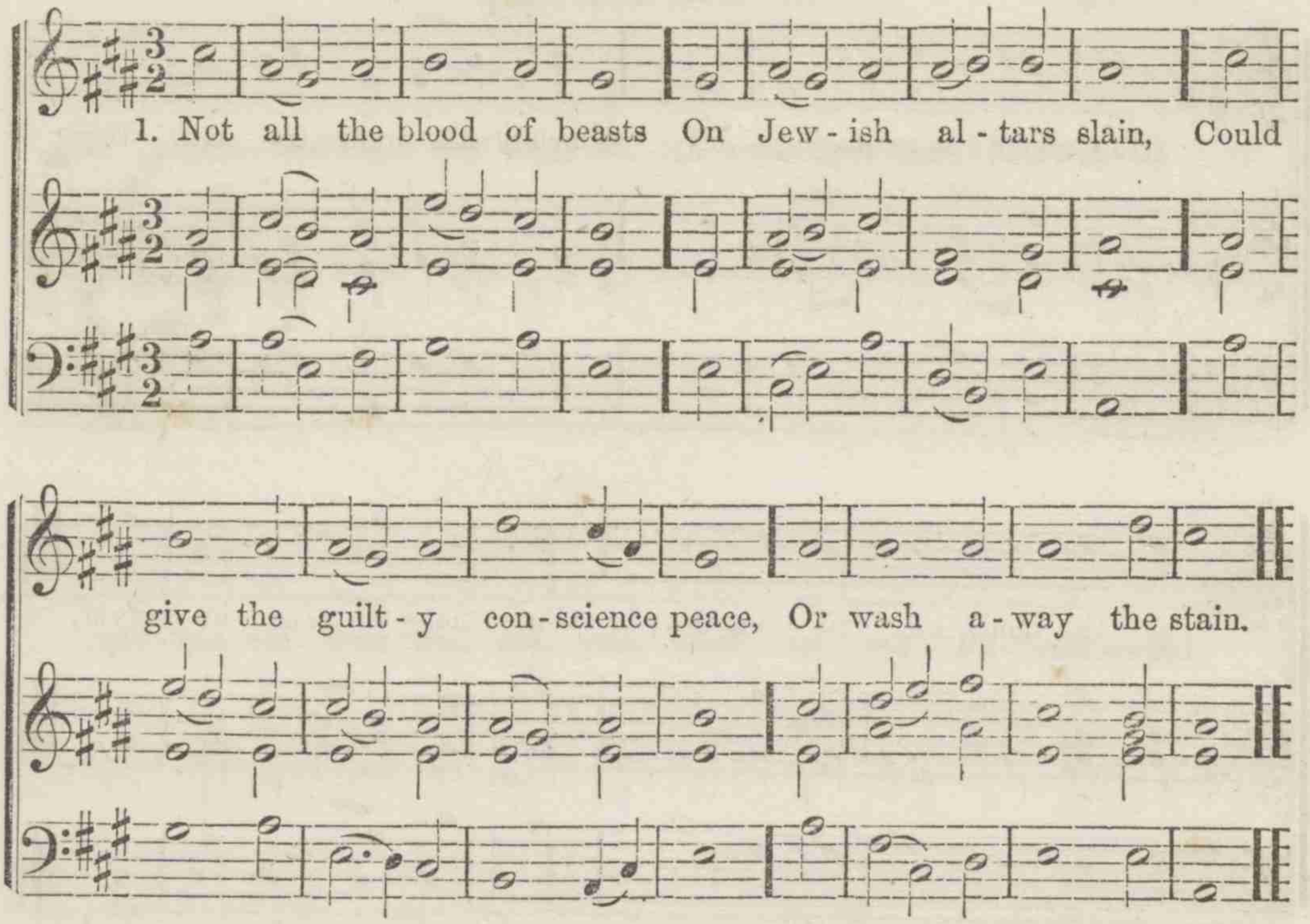
4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

DOXOLOGY.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

NO. 95. GERMANY. S. M. HANDEL.



257. BAPTIST PSALMODY 394.
PSALMIST . . . 254.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

258. BAPTIST PSALMODY 410.
PSALMIST . . . 505.

FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high, celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest:
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

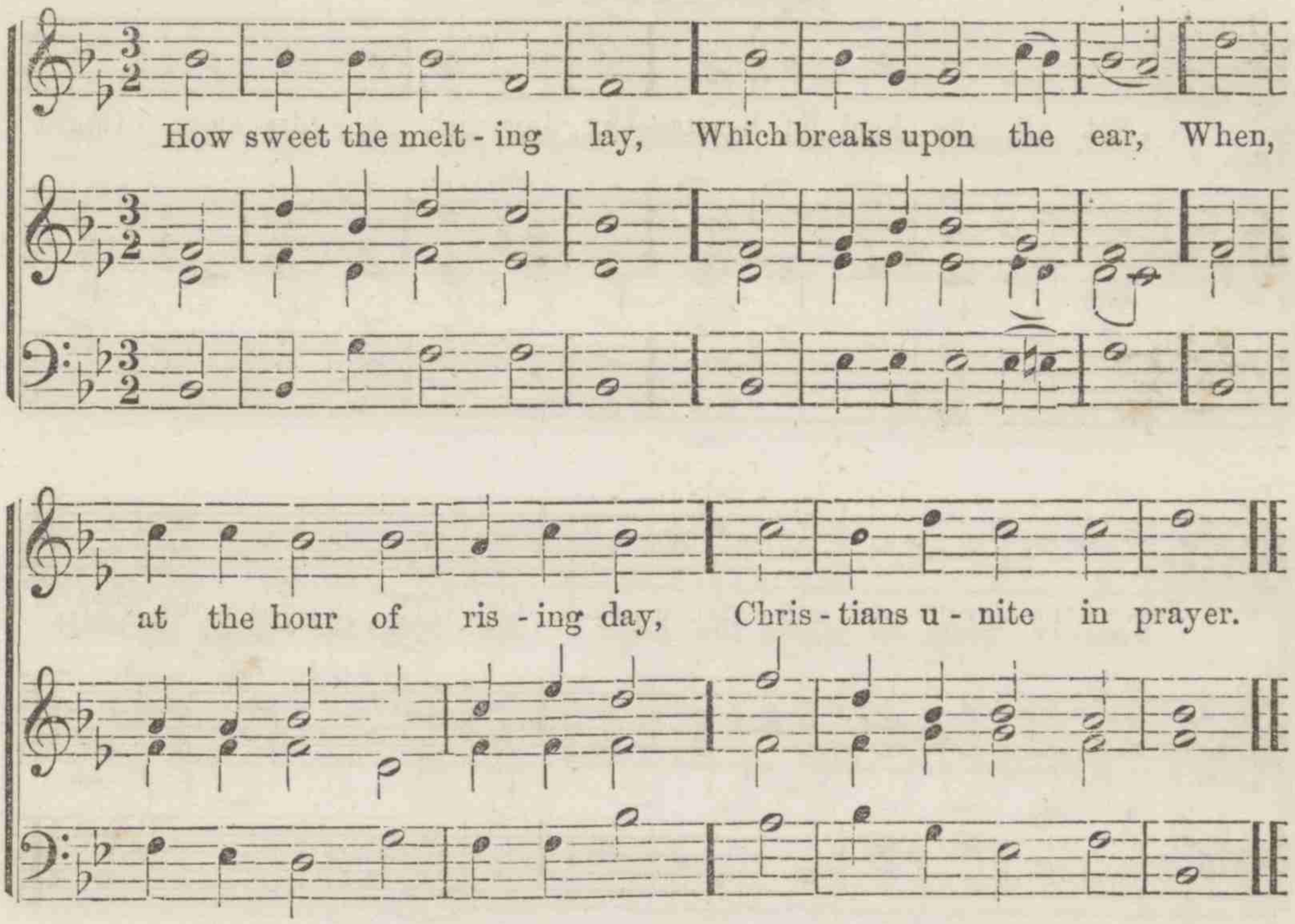
3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

DOXOLOGY.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

No. 96. **CHATHAM. S. M.** J. D. HUNT, of Fredericksburg, Va.



259. BAPTIST PSALMODY 696.
PSALMIST . . 639.

HOW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer!

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

260. BAPTIST PSALMODY 806.
PSALMIST . . . 665.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

261. BAPTIST PSALMODY 722.
PSALMIST . . . 683.

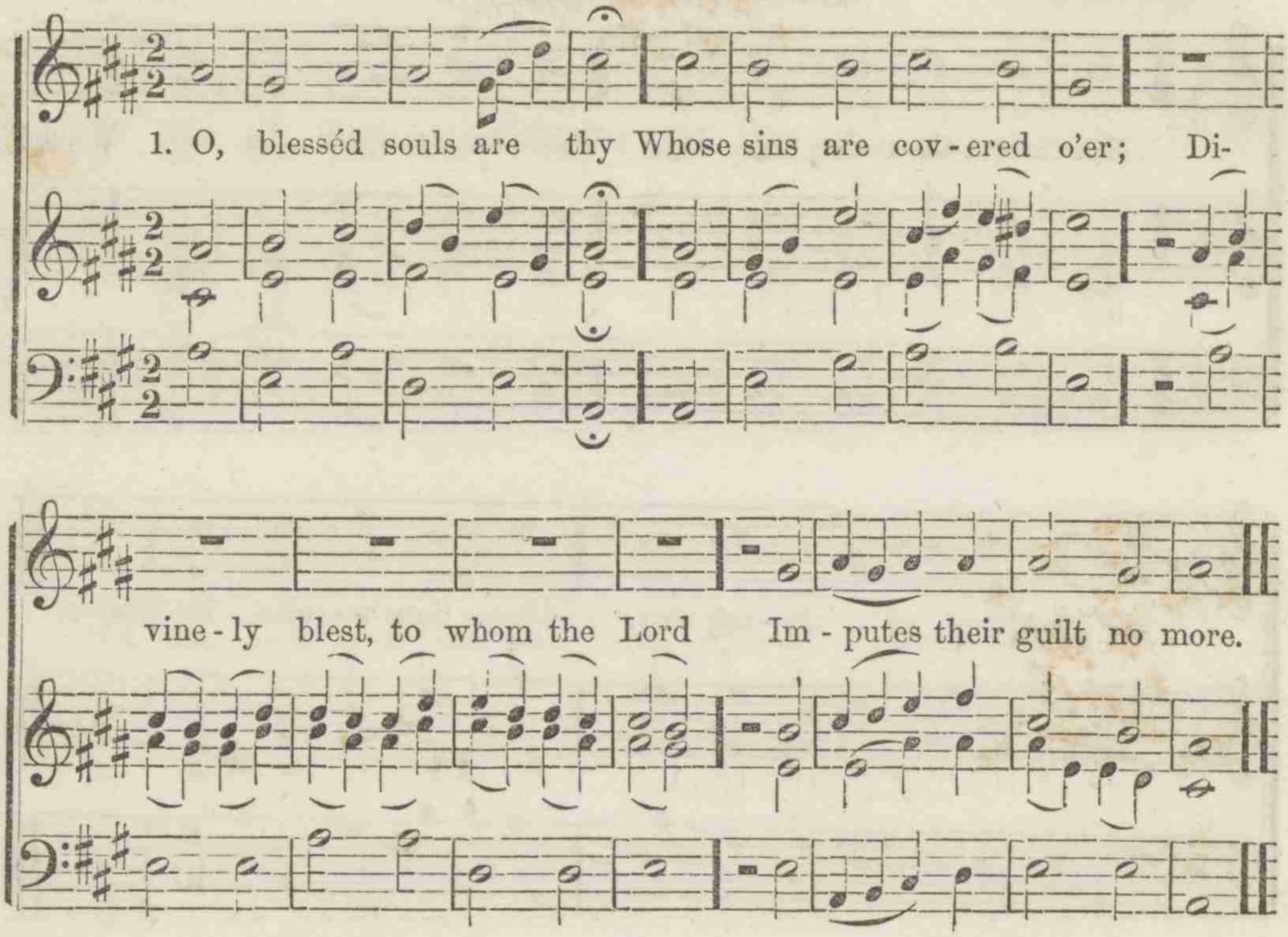
IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?—
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow.

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

No. 97. SHIRLAND. S. M. STANLEY.



262. BAPTIST PSALMODY 481.
PSALMIST . . . 495.

O, BLESSÉD souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne:
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
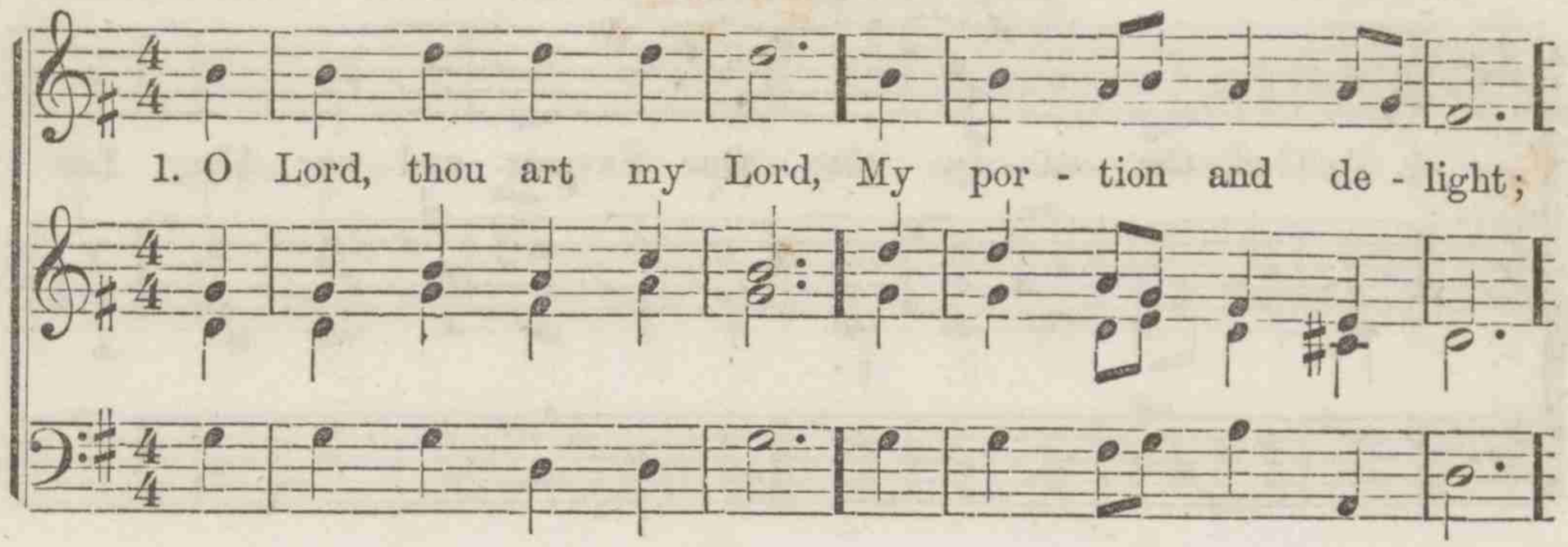
263. BAPTIST PSALMODY 517.
PSALMIST (Sup.) 35.
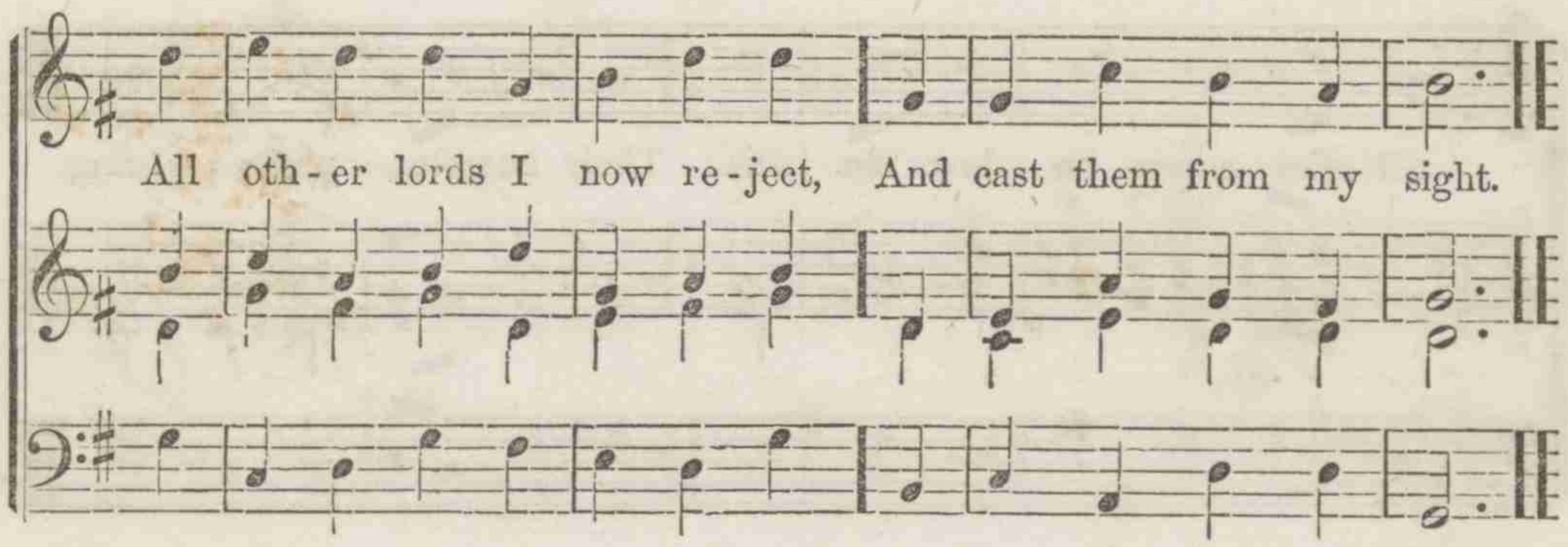
AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

DOXOLOGY.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

No. 98. RIGDON. S. M. *





264. BAPTIST PSALMODY 518.
PSALMIST . . . 537.

O LORD, thou art my Lord,
My portion and delight;
All other lords I now reject,
And cast them from my sight.

2 Thy sovereign right I own,
Thy glorious power confess;
Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
While I adore thy grace.

3 Too long my feet have strayed
In sin's forbidden way;
But since thou hast my soul reclaimed,
To thee my vows I 'll pay.

4 My soul, to Jesus joined
By faith, and hope, and love,
Now seeks to dwell among thy saints,
And rest with them above.

5 Accept, O Lord, my heart;
To thee myself I give;
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
Or cause thy saints to grieve.

265. BAPTIST PSALMODY 529.
PSALMIST . . . 303.

DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

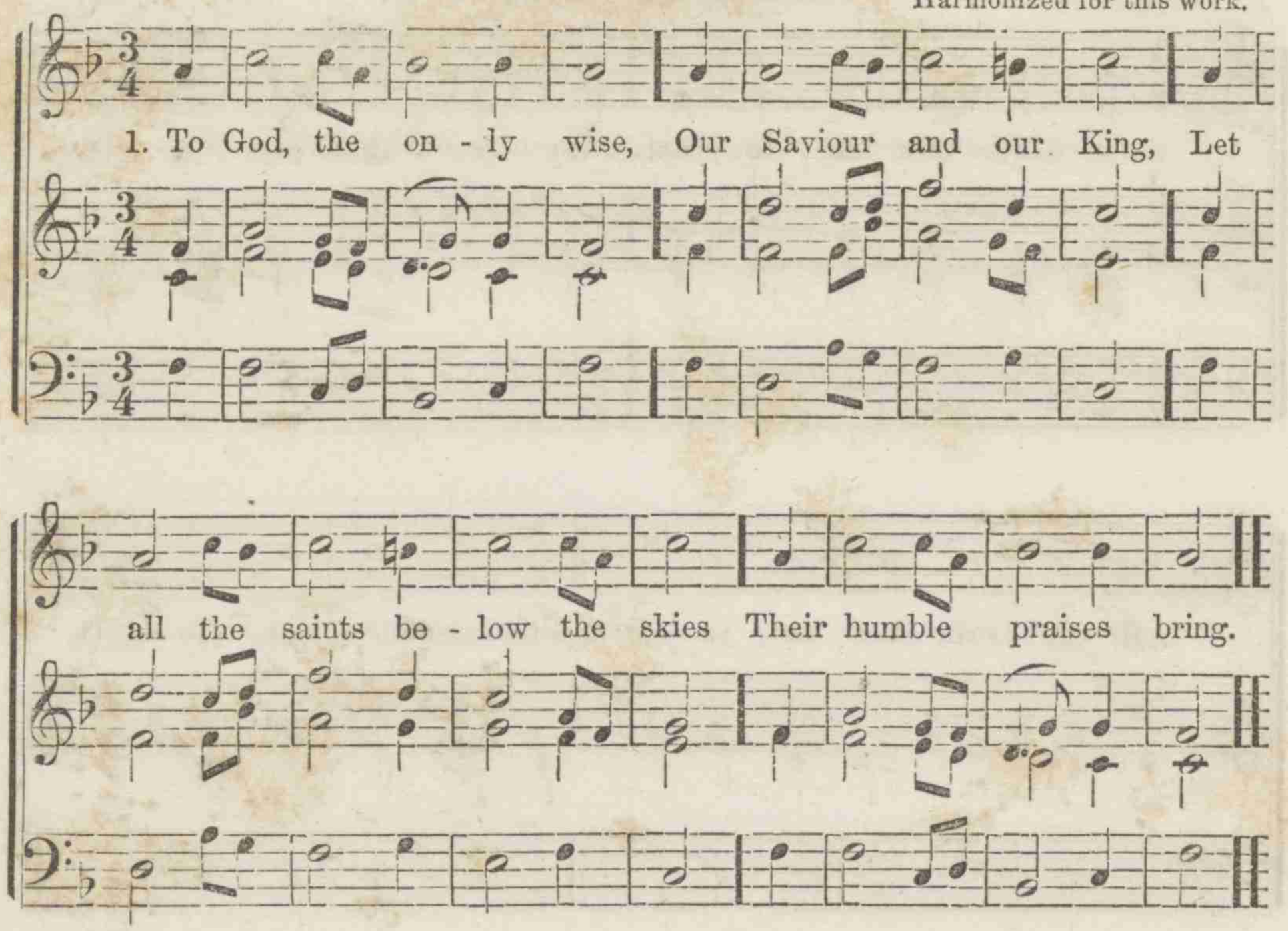
2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O, let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thine image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

No. 99. **GOLDEN HILL. S. M.** OLD SOUTHERN MELODY. Harmonized for this work.



266. BAPTIST PSALMODY 813. PSALMIST . . . 564.

TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

267. BAPTIST PSALMODY 816. PSALMIST . . . 768.

WHEN gloomy thoughts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade—

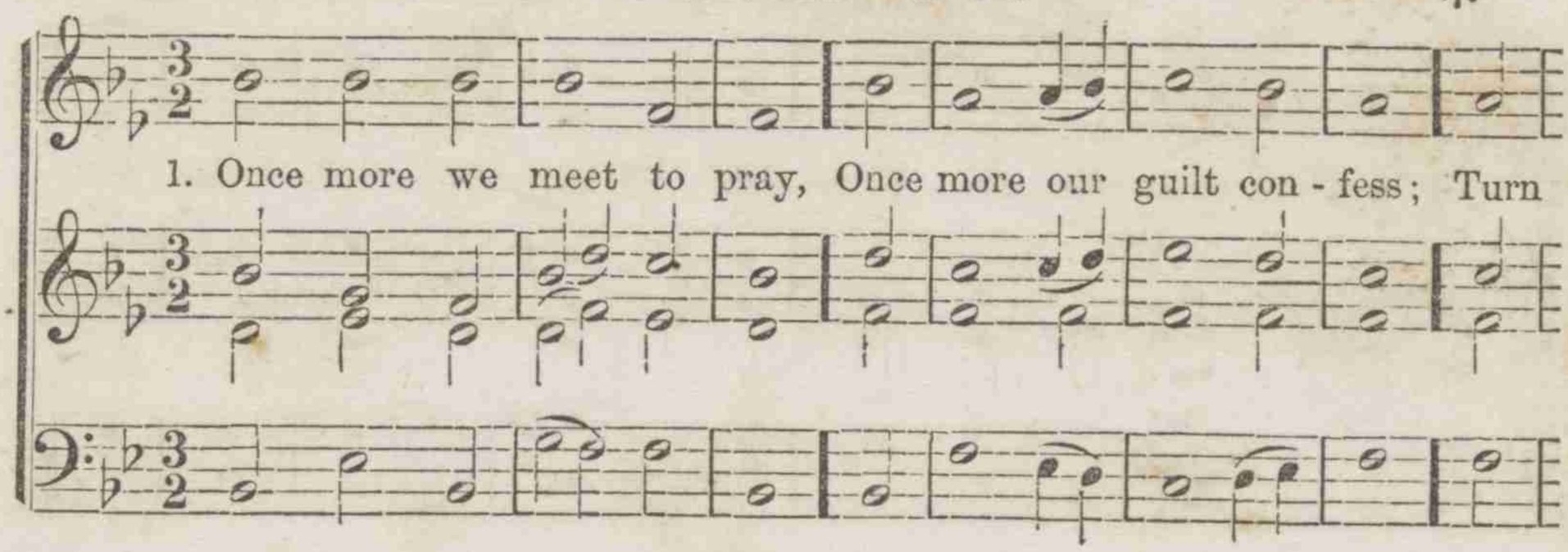
2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

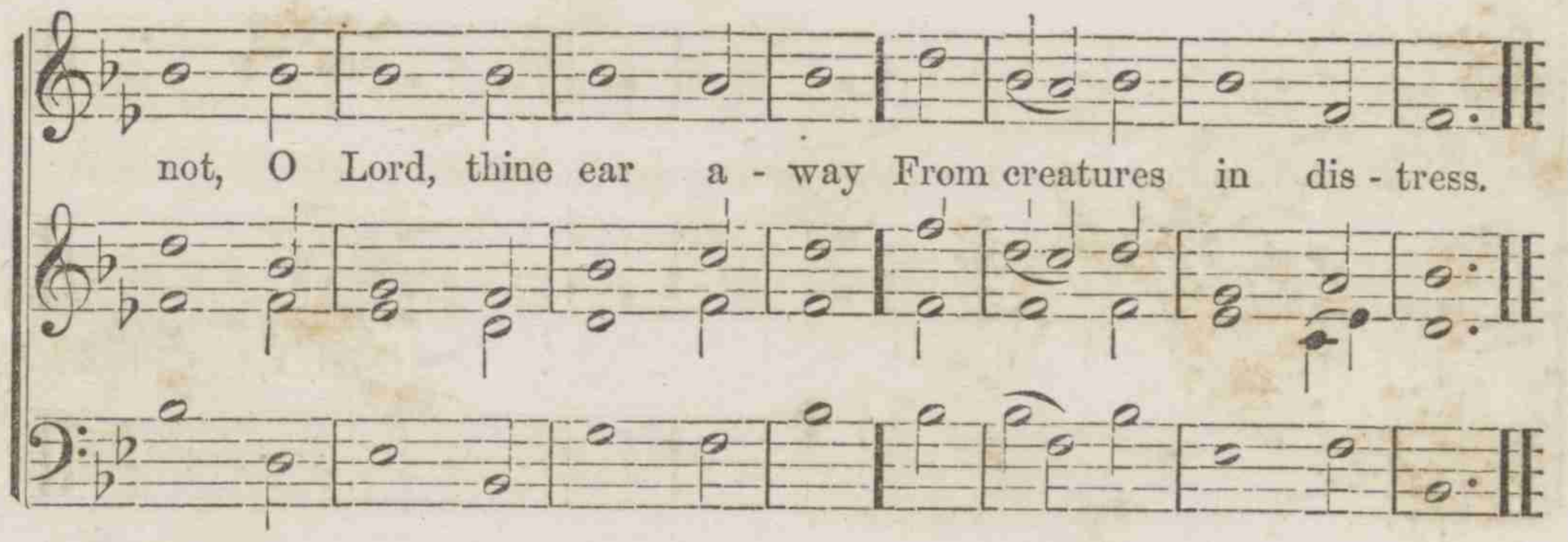
3 Through life's bewildered way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid!

5 O, let us feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To cheer our every gloomy hour,
And calm our every grief.

No. 100. LANDRUM. S. M. *





268. BAPTIST PSALMODY 724. PSALMIST . . . 480.

2 Our sins to heaven ascend,
And there for vengeance cry;
O God, behold the sinner's Friend,
Who intercedes on high.

3 Though we are vile indeed,
And well deserve thy curse,
The merits of thy Son we plead,
Who lived and died for us.

4 Now let thy bosom yearn,
As it hath done before;
Return to us, O God, return,
And ne'er forsake us more.

269. BAPTIST PSALMODY 738. PSALMIST . . . 513.

IF on a quiet sea
Towards heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We 'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield at thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will my own;
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

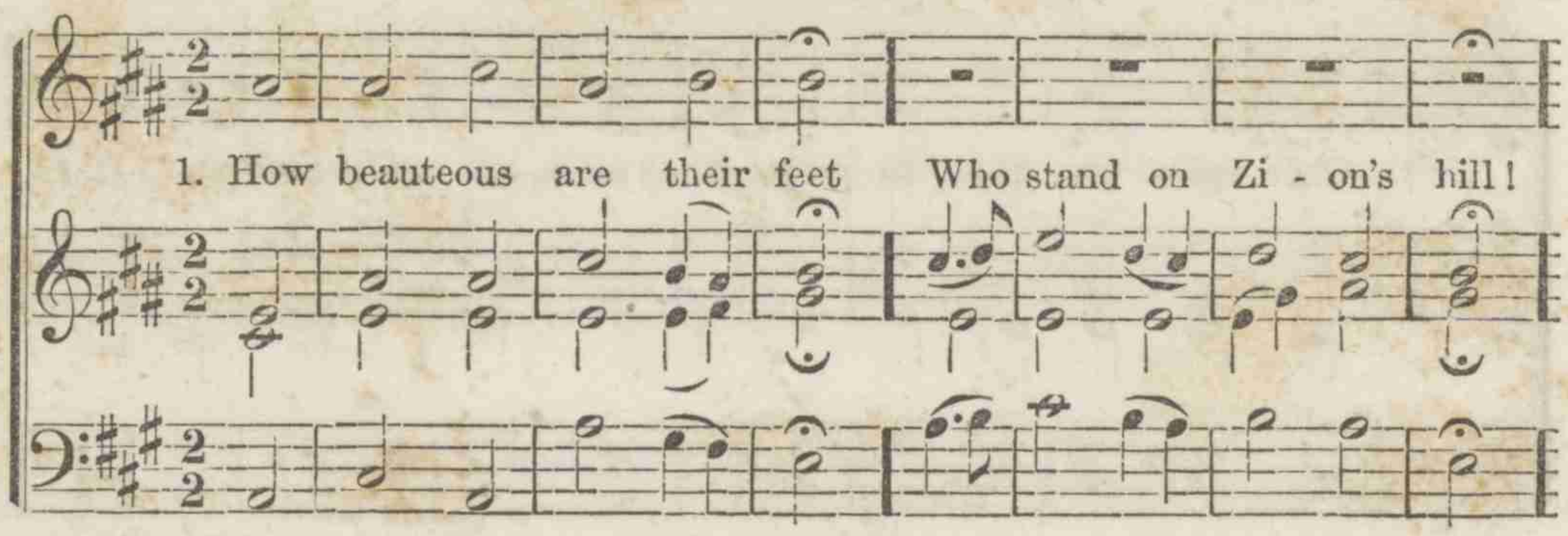
270. BAPTIST PSALMODY 663. PSALMIST . . . 670.

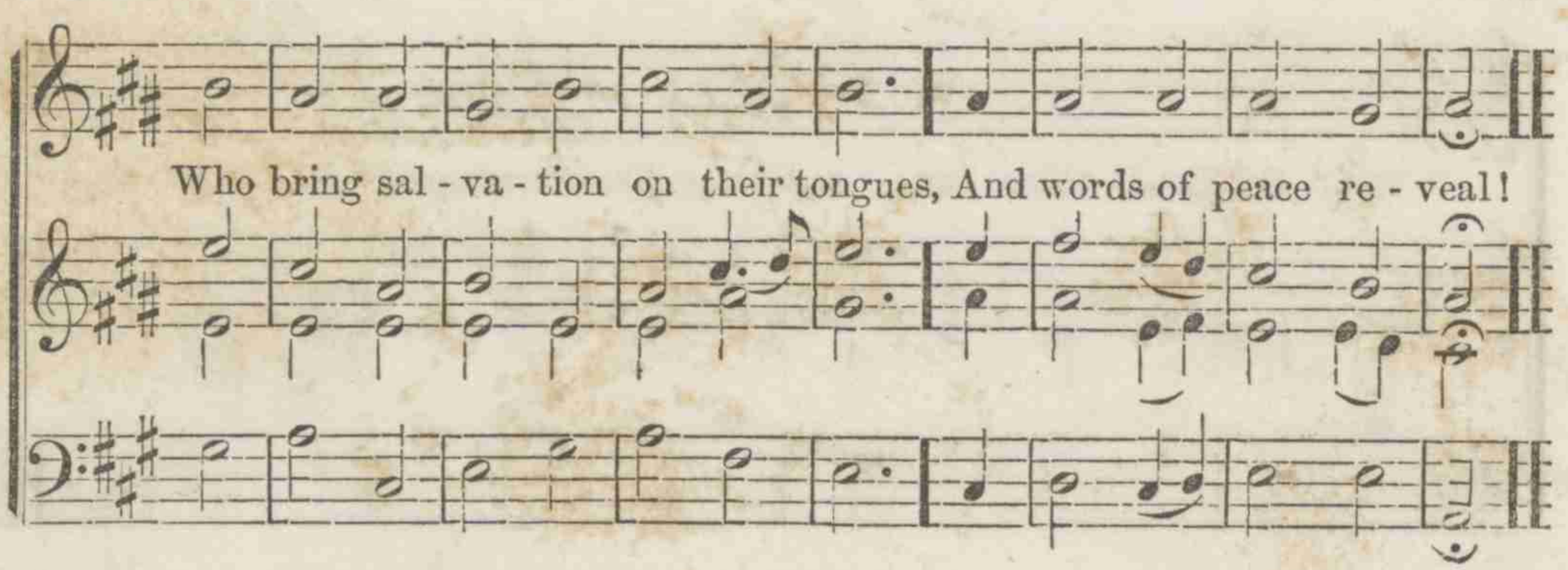
SHALL we go on in sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

No. 101. **ST. THOMAS. S. M.** A. WILLIAMS.





271. BAPTIST PSALMODY 943.
PSALMIST . . . 949.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!—
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blesséd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

272. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1295.

O, SING to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;—
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.
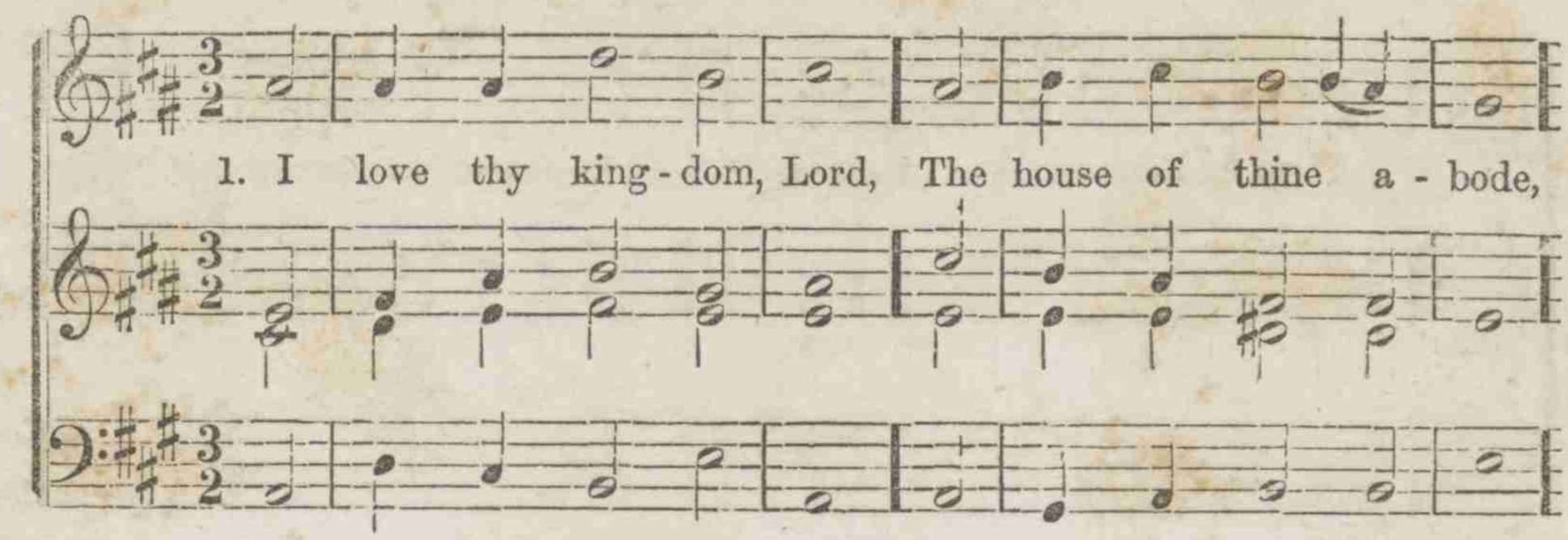
2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness;
Let heaven begin below.

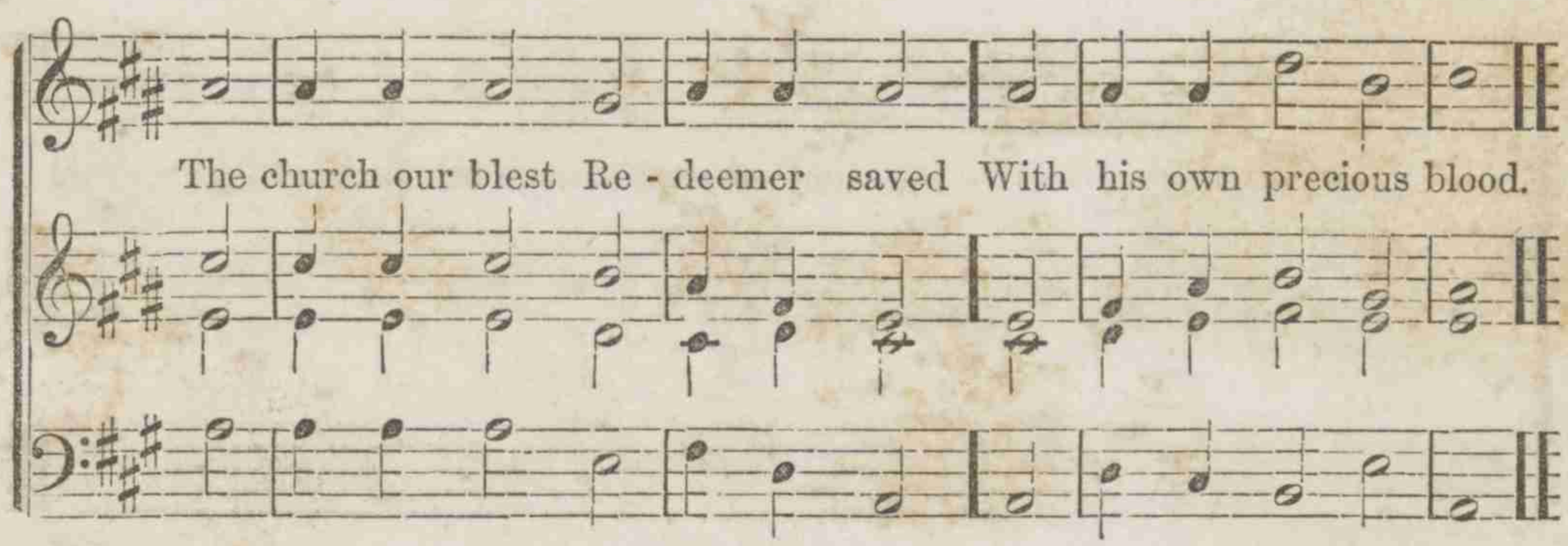
3 When the last moment comes,
O, watch my dying face,
And catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.

4 Then, to my ravished ears,
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love;
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven
My glorious home above!

No. 102. McCOY. S. M. L. C. EVERETT.





273. BAPTIST PSALMODY 982.
PSALMIST . . . 788.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God,
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 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.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

274. BAPTIST PSALMODY 648.
PSALMIST . . . 740.

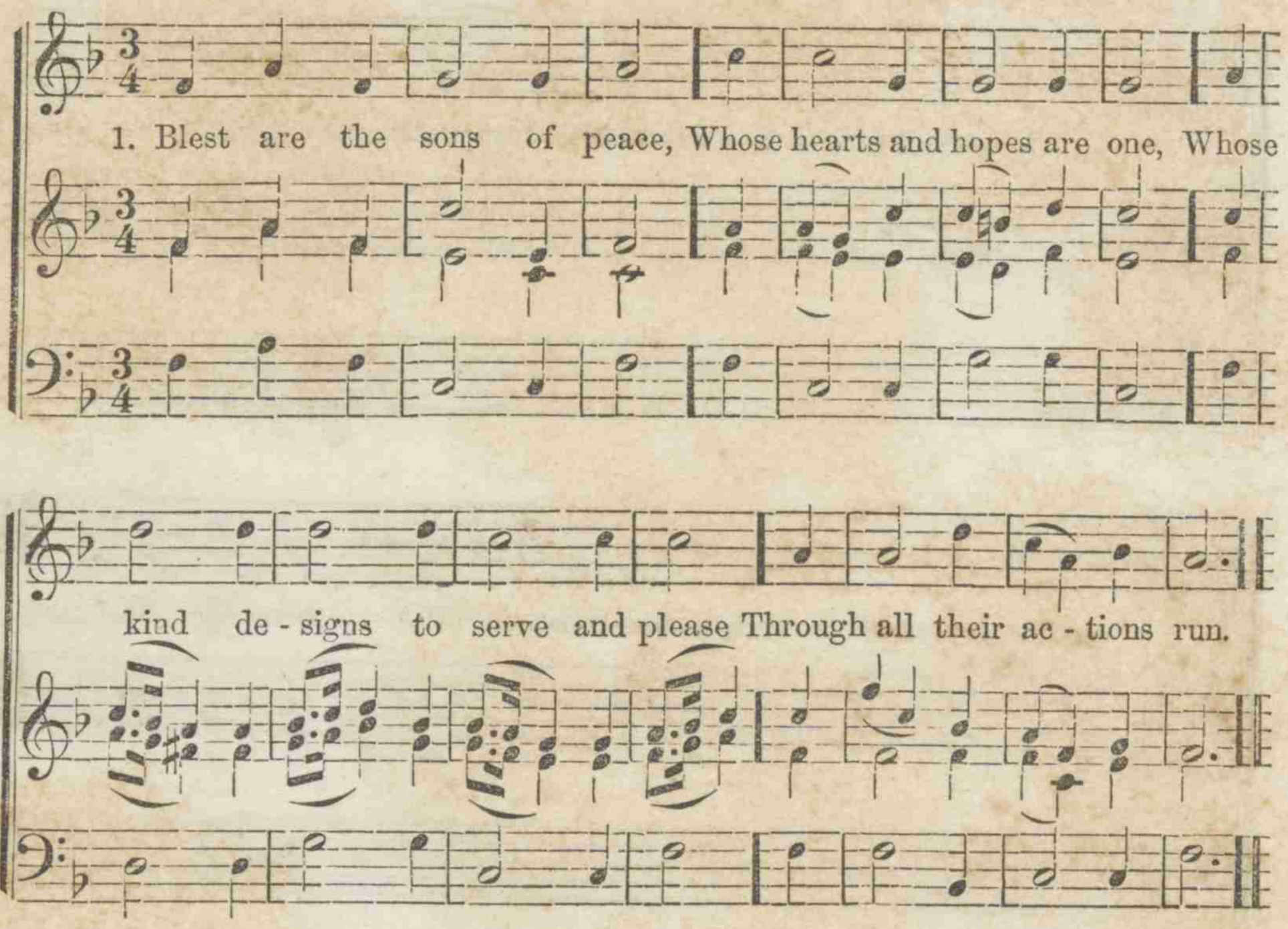
SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land;—

2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

No. 103. GERAR. S. M.



275. BAPTIST PSALMODY 590. PSALMIST . . . 694.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And fragrance filled the room.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

276. BAPTIST PSALMODY 653. PSALMIST . . . 662.

MY Saviour, fill my soul
With holiness and peace;
Arise with healing in thy wings;
Bid sin and doubting cease.

2 May things beneath the sky
Engross my heart no more;
Be thou my first, my chief delight,
My soul's unbounded store.

3 In thee all treasures lie;
From thee all blessings flow;
Thou art the bliss of saints above,
The joy of saints below.

4 O, come and make me thine,
A sinner saved by grace;
Then shall I sing, with loudest strains,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place

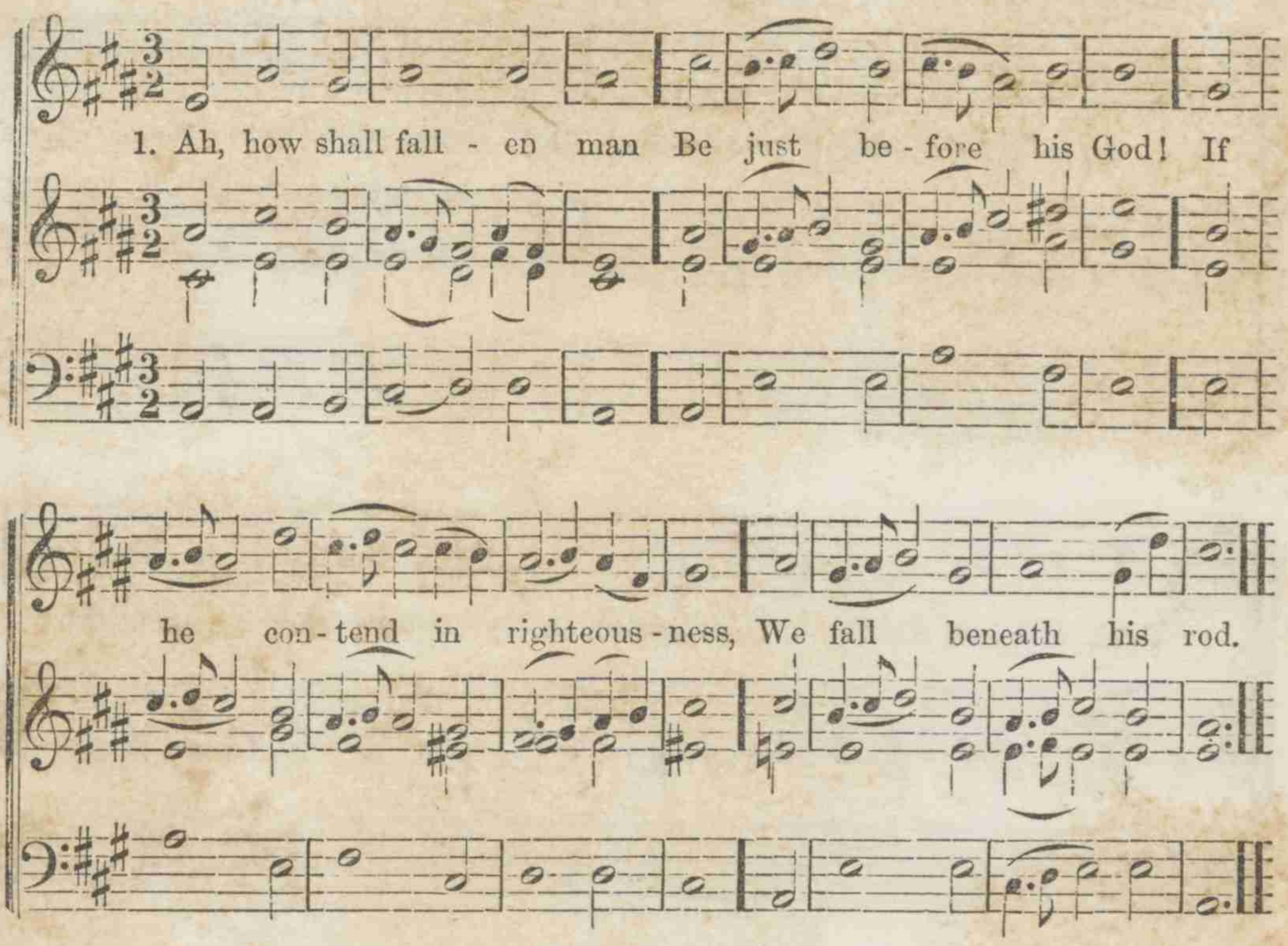
277. BAPTIST PSALMODY 579. PSALMIST . . . 547.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Shall we behold the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

No. 104. BERNE. S. M. *



278. BAPTIST PSALMODY 312.
PSALMIST . . . 464.

AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict, inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place;
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

279. BAPTIST PSALMODY 316.
PSALMIST . . . 516.

HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
O'er our dark souls arise?
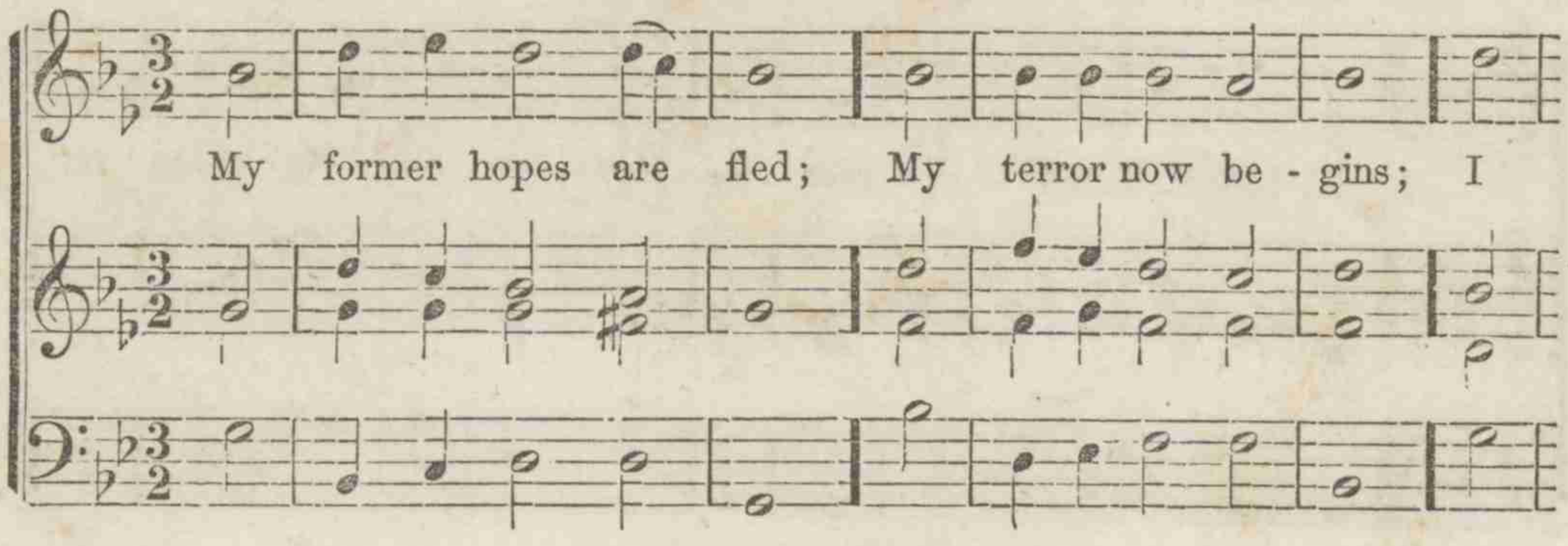
2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

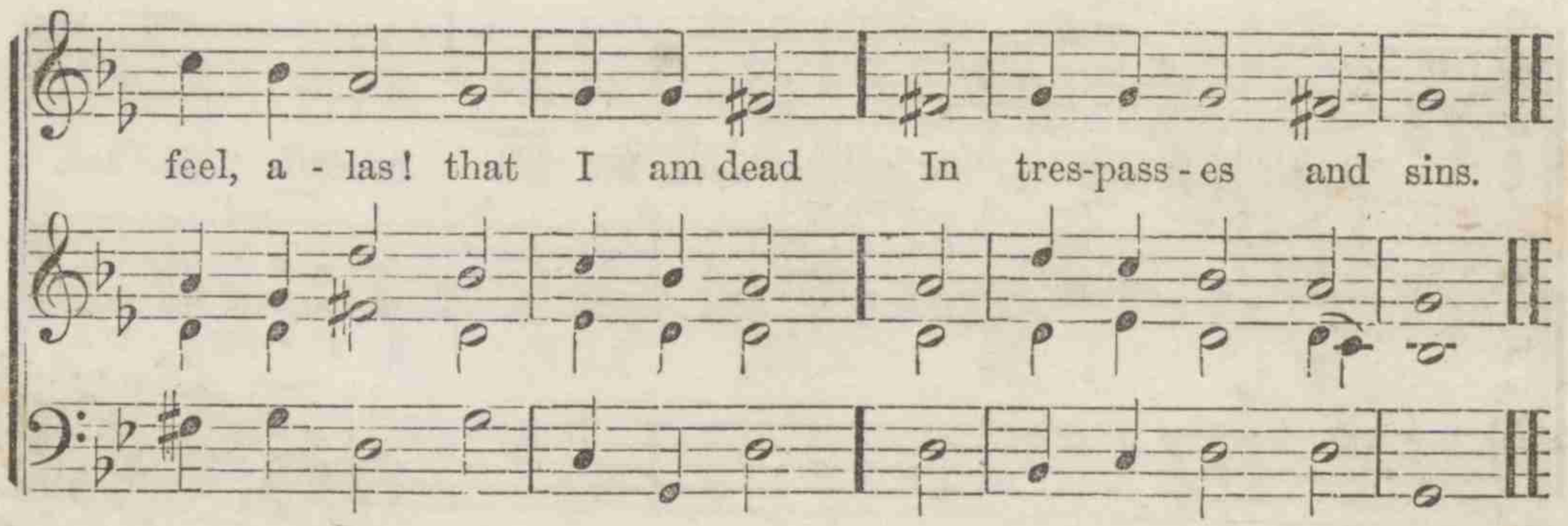
3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain:
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cruel chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace
And thine atoning blood.

No. 105. AYLESBURY. S. M. DR. GREEN.





280. BAPTIST PSALMODY 417. PSALMIST . . . 491.

MY former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar:
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But hark! a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar,
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

281. BAPTIST PSALMODY 435. PSALMIST . . . 471.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

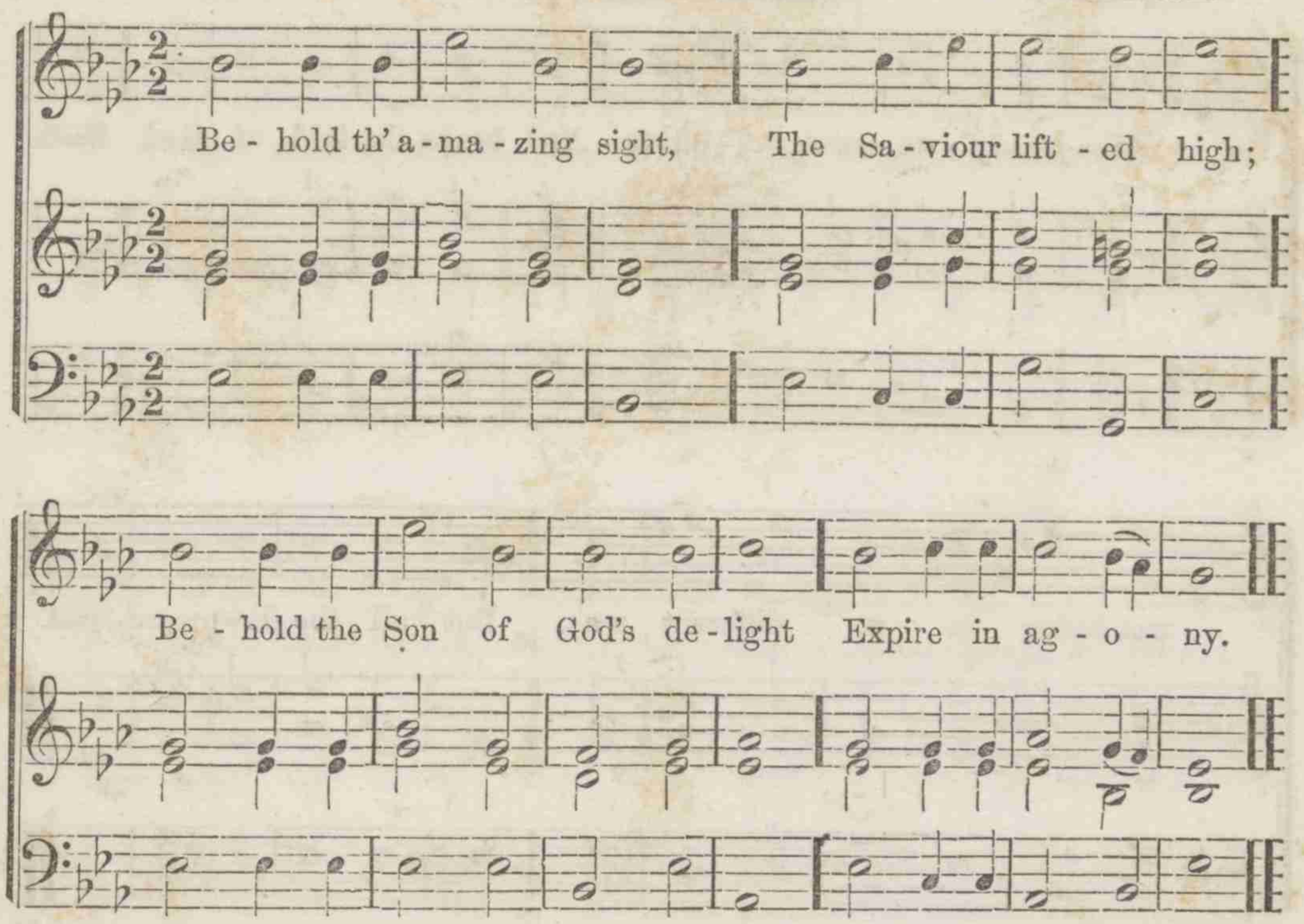
282. BAPTIST PSALMODY 471. PSALMIST . . . 527.

UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou may'st reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up his life,
The law was satisfied;
And now, to its severer claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

No. 106. GEORGIA. S. M. R. M. McINTOSH.



283. BAPTIST PSALMODY 158.
PSALMIST . . . 223.

BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that painful smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For us he hung and bled,
For us in torture died;
'T was love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor to confess
The energy divine.

284. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1229.
PSALMIST . . . 1122.

AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

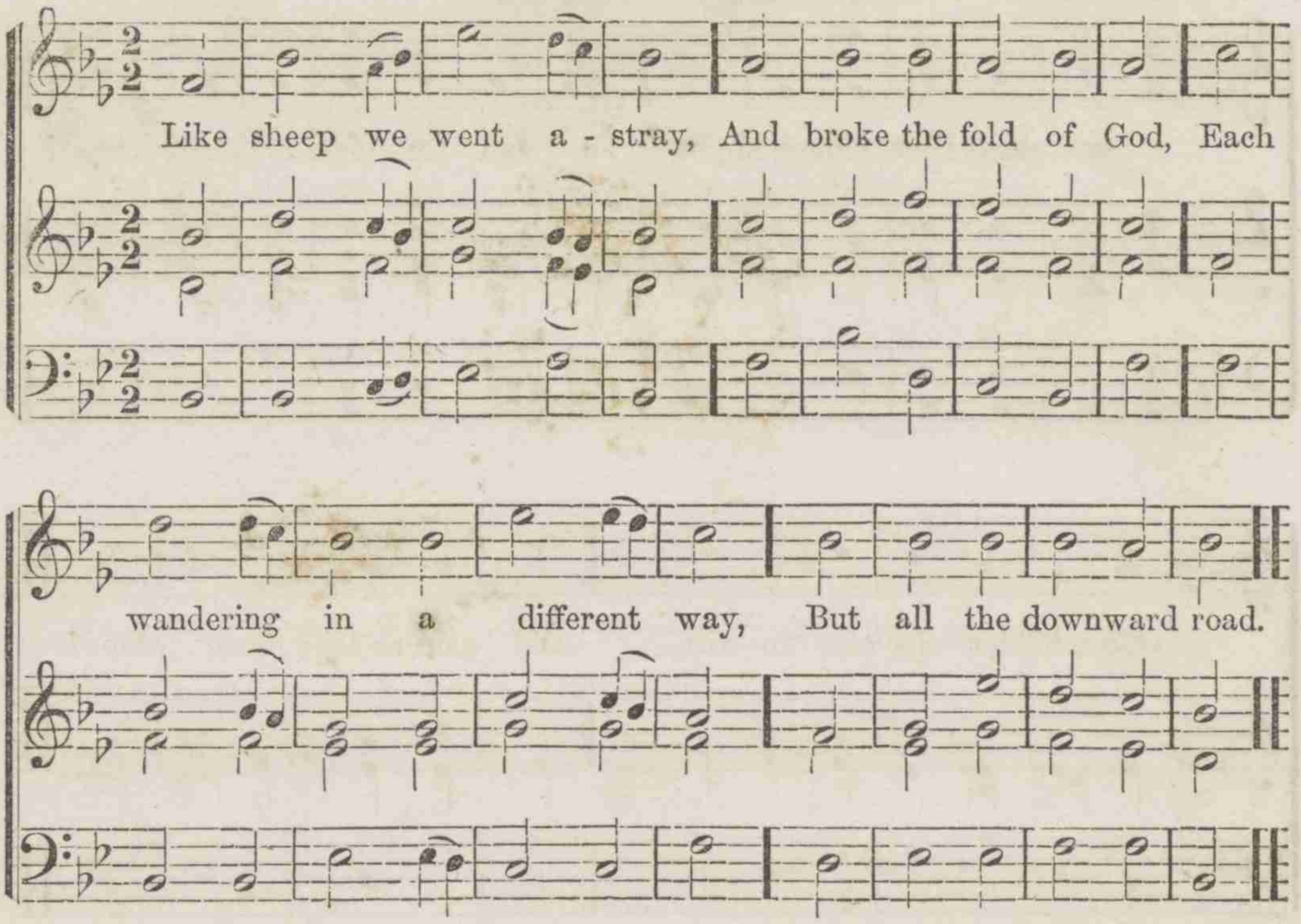
2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down, and watches all my dust
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 O Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till strains of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

No. 107. **ATHOL. S. M.** R. HARRISON.



285. BAPTIST PSALMODY 163. PSALMIST . . . 231.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And let him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

5 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong:
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

286. BAPTIST PSALMODY 210. PSALMIST . . . 291.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear;
My wants are all supplied.
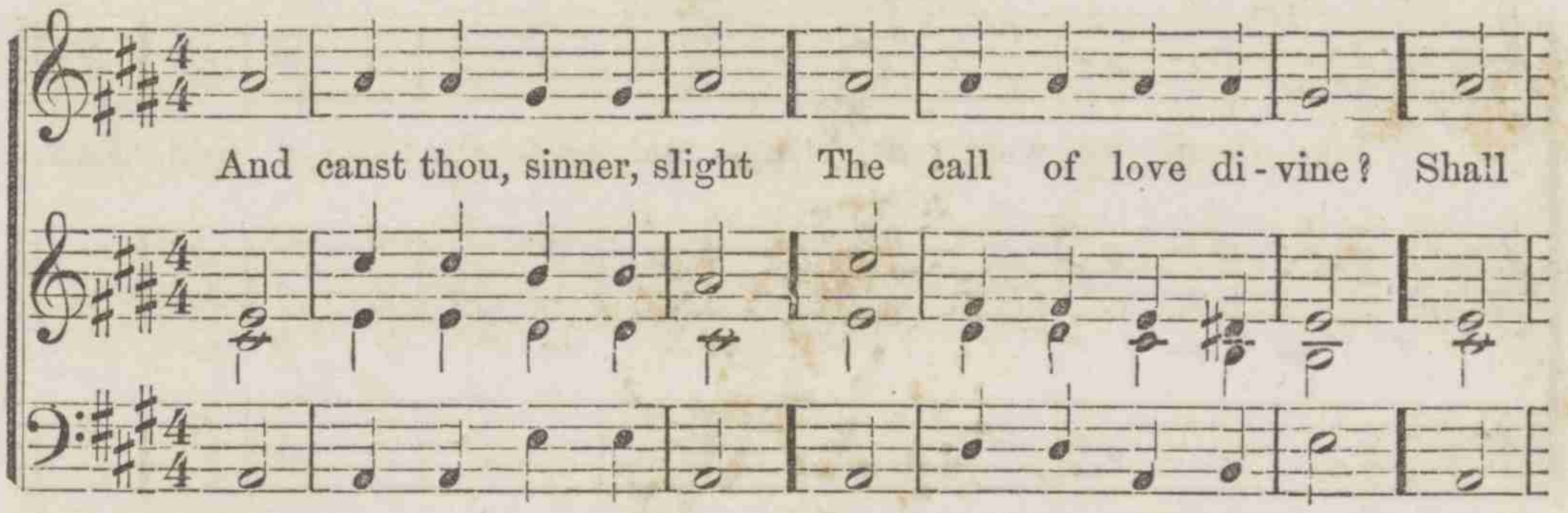
2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

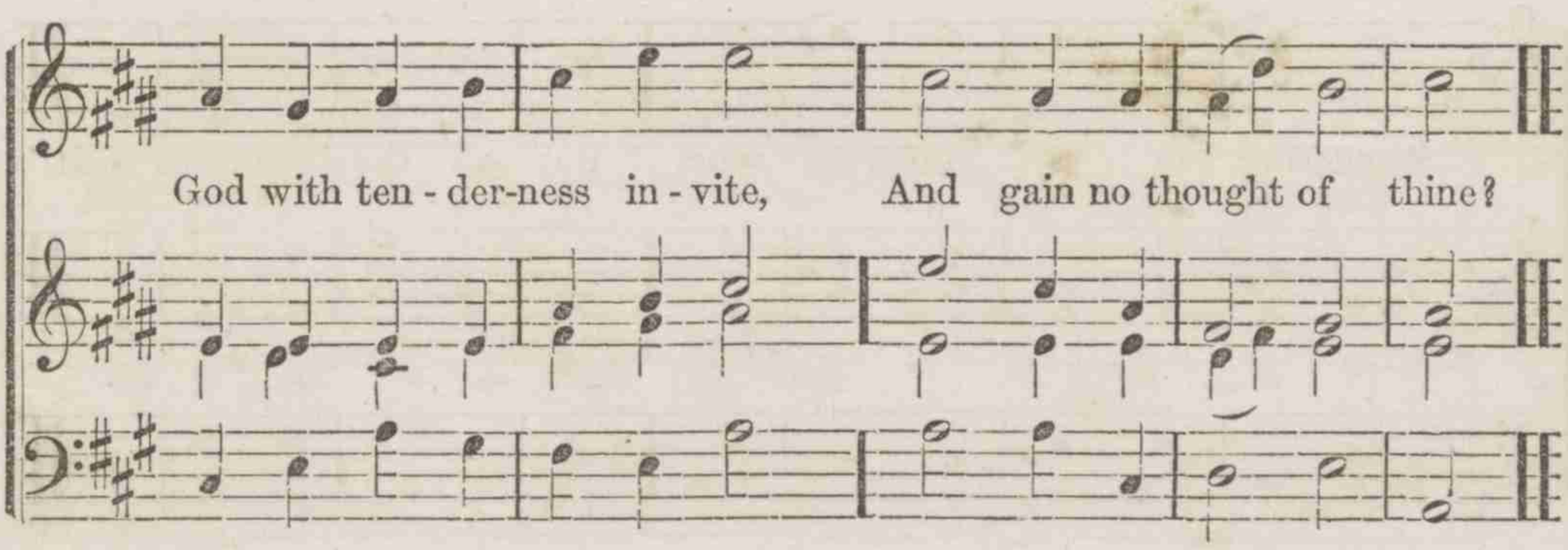
3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

4 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

5 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

No. 108. **DYER. S. M.** L. C. E.





287. BAPTIST PSALMODY 363.
PSALMIST . . . 442.

AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

288. BAPTIST PSALMODY 371.
PSALMIST . . . 1152.

O, WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul!

'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 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.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

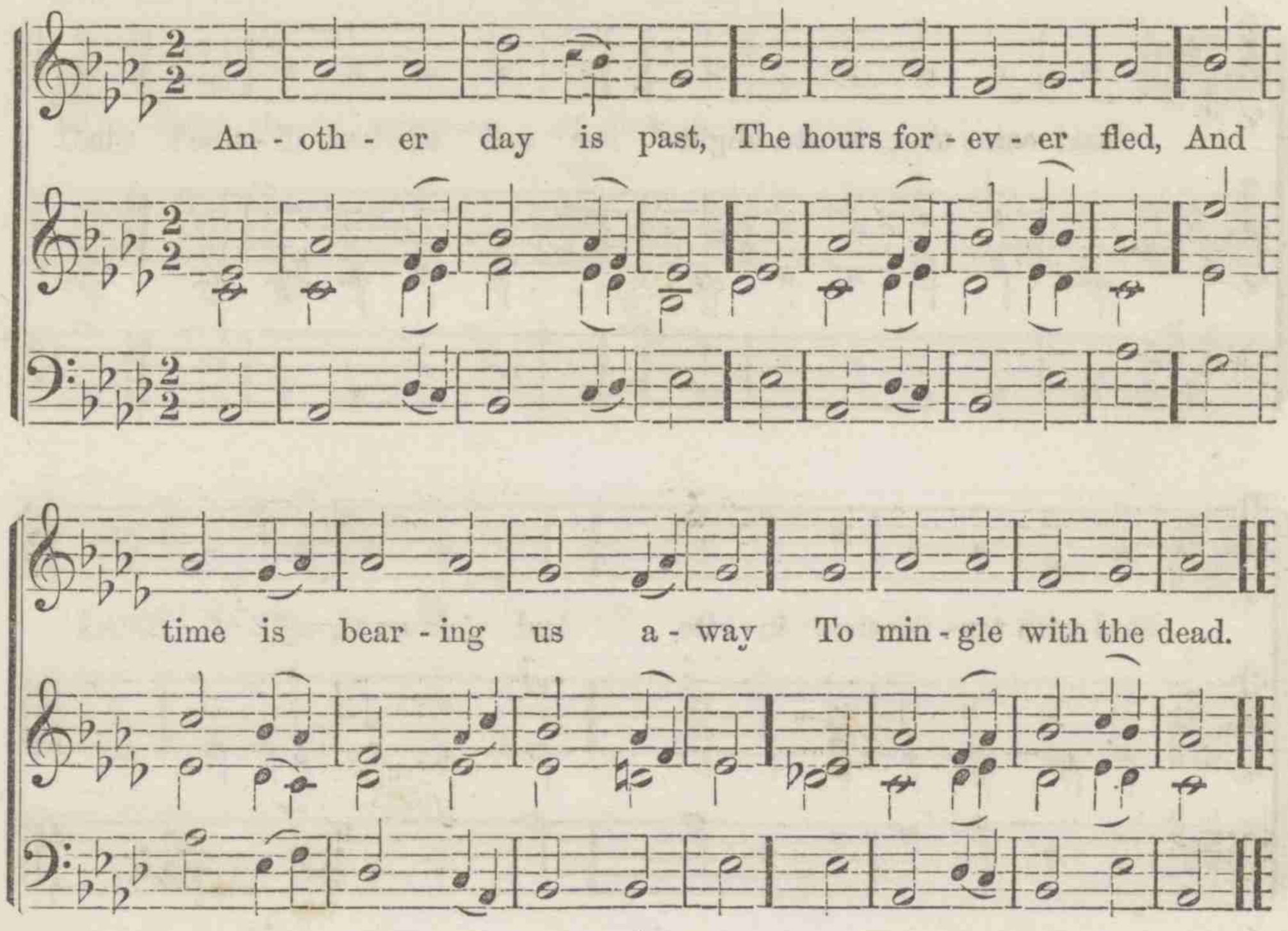
4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O, what eternal terrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

DOXOLOGY.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

No. 109. GAVIN. S. M. OLD SOUTHERN MELODY.



289. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1138.
PSALMIST . . . 1028.

ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.

2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blesséd, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

290. BAPTIST PSALMODY 867.
PSALMIST (Sup.) 103.

HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And, in return, accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

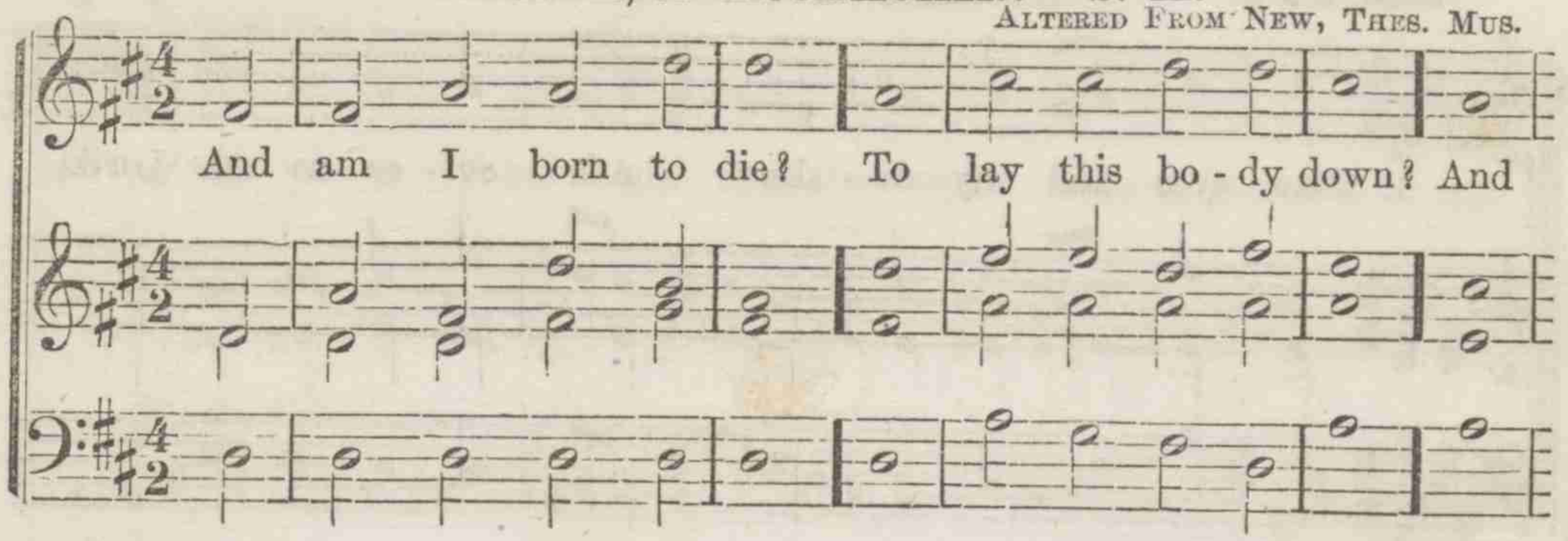
6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

DOXOLOGY.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

NO. 110. VENUA, or McCRACKIN. S. M.

ALTERED FROM NEW, THES. MUS.



291. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1238.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?—
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?

4 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell:
Must come, at his command, to heaven,
Or else depart—to hell.

5 O Thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die—
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery—

6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

292. BAPTIST PSALMODY 757.
PSALMIST . . . 600.

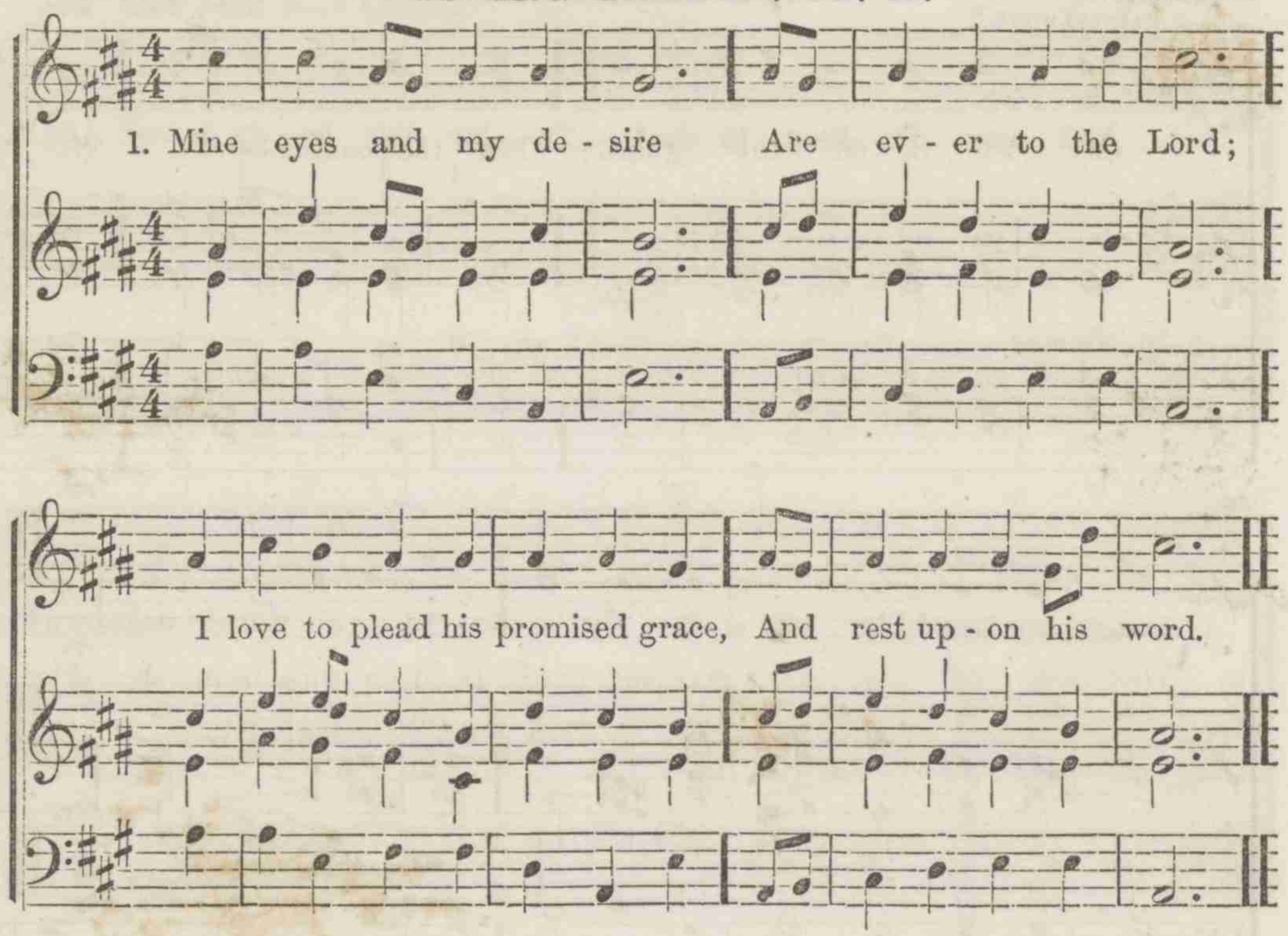
HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

No. 111. **SPRING GARDEN. S. M.** W. CASPARI.



293. BAPTIST PSALMODY 721. PSALMIST . . . 682.

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promised grace,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
From every deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 O, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

5 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
"He sought the Lord in vain.."

294. BAPTIST PSALMODY 439. PSALMIST . . . 483.

THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Before thy feet I prostrate fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

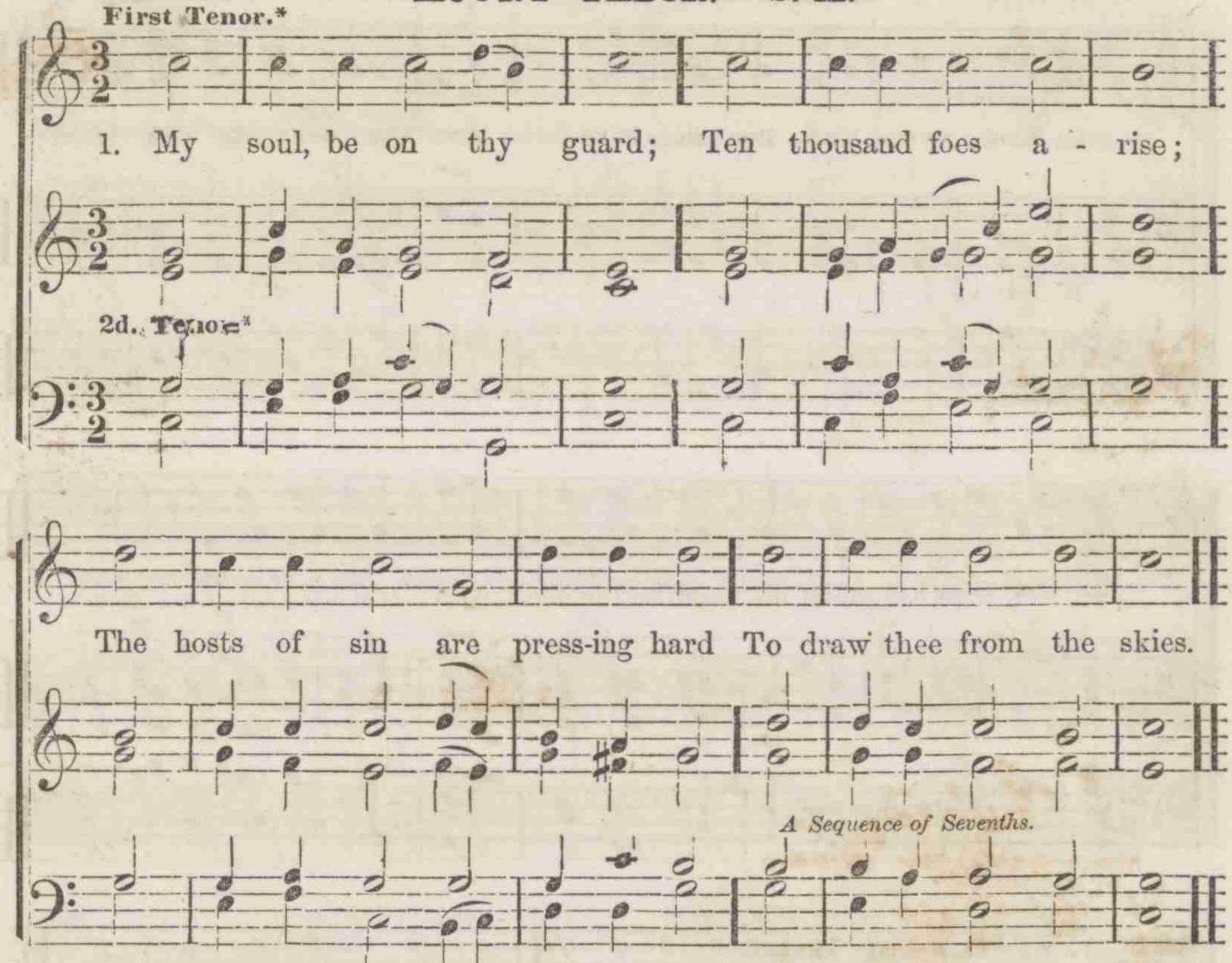
2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done:
O, bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thy incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Display, O Lord, thy pardoning grace,
And thy unbounded love.

5 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast;
O, let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

No. 112. MOUNT TABOR. S. M.



* In singing this tune the Tenor voices can be divided, the weaker and smoother taking the 1st, and the heavier and rougher the 2d Tenor.

295. BAPTIST PSALMODY 638. PSALMIST . . . . 717.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

296. BAPTIST PSALMODY 642. PSALMIST . . . 723.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts
Is more than conqueror.

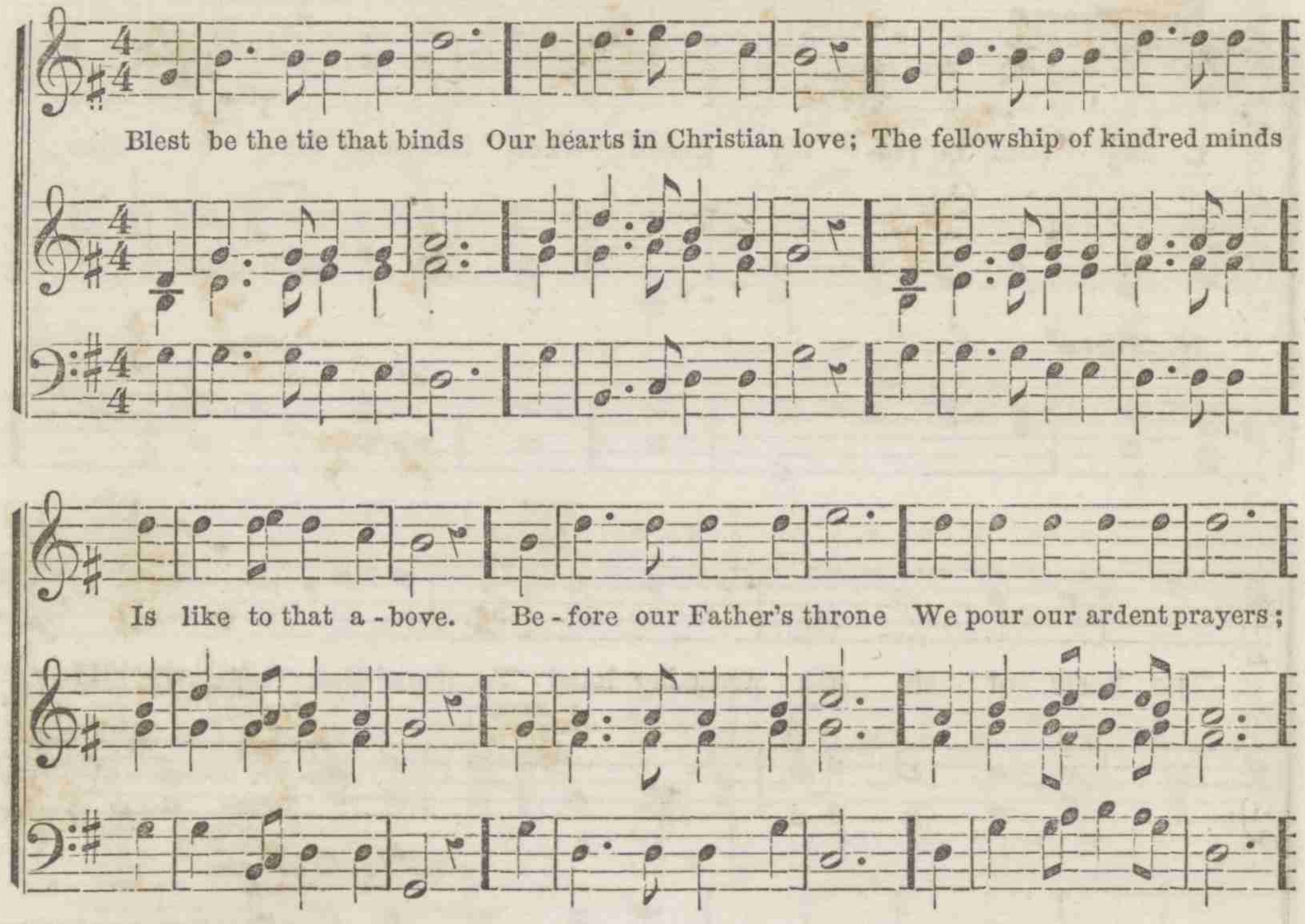
3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all thy strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;—

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

No. 113. RICHMOND. S. M. Double. DR. A. B. EVERETT.



297. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1148.
PSALMIST . . . 1068.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

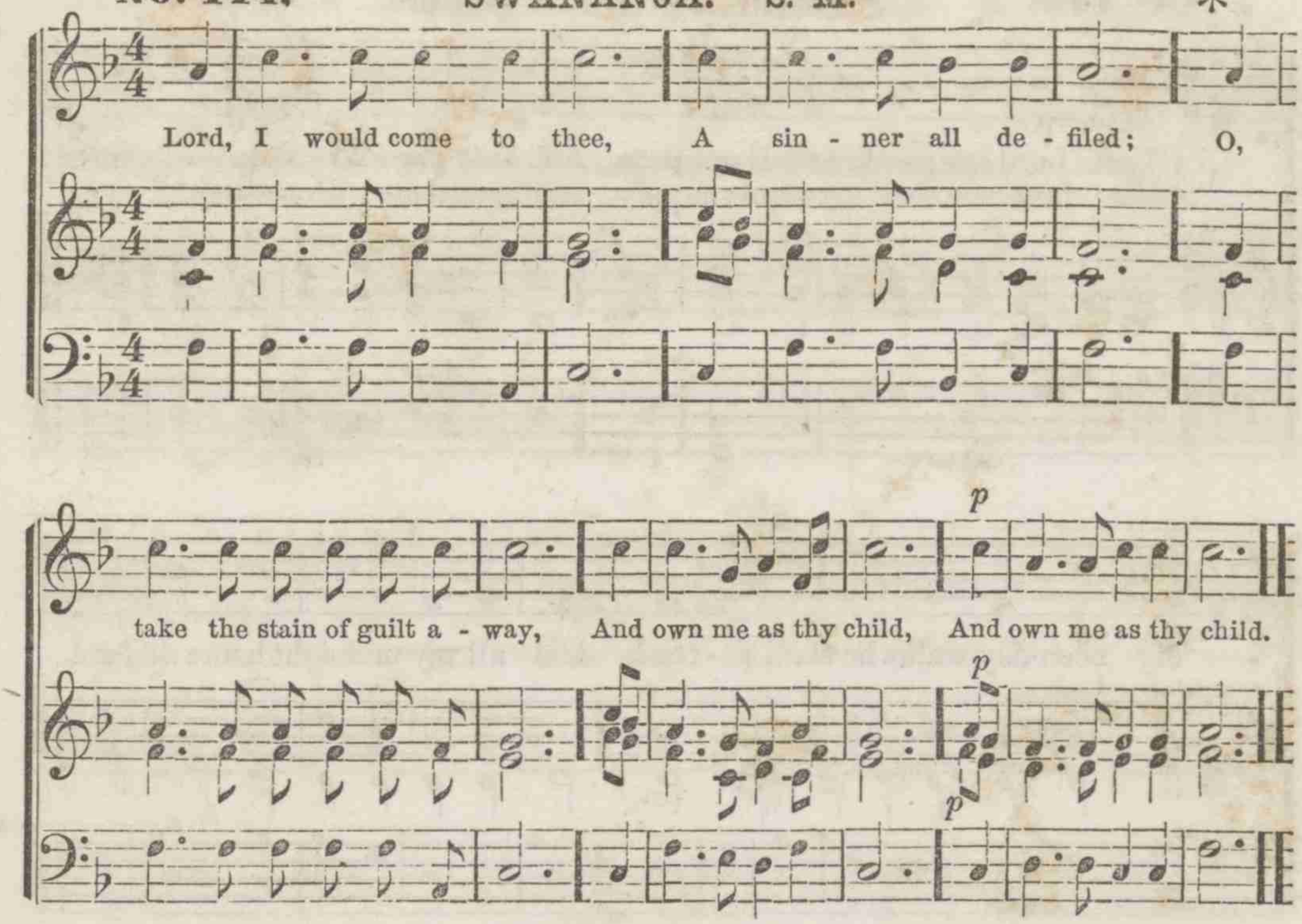
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

No. 114. SWANANOA. S. M. *



298. BAPTIST PSALMODY 533.
PSALMIST . . . 540.

LORD, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
O, take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.

2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.

3 Among thy little flock
I need the Shepherd's care;
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
And pastures green prepare.

4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine;
Still keep me in thy fear;
Now fill my heart with grace divine;
Bring thy salvation near.

299. BAPTIST PSALMODY 536.
PSALMIST . . . 648.

MY God, my prayer attend;
O, bow thine ear to me,
Without a hope, without a friend,
Without a help, but thee.

2 O, guard my soul around,
Which loves and trusts thy grace;
Nor let the powers of hell confound
The hopes on thee I place.

3 Thy mercy I entreat;
Let mercy hear my cries,
While, humbly waiting at thy seat,
My daily prayers arise.

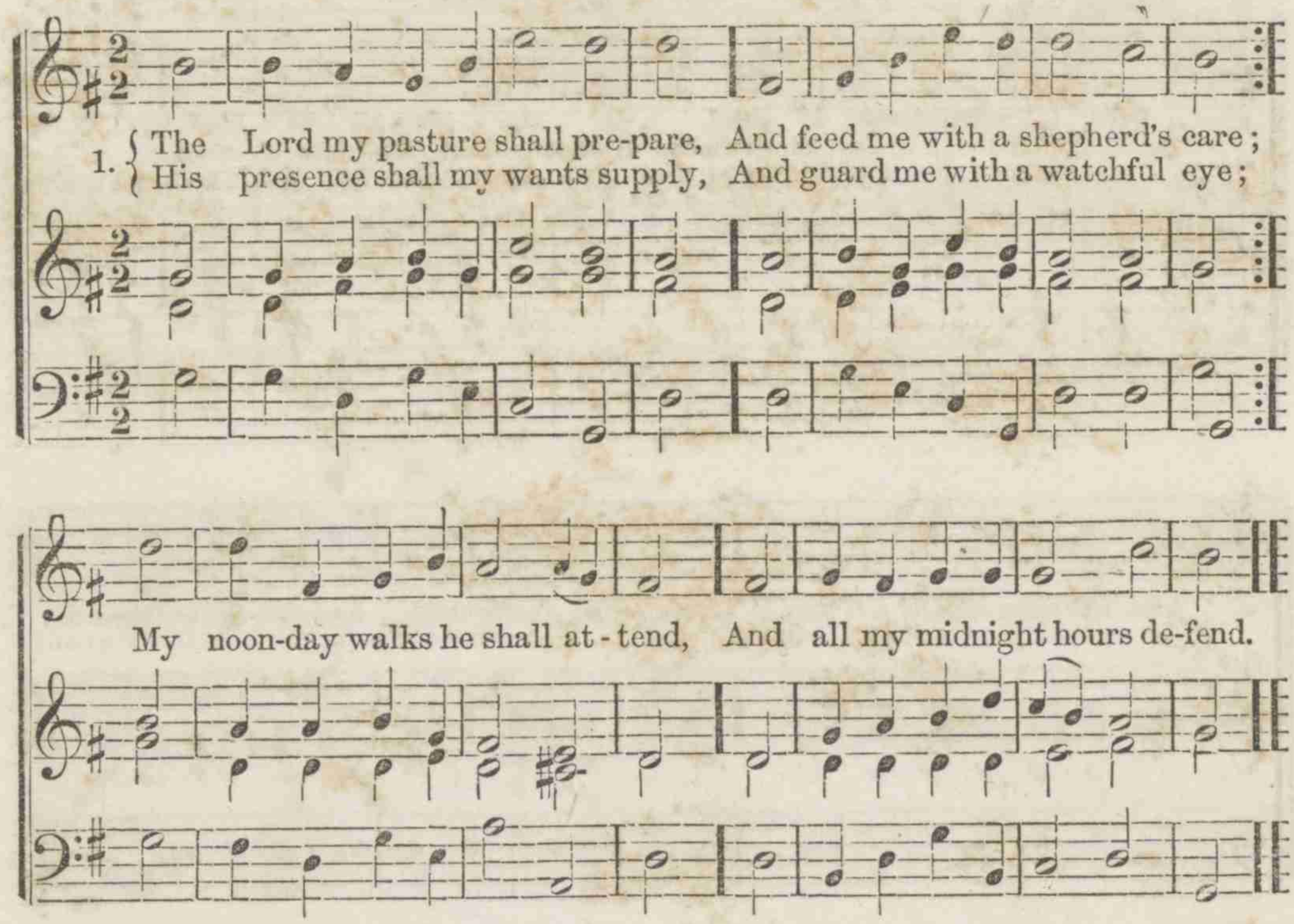
4 O, bid my heart rejoice,
And every fear control,
Since at thy throne, with suppliant voice,
To thee I lift my soul.

300. BAPTIST PSALMODY 904.
PSALMIST . . . 809.

HERE, Saviour, we would come,
In thine appointed way:
Obedient to thy high commands,
Our solemn vows we pay.

2 O, bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to thee:
And may we find that as our day
Our strength shall also be.

NO. 115. GUION. L. M. 6 lines,



301. BAPTIST PSALMODY 58.
PSALMIST . . . 197.

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.

2 When in 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.

3 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 rod shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

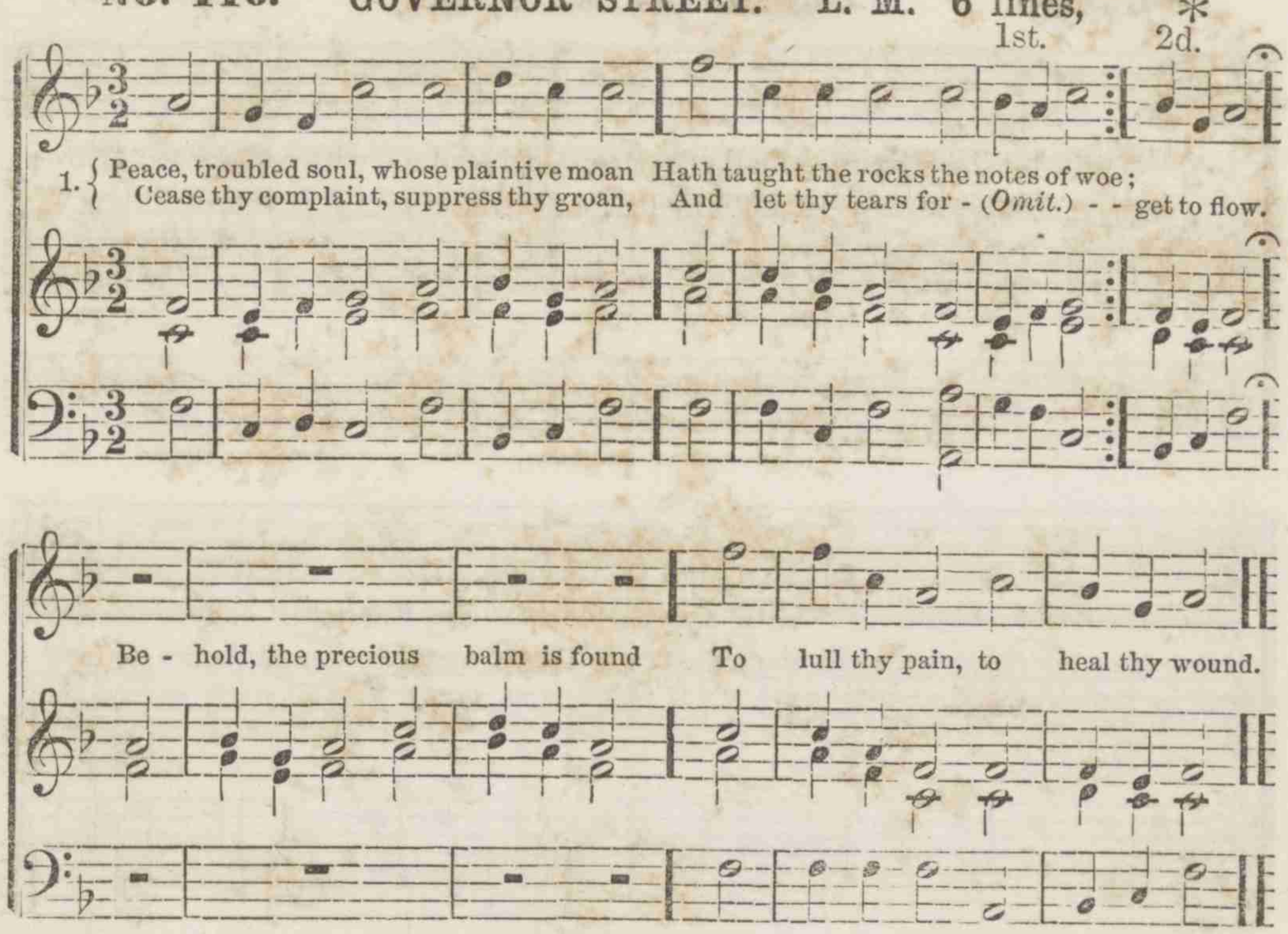
302. BAPTIST PSALMODY 510.

AND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there forever sit with thee?
Then, let the world approve or blame,
I 'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot thy own;
What shame would fill me in that day
When thou thy glory wilt display!

3 No! let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me, if they will;
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still:
For thee, my God, I all resign,
Content if I can call thee mine.

4 What transport then shall fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name wilt own!
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know, as I myself am known!
From sin, and fear, and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.



303. BAPTIST PSALMODY 329.
PSALMIST . . . 419.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught the rocks the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaints, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
Unburden here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
Thy God 's thy Saviour—glorious word!
Forever love and praise the Lord.

304. BAPTIST PSALMODY 454.

DEAR Friend of friendless sinners, hear,
And magnify thy grace divine:
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to thee resign:
A worm, by self and sin opprest,
That pants to reach thy promised rest.

2 With holy fear and reverent love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne;
I long in thee to live and move,
And stay myself on thee alone
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
And find in thee the promised rest.
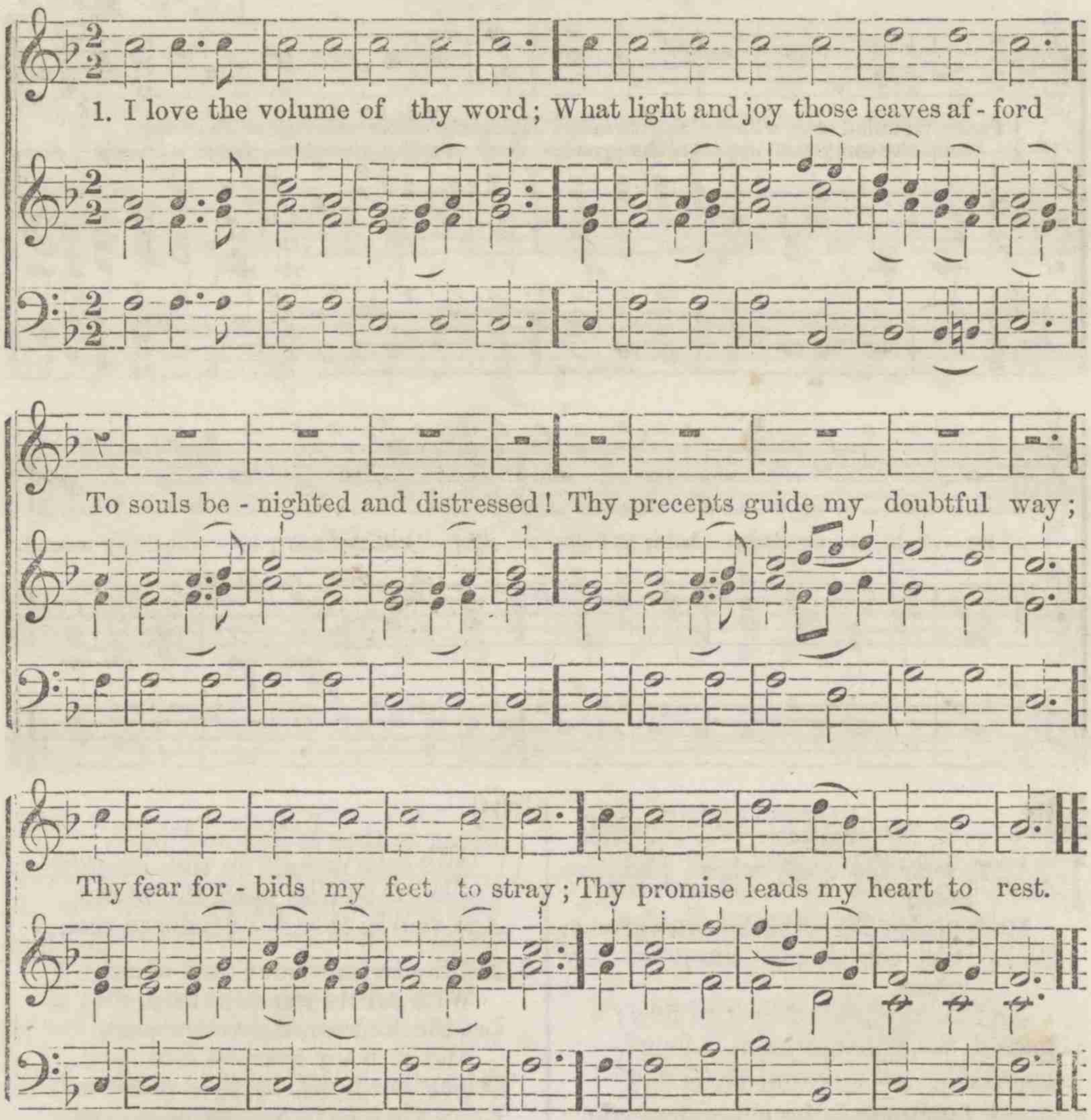
3 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
With all its wrathful fury, die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my sorrows into joy:
O may my heart, by thee possessed,
Know thee to be my promised rest.

305. BAPTIST PSALMODY 601.

BLEST, who with generous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes;
Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear;—
In every want—in every woe,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.

2 Thy love his life shall guard—thy hand
Give to his lot the chosen land:
Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,
To everlasting foes a prey,
In sickness thou shalt raise his head,
And make with tenderest care his bed.

No. 117. BRIGHTON. L. P. M.* ENGLISH.



306. BAPTIST PSALMODY 302. PSALMIST . . . 394.

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 't is thy blesséd gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

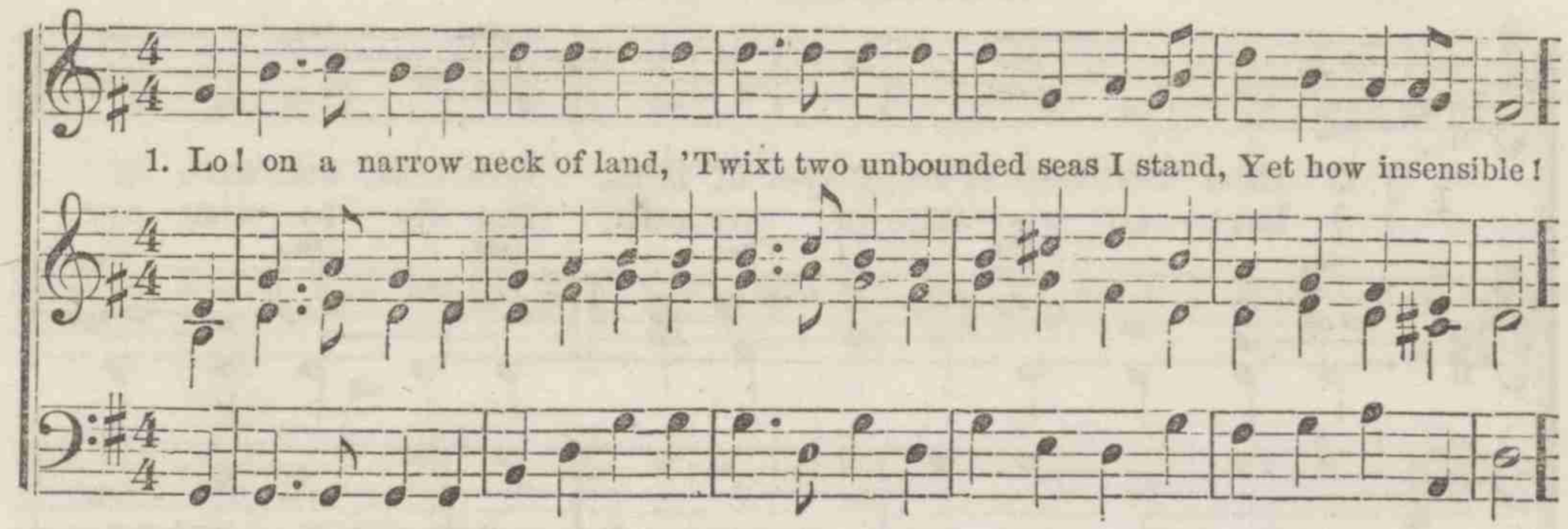
307. BAPTIST PSALMODY 568. PSALMIST . . . 91.
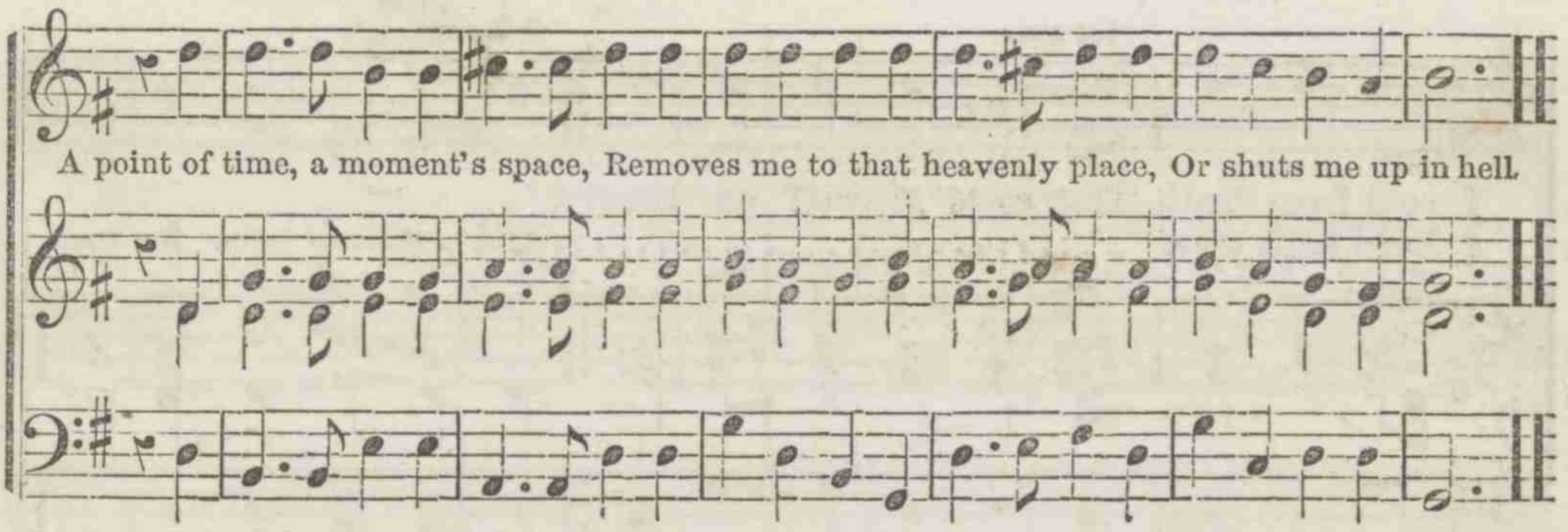
I 'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 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.

* This, L. P. M. differs from L. M. 6 lines, only in the places of the principal cadences.

No. 118. AUSTONIA. C. P. M. *





308. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1244.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

3 Before me place in dread 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?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this valé, to live
And reign with thee above—
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

309. BAPTIST PSALMODY 102.

WHERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
And tell what I have done,
"There will I be," saith Christ, "to bless,
And every burdened soul redress,
Who worship at my throne."

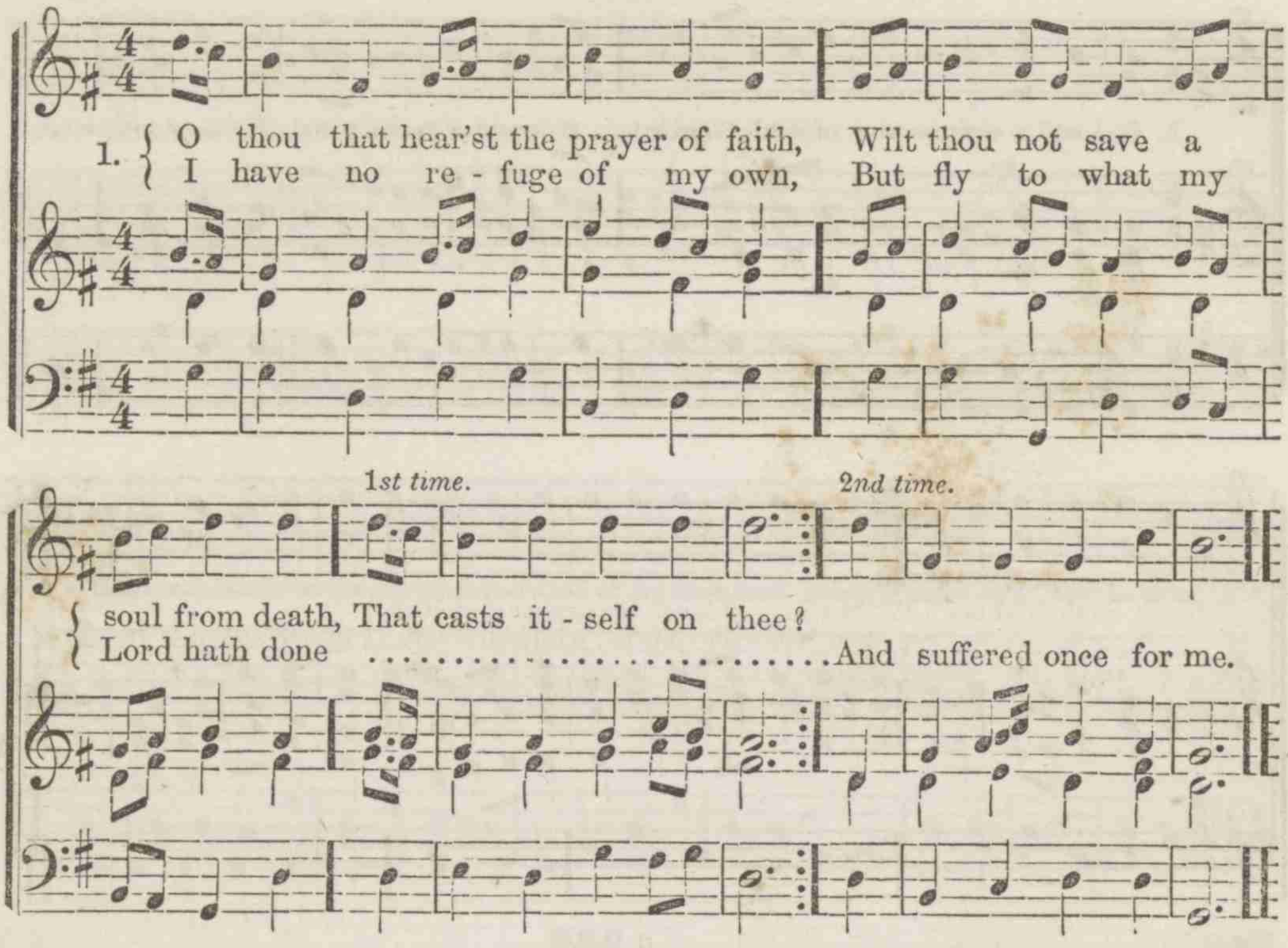
2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
To set the spirit free;
Impart a kind, celestial shower,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

(*Conclusion of* 307—*opposite page.*)

3 How blest the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 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.

No. 119. AITHLONE. C. P. M.



310. BAPTIST PSALMODY 455.
PSALMIST . . . 498.

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 hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death;
The Spirit of adoption breathe;
His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

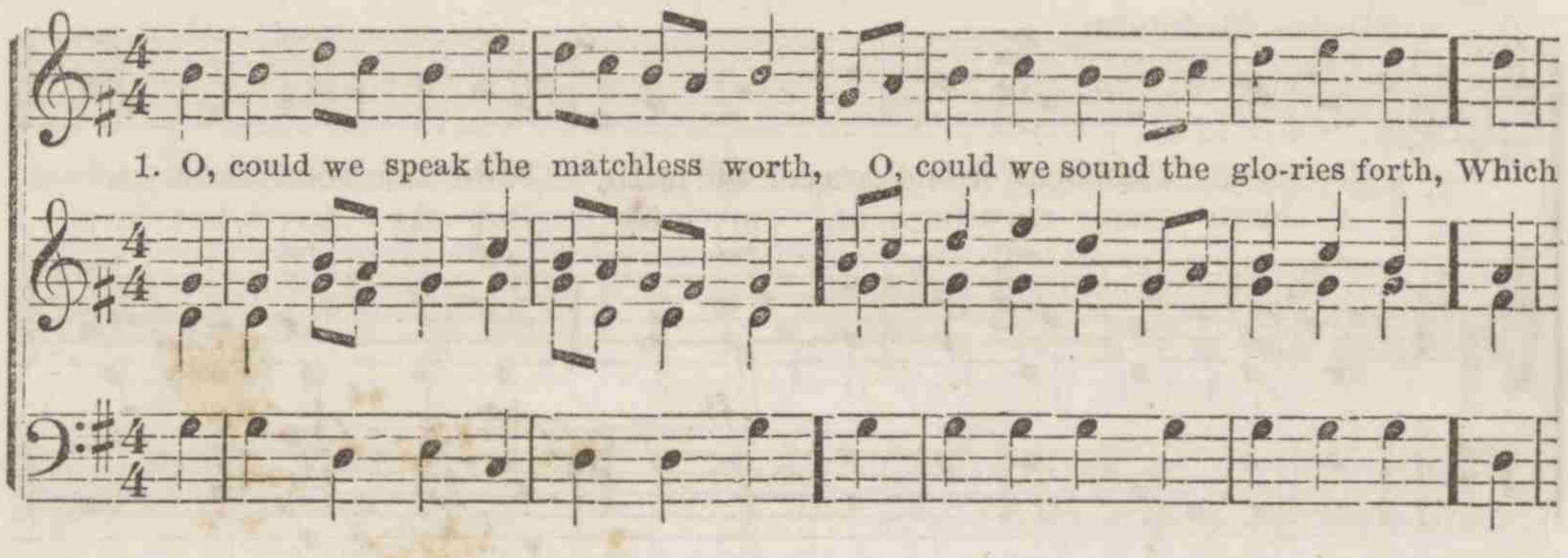
311. BAPTIST PSALMODY 666.

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.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O 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!

No. 120. **LISTENIUS. C. P. M.** DR. A. B. E.



312. BAPTIST PSALMODY 218. PSALMIST . . . 304.

2 We 'd sing the precious blood he spilt—
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
We 'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
We shall forever shine.

3 We 'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When our dear Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face:
Then, with our Saviour, Father, Friend,
A blest eternity we 'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

313. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1241. PSALMIST . . . 1143.

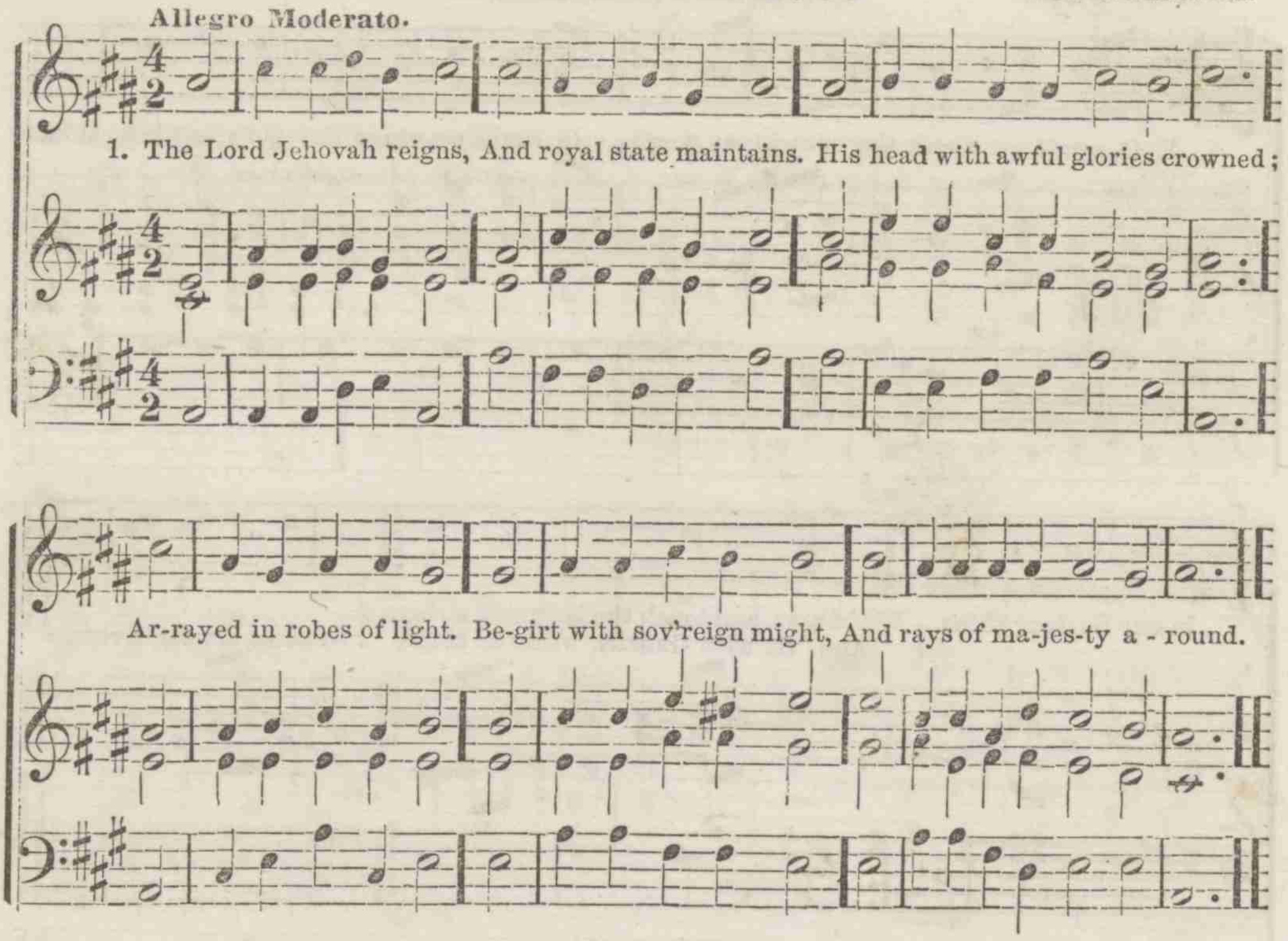
WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people 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?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among the saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face:
Then in triumphant strains I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

No. 121. DALSTON. S. P. M. A. WILLIAMS.



314. BAPTIST PSALMODY 41.
PSALMIST . . . 145.

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.

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

3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage:
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall calm their fury down:
Thy throne forever stands on high.

4 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.

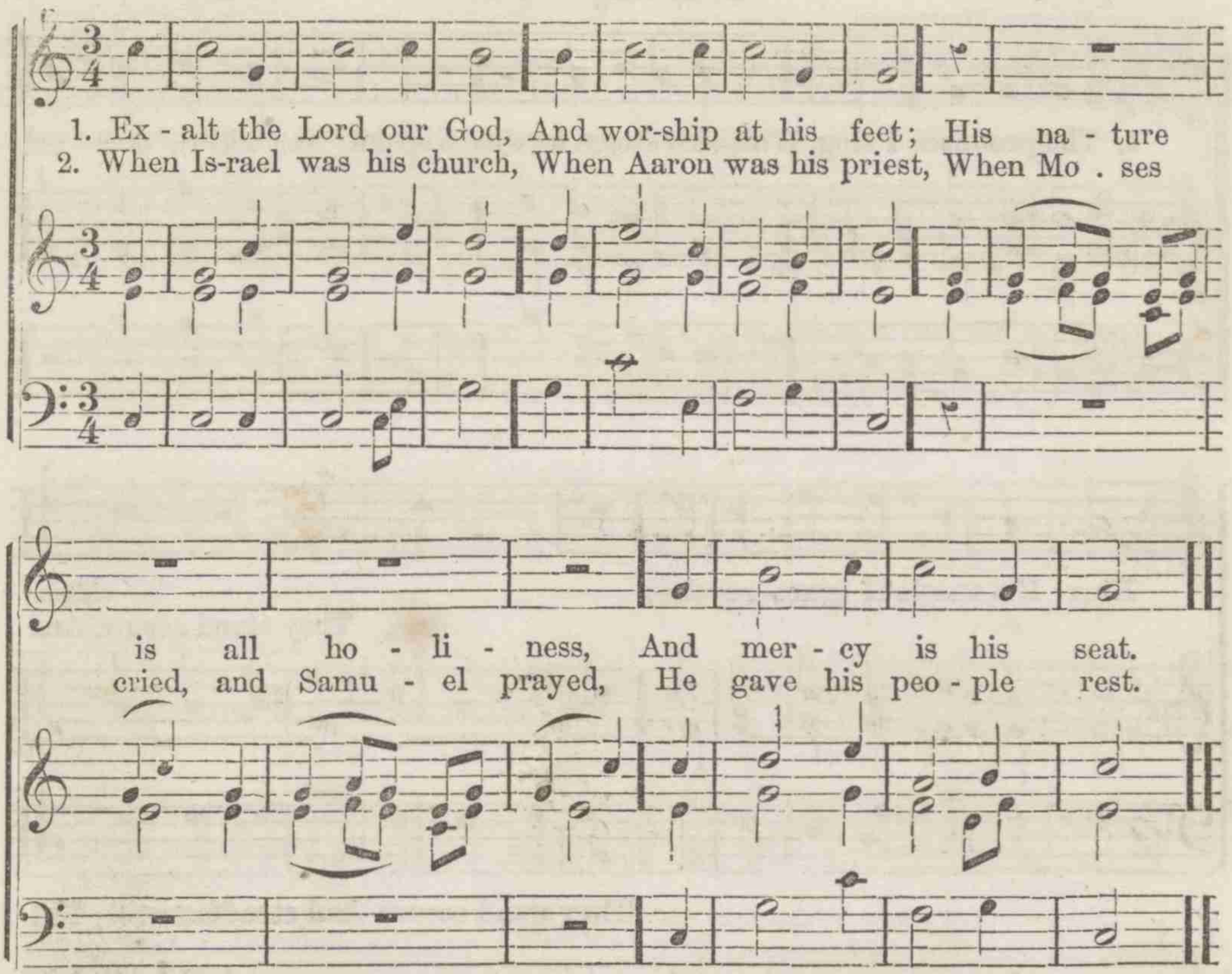
315. BAPTIST PSALMODY 858.
PSALMIST . . . . 12.

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 Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saint be glad;
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

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

4 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.



316. BAPTIST PSALMODY 23.
PSALMIST . . . 89.

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same:
Still he 's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

317. BAPTIST PSALMODY 67.
PSALMIST . . . 164.

O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine.
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

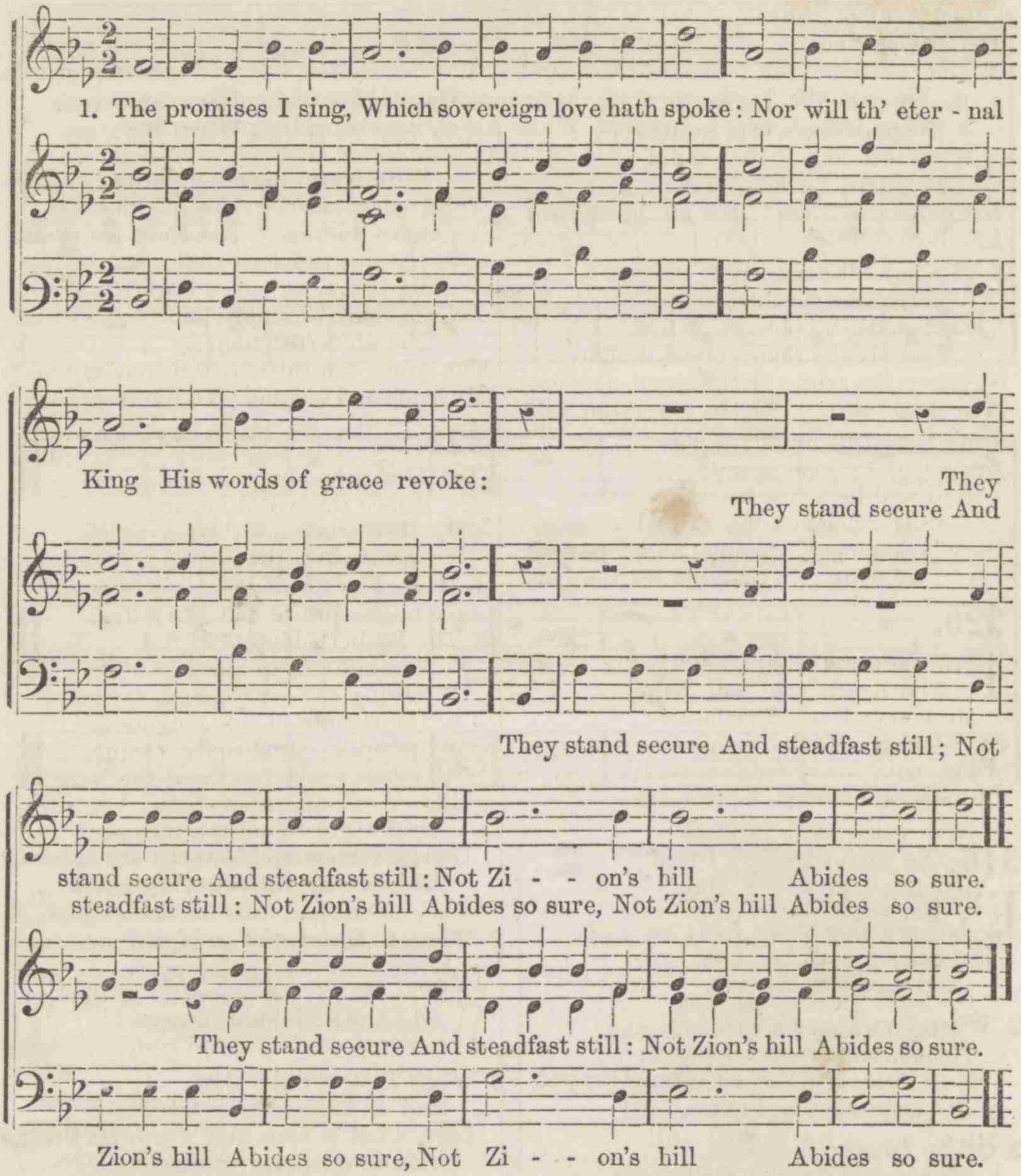
2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon complete in light,
Adorn the evening skies,—

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,—
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are,
How wondrous are thy ways,
That from the dust, thy power should frame
A monument of praise!

No. 123. LENOX. H. M.



318. BAPTIST PSALMODY 30. PSALMIST . . . 162.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years:
But still the same, | The promise shines
In radiant lines, | Thro' all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres:
'Midst all the shock, | I stand serene,
Of that dread scene, | Thy word my rock.

319. BAPTIST PSALMODY 39. PSALMIST . . . 138.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:

His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep all the world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law:
And when his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs:
Strong is his arm, | His great decrees,
And shall fulfill | His sovereign will.

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

320.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 54.
PSALMIST . . . 196.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep;
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep:
Away with every anxious fear;
I cannot want while he is near.

2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed;
Where silent waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet; and when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

3 He leads himself the way
His faithful flock should take:
Them who his voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake;
And surely truth and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

4 Let me but feel him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shaded valley through;
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps, and guard me there.

321.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 119.
PSALMIST . . . 92.

LET every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name,
And every power unite
To swell th' immortal theme:
Let nations raise | A general song
From every tongue | Of grateful praise.

2 But, O, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise, | Above the rest
Ye highly blest; | Declare his praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God;
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I humbly join
The universal choir:
Thy grace can raise | And tune my song
My heart and tongue, | To lively praise.

322.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 133.
PSALMIST . . . 121.

TO Him who chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him who bore the curse
To save rebellious man:
To Him who formed our hearts anew,
Are endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
The tribute of our tongues:
Our lips address the Spirit's name,
With equal praise, and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus heaven shall raise his honors high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

323.
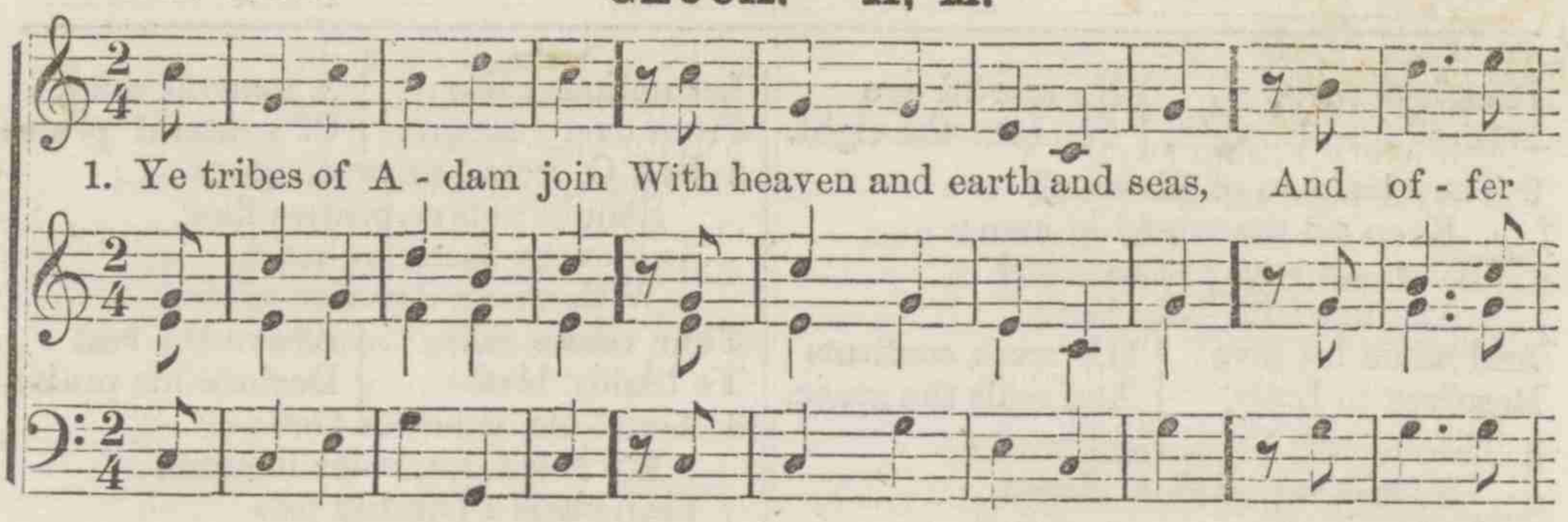
BAPTIST PSALMODY 848.
PSALMIST . . . 44.

WELCOME, delightful morn!
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest:
From low desires | I soar to reach
And fleeting toys, | Immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel | And learn to know
Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbaths be
New life obtain, | Enjoyed in vain.

No. 124. GLUCK. H, M.



324. BAPTIST PSALMODY 118.
PSALMIST . . . . 67.

2 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
At his supreme command:
He spake the word, | From nothing came
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

3 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honors high.

325. BAPTIST PSALMODY 200.
PSALMIST . . . . 325.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love?
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

326. BAPTIST PSALMODY 27.
PSALMIST . . . . 157.

O FOR a shout of joy,
Loud as the the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, th' eternal love, of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at his right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery;
Have told, in strains of sweet accord,
The love, the sovereign love, of God.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize;
And through an endless age record
The love, th' unchanging love, of God.

327. BAPTIST PSALMODY 229.

ON earth the song begins,
In heaven more sweet, more loud,
To him that drowns our sins
In his atoning blood;—
"To him," they cry, in rapturous strain,
"Be honor, praise, and power! Amen."

2 Ye saints on earth, repeat
What heaven with rapture owns;
And whille before his feet
The elders cast their crowns,
Go imitate the choirs above,
And tell the world your Saviour's love.

3 Alone he took the field,
Alone the battle fought;
With his own sword and shield
The mighty work he wrought:
The mighty work was all his own,
And let him ever wear the crown.

4 Our feeble minds are lost
Beneath the lofty strain;
But Jordan's billows crossed,
We'll catch the sound again;
In praise assist the heavenly choir,
Nor ever stop, nor ever tire.

328. BAPTIST PSALMODY 325.
PSALMIST . . . . 407.

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.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all his lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

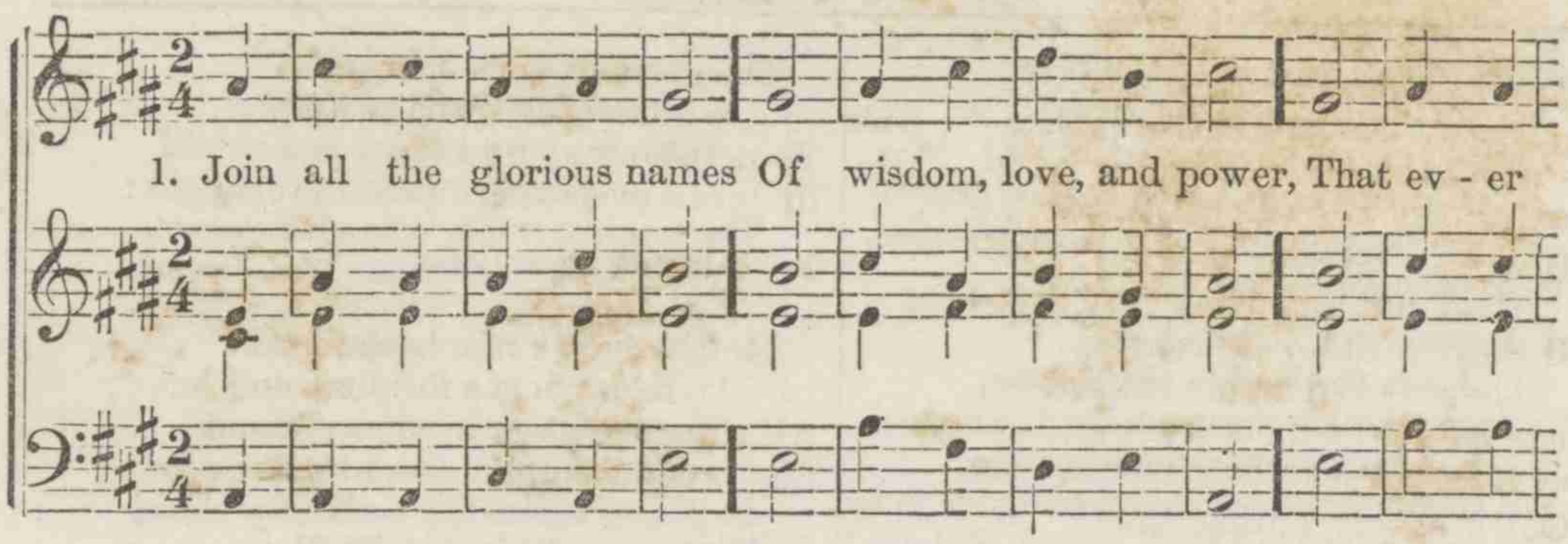
3 Ye, who have sold for naught
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home,

No. 125. BEALL. H. M. (Four 6s & Two 8s.) *



329. BAPTIST PSALMODY 206. PSALMIST . . . 301.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news | Of hell subdued,
Of sins forgiven, | And peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died:
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood | And now it pleads
Did once atone, | Before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing:
Thine is the power; | In willing bonds
Behold, I sit | Beneath thy feet.

330. BAPTIST PSALMODY 881. PSALMIST . . . 359.

O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,

And let thy servants share
Thy blessings from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry—
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply—
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
O, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

331. BAPTIST PSALMODY 477. PSALMIST . . . 261.

ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die."

3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear Anointed One;—
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 To God I'm reconciled:
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child:
I can no longer fear:
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father," cry.

332. BAPTIST PSALMODY 324. PSALMIST (Sup.) 24.

YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above;
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will, now come,
In mercy's breast there still is room.

333. BAPTIST PSALMODY 176. PSALMIST . . . 236.

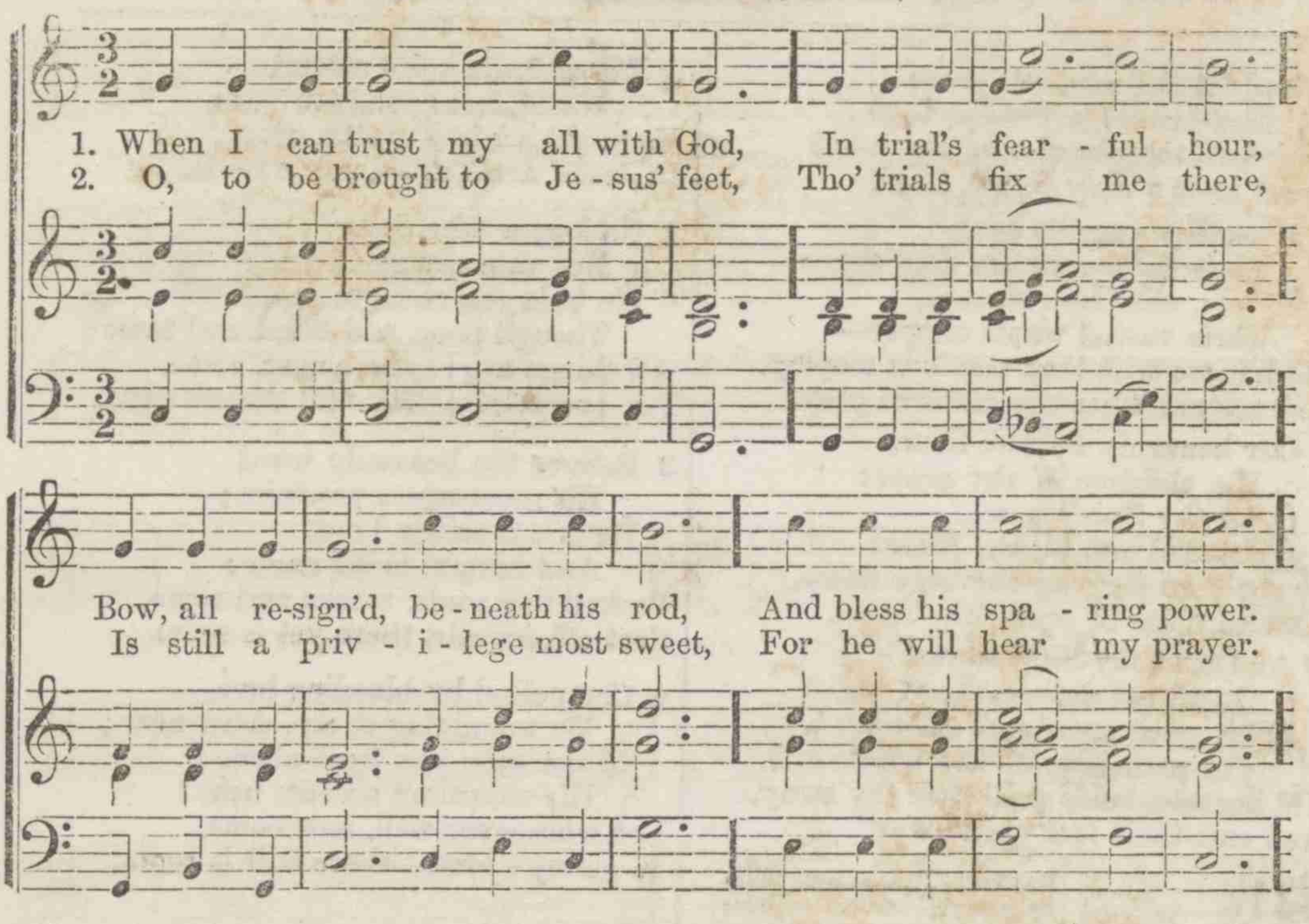
YES, the Redeemer rose:
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay, | Fall to the ground,
The guards around | And sink away.

2 Behold, th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
With joy they come, | From realms of day
And wing their way | To Jesus' tomb.

3 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, | Hath left the dead;
"The Lord, who bled, | He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported, cry, | Hath left the dead,
"The Lord, who bled, | No more to die."

No. 126. PEACEFUL HOME. C. H. M. DR. A. B. EVERETT.



334. BAPTIST PSALMODY 787. PSALMIST . . . 583.

3 O, blesséd be the hand that gave—
Still blesséd when it takes;
Blesséd be he who smites to save—
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.
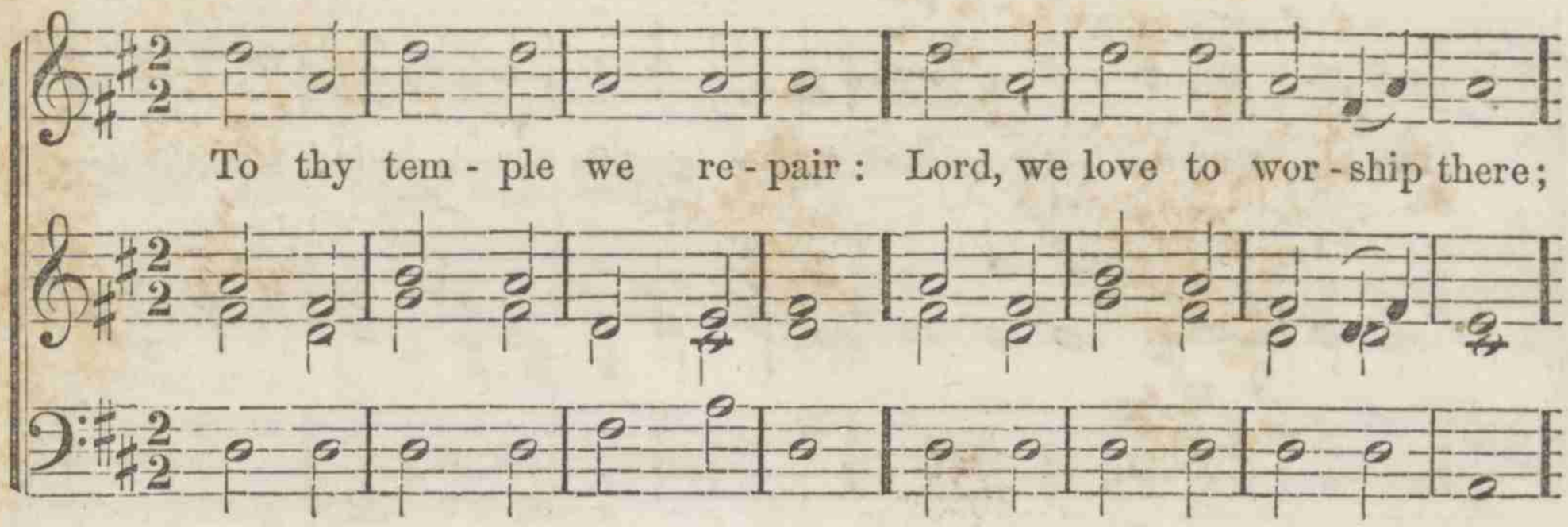
335. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1265. PSALMIST (Sup.) 98.

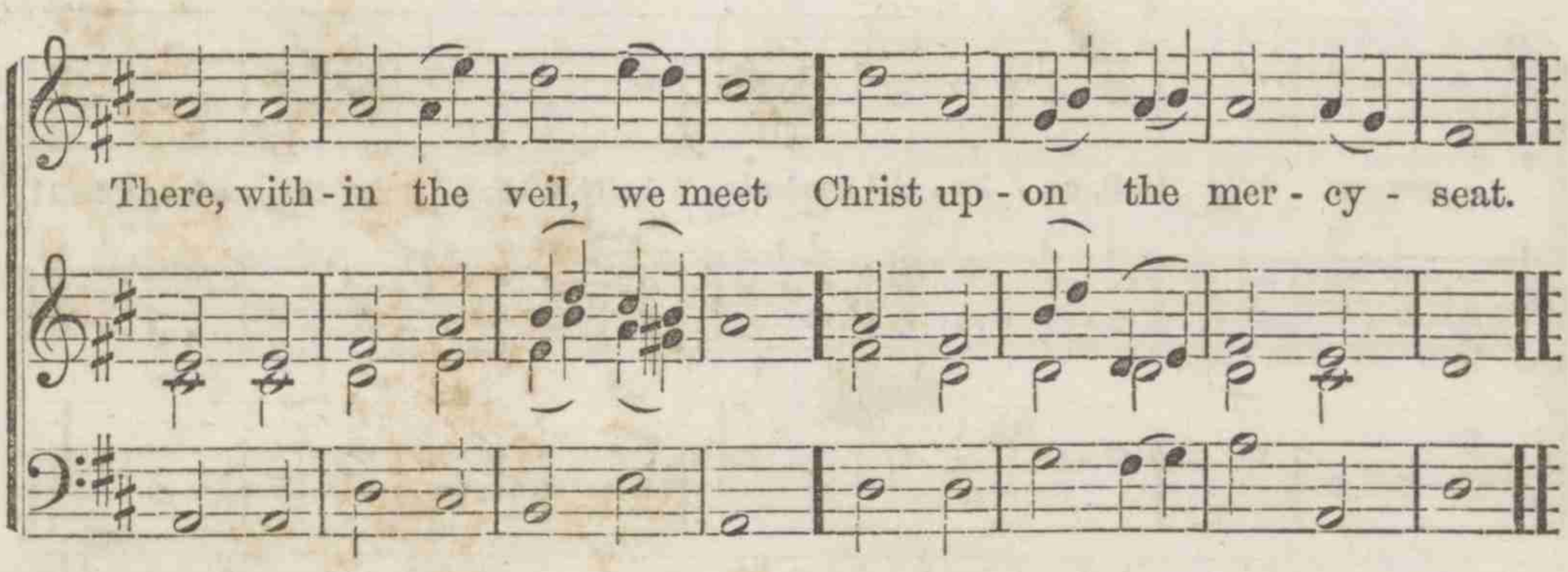
HEAVEN is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er—
The blissful clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more;
And not the shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

2 Heaven is the place where Jesus lives
To plead his dying blood;
While to his prayers the Father gives
An unknown multitude,
Whose harps and tongues, through endless days,
Shall joy to swell his lasting praise.

3 Heaven is the dwelling-place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransomed souls above
Enjoy, before th' eternal throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

No. 127. ROSE. 7s.





336. BAPTIST PSALMODY 92. PSALMIST . . . 28.

TO thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there;
There, within the veil, we meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

337. BAPTIST PSALMODY 96. PSALMIST . . . 25.

LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow:
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend:
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee: here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
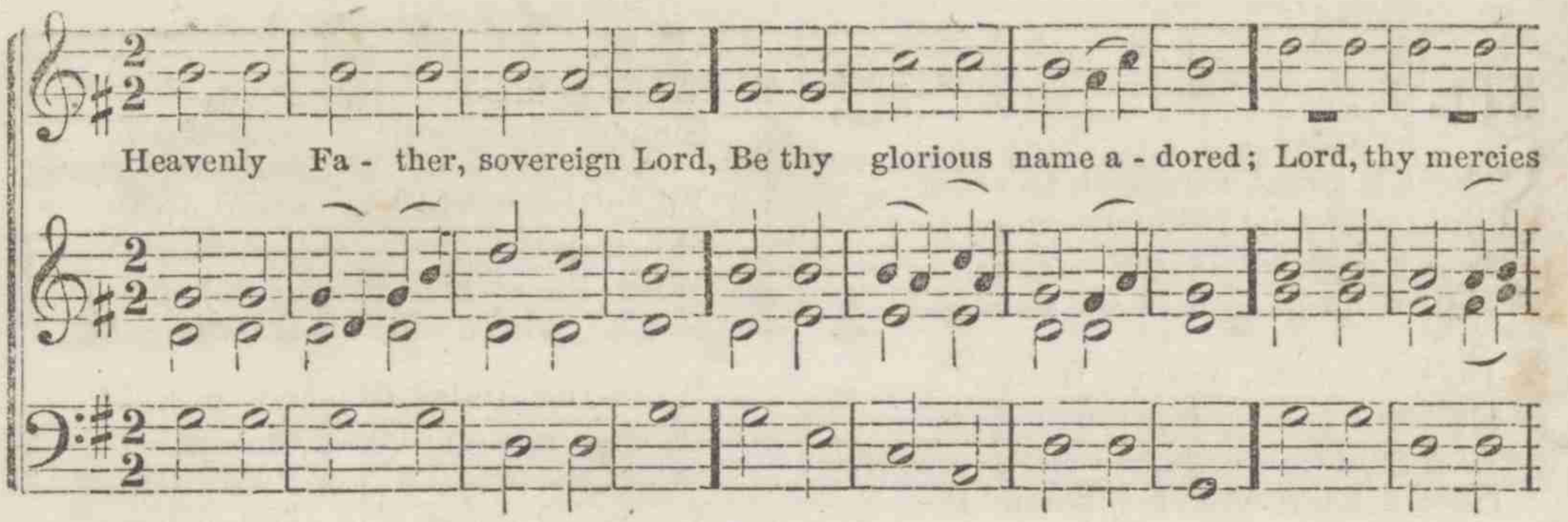
338. BAPTIST PSALMODY 169. PSALMIST . . . 233.
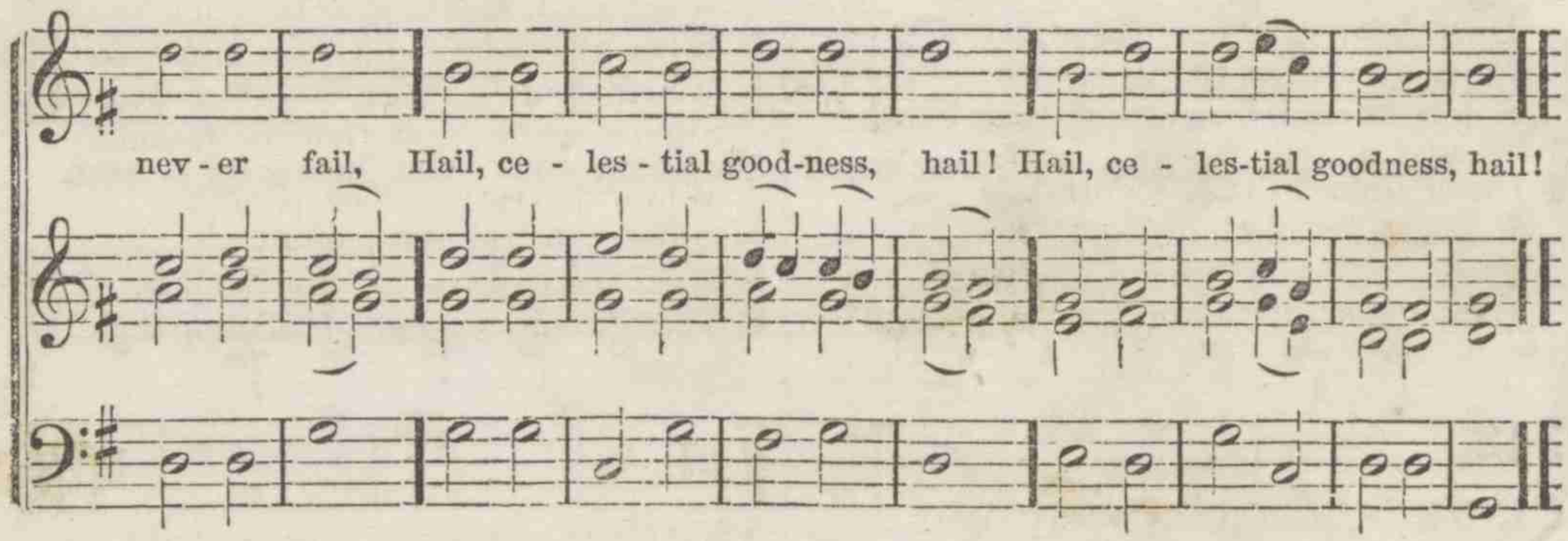
MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph! through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise.

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christian, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

No. 128. HENDON. 7s. MALAN.





339. BAPTIST PSALMODY 113.
PSALMIST . . . 115.

HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

340. BAPTIST PSALMODY 361.
PSALMIST . . . 441.

HASTE, O sinner; now be wise:
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner; now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

5 Lord, do thou the sinner turn,
Rouse him from his senseless state;
Let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor his choice deplore too late.

DOXOLOGY.

SING we to the God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

341. BAPTIST PSALMODY 369. PSALMIST . . . 444.

SINNER, what has earth to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path, of fading flowers,
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

2 Doth a skilful, healing friend,
On thy daily path attend,
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?

3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O, can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?

4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth and soar to heaven?

342. BAPTIST PSALMODY 374. PSALMIST . . . 448.

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
Will ye not in him believe?
He has died that ye might live.

3 Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, unpardoned sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

4 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
Often with you has he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

5 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

343. BAPTIST PSALMODY. 391. PSALMIST . . . 455.

WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread.
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

344. BAPTIST PSALMODY 393. PSALMIST . . . 956.

WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crowned,
And his heart in sorrow drowned;—

3 How he yielded up his breath;
How he agonized in death;
How he lives to intercede—
Christ, our Advocate and Head.
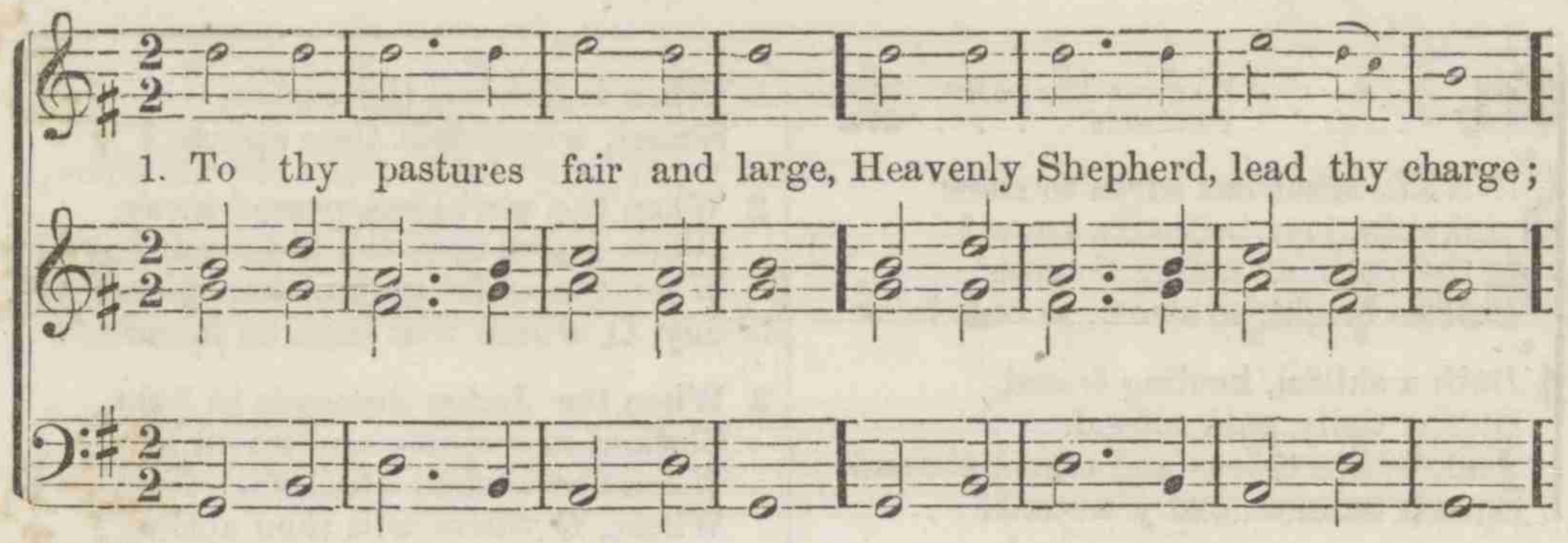
4 Tell him it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face,
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

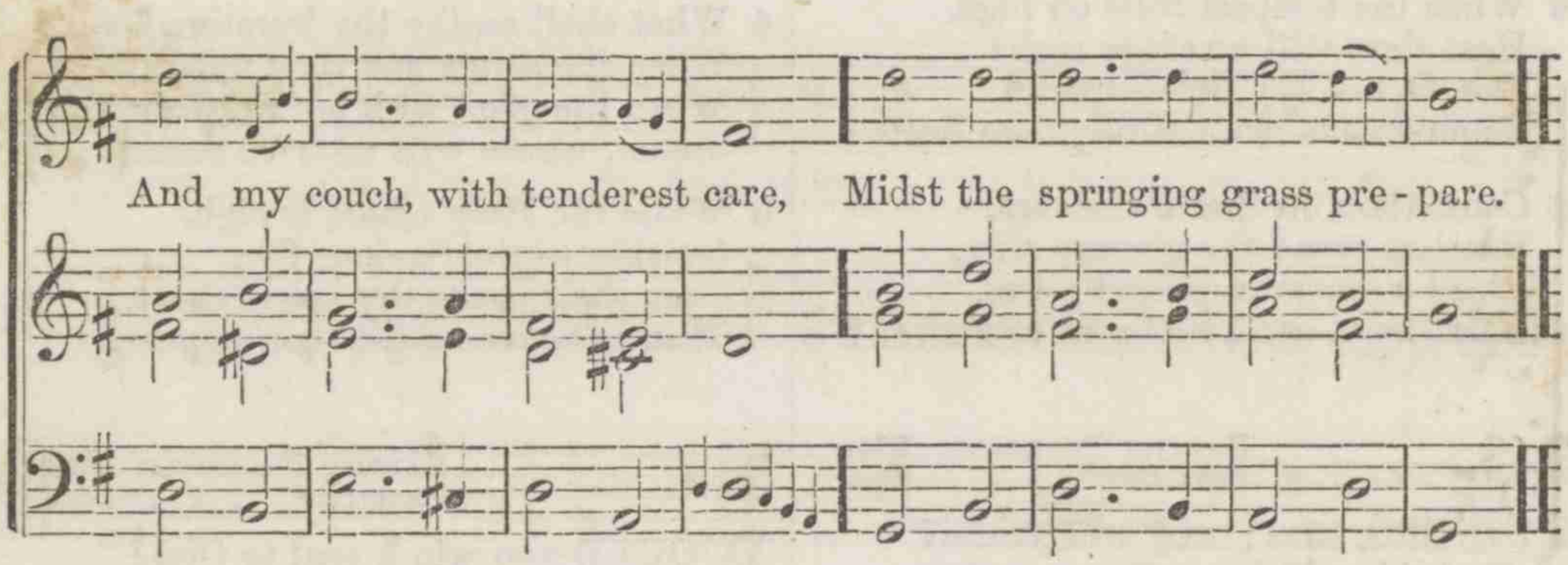
5 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven—
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

DOXOLOGY.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give.

No. 129. **PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.** PLEYEL.





345. BAPTIST PSALMODY 60.

TO thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;
And my couch, with tenderest care,
Midst the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

346. BAPTIST PSALMODY 423.
PSALMIST . . 476.

DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?—
Lo! I fall before thy feet.
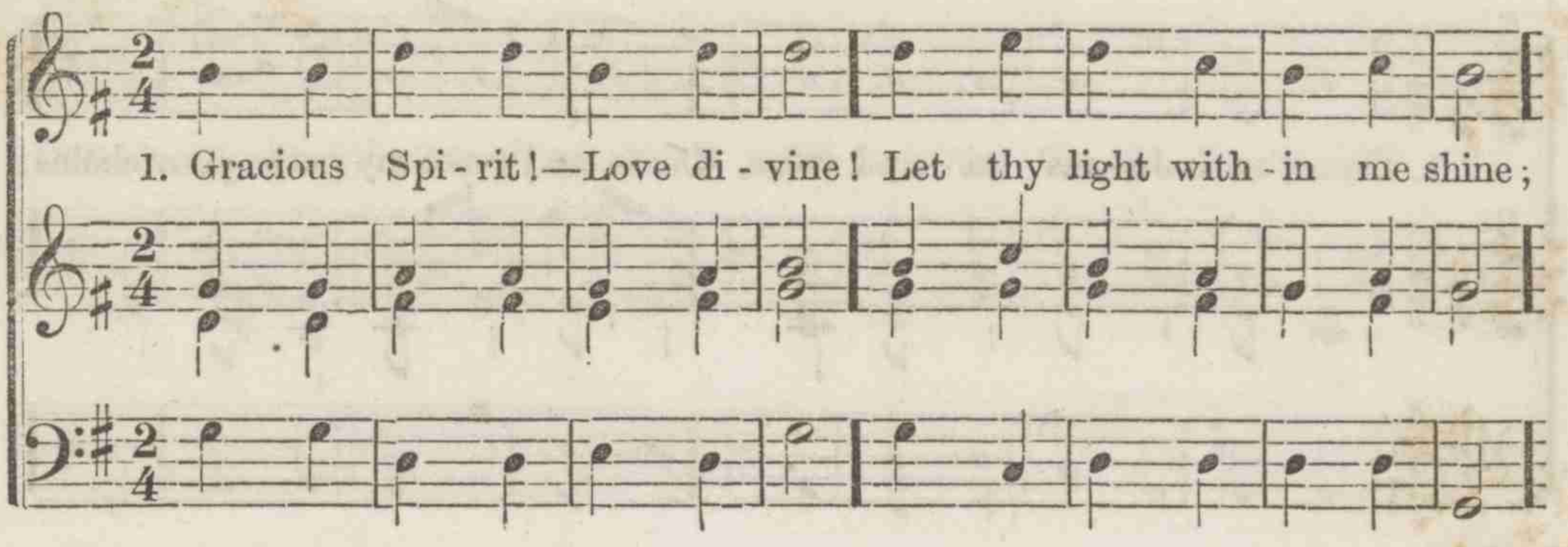
4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

347. BAPTIST PSALMODY 817.
PSALMIST (Sup.) 85.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

3 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

No. 130. **RYLAND. 7s.**



348. BAPTIST PSALMODY 261. PSALMIST . . . 371.

GRACIOUS Spirit!—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lend me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

349. BAPTIST PSALMODY 491. PSALMIST (Sup.) 64.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis the Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

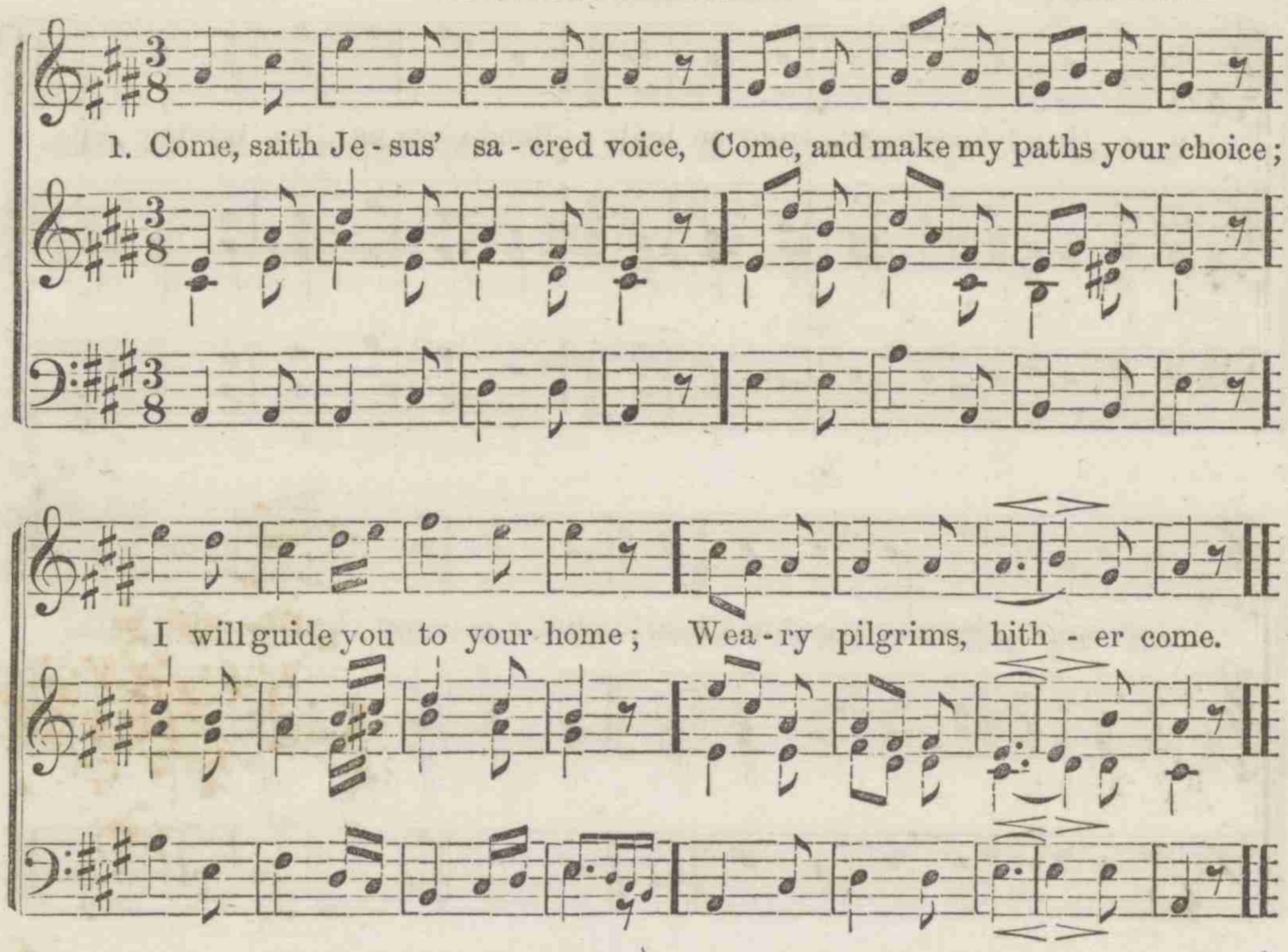
3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love 's so weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

No. 131. HORTON. 7s. WARTENSEE.



350. BAPTIST PSALMODY 327. PSALMIST . . . 413.

COME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrims, hither come.

2 Hither come; for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

351. BAPTIST PSALMODY 494. PSALMIST . . . 1151.

WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to Heaven's blest mansions soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose words and thoughts are one;—

3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by thee ordained;—

4 He who trusts in Christ alone;
Not in aught himself has done;—
He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessings share,

352. BAPTIST PSALMODY 588. PSALMIST (Sup.) 16.

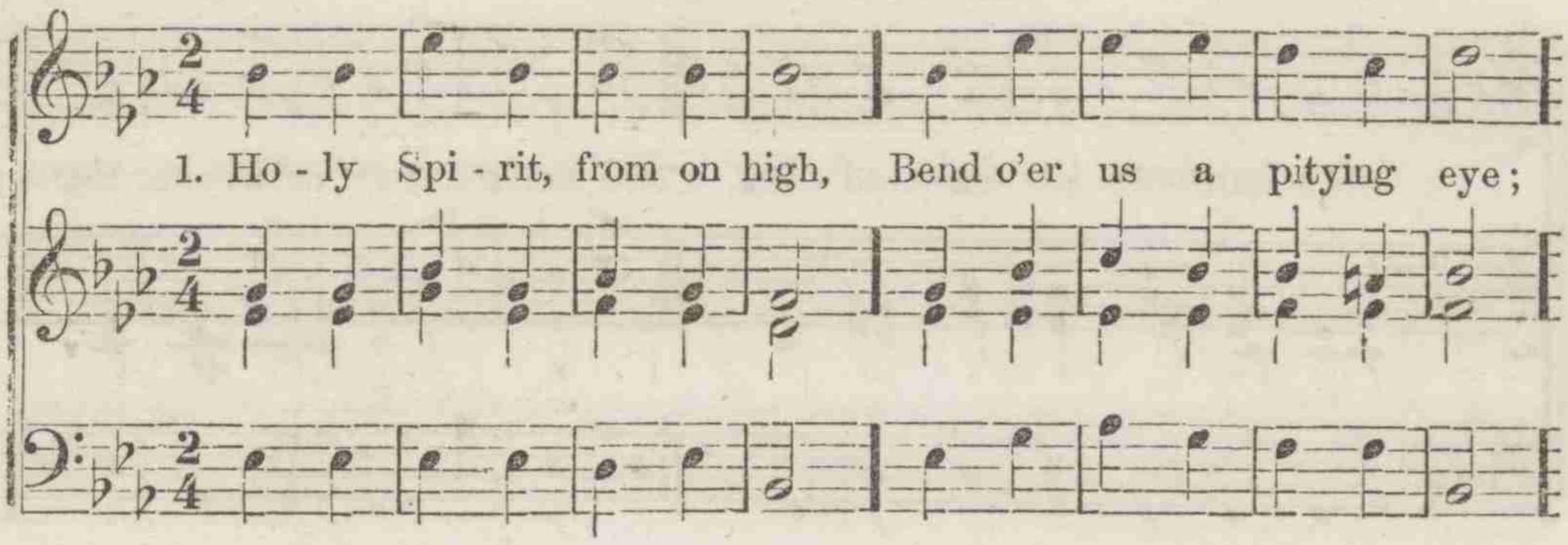
OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me,
I to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee.

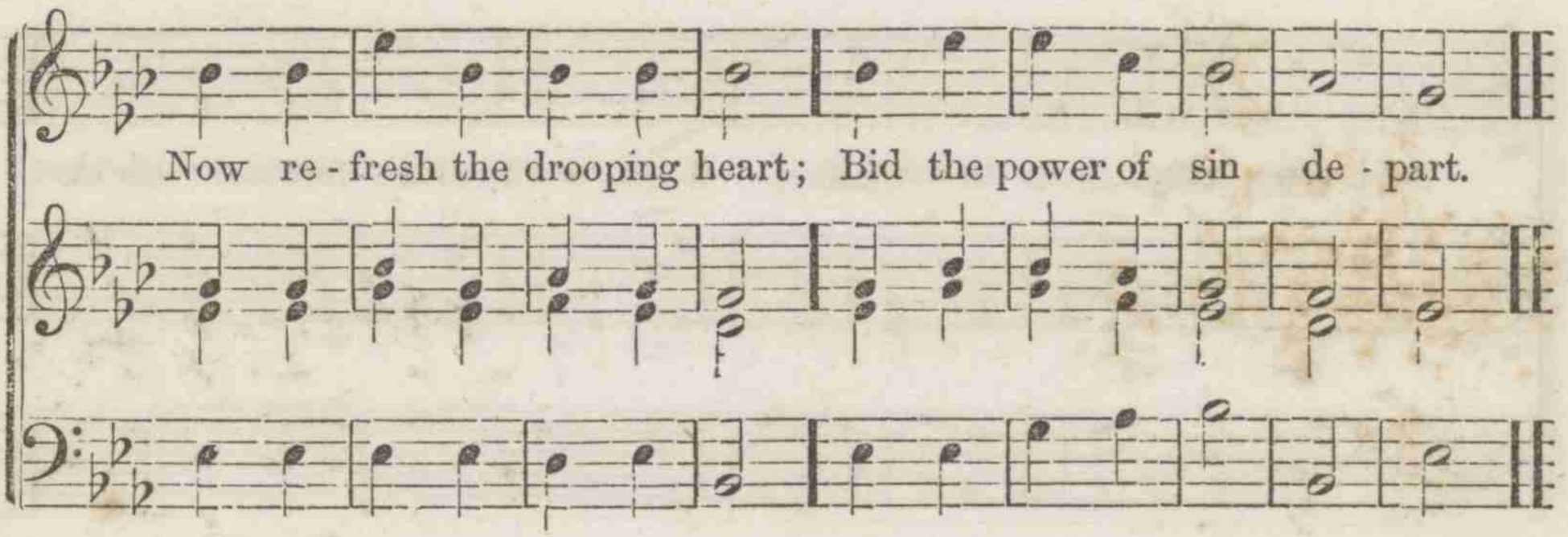
2 Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'T is no longer death to die.

4 Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine;
Mine they are, if thou be mine.

No. 132. **PUMROY. 7s.**





353. BAPTIST PSALMODY 270.
PSALMIST . . . 366.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our broken spirits heal.

4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

354. BAPTIST PSALMODY 272.
PSALMIST . . . 372.

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.
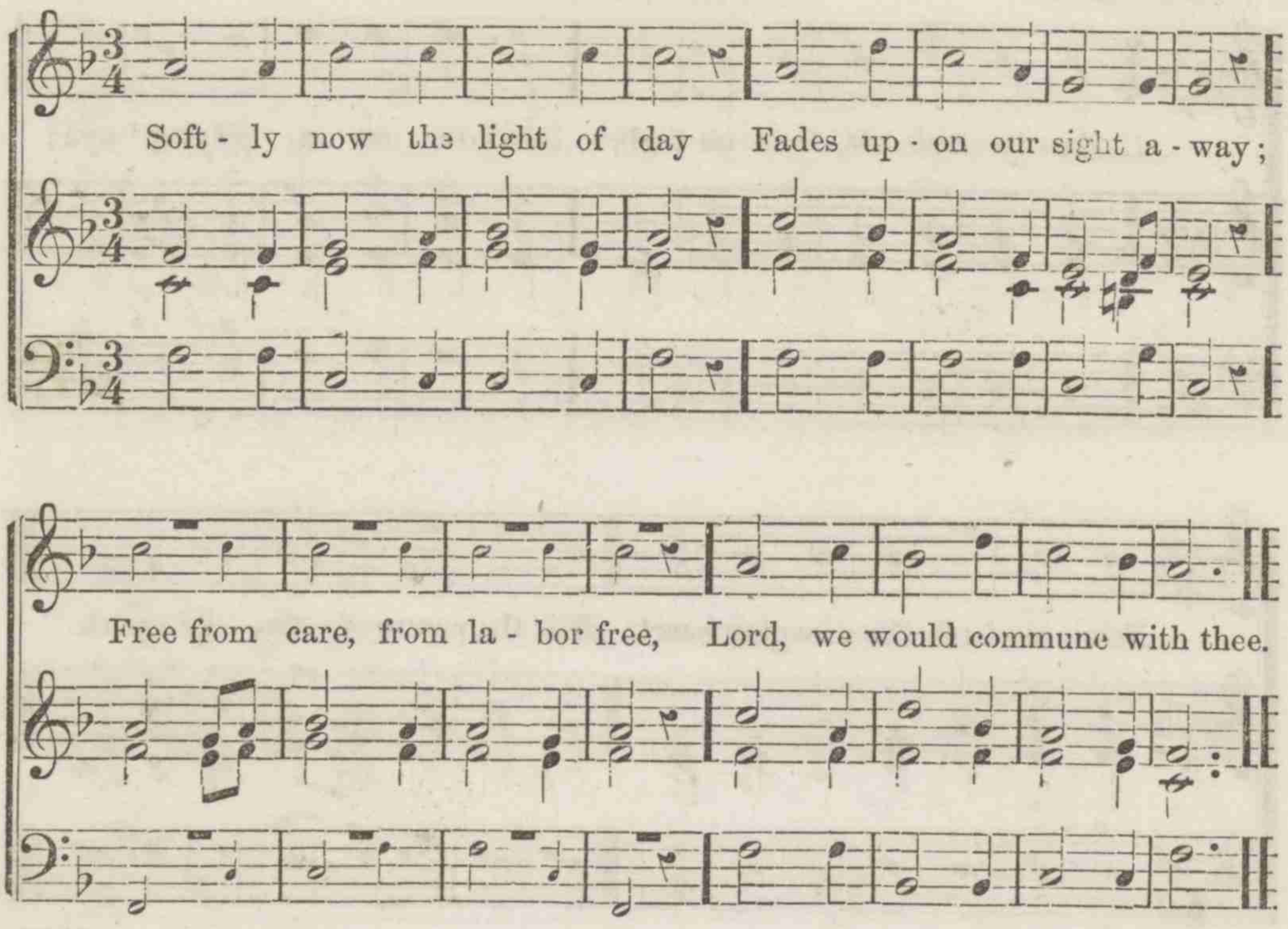
355. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1131.
PSALMIST . . . 1013.

NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now is passed the early dawn:
Lord, we would be thine to-day:
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noonday clear;
Banish every doubt and fear:
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.

3 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us all at last:
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

No. 133 **CAROLINA.** 7s. E. H SEXTON.



356. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1142.
PSALMIST . . . 1026

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

357. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1246.
PSALMIST . . . 1131.

ON that great, that awful day,
This vain world shall pass away,
And befor · the Maker stand
All the creatures of his hand—

2 Then shall all the nations meet
At th' eternal judgment-seat,
And, unveiled before his eye,
All the works of man shall lie.

3 O, in that destroying hour,
Source of goodness, Source of power,
Show thou, of thine own free grace,
Help unto a helpless race.

4 Hear, and pity; hear, and aid;
Spare the creatures thou hast made;
Fold us with the sheep that stand
Pure and safe at thy right hand

358. BAPTIST PSALMODY 740.
PSALMIST . . 573.
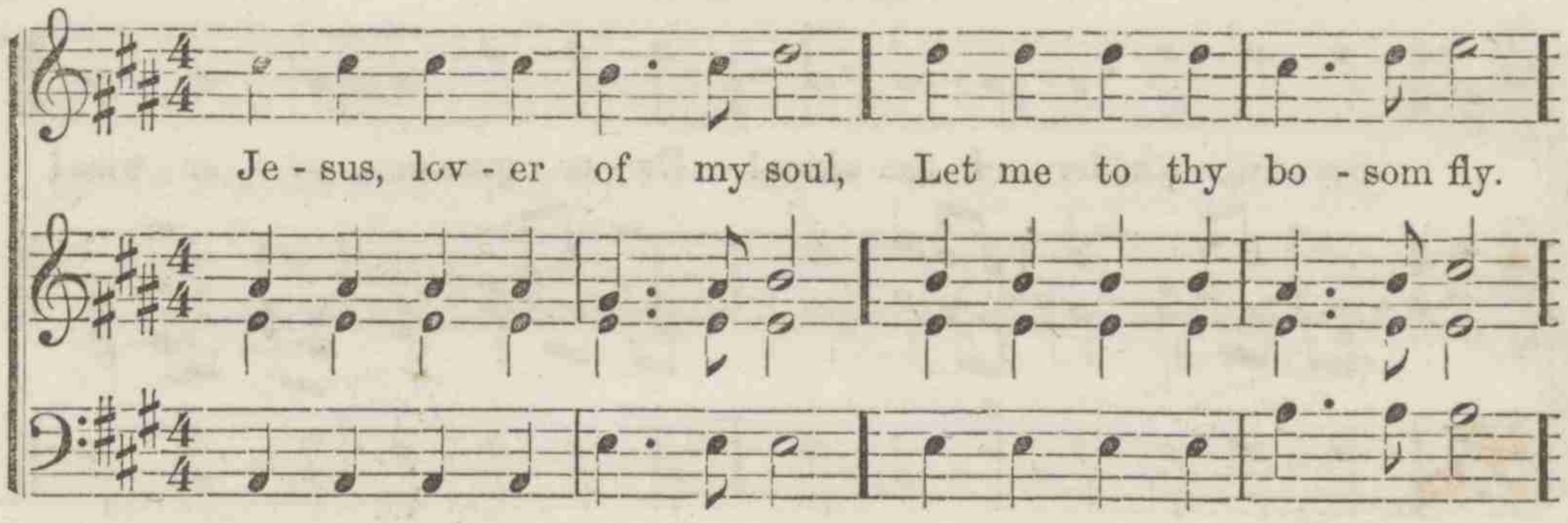
LORD, my times are in thy hand.
All my fondest hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

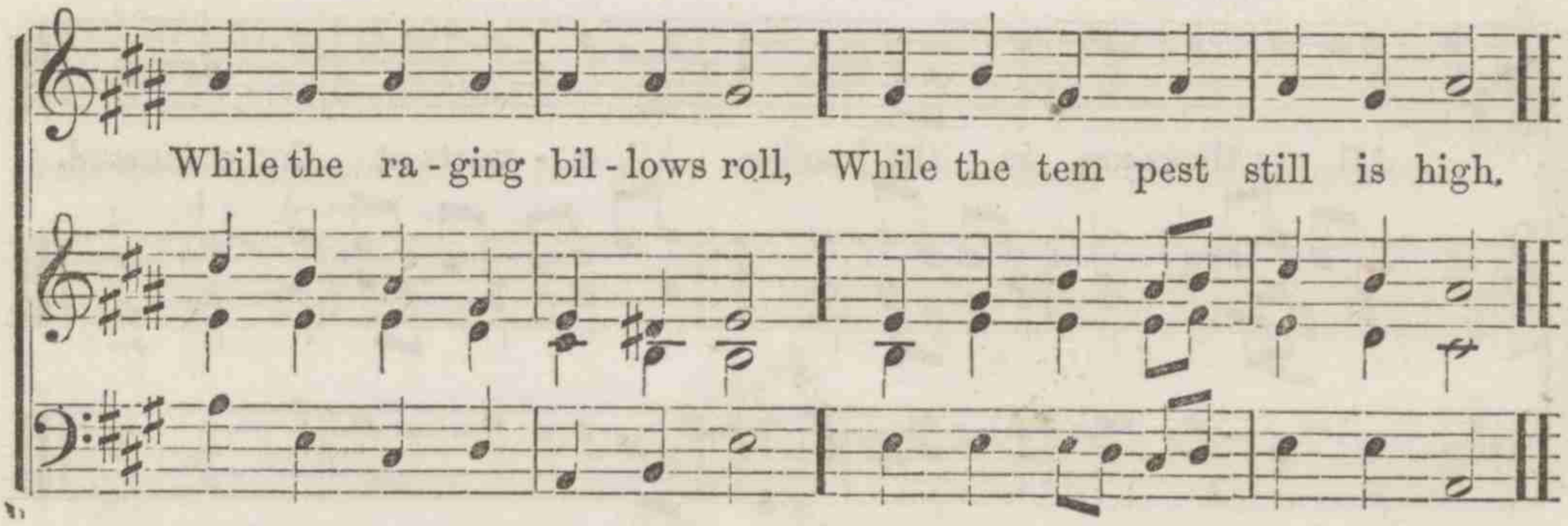
2 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

3 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot:
Anxious, busy cares, away;
I'm provided for to-day

4 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

No 134. **ALBA 7s.** FROM "NEW THES MUSICUS"





359. BAPTIST PSALMODY 543.
PSALMIST . . . 285.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last!

2 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.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want!
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and heal the blind.

Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover 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!

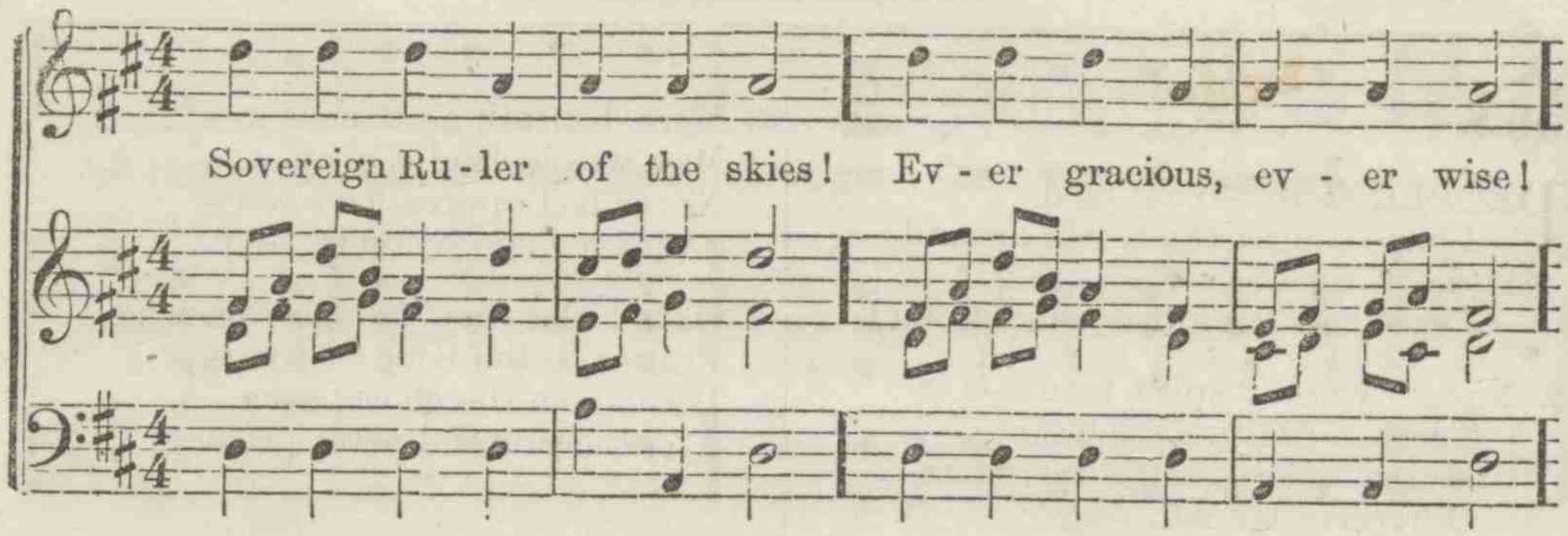
360. BAPTIST PSALMODY 826.
PSALMIST . . . 622.
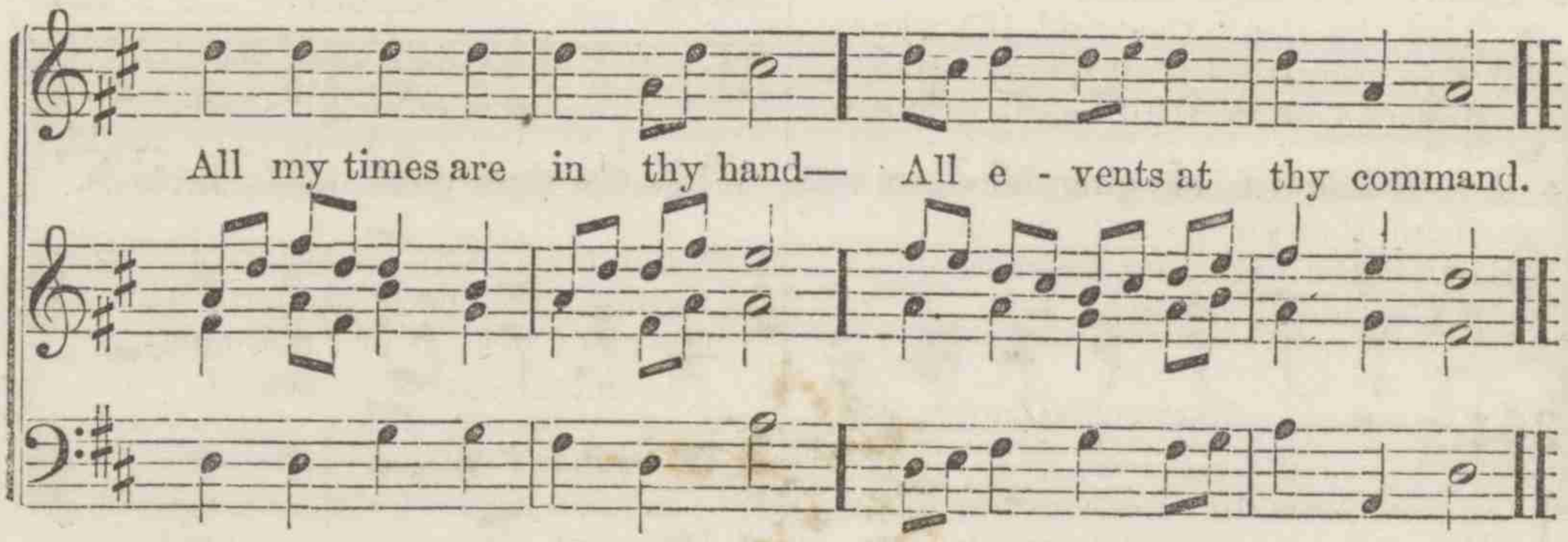
THEY who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger 's nigh;
Wide his sheltering wings are spread,
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
Christians are Jehovah's care;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep:
Death and danger may be near;
Faith and love have naught to fear.

No. 135. LEBANON. 7s.





361. BAPTIST PSALMODY 51.
PSALMIST (Sup.) 2.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand—
All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief;

3 Times the tempter's power to prove:
Times to taste a Saviour's love.
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.

5 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess:
How can I bereavéd be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

362. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1087.
PSALMIST . . . 1049.

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 an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 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.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view:

Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love:
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

363. BAPTIST PSALMODY 913.
PSALMIST . . . 695.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.

3 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.

4 Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more
Every idol I resign.

364. BAPTIST PSALMODY 959.
PSALMIST . . . 932.

LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest;—

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

365. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1103.
PSALMIST . . . 999.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey—
Never feel oppression's rod—
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

366. BAPTIST PSALMODY 991.
PSALMIST . . . 893.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come.

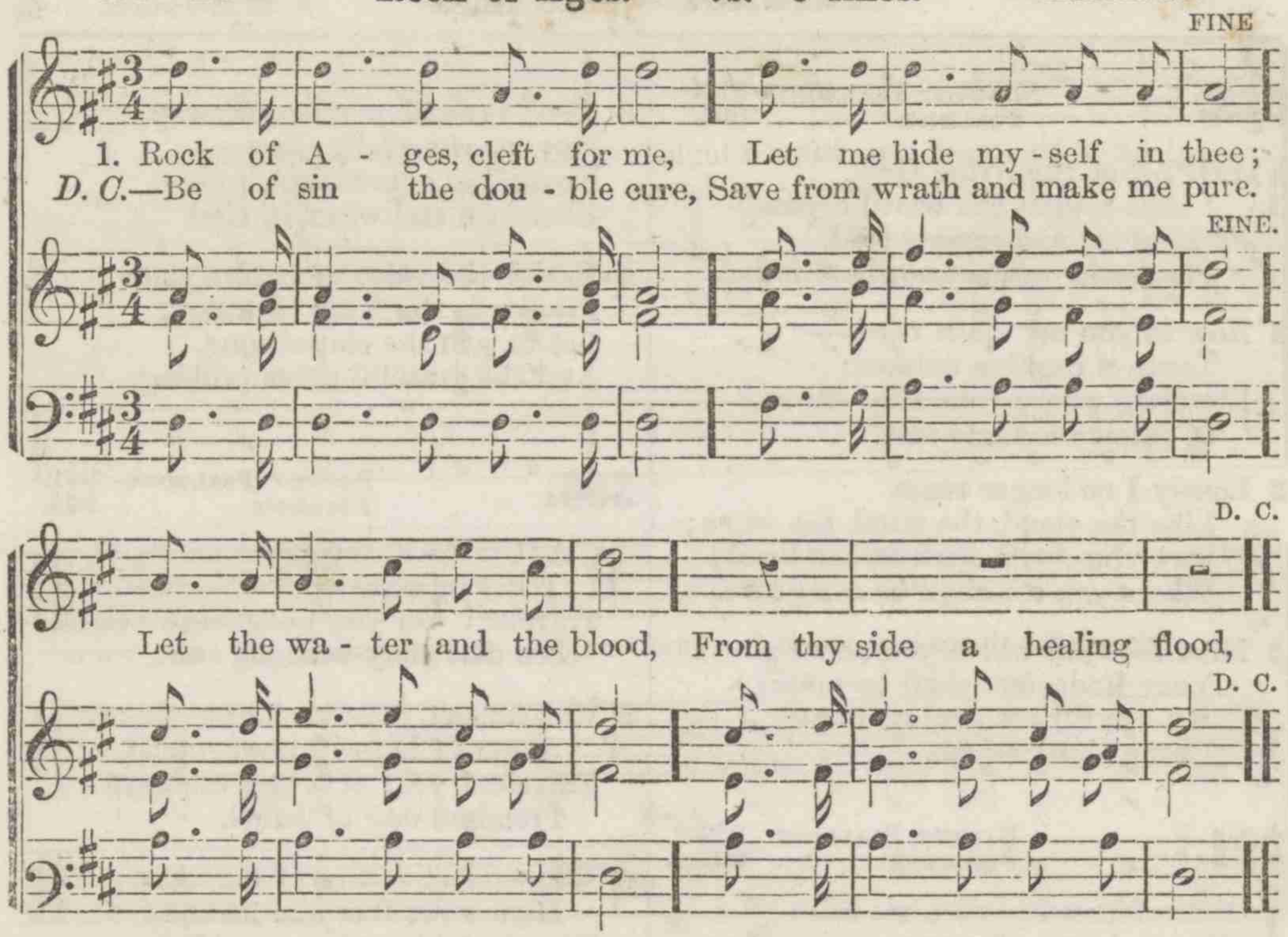
DOXOLOGY.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give.

DOXOLOGY.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 136. "Rock of Ages." 7s. 6 lines. HASTINGS.



367. BAPTIST PSALMODY 208. PSALMIST . . . 282.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

368. BAPTIST PSALMODY 430. PSALMIST (Sup.) 27.

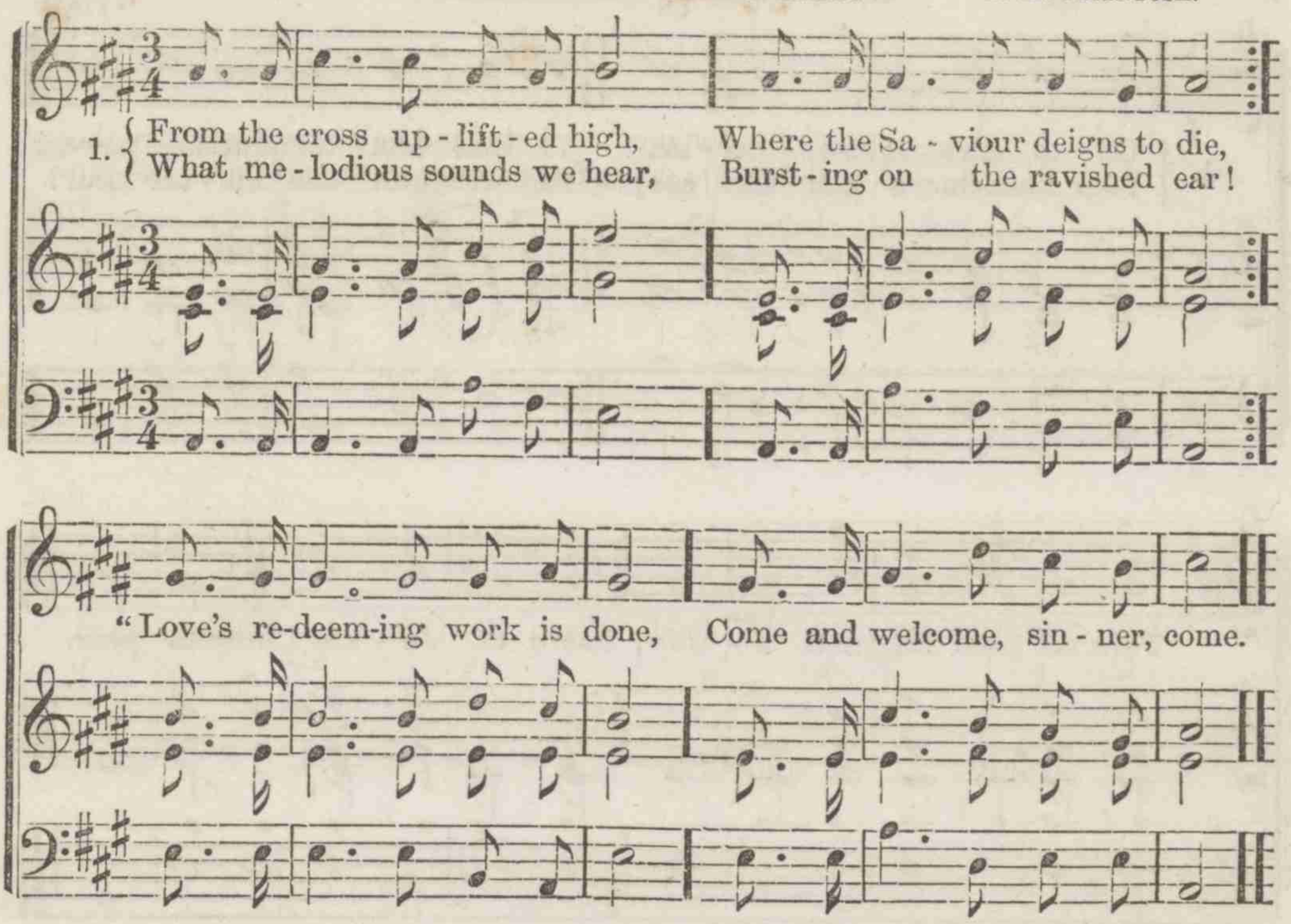
AM I called? and can it be!
Has my Saviour chosen me?
Guilty, wretched as I am,
Has he named my worthless name?
Vilest of the vile am I,
Dare I raise my hopes so high?

2 Am I called? I dare not stay,
May not, must not disobey;
Here I lay me at thy feet,
Clinging to the mercy-seat:
Thine I am, and thine alone;
Lord, with me thy will be done.

3 Am I called? what shall I bring,
As an offering to my King?
Poor and blind, and naked, I,
Trembling at thy footstool lie:
Naught but sin I call my own,
Nor for sin can sin atone.

4 Am I called? an heir of God!
Washed, redeemed, by precious blood!
Father, lead me in thy hand,
Guide me to that better land,
Where my soul shall be at rest,
Pillowed on my Saviour's breast.

No. 137. **OXFORD.** 7s. 6 lines. R. M. McINTOSH.



369. BAPTIST PSALMODY 338.
PSALMIST . . . 426.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with love's provision stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "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."

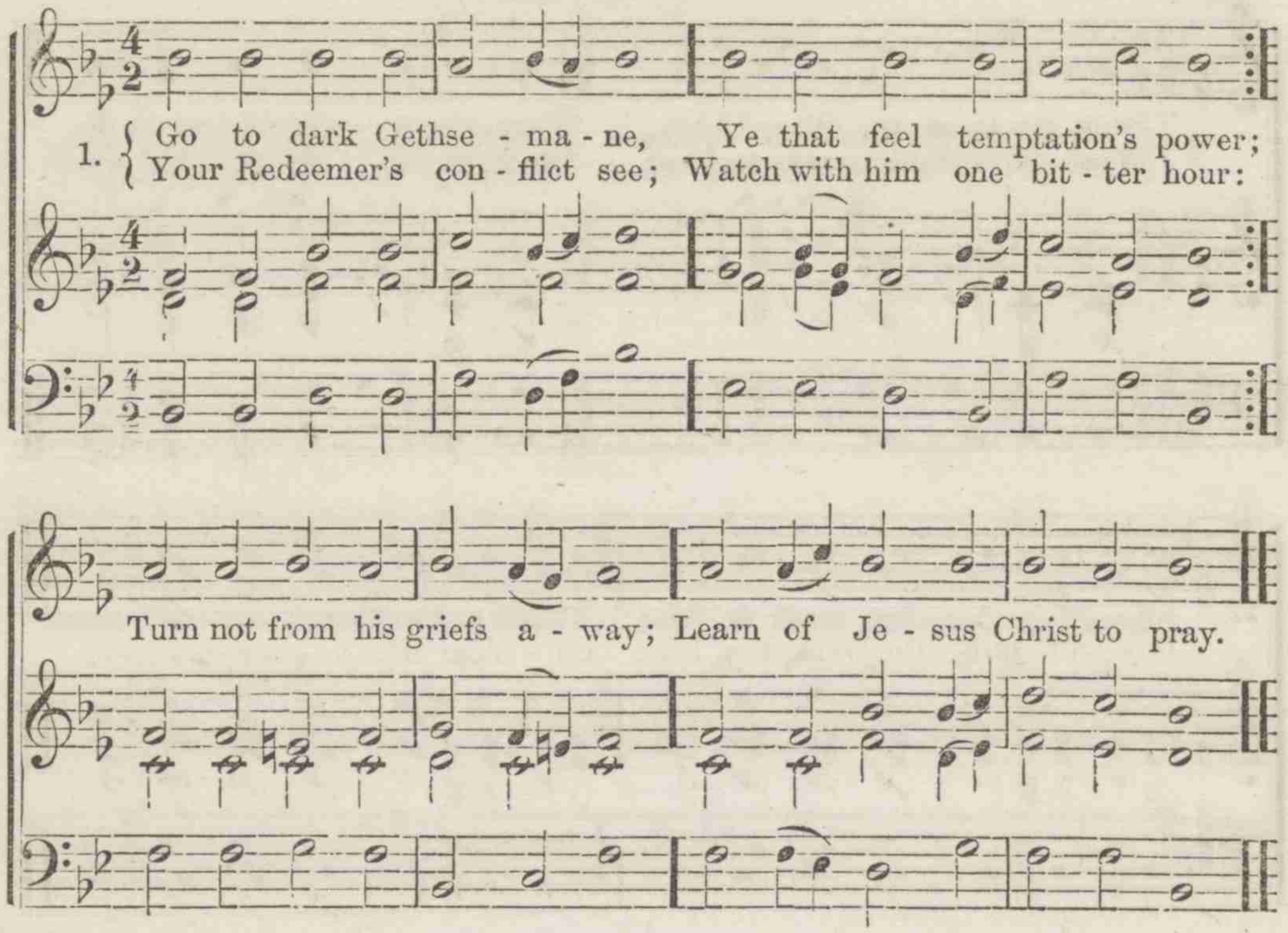
370. BAPTIST PSALMODY 211.
PSALMIST . . . 278.

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.

2 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:
Let thy inward light impart
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit thou 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 as the perfect day.

No. 138. ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines. REV. DR. MALAN.



371. BAPTIST PSALMODY 157.
PSALMIST . . . 707.

2 Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned:
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

372. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1237.

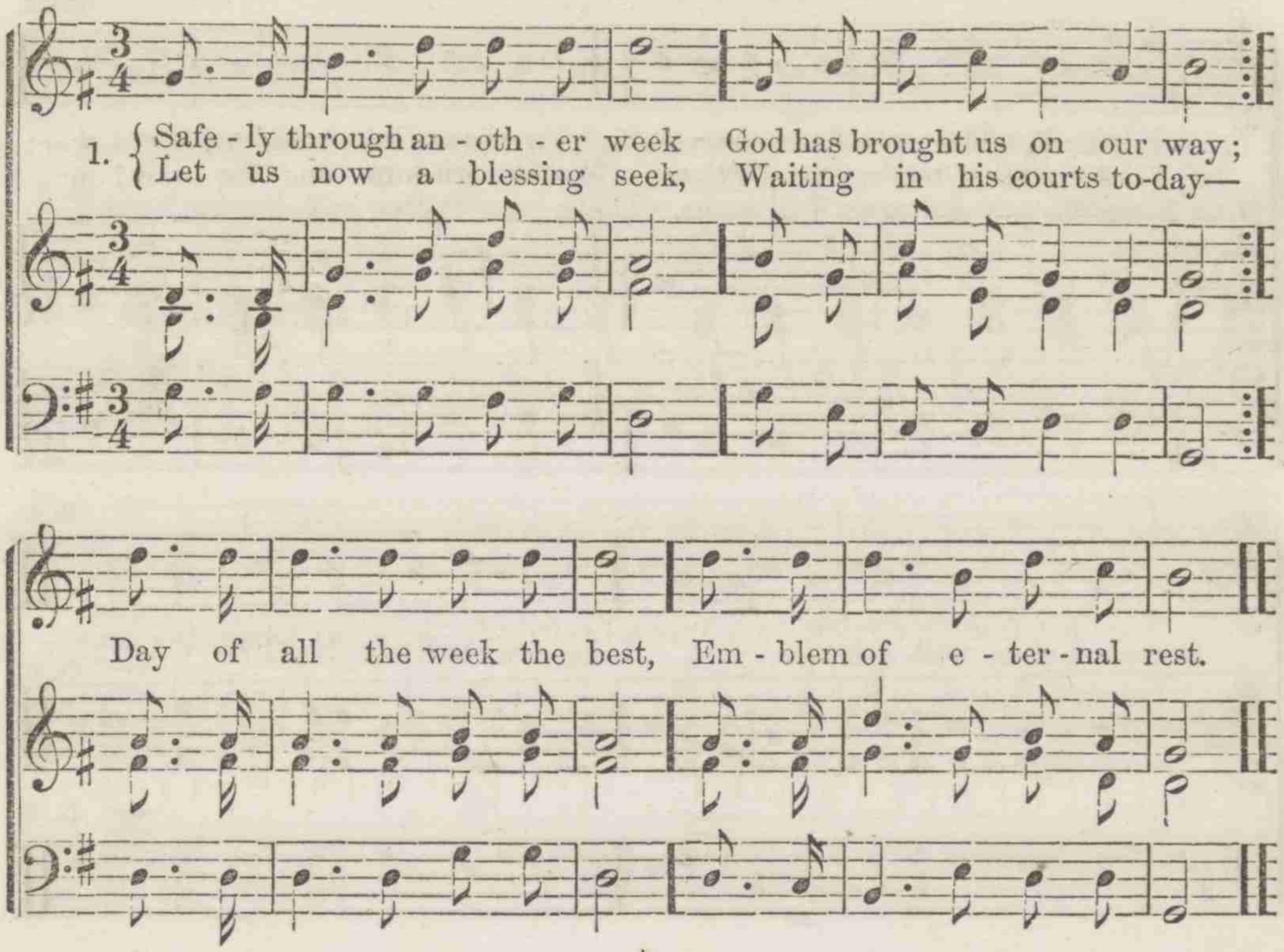
IN thy furrow, darksome grave,
Low, beneath thy heavy clod—
Deep, below the keel-ploughed wave—
Earth or ocean their abode,
Safe, though long-forgotten, lie
Seeds of immortality.

2 They must live, like precious grain
Starting into life and bloom:
They must rise, for "He must reign"—
Jesus, who despoiled the tomb—
He, the Resurrection, lives:
He the promised harvest gives.

3 See! the mighty angel stands!
Hark! the resurrection blast!
Lo! the sickle in his hands
Reaps the harvest in at last:
Heaven is filled with glorious store,
Gathered to its golden floor.

4 O my soul! is Jesus thine—
Thine his resurrection power?
'T is enough:—thy dust resign,
Till the Lord's triumphant hour;
Vile and worthless as it is,
It shall share thy spirit's bliss.

No. 139. SPRING DELL. 7s. 6 lines.



373. BAPTIST PSALMODY 854.
PSALMIST . . . 47.

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.

2 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.

3 Here we 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.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

374. BAPTIST PSALMODY 379.
PSALMIST . . . 477.

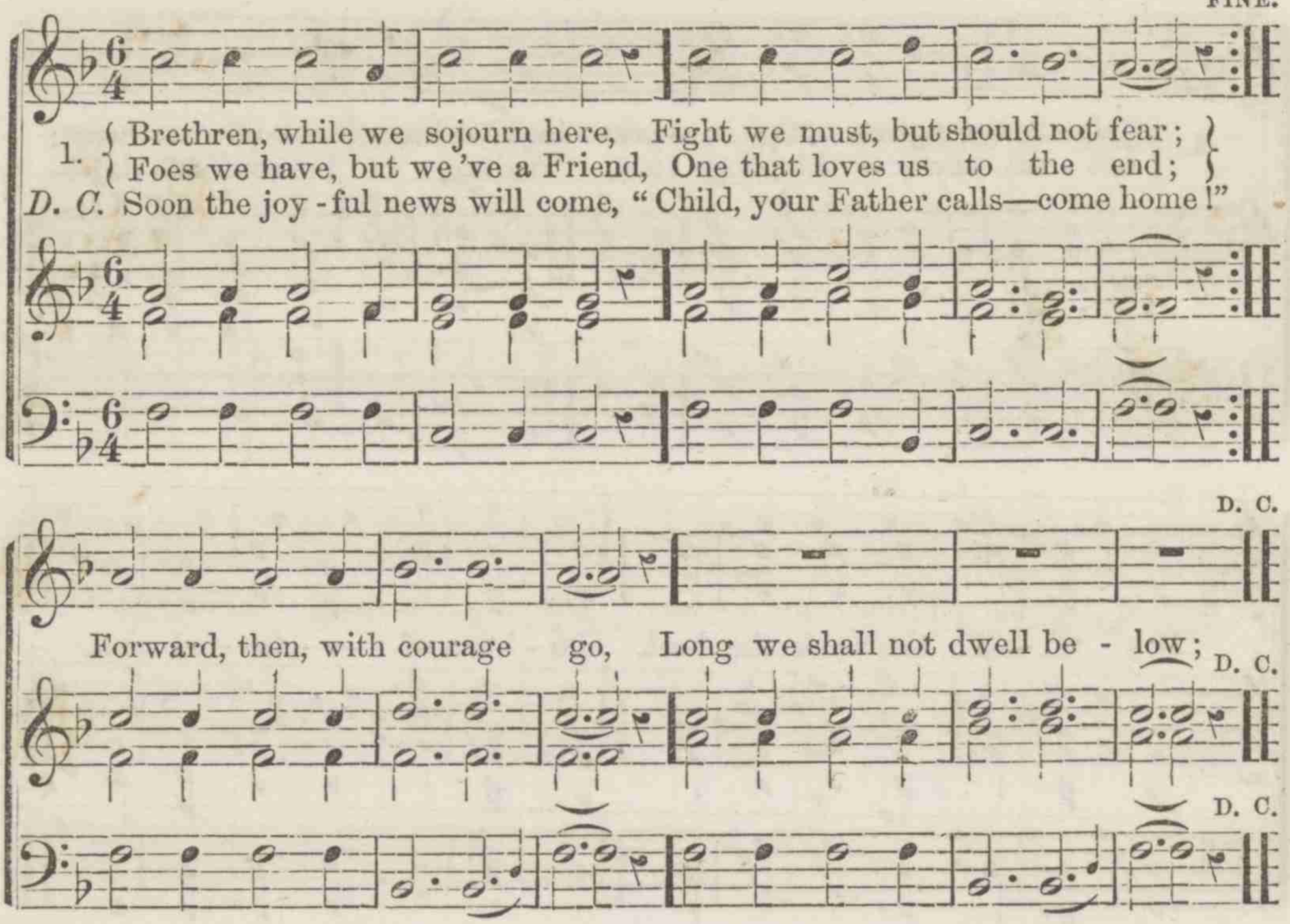
HEARTS of stone, relent, relent;
Break, by Jesus' crosss subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood:
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified th' eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head.
Plunged into his side the spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
And to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again?
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I 'll part;
Break, O, break, my bleeding heart.

No. 140. MARTYN. 7s. (Double.) S. B. MARSH.

FINE.



375. BAPTIST PSALMODY 618. PSALMIST (Sup.) 62.

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

376. BAPTIST PSALMODY 461.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

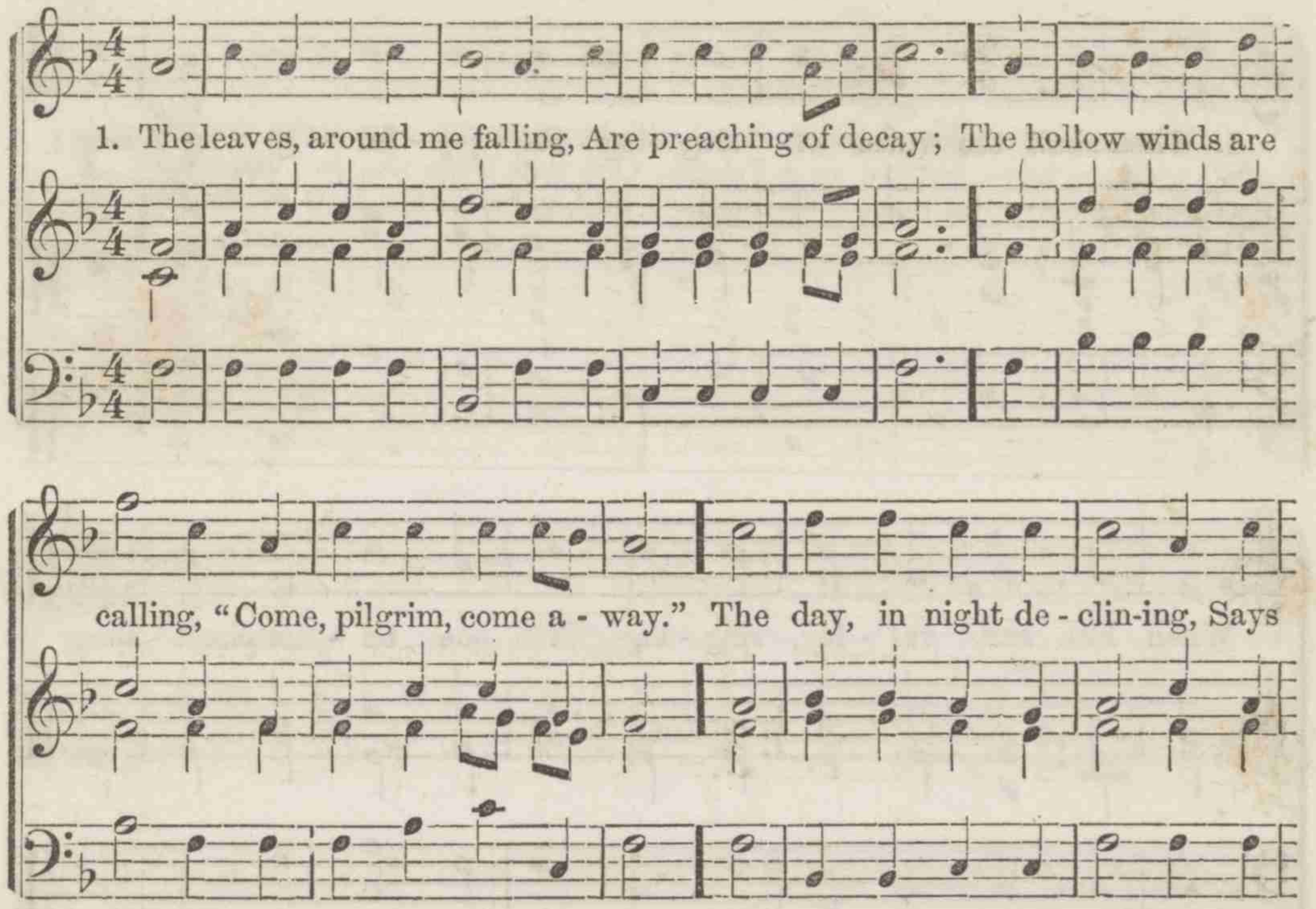
3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin:
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 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.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

No. 141. REMISSION. 7s & 6s. (Iambic.) Rev. B. MANLY. Jr., D.D.
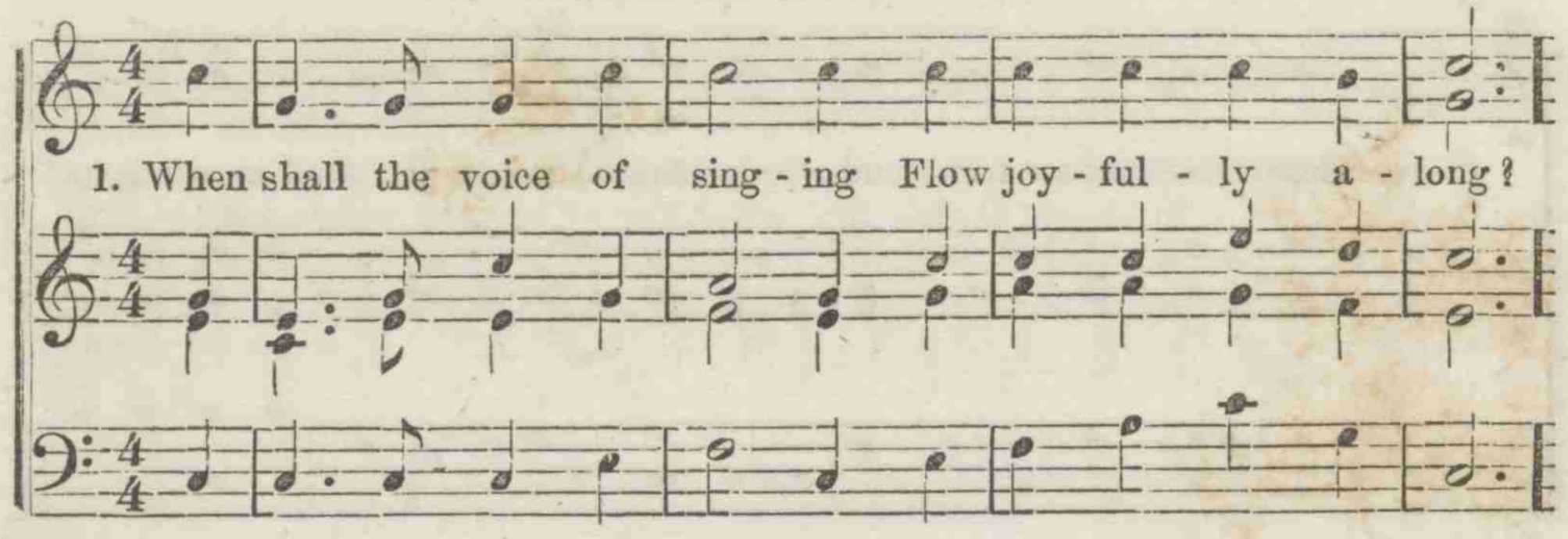


377. Baptist Psalmody 1098.
Psalmist . . . 1040.

2 The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing—
All, all, like stars at even,
Just glance and shoot away,
Pass on before to heaven,
And chide at my delay.

3 The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high,
And happy angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
"Why wait," they say, "and wither,
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
O, rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin."

4 I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,
A sinner, to salvation,
An exile to his home;
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

No. 142. MISSIONARY HYMN. (McINTOSH'S,) **7s & 6s. (Iambic.)**



378. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1015. PSALMIST . . . 907.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

379. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1019. PSALMIST . . . 917.

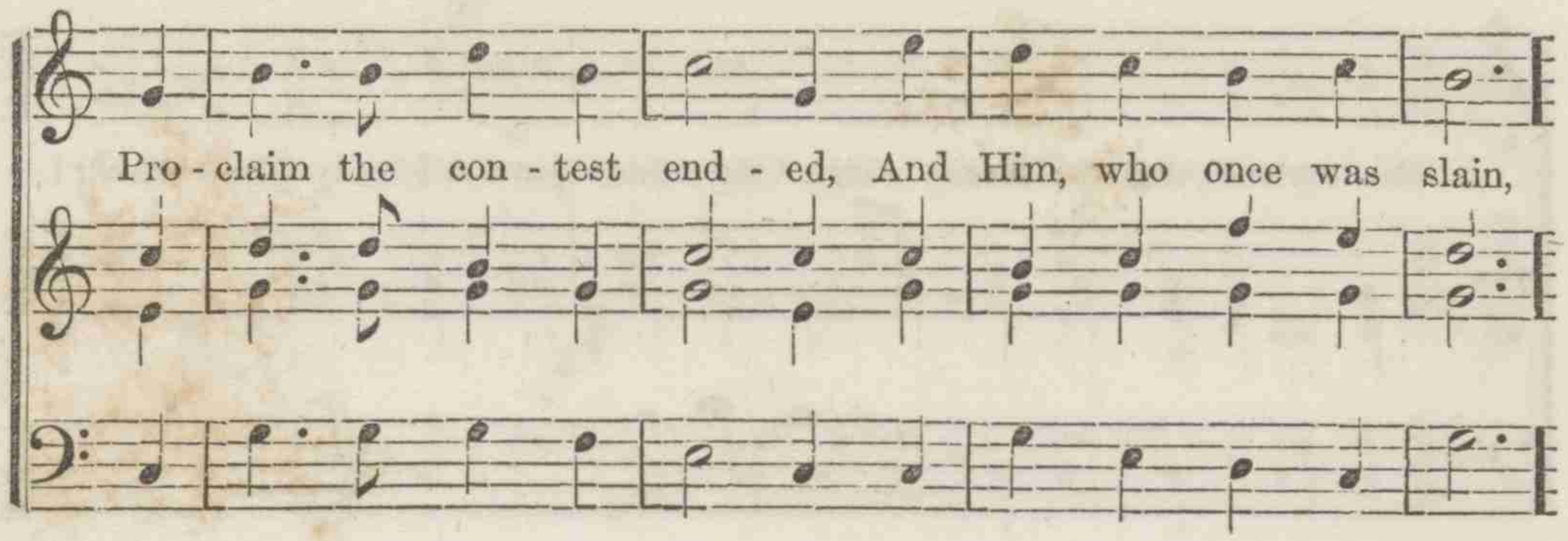
FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 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 his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose sonls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,

MISSIONARY HYMN. (Concluded.)



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.

380.

Baptist Psalmody 1017.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Til every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

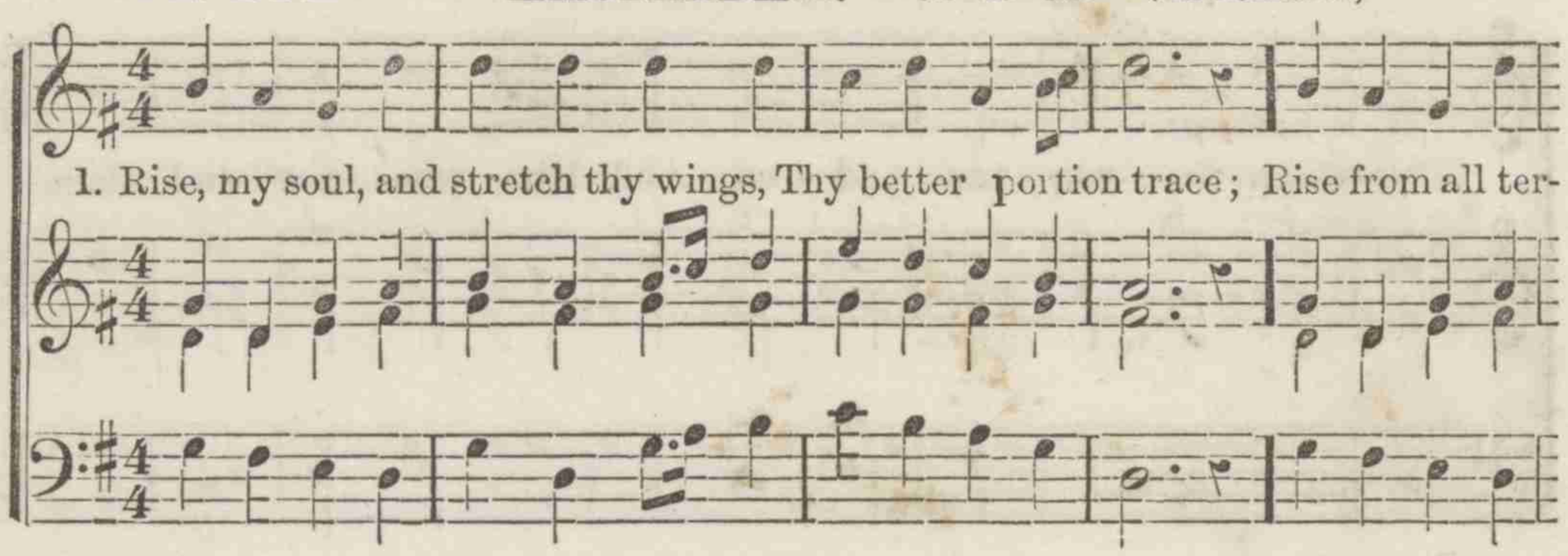
2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
Immortal Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings:
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

DOXOLOGY.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings;
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

No. 143. AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. (Trochaic.)

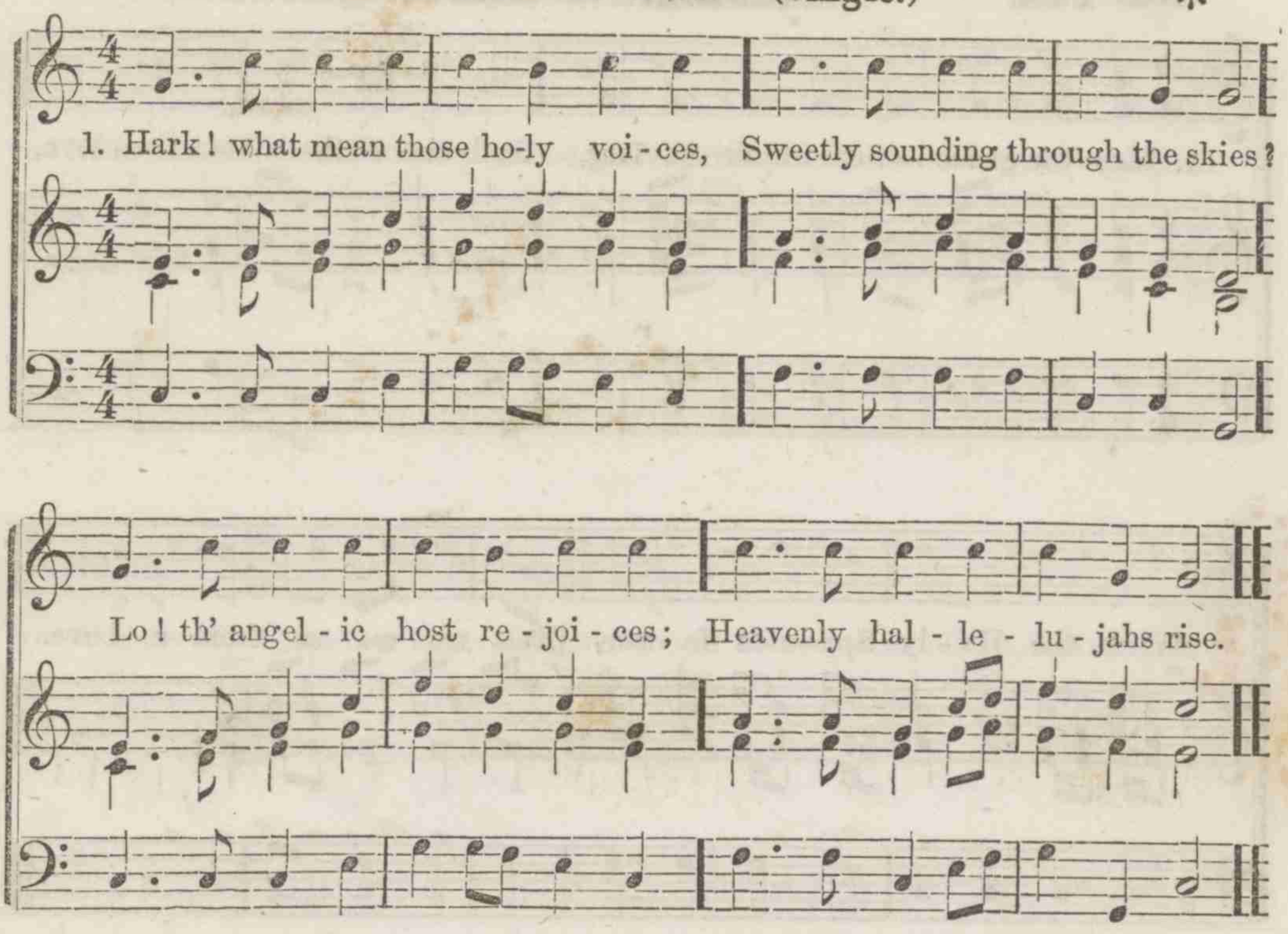


381. BAPTIST PSALMODY 626.
PSALMIST . . . 719.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from all terrestrial things,
Towards heaven, 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.

2 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.

3 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.



382. BAPTIST PSALMODY 142.
PSALMIST . . . 201.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story;
Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

383. BAPTIST PSALMODY 631.
PSALMIST . . . 674.

LET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly,
Humble all my swelling pride:
Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
Greatness from mine eyes I'll hide.

2 I'll forbid my vain aspiring,
Nor at earthly honors aim,
No ambitious heights desiring,
Far above my humble claim.

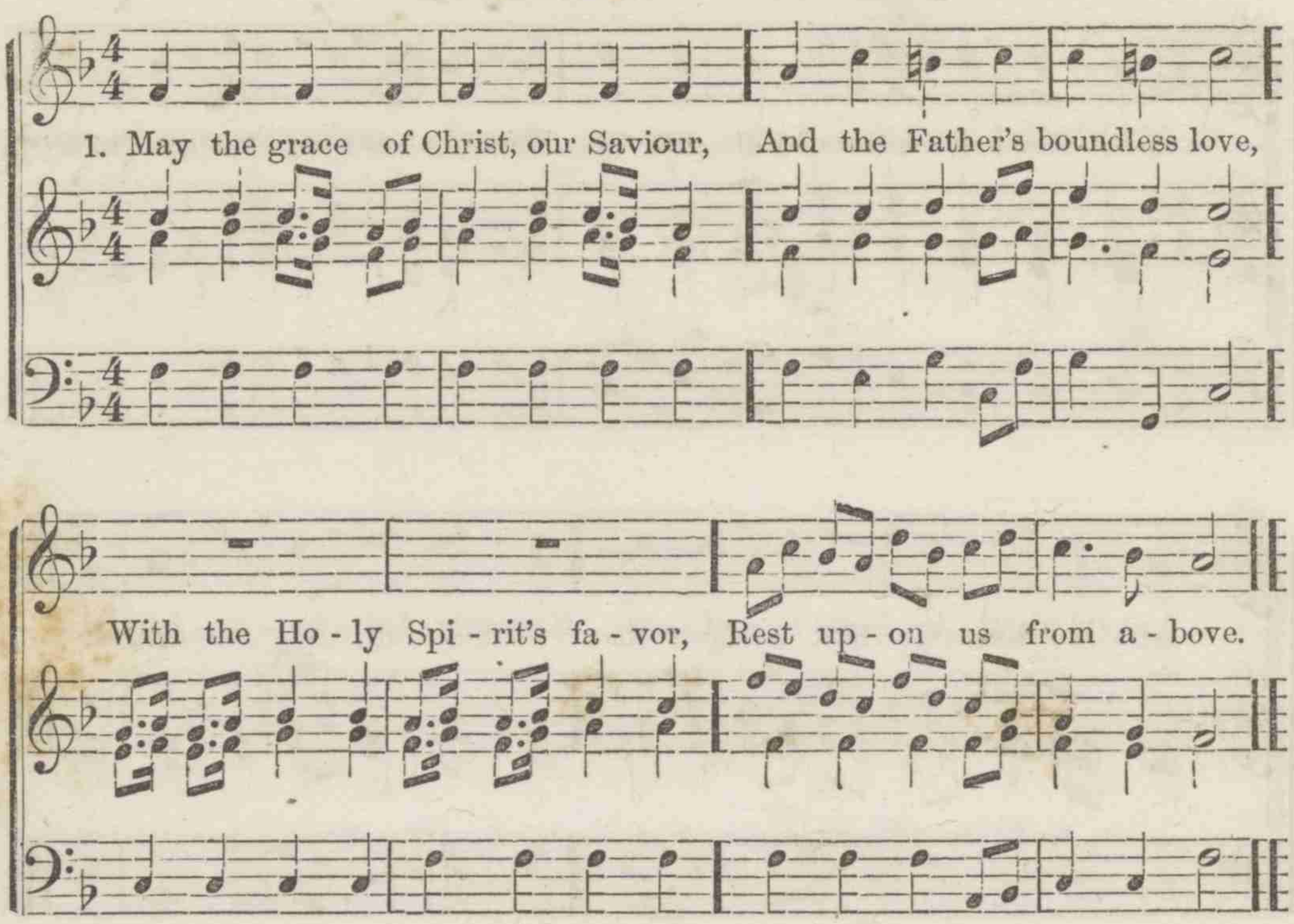
3 Weaned from earth's delusive pleasures,
In thy love I'll seek for mine;
Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,
Earth I quietly resign.

4 Thus, the transient world despising
On the Lord my hopes rely;
Thus my joys, from him arising,
Like himself, shall never die.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation—
Priest and King, enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

No. 145. SICILY. 8s & 7s. (Single.)



384. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1160.
PSALMIST . . 62.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

385. BAPTIST PSALMODY 26.
PSALMIST . . . 155.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove:
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

386. BAPTIST PSALMODY 112.
PSALMIST , . 109.

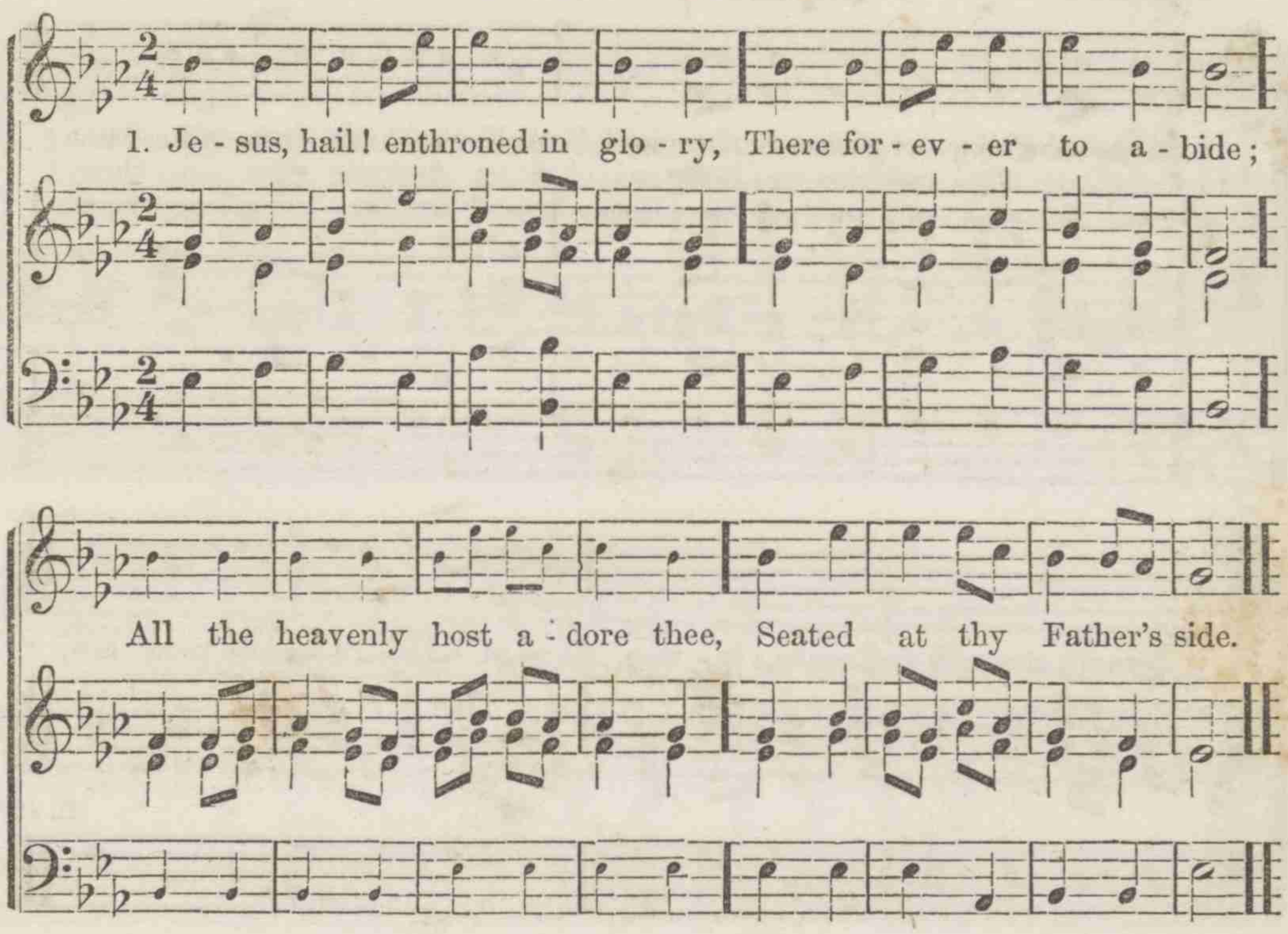
PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.

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

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

No. 146. PECK. 8s & 7s.



387. BAPTIST PSALMODY 242. PSALMIST . . . 345.

JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

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

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

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

388. BAPTIST PSALMODY 122. PSALMIST . . . 77.

PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed·
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

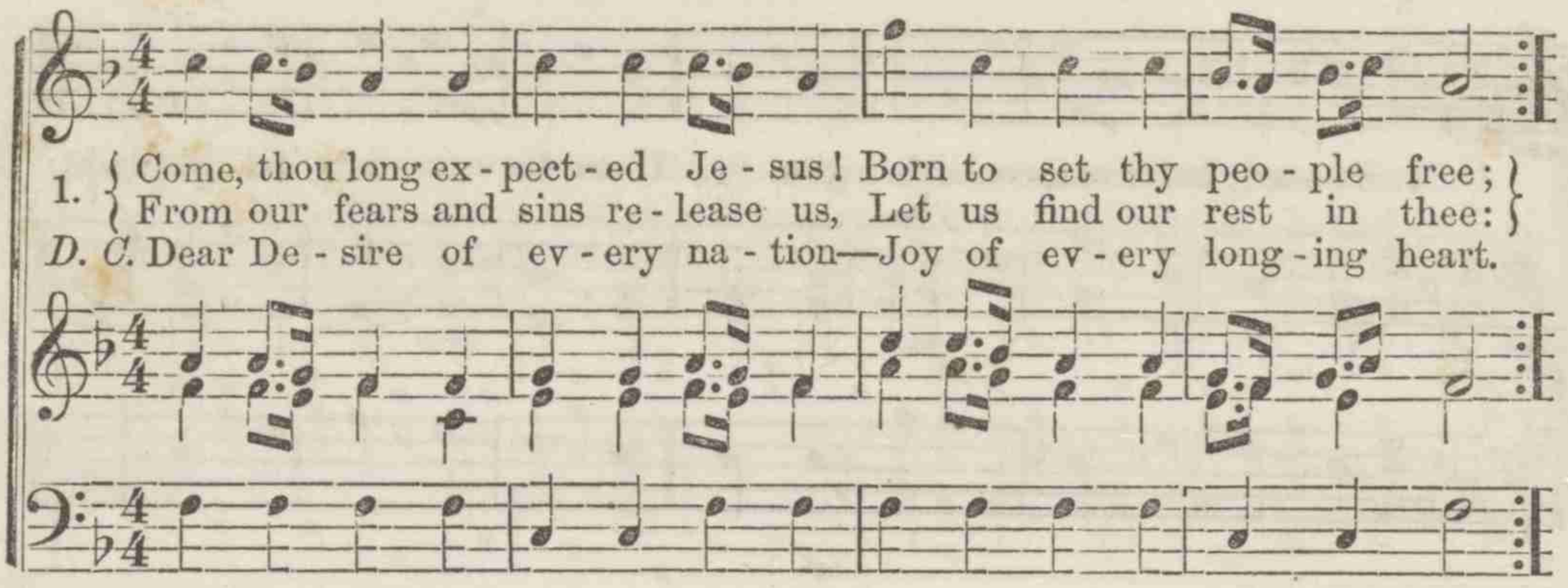
3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

389. BAPTIST PSALMODY 276. PSALMIST . . . 365.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.



390. BAPTIST PSALMODY 193.

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 every nation—
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

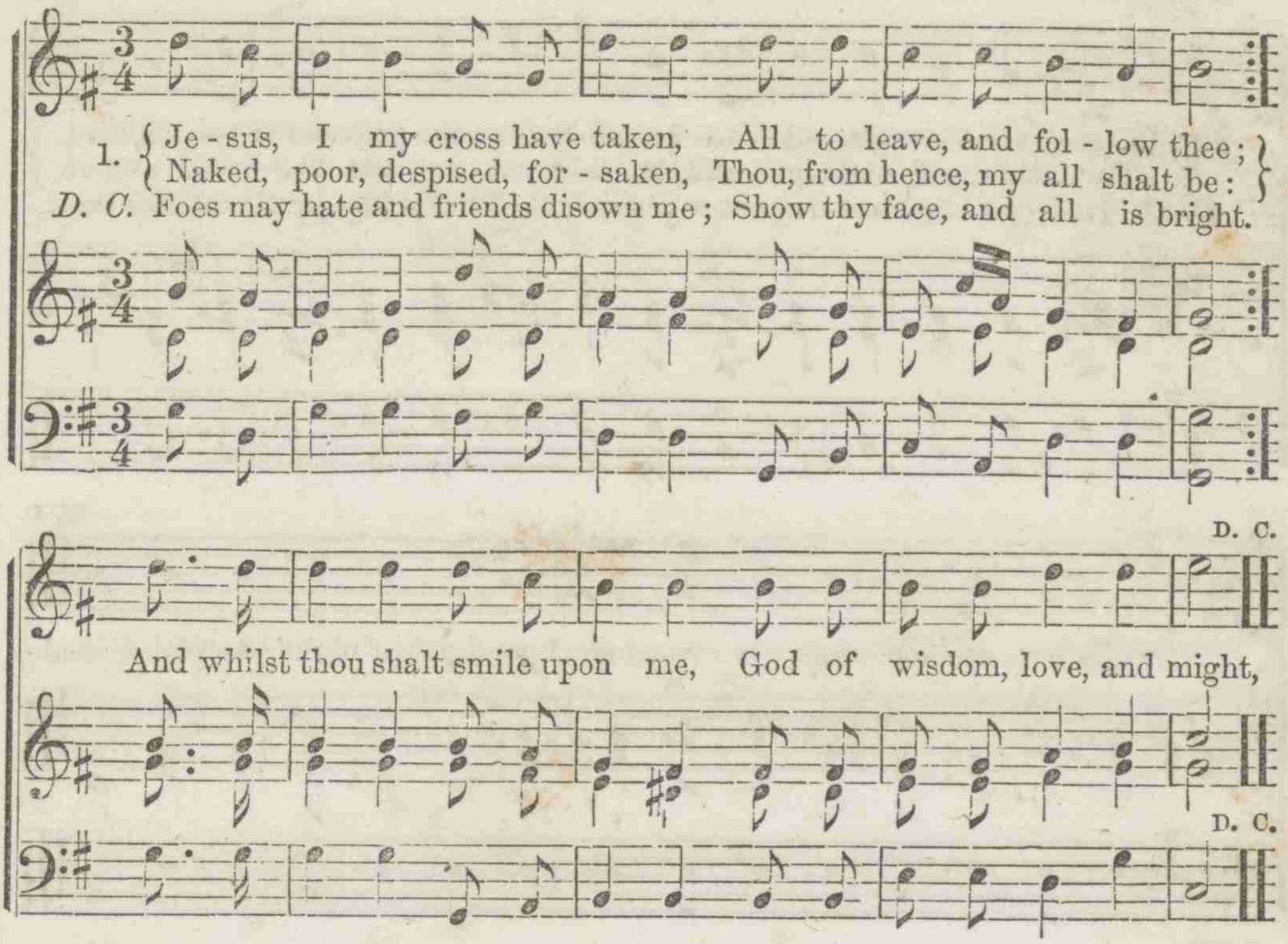
391. BAPTIST PSALMODY 536.

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, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye:
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I 'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know!

No. 148. **ROSSELLI.** 8s & 7s. Double. FROM NEW THES MUS.



392. BAPTIST PSALMODY 516.
PSALMIST . . . 530.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright

2 Man may trouble and distress me;
'T will but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy life is left to me;
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

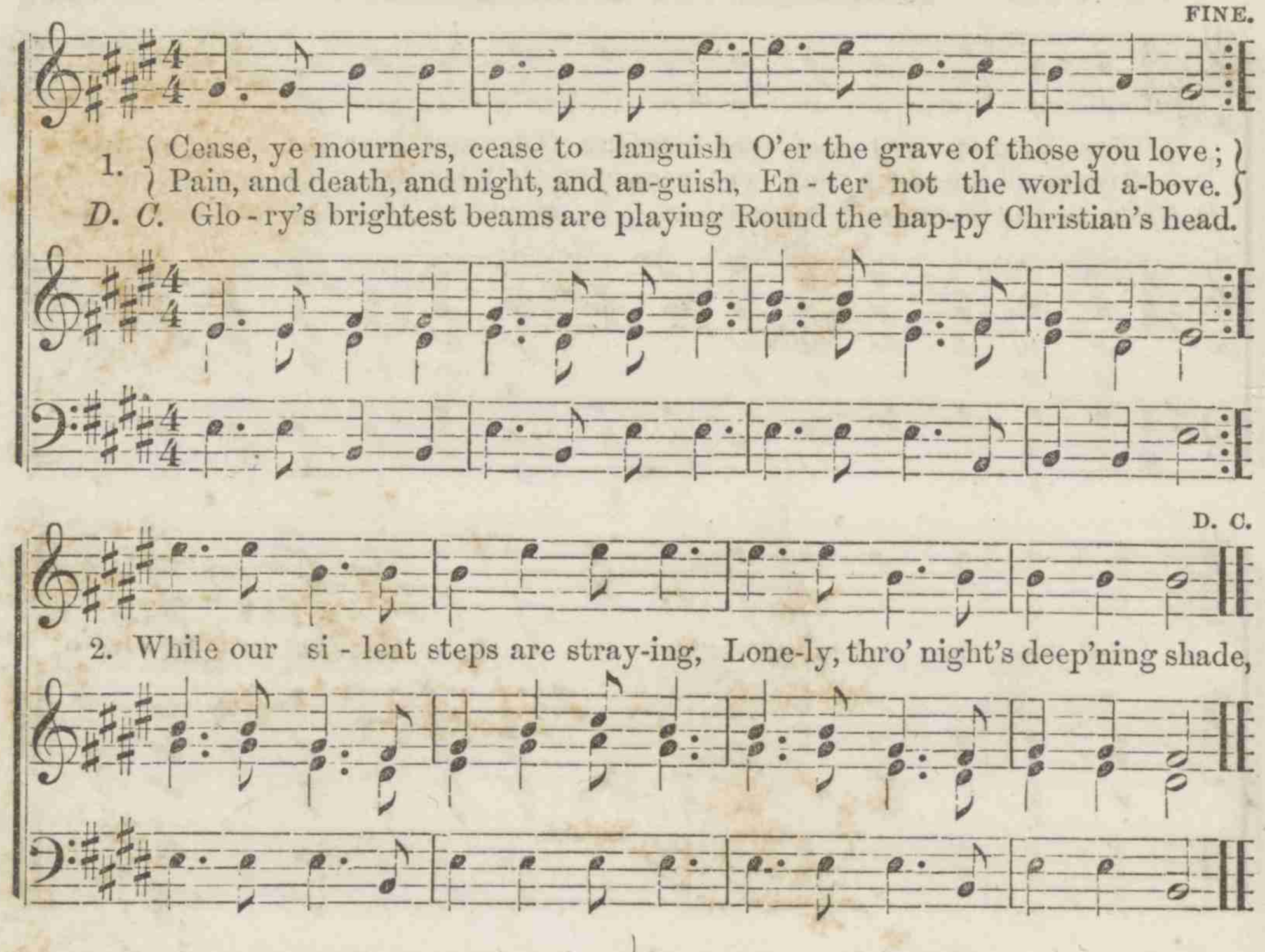
393. BAPTIST PSALMODY 664.
PSALMIST . . . 653.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, 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 every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O, breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder love, and praise.

No. 149. **ENEE. 8s & 7s. (Double.)** * *



394. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1212.
PSALMIST . . . 1112.

CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come:
There, no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

395. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1205.

WHY lament the Christian dying?
Why indulge in tears or gloom?
Calmly on the Lord relying,
He can greet the opening tomb.

2 What if death, with icy fingers,
All the fount of life congeals?
'Tis not there thy brother lingers,
'Tis not death his spirit feels.

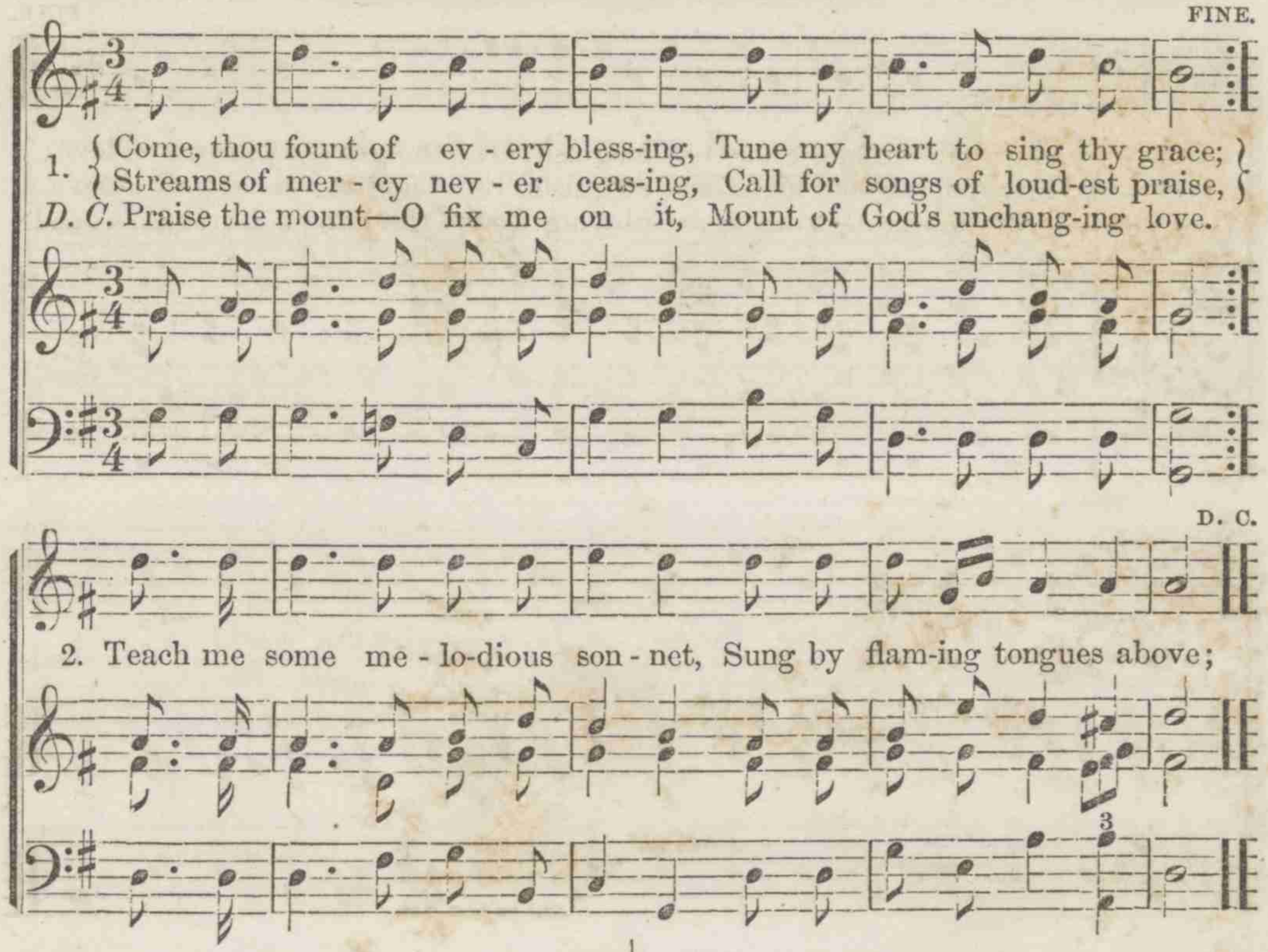
3 Though for him thy soul is mourning,
Though with grief thy heart is riven,
While his flesh to dust is turning,
All his soul is filled with heaven.

4 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
Now forbid his longer stay;
See him rise o'er death victorious,
Angels beckon him away.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation—
Priest and King, enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

No. 150. **ST. AMBROSE.** 8s & 7s. (Double.) B. H. EVERETT.



396. BAPTIST PSALMODY 578.
PSALMIST . . . 610.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

3 Here I raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God:
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!

6 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 for thy courts above.

397. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1209.
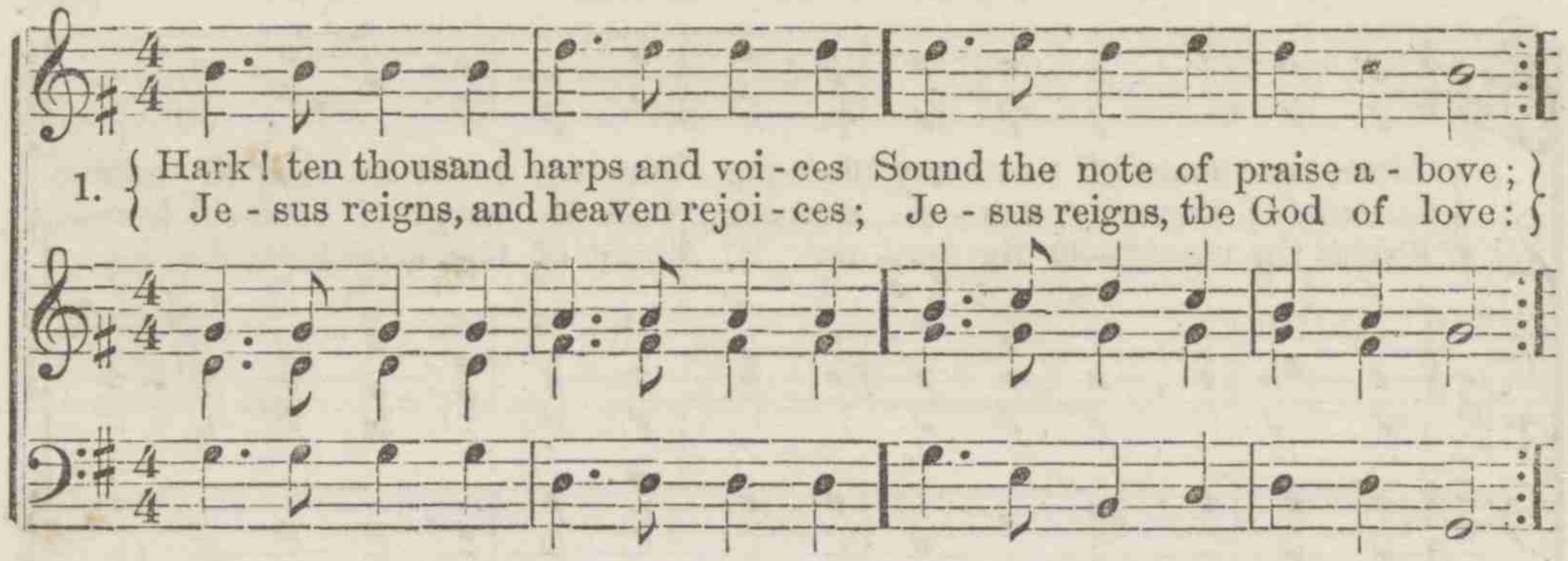
JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
Let us, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."
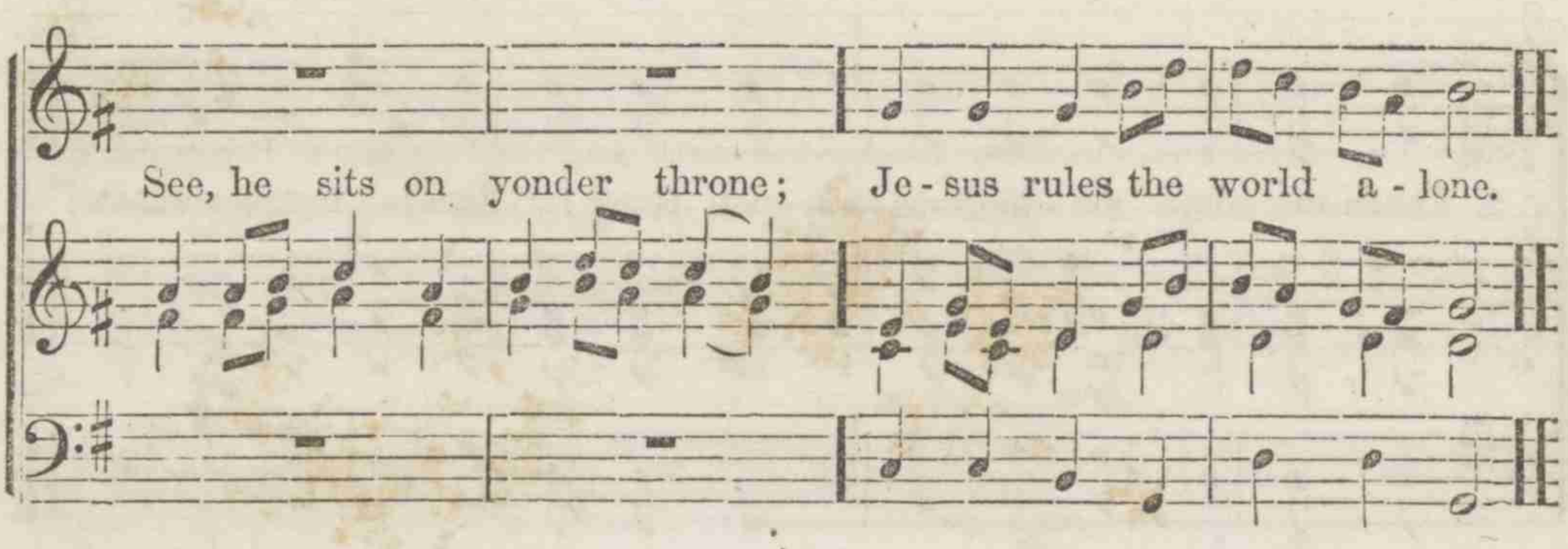
2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blesséd Lord, thy will be done.

3 Fill us now with deep contrition;
Take away these hearts of stone;
While we all, with true submission,
Meekly say, "Thy will be done."

4 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

No. 151. COLLINS. 8s & 7s. (Peculiar.)





398. BAPTIST PSALMODY 248. PSALMIST . . . 323.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever;
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.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

399. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1268. PSALMIST . . . 1161.

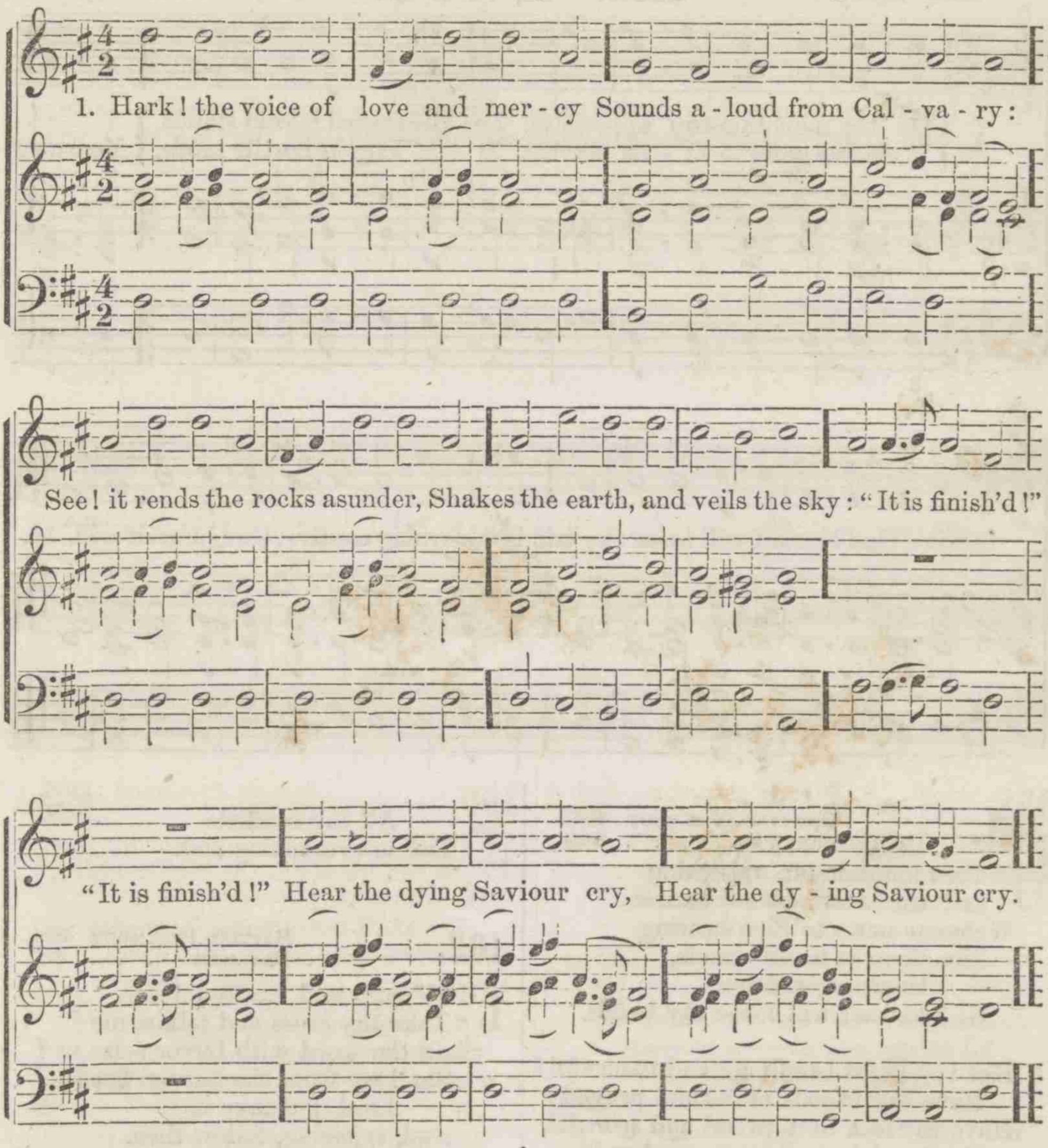
WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There's an end of war forever;
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.

2 After warfare, rest is pleasant:
O, how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this:
Toil, and pain, and conflict, past,
All endear repose at last.

3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore—
Blesséd thought!—no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4 O, that hope! how bright, how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest.

No. 152. OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s. (Peculiar,)



400. BAPTIST PSALMODY 160. PSALMIST . . . 225.

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!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

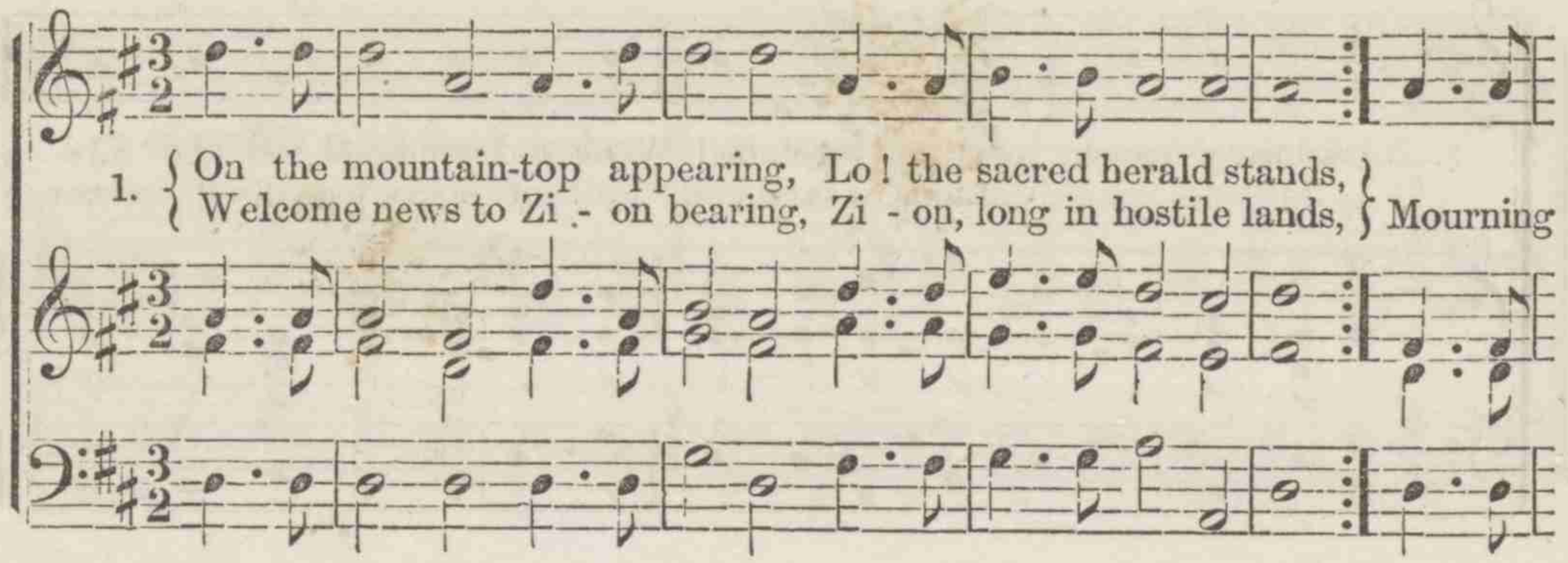
2 "It is finished!"—O, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

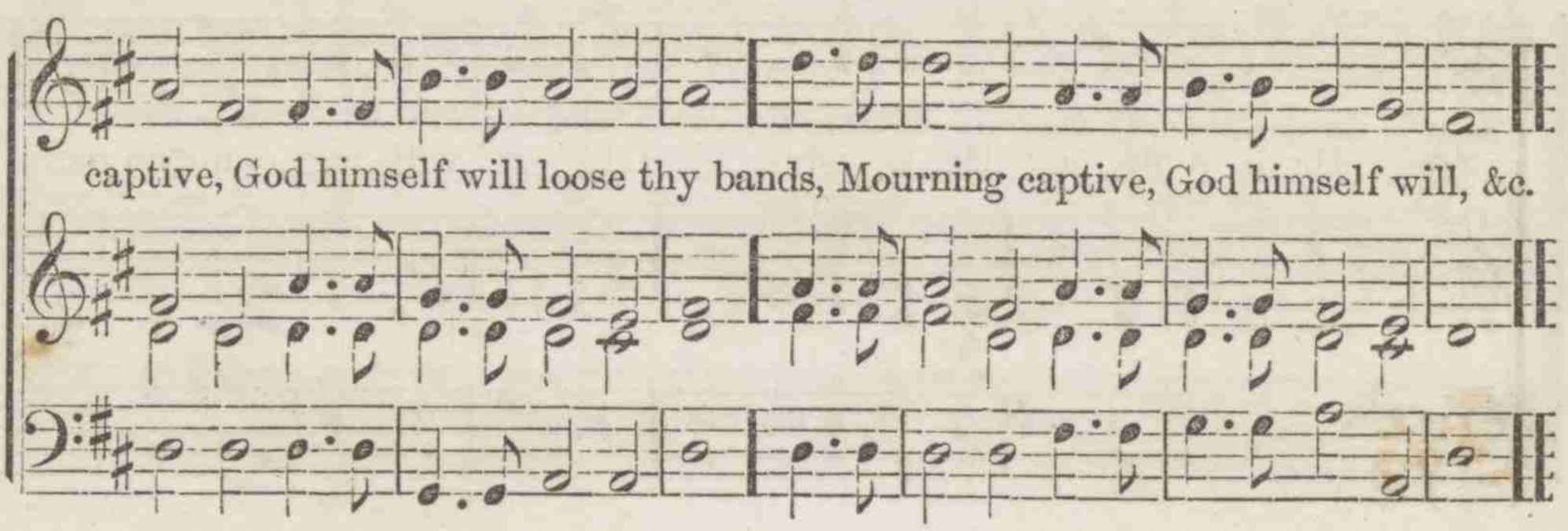
3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

DOXOLOGY.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

No. 153. **ZION.** **8s, 7s & 4s.** THOMAS HASTINGS.





401. BAPTIST PSALMODY 992.
PSALMIST . . . 902.

ON the mountain-top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands,
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 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.

3 God, thy God, will now 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.

4 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.

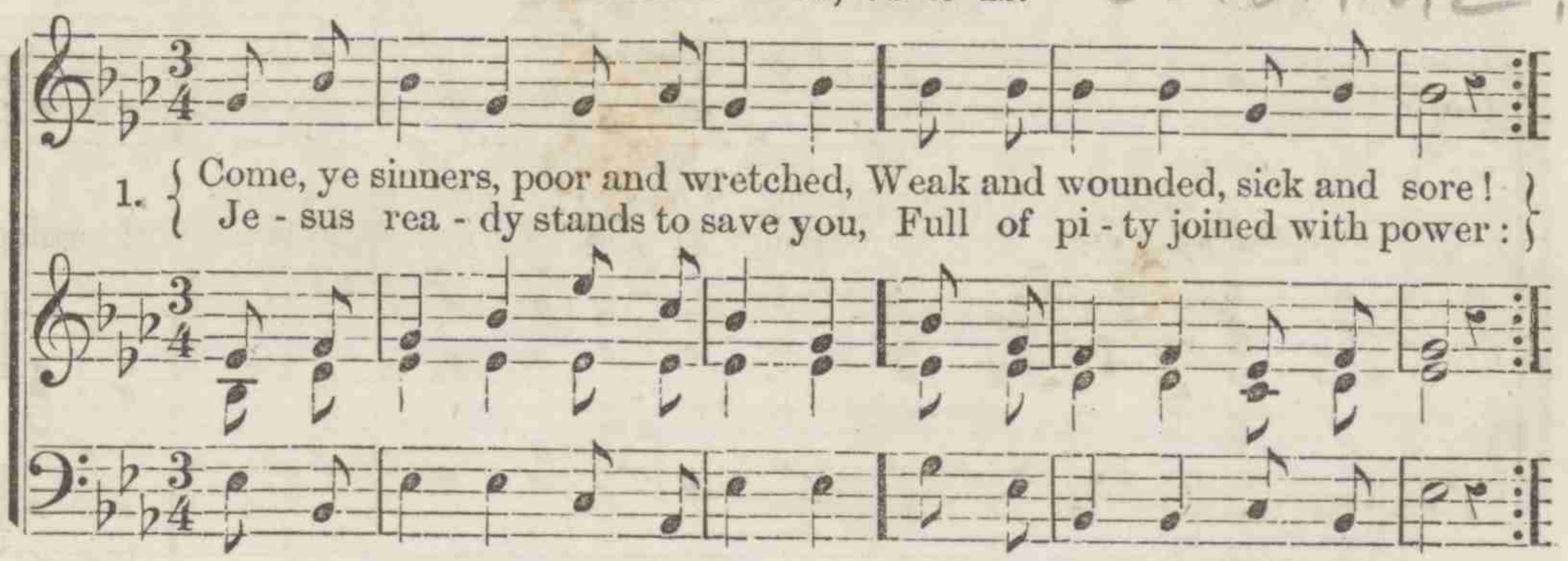
402. BAPTIST PSALMODY 894.
PSALMIST . . . 817.

THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me;"
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

2 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

3 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

No. 154. **ROANE.** **8s, 7s & 4s.**



403. BAPTIST PSALMODY 323.
PSALMIST . . . 416.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty! 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.

3 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 his Spirit's rising beam.

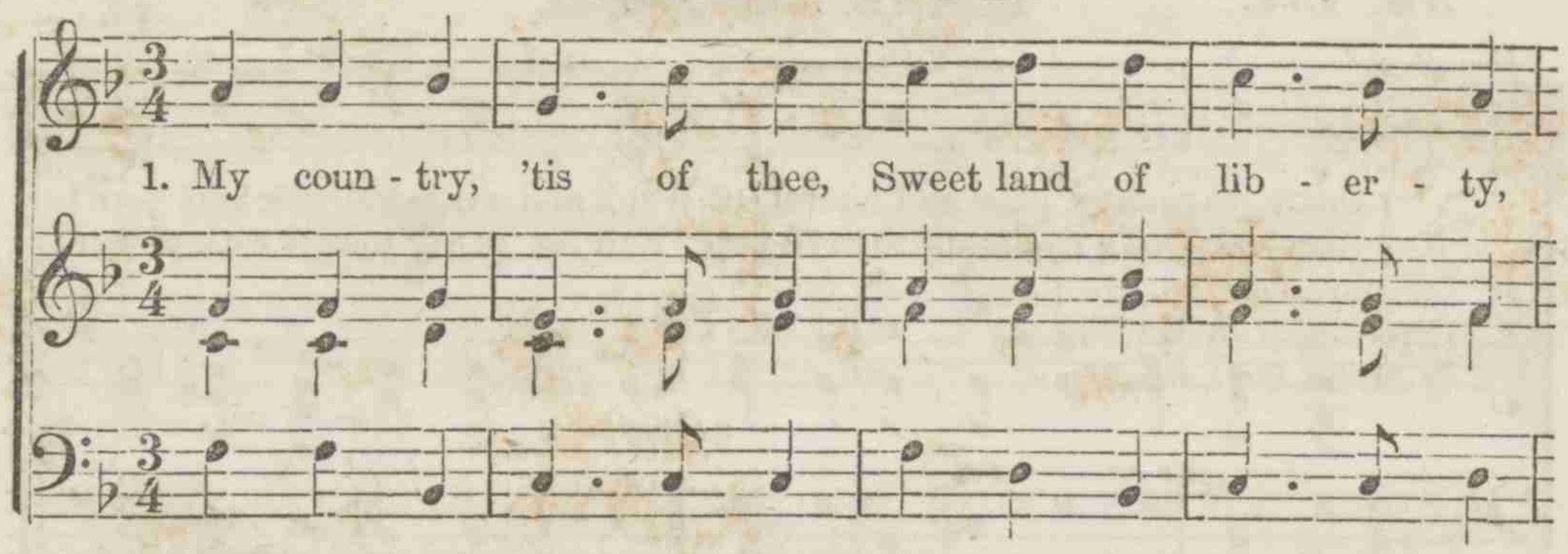
4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree before him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not *this* suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners *here* may sing the same.

No. 155. **AMERICA. 6s & 4s.**



404. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1104.
PSALMIST . . . 1000.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

4 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.

405.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 130.
PSALMIST . . . 120.

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.

2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend,
Nor let us fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.

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

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

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

406.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 541.
PSALMIST . . . 783.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.
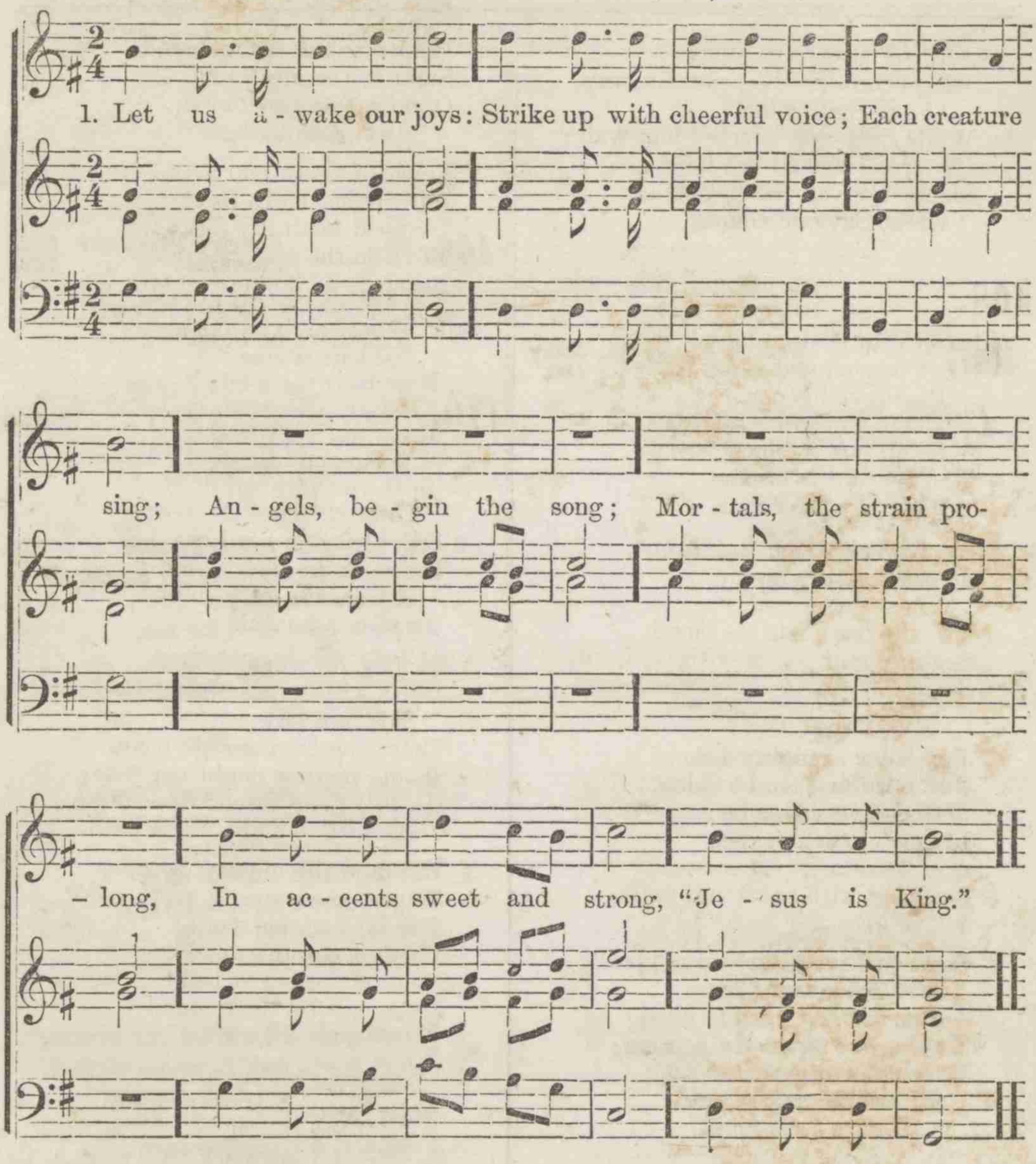
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 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;
O, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

DOXOLOGY.

TO God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—three in one,
All praise be given:
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth—in heaven.

No. 156. GARRISON. 6s & 4s. (664,6664.) *



407. BAPTIST PSALMODY 237.
PSALMIST . . . . 320.

LET us awake our joys:
Strike up with cheerful voice:
Each creature, sing;
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name:
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
'Till heaven's high arch rebound
"Victory is won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell:
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore;
Praise him, now raised in power;
Praise him for evermore,
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come,
While they who pierced him wail;
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

408.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 222.
PSALMIST . . . 328.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply;
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name:
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad—
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we 'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

409.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 1028.
PSALMIST . . . 876.

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."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now, to all mankind,
"Let there be light."

3 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."

410.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 1036.
PSALMIST . . . 884.

SOUND, sound the truth abroad;
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done;
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Swiftly, on wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who his message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their Friend appear;
He will be nigh.

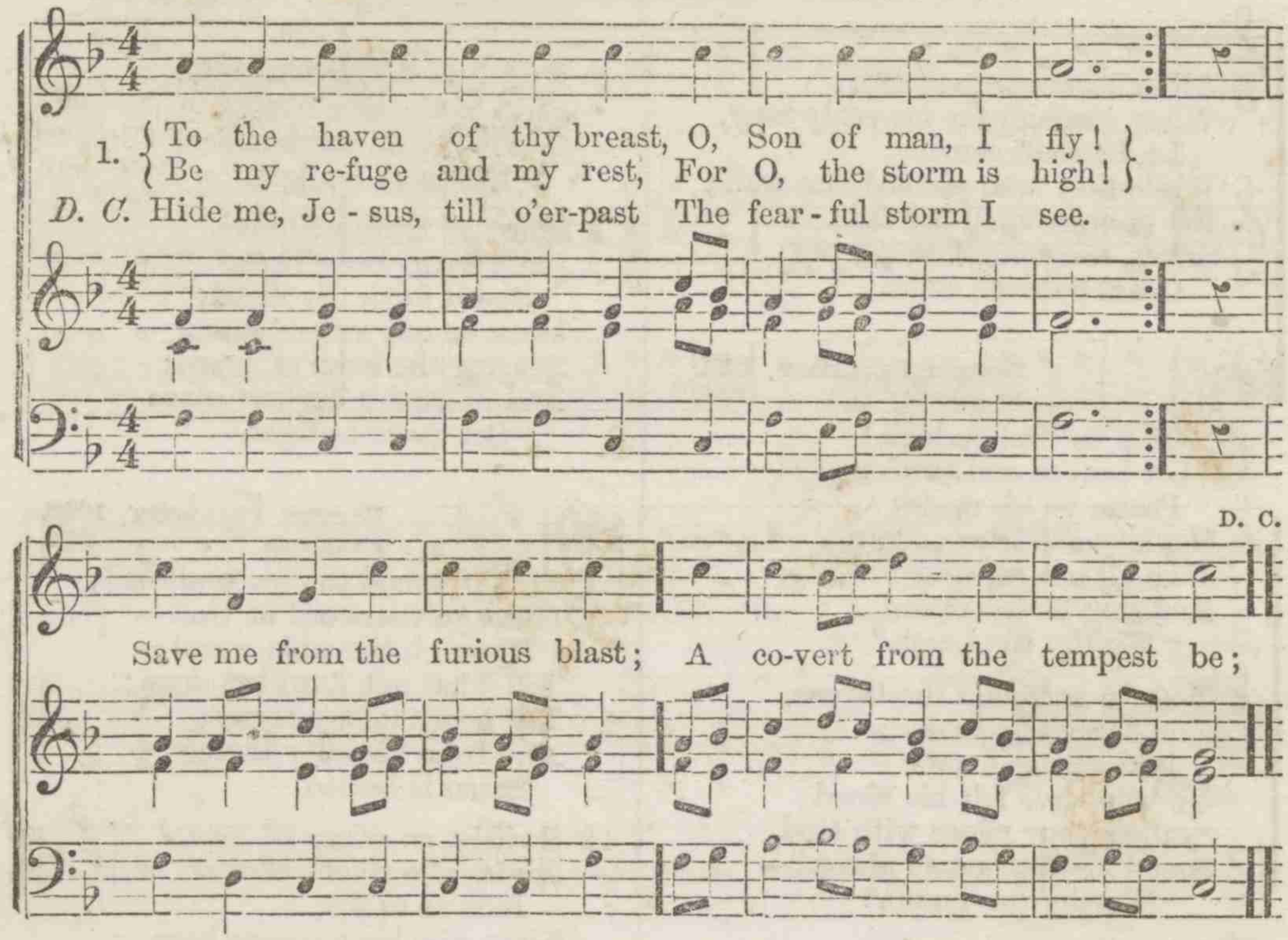
3 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand—
Jesus, their Lord.

4 Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign,
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Ye soon shall shine.

DOXOLOGY.

TO God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One,
All praise be given:
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth—in heaven.

No. 157. CALVARY. 7s, 6s & 8. (7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.)



411. BAPTIST PSALMODY 544.

2 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succor been,
In my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin;
O, how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

3 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun:
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun;
Weary, parched with thirst and faint,
Till thou th' abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release:
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

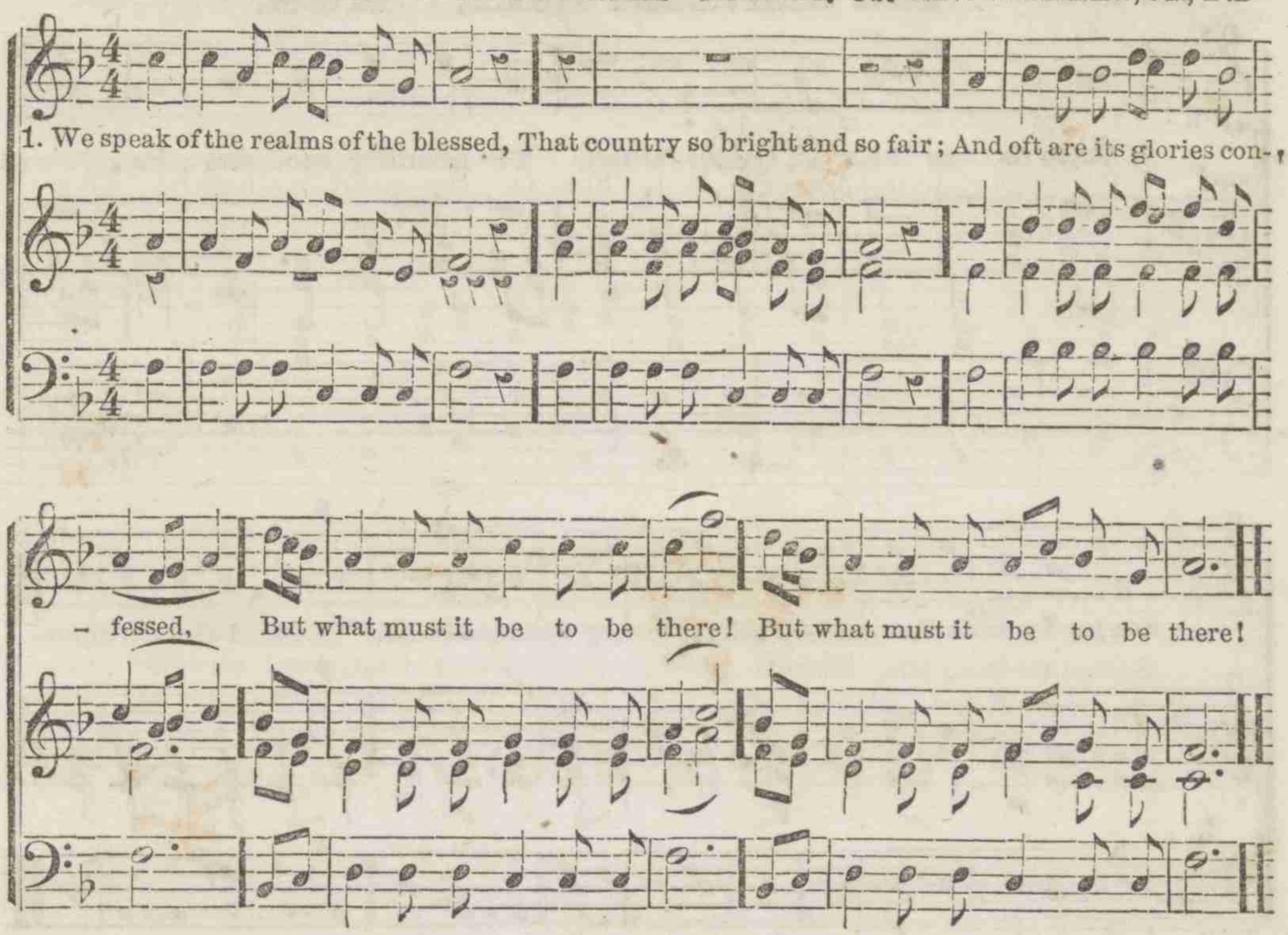
2 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Never let us hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve;
Write forgiveness on each heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
And long for perfect holiness;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

412. BAPTIST PSALMODY 464.

LAMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,

No. 158. REALMS OF THE BLEST. 8s. Rev. B. MANLY, Jr., D.D



413. Baptist Psalmody 1293.

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;—
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love;
The robes which the glorified wear;
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!

4 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there!

414. Baptist Psalmody 716. Psalmist (Sup.) 65.
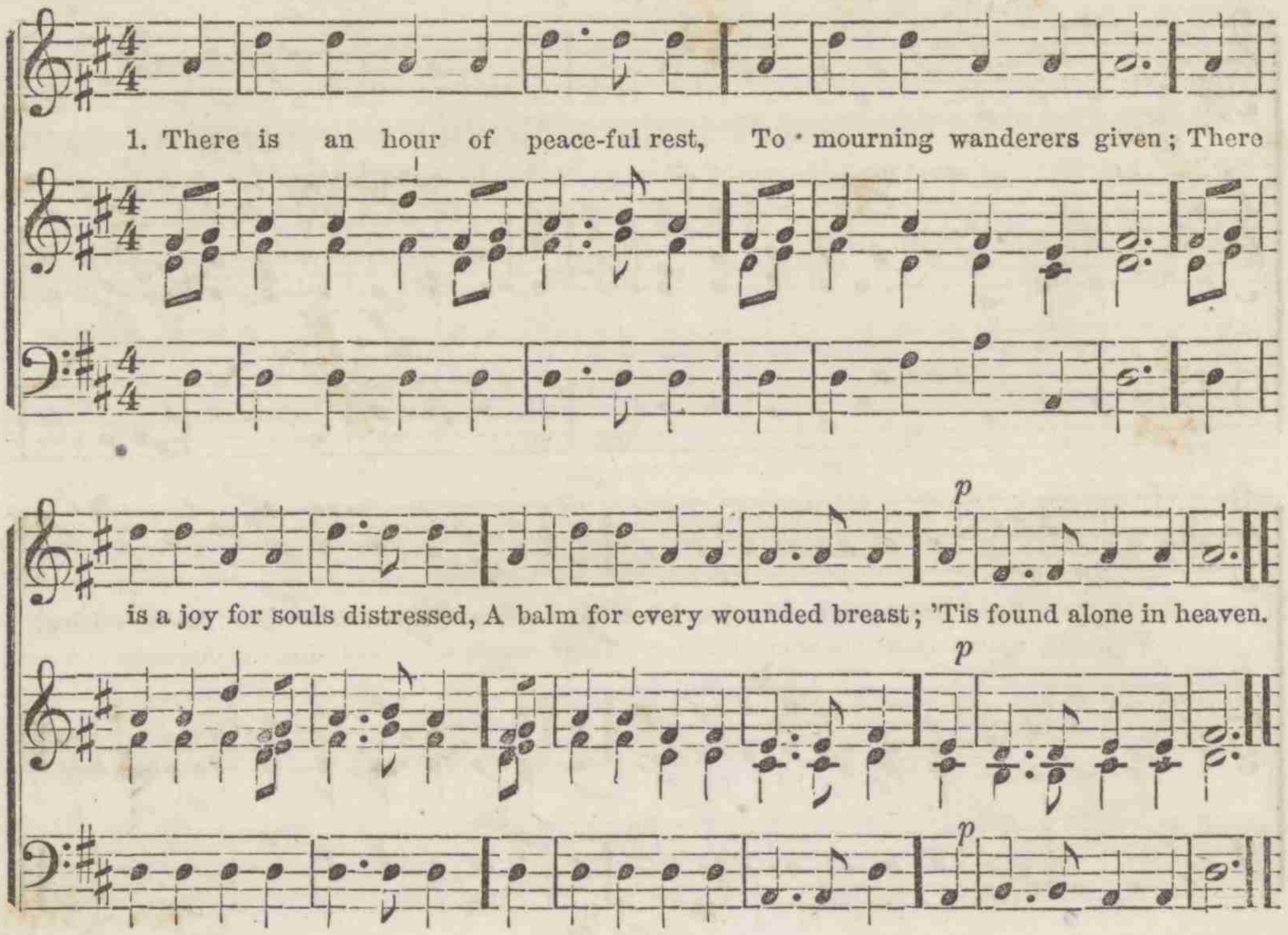
HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness with me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in Him,
December 's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear:
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 159. "THE HEAVENLY HOME." 8s & 6s.



415. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1261.
PSALMIST . . . 1168.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found alone in heaven,

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven—
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

416. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1262.

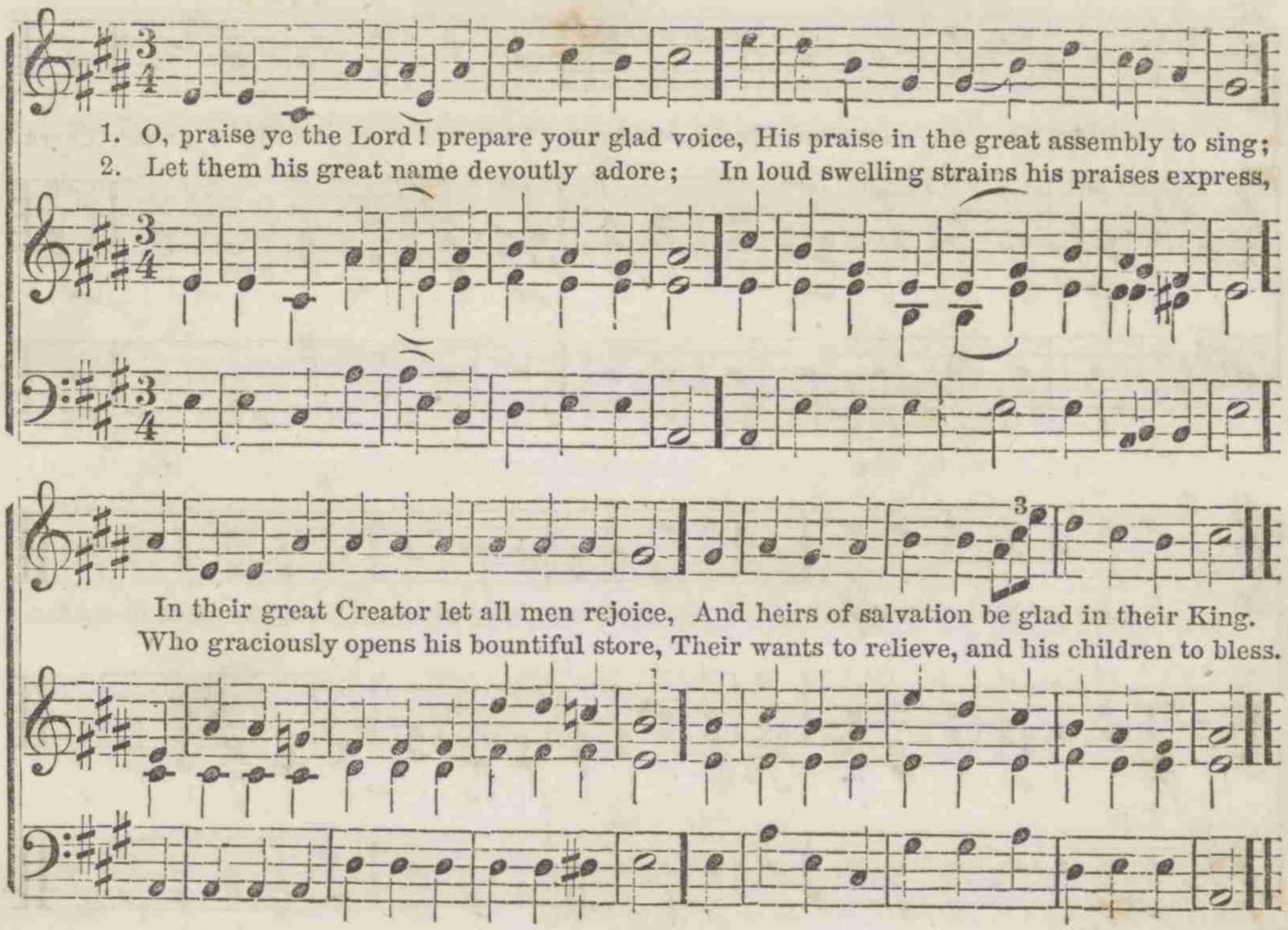
THERE is a land of calm delight
To sorrowing mortals given;
There rapturous scenes enchant the sight,
And all to soothe their souls unite;
Sweet is their rest in—heaven.

2 There glory beams on all the plains,
And joy for hope is given;
There music swells in sweetest strains,
And spotless beauty ever reigns,
And all is love in—heaven.

3 There is a stream that ever flows,
To passing pilgrims given;
There fairest fruit immortal grows;
The verdant flower eternal blows
Amid the field of—heaven.

4 There is a great and glorious prize
For those with sin who've striven;
'Tis bright as star of evening skies
And far above it glittering lies
A golden crown in—heaven.

No. 160. "O, PRAISE YE THE LORD." 10s & 11s.



417.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 115.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him their great King,
Thro' earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

4 Ye angels above, his glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes, now publish his praise:
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue;
Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

418.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 127
PSALMIST . 326.
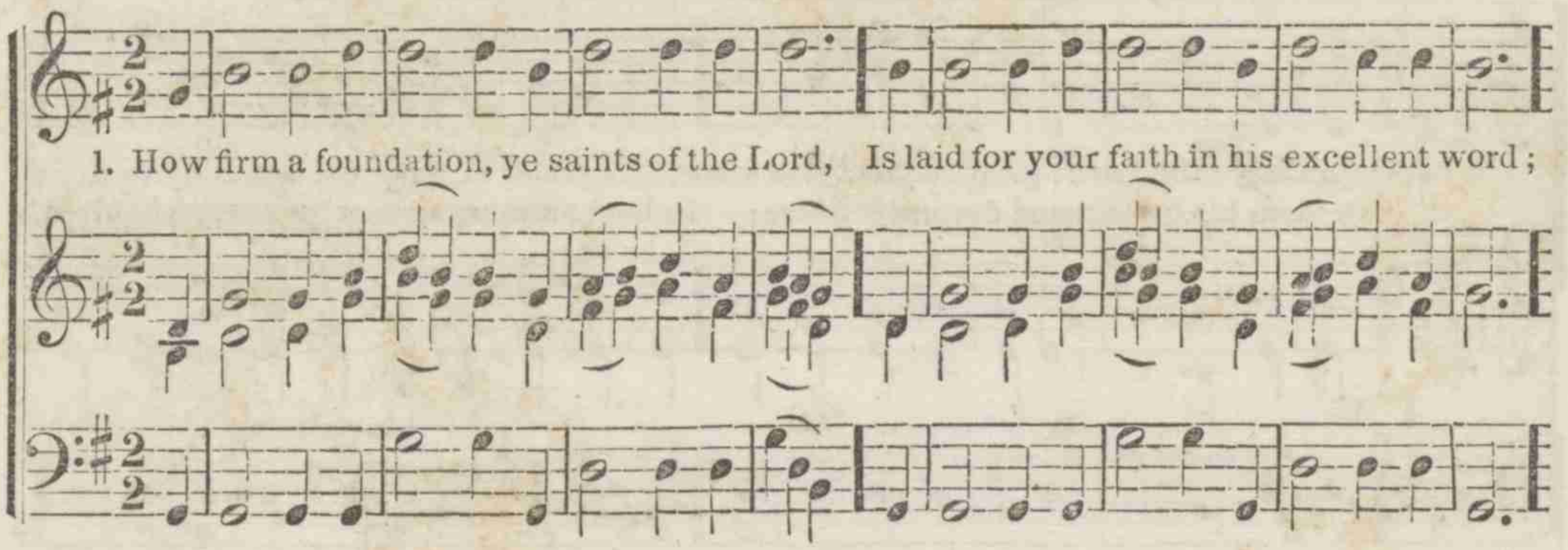
YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; he rules over all.

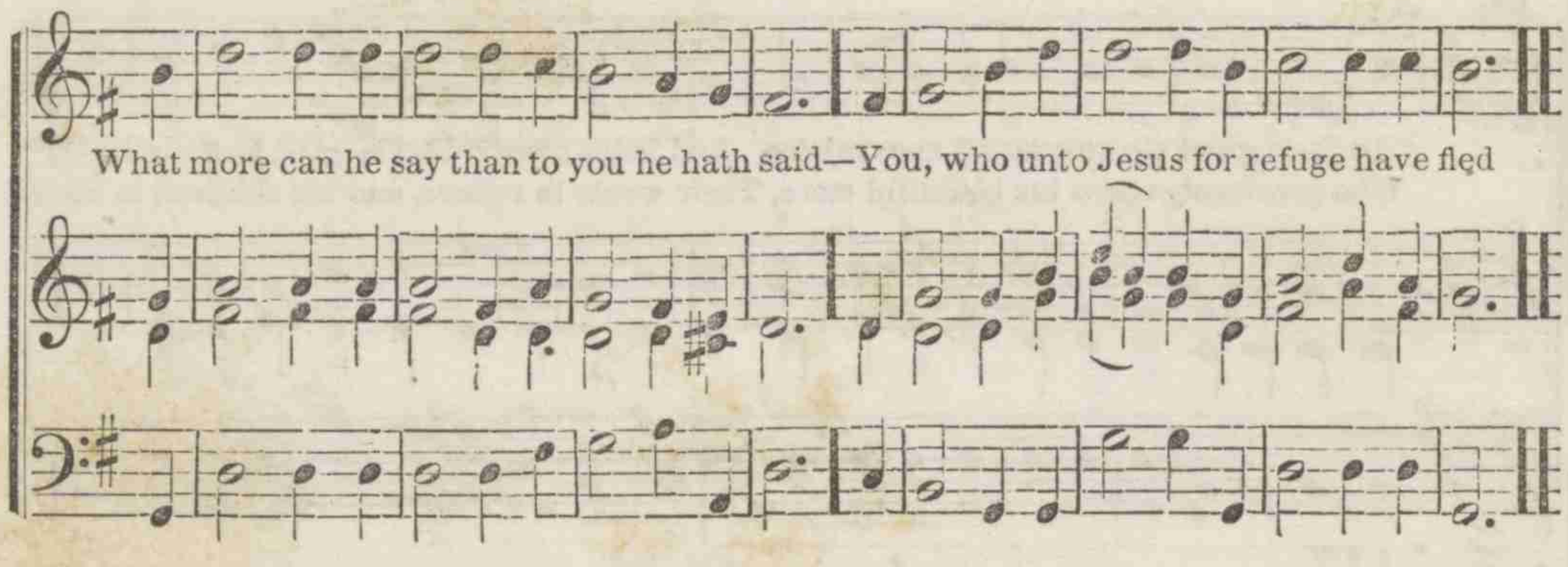
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

No. 161. **LYONS. 11s.** ✻





419.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 828.
PSALMIST (Sup.) 69.

2. In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3. Fear not; I am with thee; O, be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God and still will give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6. Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll hever, no, never, no, never, forsake

420.

BAPTIST PSALMODY 978.

O ZION! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now high overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

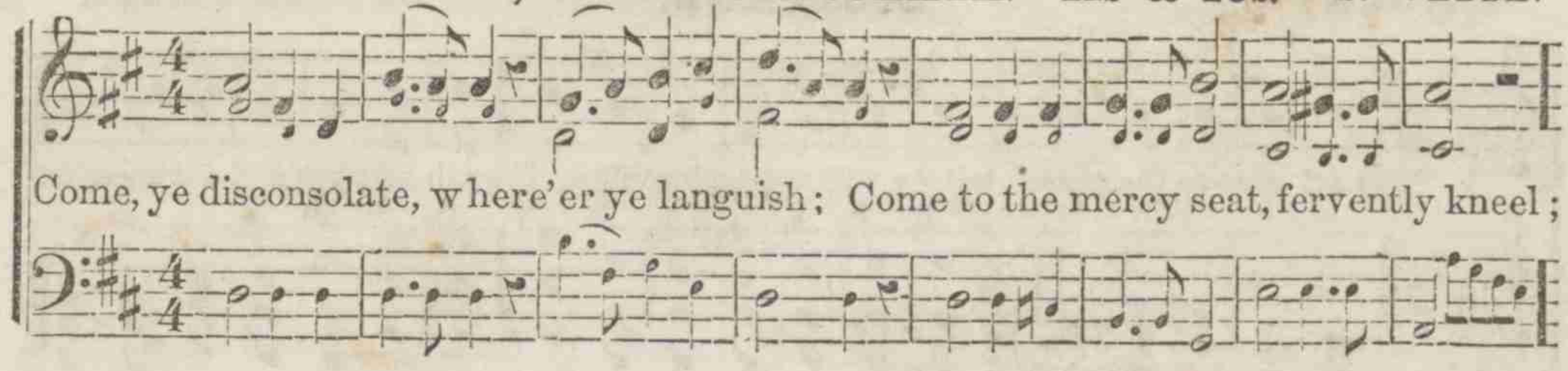
3. "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

4. "Forget thee I will not, I cannot—thy name
Engraved on my heart doth forever remain:
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

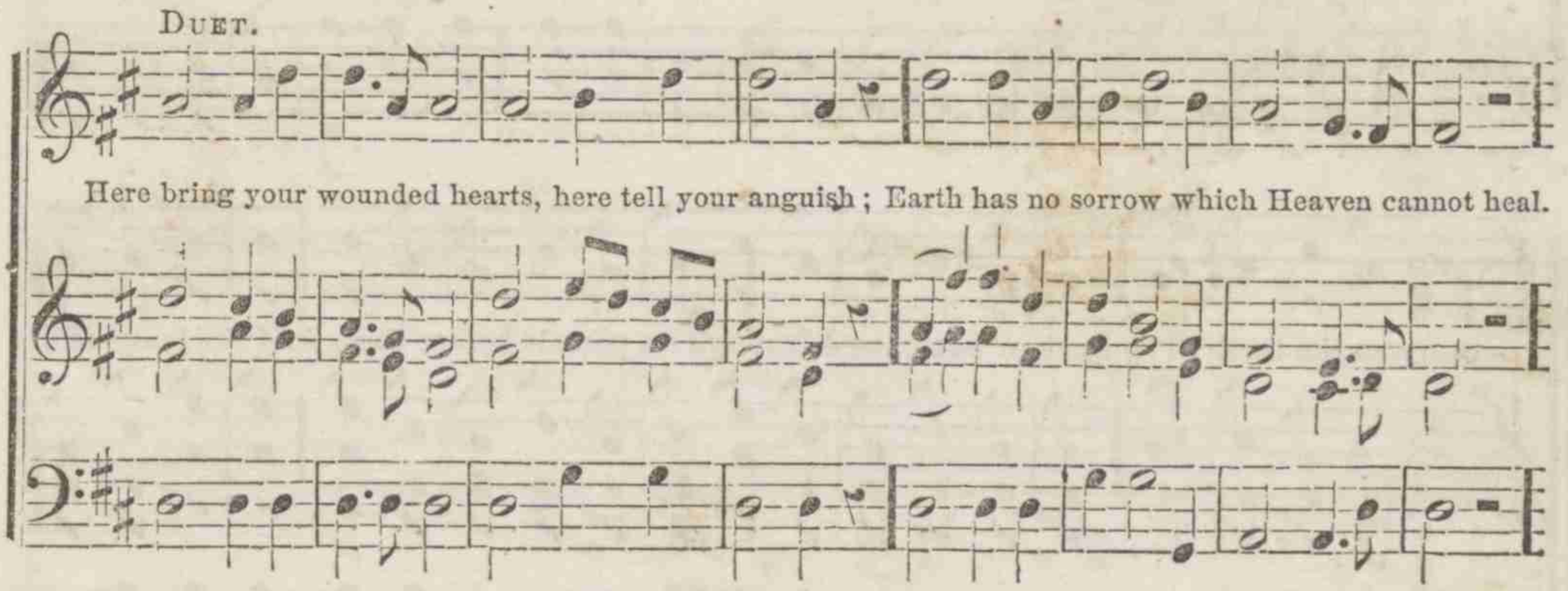
5. "Then trust me and fear not, thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power:
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

6. "The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring.
And the deeper their sorrows the louder they'll sing."

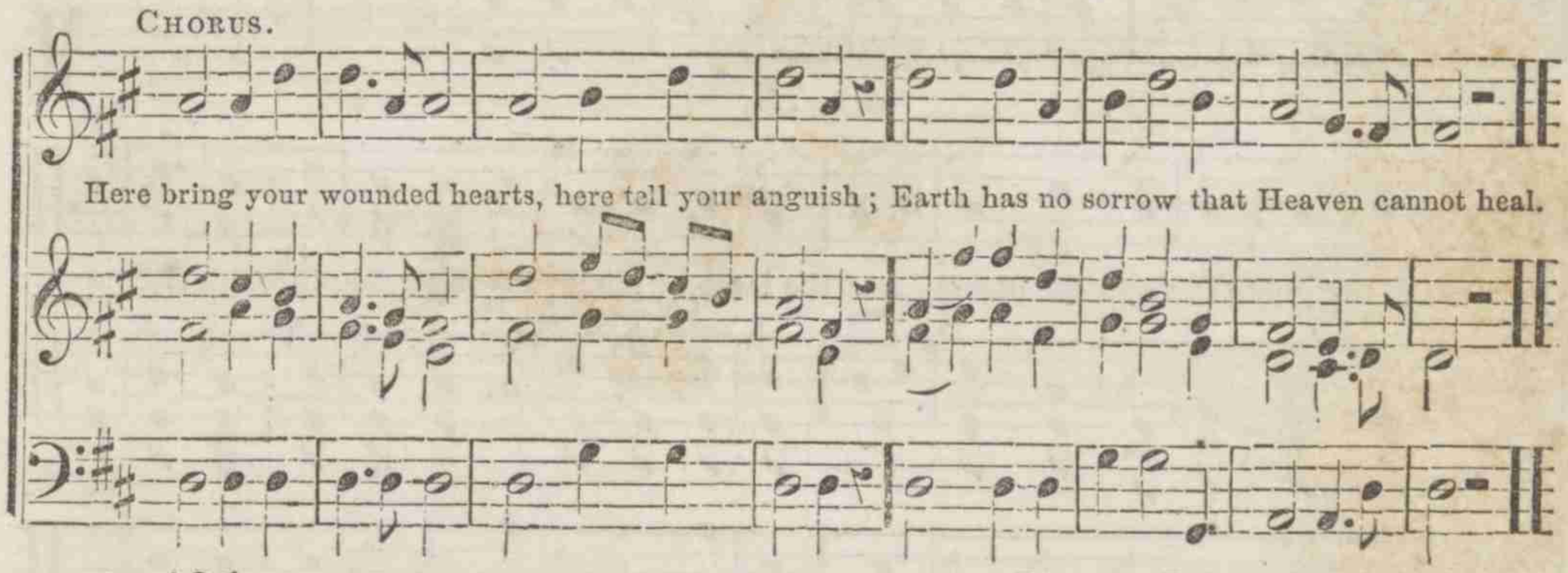
No. 162. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. S. WEBBE.



DUET.



CHORUS.



421.

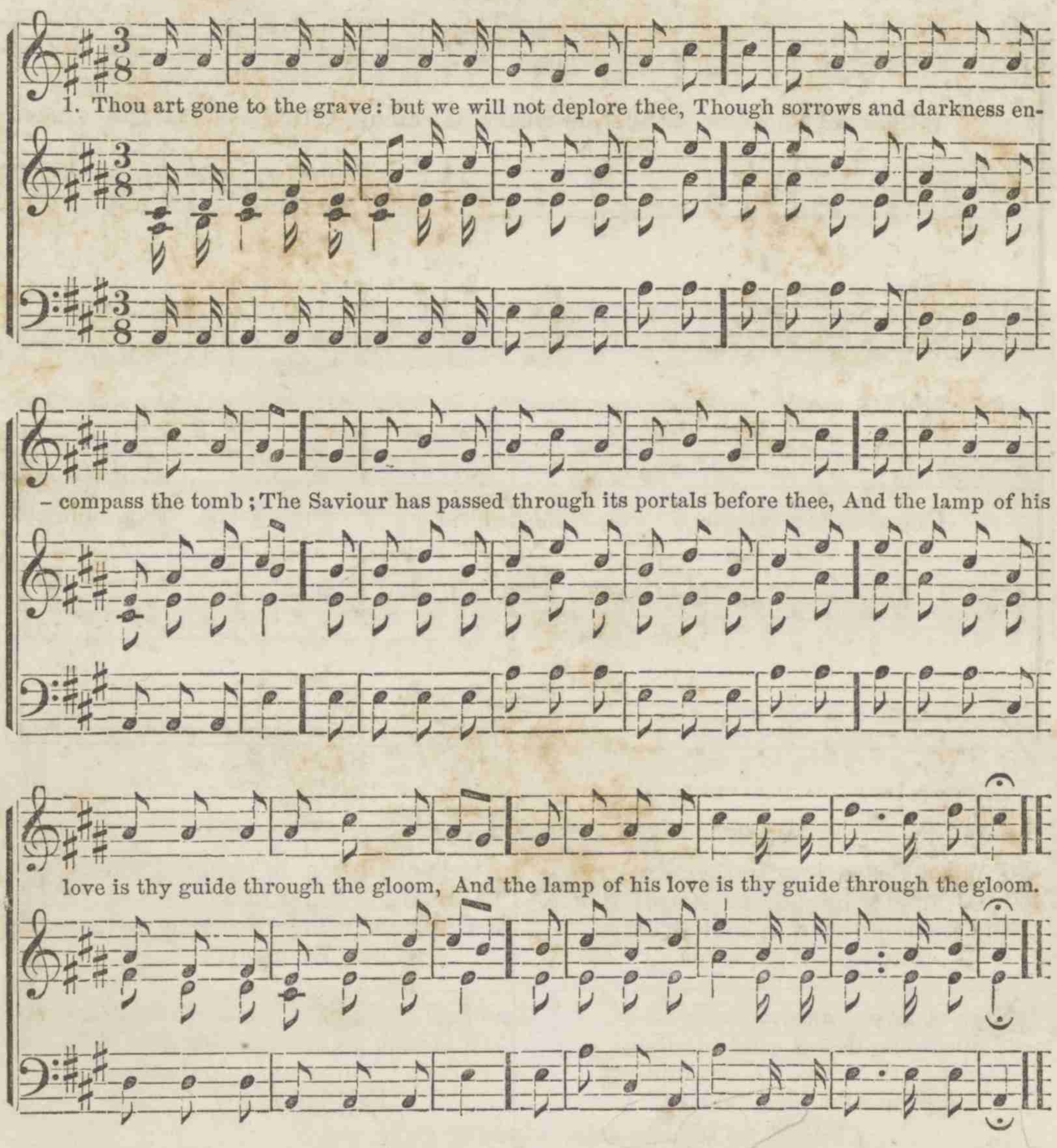
BAPTIST PSALMODY 348.
PSALMIST . . . 635.

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 sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life: see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

No. 163. **SCOTLAND.** DR. JOHN CLARKE.



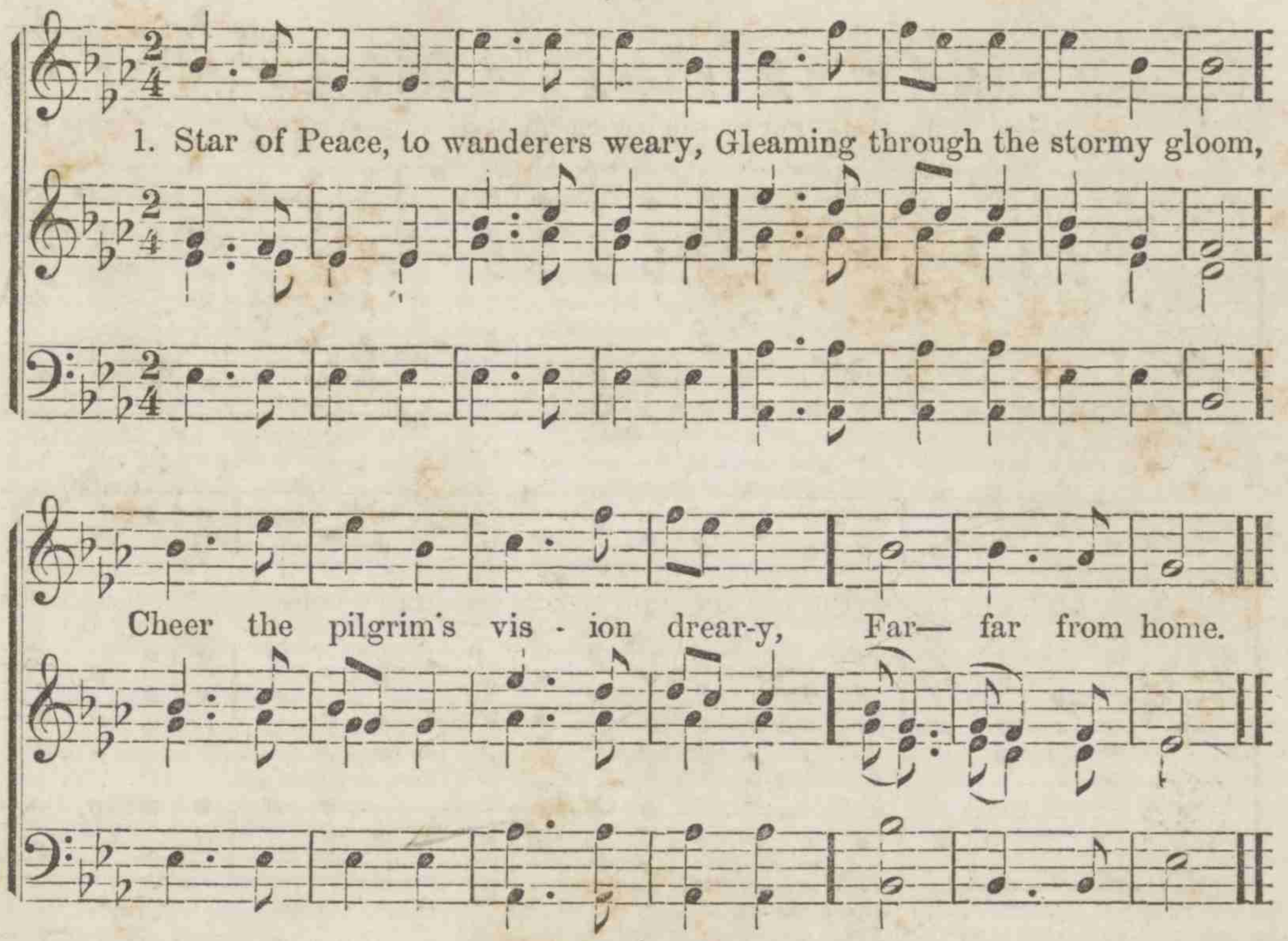
422. BAPTIST PSALMODY 1208.
PSALMIST . . . 1106.

THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold the,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

No. 164. BILLOW. 8s, 7 & 4. DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT, 1853.



423.

STAR of Peace, to wand'rers weary,
Gleaming through the stormy gloom,
Cheer the pilgrim's vision dreary,
Far—far from home.

2 Star of Love, our spirits lighting,
Bless the desert land we roam,
Heart with kindred heart uniting,
Far—far from home.

3 Star of Faith, in thee confiding,
All our fears are overcome,
On the waves securely riding,
Far—far from home.

4 Star of Hope, to mortals wailing
O'er the dark and dismal tomb,
Shine when earth and flesh are failing,
Far—far from home.

5 Star Divine, thy beam shall guide us,
Till with joy the ransom'd come,
Where no fate shall e'er divide us,
Safe—safe at home!

424.

GOD of Heav'n, to sinners loving,
Smile in peace upon our way,
Cheer us while o'er earth we're roving,
Far, far away.

2 God of Love, when sorrows press us,
Teach us how, to thee, to pray,
Woes remove, that do distress us,
Far, far away.

3 God of Faith, our souls are weary—
Beam on us a heav'nly ray,
Lead us from the prospect dreary,
Far, far away.

4 Prince of Peace, O, safely guide us—
From our hearts no longer stay—
Chase the sins that long have tried us
Far, far away.

5 Jesus Christ, our dear Redeemer,
From our sins, O, set us free—
Take us from this world of sorrow
Home, home to thee.

T. J. ANDERSON

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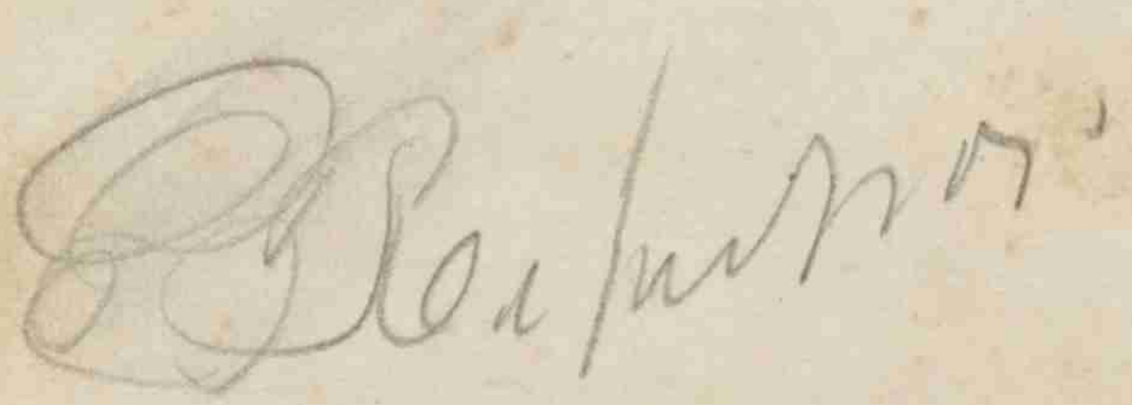
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