MOUNT AUBURN PRES. CHURCH.

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Pastor's Selection of Hymns and Tunes, A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1859.

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PASTOR'S SELECTION

OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

For Worship in the Church and Family.

THE HYMNS IN THE BODY OF THE WORK BEING TAKEN FROM THE BOOK OF PSALMS AND HYMNS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH; THOSE IN THE SUPPLEMENT, FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1859.

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INTRODUCTION.

This book is not so much an experiment as it is the result of an experiment. About three years since, the compiler, hoping to aid the people of his pastoral charge in their singing, selected from the Assembly's collection some three hundred and fifty of the Psalms and Hymns, to which he proposed to confine himself in the services of the Church, both public and social. At the same time, after an extensive collation of Church-tunes, he selected about one hundred and thirty, and designated them to these hymns, taking the Presbyterian Psalmodist as a general guide. The arrangement was submitted to a revision at the hands of some of the best critics, and was adopted by the Church session. The tunes were made accessible to the choir, and the plan was inaugurated—which has been since pursued—of always singing the hymn announced to the tune chosen for it. So satisfactory has the plan proved, so much has it contributed toward the general singing of the congregation, that the compiler has been encouraged to revise the arrangement, amending and enlarging it as experience has taught was desirable, and now to publish it. He hopes for still more encouraging results when the families of his congregation shall have the music of the Church in their homes and can teach their children to use it, when the lecture-room shall be supplied and the pews of the church permanently furnished with the book containing it, and when the same hymns shall have been so long and so often sung to the same tunes that both have become familiar, and that in each case the hymn and its tune have become so firmly associated that the one shall suggest the other.

If any other congregations should be disposed to use this selection, and should receive a like benefit, it will be a matter of rejoicing to have thus contributed to the advancement of the cause of Sacred Praise.

ADVANTAGES.

Some of the advantages of this arrangement have been intimated. Many persons can read simple Church-music; and to such it will often be of use to have the music before their eyes in connection with the hymn sung. But, further than this, it is obviously a great advantage for congregational singing to be limited to a fixed number of suitable tunes, to have these carefully adapted to the hymns used, and then always to sing the same words to the same music. The majority of tunes used in our churches are unsuited to congregational singing. The change of one set of tunes for another, so often made by the introduction of new tune-books or by a change of musical leaders, prevents the congregation from becoming familiar with any. Professional leaders often violate sacred associations in their selection of tunes for hymns; their selections, being often hastily made, are seldom judiciously made; and the singing of the same hymn to various

tunes prevents any association being formed between tunes and words. These difficulties are obviated by the arrangement here adopted, when the arrangement is wisely executed.

This arrangement, too, is equally well suited to any sort of leading, whether that by a precentor, a choir, or a choir and organ.

A properly-constituted choir will not object to singing familiar congregational tunes thus selected for them, provided the pastor does not, by his choice of hymns, cause the same tunes to be sung too frequently. In order, however, that a choir have occasion to meet for weekly practice, and in order, too, that a place be found for that species of song designed to be *impressive* on the heart of the worshipper rather than directly *expressive* of his devout feelings, it seems desirable that the choir be invited to open each Sabbath service with a suitable choir-piece of their own selection, to which the congregation may devoutly listen.

THE HYMNS.

In selecting the Psalms and Hymns here found, reference was had—

First, *to the judgment of the Church*,—preference being given to those most generally esteemed.

Secondly, *to the element of devotion*,—preference being given to those in which this element enters most directly and largely.

Thirdly, *to poetic merit*,—believing that mere prose is not adapted to be sung.

Fourthly, *to lyric excellence*,—believing that devotional and truly poetic hymns are not equally well adapted to be sung.

Fifthly, *to the exigencies of worship*, as presented by the great congregation, the social meeting, and the family, and as affected by times and seasons and occasions.

Sixthly, *to variety*,—seeking to include in these selections, as nearly as possible, every distinct phase of truth or experience found in the large collection.

THE TUNES.

In selecting the tunes here found, reference was had—

First, again, *to the judgment of the Church*,—preference being given to those pronounced by the general voice to be effective.

Secondly, *to simplicity*,—preference being given to tunes with an even and easy movement, as alone suitable for congregational singing. As much as possible, repeats and fugues and complications of time and key, and the various characteristics of what may be denominated choir-music, have been avoided. At the same time, the effort has been made to keep from that extreme of nude simplicity advocated by some, in which melody is sacrificed and tunes lose their character as tunes.

Thirdly, *to sweetness*,—preference being given to those which have a pleasant melody, such as the ear soon catches and does not soon forget.

Fourthly, *to dignity*,—preference being given to those which, with a simple

and sweet melody, possess also a grave, sustaining harmony. Melody by itself soon wears out, and, while it lasts, is insufficient for the serious purposes of worship.

THE ADAPTATIONS.

In designating tunes to hymns, reference was had not merely to conceived fitness, but to associations already formed. These, when known, have, in almost every instance, been sacredly regarded.

Instead of grouping hymns on the same subject as much as possible under the same tune or tunes, the effort has been made to scatter them as widely as possible. The reason for this will appear from an illustration. If, for example, the hymns of a missionary character had been grouped under five or six tunes, it would have occasioned the singing of these same tunes at every missionary meeting, and they could be sung at no other time. But these hymns being assigned one to each of fifteen or twenty tunes, which tunes have also assigned to them hymns suitable for other occasions, a variety of tunes is secured for the missionary meeting, and tunes which, being sung at other times, are more generally practiced. In this way, too, most of the tunes sung in the lecture-room, through the week, will be sung on the Sabbath, in the great congregation; and *vice versa*. The intention is to bring the whole collection of tunes into current use, and to make the practice had in one sort of service available for every other sort of service.

Of course, then, the hymns are not arranged at all with reference to their subject-matter. The various Indexes, it is hoped, will obviate all difficulty on this score.

THE SMALL NUMBER OF HYMNS.

It may be thought by some that the number of hymns in this book is too small for an exclusive and continued use in all the services of the Church. There are, however, strong arguments in favor of a limited number. To say nothing of the difficulty of finding a large number of unexceptionable hymns adapted to be sung,—a difficulty more serious than many suppose,—to say nothing of this, a smaller number is preferable, in view of a congregation becoming familiar with the several hymns. The great majority of a congregation do not attend more than two services a week, of any kind. Probably they unite in the singing of seven hymns at these services. At this rate, it would require more than a year to sing once through a selection of four hundred hymns. It is difficult to see how the mass of the people will become familiar with a larger number.

Moreover, it is desirable that hymns become associated with music. On some accounts, indeed, it would be well to have a separate tune for each hymn sung. But, in a large collection of hymns, either many hymns must be assigned to each tune, in which case none of them will become strongly associated with the tune, or else a large number of tunes must be furnished, in which case a congregation will never be able fully to learn them. The

Episcopal collection contains only about four hundred pieces. Perhaps few pastors use more than that number, even when three times as many are afforded them.

This book embraces, in round numbers, five hundred hymns and one hundred and fifty tunes. It would have been easy to enlarge or diminish the number of either hymns or tunes, or of both. The chief reason for fixing upon these numbers was the belief that thus the various requisites for congregational singing were most fully met.

DIRECTIONS AND GENERAL REMARKS.

It will be understood, then, that the Psalms or Hymns found on any page are intended to be sung to the tune at the head of that page; and it is recommended that the intention be carried out in every possible case.

The Psalms and Hymns in the body of the book, and a portion of those in the Supplement, are taken from the Assembly's collection. That the book may be used in connection with that collection,—neither displacing it, nor putting those who may use it to any inconvenience,—the original numbers of the Psalms and Hymns have been preserved. Also, in every instance, omissions of stanzas have been expressly stated at the head of the hymn, as well as indicated in the numbering of the stanzas; so that if only the pastor and choir, in any case, should use the book, and that only at times, all difficulty will be obviated by announcing the Psalm or Hymn both as it stands in this book and in the original collection.

Where the book is used exclusively, as in the lecture-room or family, the hymns in the Supplement may be found valuable. Tunes suitable to be sung to these have been indicated.

In cases where a pastor may not wish to be confined to the selection of hymns here made, and where likewise it may not be convenient to furnish the lecture-room with the book, it is conceived that the book would still be of much service in promoting congregational singing, if only the choir were supplied with it, with directions that whenever a hymn contained in this selection was announced, the tune here designated to it should be sung.

Most of the tunes in this book are standard and familiar. By a little care on the part of the pastor, the newer tunes may be so introduced as to be learned and become familiar, without serious embarrassment.

An hour of the Sabbath, spent by families in singing together these hymns and tunes, would help prepare the children for taking part in the praises of the solemn assembly.

Many thanks are due to the owners of copyright music who have here permitted its use.

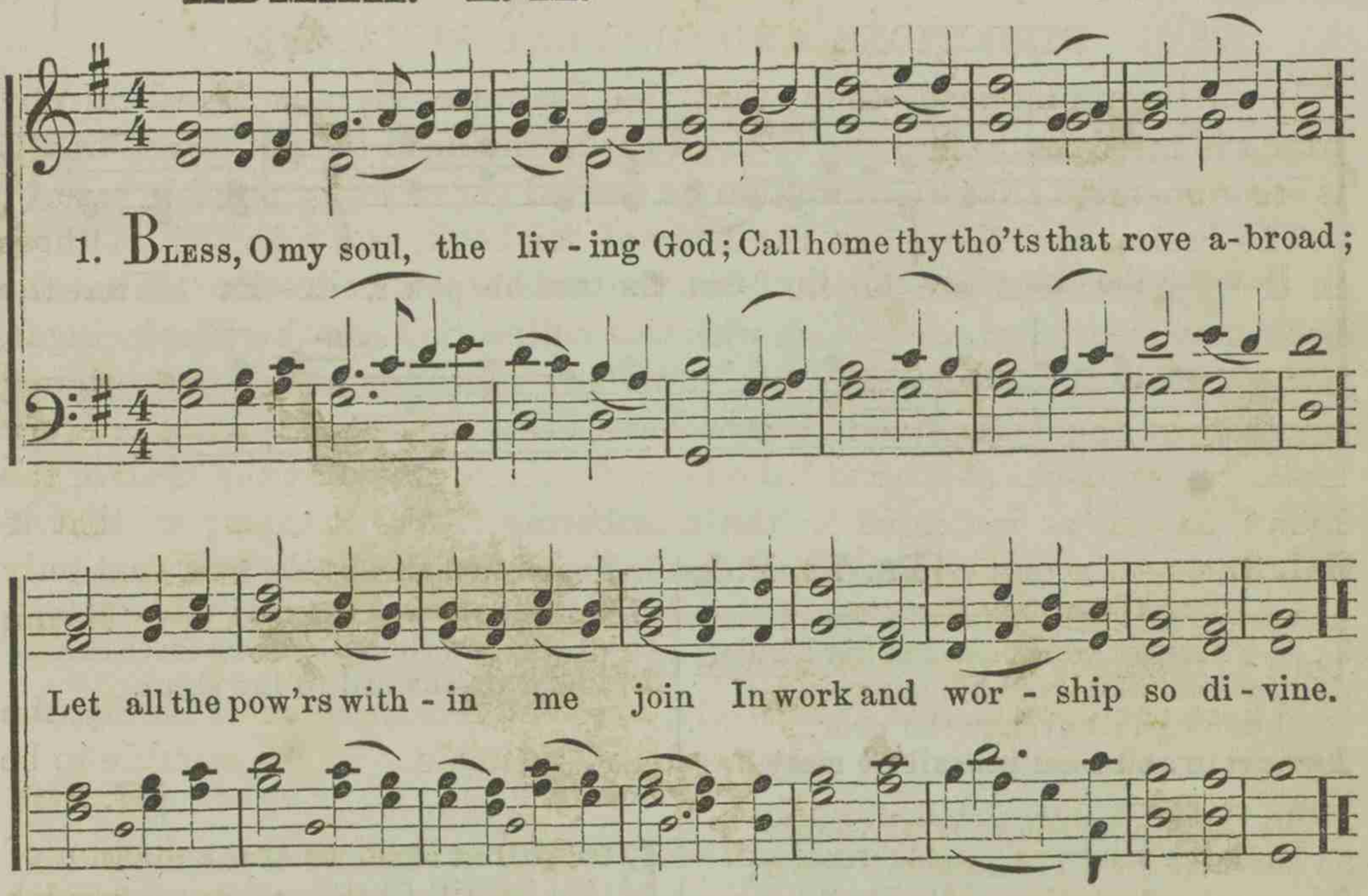
In conclusion, while dedicating this book to the service of the Great Head of the Church, the compiler has in special remembrance his own congregation, for whose sake particularly it has been prepared.

BALTIMORE, May, 1859. N. C. BURT.

Pastor's Selection.

ADMAH. L. M.

Abridged from
Dr. L. MASON.



Selection 1. **[Psalm 103, P. 1.**

(Stanzas 4–7 omitted.)

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;
Why should 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.

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

Sel. 2. **[Hymn 340.**

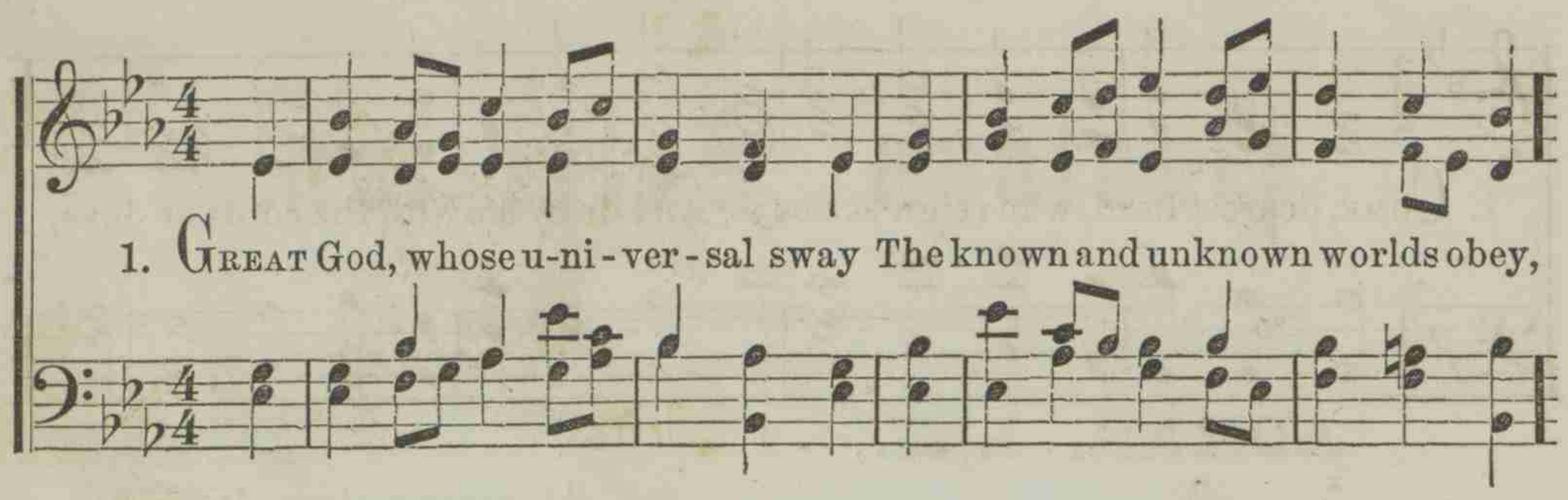
(Stanza 4 omitted.)

JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In him forever to rejoice.

2. With him I daily love to walk;
Of him my soul delights to talk;
On him I cast my every care;
Like him, one day, I shall appear.

3. Bless him, my soul, from day to day,
Trust him to lead thee on thy way;
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With him, O, never, never part.

5. Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs;
To him your highest praise belongs;
Bless him who does your heaven prepare,
And makes you meet his joy to share.



Sel. 3. **[Ps. 72, P. 1.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 3 omitted.)

2. Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

4. As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5. The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6. The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Sel. 4. **[H. 299.**

O SUN of Righteousness divine,
On us with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn our darkness into day.

2. While mourning o'er our guilt and shame,
And asking mercy in thy name,
Dear Saviour, cleanse us with thy blood,
And be our advocate with God.

3. Sustain when sinking in distress,
And guide us through this wilderness;
Teach our low thoughts from earth to rise,
And lead us onward to the skies.

Sel. 5. **[H. 210.**

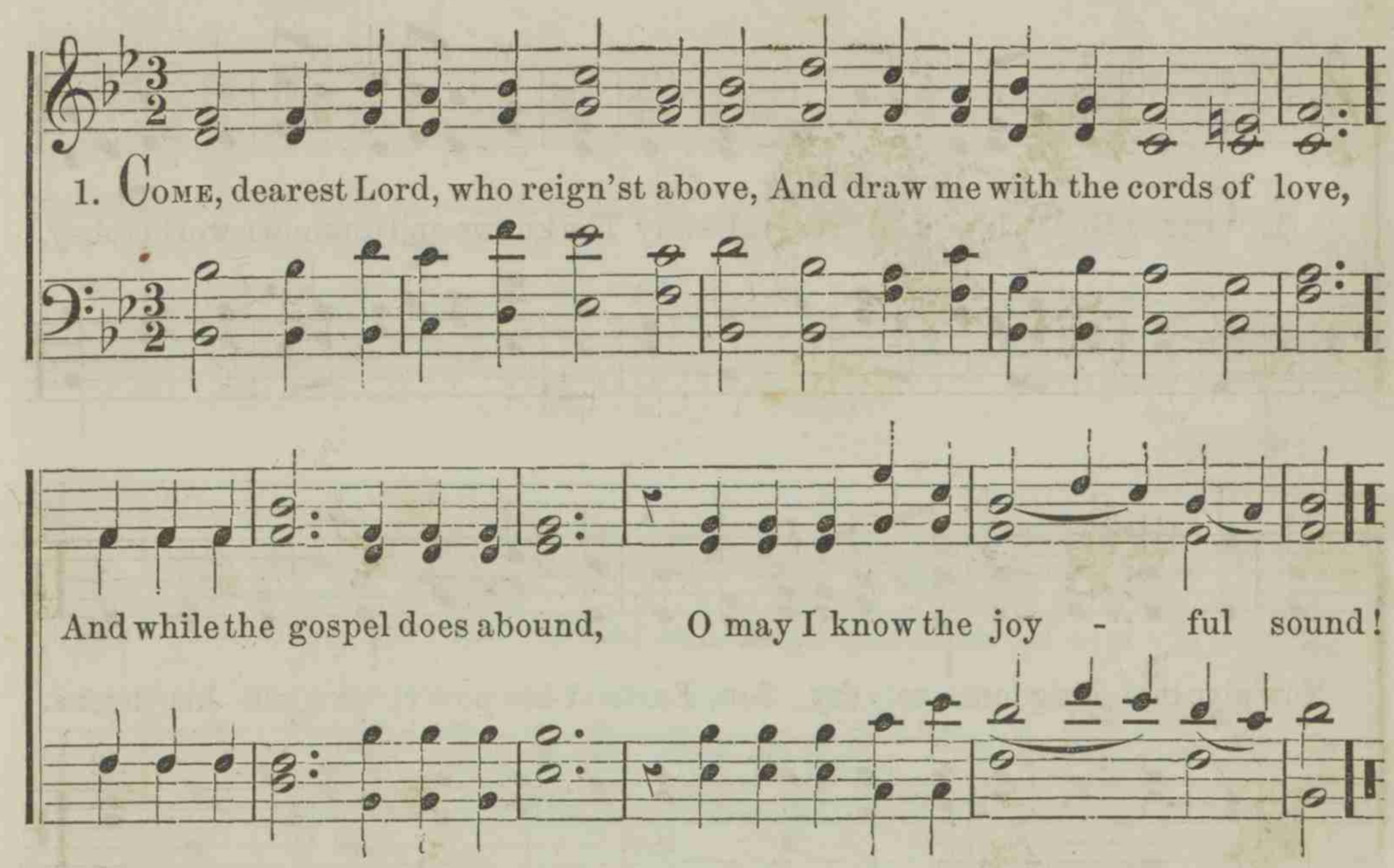
BURIED in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2. Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears:
Then we awake from deep distress
And sing "The Lord our righteousness."

3. Our very frame is mix'd with sin;
His Spirit makes our nature clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4. Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains:
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5. Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.



Sel. 6. [H. 131.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Sweet are the tidings, free the grace,
It brings to our apostate race:
It spreads a heavenly light around;
O may I know the joyful sound!

3. The gospel bids the sin-sick soul
Look up to Jesus and be whole;
In him are peace and pardon found;
O may I know the joyful sound!

4. It stems the tide of swelling grief,
Affords the needy sure relief;
Releases those by Satan bound;
O may I know the joyful sound!

Sel. 7. [H. 200.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2. Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

3. The man who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

Sel. 8. [Ps. 65, P. 1.

THE praise of Sion waits for thee,
My God, and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2. O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.
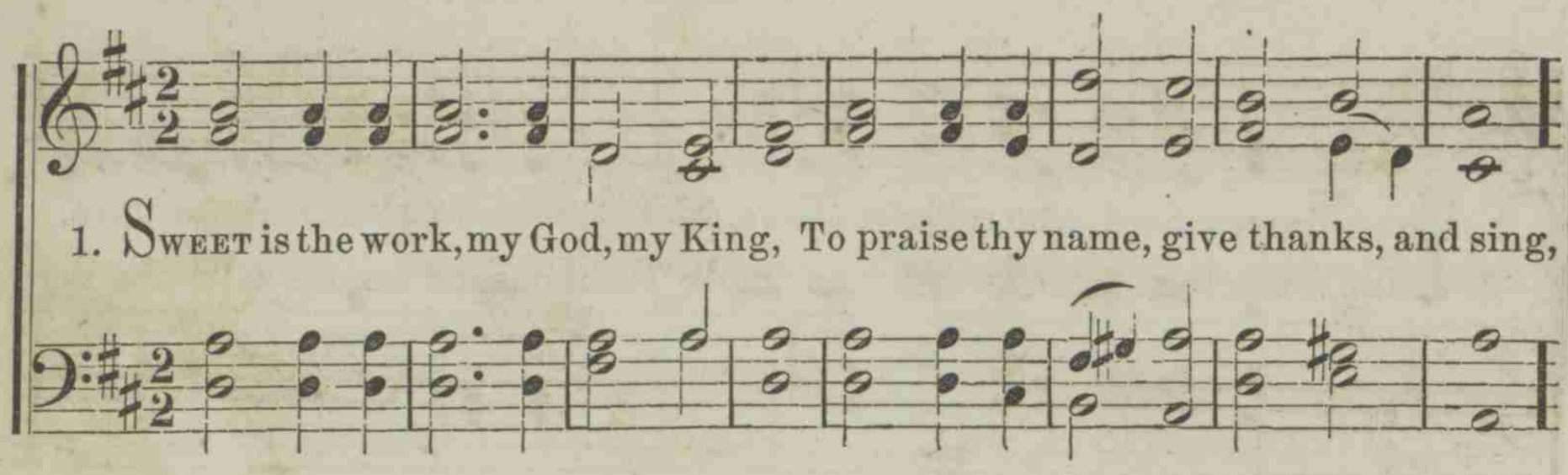
3. Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away the stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

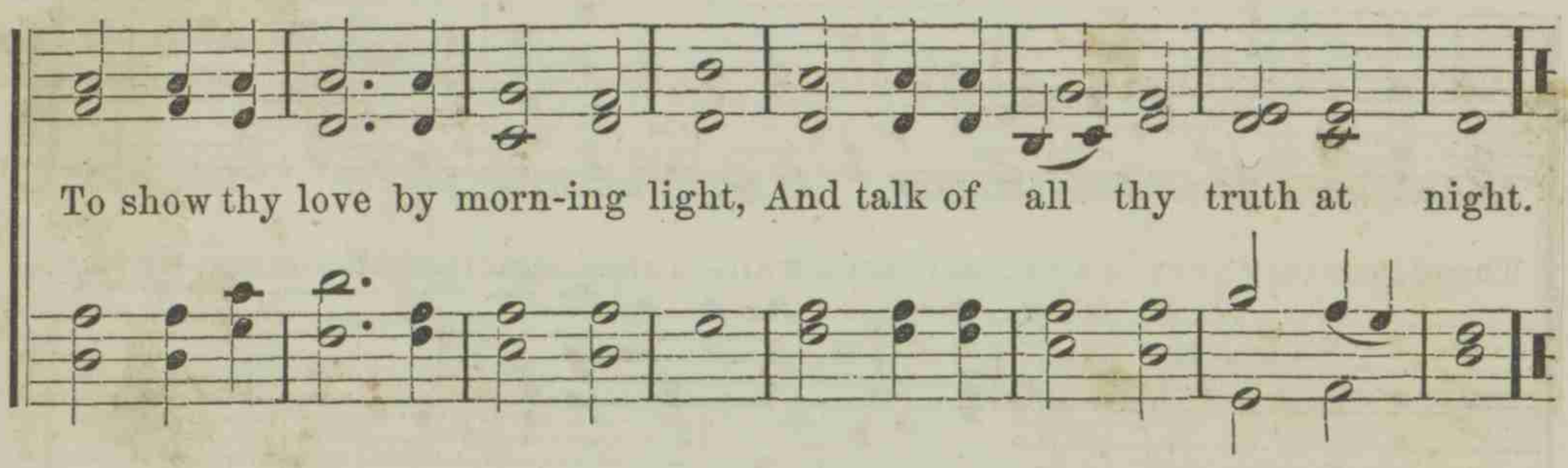
4. Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

5. With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.

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

APPLETON. L. M.





Sel. 9. **[Ps. 92, P. 1.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6, 7 omitted.)

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

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

4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

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

Sel. 10. **[H. 222.**

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

2. 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.

3. I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his own hand my head sustains.

Sel. 11. **[Ps. 139, P. 1.**

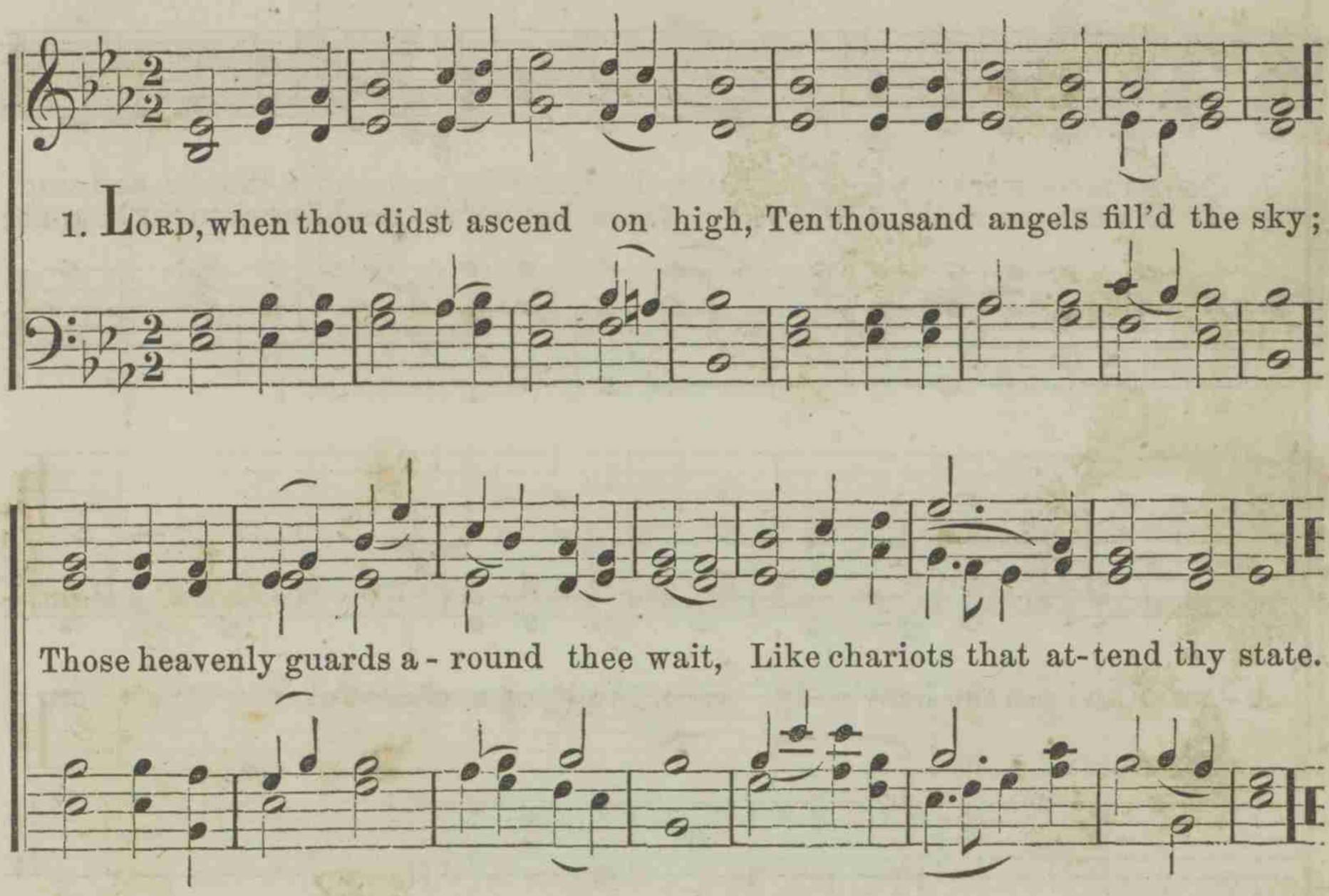
LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

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 find 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. Oh 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.



Sel. 12. [**Ps. 68. P. 2.**

LORD! when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

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

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

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

Sel. 13. [**Ps. 72, P. 2.**

(Stanzas 2, 3, 6, 7, omitted.)

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.

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

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

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

Sel. 14. [**H. 279.**

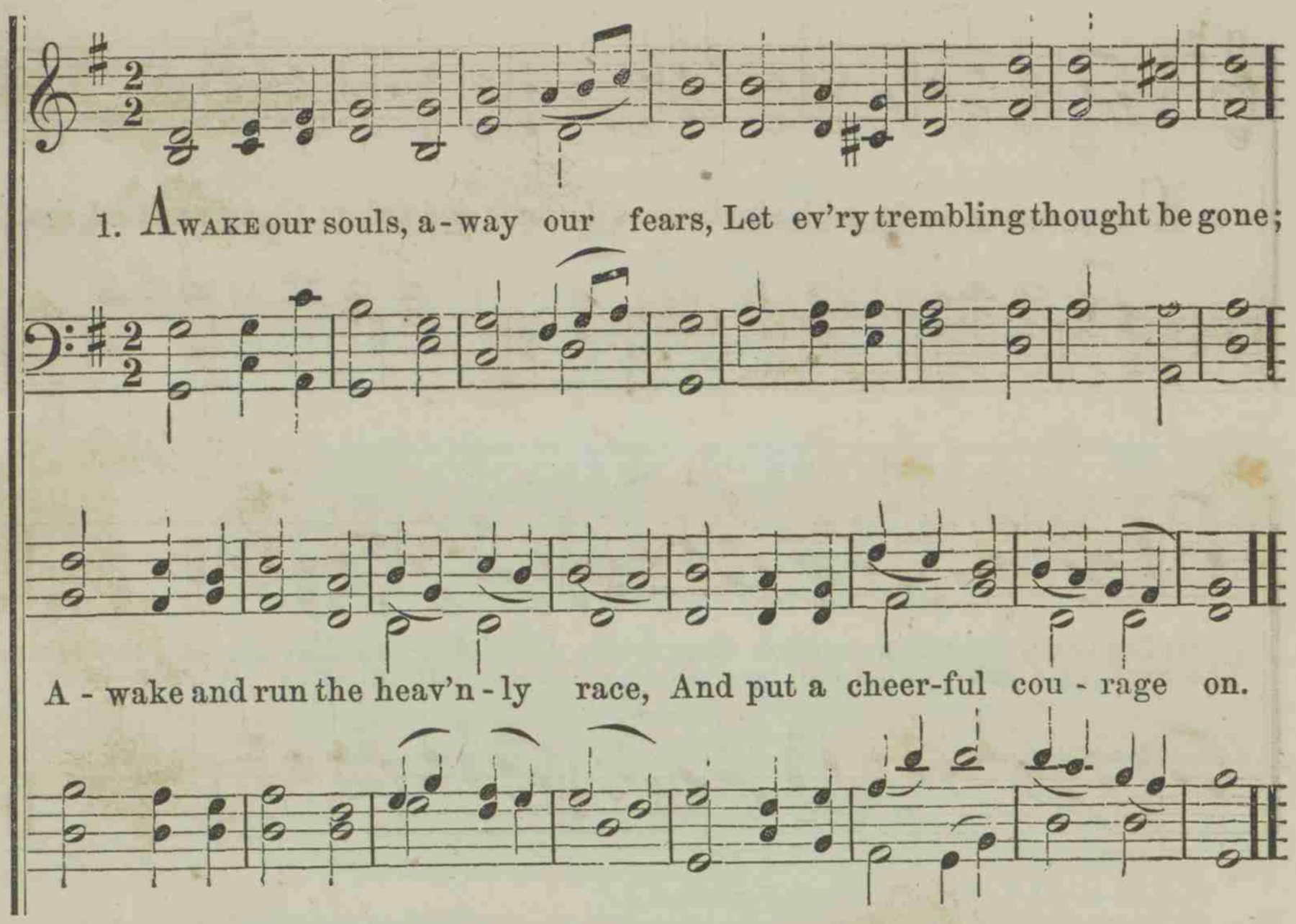
(Stanza 5 omitted.)

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 black despair,
And, whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3. Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous 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.



Sel. 15. **[H. 276.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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 fresh supply;
While such as 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 amidst the heavenly road.

Sel. 16. **[H. 325.**

THE God of my salvation lives;
My nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigor gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

2. Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

3. O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joy divine;
The barren desert shall rejoice;
'Tis paradise, if thou art mine.

Sel. 17. **[H. 563.**

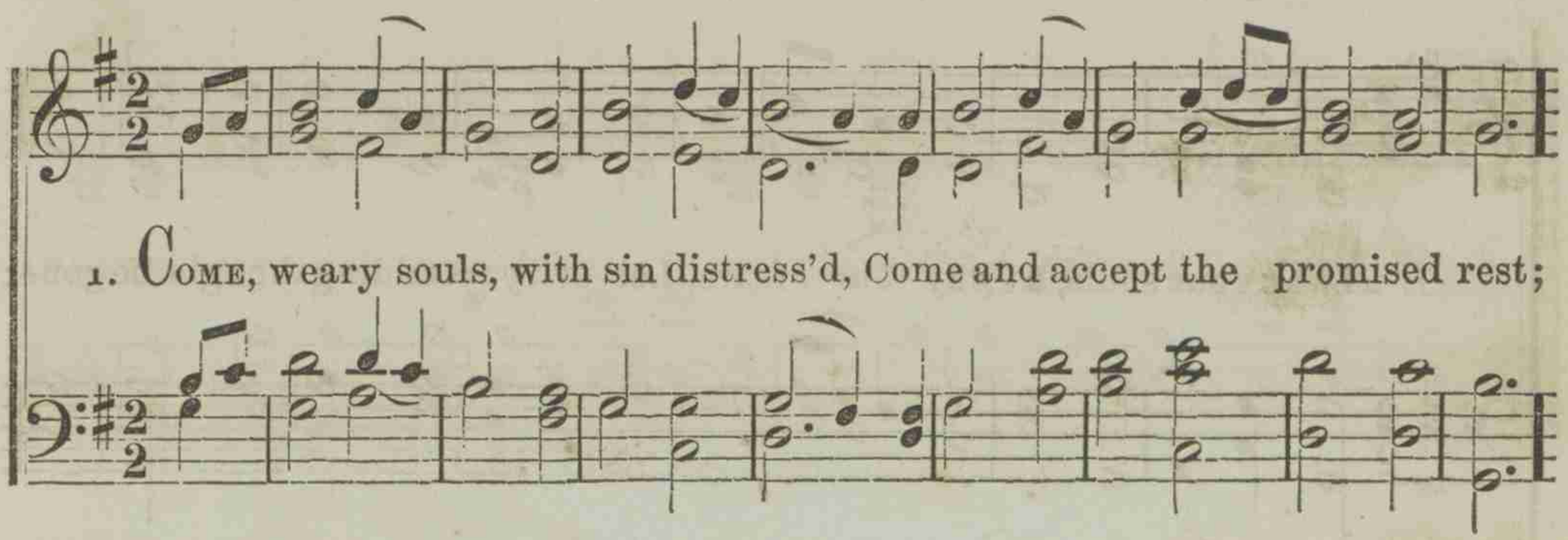
THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

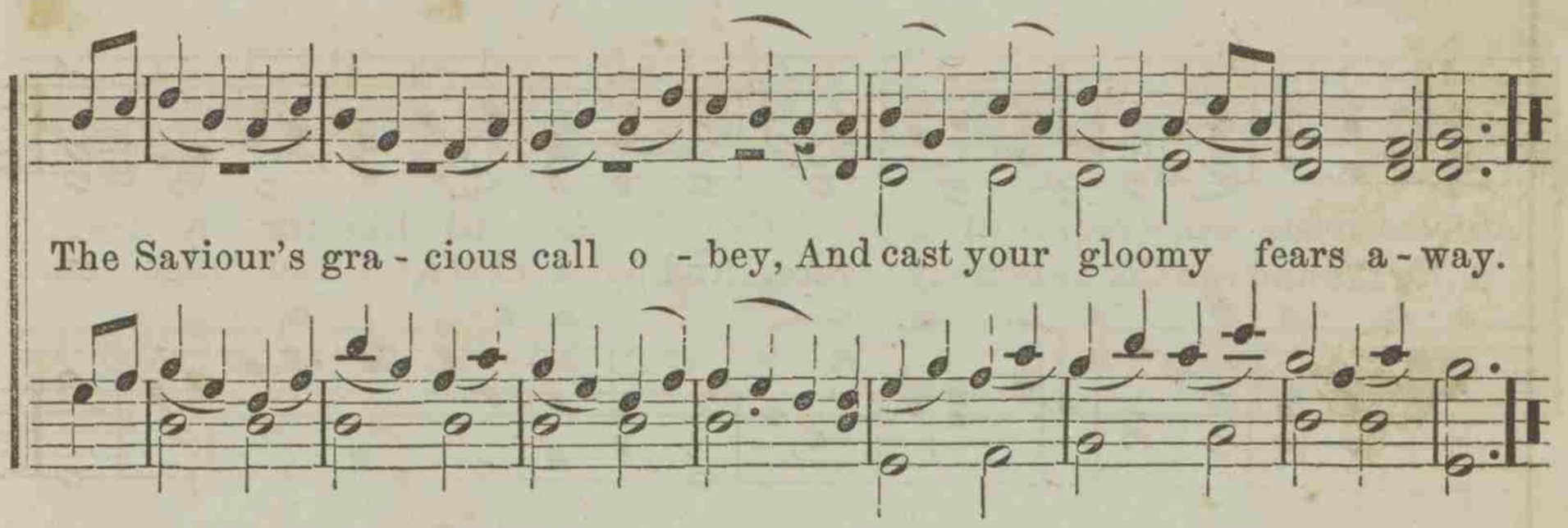
2. We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.

3. Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son,
To be a light to Gentile lands;
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched prisoner's bands?

4. Hast thou not said, from sea to sea,
His vast dominion shall extend;
That every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend?

5. Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favor Sion come,
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banish'd children home.





Sel. 18. [H. 157.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O! come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful loads remove.

3. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift; how free the grace!

4. Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come, believing we rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.

5. Blest Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

Sel. 19. [H. 587.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2. Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear, sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

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

4. And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

Sel. 20. [H. 152.

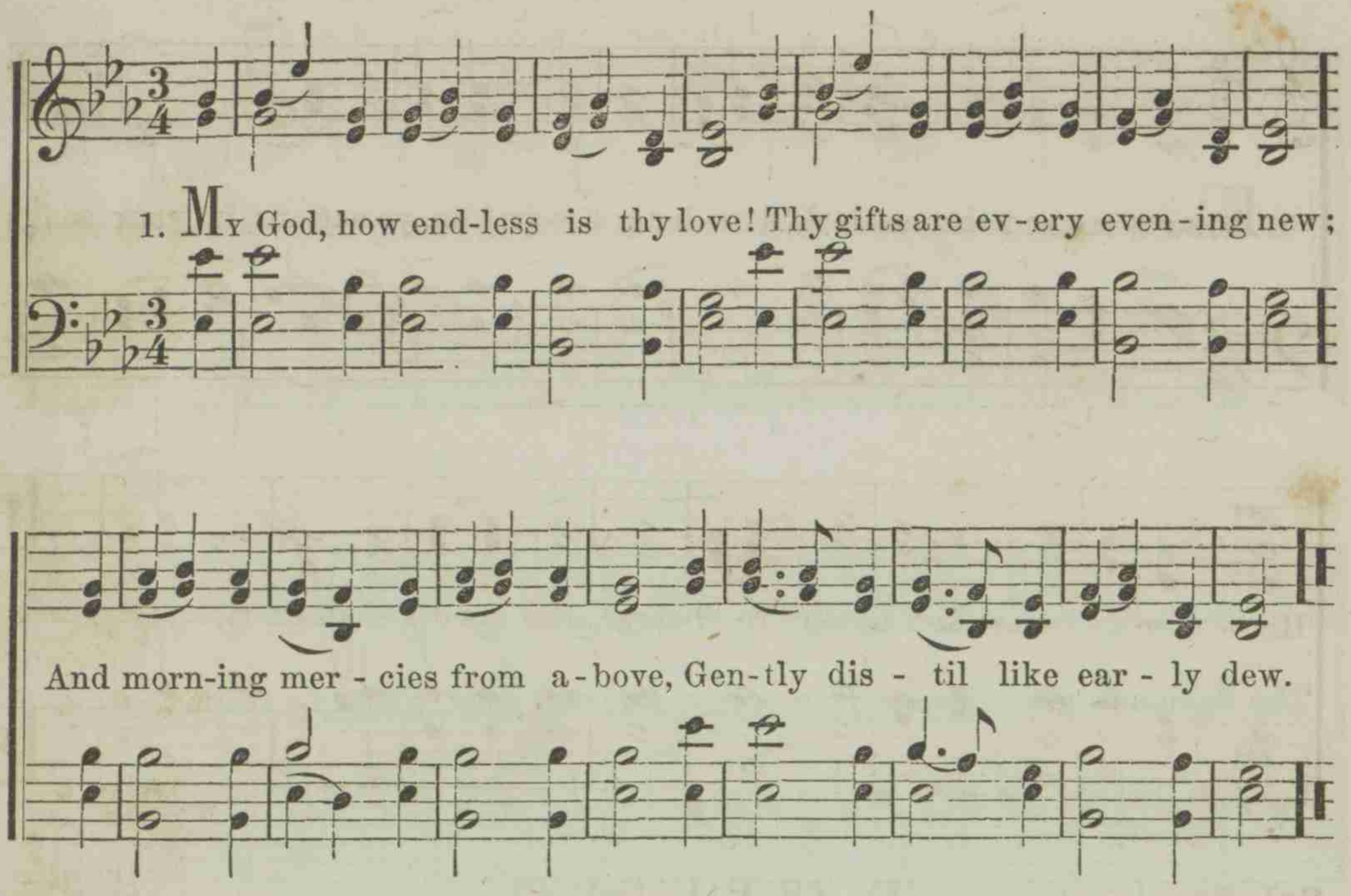
(Stanza 4 omitted.)

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long,—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2. O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands.
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3. But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners,—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

5. Admit Him, ere his anger burn;
His feet departed ne'er return:
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.



Sel. 21. [H. 446.

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 spreadst 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.

Sel. 22. [H. 297.

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2. If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, nor violence, I fear,
Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

3. When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe;
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4. Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

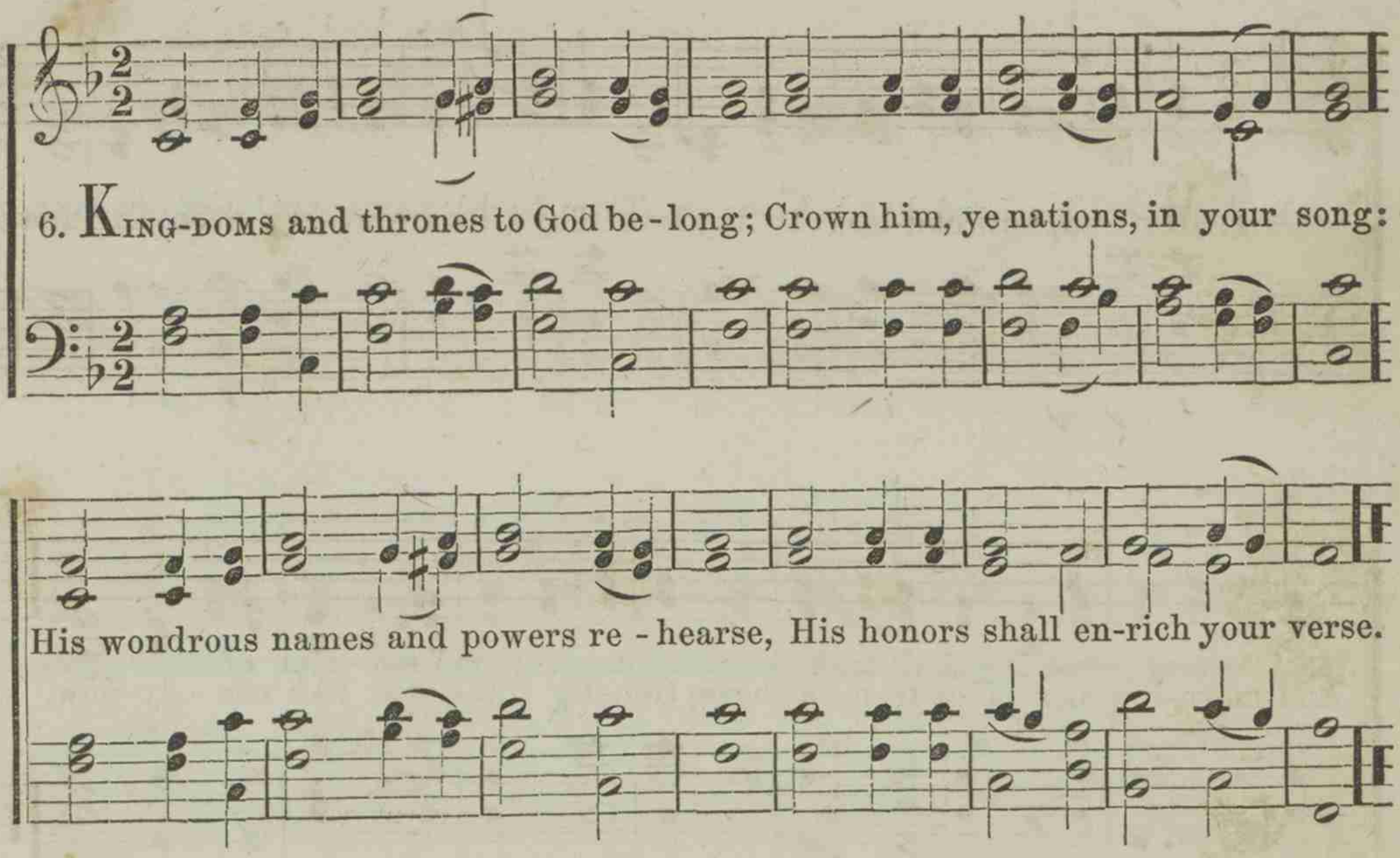
Sel. 23. [H. 424.

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2. He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
And, though his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3. In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes his wise decrees;
And by his saints it stands confess'd,
That what he does is ever best.

4. Then, O my soul, submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.



Sel. 24. [Ps. 68, P. 1.

(Stanza 6 in Music, 1—5 omitted.)

7. He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms;
In Israel are his mercies known;
Israel is his peculiar throne.

8. Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defense, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Sel. 25. [H. 21.

FATHER of all, whose love profound,
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2. Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3. Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

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

Sel. 26. [H. 262.

(Stanzas 4, 5 omitted.)

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2. Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3. Yet O the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

Sel. 27. [H. 522.

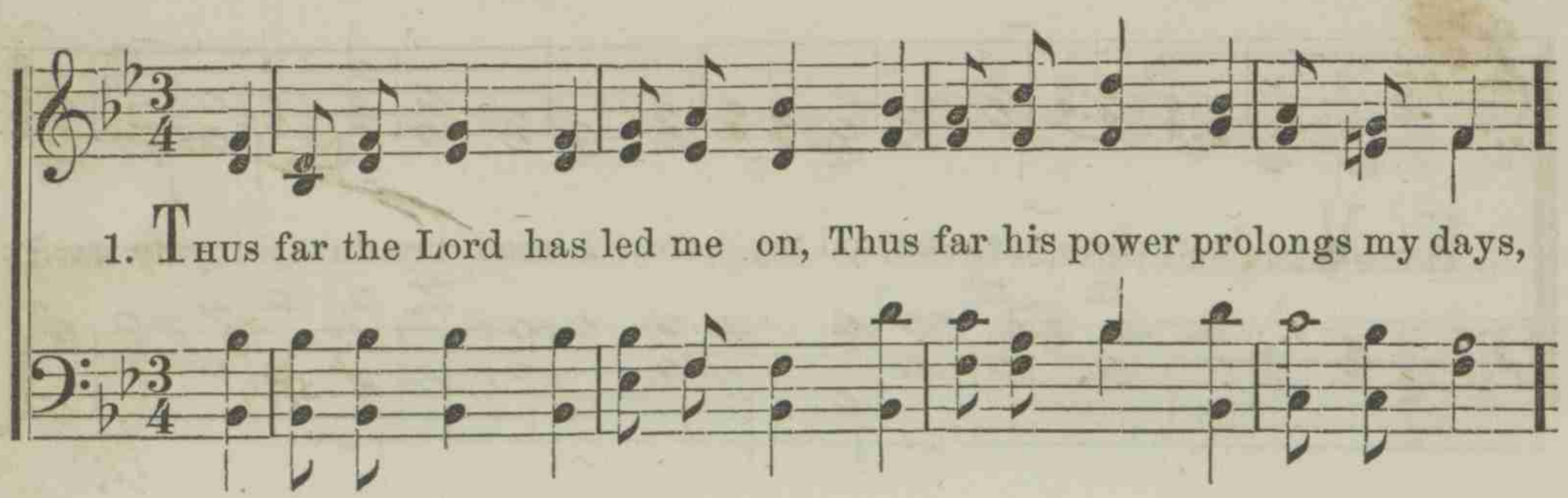
GREAT Saviour, who didst condescend
Young children in thine arms to embrace,
Still prove thyself the infants' friend;
Baptize them with thy cleansing grace.

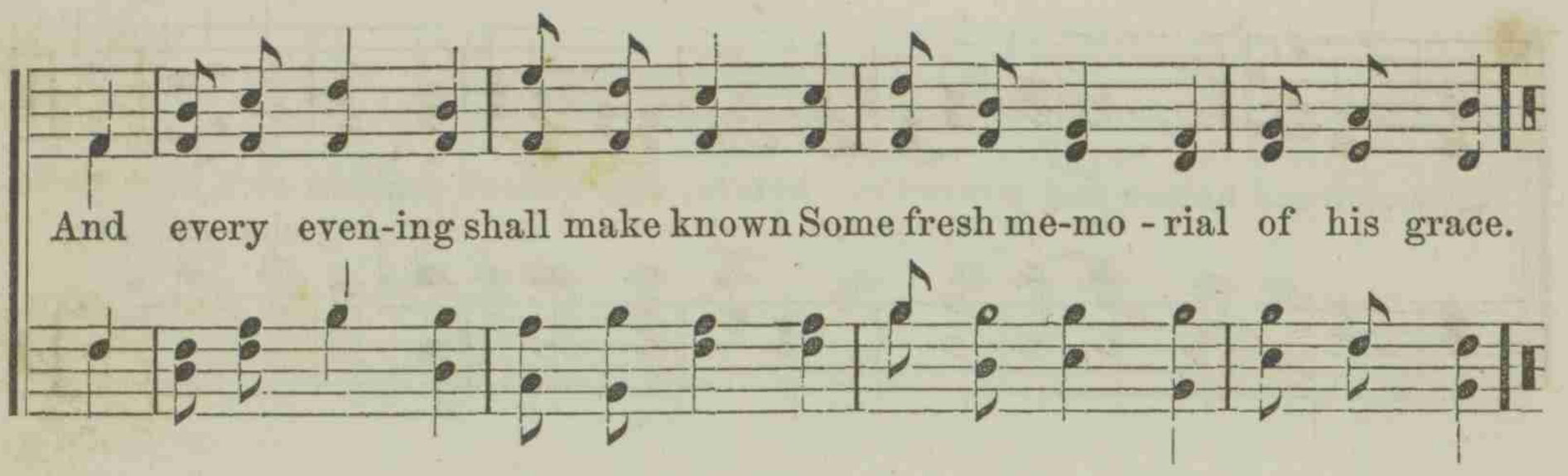
2. Whilst in the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou their Guardian and their Guide,
That they, directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.

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

HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.





Sel. 28. [H. 435.

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. In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

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

Sel. 29. [H. 553.

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

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

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

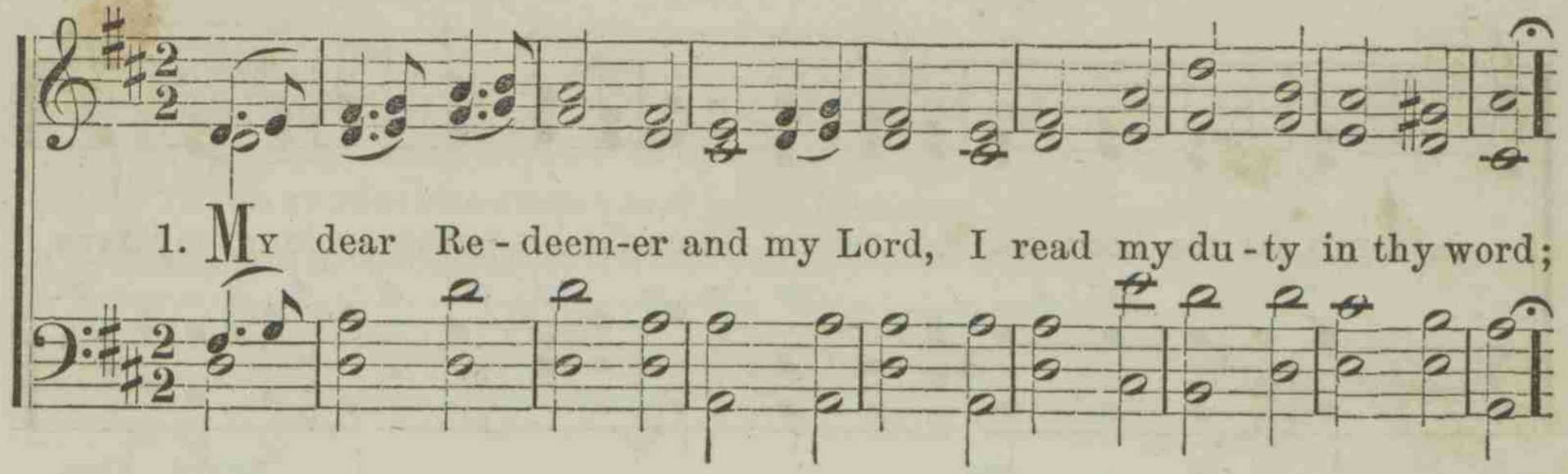
4. Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, declare thy name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—Lord of all.

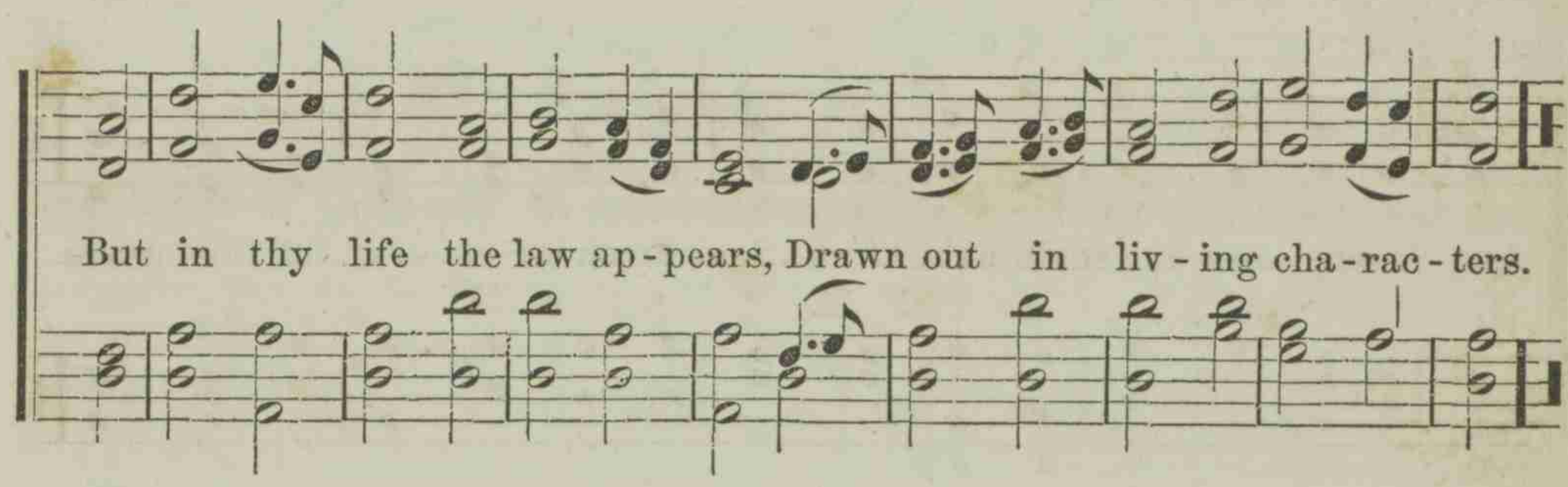
Sel. 30. [H. 453.

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

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

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





Sel. 31. **[H. 219.**

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

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
Witness'd 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;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Sel. 32. **[H. 336.**

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 express'd.

2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlargéd souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

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

Sel. 33. **[H. 487.**

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

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

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

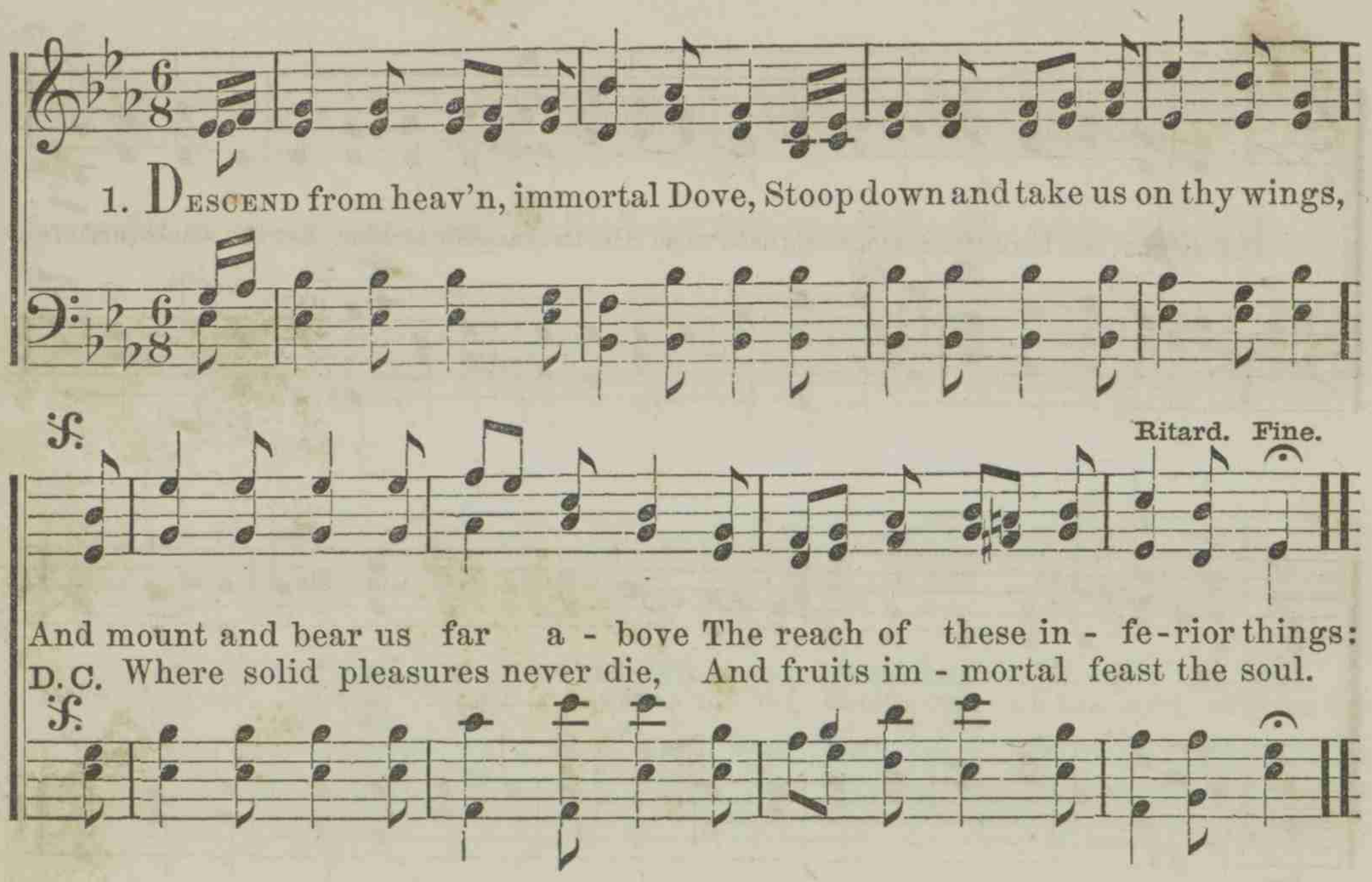
4. O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

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.

JENNINGS. L. M.

Contributed by Dr. J. C. B.



Sel. 34. **[H. 661.**

(Stanzas 1, 2 in Music.)

3. O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4. Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5. O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King.

6. When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing and love?

Sel. 35. **[H. 675.**

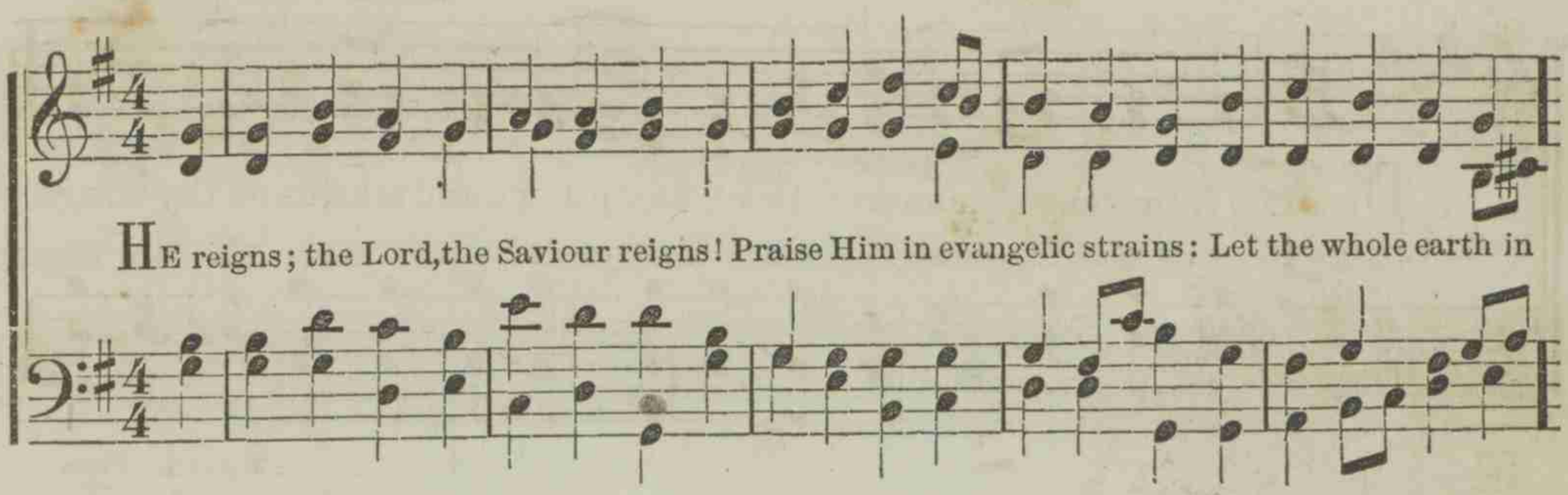
(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

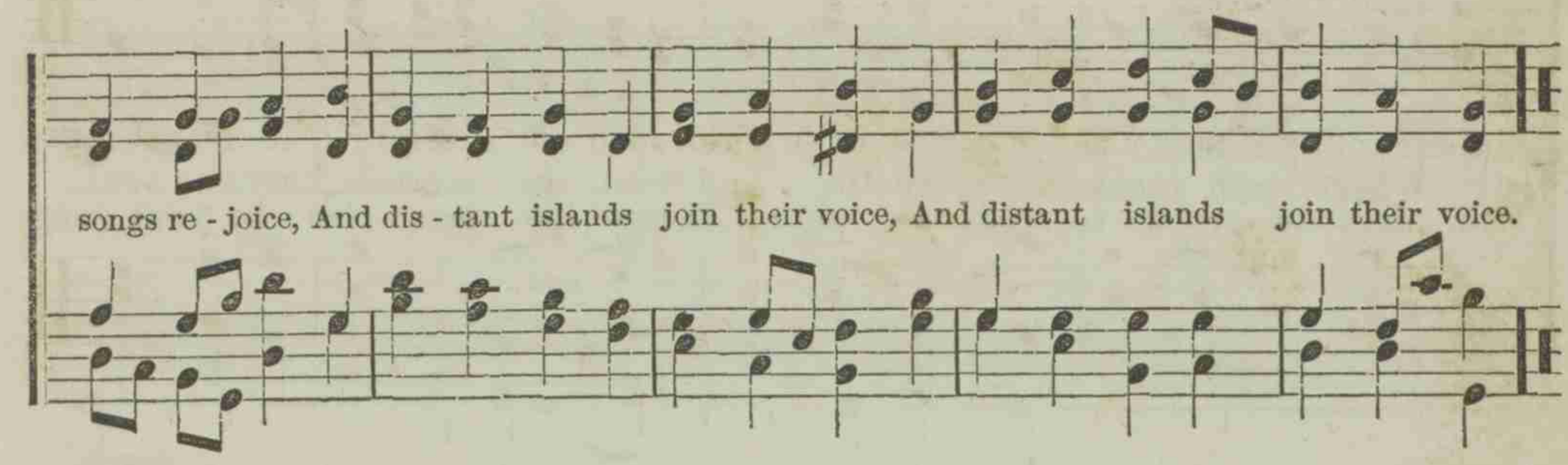
O! FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

2. There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

3. Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

4. He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.





Sel. 36. **[Ps. 97, P. 1.**

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

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

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

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

Sel. 37. **[Ps. 97, P. 3.**

TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2. Oh, ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3. Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

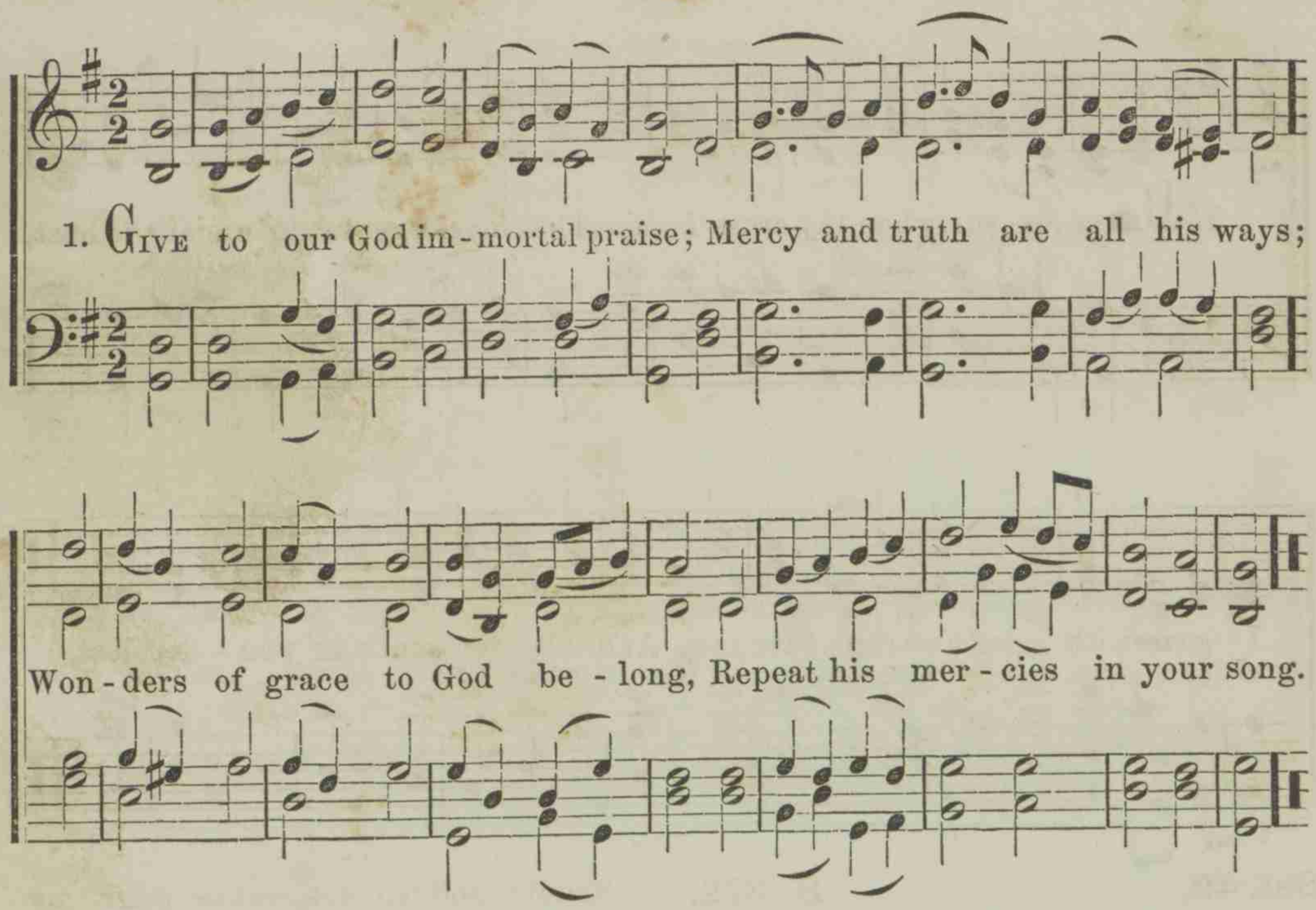
4. Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

Sel. 38. **[H. 652.**

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2. When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

3. Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.



Sel. 39. **[Ps. 136, P. 3.**

(Stanzas 3—6 omitted.)

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2. Give to the Lord of lords renown!
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

7. He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

8. Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Sel. 40. **[H. 108.**

NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

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.

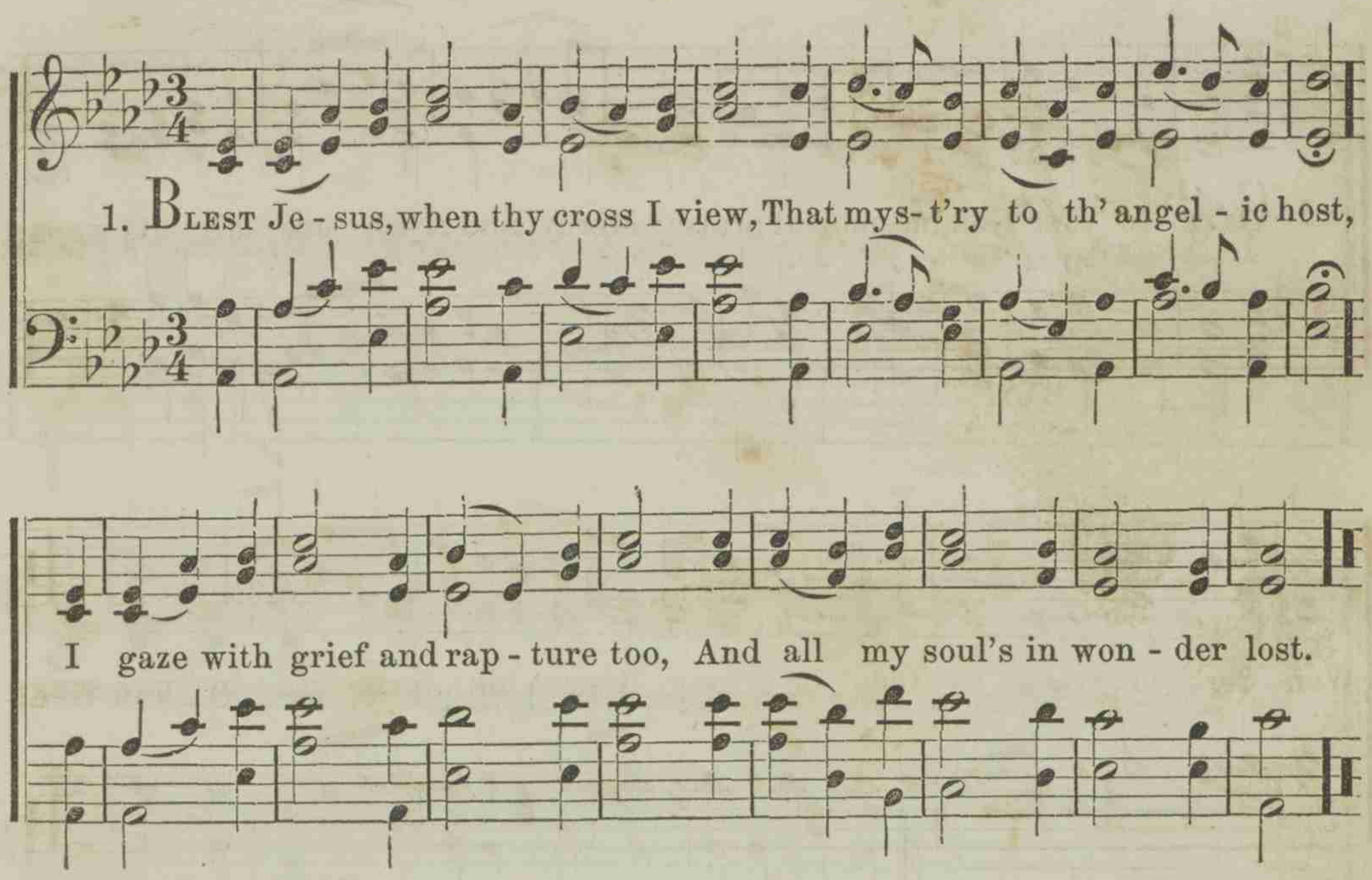
4. The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Sel. 41. **[H. 560.**

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad:
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2. Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3. O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name;
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.



Sel. 42. **[H. 372.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6 omitted.)

2. What strange compassion fill'd thy breast,
That brought thee from thy throne on high,
To woes that cannot be express'd,
To be despised, to groan and die!

3. Was it for man, rebellious man,
Sunk by his crimes below the grave,
Who, justly doom'd to endless pain,
Found none to pity or to save?

4. For man didst thou forsake the sky,
To bleed upon the accursed tree?
And didst thou taste of death to buy
Immortal life and bliss for me?

5. Had I a voice to praise thy name,
Loud as the trump that wakes the dead,
Had I the raptured seraph's flame,
My debt of love could ne'er be paid.

Sel. 43. **[Ps. 51, P. 1.**

(Stanzas 3, 4 omitted.)

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 don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

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.

Sel. 44. **[H. 283.**

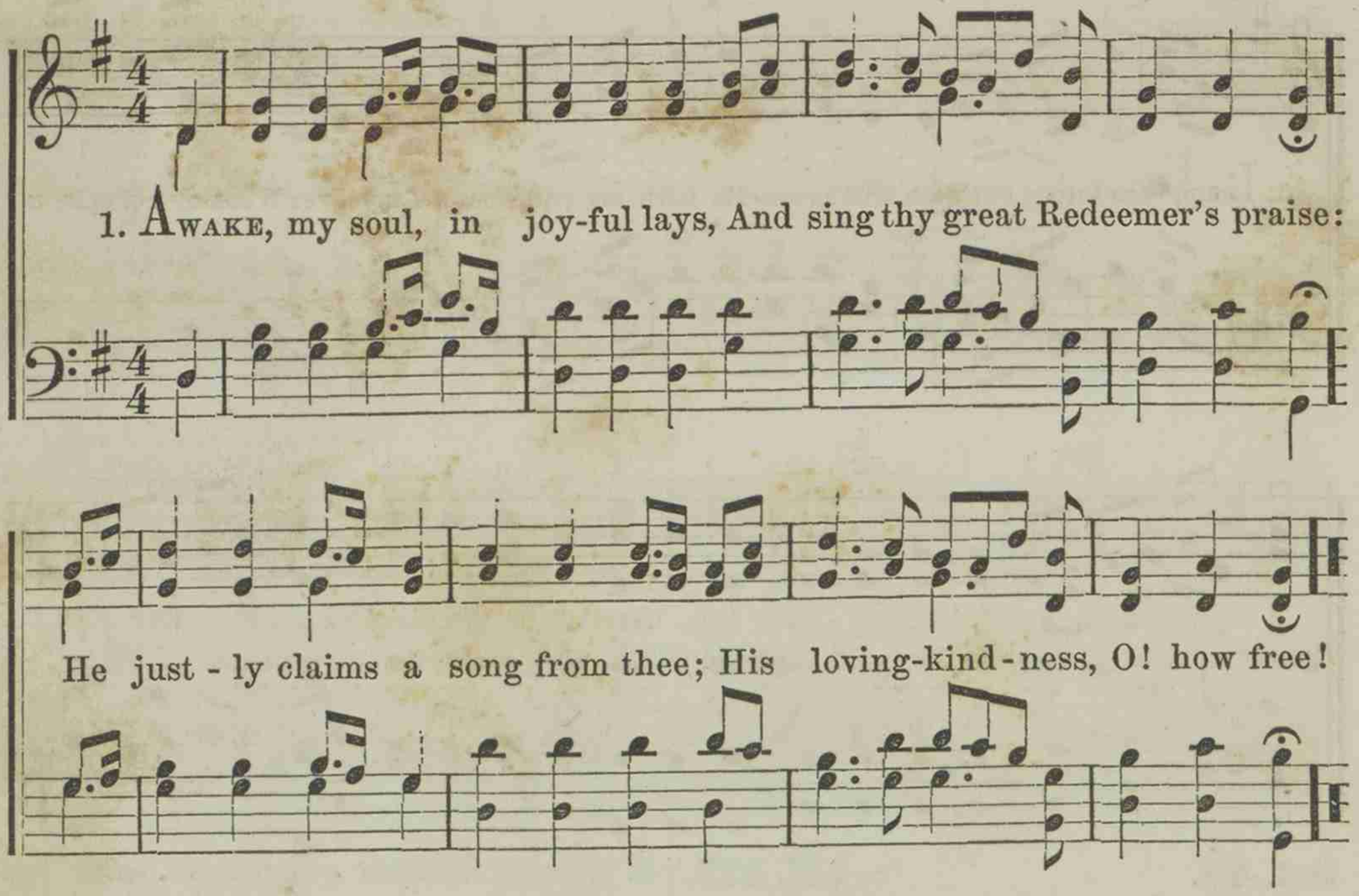
(Stanza 4 omitted.)

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 and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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



Sel. 45. **[H. 381.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 3, 4, 7, omitted.)

2. He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O! how great!

5. Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But, though I oft have Him 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.

Sel. 46. **[Ps. 138.**

(Stanzas 4, 5 omitted.)

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

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

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

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

Sel. 47. **[H. 82.**
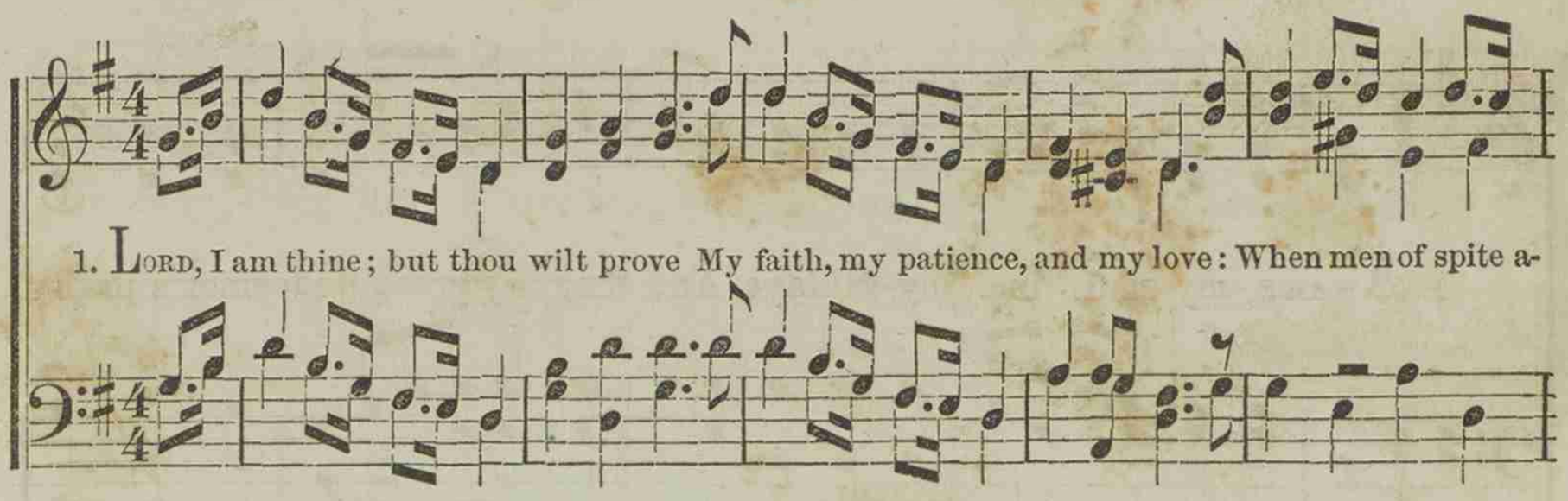
TO God, my Saviour, and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring;
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace,

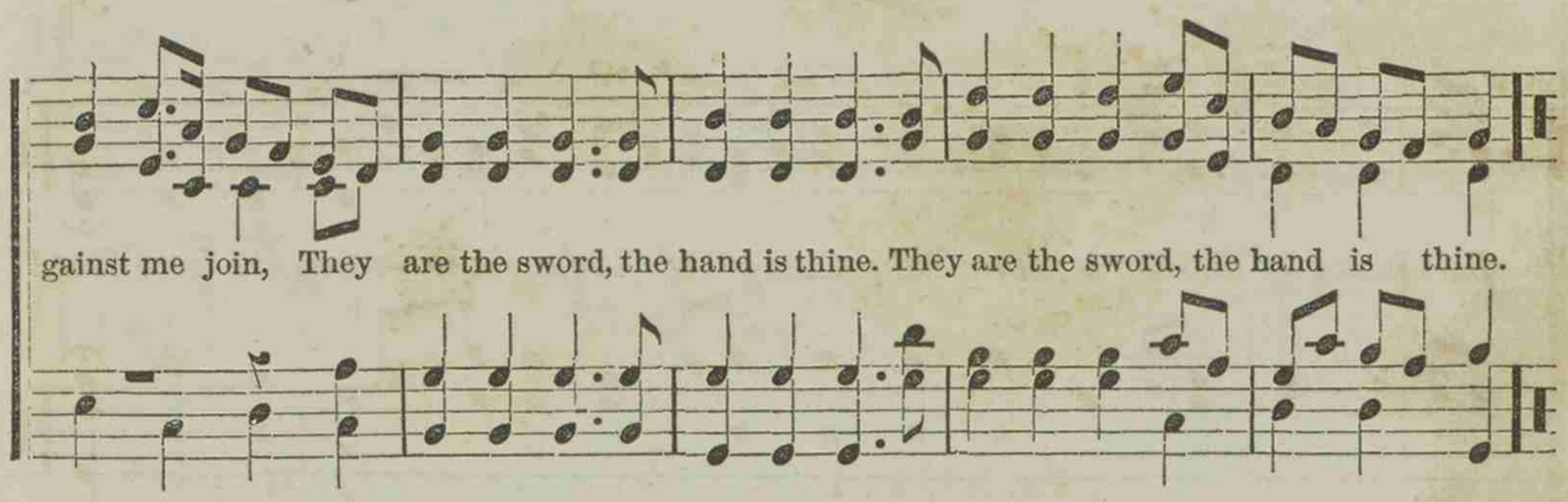
2. Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;
He saw me weltering in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.

3. With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds and soothed my grief,
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4. These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
Deep in my breast I will record;
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

5. My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Through the remainder of my days;
And when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.





Sel. 48. [Ps. 17.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 2 omitted.)

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

4. This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

5. O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

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

Sel. 49. [H. 41.

(Stanzas 4, 5 omitted.)

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2. Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfil,
Behold Him rising from the dead!

3. He lives, He lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

6. Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

Sel. 50. [Ps. 45, P. 2.

(Stanzas 3, 4 omitted.)

NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus, the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!
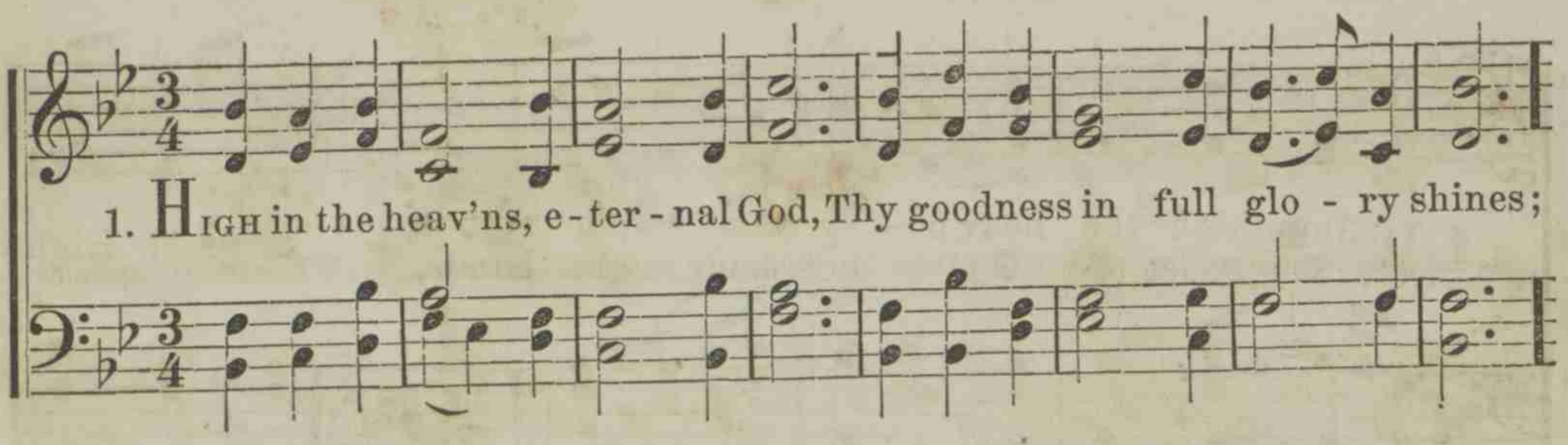
2. O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with far superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

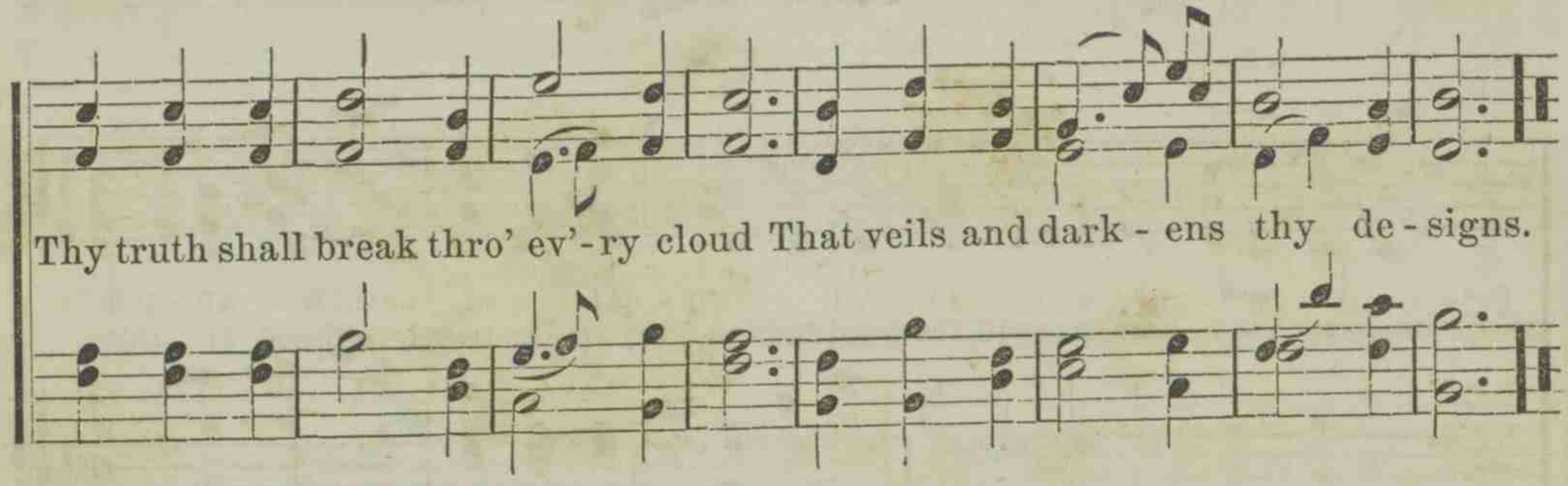
5. Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But grace and justice thy delight.

6. God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit bless'd
His first-born Son above the rest.

MENDON. L. M.

German.





Sel. 51. [Ps. 36, P. 1.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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

3. Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

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

5. From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6. Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Sel. 52. [H. 269.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

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

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

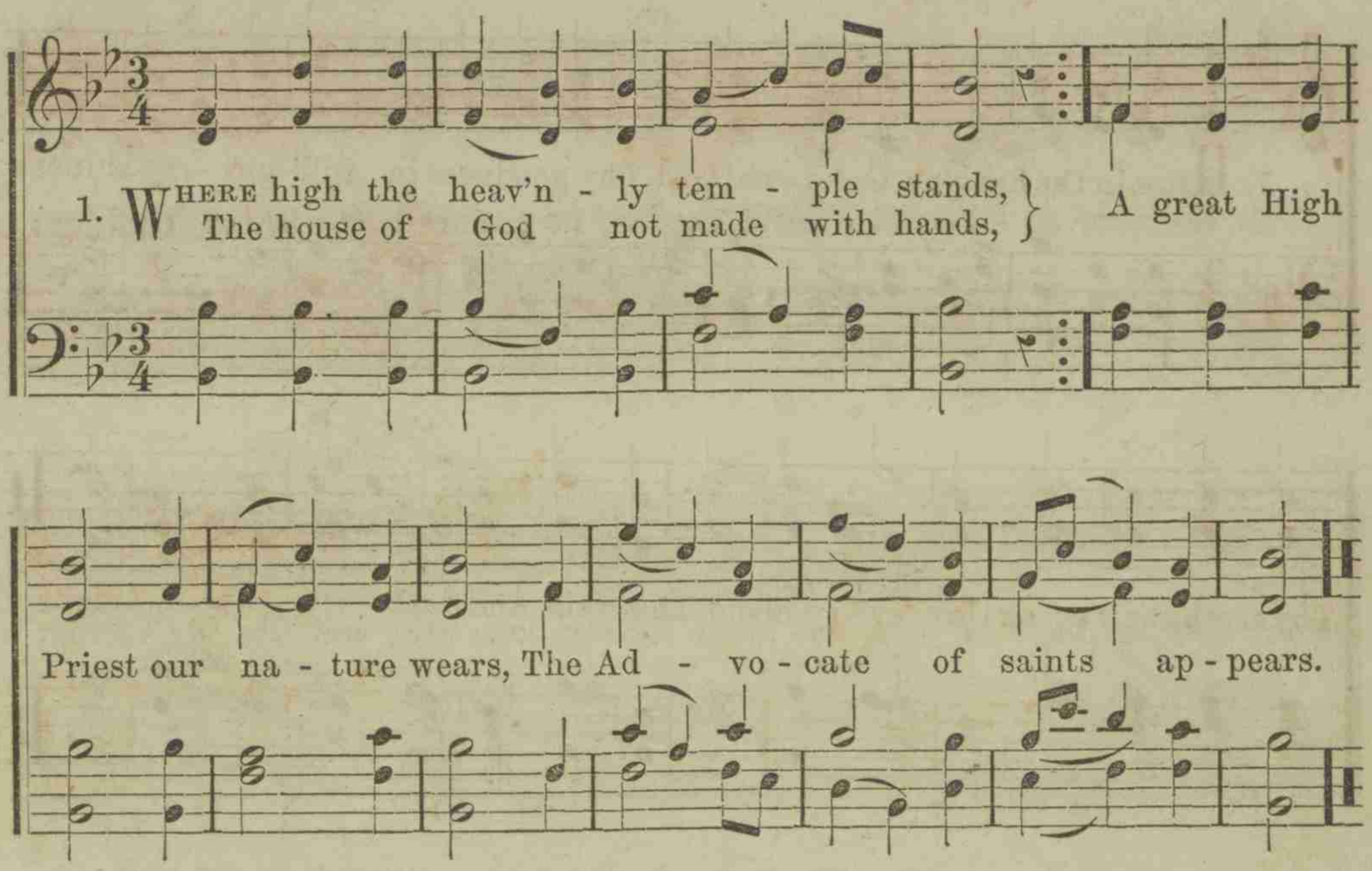
Sel. 53. [H. 545.

DISOWN'D of heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Sion's hallow'd ground,
O why should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around?

2. Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3. The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4. Hail, glorious day! expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.



Sel. 54. **[H. 190.**

(Stanzas 2, 4 omitted.)

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Advocate of saints appears.

3. Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

5. In every pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6. With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

Sel. 55. **[H. 507.**

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

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

3. Before him thy protection send,
O love him, save him to the end:
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim rove,
Without the convoy of thy love.

4. Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

Sel. 56. **[H. 576.**

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy Godlike power be known.

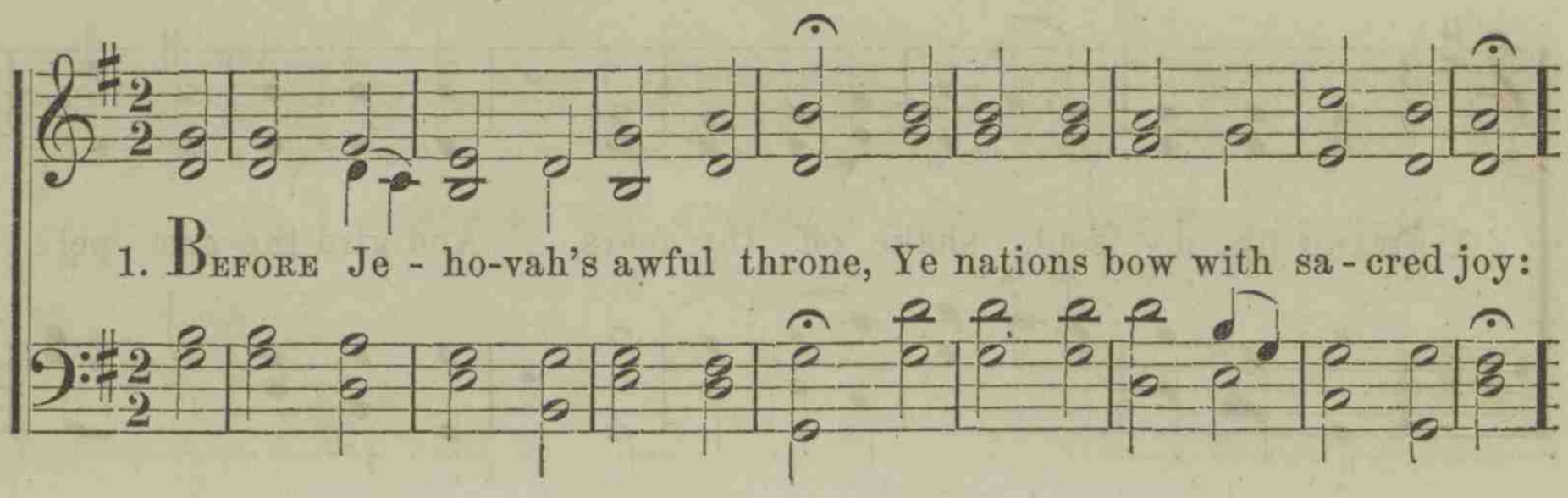
2. Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes,
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise,
While all their glowing souls are borne,
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3. O let a holy flock await,
Num'rous around thy temple gate;
Each pressing on, with zeal, to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

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

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUIL. FRANC.



Sel. 57. [Ps. 100, P. 2.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
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 heavens 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 must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Sel. 58. [Ps. 117, P. 2.

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

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

Sel. 59. [Ps. 57.

(Stanzas 4—6 omitted.)

MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2. Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

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

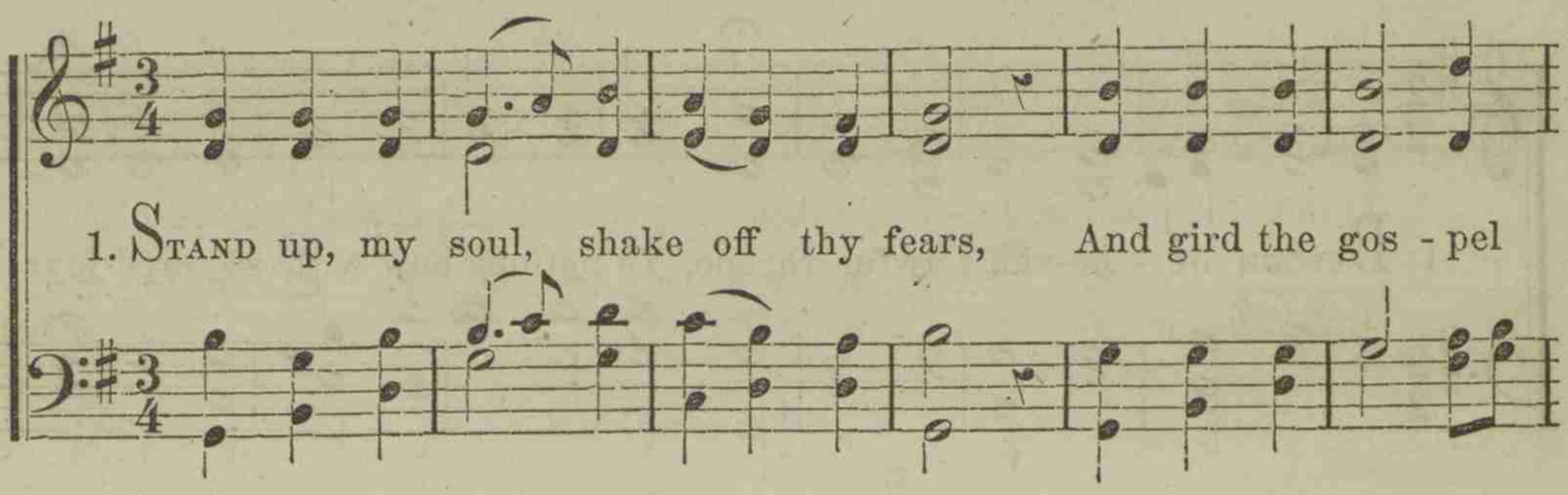
Sel. 60. [H. 480.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

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

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.



Sel. 61. [H. 389.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6 omitted.)

2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3. What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite;
Eternal chains confine him down,
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4. What though thy inward lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life:
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

5. 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.

Sel. 62. [H. 596.

(Stanzas 3, 5 omitted.)

GOD of the passing year, to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With swelling heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

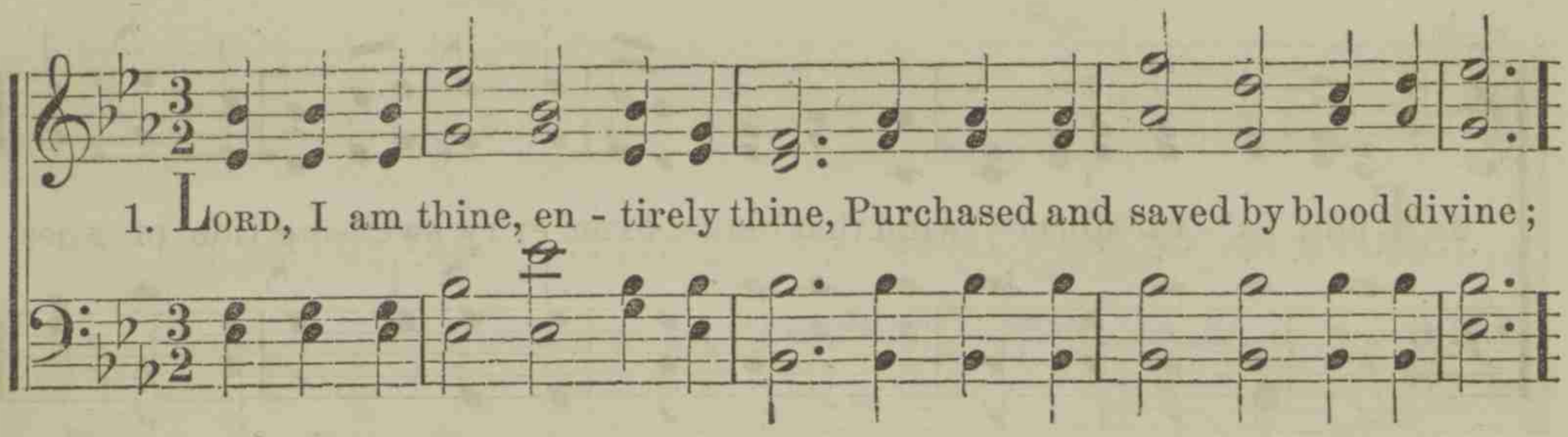
2. We bless thy name, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land our fathers trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

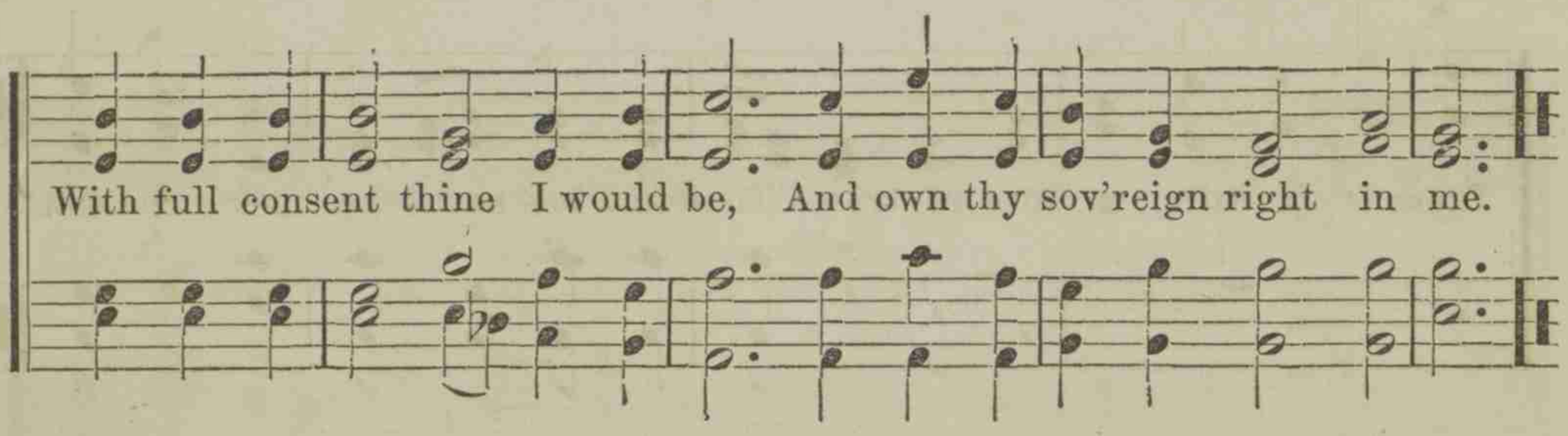
4. We praise thee, that the gospel light,
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Scatters the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

6. O God, preserve us in thy fear,
In troublous times our helper be;
Diffuse thy truth's bright precepts here,
And may we worship only thee.

REST. L. M.

From The Jubilee,
By Prof. W. B. BRADBURY.





Sel. 63. **[H. 272.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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

3. Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

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

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

Sel. 64. **[H. 351.**

(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

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

2. Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3. Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4. 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.

Sel. 65. **[H. 447.**

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

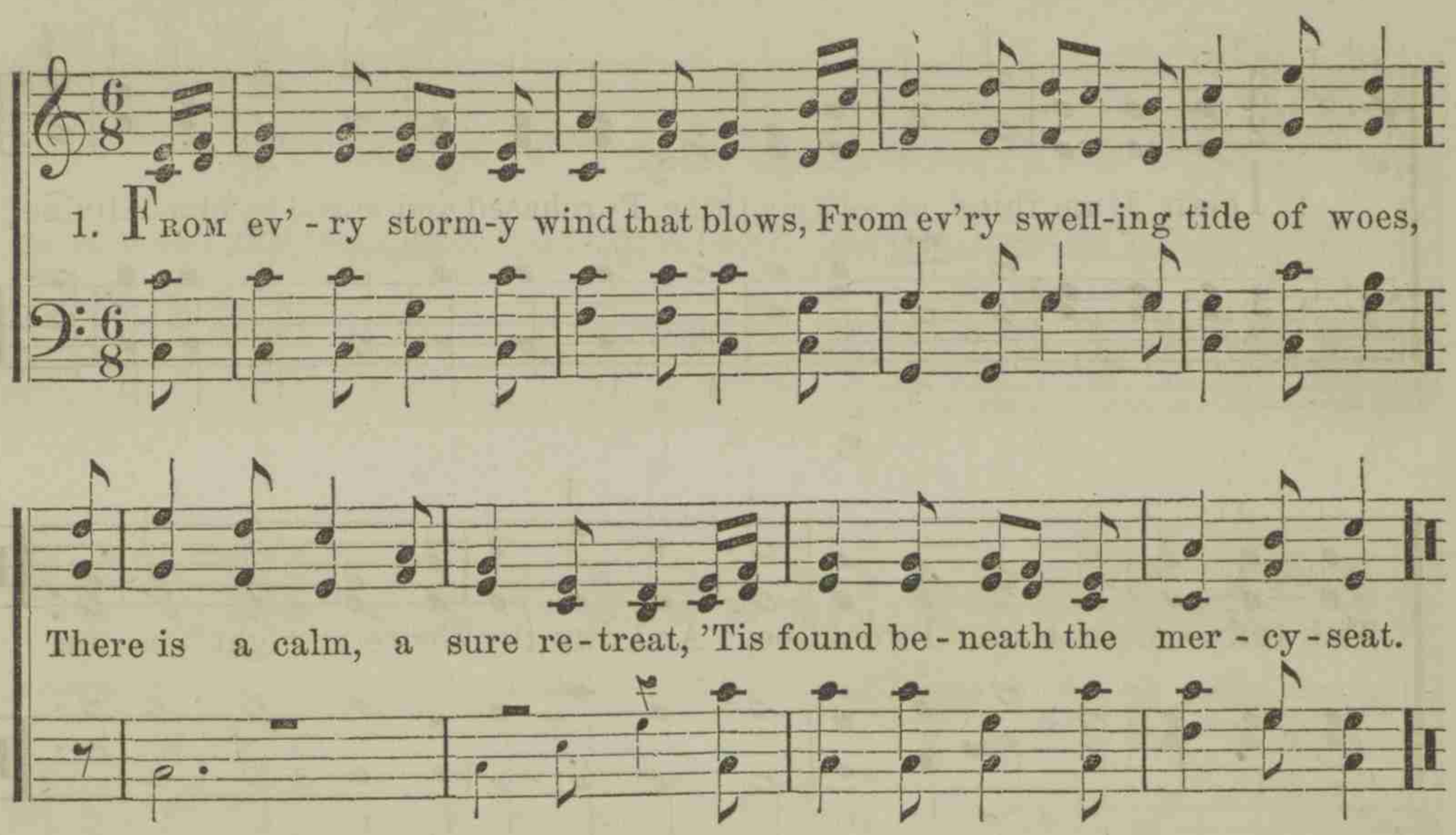
2. Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

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.

RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. HASTINGS.*



Sel. 66. [H. 470.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6 omitted.)

2. There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5. There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Sel. 67. [H. 362.

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

WHY droops my soul, with grief oppress'd?
Why these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound,
No kind physician to be found?

2. Yes, in the gospel's faithful lines,
Jehovah's boundless mercy shines;
There, dress'd in love, the Saviour stands,
With pitying heart, and bleeding hands.

3. Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;
Behold the Prince of glory dies:
He dies, extended on the tree;
Thence sheds a sovereign balm for me.

4. Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear,
Infinite grace, which triumphs here.

Sel. 68. [H. 531.

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

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

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

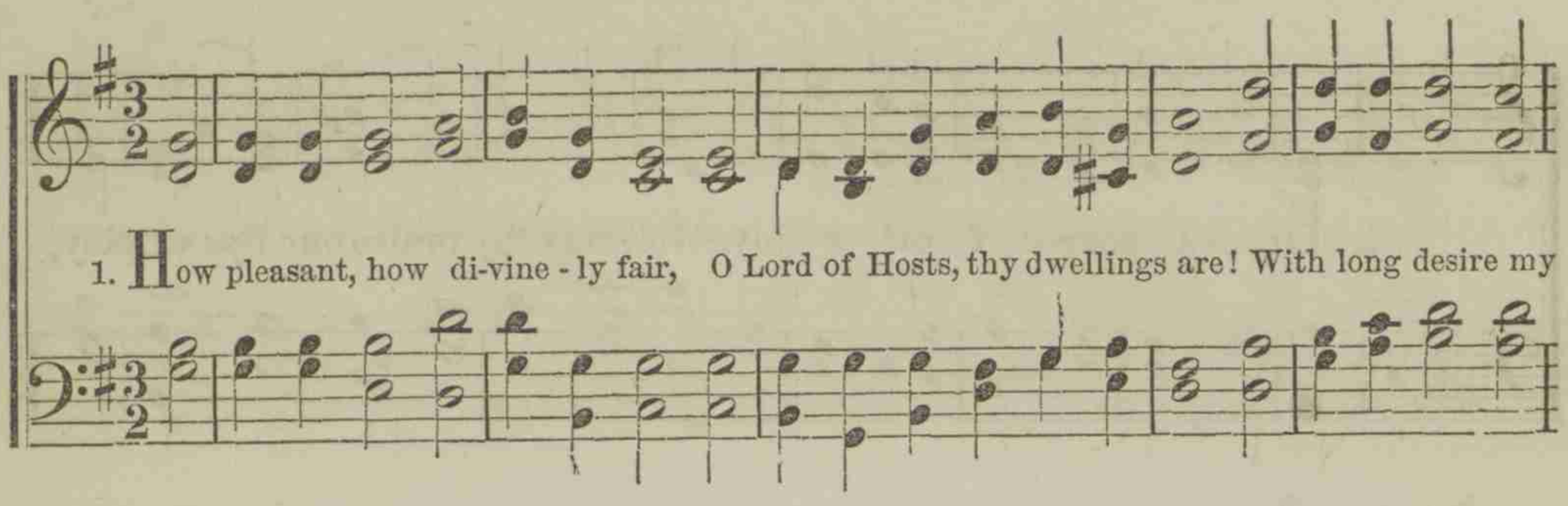
3. The Lord of life this table spread,
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
We taste the wine, and bless our God.

4. Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on Him.

* As arranged in Church Melodies.

ROLLAND. L. M.

From The Jubilee,
By Prof. W. B. BRADBURY.



Sel. 69. **[Ps. 84, P. 1.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 3–5 omitted.)

2. My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be,
So far from all my joys and thee?

6. Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate; [road
God is their strength; and through the
They lean upon their Helper, God.

7. Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Sel. 70. **[H. 10.**

LORD, what is man that he should prove
The object of thy boundless love?
Say, why should he so largely share
Thy favor, and thy tender care?

2. While these my lips draw vital breath,
Or till I close my eyes in death,
I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,
Nor thoughtless of thy kindness prove.

3. Beneath thy shadowing wings' defense
I'll place my only confidence:
In every danger and distress,
To thee will I my prayer address.

4. Should all my hopes on earth be lost,
In thee I'll make my constant boast:
I'll spread the glories of thy name,
And thy unbounded love proclaim.

Sel. 71. **[H. 328.**

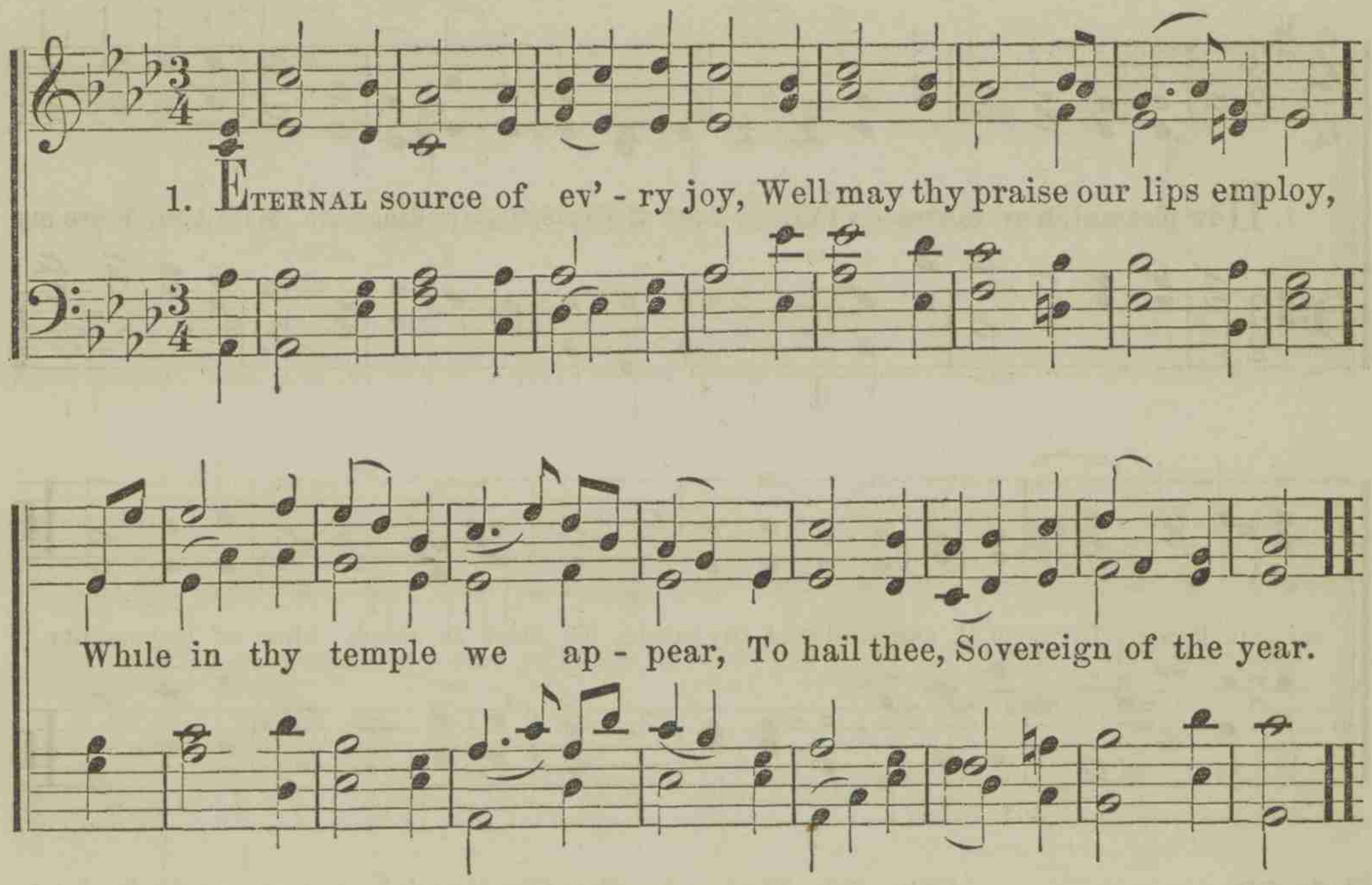
OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the blest.

2. While we are held in thine embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile upon thy beauteous face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3. While of thy absence we complain,
And long, or weep in all we do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

4. When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night,
For some kind tidings of our love,
Thy very name creates delight.

5. Jesus, our God, yet rather come;
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face:
'Tis best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.



Sel. 72. [H. 593.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6 omitted.)

2. Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3. The flowery spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4. Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores:
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5. Seasons and months and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

Sel. 73. [H. 267.

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

2. The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

3. Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4. Lead us to God our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heaven the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.
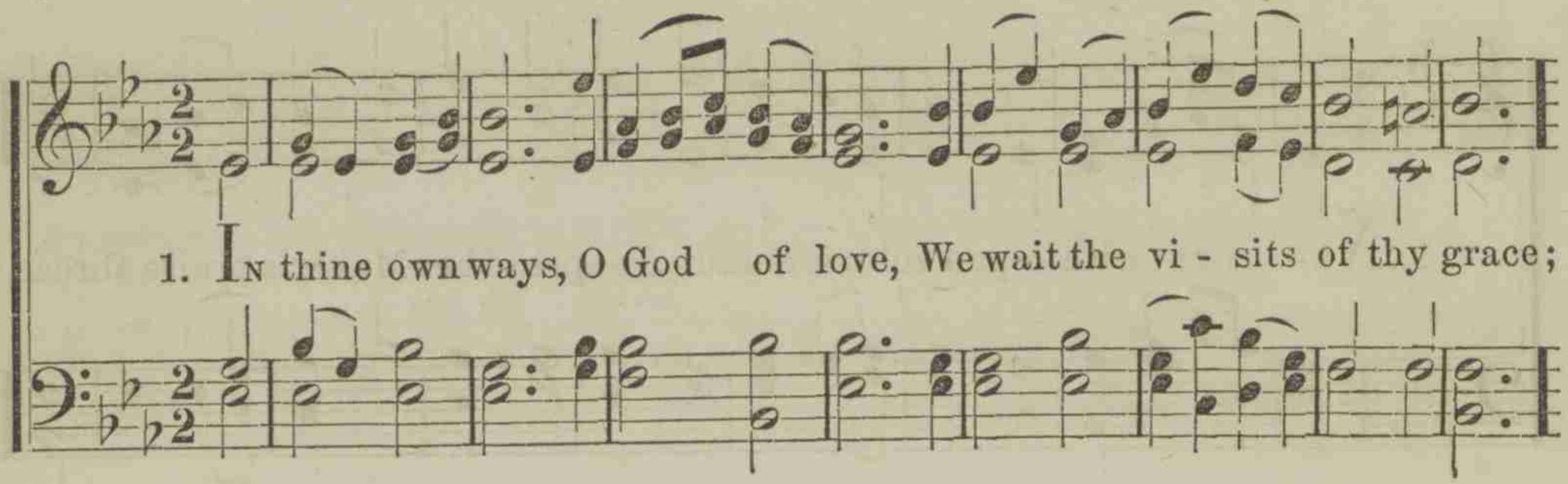
Sel. 74. [H. 574.

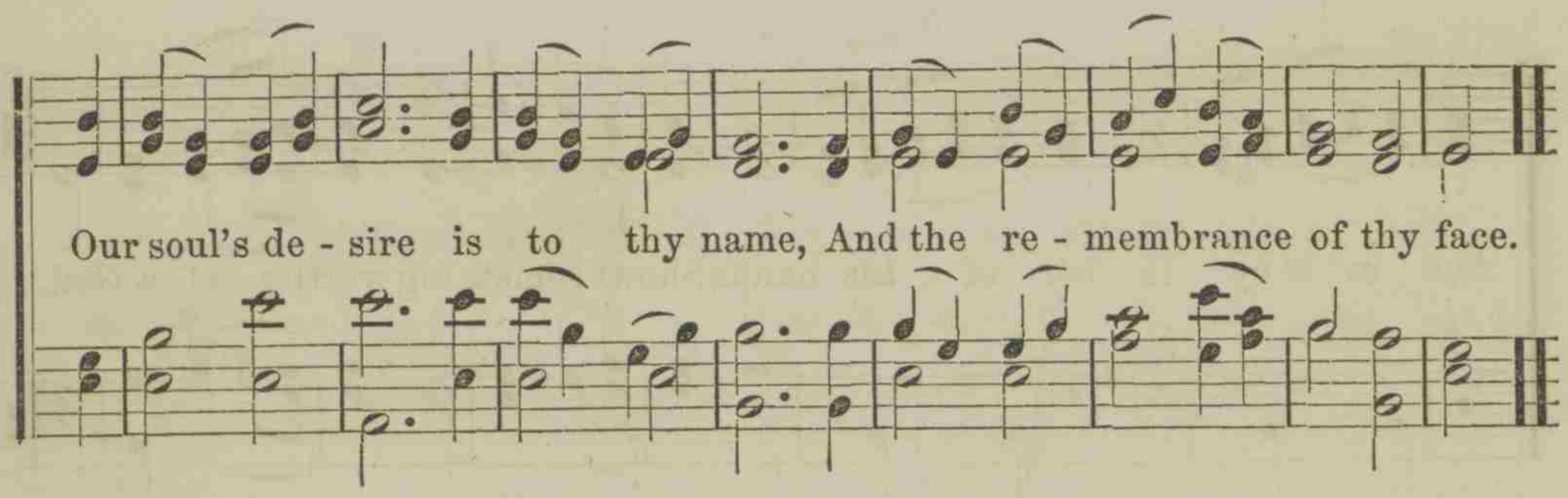
WHILE fill'd with sadness and dismay
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fear, the ark is mine.

2. "Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and power;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3. "Take down thy long-neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair.'

4. Lord, I obey, my hopes revive:
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.





Sel. 75. **[H. 296.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6 omitted.)

2. Our thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
Mid the black shades of lonesome night;
Our earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restores the light.

3. Look, how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of our God:
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4. Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before Him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
Of threatening thunder to his foes.

5. "Come, children, to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease."

Sel. 76. **[H. 202.**

JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

2. In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

3. No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4. Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

Sel. 77. **[H. 207.**

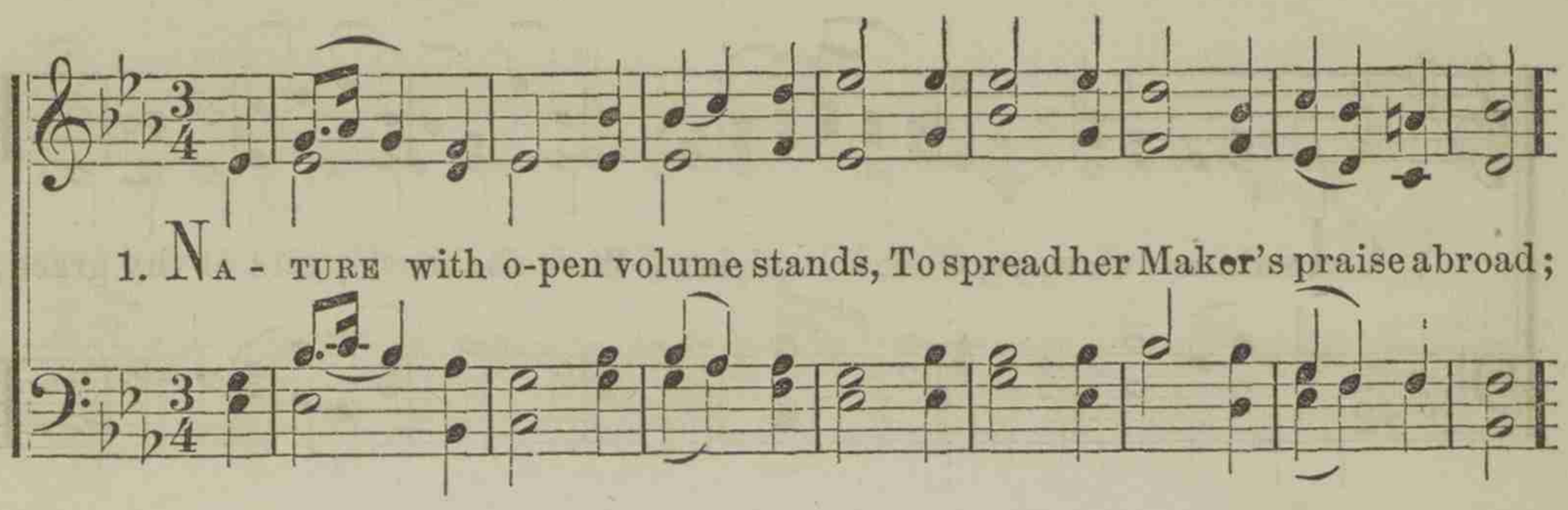
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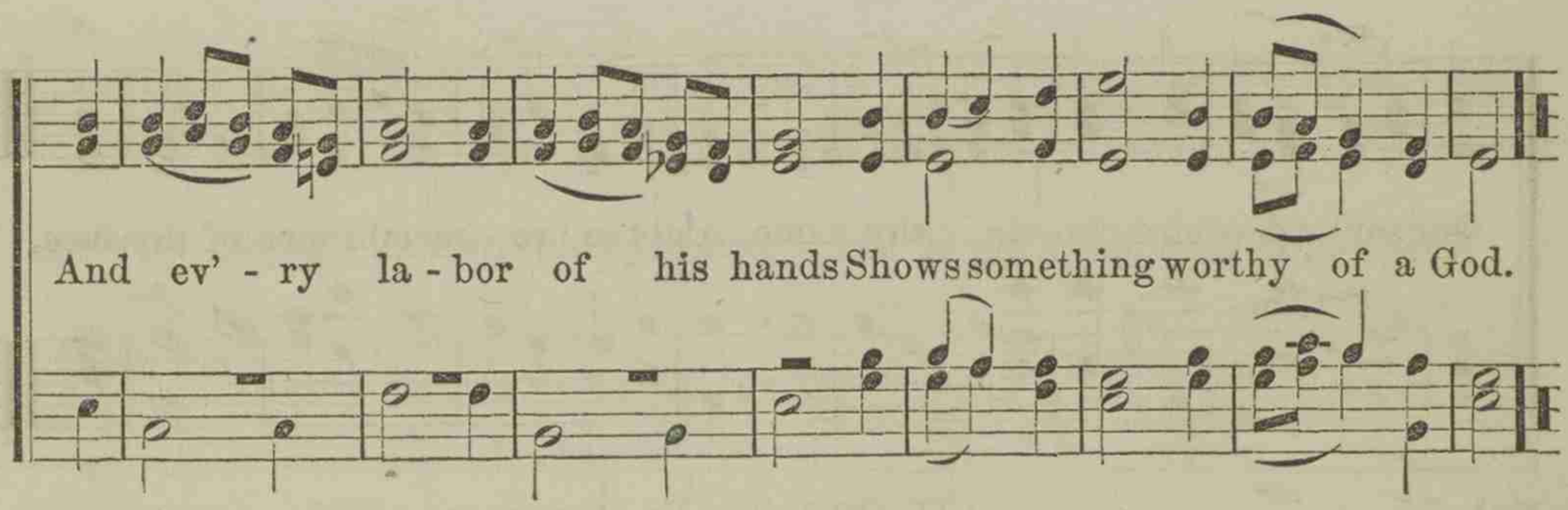
NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2. 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3. To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our exalted King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And every tongue his glory sing.

4. Behold, on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
Still He displays his pardoning love.





Sel. 78. [H. 230.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3. Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased blessings mine.

4. O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died;
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

5. I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

Sel. 79. [H. 309.

(Stanza 4 omitted.)

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires;
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2. Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fix'd on thy everlasting 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 let me build and rest secure.

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

Sel. 80. [H. 617.

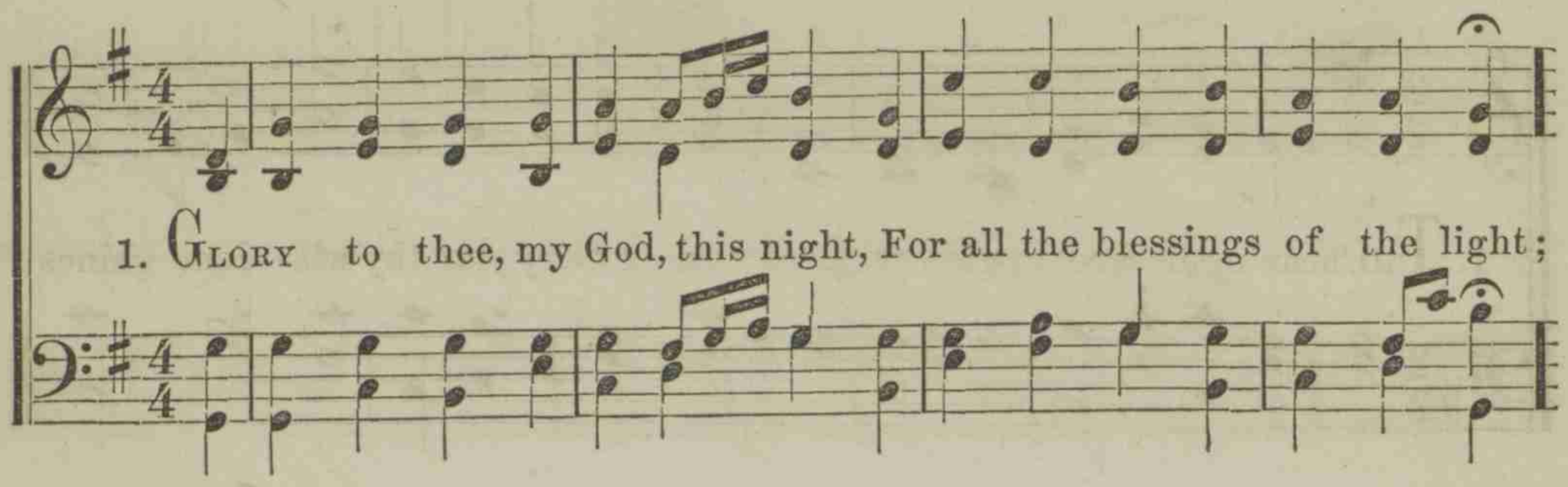
(Stanza 5 omitted.)

ETERNITY is just at hand;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2. Eternity without a bound,
To guilty souls a dreadful sound!
But O! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!

3. Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

4. But should my highest hopes be vain,
The rising doubt, how sharp the pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.



Sel. 81. **[H. 450.**

(Stanzas 4, 5, 7 omitted.)

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

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

3. Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

6. O! when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away:
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King?

Sel. 82. **[Ps. 84, P. 2.**

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2. Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

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

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

Sel. 83. **[H. 94.**

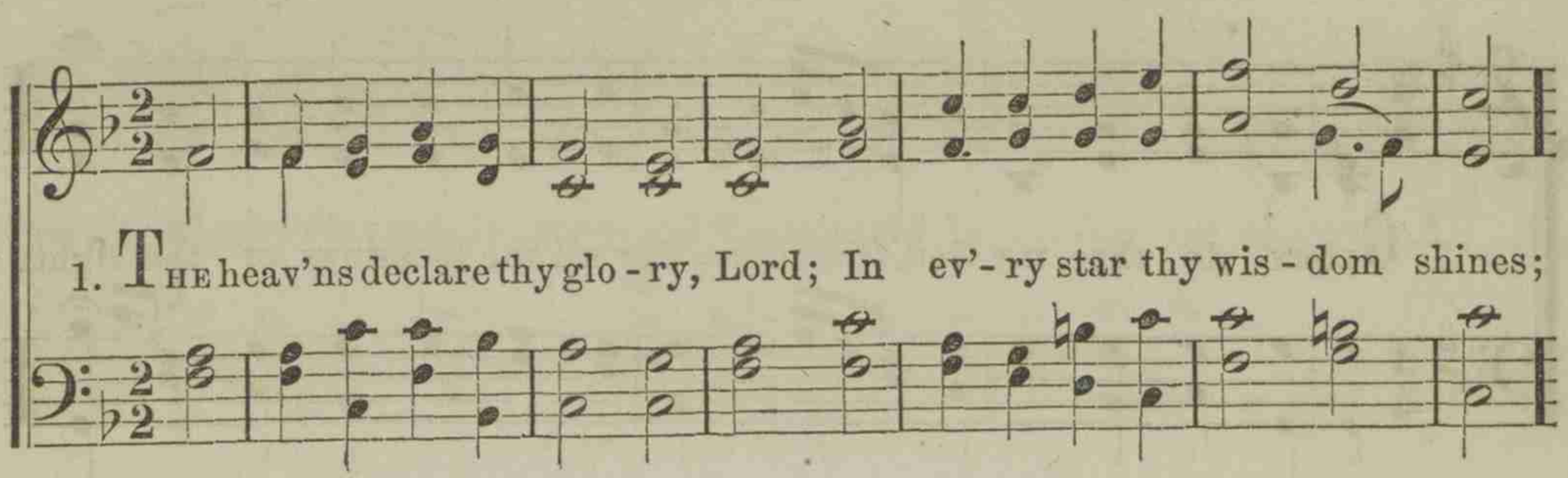
BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See Him descending from above!

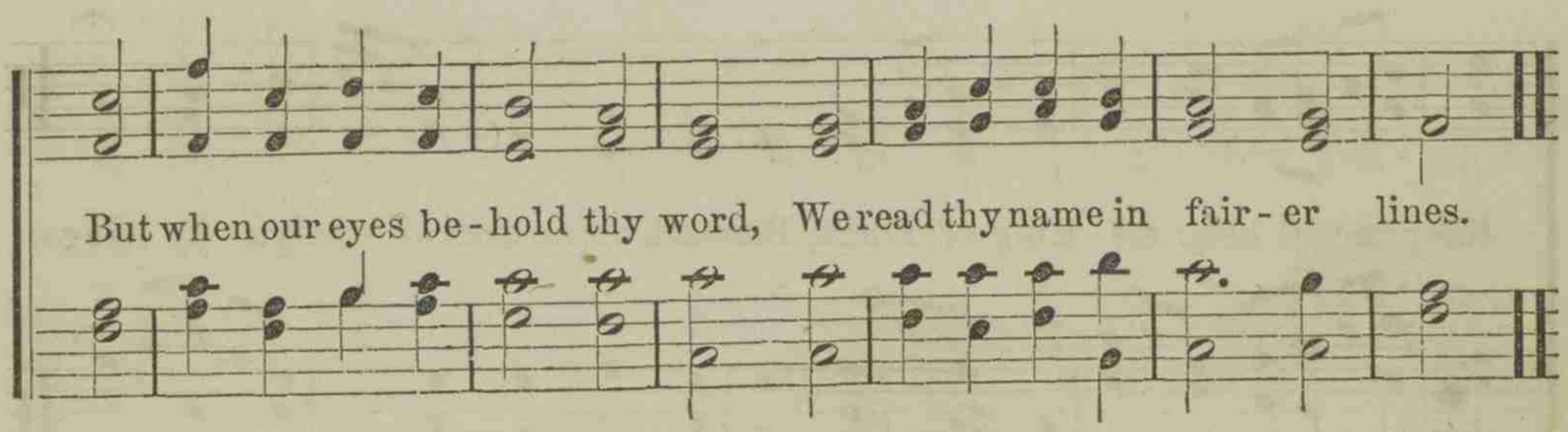
2. Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price He fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

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.

5. Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.





Sel. 84. **[Ps. 19, P. 3.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6 omitted.)

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

3. Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd 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.

Sel. 85. **[H. 129.**

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2. Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3. The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

4. Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way,
From earth to realms of endless day.

5. O grant us grace, almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Sel. 86. **[H. 212.**

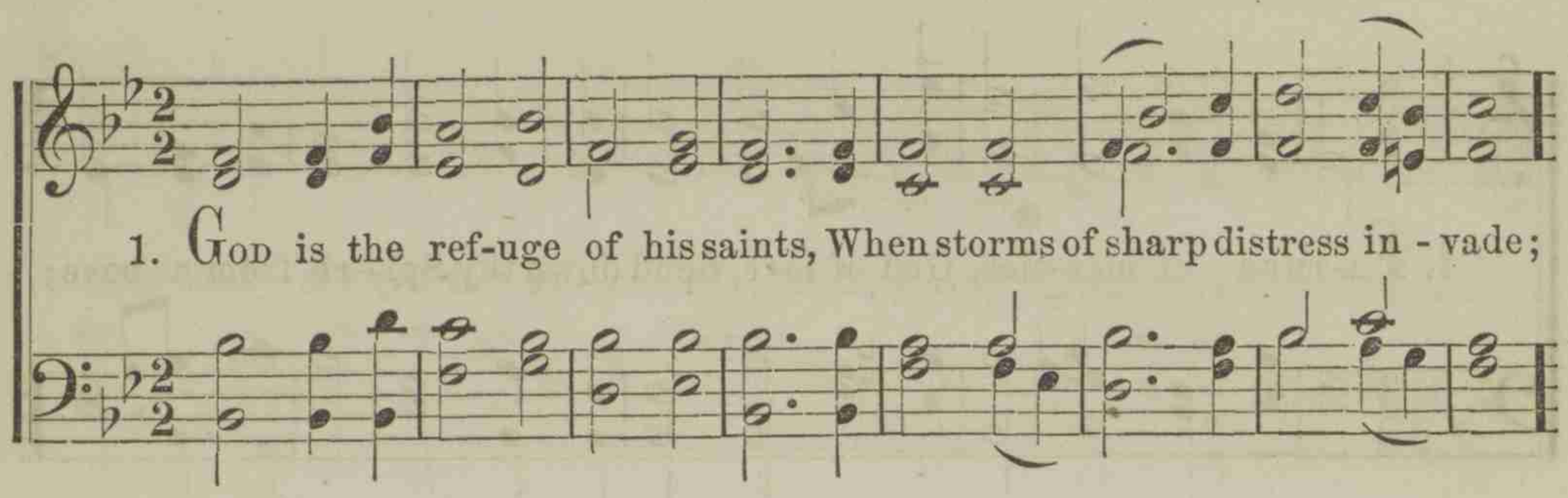
NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword or thunder there.

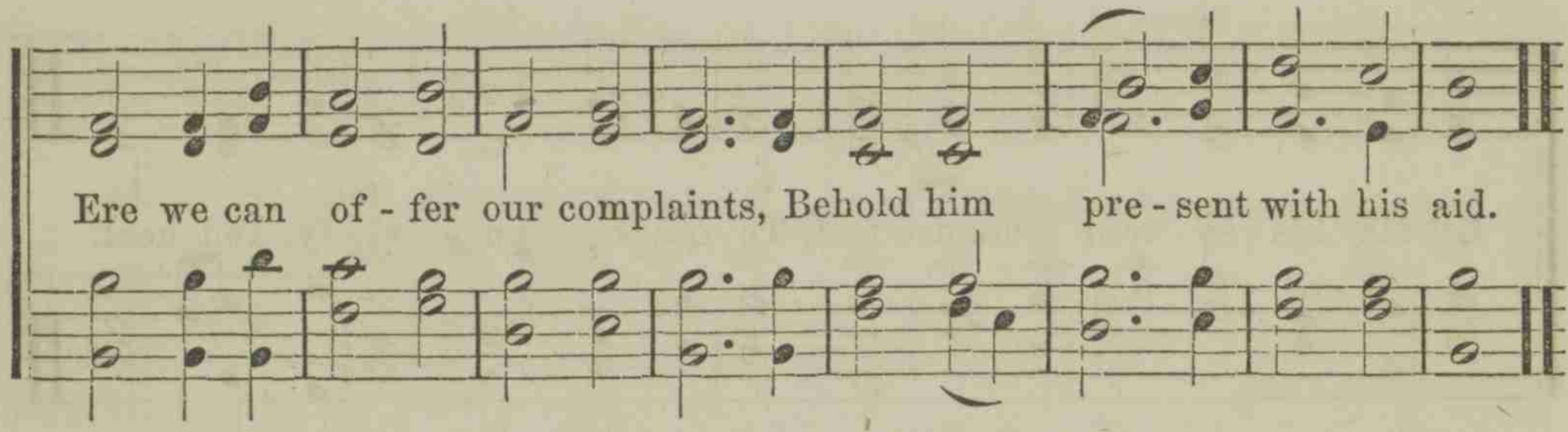
2. Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of men so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

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.

WARD. L. M.

Arranged by Dr. L. MASON.





Sel. 87. [Ps. 46, P. 1.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 5 omitted.)

2. Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4. There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

6. Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

Sel. 88. [H. 80.

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2. And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.

3. Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4. But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death,
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

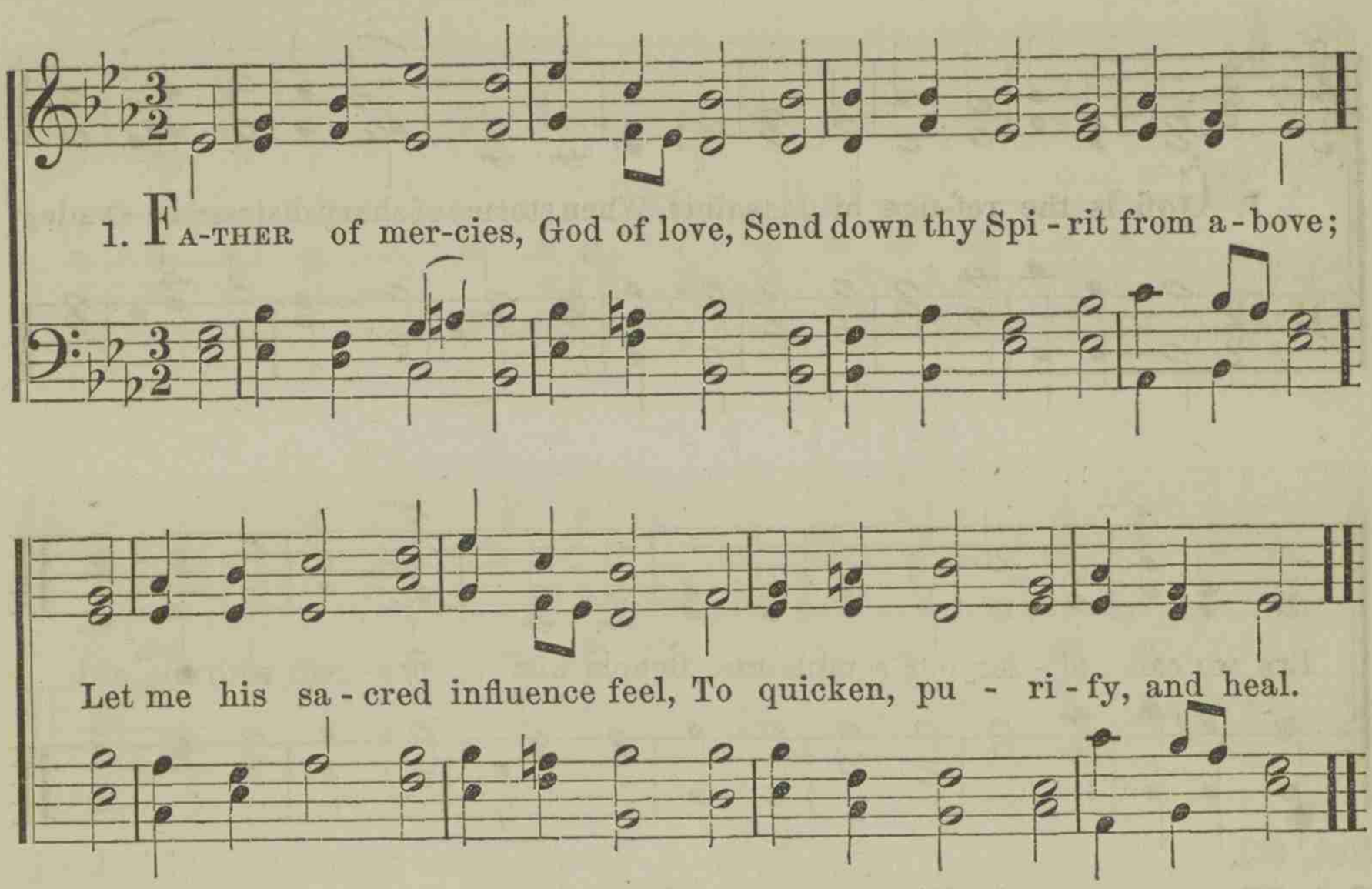
Sel. 89. [H. 155.

COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

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

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

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.



Sel. 90. [H. 257.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. May He these stubborn lusts subdue,
And form my nature all anew;
To thee my grovelling spirit raise,
Excite to humble prayer and praise.

3. He is the source of every grace,
Of light, and life, and holiness;
By Him alone may I be taught,
And all my works in Him be wrought.

4. O let thy Holy Spirit come,
And make my heart his constant home;
There his abundant grace display,
And lead me in a perfect way.

Sel. 91. [H. 14.

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God; I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.

2. "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3. "The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live:
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4. "When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."

5. O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die;
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.

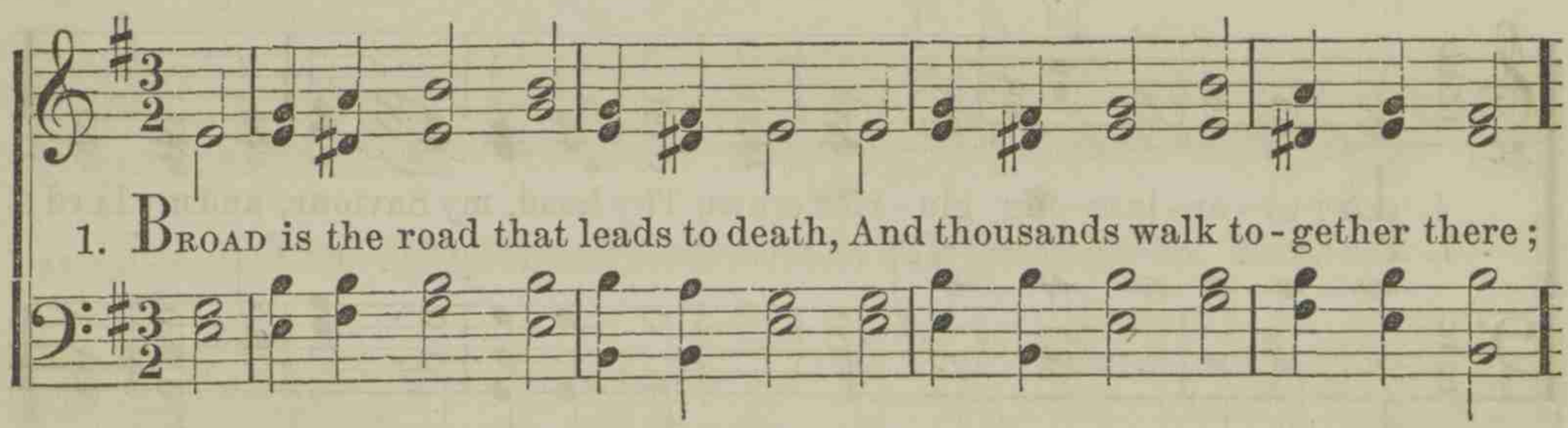
Sel. 92. [H. 188.

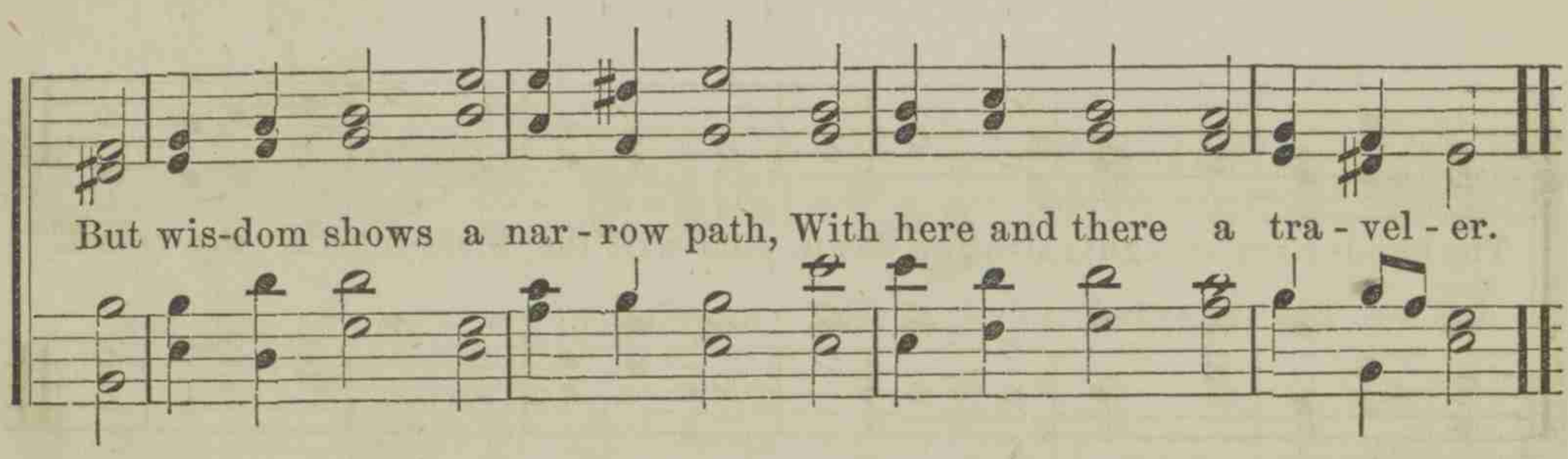
BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive;
Behold, the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2. Thus does the eternal Spirit own,
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While He hangs bleeding on the cross.

3. He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, the triumphant God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4. Hence and for ever from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.





Sel. 93. [H. 278.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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 esteem'd 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.

Sel. 94. [Ps. 51, P. 3.

(Stanzas 6–8 omitted.)

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 banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

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

5. 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.

Sel. 95. [H. 530.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd Him to his foes.

2. Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

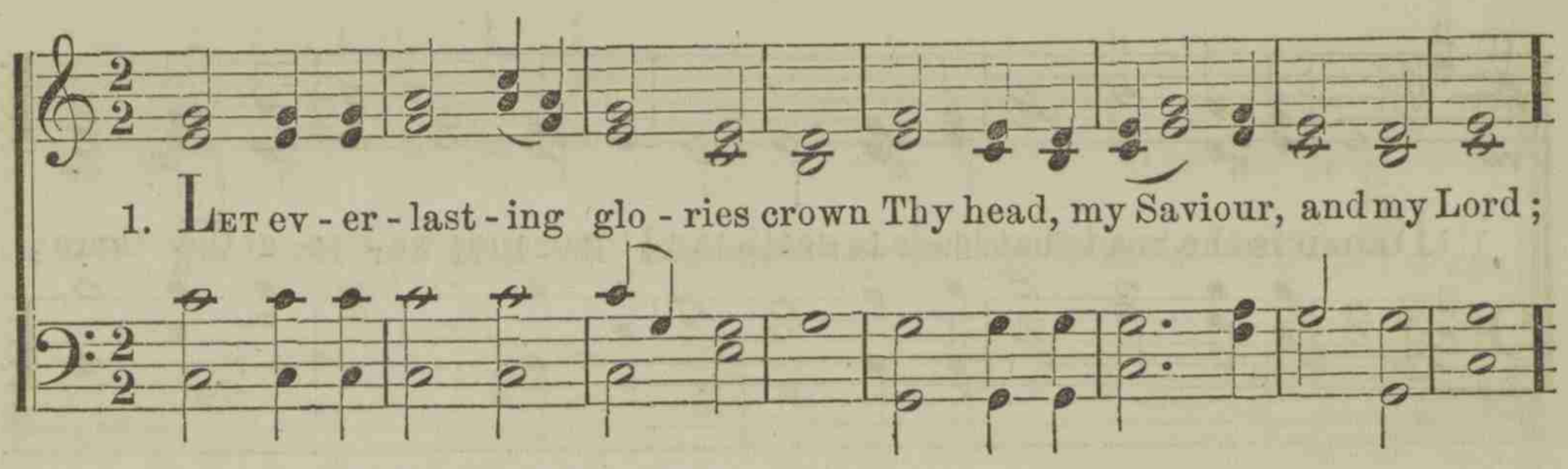
3. "This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

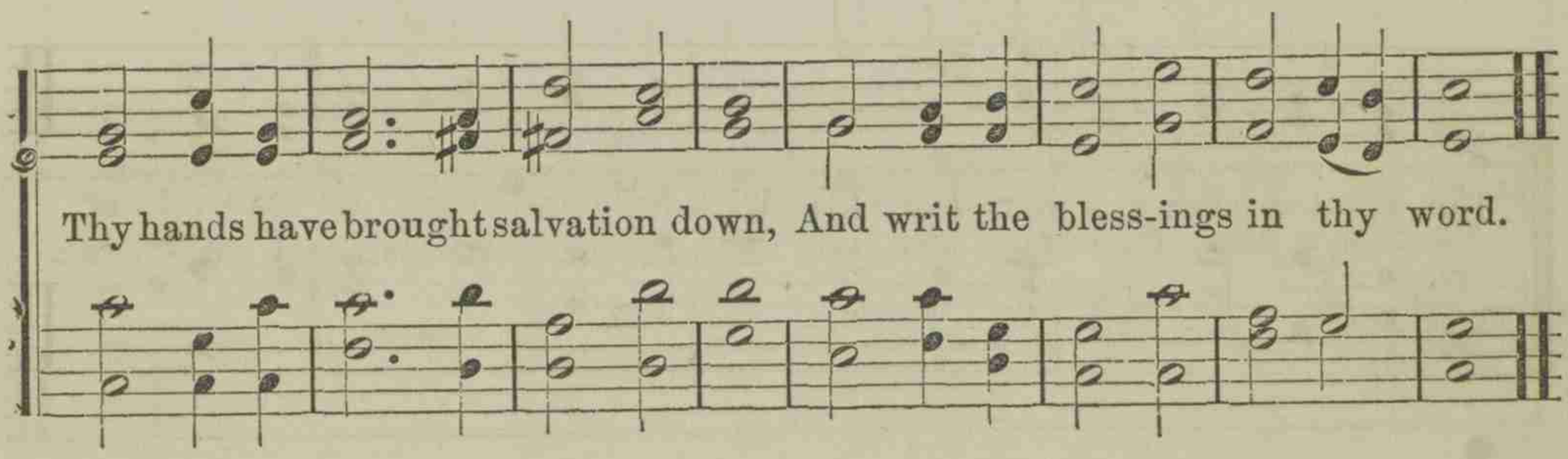
4. "Do this, (he cried,) till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

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

ZEPHYR. L. M.

From The Jubilee.
By Prof. W. B. BRADBURY.





Sel. 96. **[H. 134.**

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

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 blessed 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'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Sel. 97. **[H. 120.**

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

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

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.

Sel. 98. **[H. 621.**

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.

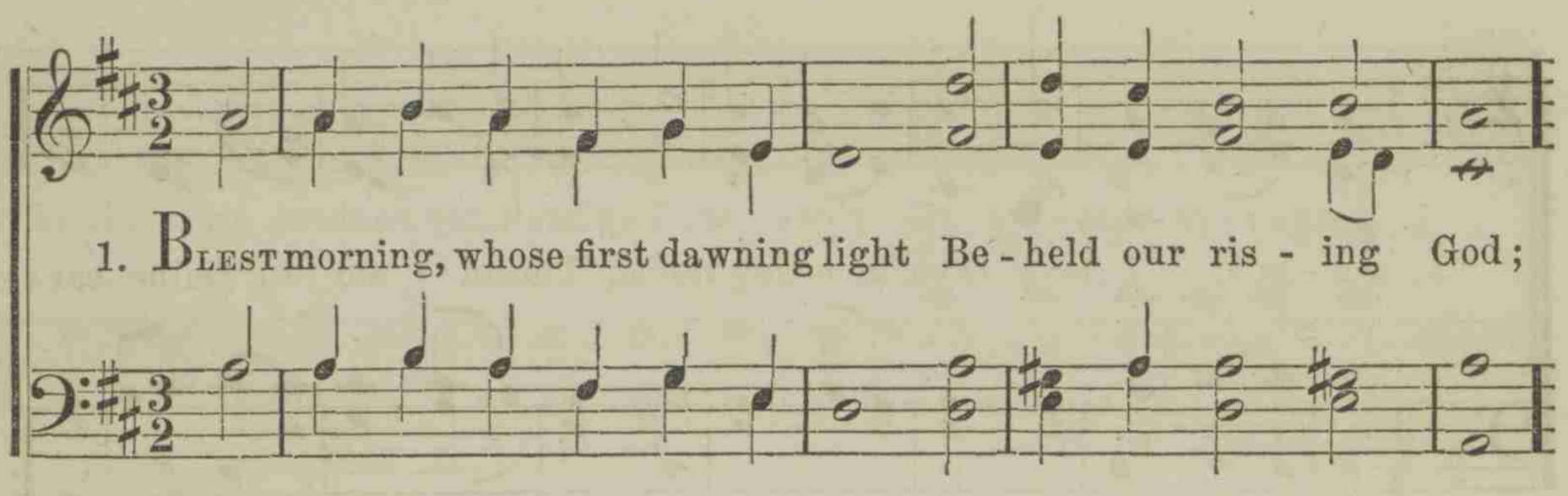
2. The pains, the groans and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

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

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.

40 ANDREA. C. M.

Melody of the Reformers.



Sel. 99. **[H. 483.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

3. In the cold prison of the tomb,
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

4. Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God, in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

5. Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

Sel. 100. **[H. 490.**

HOW glorious is the sacred place,
Where we adoring stand;
Sion, the joy of all the earth,
The beauty of the land.

2. Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3. Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4. Here shall you taste unmingled joys
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5. Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

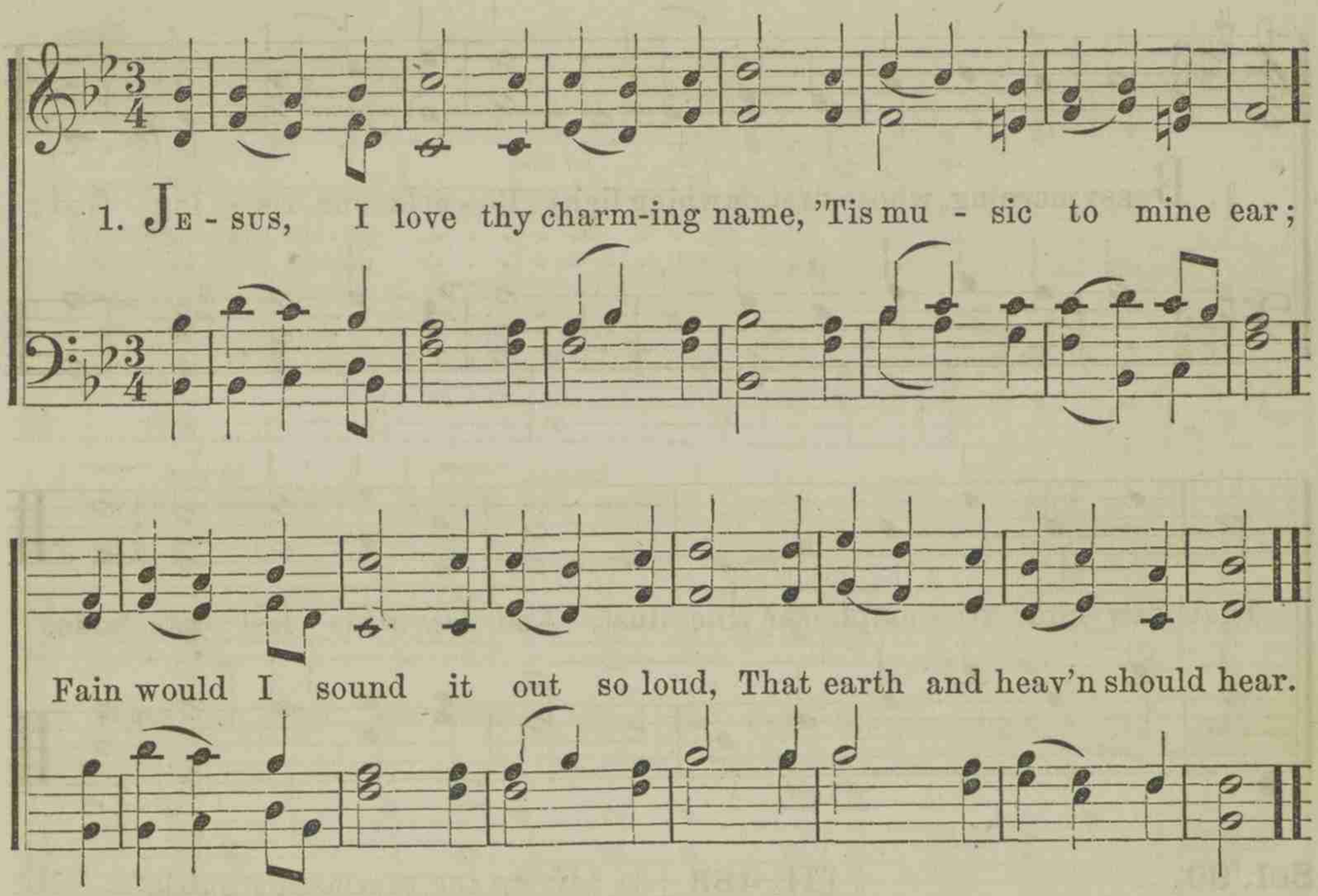
Sel. 101. **[Ps. 47.**

(Stanzas 4, 5, 6 omitted.)

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

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

3. While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.



Sel. 102. **[H. 335.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3. All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds 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;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Sel. 103. **[Ps. 90, P. 4.**

RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2. Let heaven succeed our painful years;
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3. Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4. Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

Sel. 104. **[H. 70.**

WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

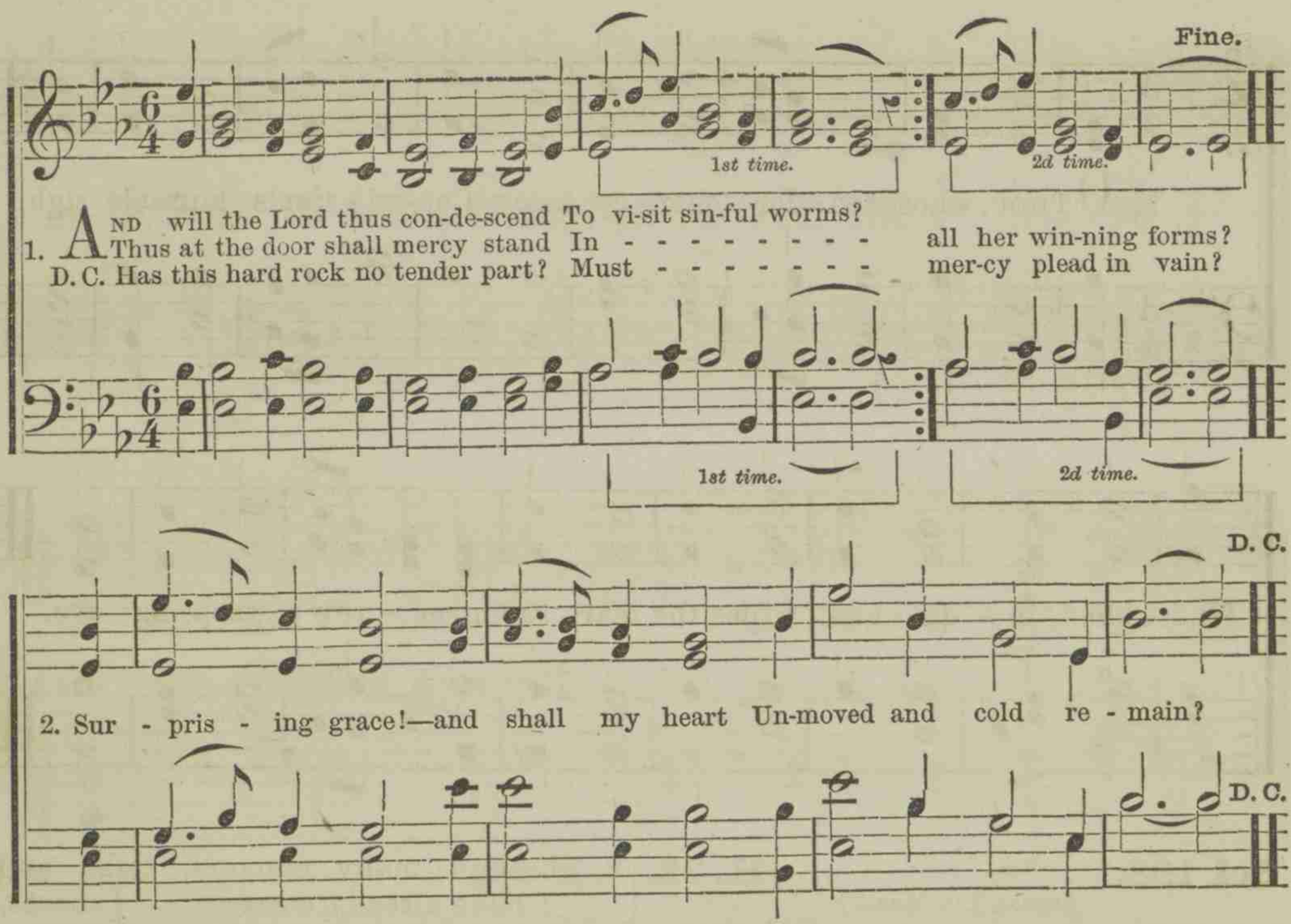
2. Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3. How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

4. Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

ATHENS. C. M. Double.

GIARDINI.



Sel. 105. [H. 396.

(Stanza 1, 2 in Music, 3 omitted.)

4. 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power,
The lodging has possess'd;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heavenly guest.

5. Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

Sel. 106. [H. 9.

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 thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

6. How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

Sel. 107. [H. 656.

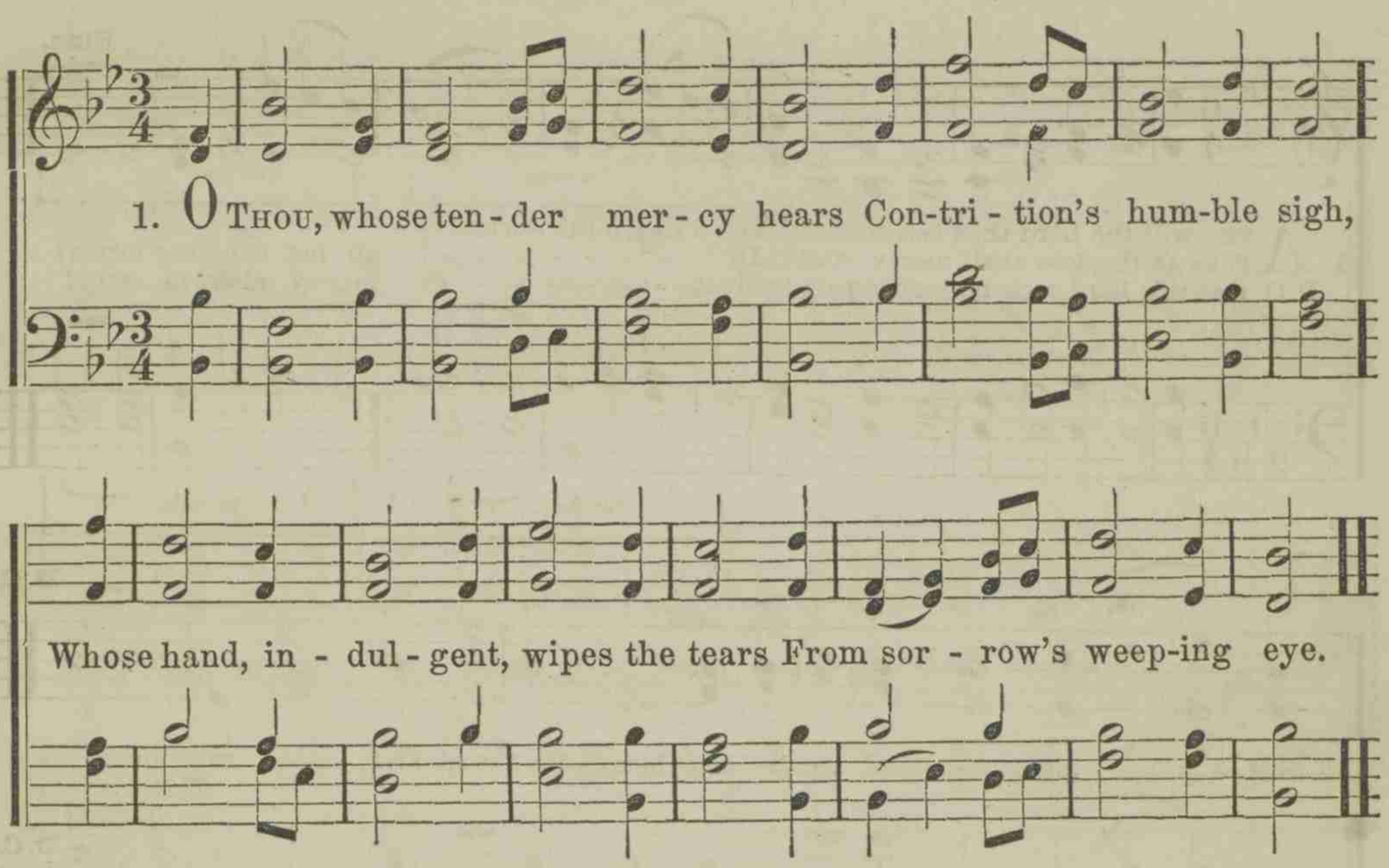
(Stanzas 4–6 omitted.)

JERUSALEM, my happy 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?

7. Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.



Sel. 108. **[H. 72.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—return?

3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4. Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray:
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5. O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

Sel. 109. **[H. 121.**

(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that 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.

Sel. 110. **[H. 315.**

(Stanzas 2, 3 omitted.)

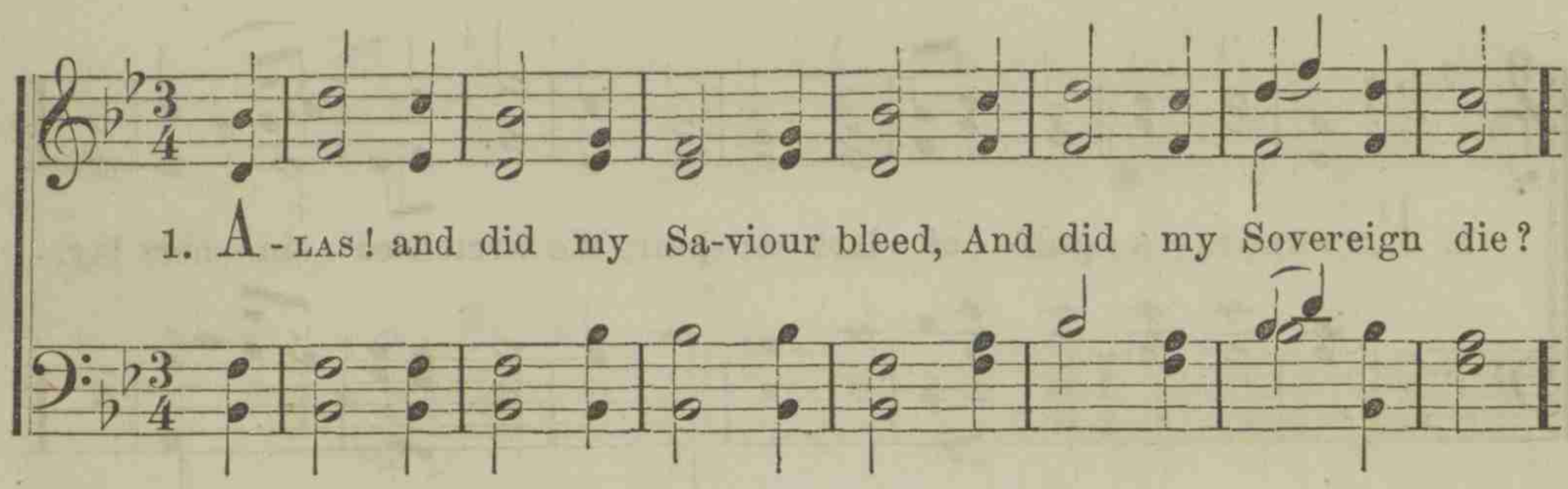
WHEN any turn from Sion's way,
Alas, what numbers do!
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

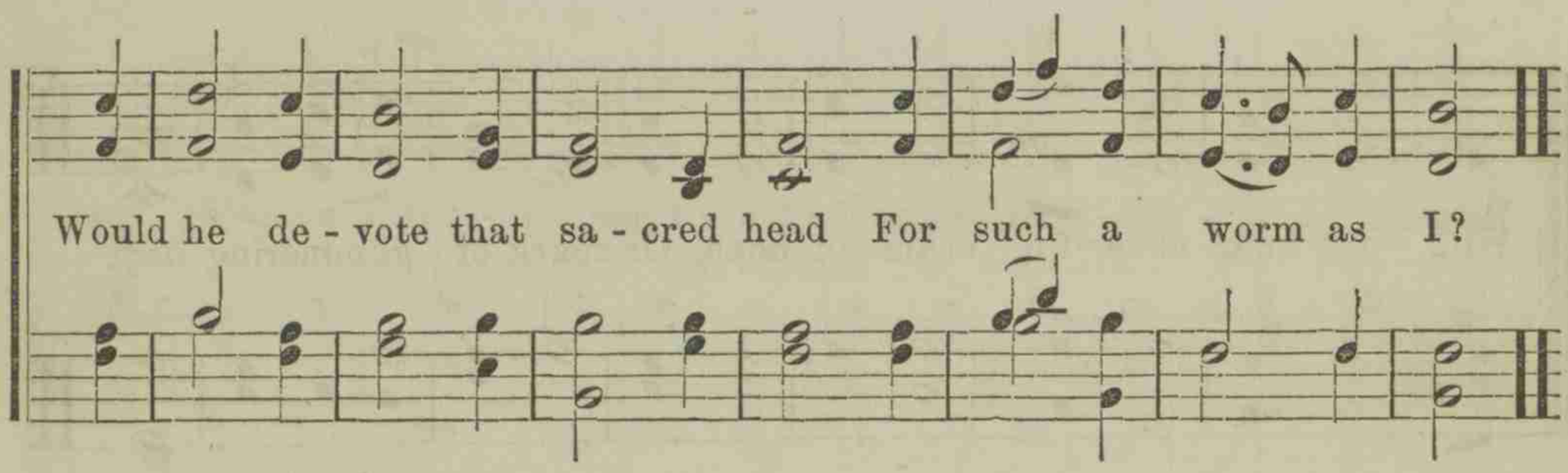
4. Beyond a doubt, I rest assured,
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secured,
By promise and by blood.

5. No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

6. What anguish has this question stirr'd,
"And wilt thou also go?"
Dear Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer—no!

44 BALERMA. C. M. Scottish.





Sel. 111. **[H. 59.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 2 omitted.)

3. Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Sel. 112. **[Ps. 116, P. 2.**

(Stanzas 3, 4 omitted.)

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2. Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6. Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

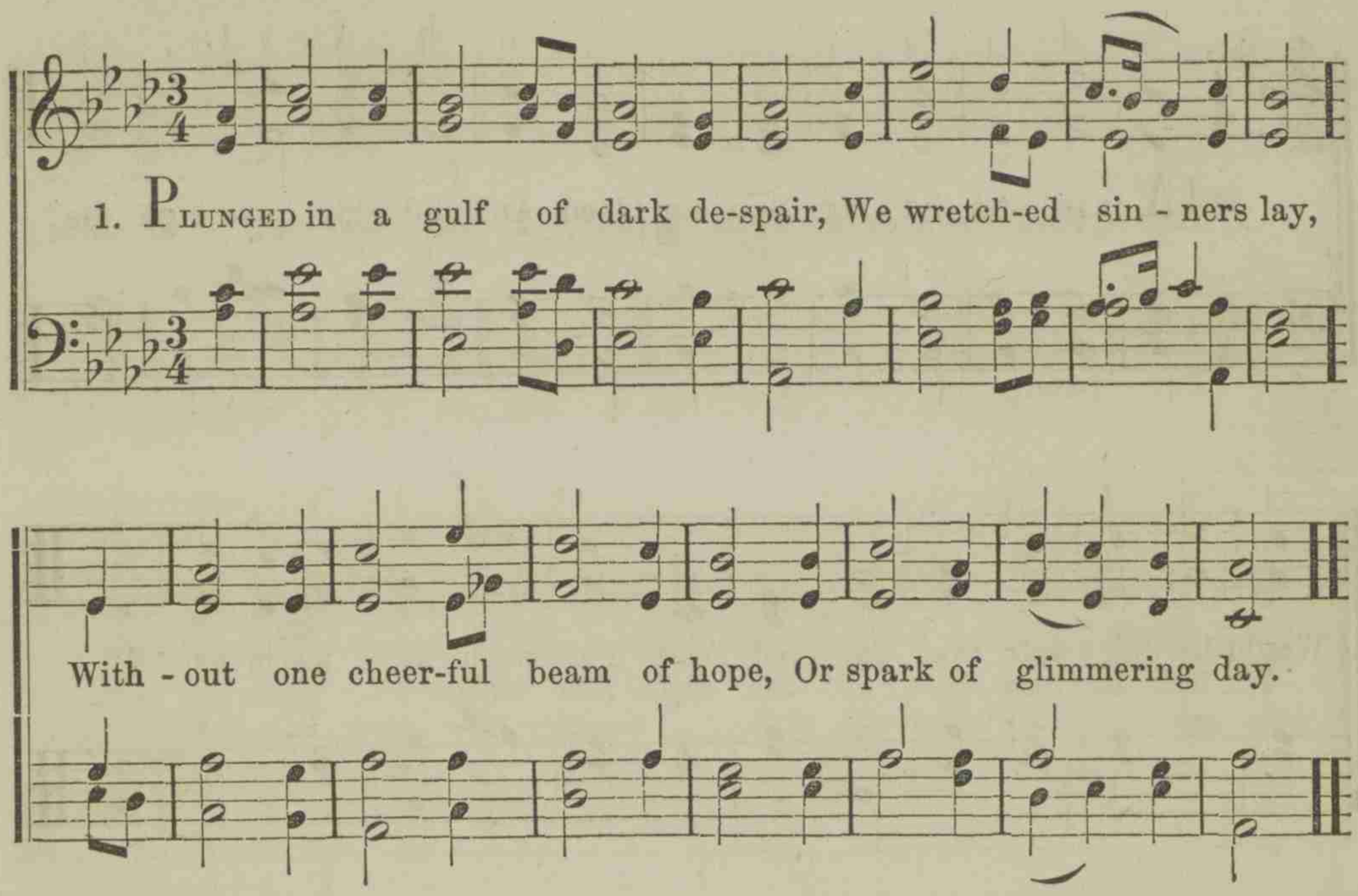
Sel. 113. **[H. 665.**

WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
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.



Sel. 114. [H. 88.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3. Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4. He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5. O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Sel. 115. [Ps. 90, P. 2.

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

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

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

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

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

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

Sel. 116. [H. 463.

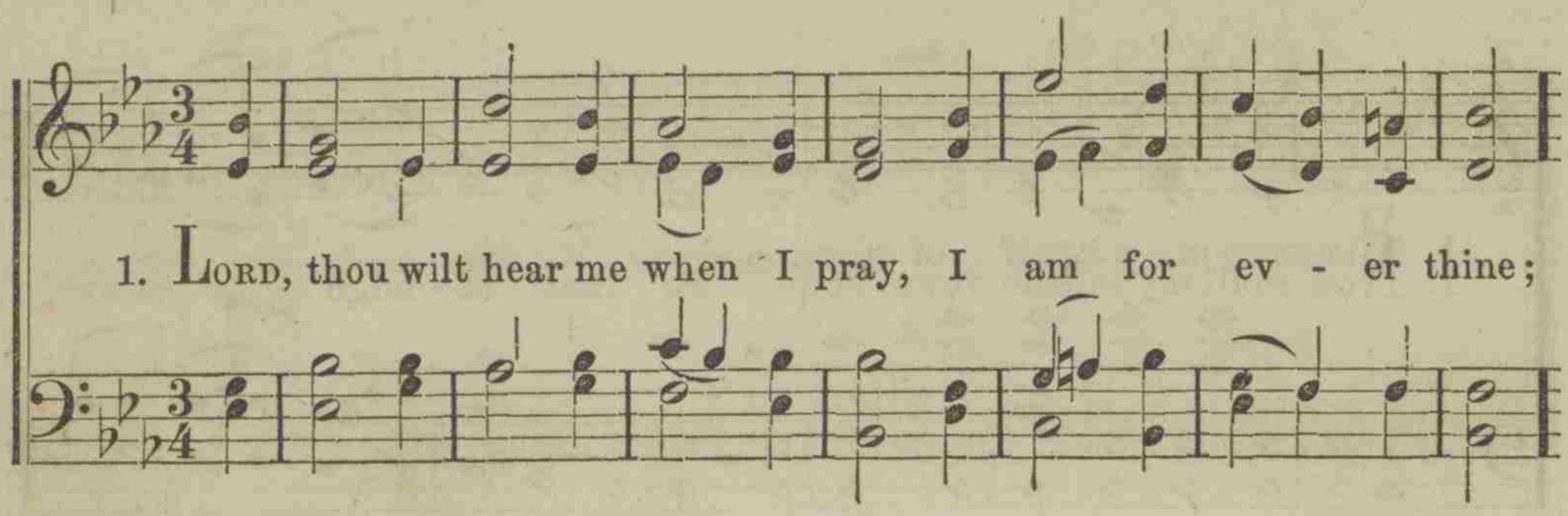
(Stanza 5 omitted.)

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2. Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of thy grace
Can my false heart retain!

3. How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4. Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.



Sel. 117. **[Ps. 4, P. 2.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3. I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4. Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep; [peace,
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

Sel. 118. **[H. 298.**

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call;
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My Strength, my Life, my All.

2. All I can wish is thine to give:
My God, I ask thy love,
That greatest bliss I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.

3. To heaven my restless heart aspires;
O for a quickening ray,
To wake and warm my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.

4. The path to thy divine abode,
Through a wild desert lies;
A thousand snares beset the road,
A thousand terrors rise.

6. My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend,
Be near, and I am blest.

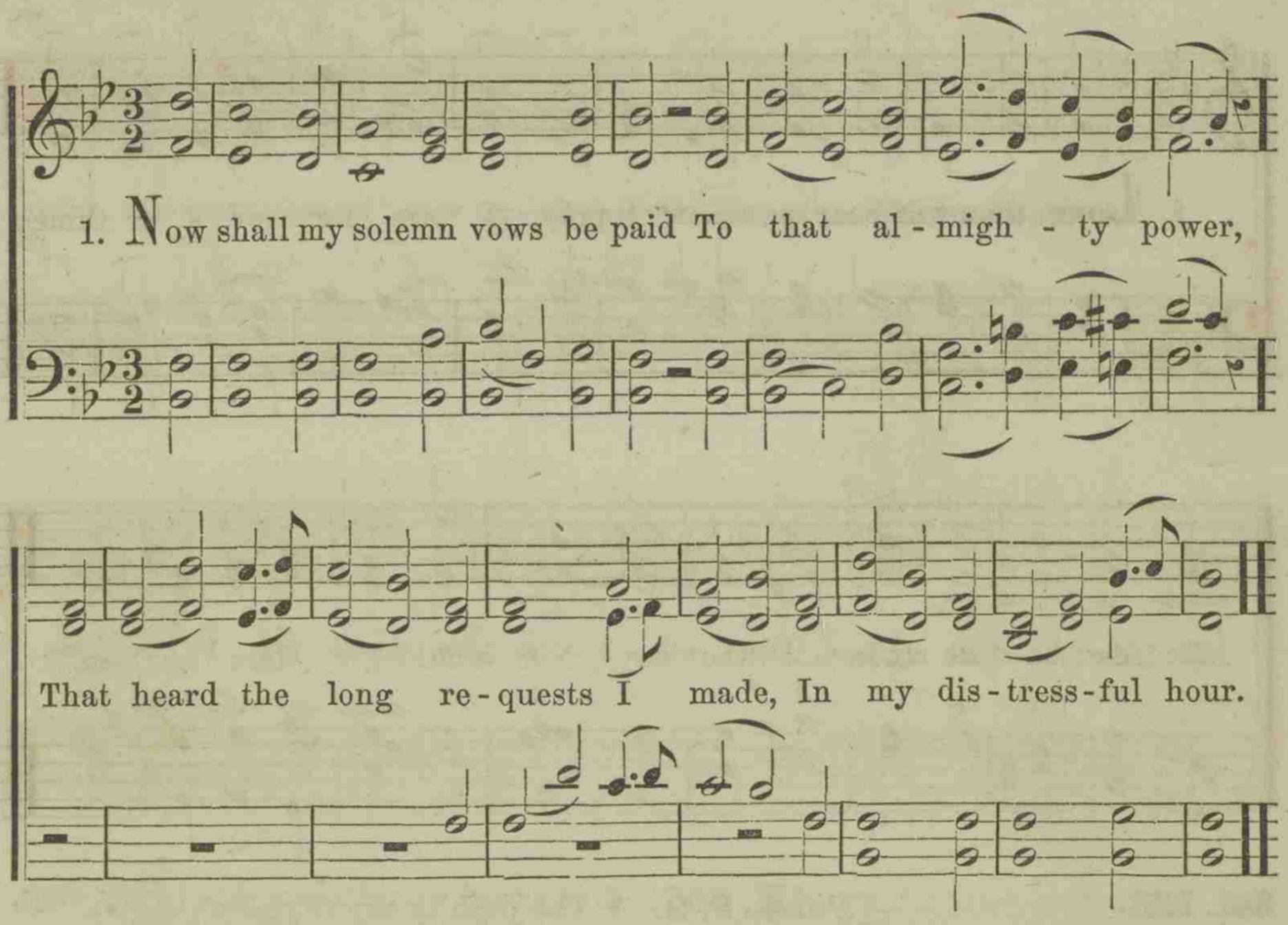
Sel. 119. **[H. 428.**

SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod;
I mourn, but not repine.

2. Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3. How short are all my sufferings here,
How needful every cross!
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain, my loss.

4. Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name;
My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,
For ever is the same!



Sel. 120. **[Ps. 66, P. 2.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders He has done.

3. When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4. If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While prayer employ'd my tongue;
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5. But God (his name be ever blest)
Has set my spirit free;
Nor turn'd from Him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

Sel. 121. **[H. 74.**

(Stanza 4 omitted.)

AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell.

2. The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threatening vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

3. Almighty goodness cries Forbear!
And straight the thunder stays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

5. No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey; [hand,
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering
And drive thy foes away.

Sel. 122. **[H. 35.**

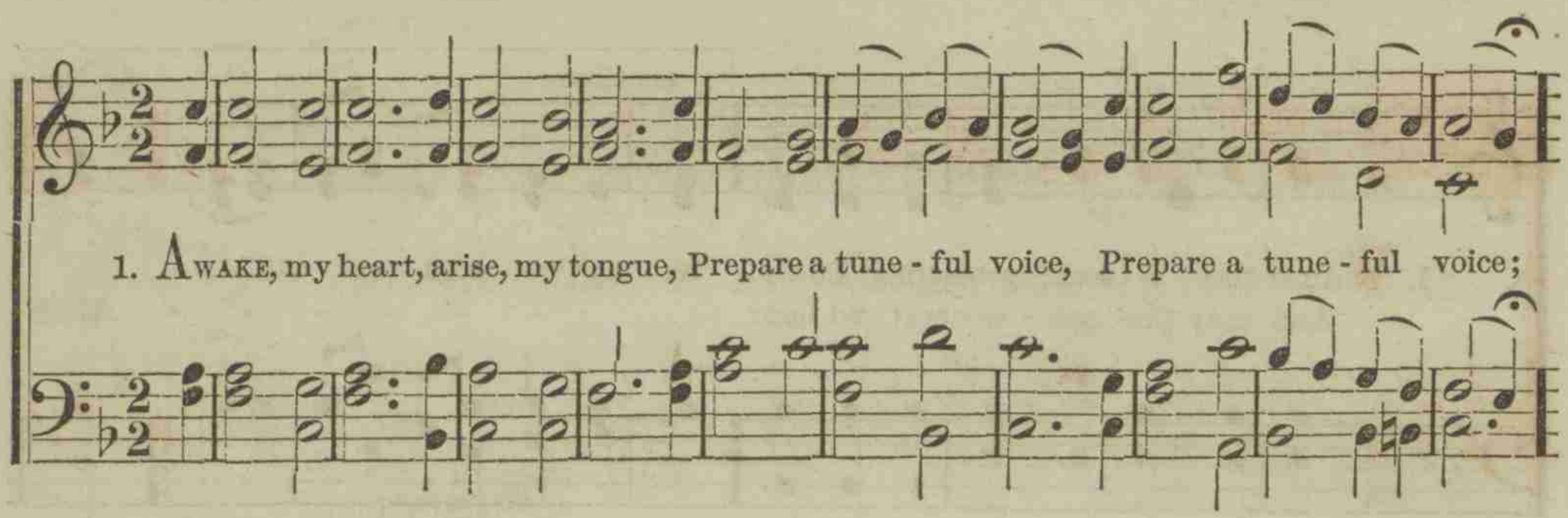
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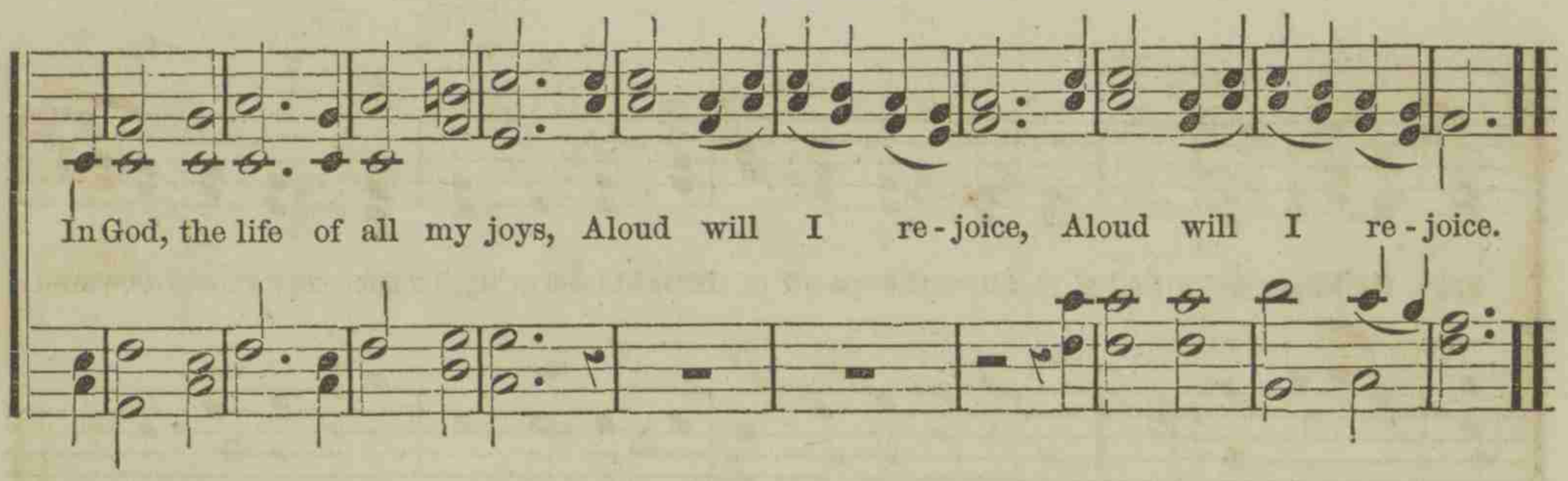
THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore;
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2. Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3. 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4. Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray; [night,
Break radiant through the shades of
And chase my fears away.





Sel. 123. **[H. 380.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 4 omitted.)

2. 'Tis He adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor, polluted worm,
He makes his graces shine.

3. And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

5. The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6. Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

Sel. 124. **[H. 326.**

(Stanza 2 omitted.)

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

3. The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart 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,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

Sel. 125. **[H. 154.**

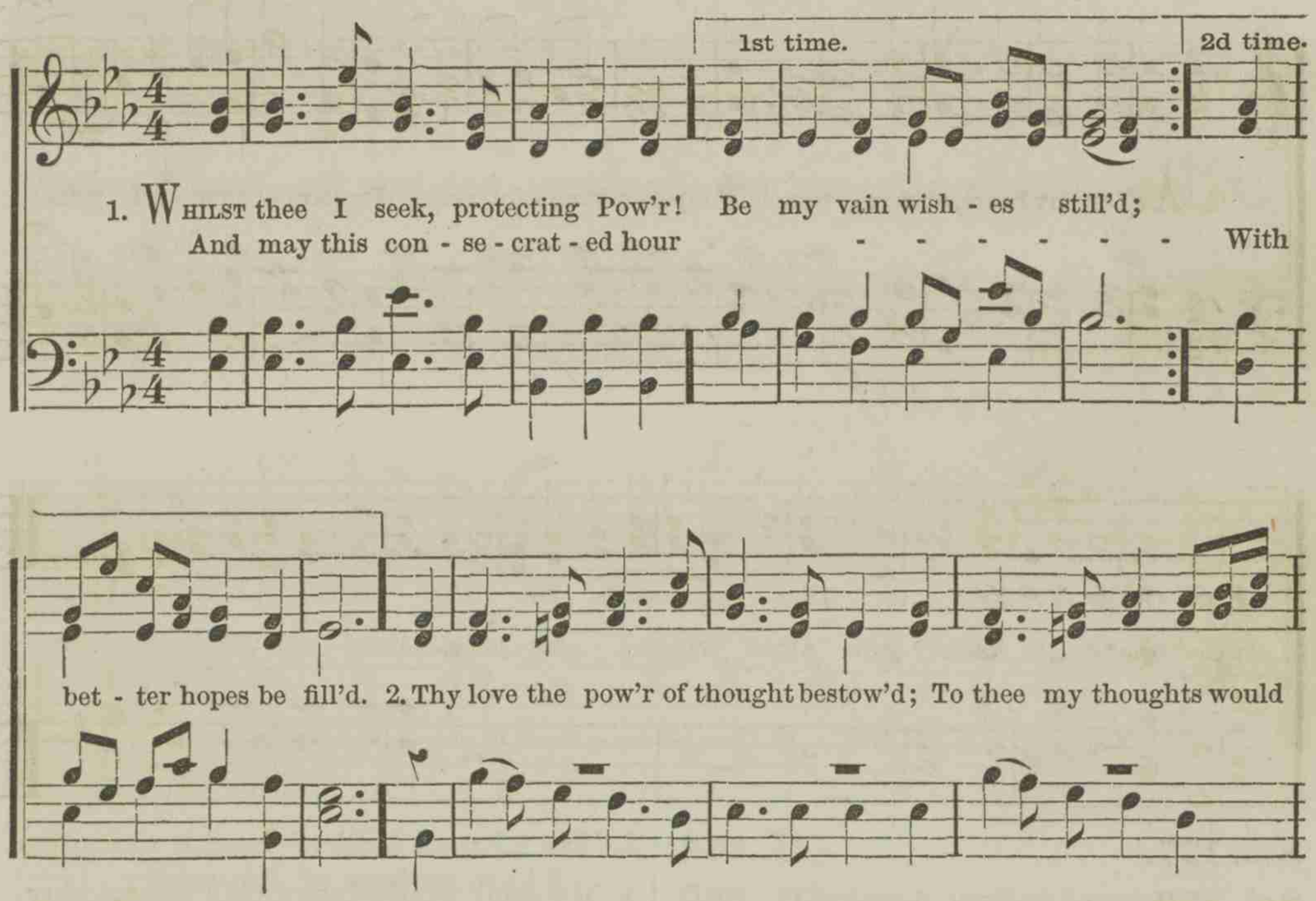
(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield,
Will starve a hungry mind.

2. Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3. Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by covenant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

4. Come, and He'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.



Sel. 126. **[H. 29.**

WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd:
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2. Thy love the power of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

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

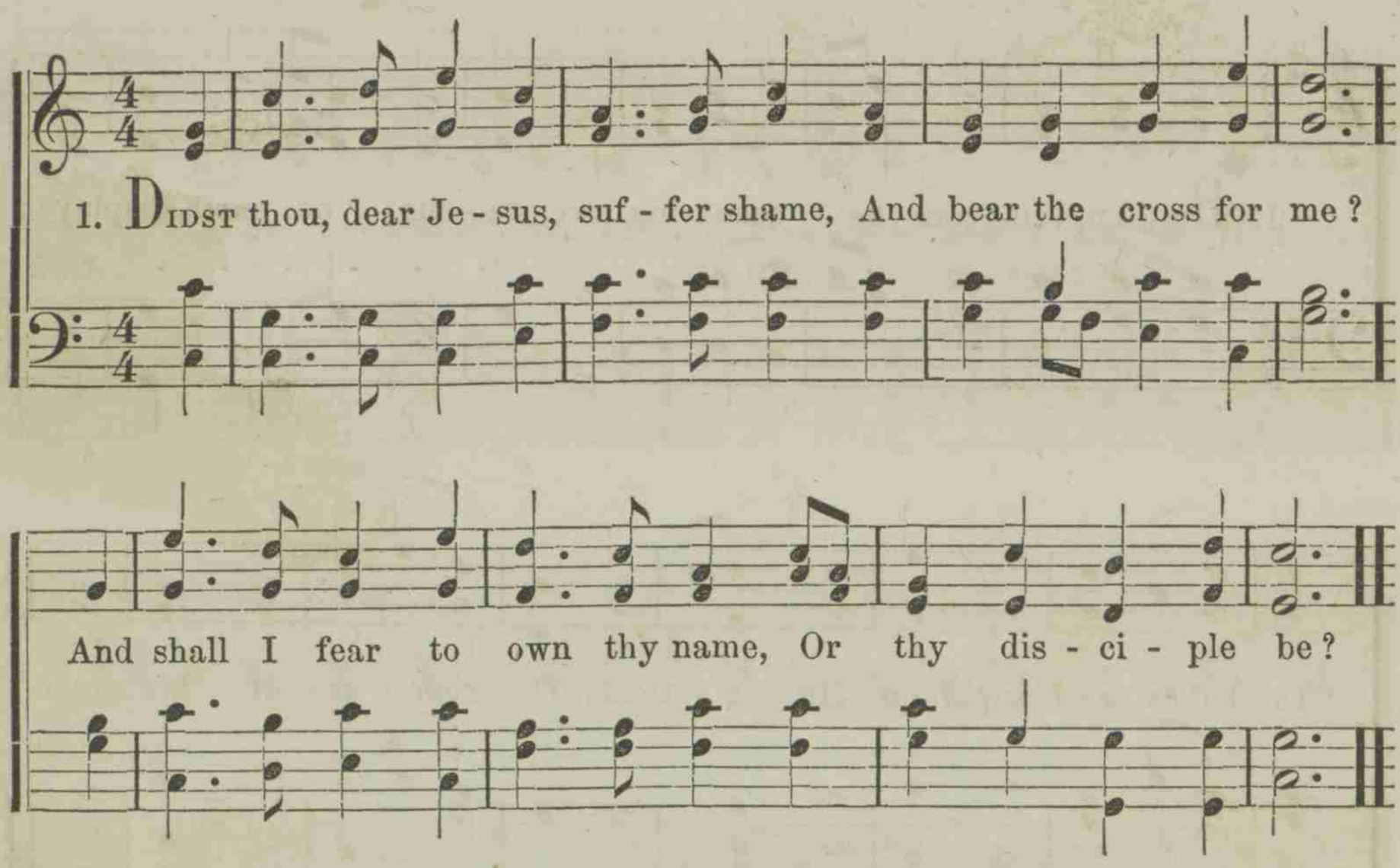
4. In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5. When gladness wings the favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, 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 will rest on thee.

BROWN. C. M.

From The Jubilee.
By Prof. W. B. BRADBURY.



Sel. 127. **[H. 274.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6 omitted.)

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O! let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3. Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold; [shine,
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

4. Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold thy Saviour ever near,
Will guard thee in the way."

5. O! how my soul would rise and run,
At this reviving word;
Nor any painful sufferings shun,
To follow thee, my Lord.

Sel. 128. **[Ps. 119, P. 8.**

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage; [choice,
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3. 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4. The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.
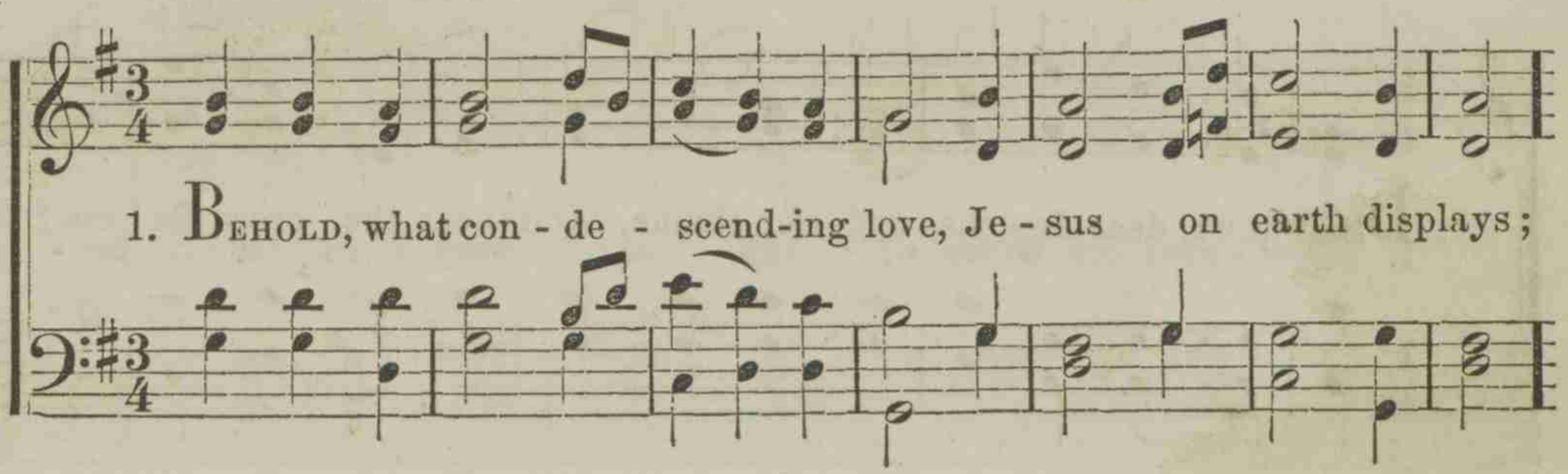
Sel. 129. **[H. 439.**

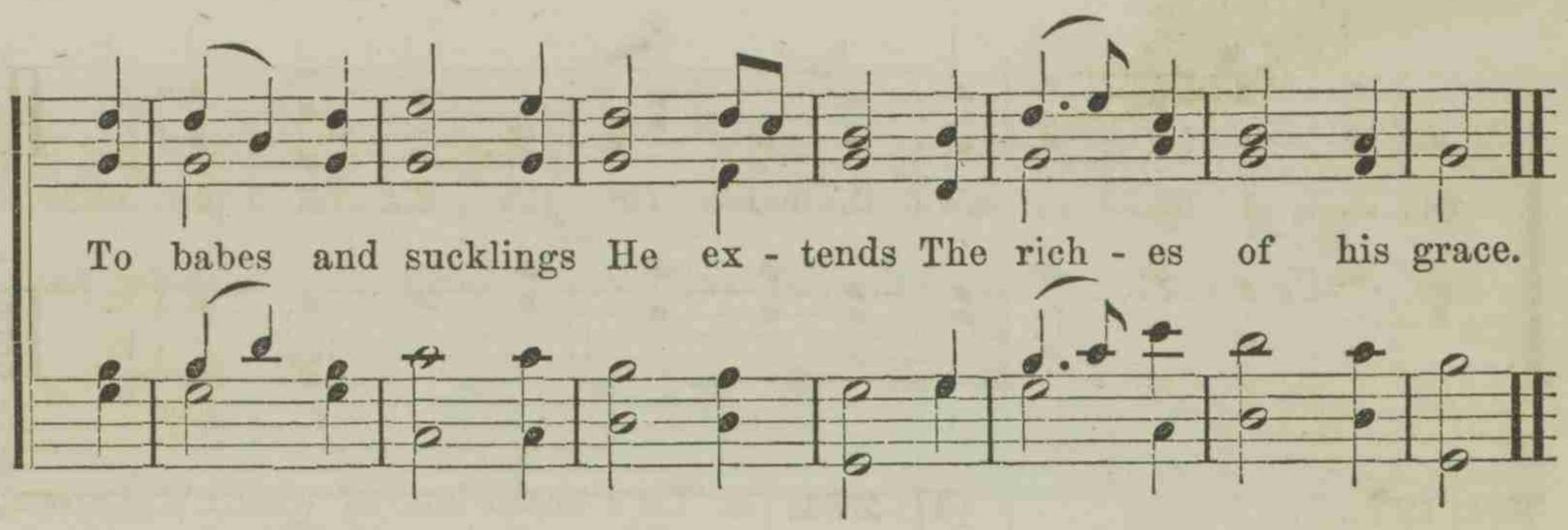
NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2. Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3. New time, new favor, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

4. Lord of our days whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.





Sel. 130. **[H. 524.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 5, 6 omitted.)

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

3. "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

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

Sel. 131. **[H. 98.**

1. DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2. 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3. Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4. But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins,
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5. While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Sel. 132. **[H. 318.**

1. WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

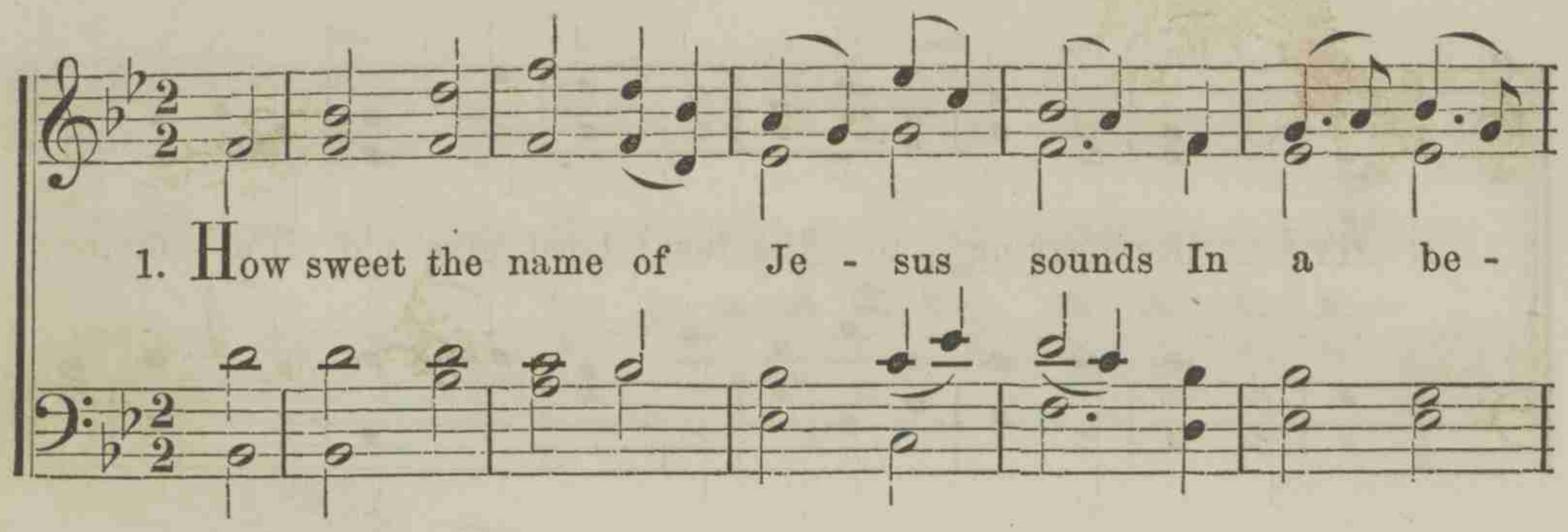
2. Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3. Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4. Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

CHESTER. C. M.

As arranged in Church Melodies.
By Dr. HASTINGS.



Sel. 133. [H. 330.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6 omitted.)

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5. 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.

Sel. 134. [H. 382.

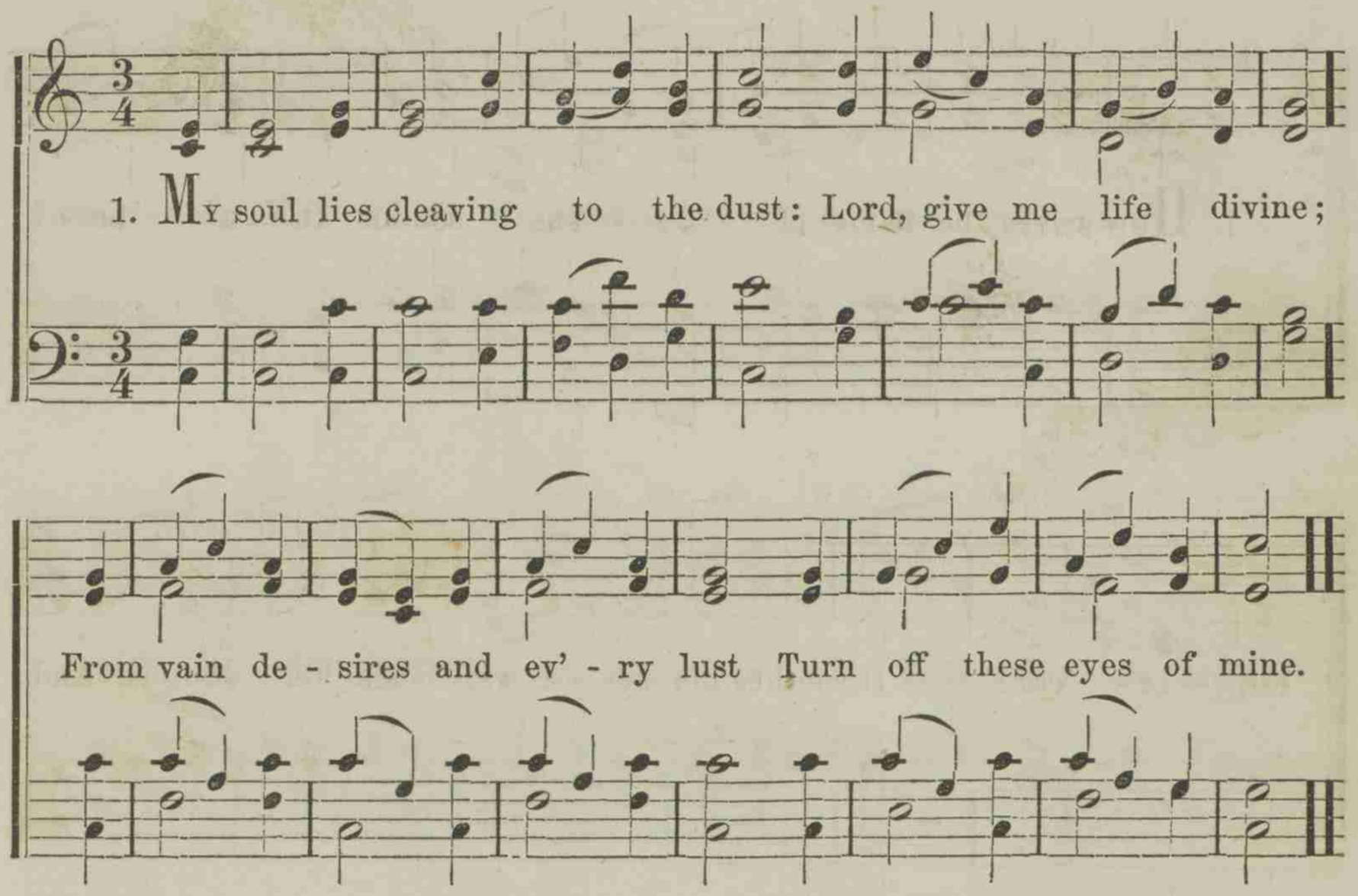
(Stanza 3 omitted.)

COME, let our hearts and voices join,
To praise the Saviour's name;
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.

2. When most we need his gracious hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his com-
He waits to answer prayer. [mand,

4. When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne;
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.

5. And when our dearest comforts fall,
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself He gives us still.



Sel. 135. **[Ps. 119, P. 16.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 5 omitted.)

2. I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in thy way;
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3. When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4. Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road?

6. Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

Sel. 136. **[H. 259.**

(Stanza 3 omitted.)

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

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

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

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

Sel. 137. **[H. 662.**

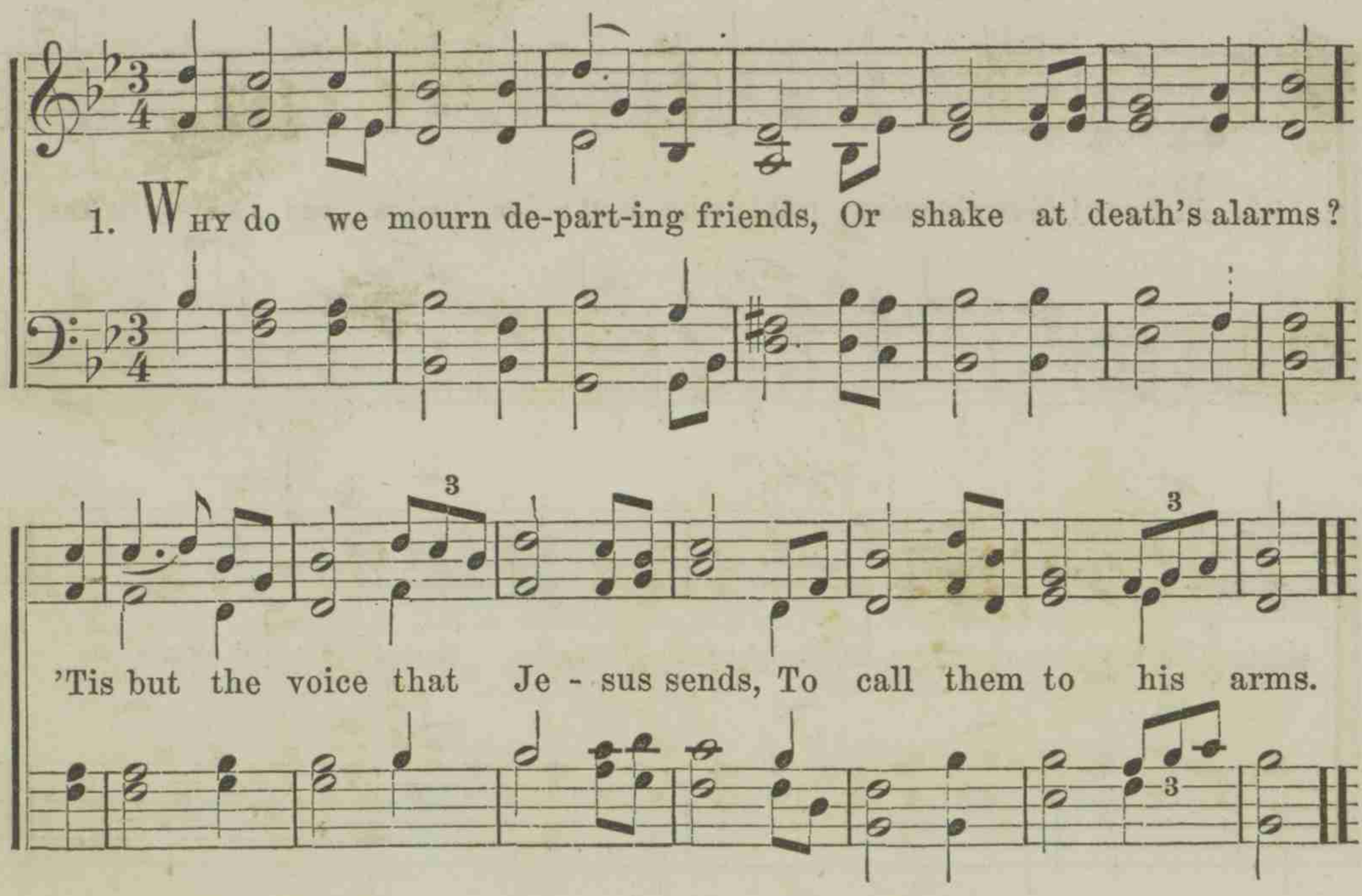
(Stanza 4 omitted.)

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit, waiting, stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2. Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3. 'Tis He, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

5. 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.



Sel. 138. [H. 622.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish our hours more
To keep us from our love. [slow

3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4. The graves of all the saints He blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5. Thence He arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

Sel. 139. [H. 655.

(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2. Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart"?

3. O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I must not taste his love.

4. Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

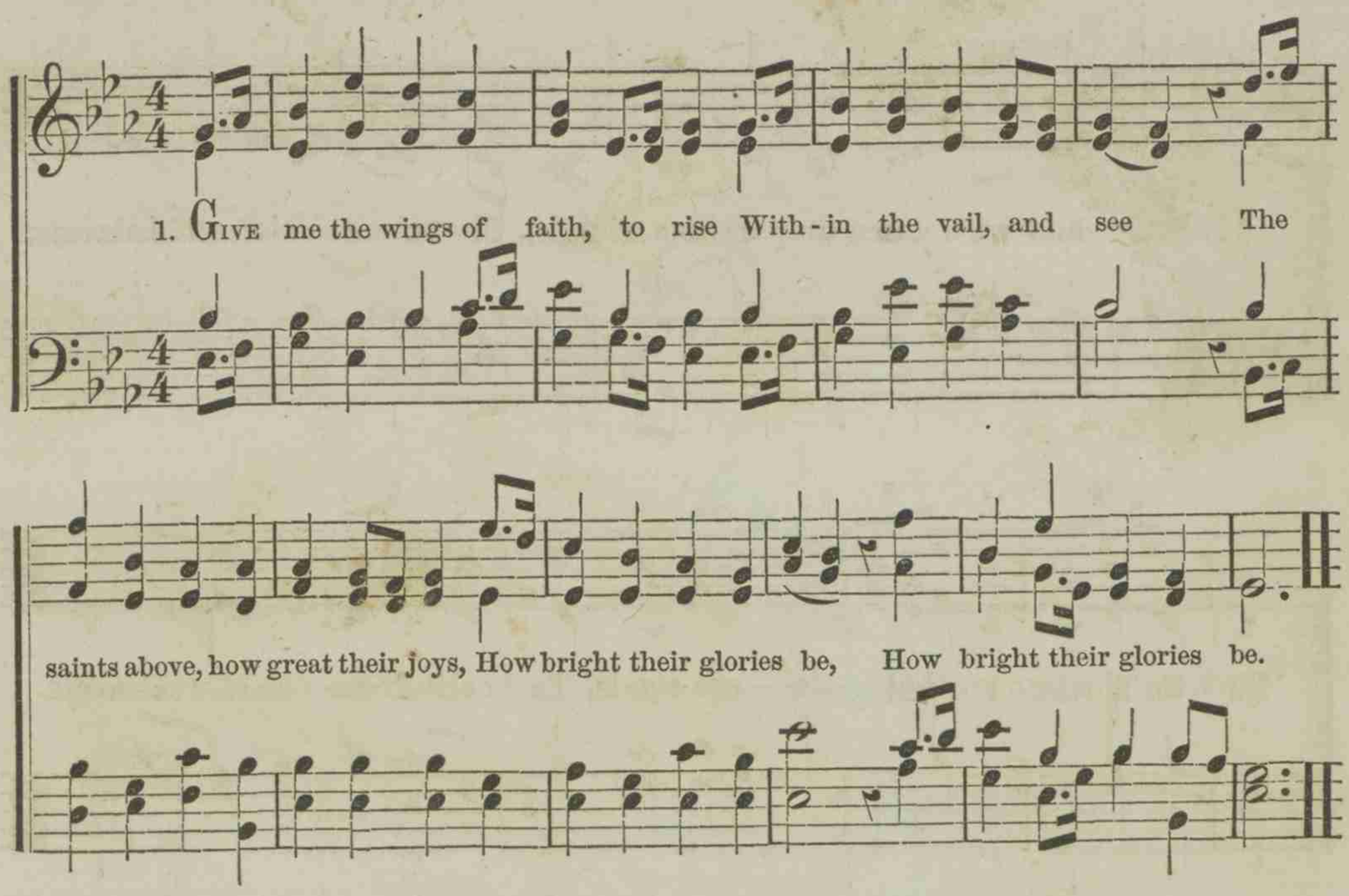
Sel. 140. [H. 235.

DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat as drops of blood ran down,
In agony He pray'd.

2. "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3. Go to the garden, sinner, see
Those precious drops that flow:
The heavy load He bore for thee—
For thee, He lies so low.

4. Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey;
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.



Sel. 141. **[H. 674.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

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 mark'd the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promised rest.

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

Sel. 142. **[H. 193.**

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2. Here pardon, life and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

3. The almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode; [eyes,
While angels view'd with wondering
And hail'd the incarnate God.

4. O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

Sel. 143. **[H. 356.**

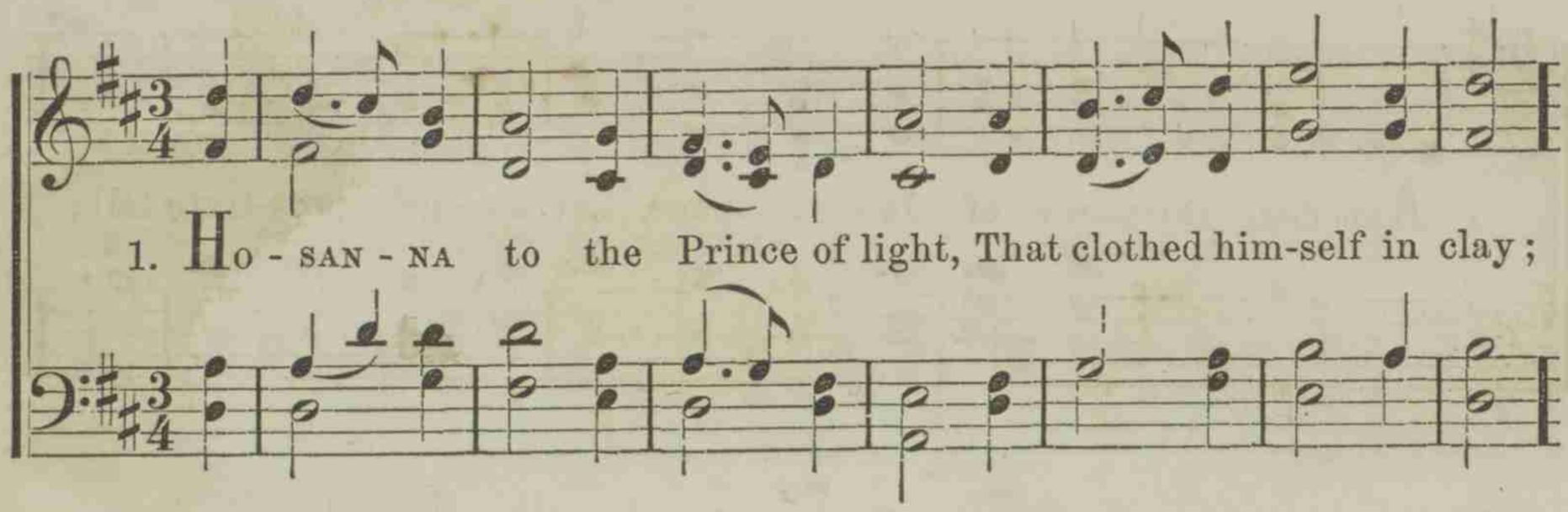
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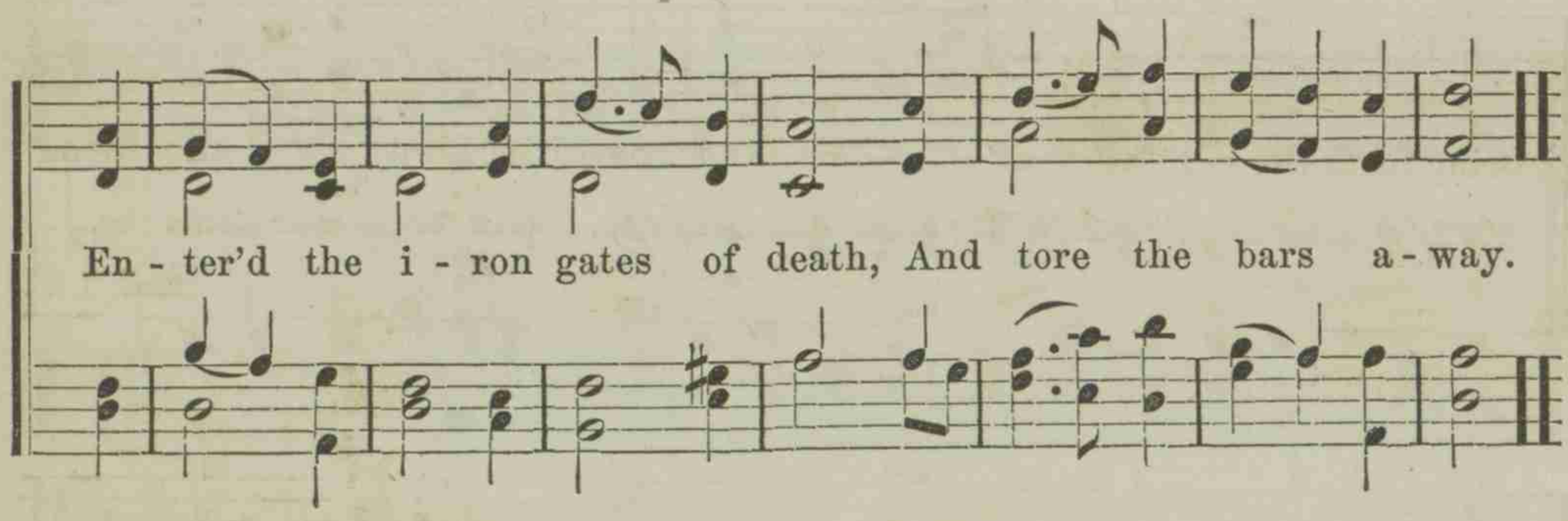
COME, let us lift our joyful eyes,
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

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

5. The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss,
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the eternal throne.

6. To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the almighty King,
That lays his fury by.





Sel. 144. **[H. 244.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6 omitted.)

2. Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3. See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4. There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5. Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode:
Sweet be the accents of your songs,
To our incarnate God.

Sel. 145. **[Ps. 98, P. 2.**

JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

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.

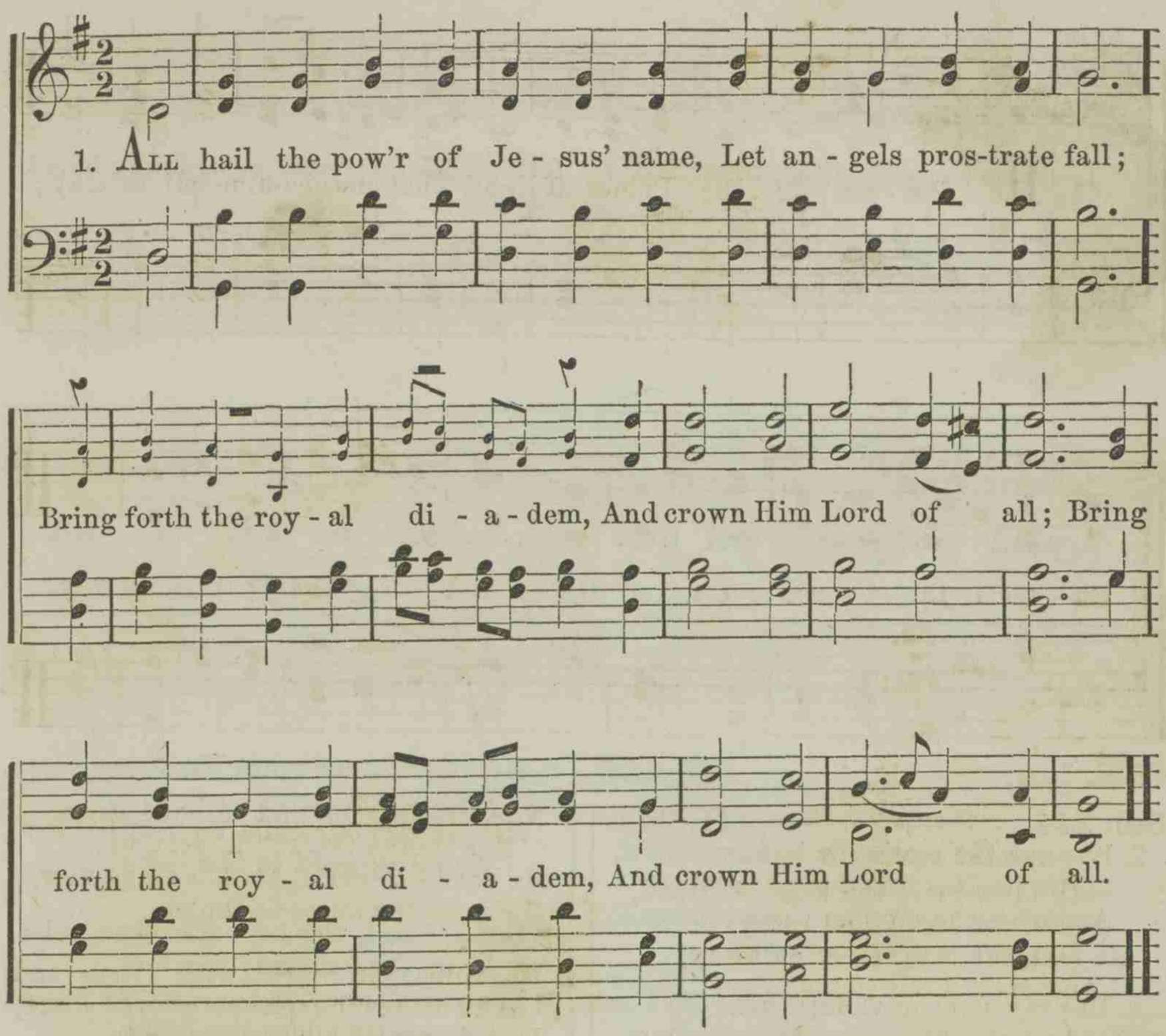
Sel. 146. **[H. 550.**

SING to the Lord in joyful strains;
Let earth his praise resound;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

2. O city of the Lord, begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong.

3. Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice,
And let the tenants of the rock,
With accents rude rejoice.

4. Till midst the streams of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise;
And all combined with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise.



Sel. 147. [H. 378.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall;
Hail Him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

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.

Sel. 148. [H. 237.

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

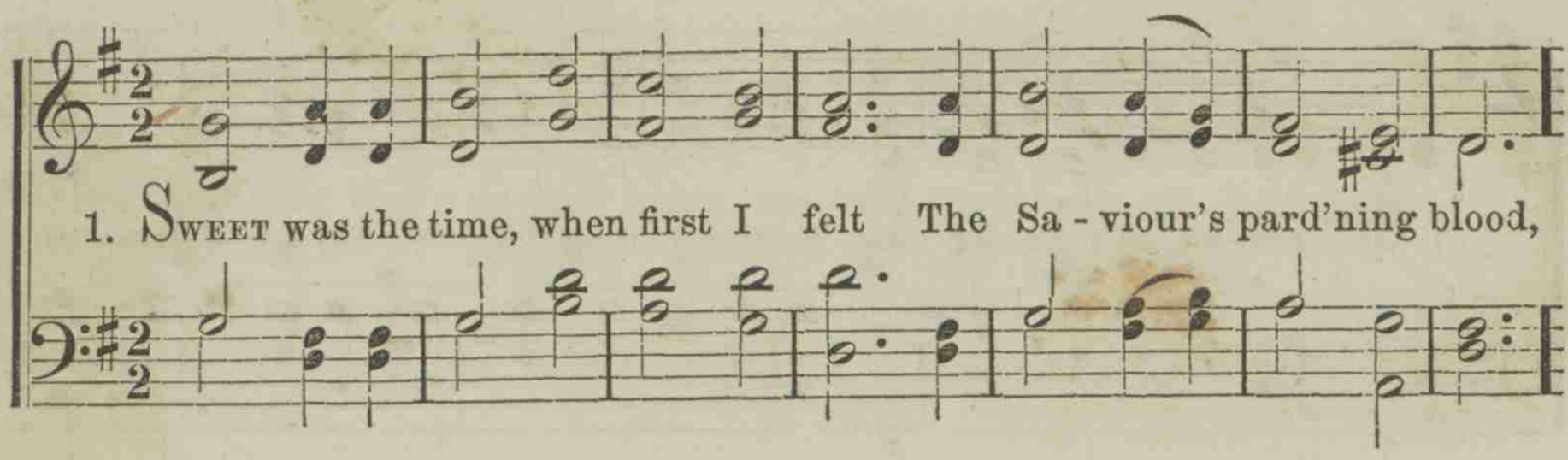
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus."
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

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

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

DEDHAM. C. M.

W. GARDINER.



Sel. 149. [H. 400.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd 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.

Sel. 150. [H. 461.

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

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

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

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

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

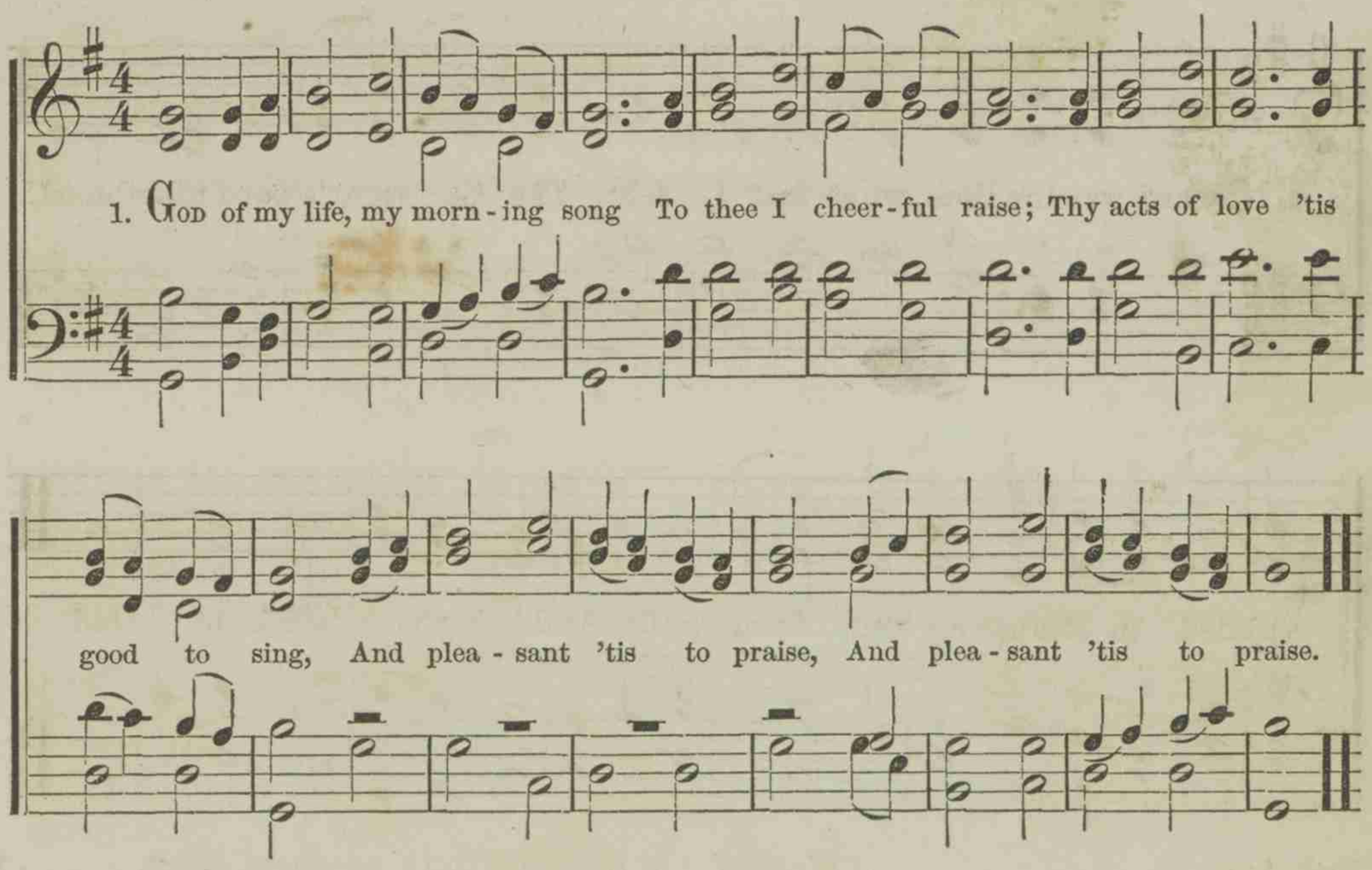
Sel. 151. [H. 551.

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

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

3. The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

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



Sel. 152. [H. 440.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 4, 6 omitted.)

2. Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I pass'd 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 my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

5. O let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend:
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

Sel. 153. [H. 91.

(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

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, for ever praise,
For ever love his name;
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3. 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through the Son.

4. 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

Sel. 154. [H. 460.

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

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

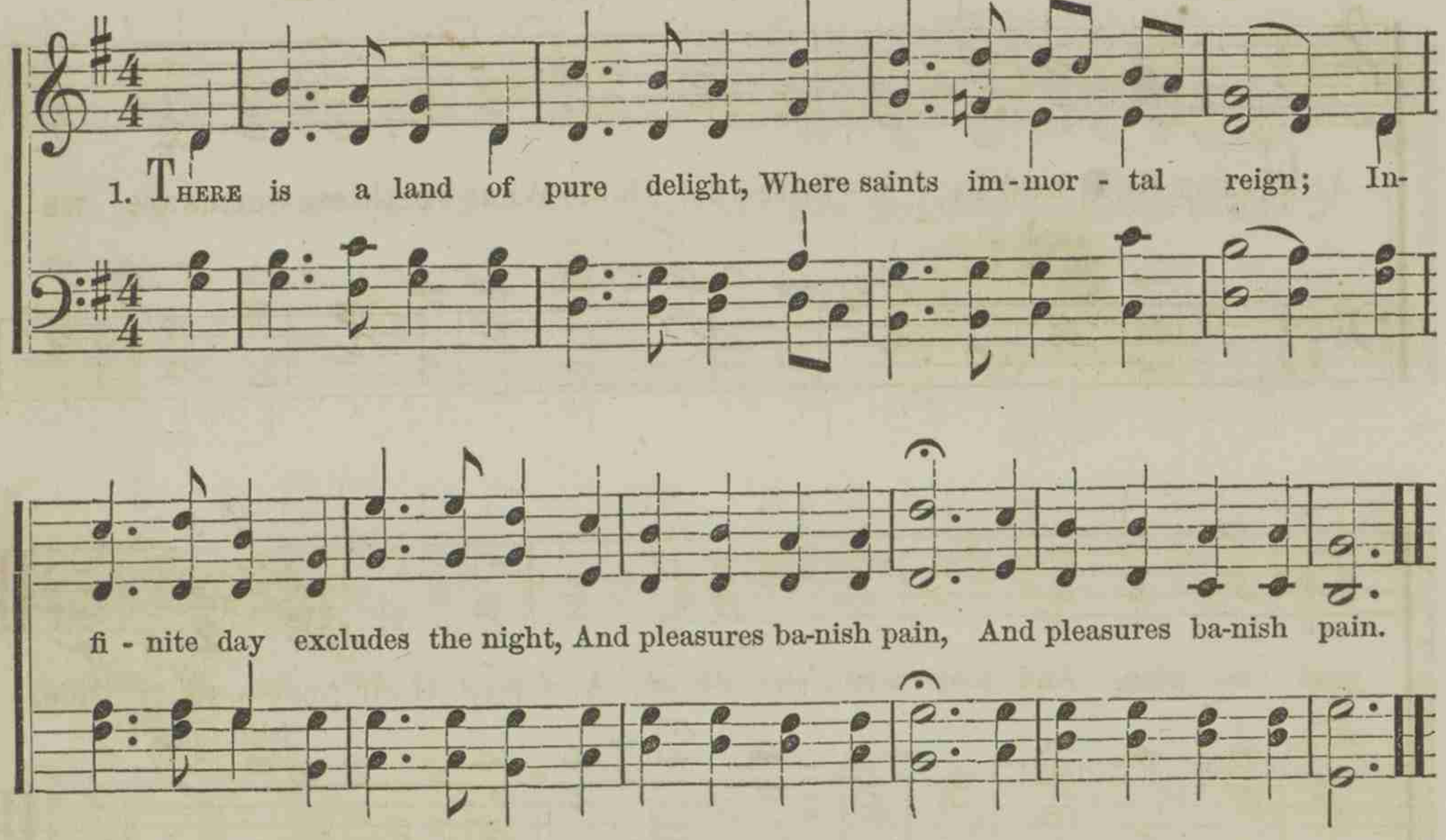
3. When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.

4. When we disclose our wants in prayer,
Oh! let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

5. Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

DULANY. C. M.

From MEINEKE'S
Music for the Church.*



Sel. 155. **[H. 667.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 5 omitted.)

2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4. But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

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.

Sel. 156. **[Ps. 118, P. 4.**

(Stanza 4 omitted.)

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2. To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3. Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

5. Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Sel. 157. **[H. 368.**

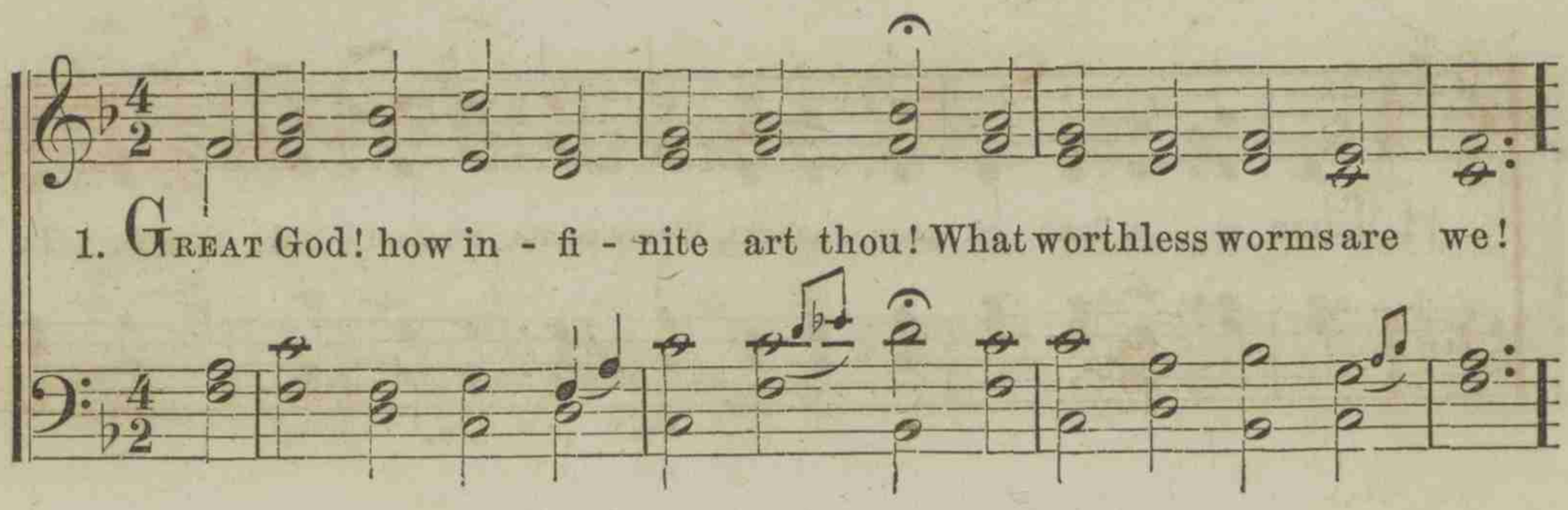
LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

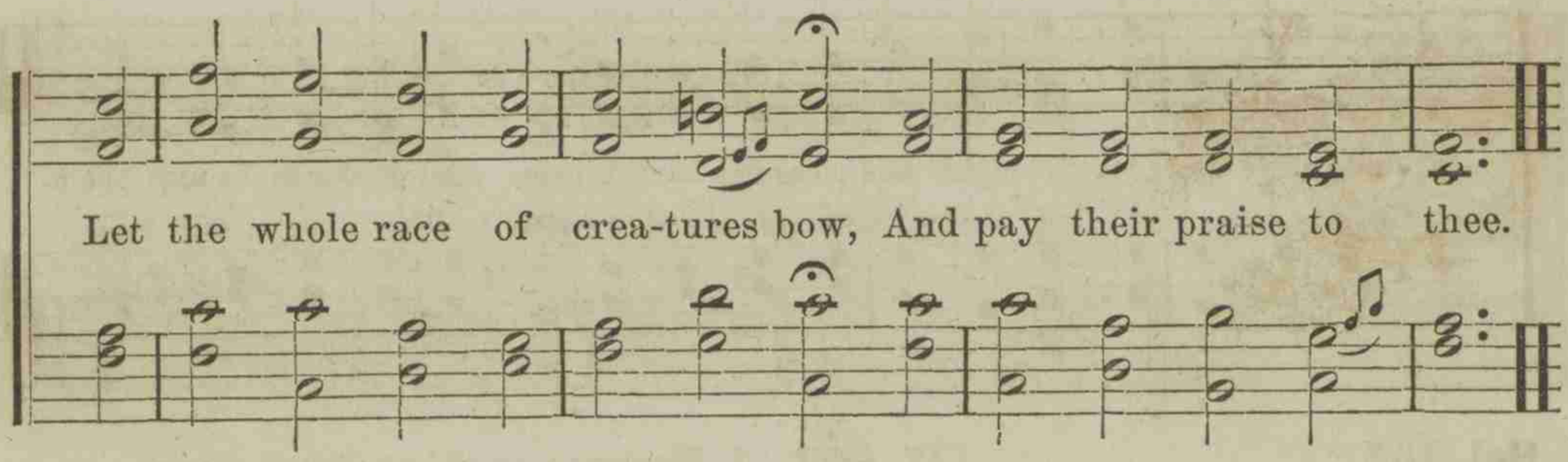
2. We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to the United Three,
The Undivided One.

3. 'Twas He, and we'll adore his name,
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis He restores our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

4. Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

* Published by Miller & Beacham, Baltimore.





Sel. 158. [H. 4.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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

3. Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new.

4. Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

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

Sel. 159. [H. 266.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

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 quick'ning powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Sel. 160. [Ps. 40, P. 1.

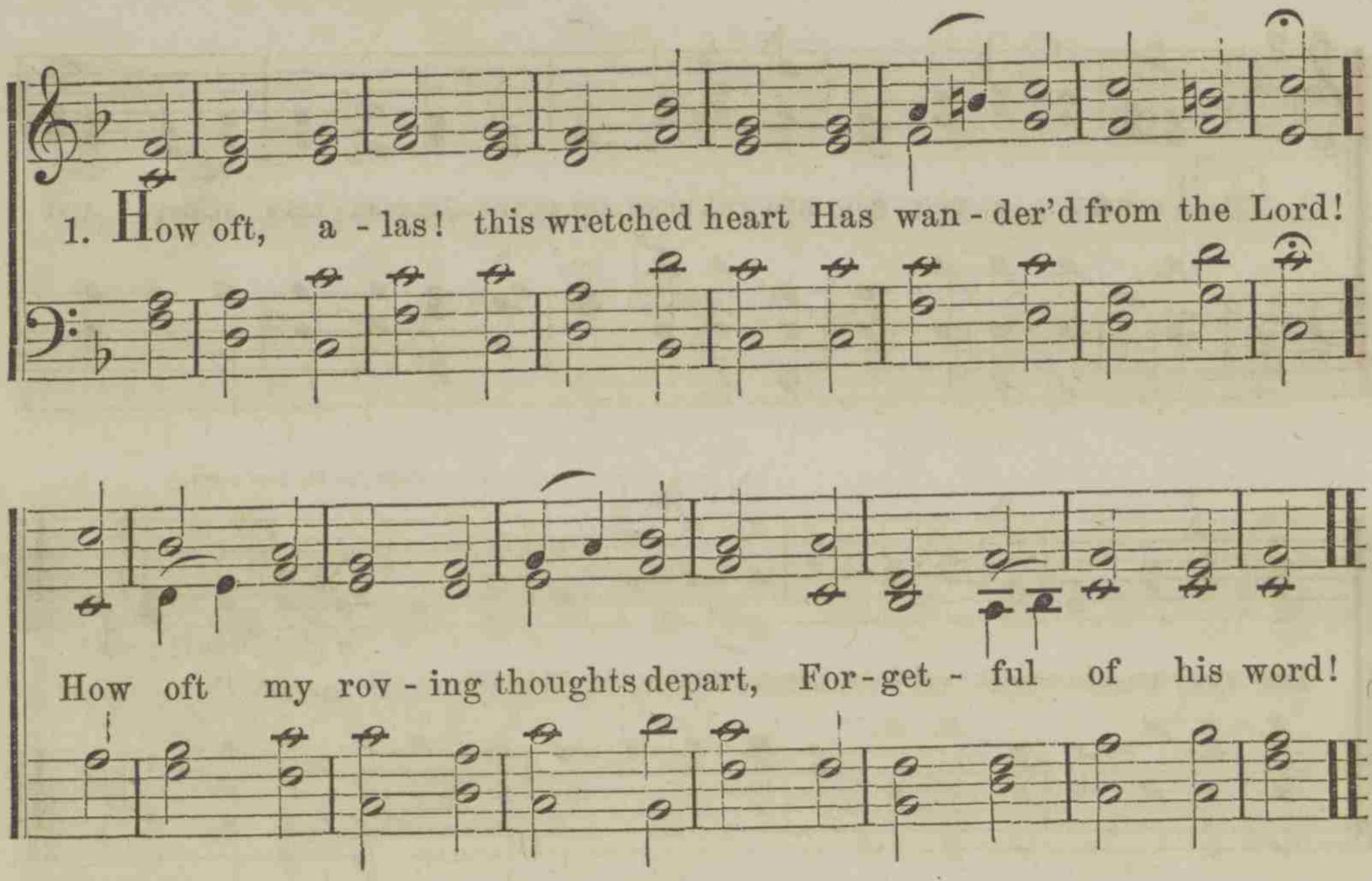
(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2. He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet—
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3. Firm on a rock He made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4. I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.



Sel. 161. **[H. 397.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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 pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4. Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

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

Sel. 162. **[H. 294.**

(Stanza 4 omitted.)

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way;
To heaven I fain would lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2. How oft my mournful thoughts com-
And melt in flowing tears! [plain,
Striving against my foes in vain,
I sink amid my fears.

3. O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid:
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Nor let me be dismay'd.

5. O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee:
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and thee.

Sel. 163. **[H. 425.**

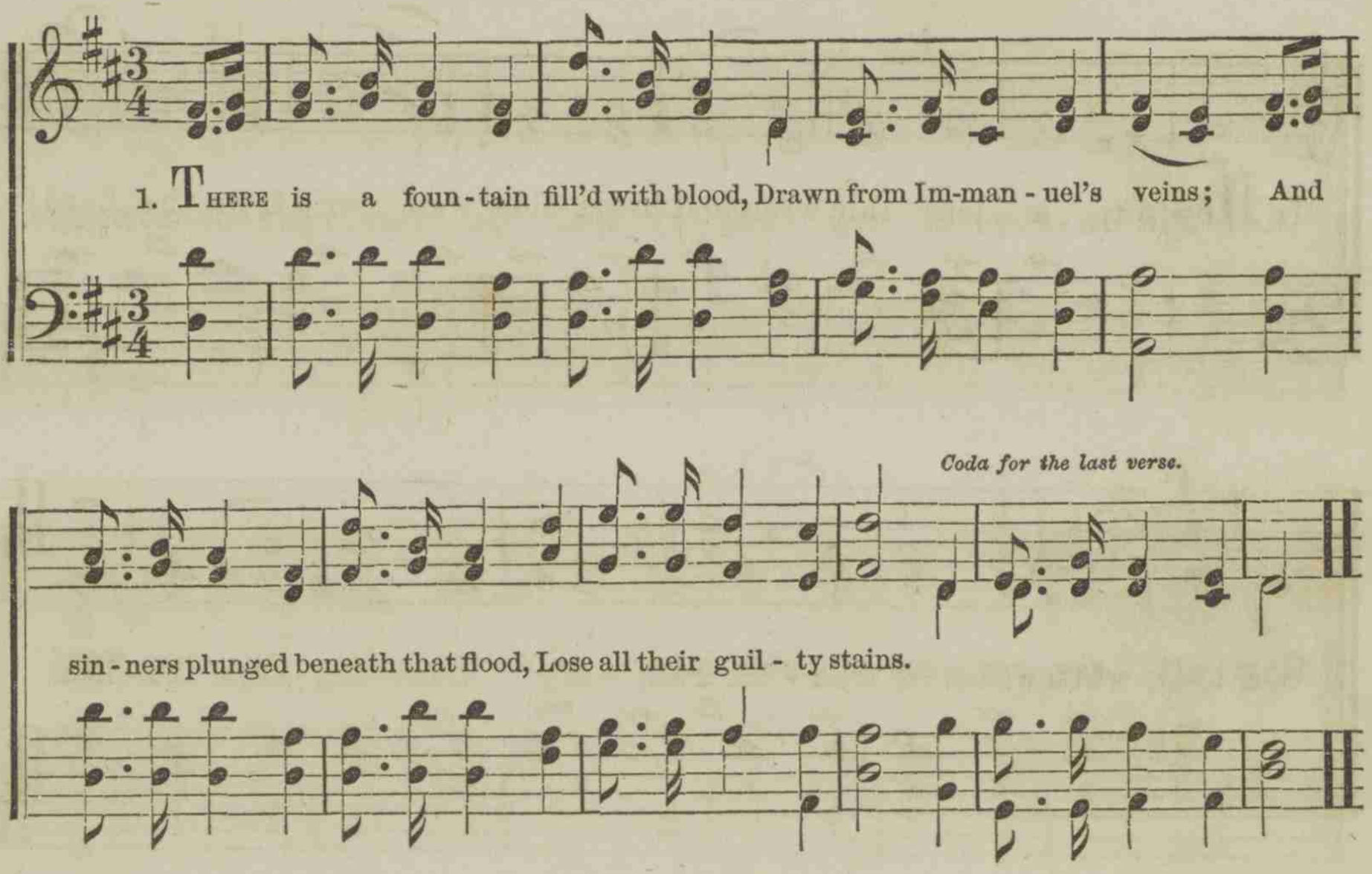
(Stanzas 3, 4, 6 omitted.)

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 fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

5. O that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

7. O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and praise thee more.



Sel. 164. [H. 90.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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

3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be 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. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Sel. 165. [Ps. 69, P. 3.

(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name,
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2. His deep distress has raised us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3. His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

4. This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.

Sel. 166. [H. 517.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."
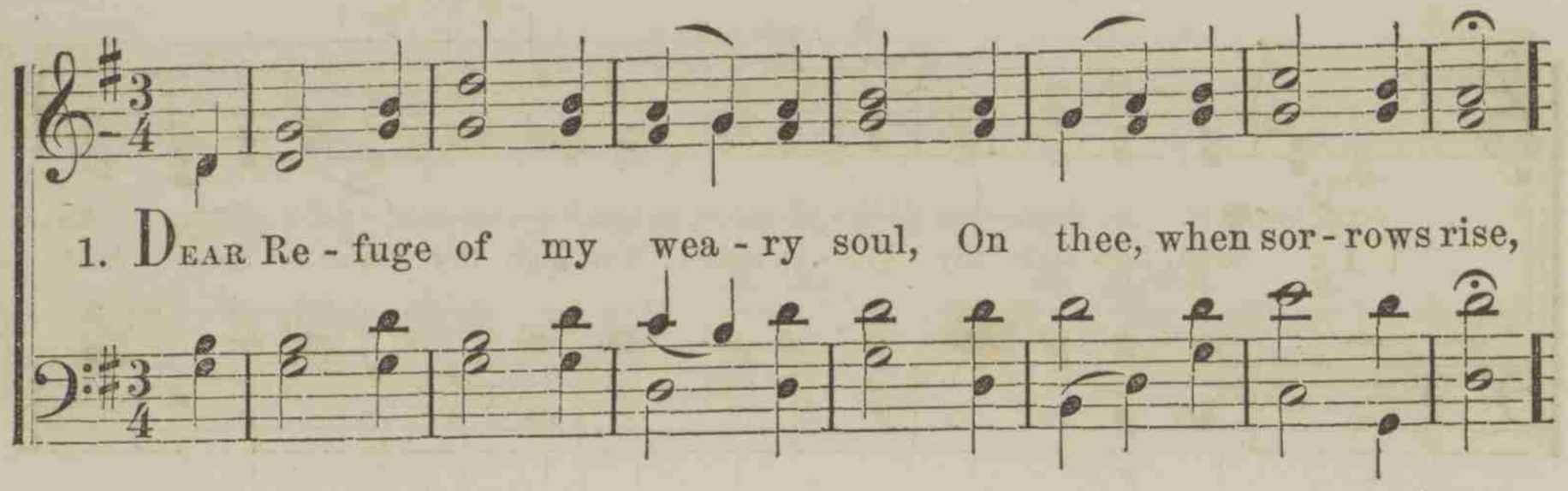
2. The words of his extensive love,
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessings sure.

3. Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4. Our God! how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

GIVE. C. M.

J. GRIGGS.



Sel. 167. [H. 398.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 5, 6 omitted.)

2. To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

3. But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4. Yet gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

7. Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat:
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

Sel. 168. [H. 229.

(Stanzas 4, 6 omitted.)

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd 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.

5. Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

Sel. 169. [H. 214.

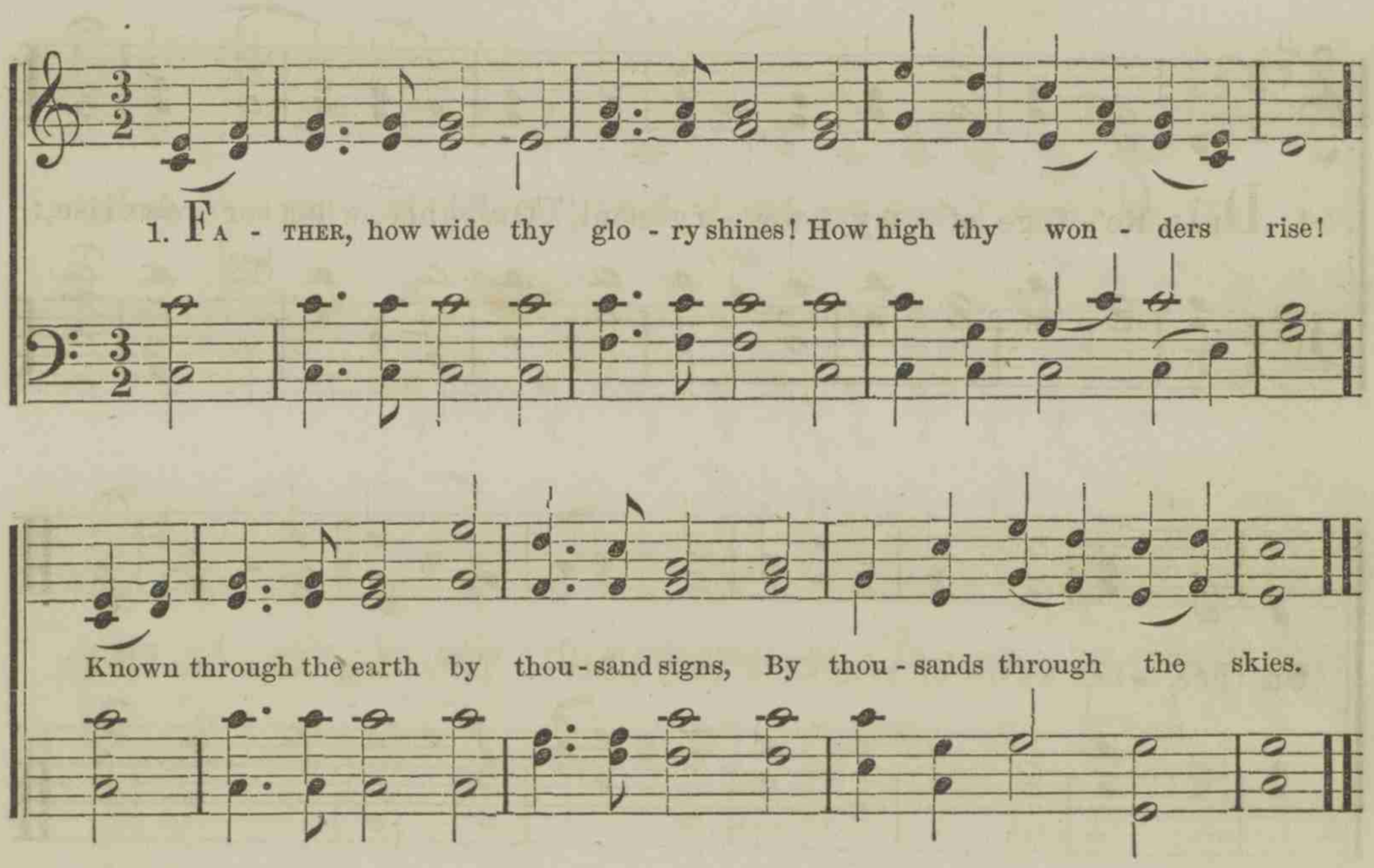
THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2. My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his own name's sake.

3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4. My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5. Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.



Sel. 170. **[H. 95.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;—

3. Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

4. Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

5. O! may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Sel. 171. **[H. 112.**

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love:
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

2. God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends:
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

3. My Father, God, and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet har-
Delight my listening ear. [mony

4. Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

Sel. 172. **[H. 377.**

(Stanza 6 omitted.)

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

2. Behold your King, your Saviour
With glories all divine; [crown'd
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright these glories shine.

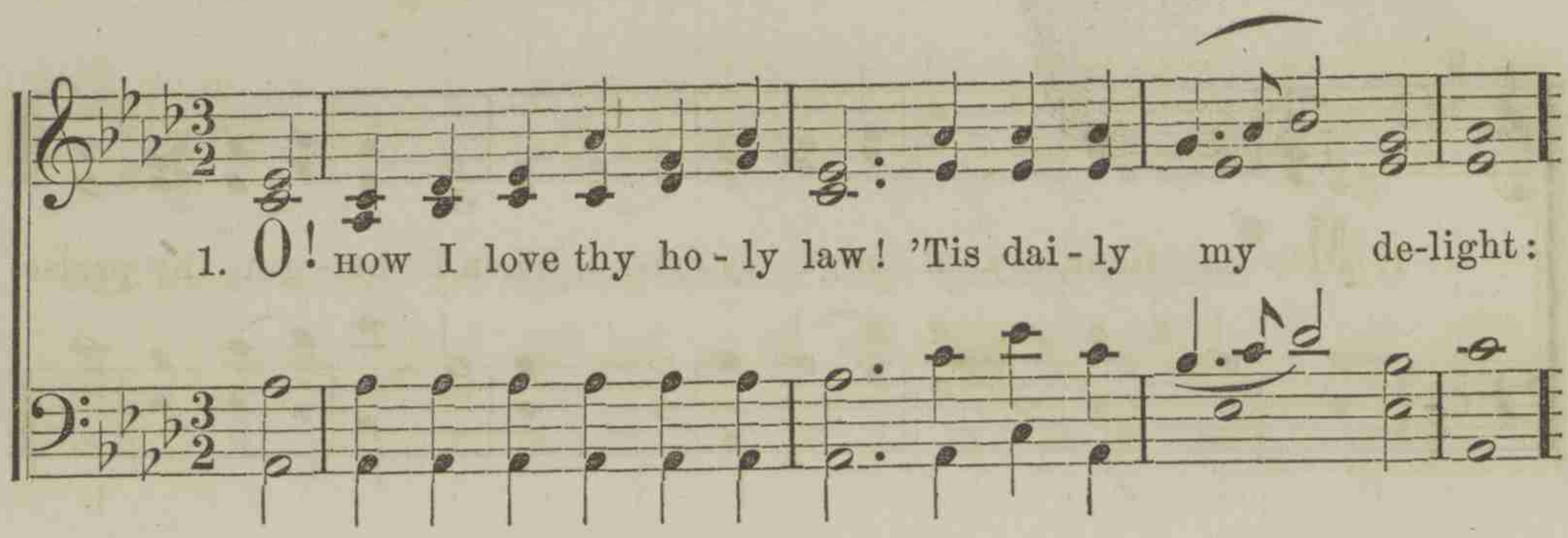
3. Infinite power and boundless grace
In Him unite their rays:
Ye that have e'er beheld his face,
Can ye forbear his praise?
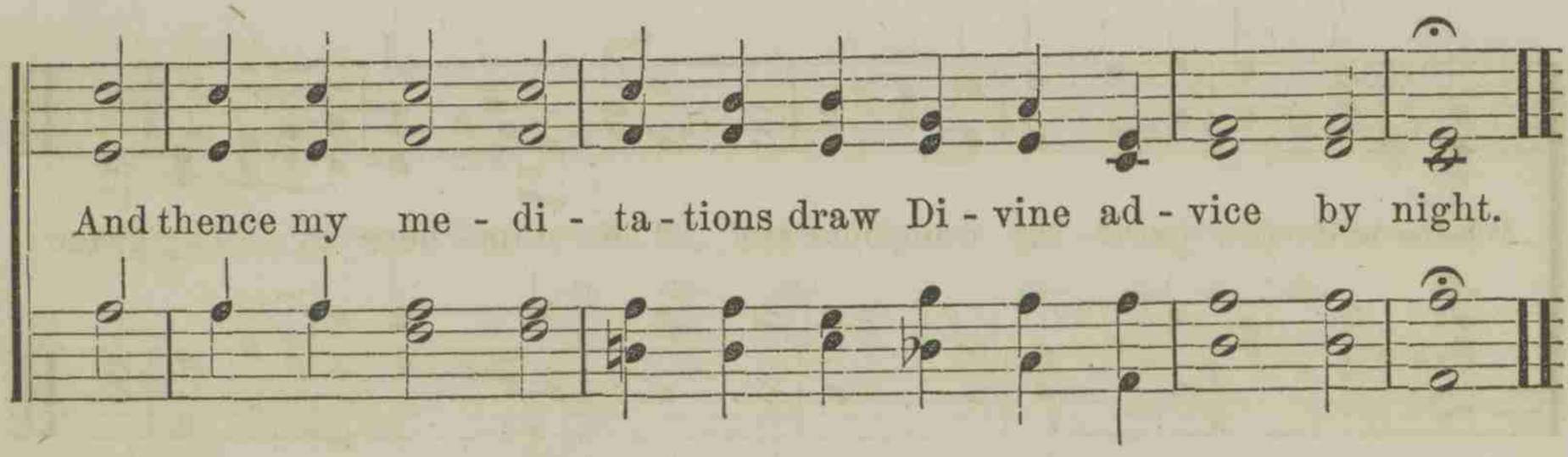
4. When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

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.

HERMON. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.





Sel. 173. **[Ps. 119, P. 5.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6 omitted.)

2. My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word:
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3. Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yield me a heavenly song.

4. Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

5. No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Sel. 174. **[H. 31.**

(Stanzas 2, 3 omitted.)

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

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

6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

Sel. 175. **[H. 343.**

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

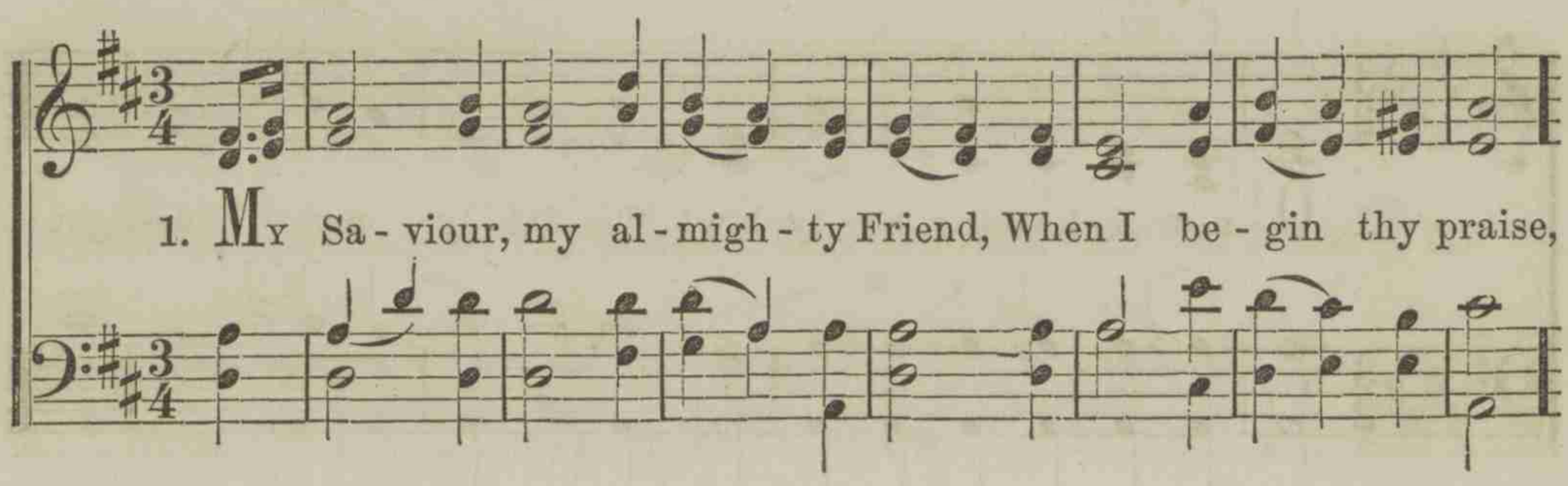
COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

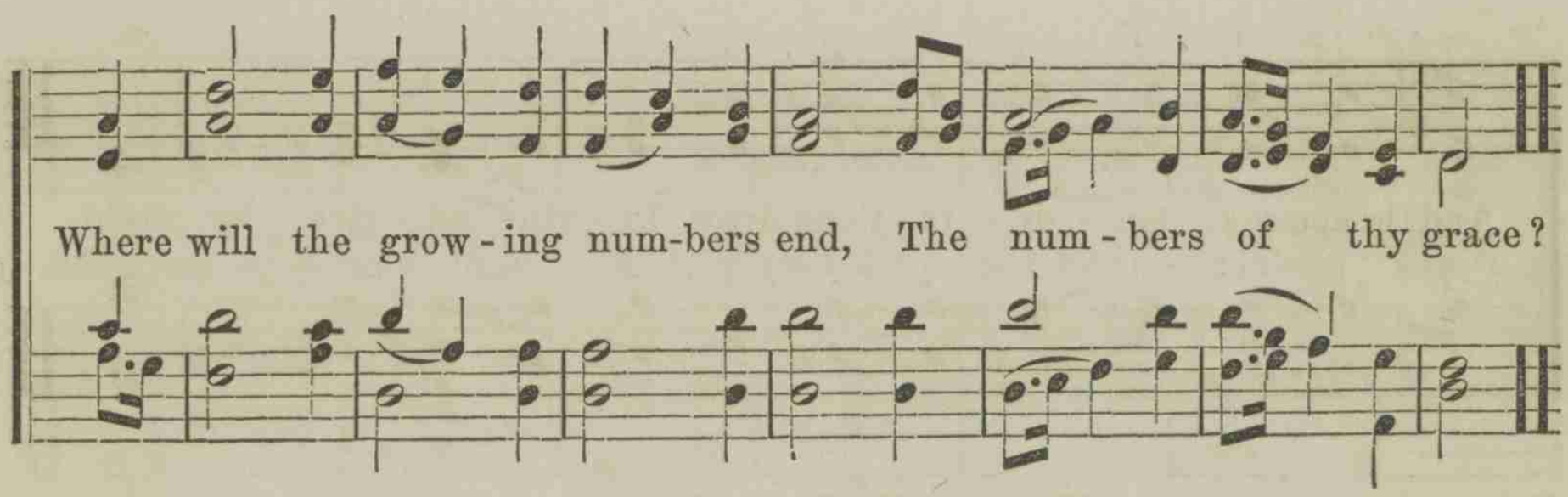
2. Let saints below his praises sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth are one.

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 commands we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

6. Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us safe in heaven.





Sel. 176. [Ps. 71, P. 2.

(Stanzas 6, 7 omitted.)

2. Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3. My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road, [strength,
And march, with courage, in thy
To see my Father, God.

4. When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5. How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King;
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

Sel. 177. [H. 92.

(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

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 there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3. My soul obeys th' almighty 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 crimes of deepest dye.

Sel. 178. [H. 406.

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.

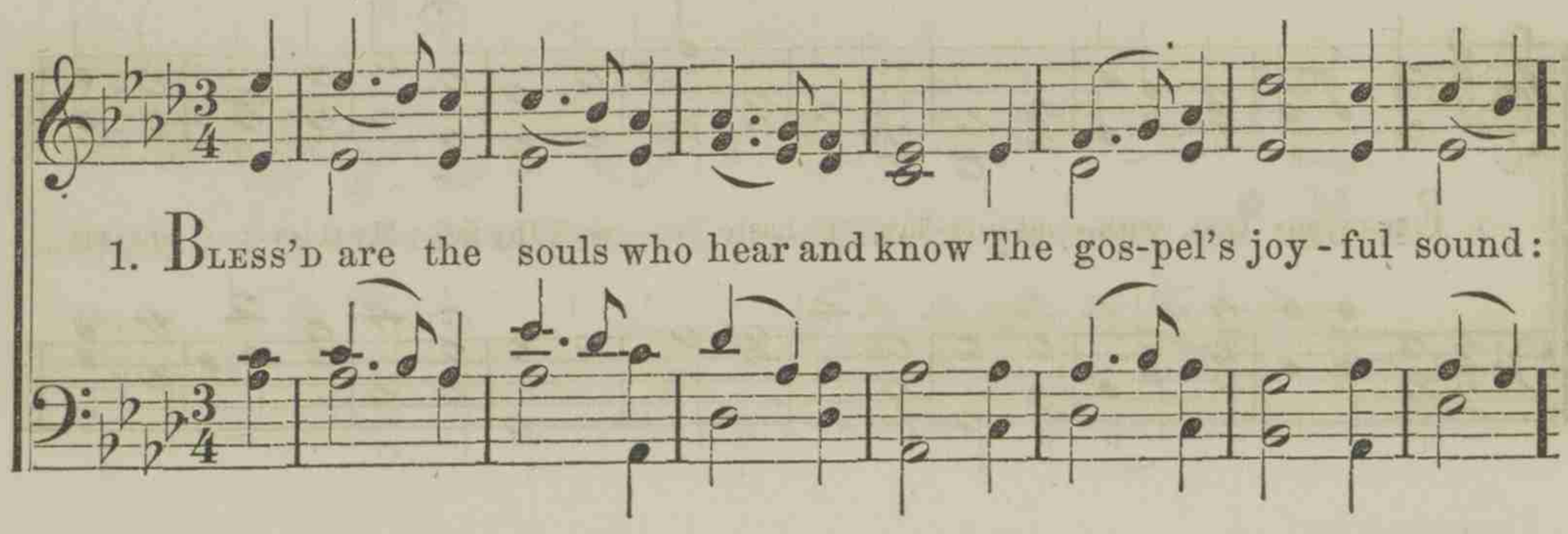
3. He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

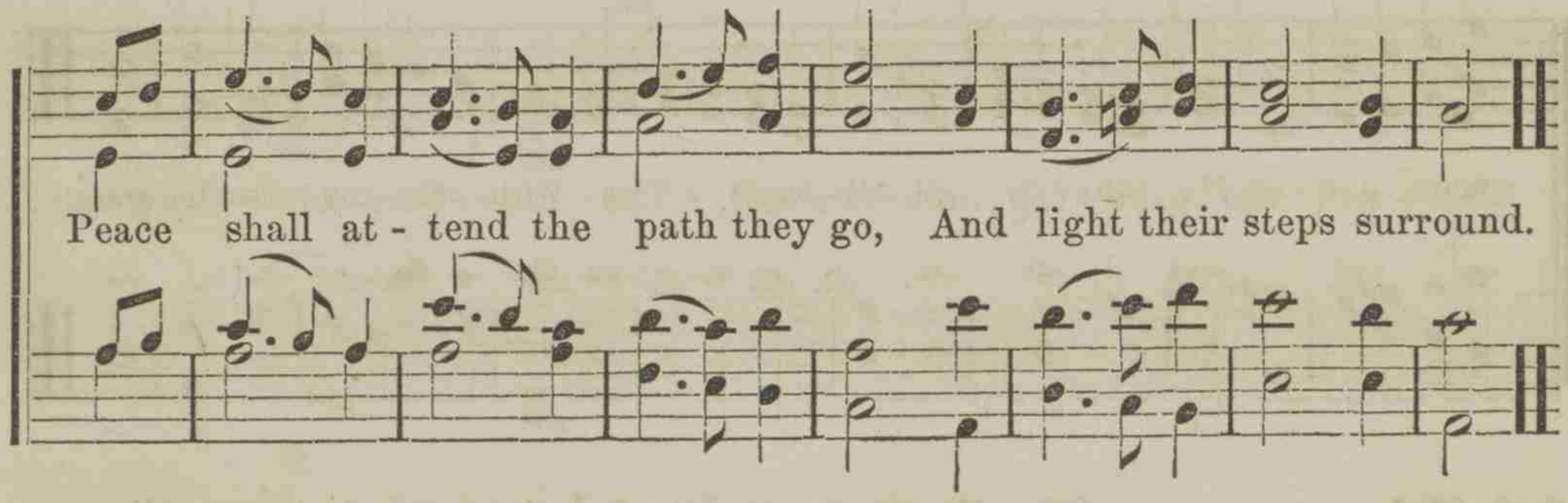
4. My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

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

68 **JAZER. C. M.**

From The Jubilee.
By Prof. W. B. BRADBURY.





Sel. 179. **[Ps. 89, P. 4.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
And fills their foes with shame.

3. The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

Sel. 180. **[H. 321.**

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2. Have we forgot the almighty Name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3. Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4. Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease:
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5. The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

Sel. 181. **[H. 93.**

(Stanzas 4, 5, 8 omitted.)

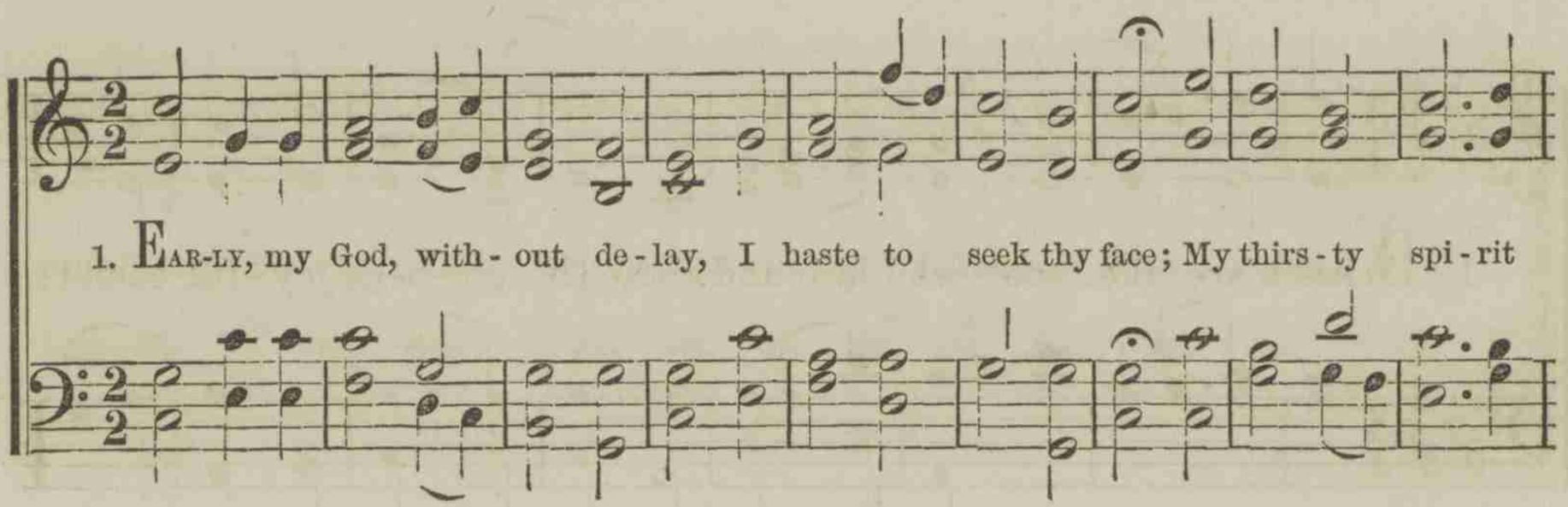
BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2. Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3. Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

6. Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.

7. Thou hast redeem'd our souls with [blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to [God,
And we shall reign with thee.



Sel. 182. **[Ps. 63, P. 1.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3. Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

4. Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5. Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Sel. 183. **[Ps. 119, P. 3.**

(Stanzas 3, 6 omitted.)

THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2. I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

4. If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

Sel. 184. **[H. 466.**

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led;

2. Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

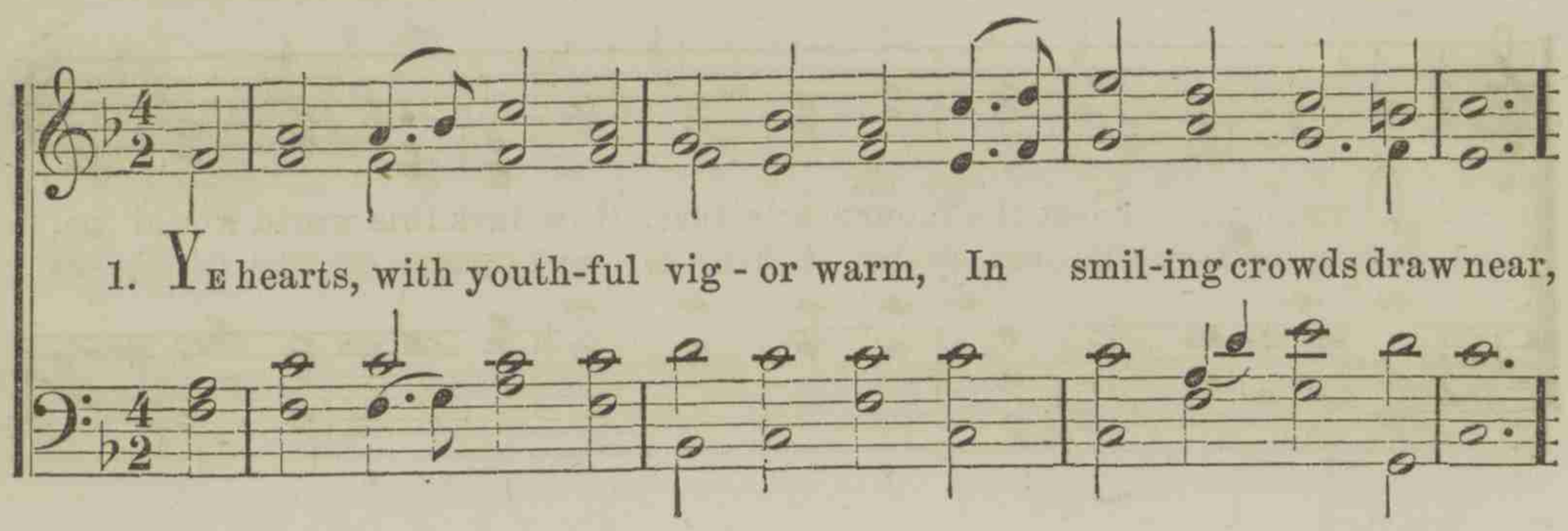
3. Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4. O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5. Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

LITCHFIELD. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



Sel. 185. [H. 584.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3. "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

4. What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5. Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind;
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

Sel. 186. [H. 77.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2. Can aught beneath a power divine
A stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3. 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And bid them upward rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes;

4. To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live:
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5. Renew these wretched hearts of ours,
O! give us life divine:
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

Sel. 187. [H. 469.

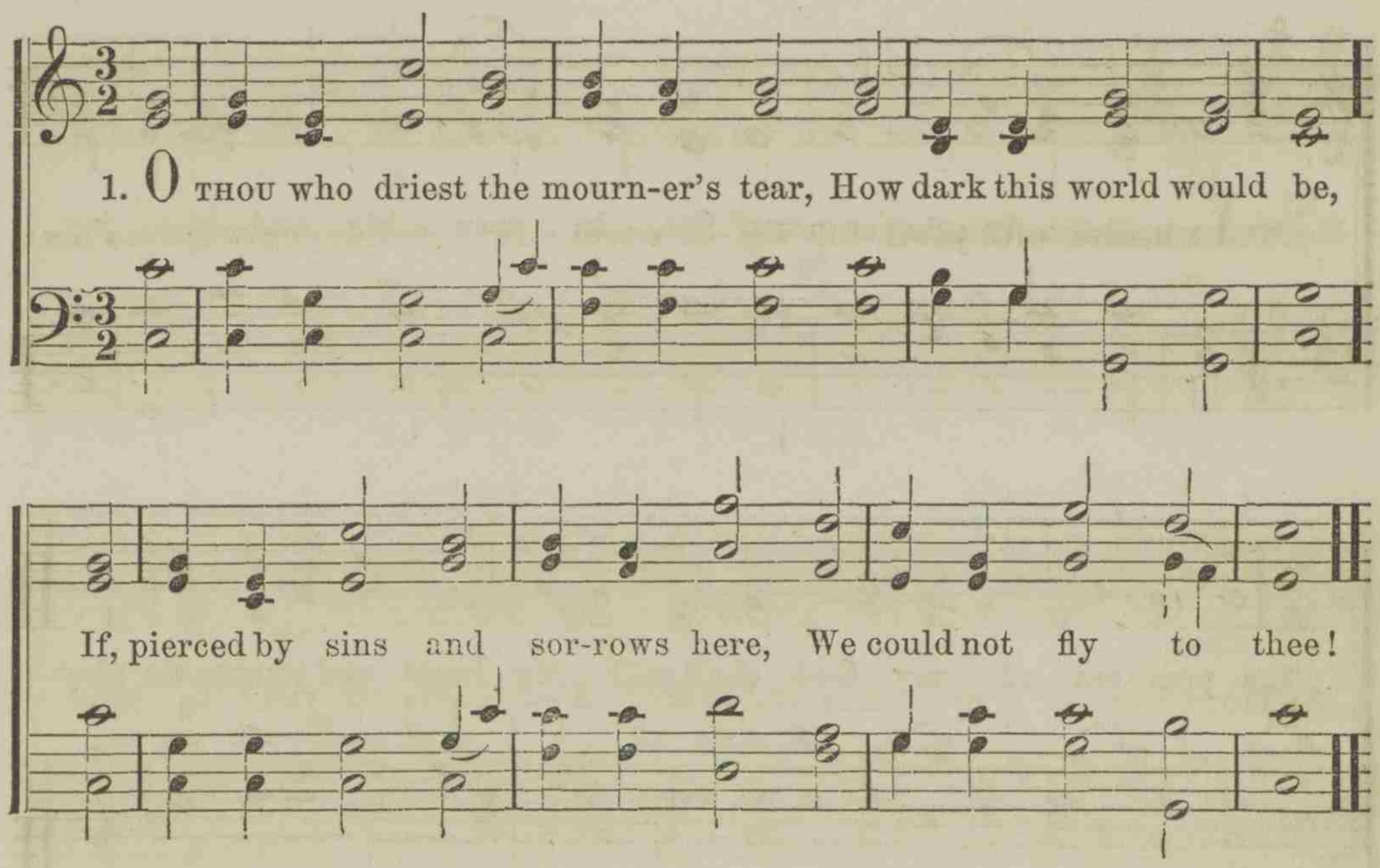
(Stanzas 5–7 omitted.)

O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, thou art:
Kindle a flame of heavenly fire,
In every waiting heart.

2. Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

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

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



Sel. 188. [H. 404.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 4 omitted.)

2. The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3. But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

5. O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

6. Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Sel. 189. [H. 379.

(Stanzas 4, 6–8 omitted.)

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.

2. In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care;
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3. Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all my road!
No power could guard me from my foes,
But my Preserver, God.

5. Each rolling year new favors brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

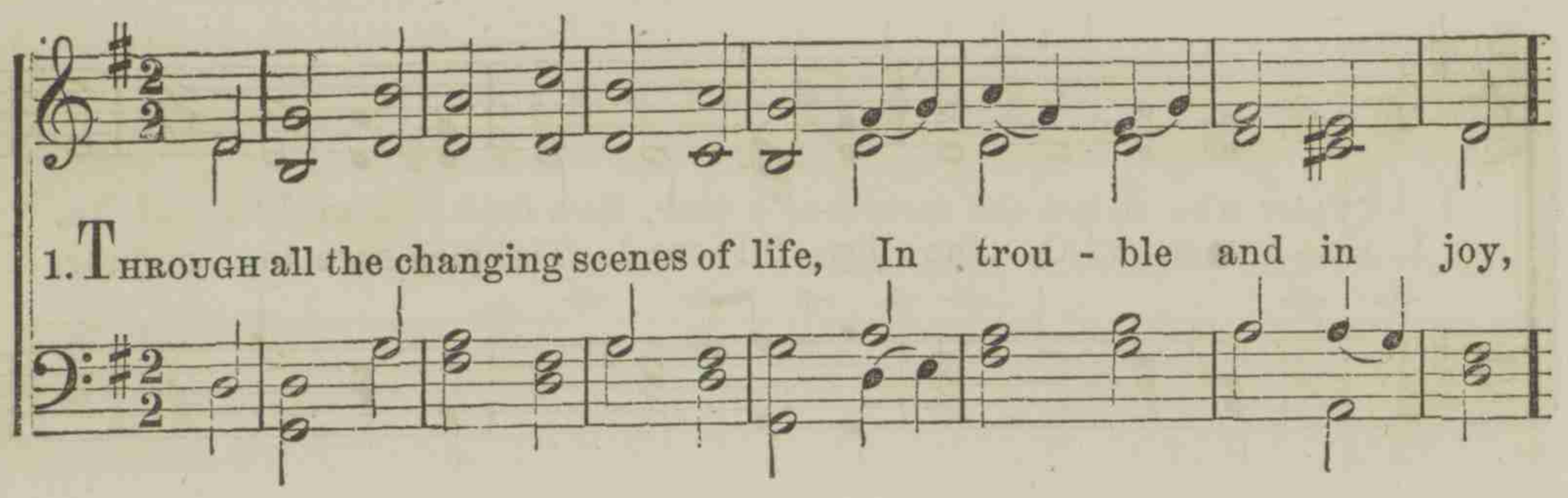
Sel. 190. [Ps. 78, P. 1.

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

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

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

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



Sel. 191. **[Ps. 34, P. 1.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. My soul shall make her boast in Him,
And celebrate his fame;
Come magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name.

3. The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

4. O! make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5. Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Come make his service your delight;
He'll make your wants his care.

Sel. 192. **[H. 111.**

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow our humble claim;
Nor while poor worms would raise their heads,
Disdain a Father's name.

2. Our Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven,
Could so delight the ear.

3. Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4. Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
Thou knowest, I, Abba, Father, cry,
Nor can thy word deceive.

Sel. 193. **[H. 533.**

(Stanza 6 omitted.)

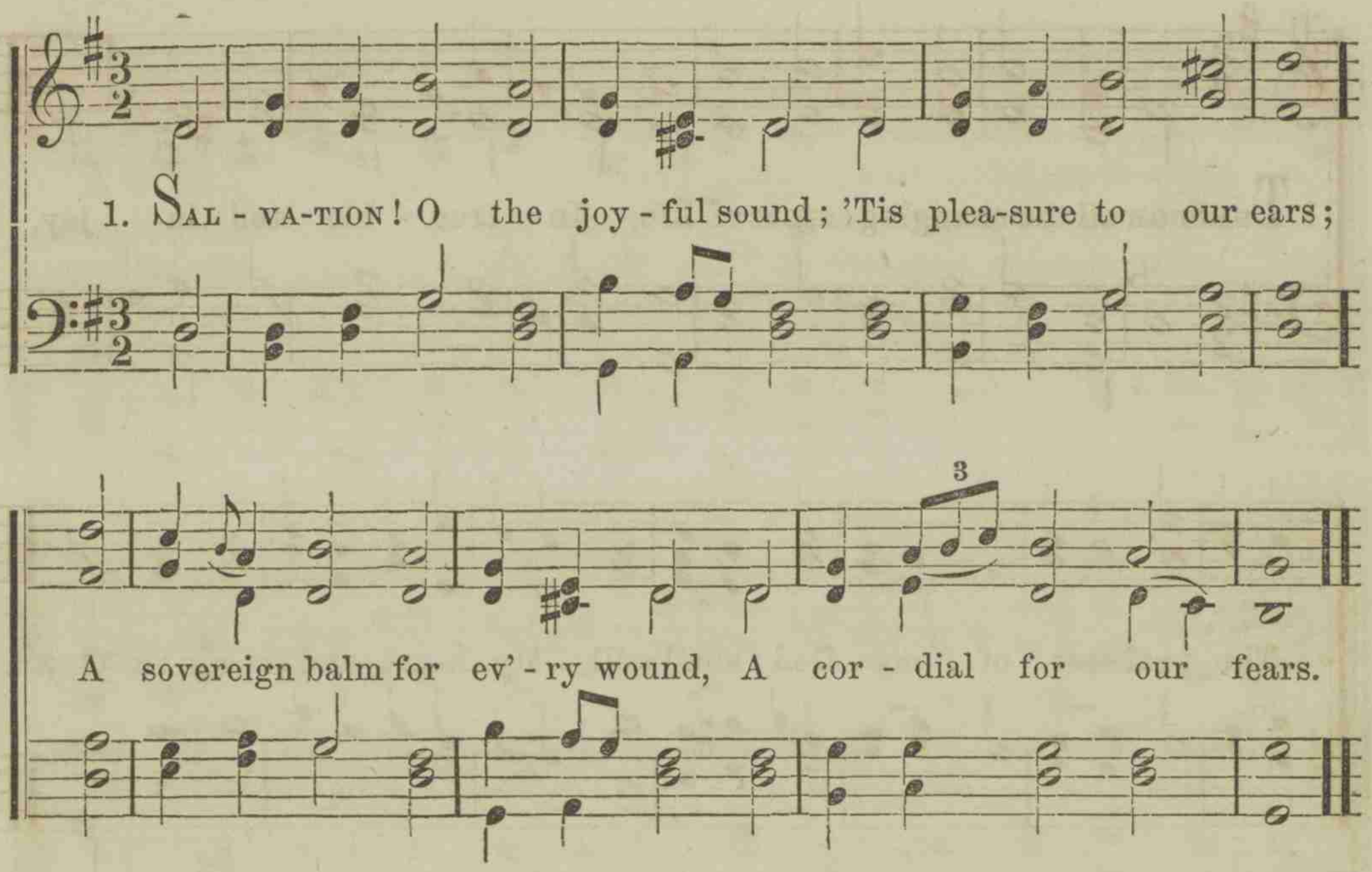
HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2. While all our hearts, in this our song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3. "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in:
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

5. Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.



Sel. 194. [H. 388.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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.

Sel. 195. [Ps. 116, P. 1.

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 bow'd his ear,
And chased my griefs away:
O! let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray.

3. My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4. "My God," I cried, "thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."

5. The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6. My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

Sel. 196. [H. 465.

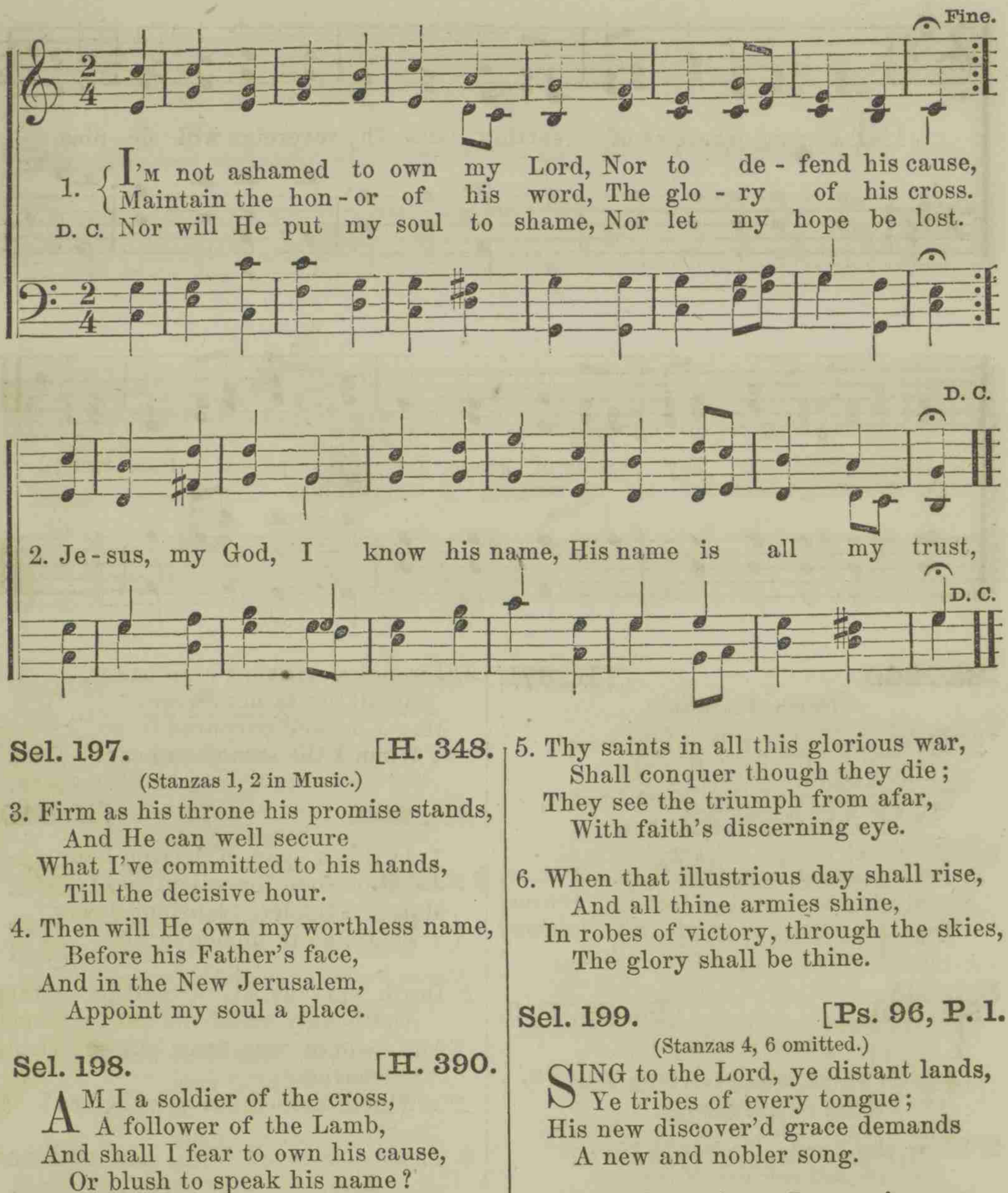
COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace,
The tribute of your tongues.

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 arm'd
With a revenging 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 the kind 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.



Sel. 197. [H. 348.

(Stanzas 1, 2 in Music.)

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.

Sel. 198. [H. 390.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this dark world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5. Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of victory, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Sel. 199. [Ps. 96, P. 1.
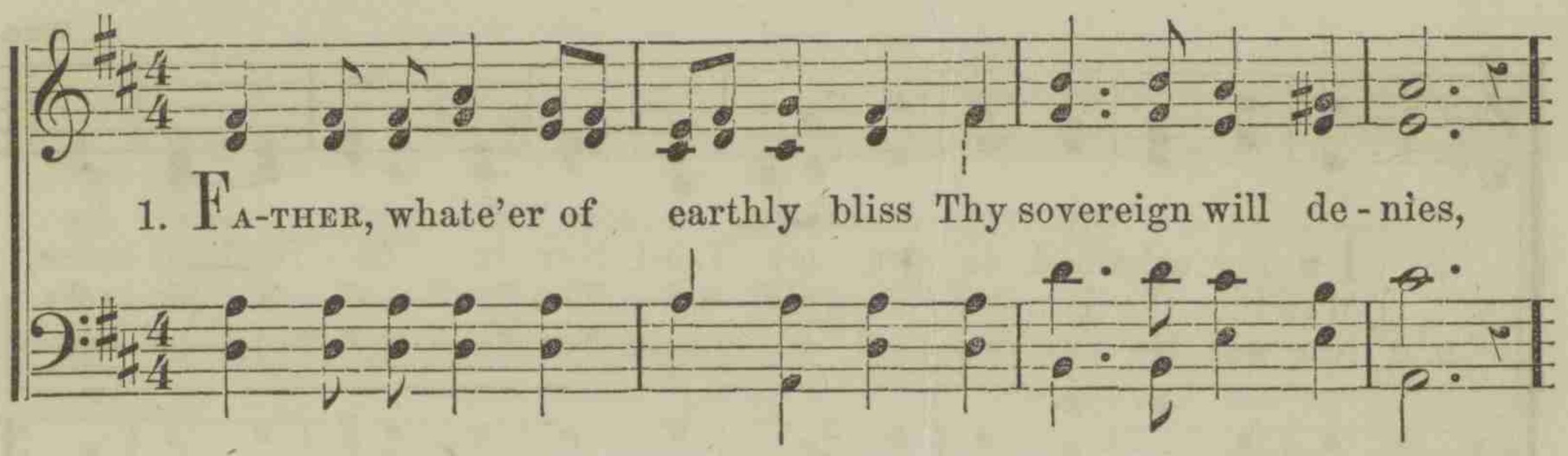
(Stanzas 4, 6 omitted.)

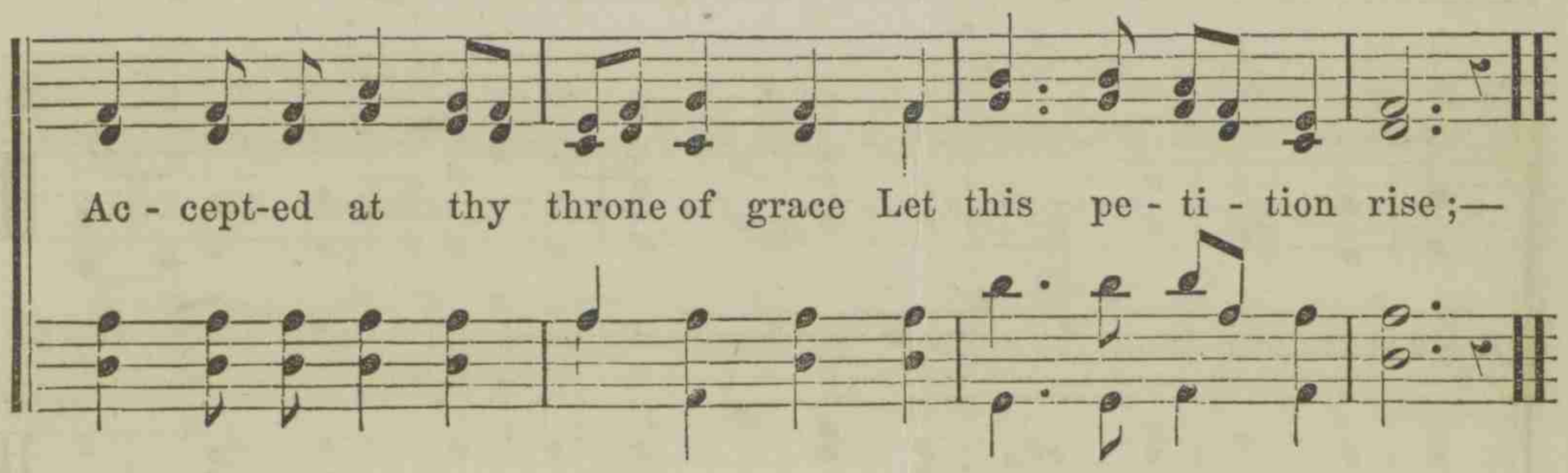
SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2. Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3. Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen:
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

5. Behold He comes, He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.





Sel. 200. **[H. 371.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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; [shine,
Thy presence through my journey
And crown my journey's end.

Sel. 201. **[Ps. 39, P. 3.**

(Stanza 6 omitted.)

GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2. Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.

3. Yet I may plead, with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5. I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear!

Sel. 202. **[H. 640.**

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2. Death spreads his withering, wintry arms,
And beauty smiles no more; [charms,
Ah! where are now those rising
Which pleased our eyes before?

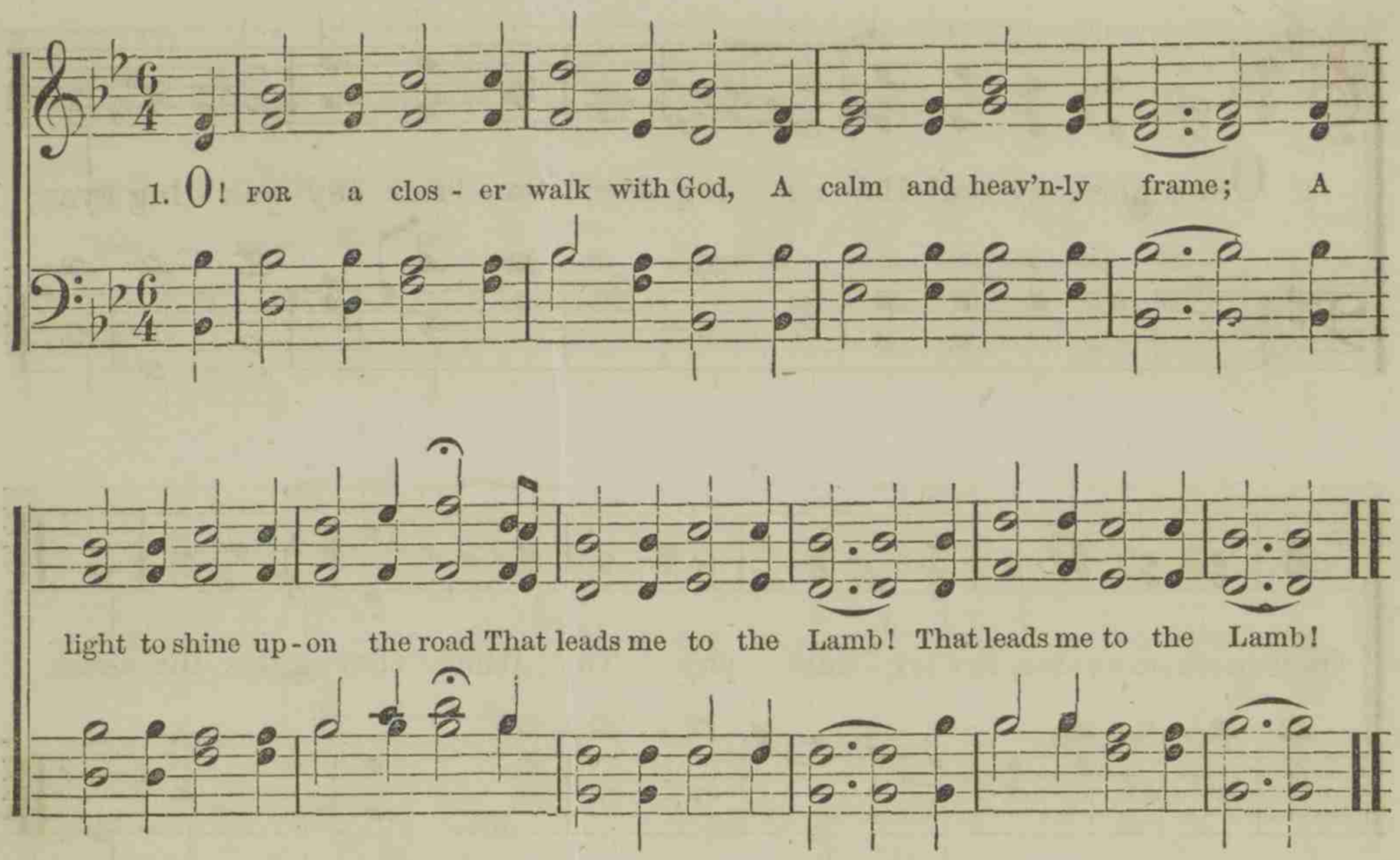
3. That once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
We weep, our earthly comforts fled,
And wither'd all our joys.

4. Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

5. Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears,
The Saviour dwells on high:
There everlasting spring appears,
There joys shall never die.

76 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

By Dr. HASTINGS.
As arranged in Church Melodies.



Sel. 203. **[H. 392.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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 once enjoy'd;
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left 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.

Sel. 204. **[H. 218.**

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2. We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3. We honor our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4. Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

Sel. 205. **[H. 578.**

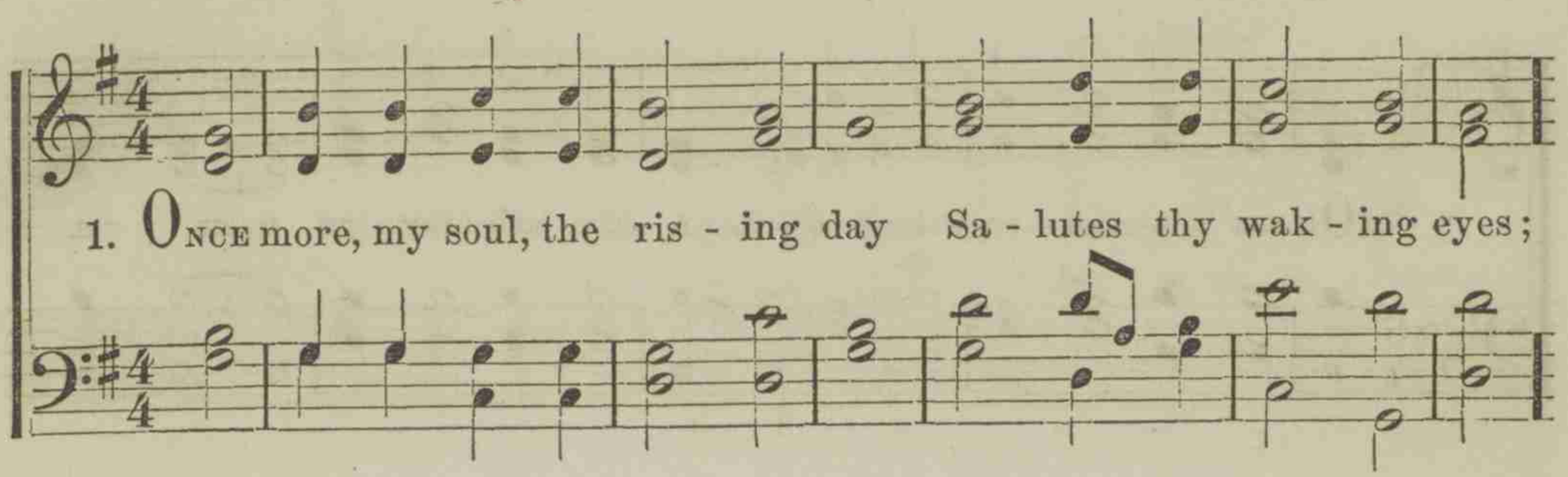
COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

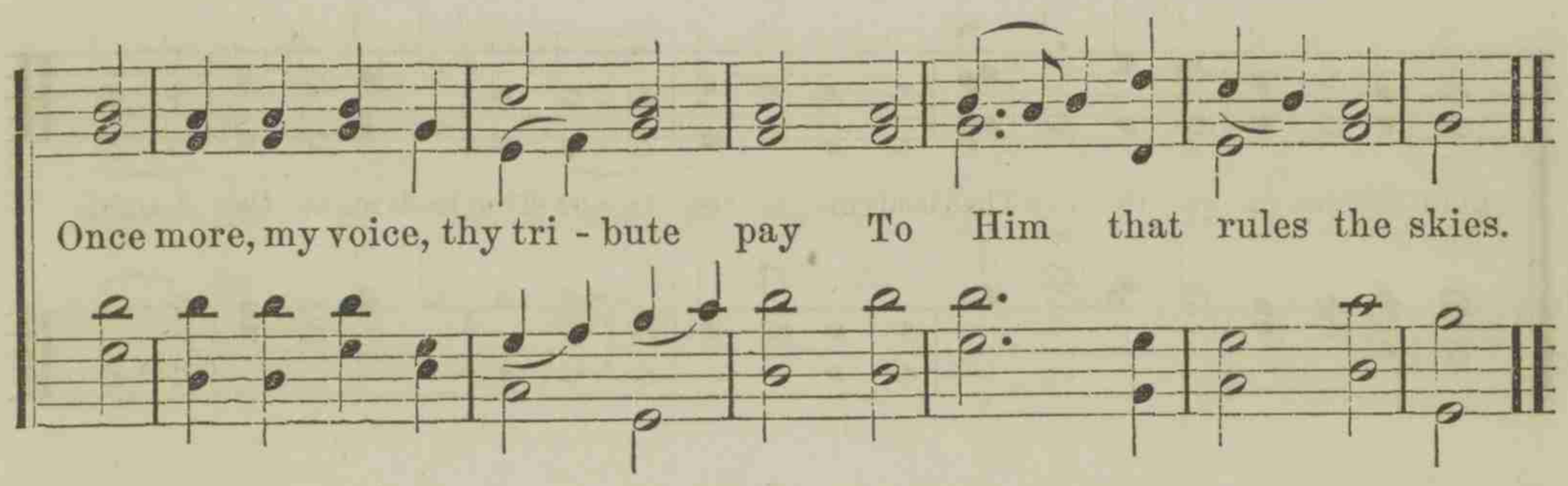
2. Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

3. Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

Doxology.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored, [known,
Where there are works to make Him
Or saints to love the Lord.





Sel. 206. [H. 436.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 4 omitted.)

2. Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which He sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3. 'Tis He supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

5. How many wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

6. Great God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

Sel. 207. [H. 607.

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

OUR life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh:
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

2. Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

3. 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

4. His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name adored.

Sel. 208. [H. 30.

O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all;
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

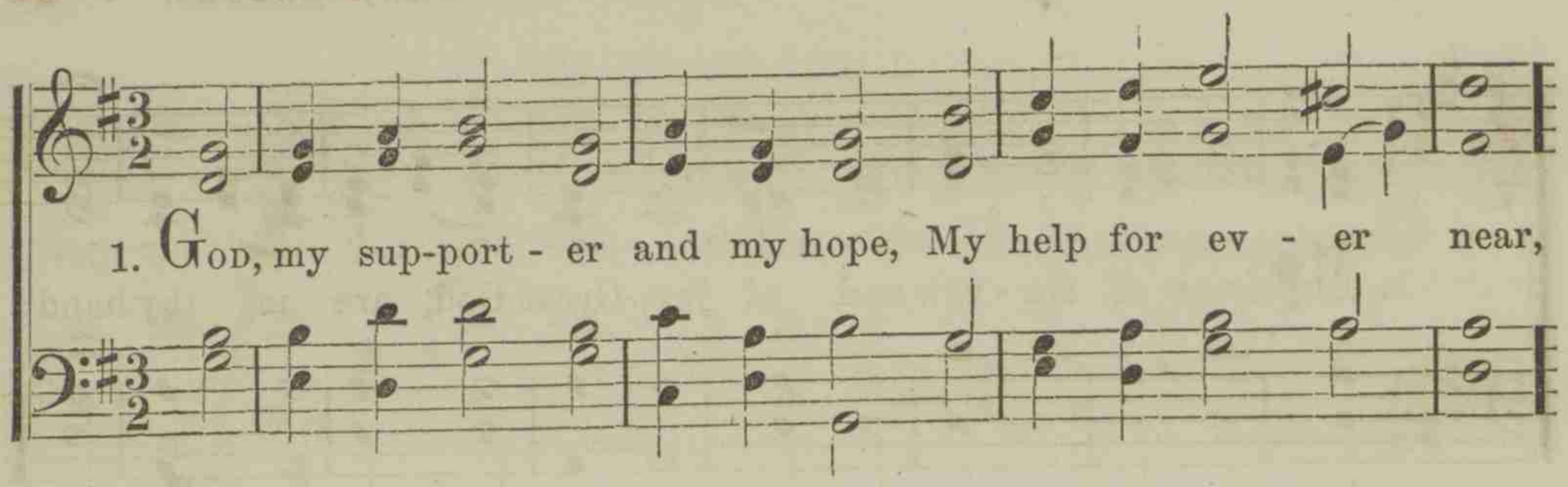
2. Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Through all the wilderness.

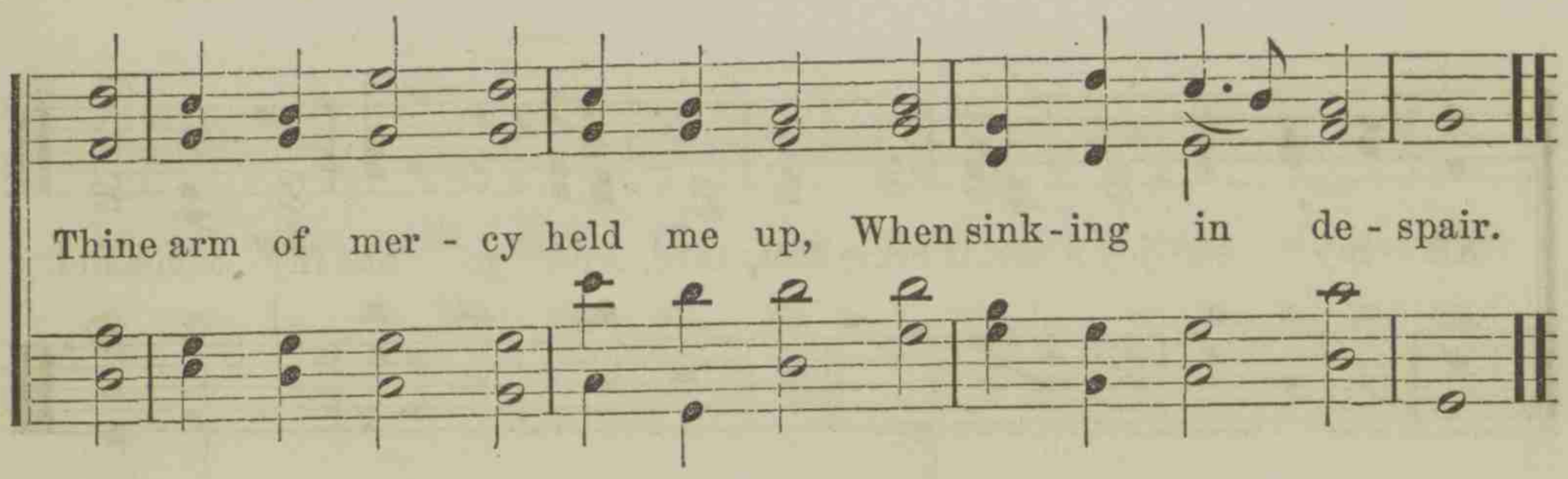
3. 'Tis thine outstretch'd and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4. For such compassions, O my God!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

English.





Sel. 209. [Ps. 73, P. 1.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 5, 6 omitted.)

2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Thro' life's dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3. Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4. What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

Sel. 210. [H. 159.

(Stanza 4 omitted.)

THE Saviour calls, let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2. For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow:
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3. Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain:
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

5. Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

Sel. 211. [H. 437.

DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

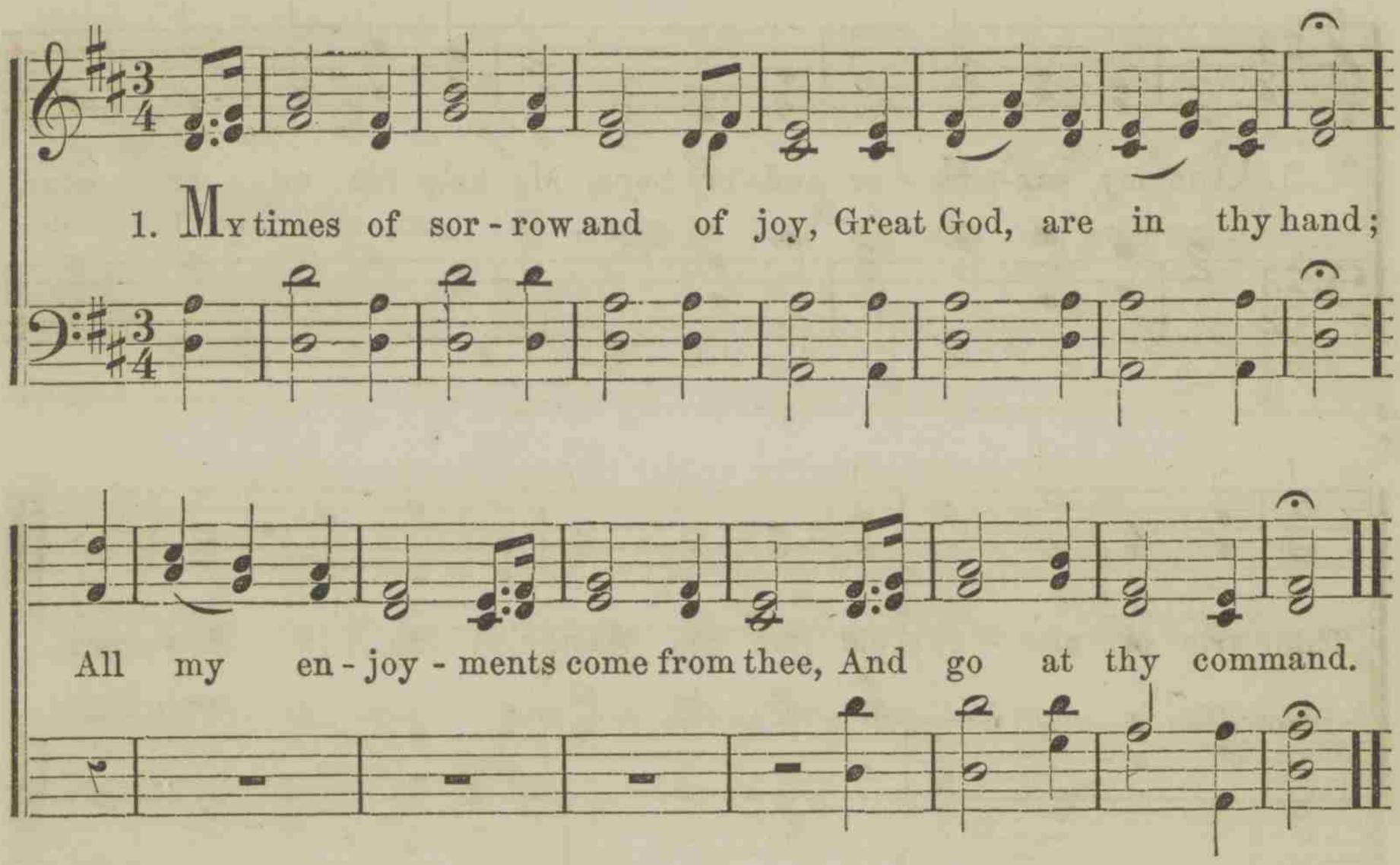
2. Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3. Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompass me around;
But O how few returns of love
Has my Creator found!

4. What have I done for Him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies 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 renew'd by thee.

6. Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I'll lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.



Sel. 212. [H. 426.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. O Lord, shouldst thou withhold them
Yet would I not repine; [all,
Before they were by me possess'd,
They were entirely thine.

3. Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
If all the world were gone,
But seek substantial happiness,
In thee and thee alone.

Sel. 213. [Ps. 51, P. 5.

O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2. Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3. No blood of goats nor heifers slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4. A soul oppress'd with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

Sel. 214. [H. 601.

(Stanza 7 omitted.)

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

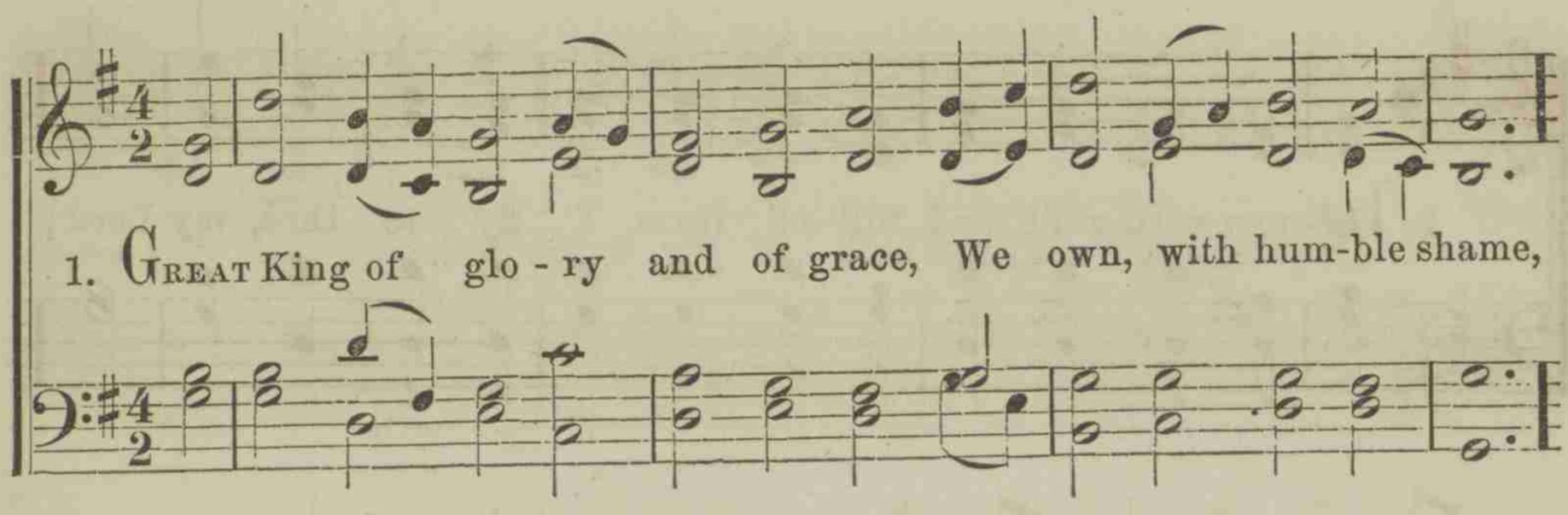
2. Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
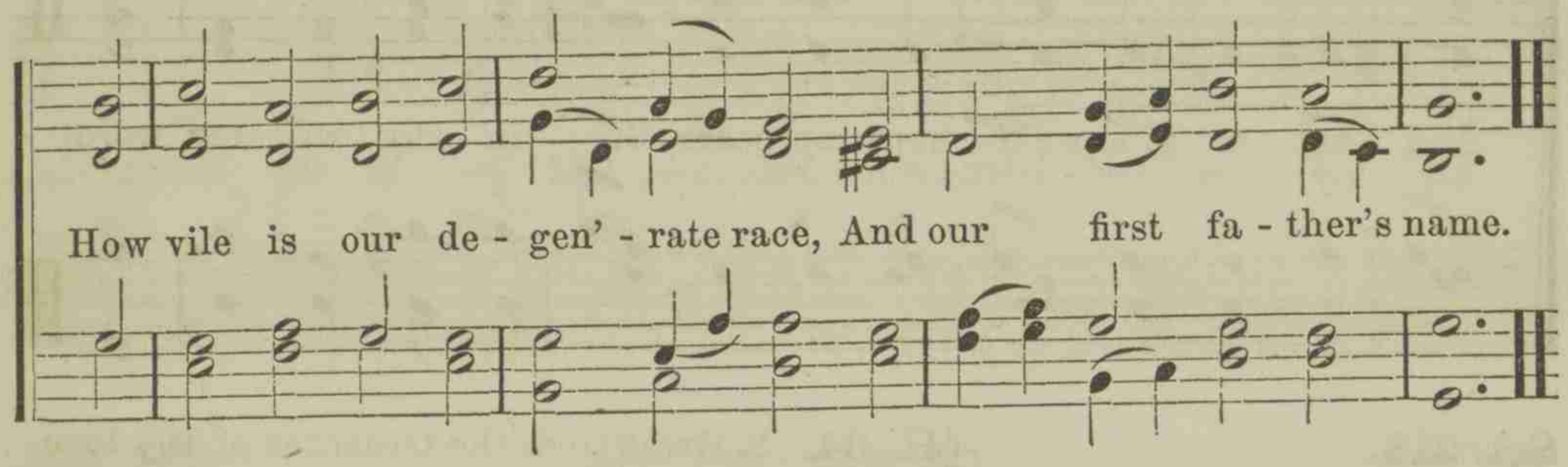
3. What numerous crimes increasing rise,
Through this apostate land!
What land so favor'd of the skies,
Yet thoughtless of thy hand!

4. How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

5. Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.

6. O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By rich and sovereign grace:
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.





Sel. 215. [H. 48.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. From Adam flows our tainted blood;
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

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

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

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

Sel. 216. [H. 236.

LO! the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land;
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2. He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3. Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too,
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

4. Jesus, our passover, was slain,
And has at once procured
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

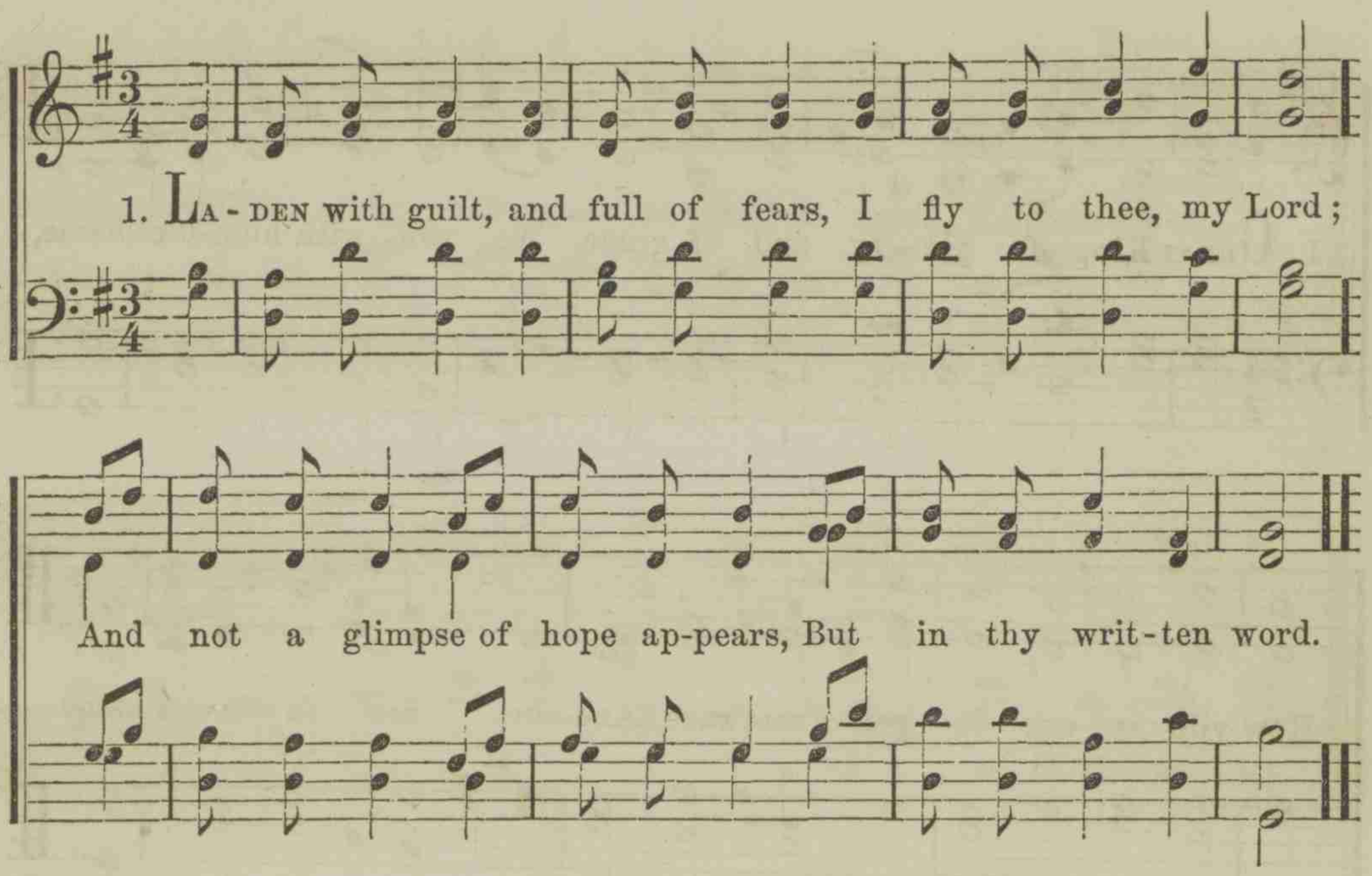
Sel. 217. [H. 357.

JESUS, my Saviour, bind me fast,
In cords of heavenly love;
Then sweetly draw me to thy breast,
Nor let me thence remove.

2. Draw me from all created good,
From self, the world, and sin;
To the dear fountain of thy blood,
And make me pure within.

3. O! lead me to thy mercy-seat,
Attract me nearer still;
Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,
To sit and learn thy will.

4. O! draw me by thy providence,
Thy Spirit and thy word,
From all the things of time and sense,
To thee, my gracious Lord.



Sel. 218. [H. 34.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

3. This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4. Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5. O! may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

Sel. 219. [H. 153.

(Stanzas 2, 3, 5–7 omitted.)

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

8. Great God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

9. The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Sel. 220. [H. 394.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one perpetual stream.

2. Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

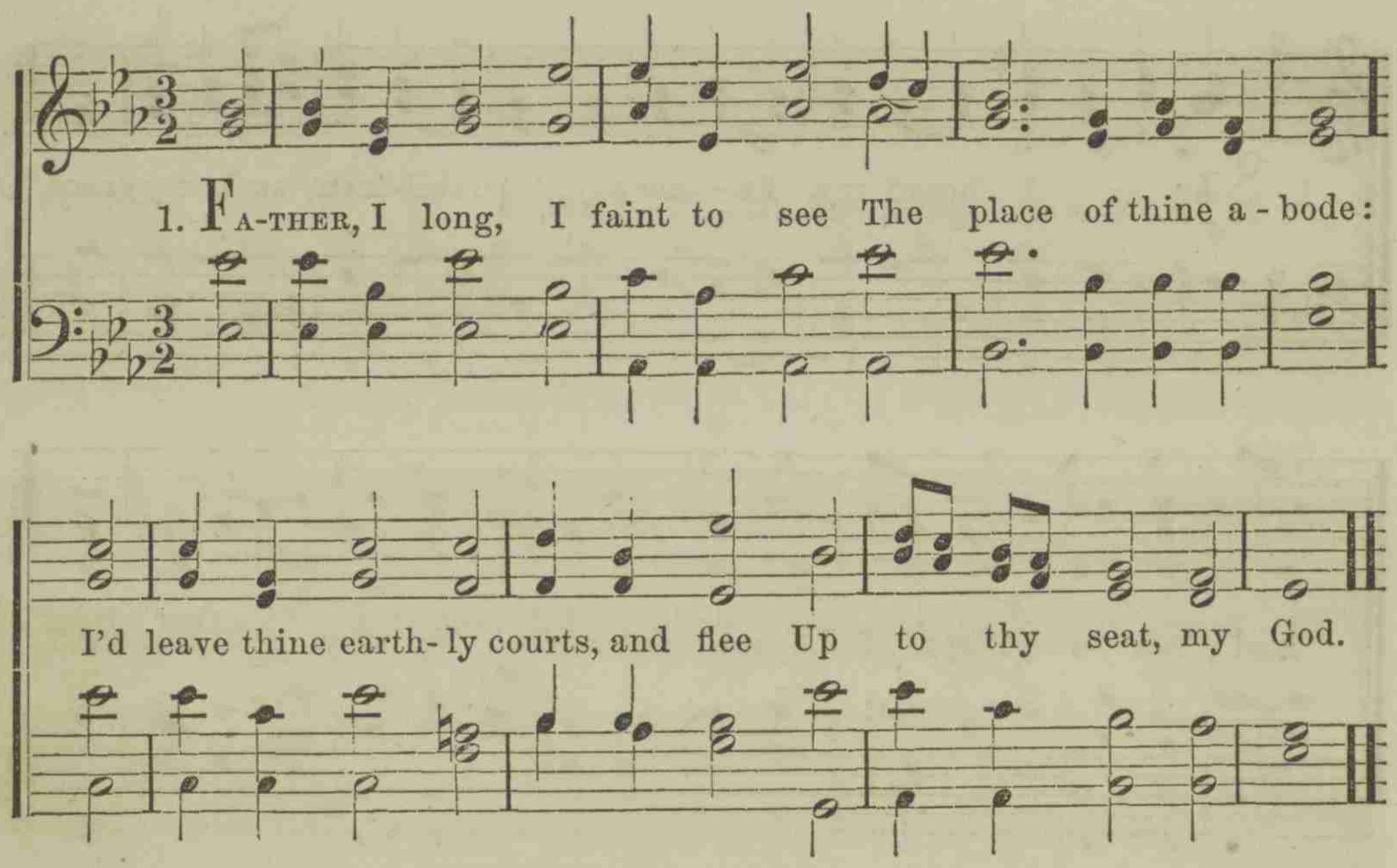
3. Fear not the want of outward good;
For his He will provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4. Fear not that He will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5. Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

VALENTIA. C. M.

From EBERWEIN.



Sel. 221. [H. 668.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

3. There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

4. The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie:
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

Sel. 222. [H. 386.

IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies:
My anchor-hold is firm in Him,
When swelling billows rise.

2. His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3. Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

Sel. 223. [Ps. 67.

SHINE, mighty God, on Sion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

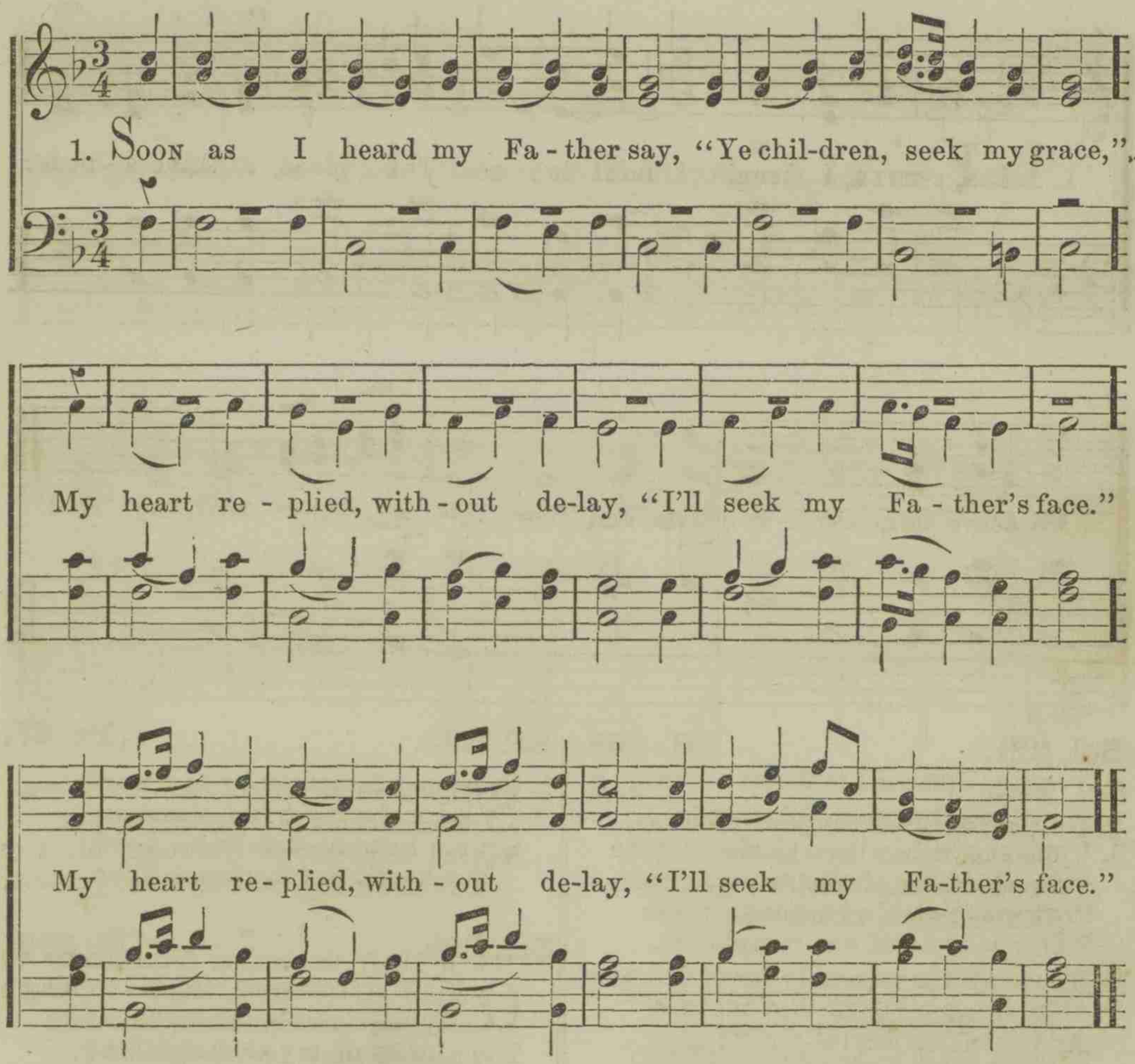
2. When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3. Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice:
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4. He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
In wisdom rules the worlds He made,
And bids them taste his love.

5. Earth shall obey his high command,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

6. God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favors here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.



Sel. 224. [Ps. 27, P. 2.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

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. My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed,
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.

5. Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit while it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

Sel. 225. [H. 364.

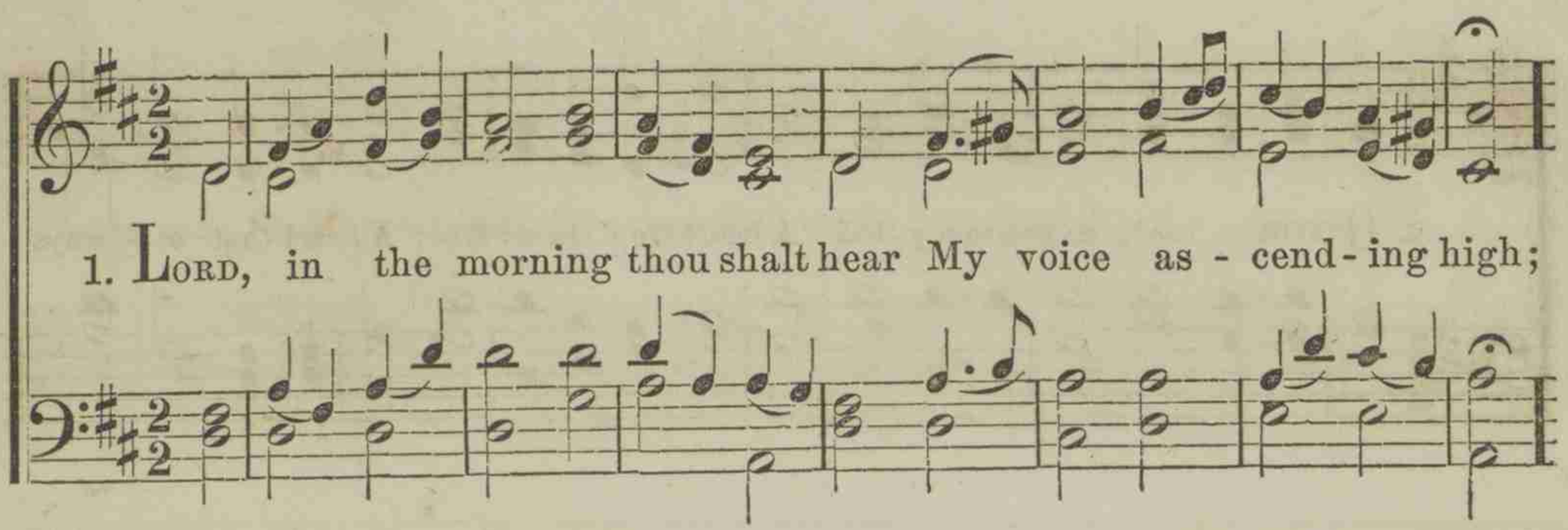
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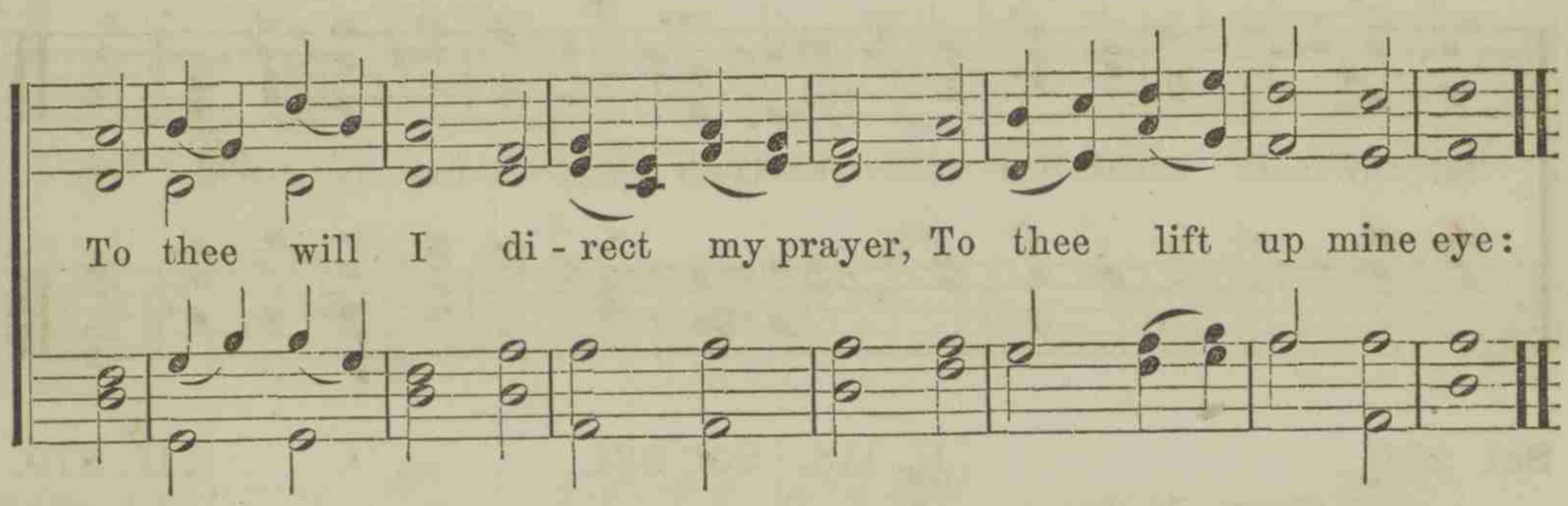
MY God, my portion and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2. What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

4. To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

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





Sel. 226. [**Ps. 5.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 5–8 omitted.)

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3. Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4. But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

Sel. 227. [**Ps. 119, P. 11.**

(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

OH that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2. Oh send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3. From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4. Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Sel. 228. [**H. 338.**

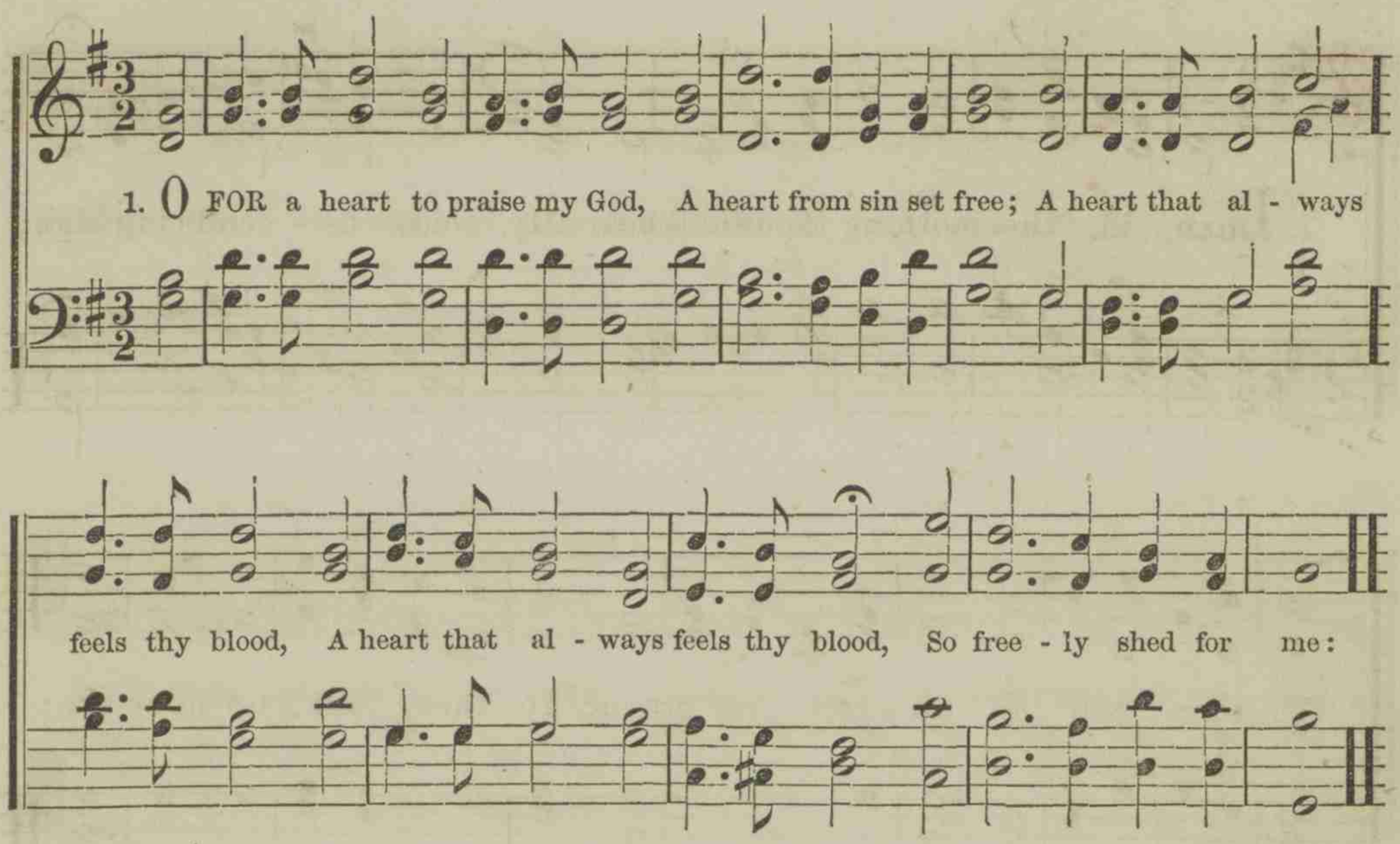
O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

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;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis 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 avail'd for me.

5. Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven:
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.



Sel. 229. **[H. 115.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3. A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Holy, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Sel. 230. **[H. 523.**

BEHOLD, what matchless, tender love,
Doth Christ to babes display; [love,
He bids each parent bring them near,
Nor turns the least away.

2. See how He takes them in his arms,
With smiles upon his face;
And says his kingdom is of such,
By free and sovereign grace.

3. "Forbid them not," whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare,
Heaven will of such consist.

4. With flowing tears and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms,
Thine may they ever be.

Sel. 231. **[H. 579.**

(Stanza 7 omitted)

RETIRE, vain world, awhile retire,
And leave us with the Lord;
Thy gifts ne'er fill one just desire,
Nor lasting bliss afford.

2. Blest Jesus, come thou gently down,
And fill this hallow'd place;
O make thy glorious goings known,
Diffuse around thy grace.

3. Shine, dearest Lord, from realms of day,
Disperse the gloom of night;
Chase all our clouds and doubts away,
And turn the shades to light.

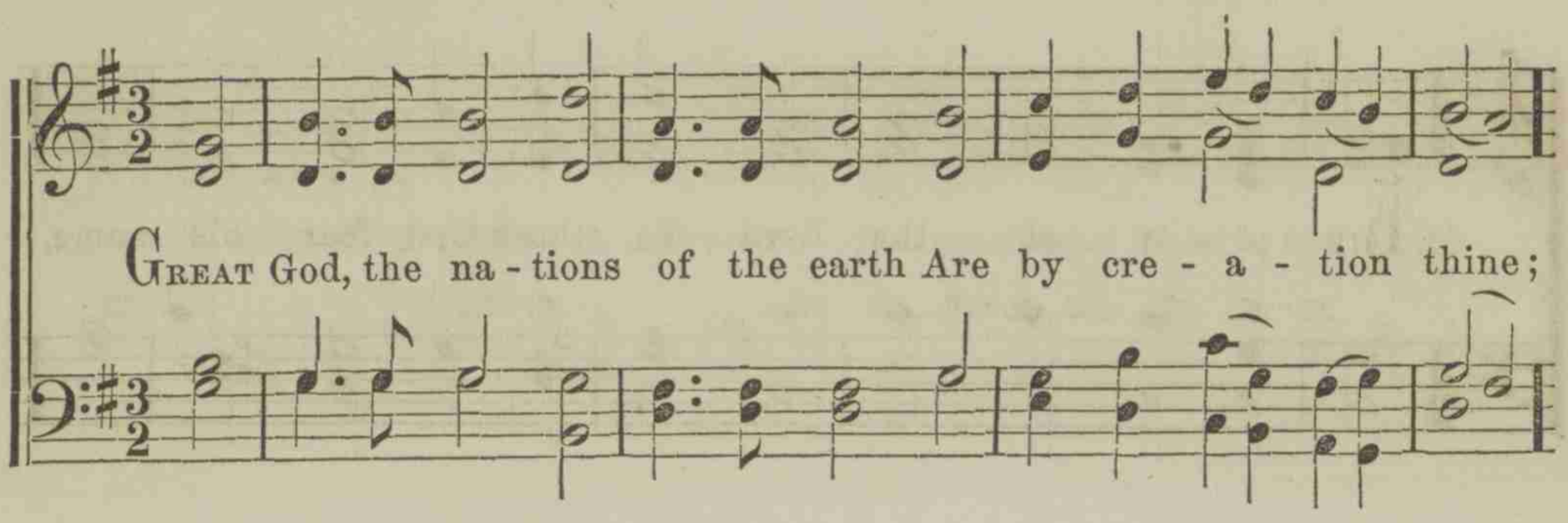
4. Behold, and pity from above,
Our cold and languid frame;
O shed abroad thy quickening love,
And we'll adore thy name.
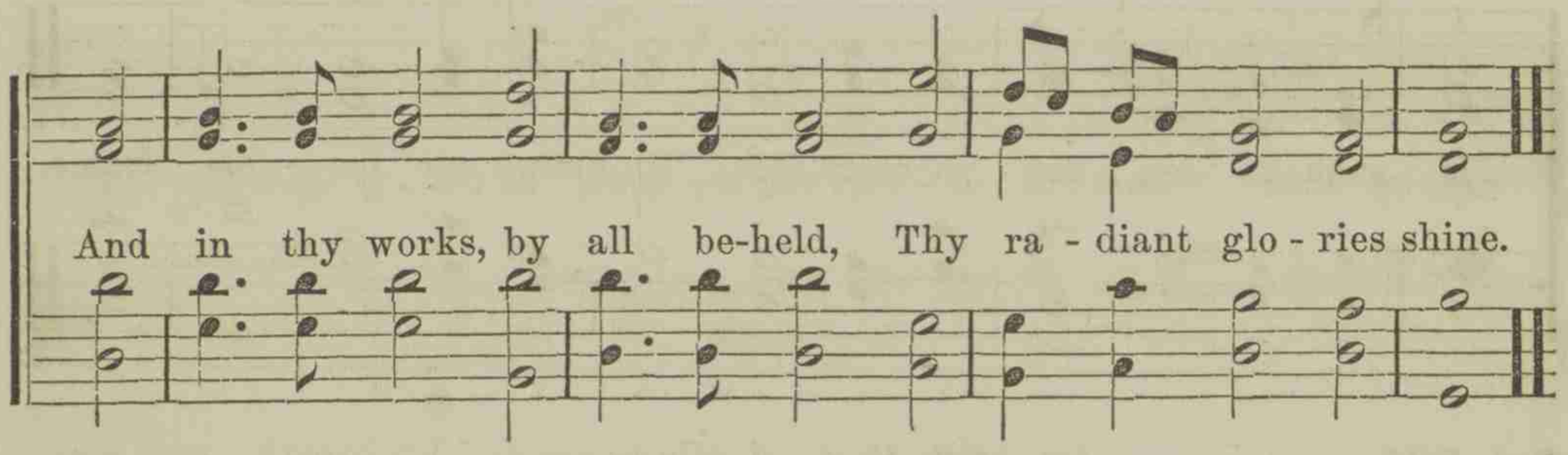
5. All-glorious Saviour, Source of grace,
To thee we raise our cry;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
To every waiting eye.

6. Revive, O God, desponding saints,
Who languish, droop, and sigh;
Refresh the soul that tires and faints,
Fill mourning hearts with joy.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON, Jr.





Sel. 232. [H. 554.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3. Lord, when shall these glad tidings
The spacious earth around, [spread
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4. Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temple of thy praise.

Sel. 233. [H. 36.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2. Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3. Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4. O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5. Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near!
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Sel. 234. [Ps. 145, P. 3.

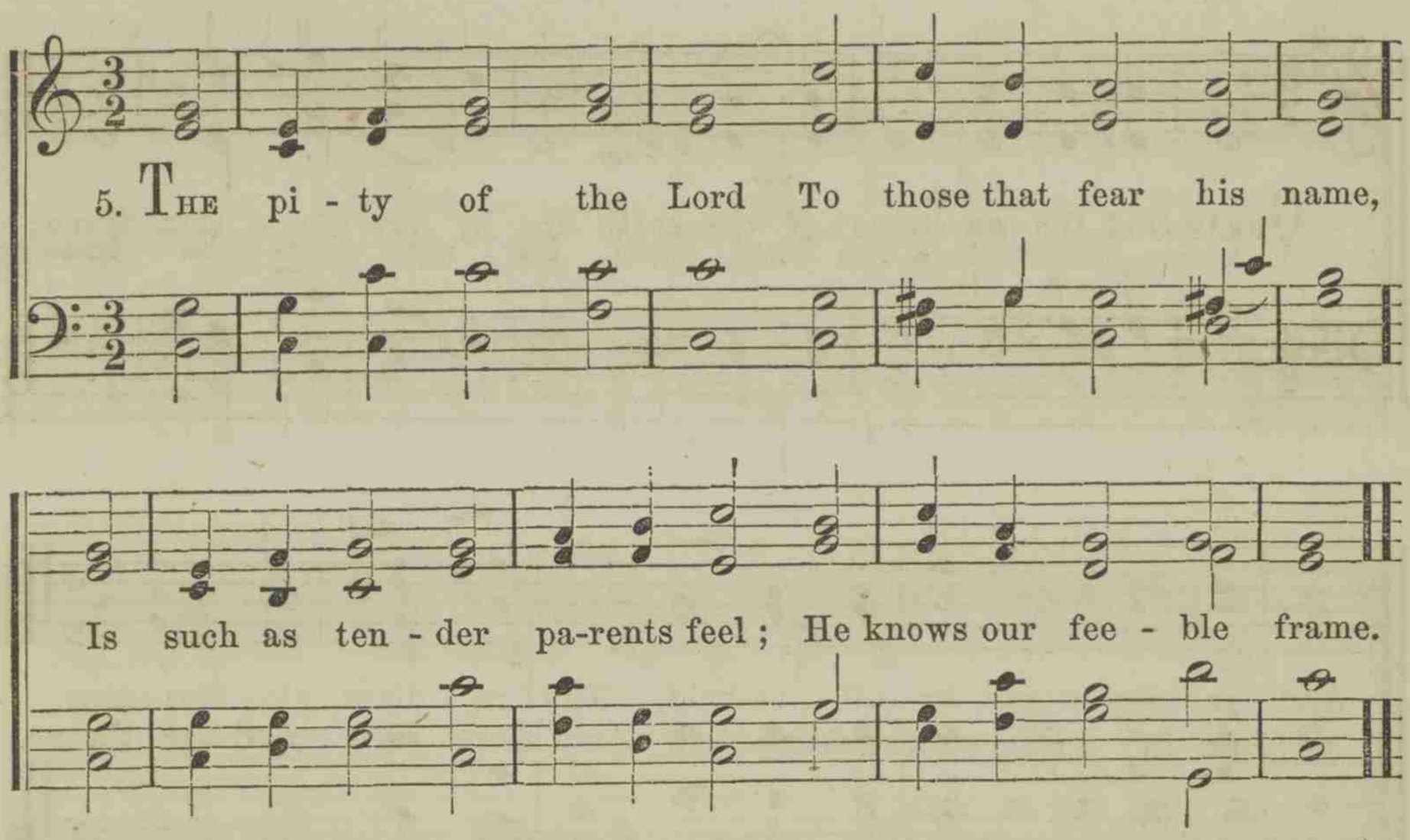
SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

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

3. With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal 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.



Sel. 235. **[Ps. 103, P. 4.**

(Stanzas 1–4 on p. 94, 5 in Music.)

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

7. Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

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

Sel. 236. **[H. 231.**

(Stanza 6 omitted.)

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 sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4. His honor and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5. But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

Sel. 237. **[H. 319.**
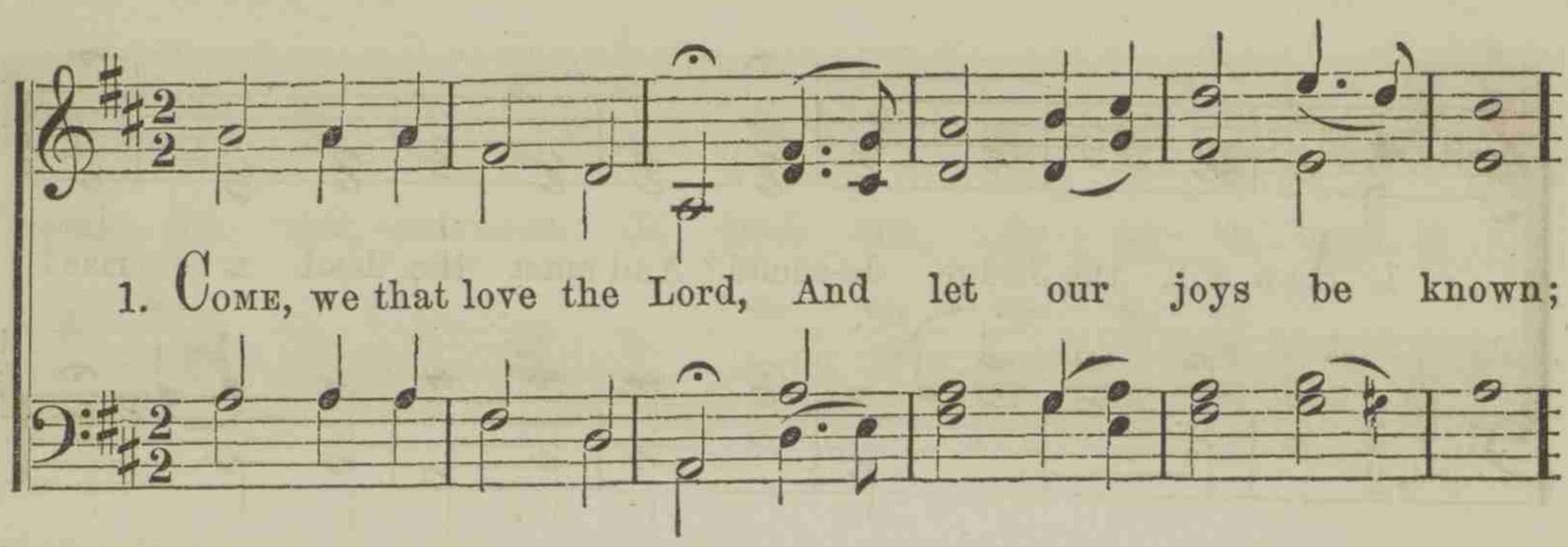
FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

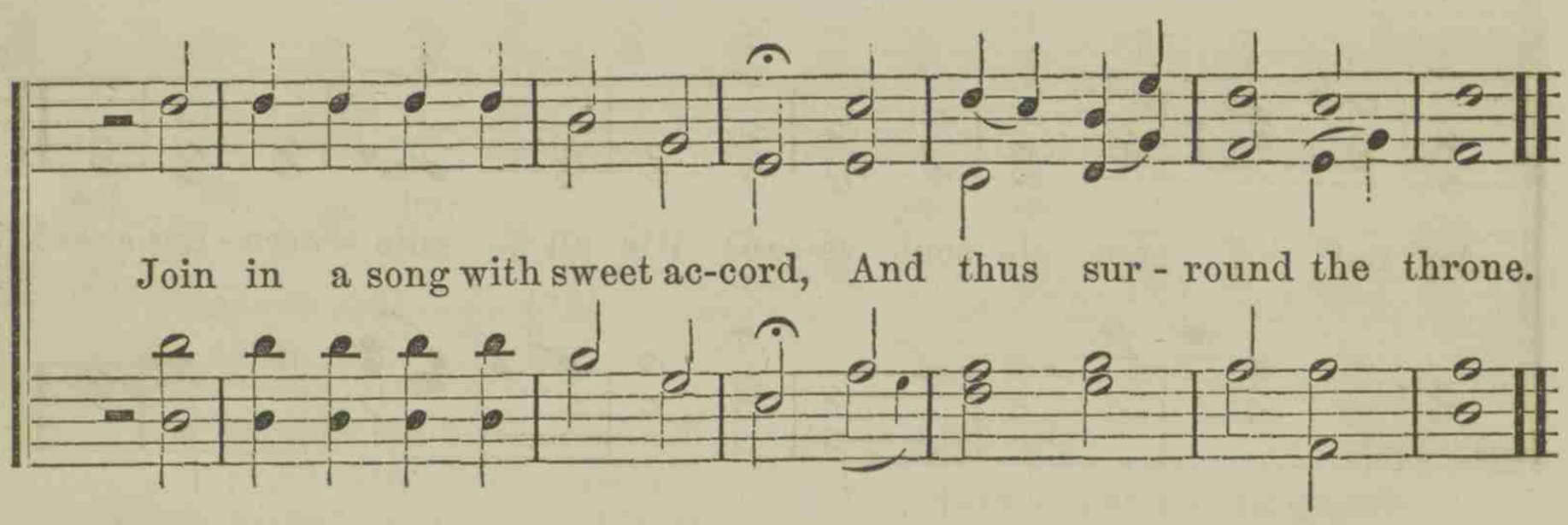
2. Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3. On Him it safely leans,
In times of deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4. All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
While it directs our way.

5. Lord, 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.





Sel. 238. [H. 464.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 2–4 omitted.)

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

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

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

Sel. 239. [Ps. 48, P. 2.

(Stanzas 3–5 omitted.)

FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2. With joy thy people stand
On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

6. The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

Sel. 240. [Ps. 117, P. 3.

THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace and sure thy word:
Thy truth for ever stands.

2. Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

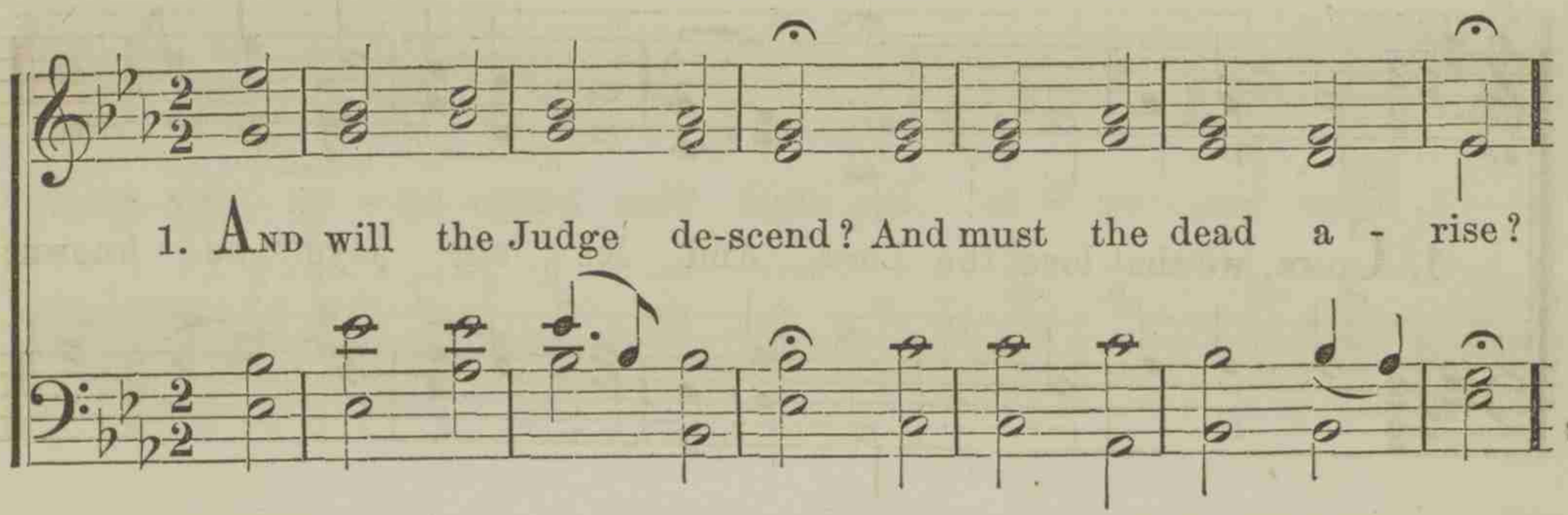
Sel. 241. [Ps. 99, P. 1.

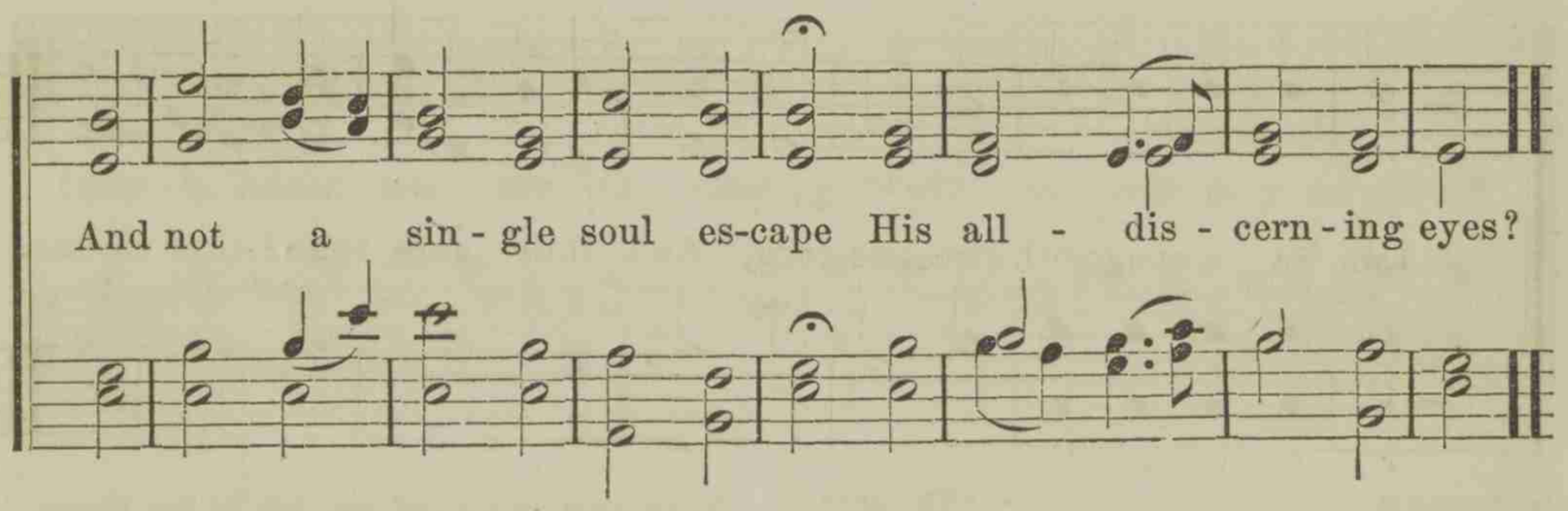
THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2. Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfill his word.

3. In Sion stands his throne,
His honors are divine; [known,
His church shall make his wonders
For there his glories shine.

4. How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.





Sel. 242. **[H. 140.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 5 omitted.)

2. How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away?

3. But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead, [sound,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering
What joyful tidings spread!

4. Ye sinners seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear!
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

Sel. 243. **[H. 608.**

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2. The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3. Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thy almighty power
The aged and the young.

4. One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5. To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

Sel. 244. **[H. 385.**

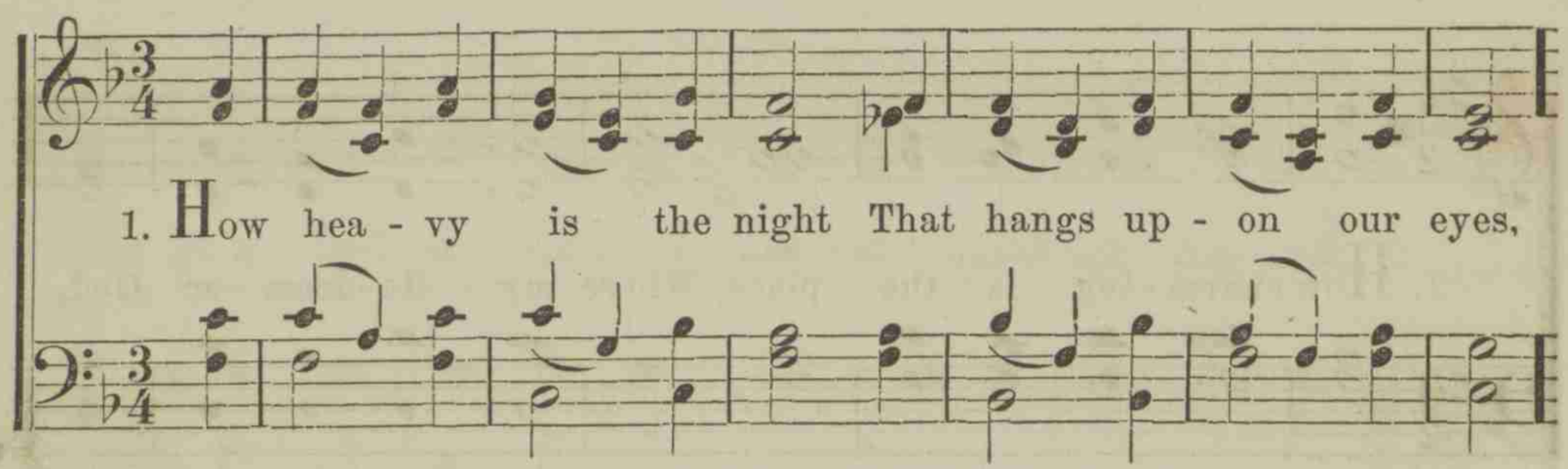
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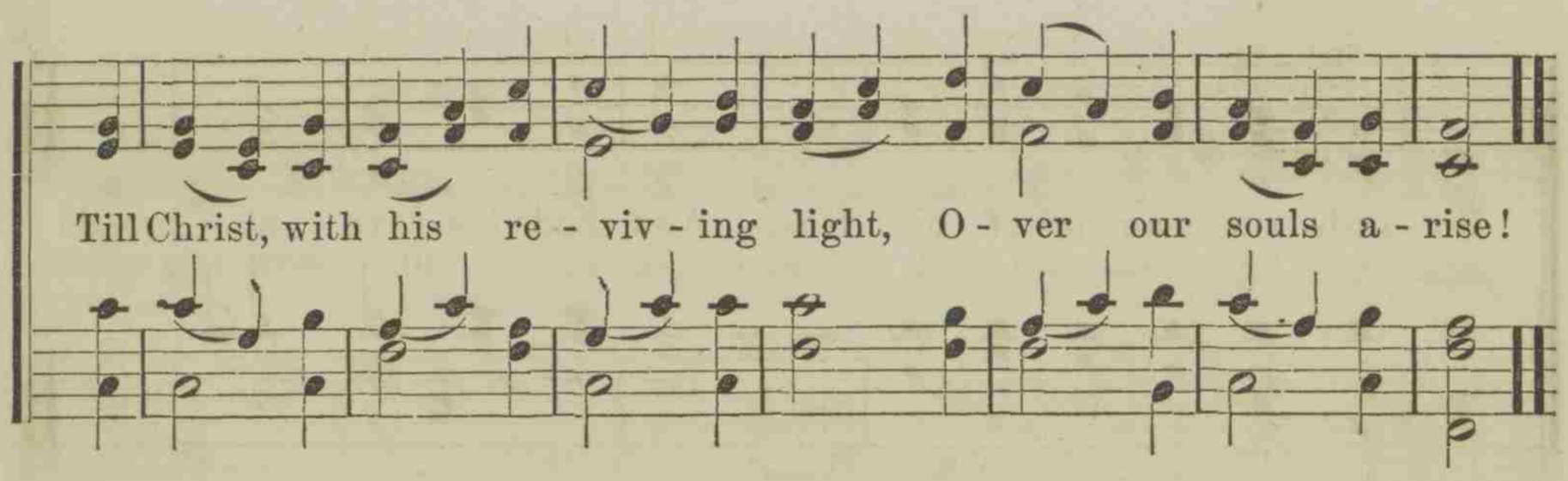
IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

2. To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind;
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.

5. Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

6. Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.





Sel. 245. **[H. 211.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But, in his righteousness array'd,
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 th' accursed chain.

5. Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thy atoning blood.

Sel. 246. **[H. 442.**

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2. We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possess'd.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4. And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5. And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

Sel. 247. **[H. 355.**

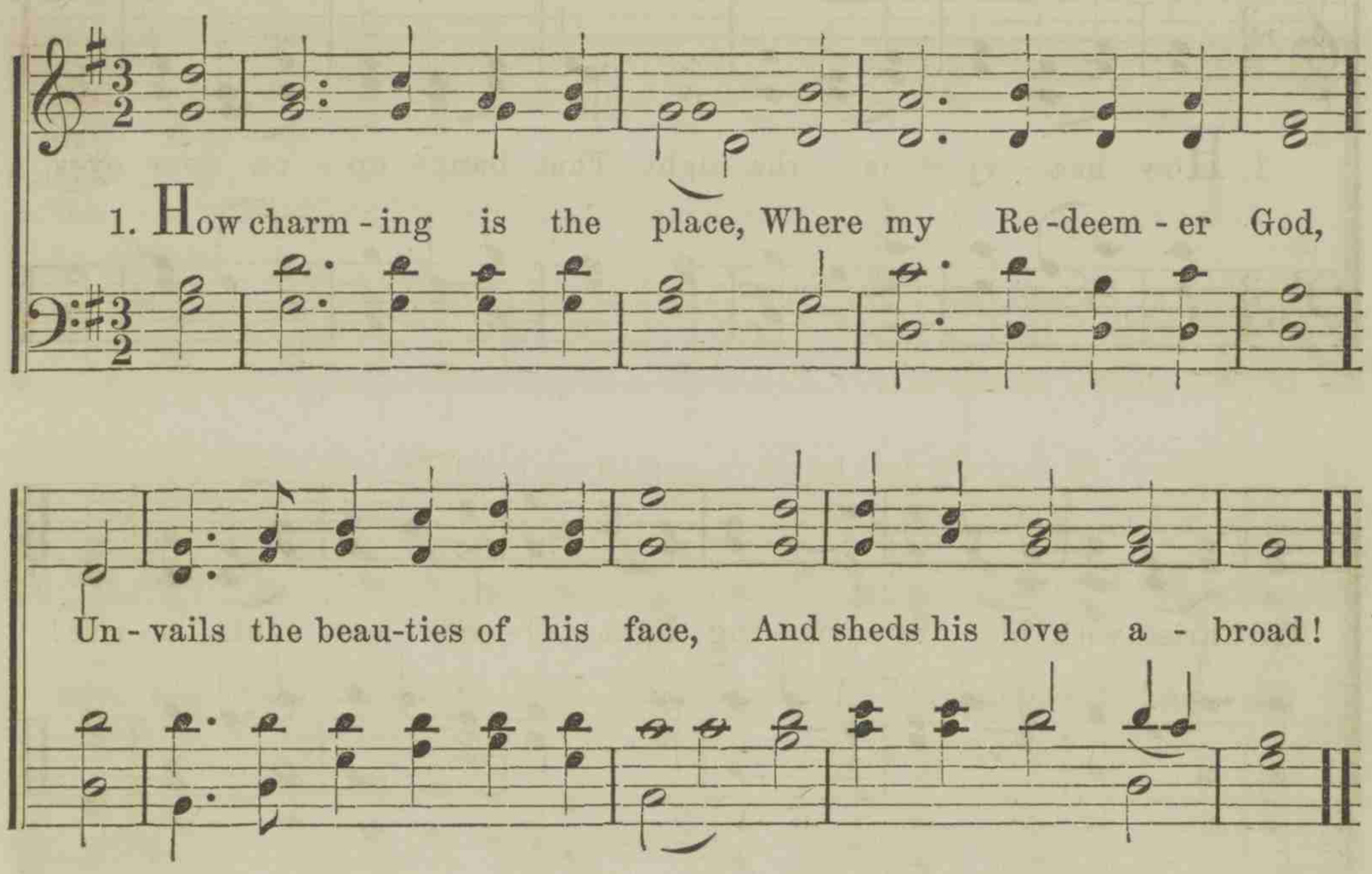
(Stanzas 4, 5 omitted.)

DEAR Saviour, we are thine,
By everlasting bands:
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
And souls, into thy hands.

2. Accepted for thy sake,
And justified by faith,
We of thy righteousness partake,
And find in thee our life.

3. To thee we still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

6. Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
Since He in heaven has fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.



Sel. 248. **[H. 457.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 2 omitted.)

3. Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

4. To Him their prayers and cries
All humbled souls present:
He listens to the broken sighs,
And grants them all they want.

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.

Sel. 249. **[H. 509.**

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2. How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Sion, 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 blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

6. The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Sel. 250. **[H. 485.**
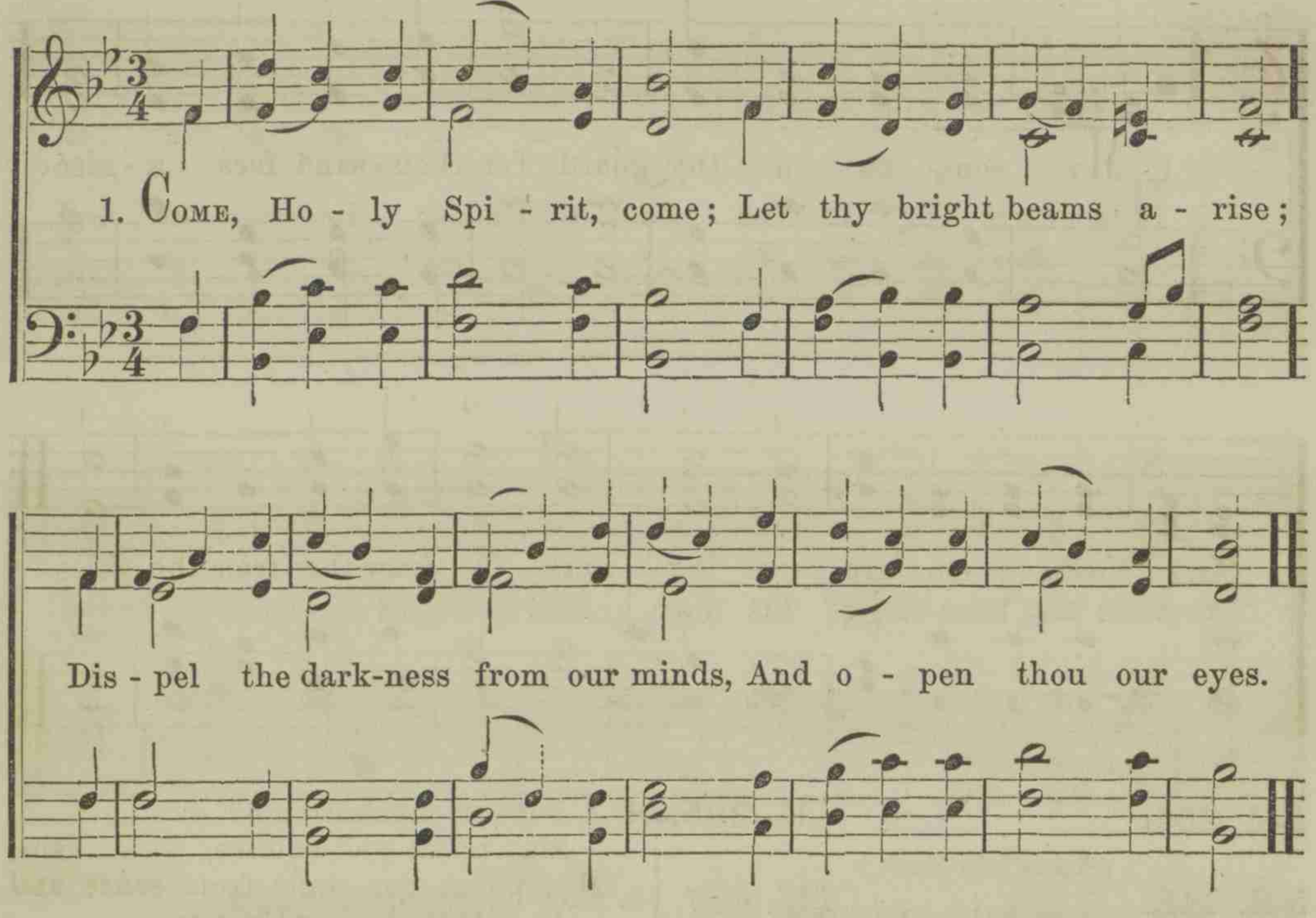
WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

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 my dear 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.

92 FRANKLIN STREET. S. M. Contributed.



Sel. 251. [H. 265.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3. Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The gracious love of God.

4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

5. Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Sel. 252. [H. 17.

O LORD, our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2. Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3. Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruin'd world,
Let light and order spring.

4. All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

Sel. 253. [H. 443.

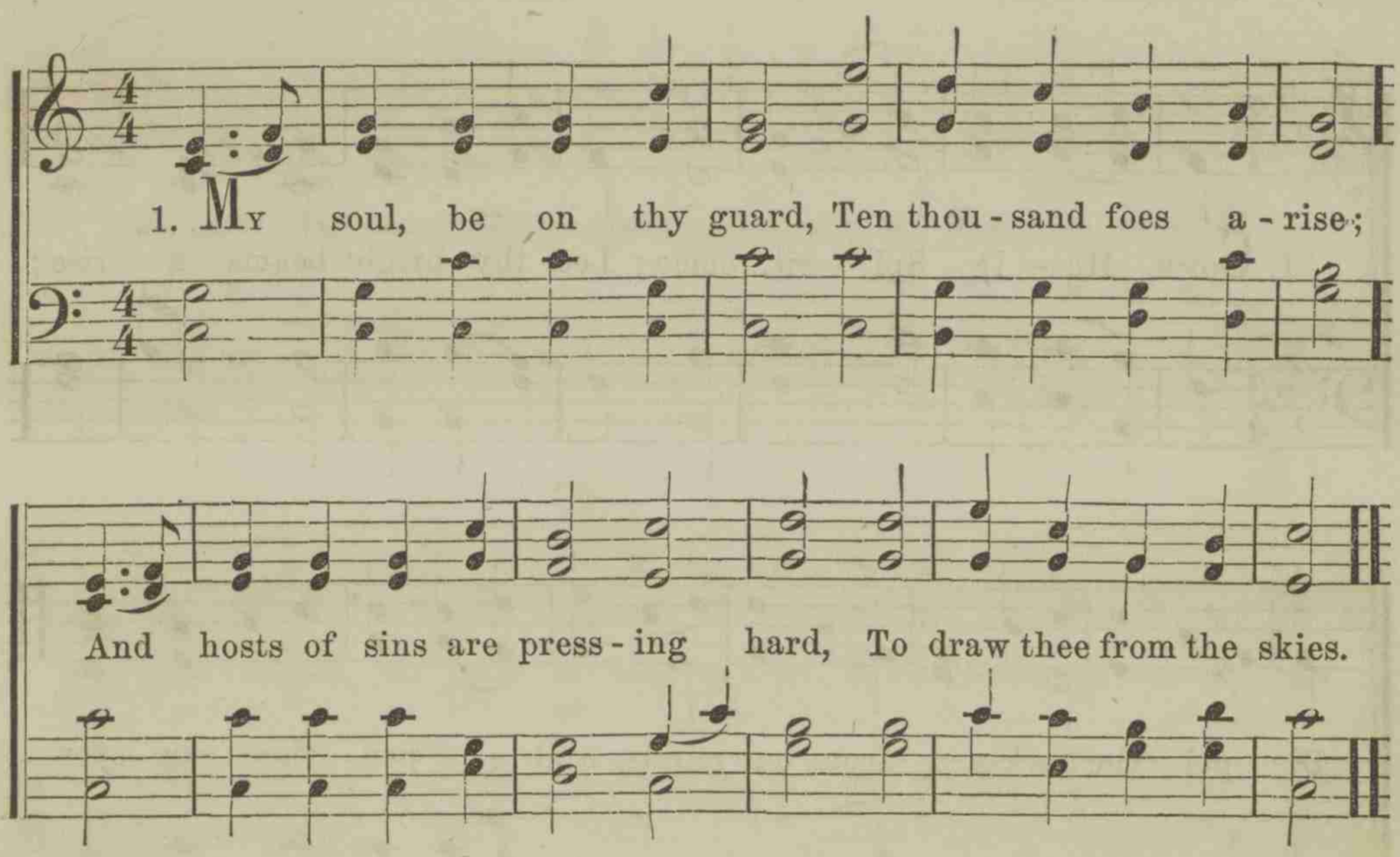
(Stanzas 4–6 omitted.)

SEE how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2. Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing:
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3. Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke and found
My kind Preserver near.

7. My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.



Sel. 254. **[H. 295.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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 once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got the crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

Sel. 255. **[H. 110.**

(Stanza 6 omitted.)

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2. 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3. Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4. A hope so much divine
May trials well endure, [sin,
May purge our souls from sense and
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5. If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

Sel. 256. **[Ps. 55, P. 2.**

(Stanza 6 omitted.)

LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2. My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

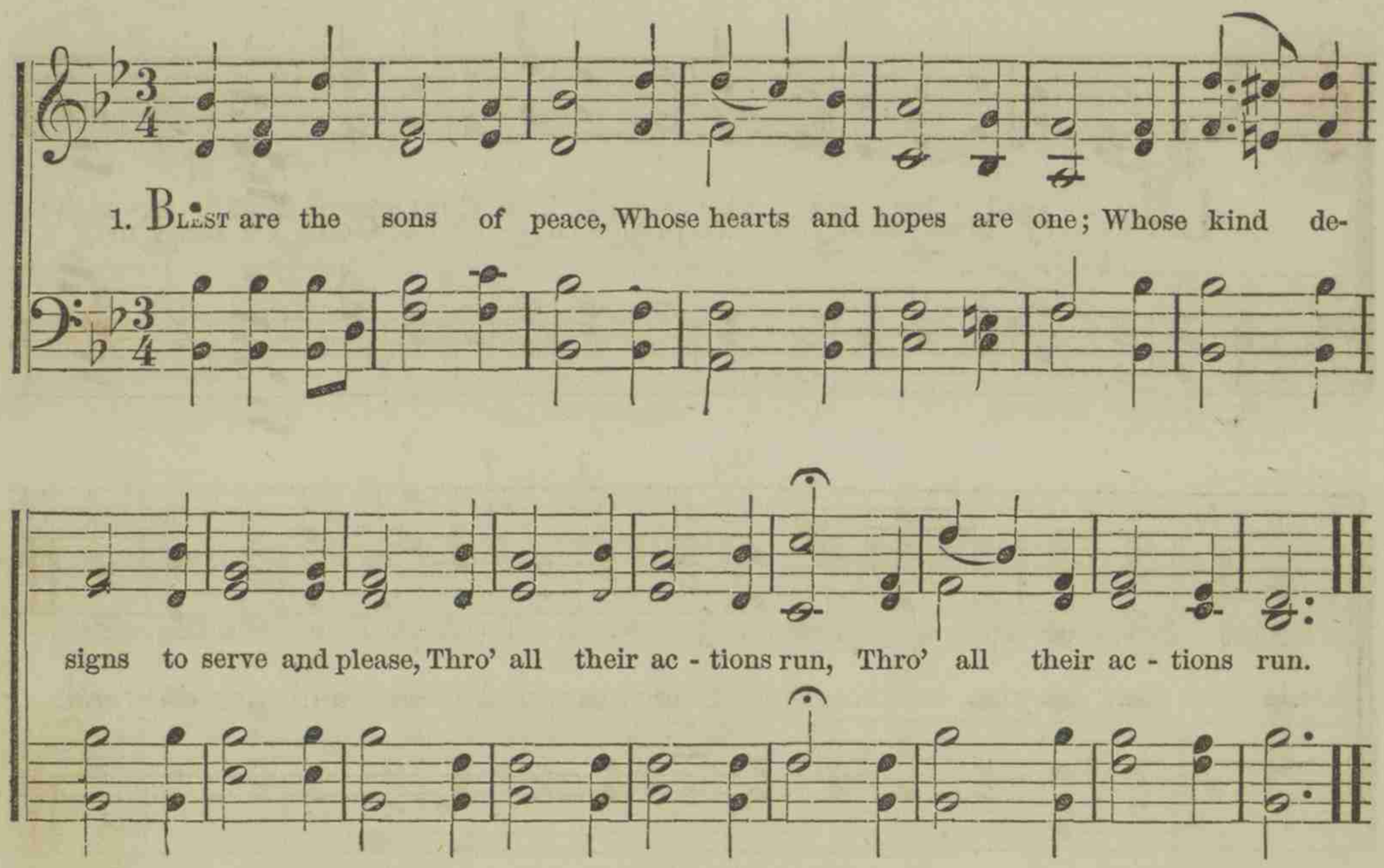
3. Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4. Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5. But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

McEVERS. S. M.

From MEINEKE'S Music for the Church.*



Sel. 257. **[Ps. 133, P. 2.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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 pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil down to his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd 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.

Sel. 258. **[Ps. 103, P. 4.**

(Stanzas 5–8 on p. 87.)

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.

Sel. 259. **[H. 247.**

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man, we sing.

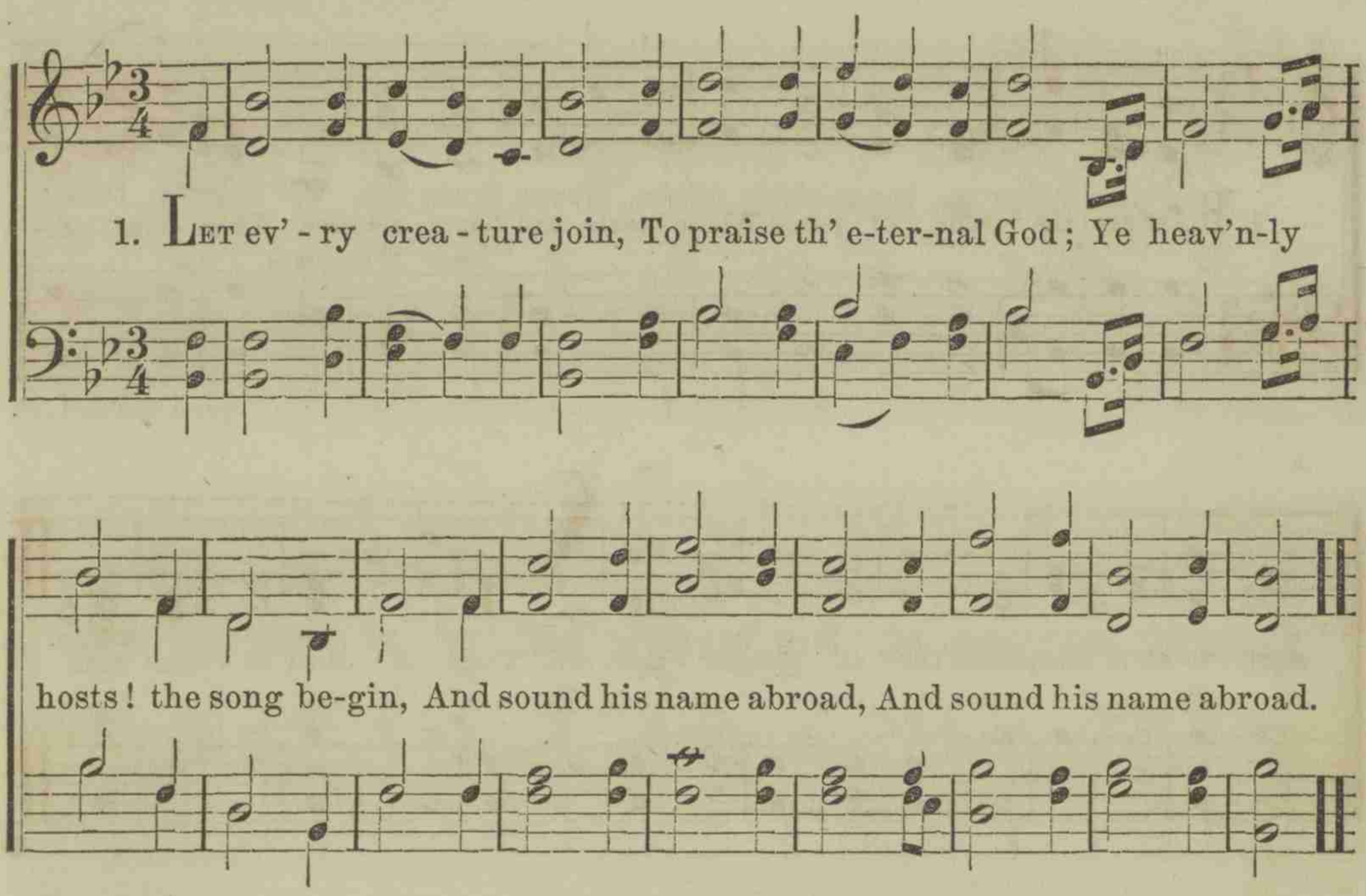
2. Down to the shades of death,
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet He arose to live and reign,
When death itself is dead.

3. No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

4. There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

5. There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints and angels there,
To everlasting days.

* Published by Miller & Beacham, Baltimore.



Sel. 260. **[Ps. 148, P. 5.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 5 omitted.)

2. Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3. He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4. Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

6. By all his works above
His honors be express'd;
But saints that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

Sel. 261. **[Ps. 48, P. 1.**

(Stanzas 4–6 omitted.)

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2. These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3. In Sion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
How fair his heavenly grace!

7. In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
Recall to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Sel. 262. **[H. 175.**

(Stanza 6 omitted.)

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

2. Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
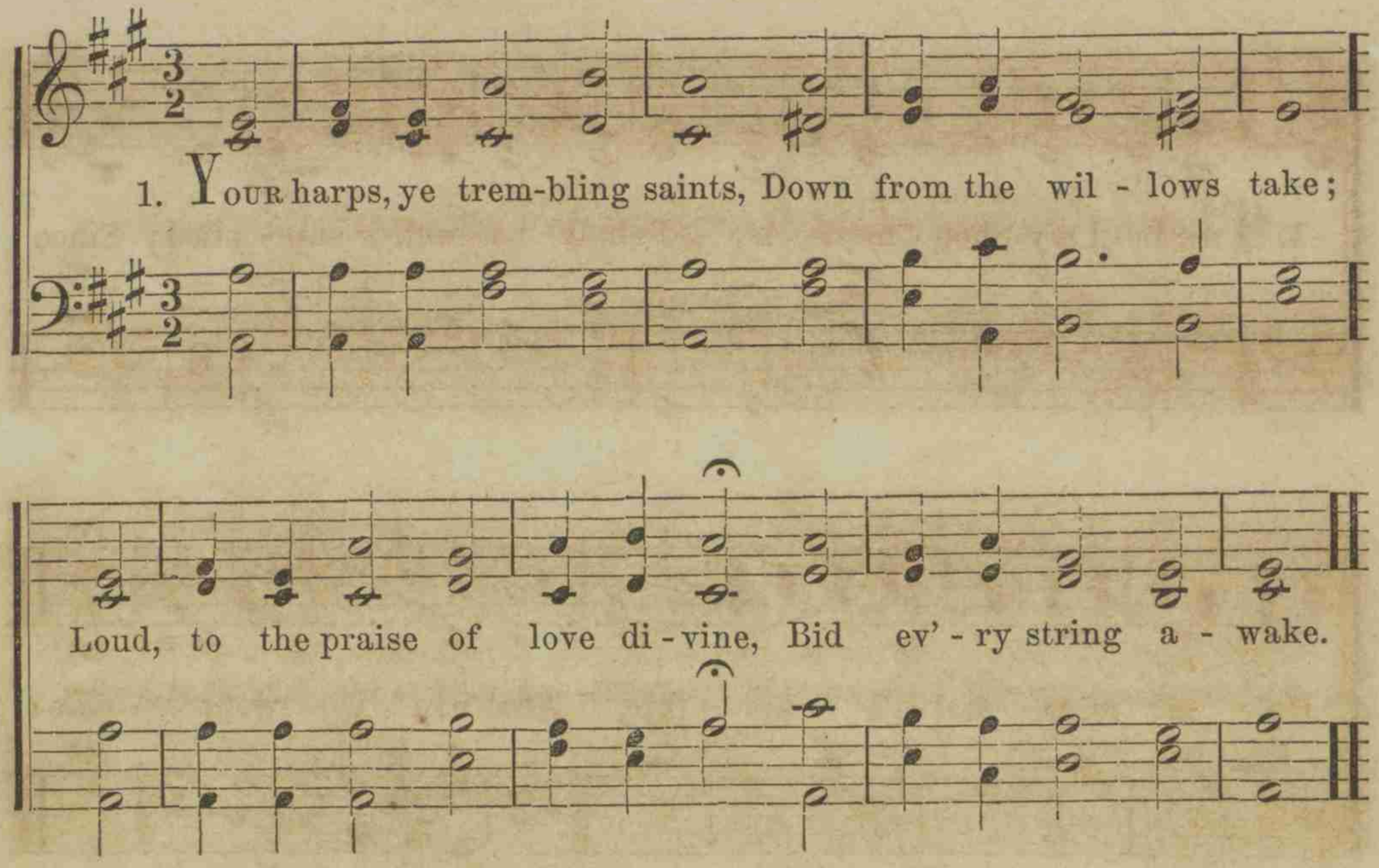
3. His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4. 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doom'd to die.

5. Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arranged by Dr. L. MASON.



Sel. 263. **[H. 395.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 3 omitted.)

2. Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

4. When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5. Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside, at his control:
His loving-kindness shall break thro'
The midnight of the soul.

6. Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

Sel. 264. **[H. 625.**

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

O FOR the death of those,
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be, like theirs, my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2. Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3. Their ransom'd spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4. With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalm'd with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

Sel. 265. **[Ps. 25, P. 3.**

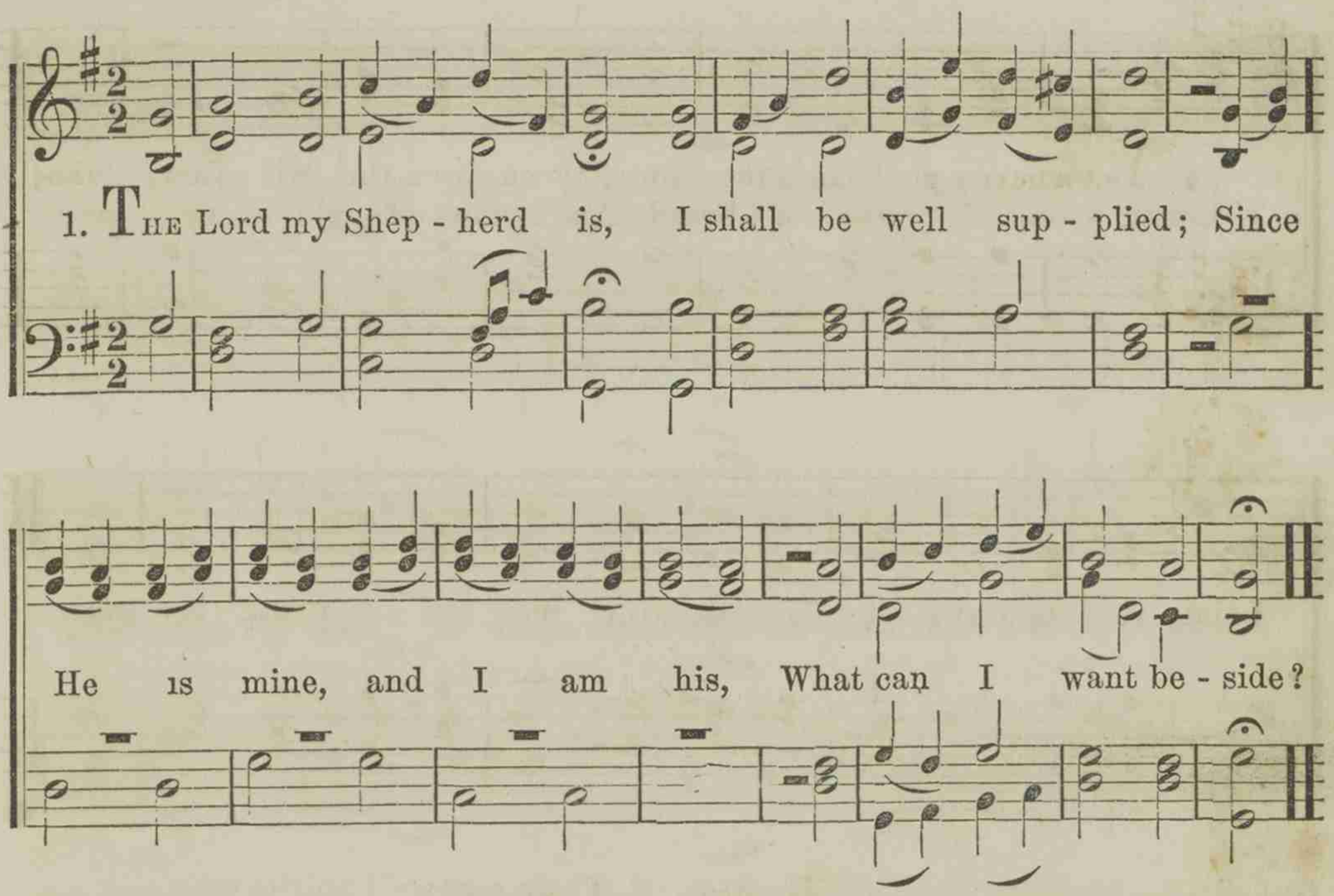
(Stanzas 4, 6 omitted.)

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
Out of the deadly snare?

3. When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

5. O! keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.



Sel. 266. [Ps. 23, P. 3.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5. Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6. The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Sel. 267. [H. 264.

BLEST Comforter Divine,
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;

2. Thou, who with "still small voice"
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;

3. Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;

4. Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter! to us impart
The blessings of thy grace.

Sel. 268. [H. 342.

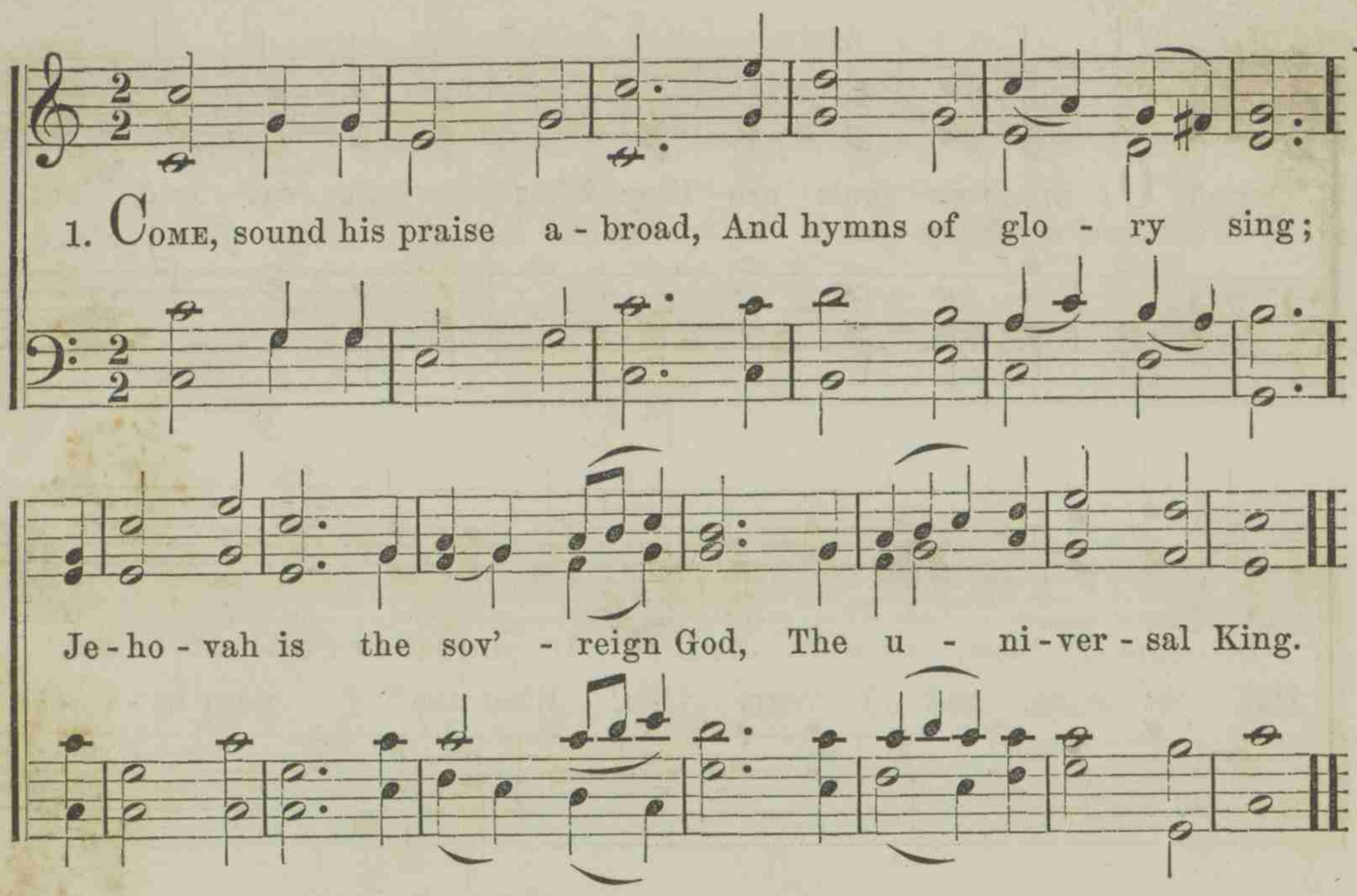
(Stanzas 3, 6 omitted.)

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.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd 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.



Sel. 269. [Ps. 95, P. 2.

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

2. He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3. Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4. To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5. But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace. [Jews,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn
That unbelieving race:

6. The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despise my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

Sel. 270. [H. 87.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
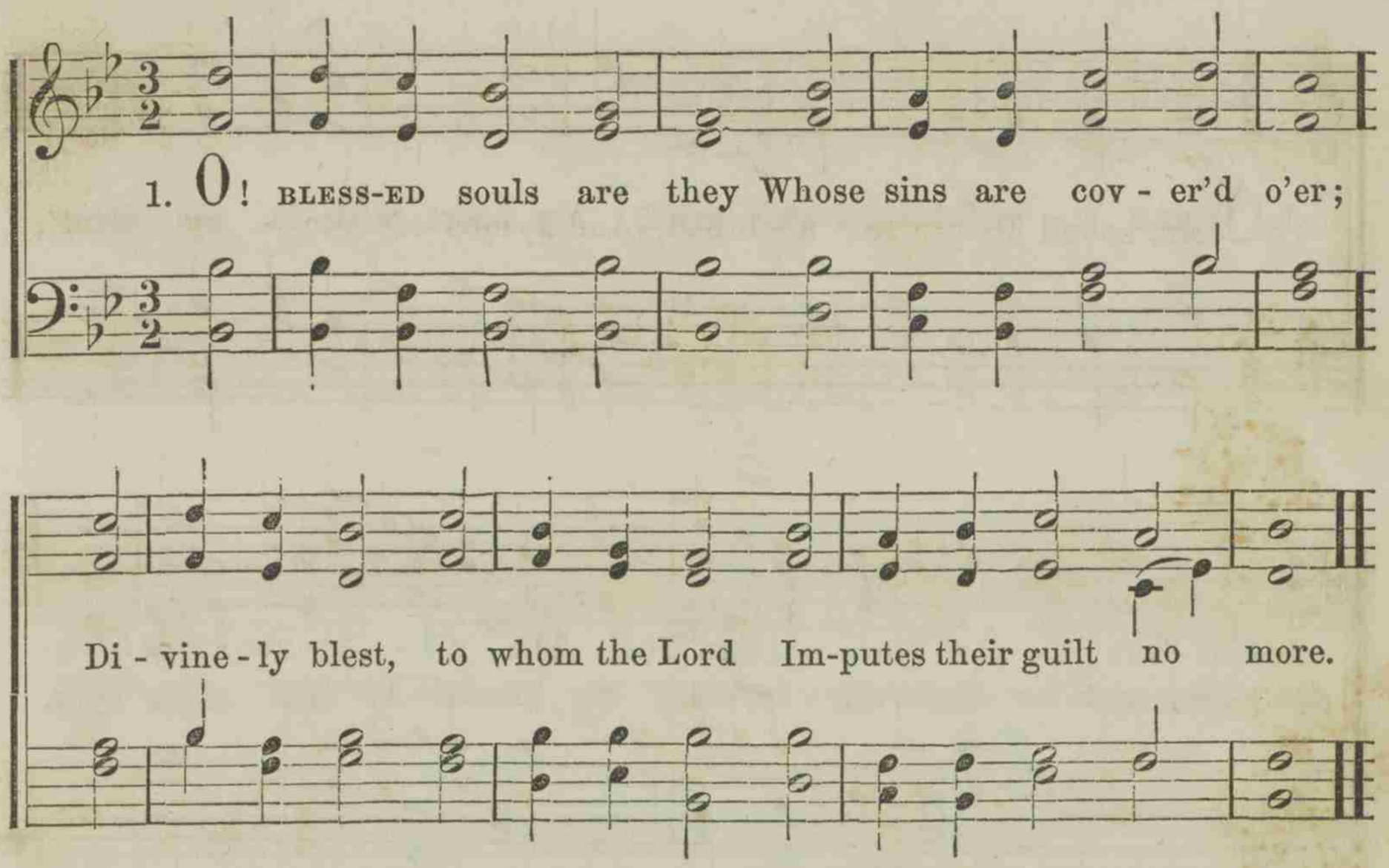
2. Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas 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 pressing on to God.

5. Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6. Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.



Sel. 271. **[Ps. 32, P. 1.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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 conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confess'd 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.

Sel. 272. **[H. 301.**

(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint;
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2. He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain:
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3. Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give Him rest,
But be importunate.

4. Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry,
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

Sel. 273. **[H. 217.**

(Stanza 6 omitted.)

THE great Redeemer's gone,
To appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.
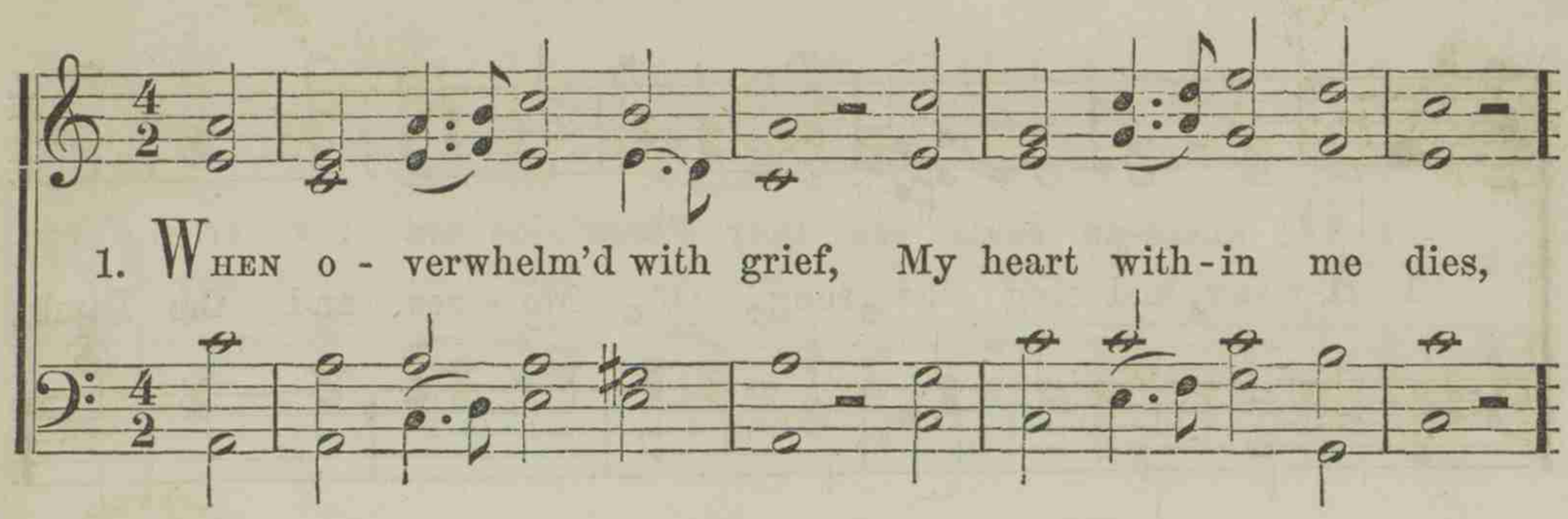
2. No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down:
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.
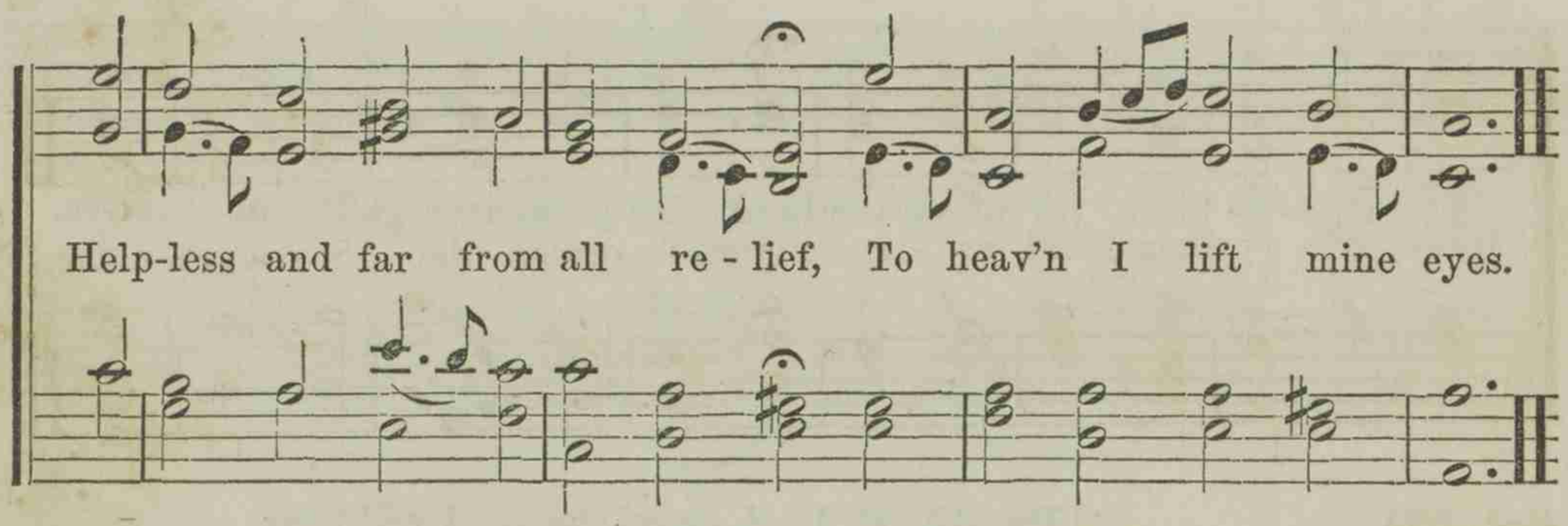
3. Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit He moves:
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4. Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5. On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above: [strains,
But, Lord, how weak are mortal
To speak immortal love!

100 ST. BRIDES. S. M. Dr. HOWARD.





Sel. 274. **[Ps. 61, P. 1.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. O! lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3. Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defense,
The refuge where I hide.

4. Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

Sel. 275. **[Ps. 63, P. 3.**

(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2. My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore:
Not travelers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3. Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

4. For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

Sel. 276. **[H. 642.**

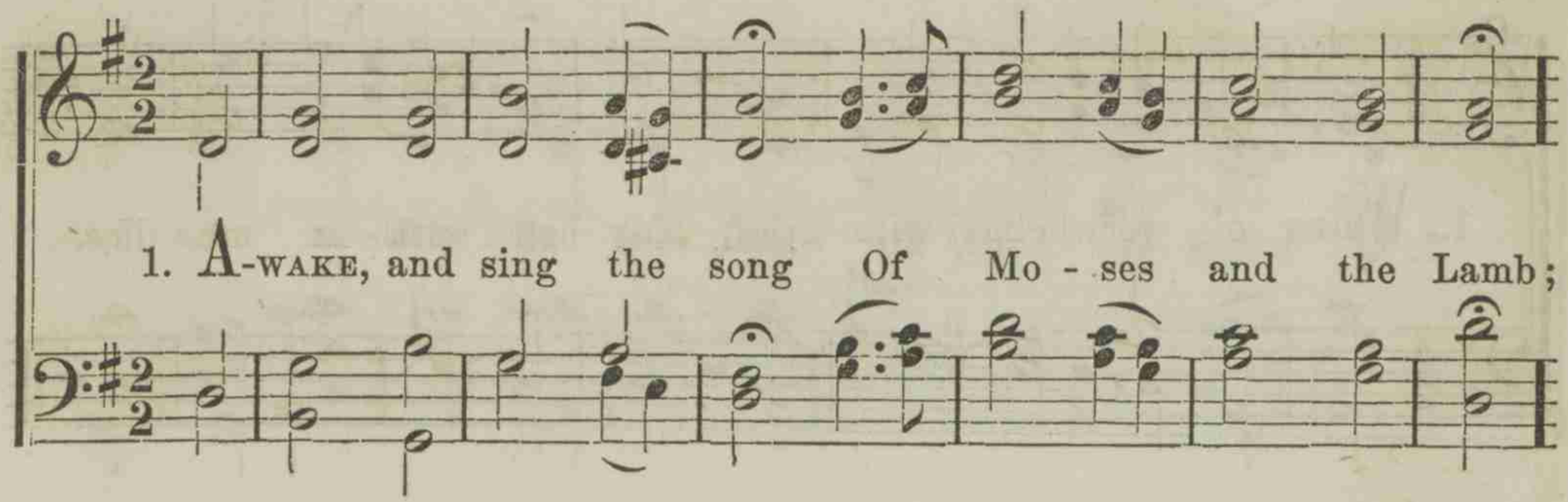
AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

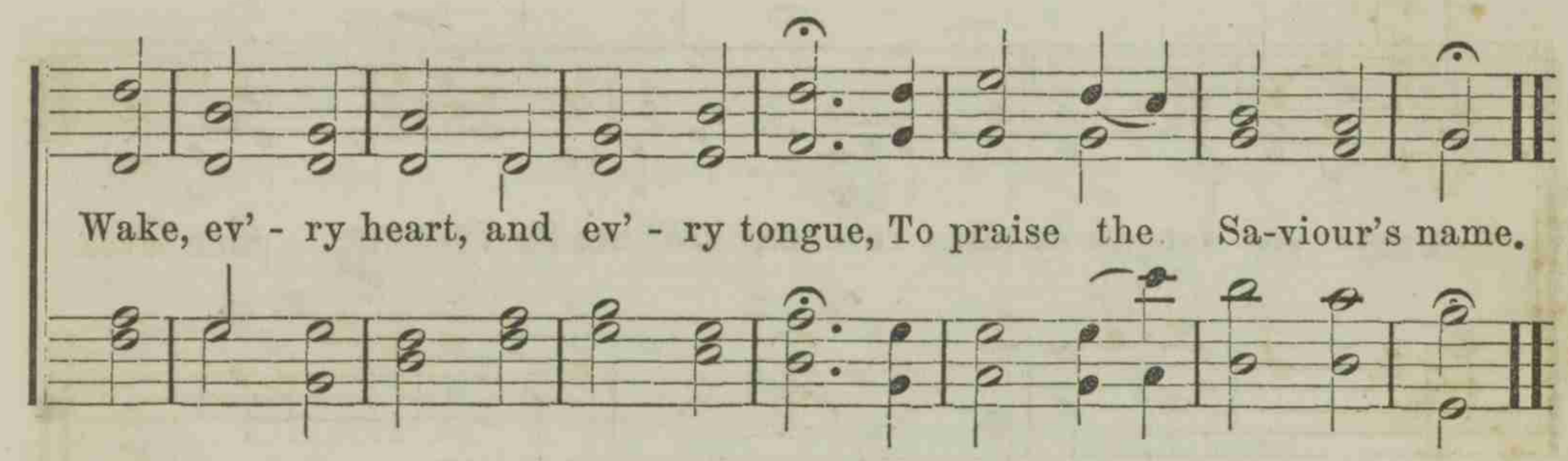
2. God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.

3. Array'd 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. Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.





Sel. 277. **[H. 373.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3. Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ the eternal King.

4. Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

Sel. 278. **[Ps. 118, P. 5.**

(Stanza 6 omitted.)

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2. The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Sion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

3. The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4. This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the church be glad.

5. Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood: [bring
Bless Him, ye saints; He comes to
Salvation from your God.

Sel. 279. **[H. 89.**

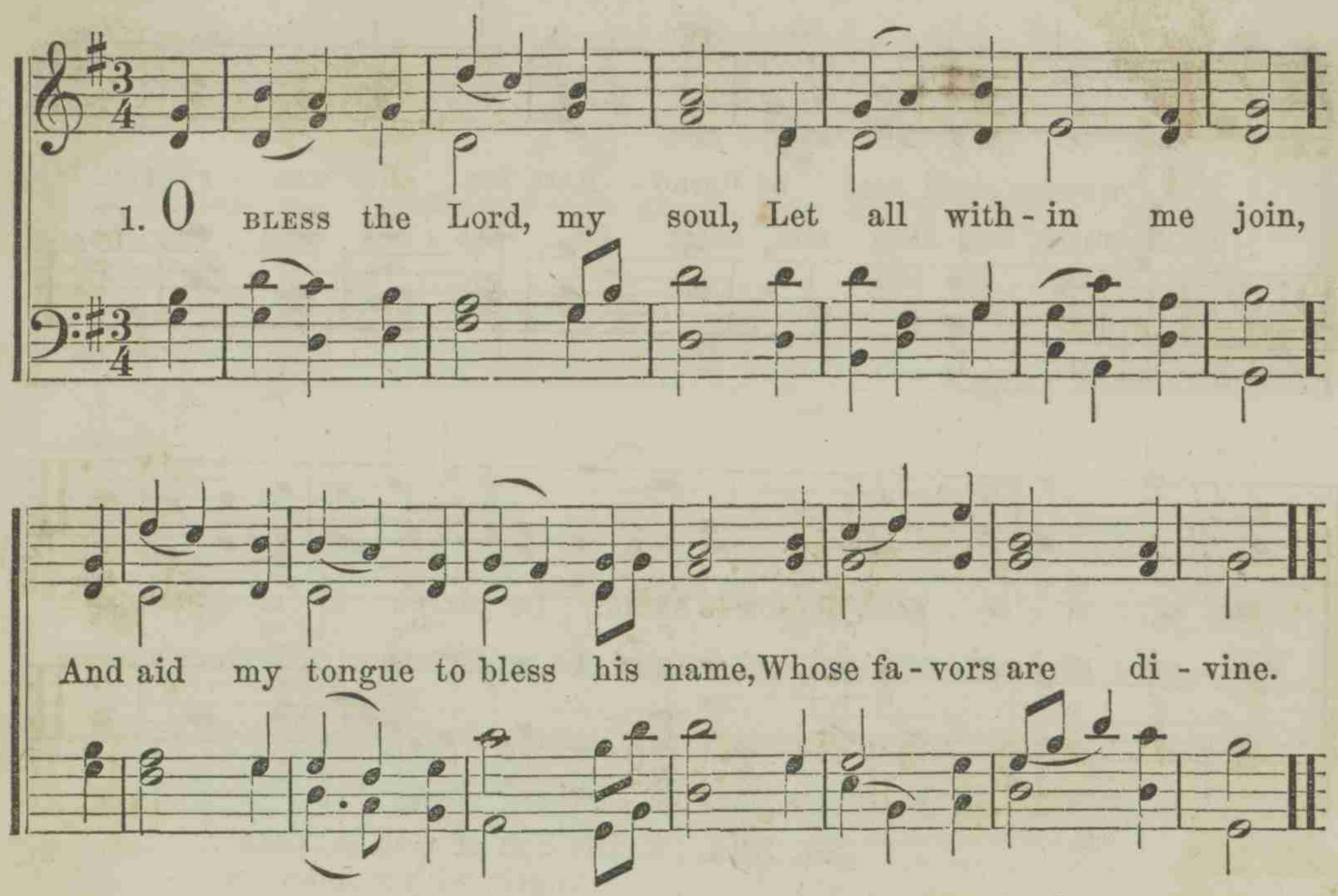
NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

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 cursed 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.



Sel. 280. [Ps. 103, P. 3.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6 omitted.)

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

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

4. He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

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

Sel. 281. [H. 118.

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,
Unblemish'd 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.

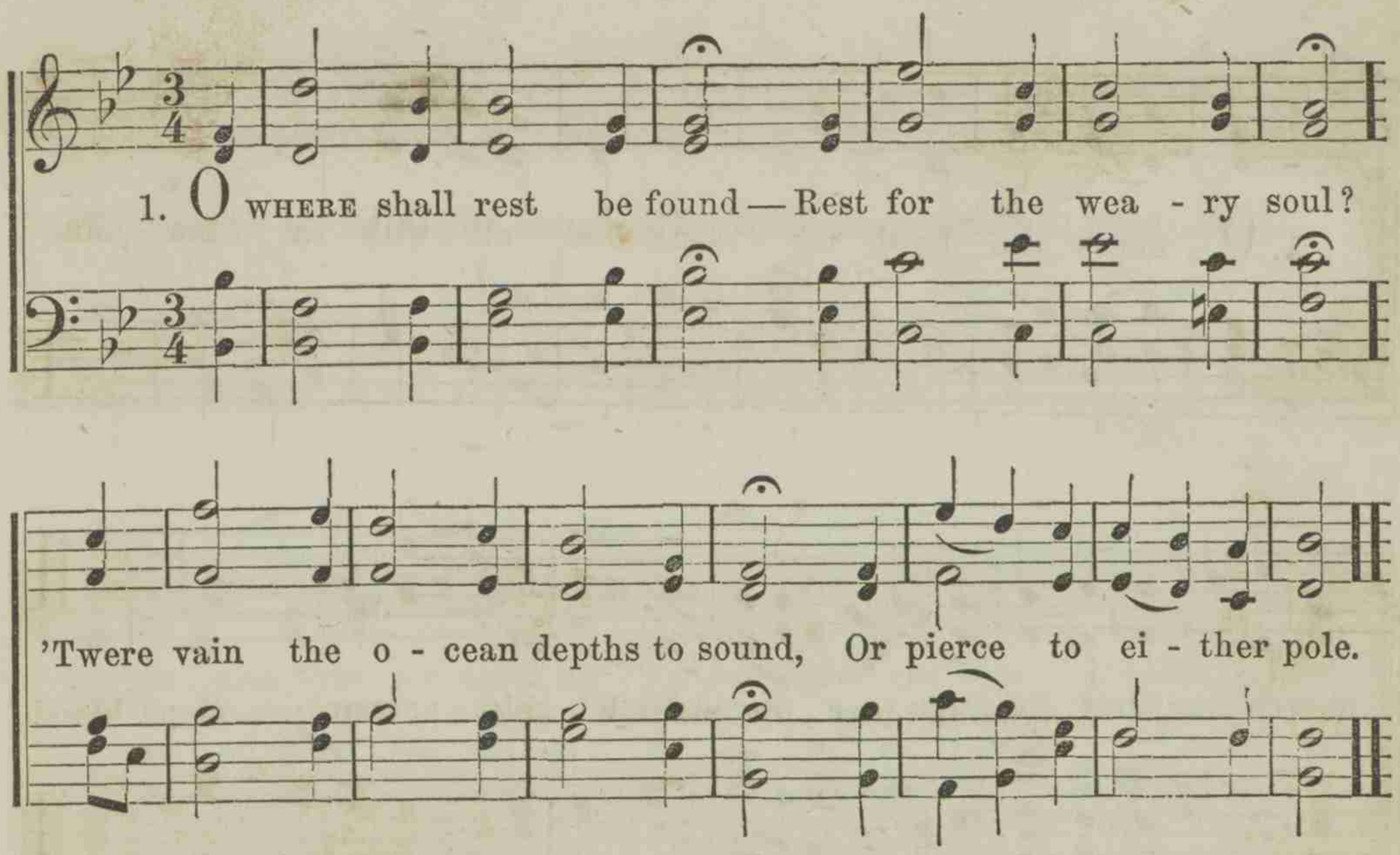
Sel. 282. [H. 650.

PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2. In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

3. Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4. Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.



Sel. 283. [H. 324.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

2. Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years:
And all that life is love.
There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

3. Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

Sel. 284. [H. 233.

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
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonish'd, 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.

Sel. 285. [H. 49.

AH! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If He contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

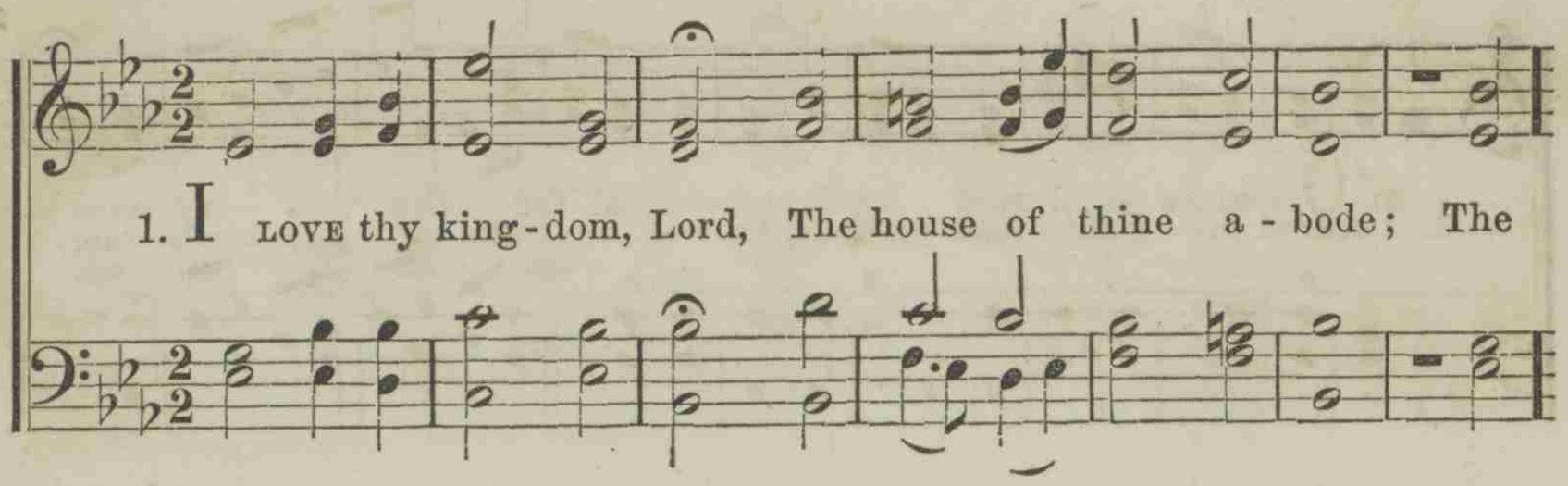
2. If He our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?

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.

* As arranged in Church Melodies.



Sel. 286. **[Ps. 137, P. 2.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6, 7, 8 omitted.)

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. If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4. If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5. 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.

Sel. 287. **[H. 23.**

(Stanzas 2–4 omitted.)

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art All in all.

5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7. Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8. To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

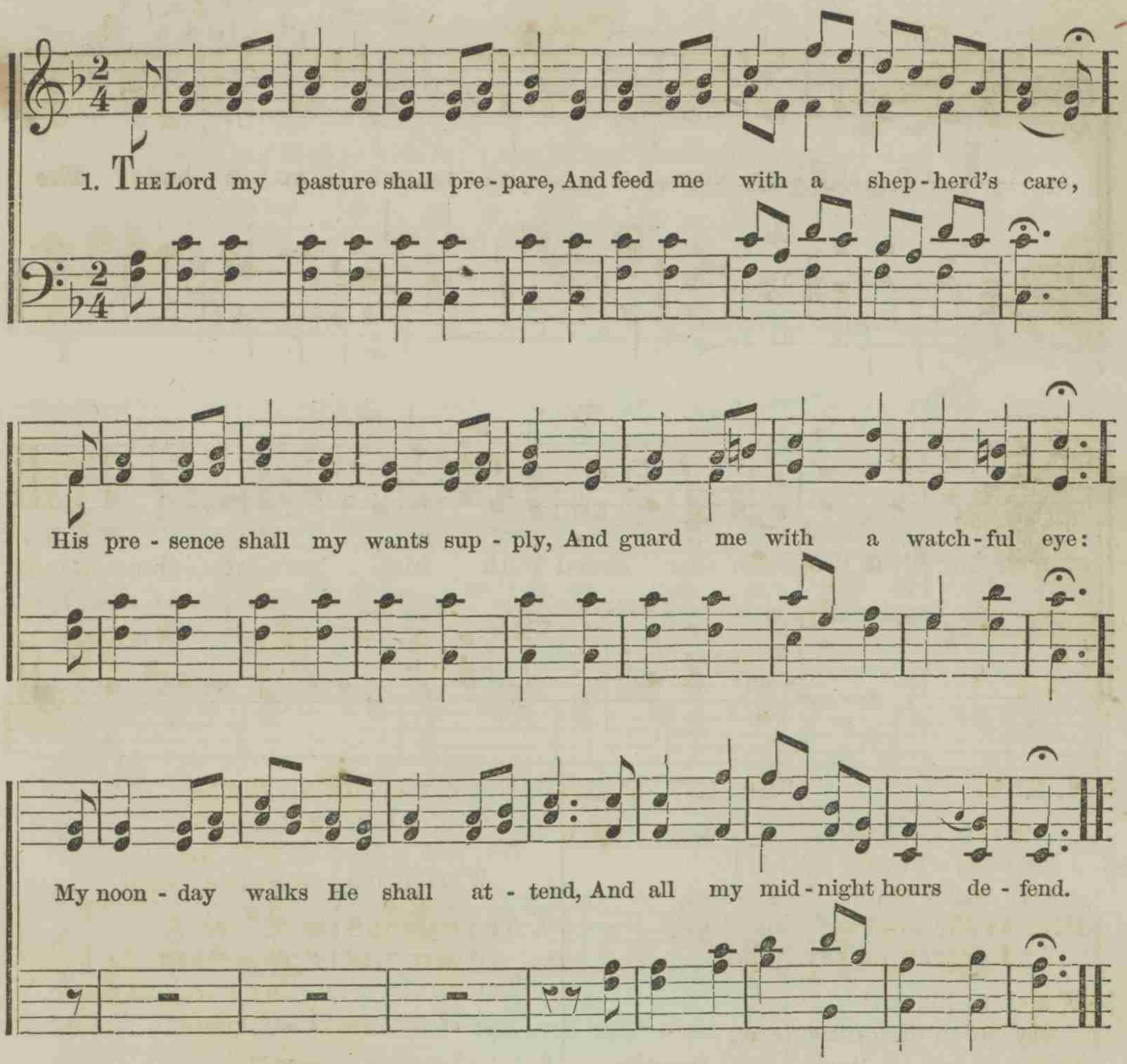
Sel. 288. **[H. 488.**

TO-DAY the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead;
He conquer'd our malignant foes
And Satan captive led.

2. He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings for ever on his name,
He bought us with his blood.

3. For us his life He paid,
For us the law fulfill'd;
On Him our load of guilt was laid;
We by his stripes are heal'd.

4. Ye saints, adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.



Sel. 289. [H. 226.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. When on the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

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 arm shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

4. Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Sel. 290. [H. 225.

(Stanzas 3, 4 omitted.)
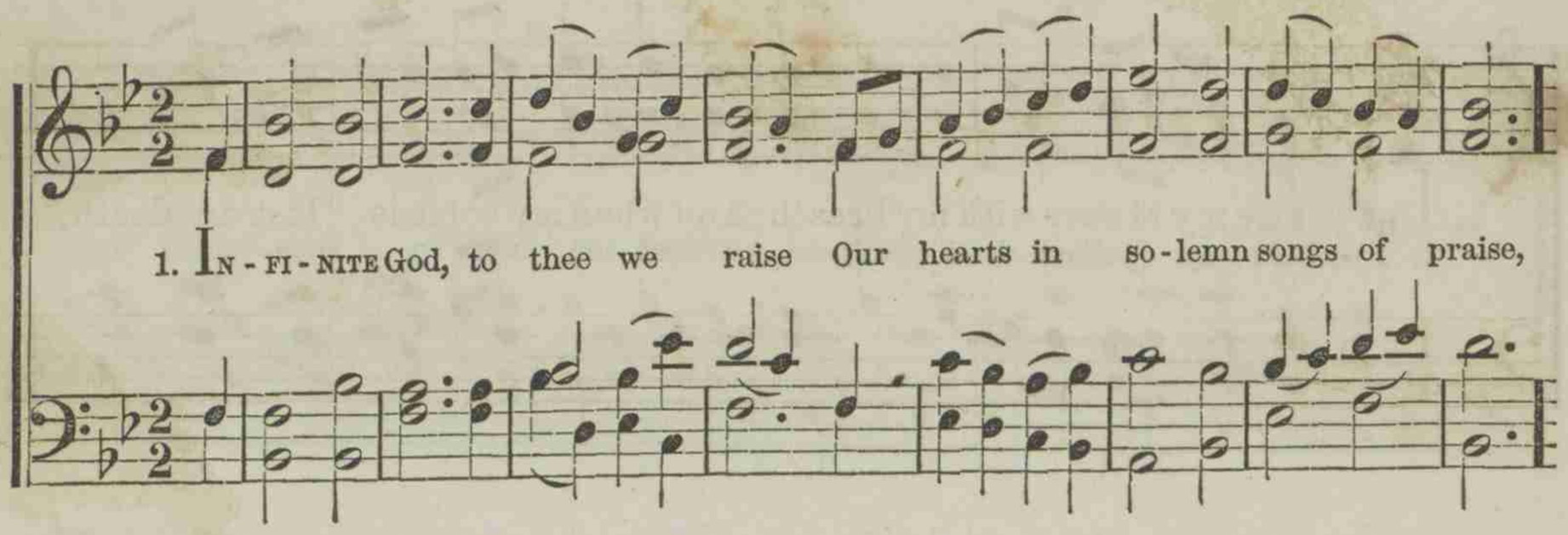
WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

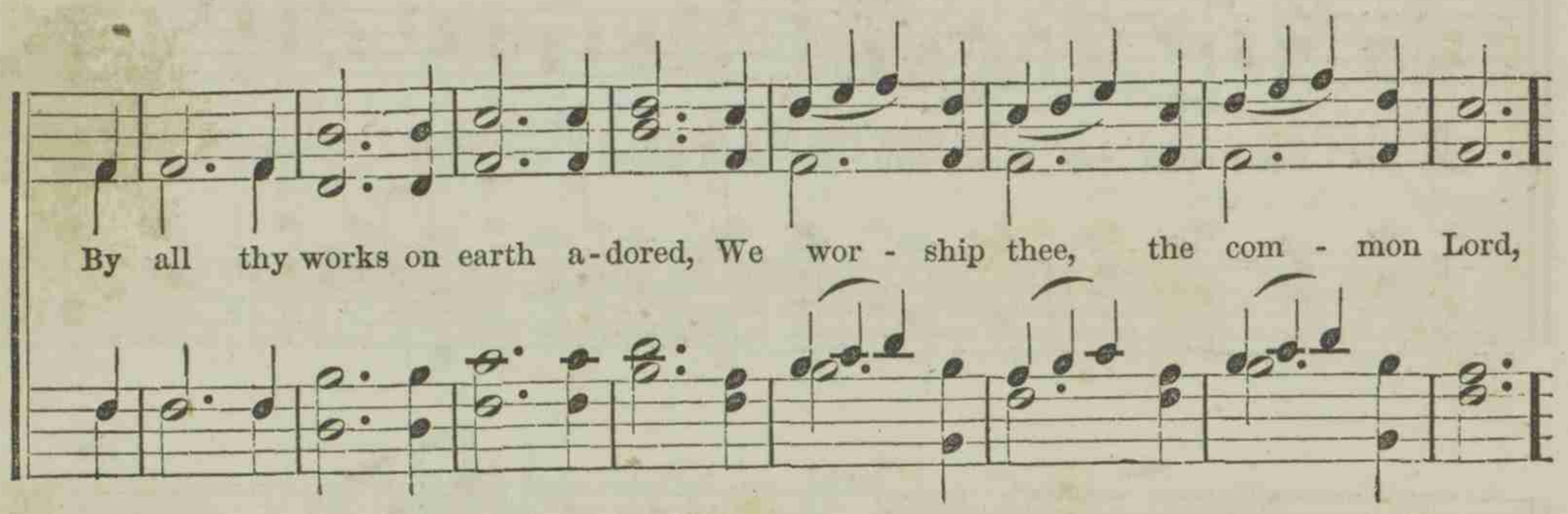
2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray,
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

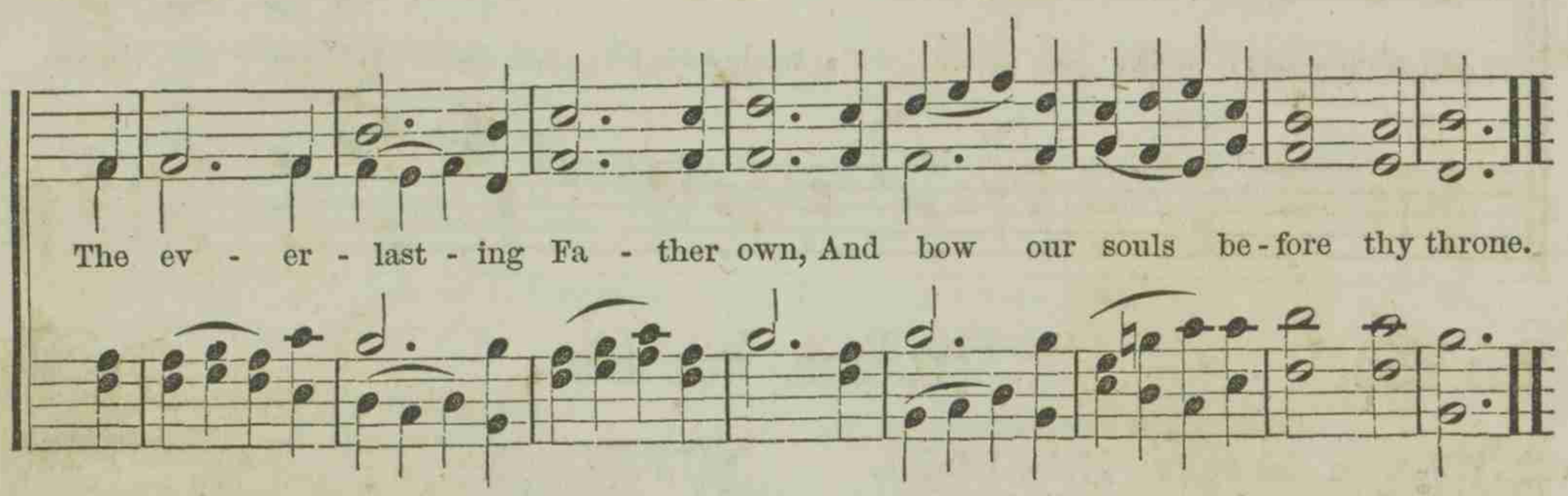
5. And O! when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

CREATION. L. M. 6 lines.

HAYDN.







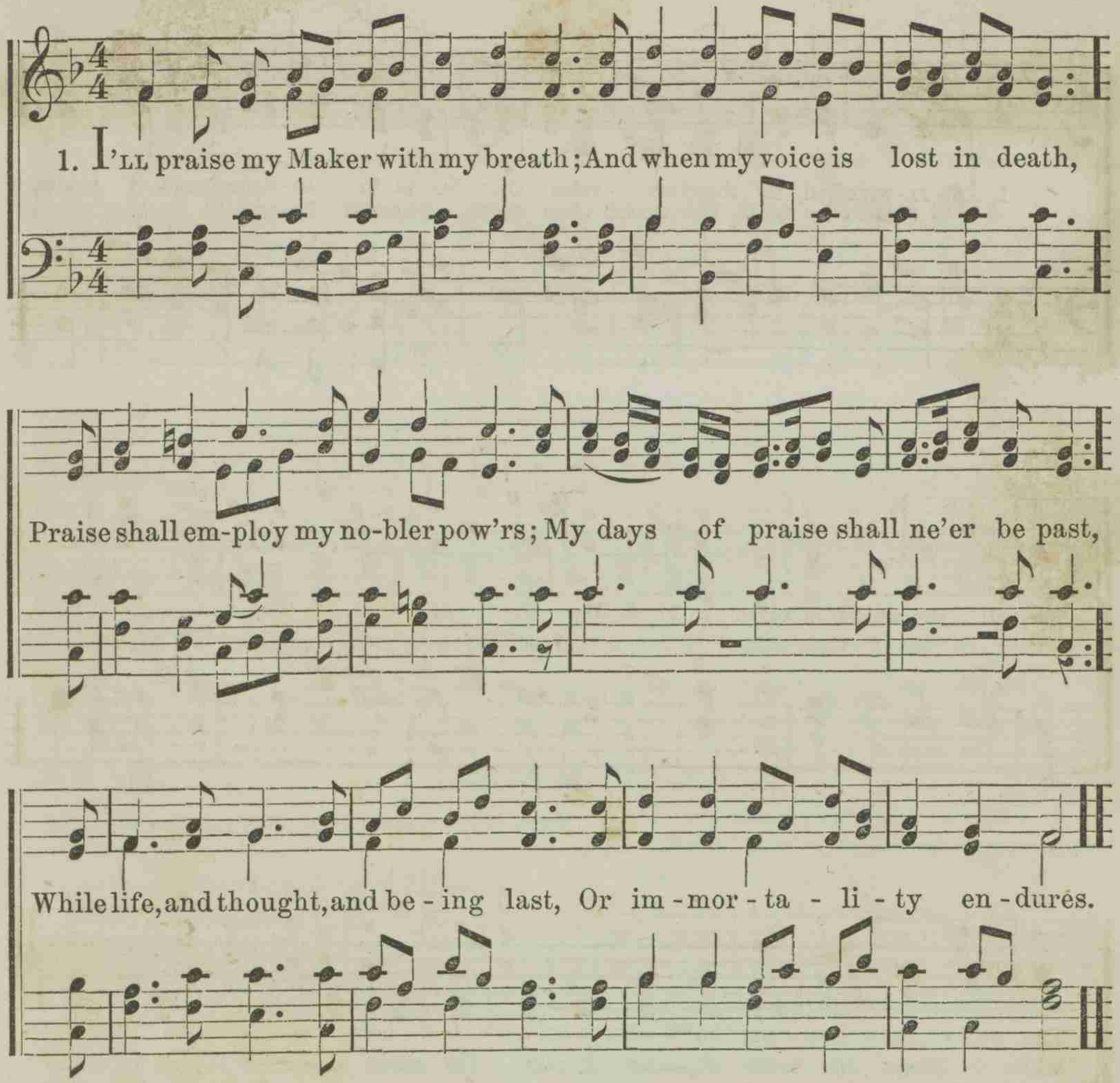
Sel. 291. [H. 468.

INFINITE God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise,
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord,
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.

2. Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, and King of kings,
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God,
And holy, holy, holy, cry;
Thy glory fills both earth and sky.

3. Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power,
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

4. Messiah, joy of every heart,
Thou, thou the King of glory art;
With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bless and magnify thy name,
And wait thy greatness to adore,
When time and death shall be no more.



Sel. 292. [Ps. 146, P. 2.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 4–5 omitted.)

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.

3. Happy the man whose hopes rely,
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

6. 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.

Sel. 293. [H. 597.

(Stanzas 2, 5 omitted.)

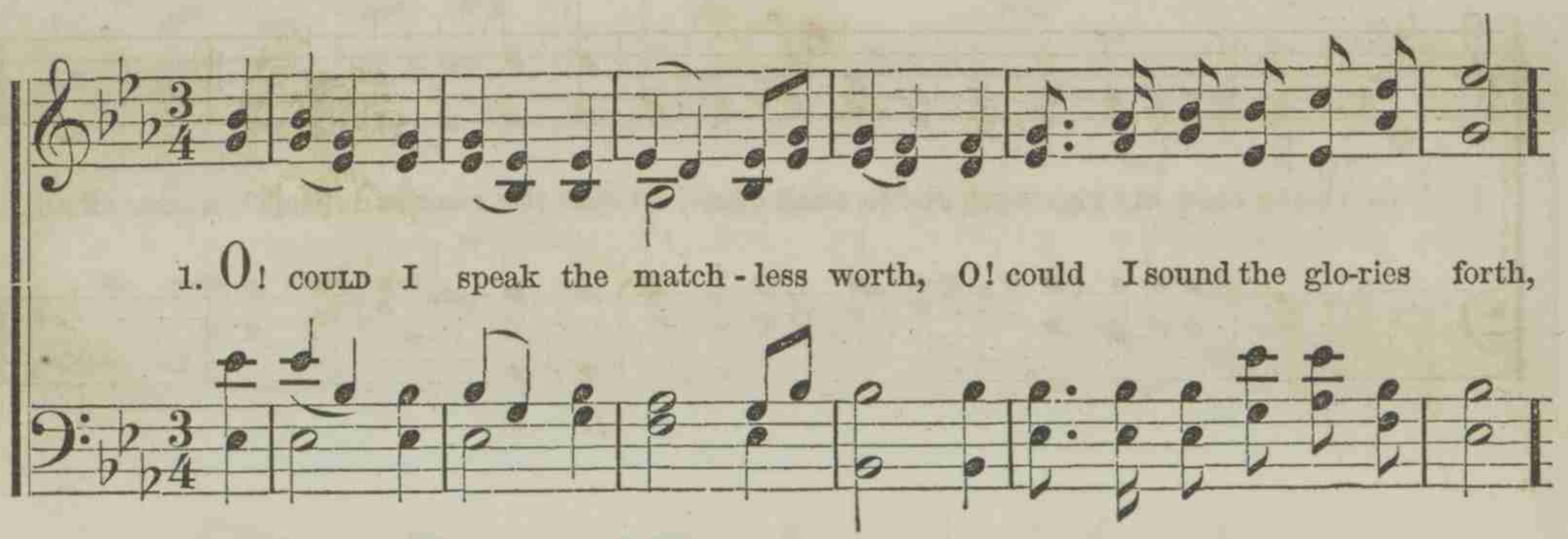
SAY, should we search the globe around,
Where can such happiness be found,
As dwells in this much favor'd land?
Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds
Her choicest blessings on our heads:
By God supported, still we stand.

3. These are thy gifts, almighty King;
From thee our matchless blessings spring,
The extended shade, the fruitful skies,
The comforts liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

4. With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim;
And still, through every age, shall own
Jehovah here hath fix'd his throne;
And triumph in his mighty name.

ARIEL. L. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



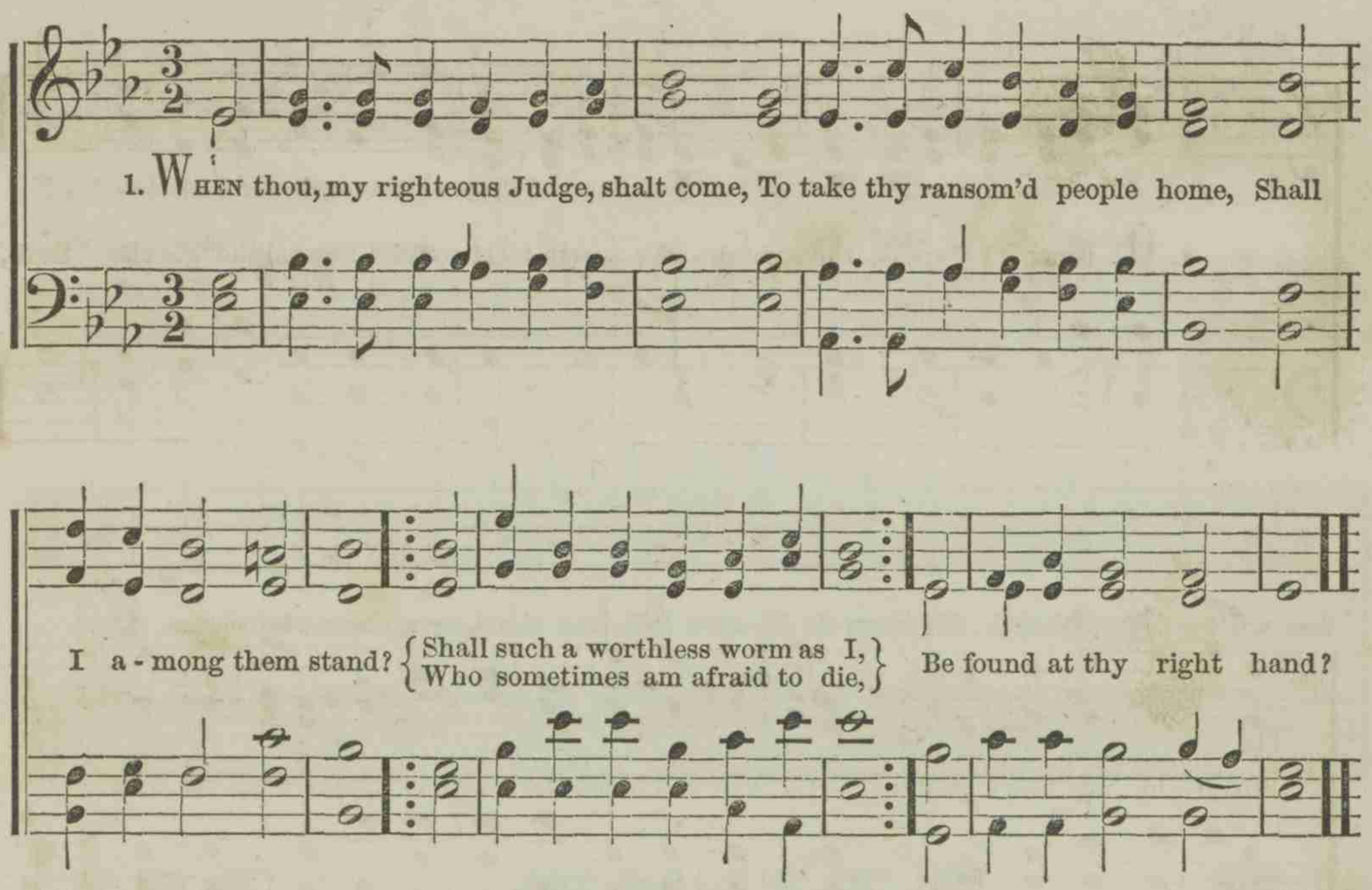
Sel. 294. [H. 185.

O! COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O! could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine:
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3. I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4. Soon the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.



Sel. 295. [H. 648.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To take thy ransom'd 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 among them now,
Before thy gracious feet 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. Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4. Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Sel. 296. [H. 613.

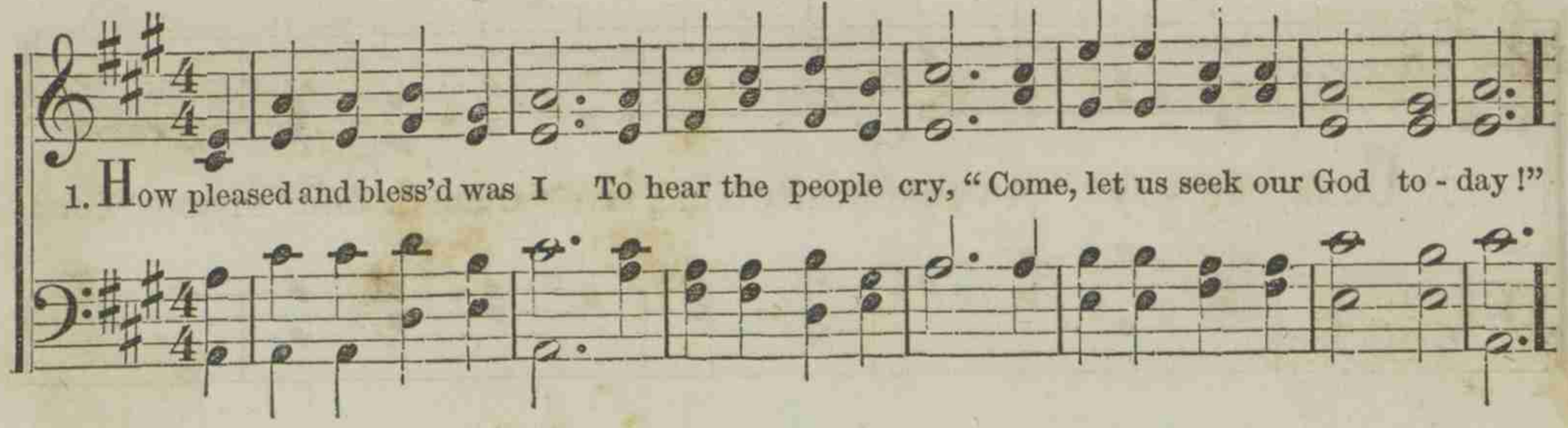
LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

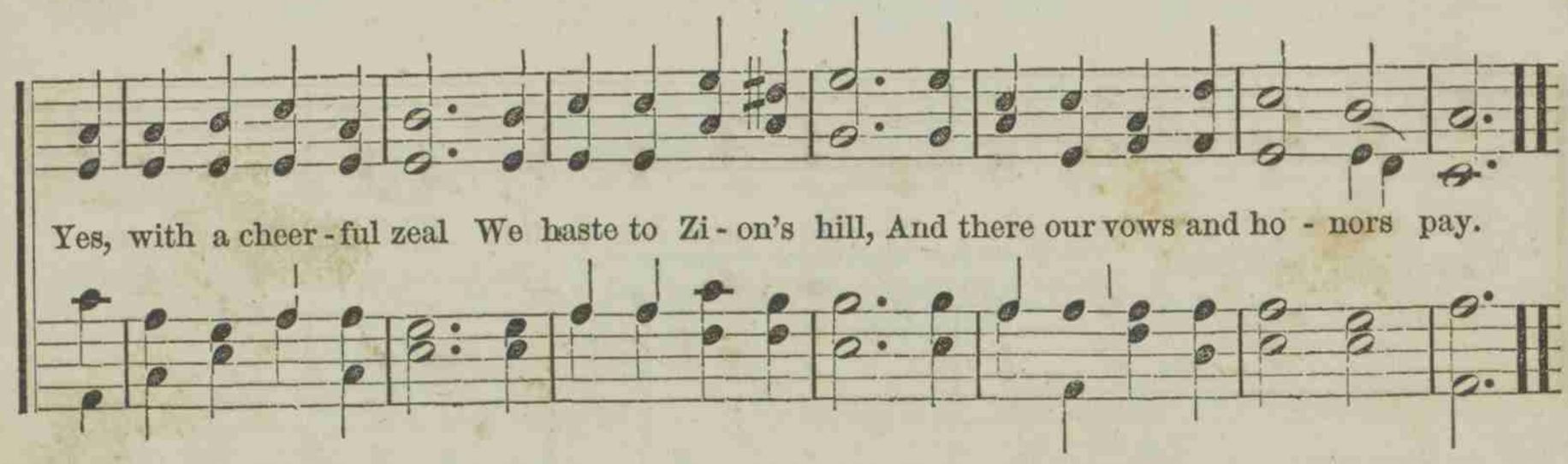
2. O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3. Before me place in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4. Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5. Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.





Sel. 297. [Ps. 122, P. 2.

HOW pleased and bless'd 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. Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee
In thee our tribes appear [round:
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3. There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

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

5. 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.

Sel. 298. [Ps. 93, P. 3.
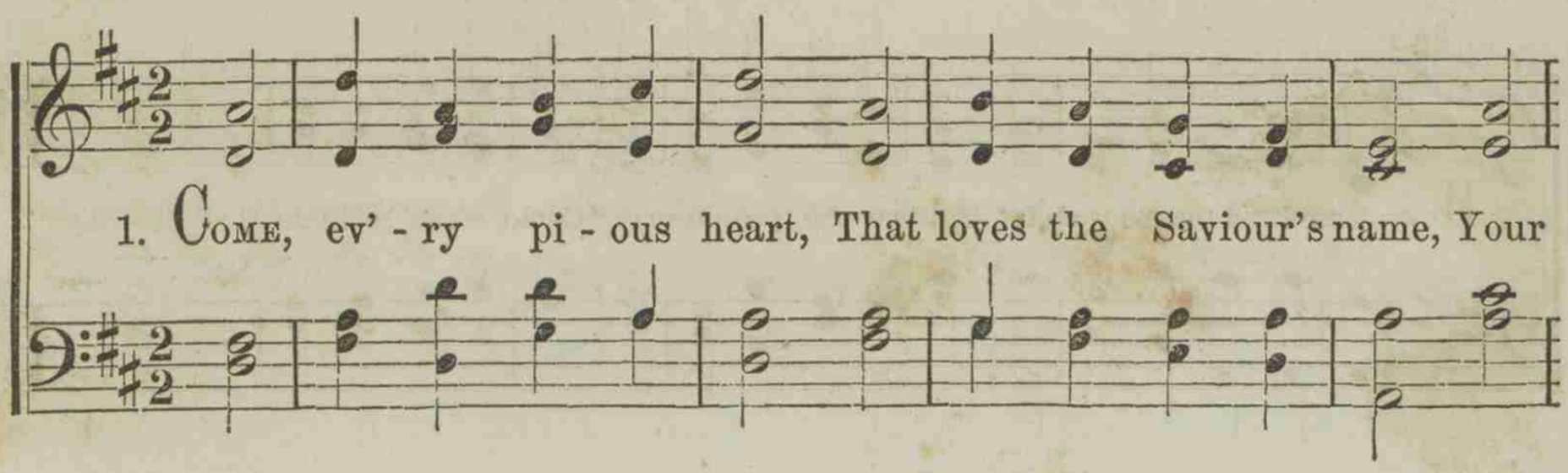
THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.
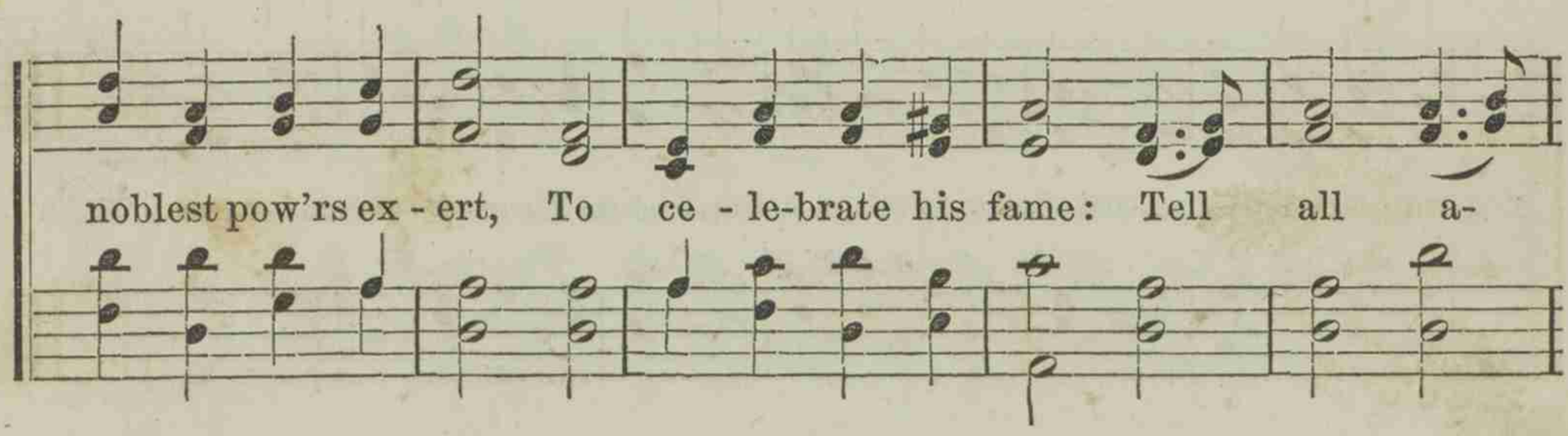
2. Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Ere stars adorn'd the sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

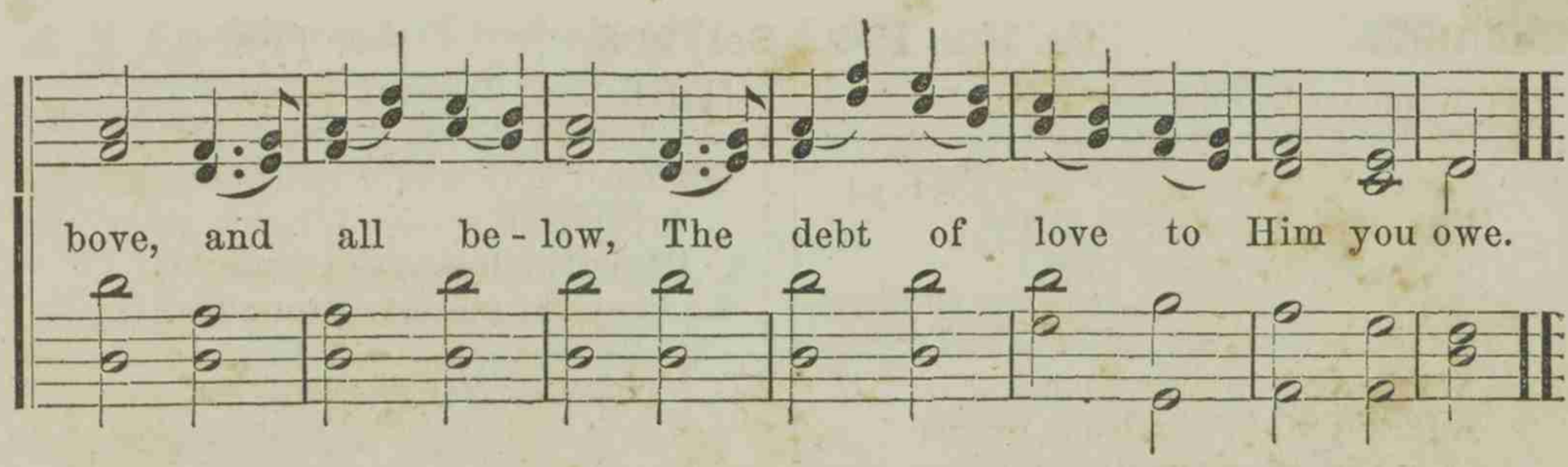
3. In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry spite
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4. Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5. Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new, [move:
There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er re-
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.







Sel. 299. [H. 194.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 4 omitted.)

2. Such was his zeal for God,
And such his love for you,
He freely undertook
What angels could not do:
His mighty deeds of love and grace,
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

3. He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, O! who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

5. Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love,
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

Sel. 300. [H. 501.

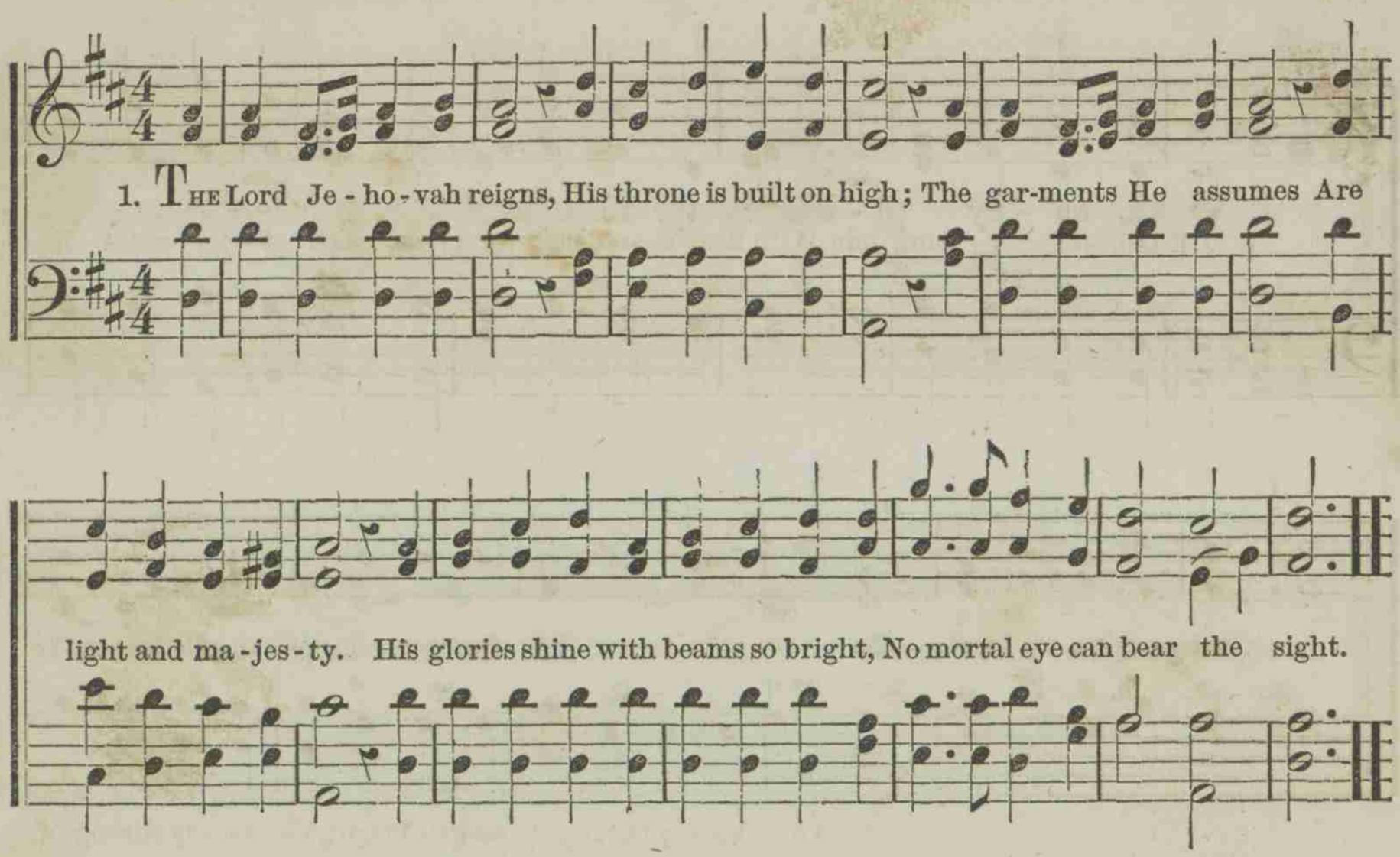
(Stanzas 4–6 omitted.)

IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth He reigns,
Through everlasting days;
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2. To earth He bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine:
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine;
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3. Then, King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

Contributed by
Prof. J. C. B. STANDBRIDGE.



Sel. 301. [H. 1.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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

3. Through all his ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curst designs.
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees, 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, I love his word;
Join all my powers and praise the Lord.

Sel. 302. [H. 249.

(Stanzas 4, 5 omitted.)

AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2. At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined;
The angelic host around Him bends,
And, 'midst their shouts, the God ascends.

3. All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heaven with hosannas rings:
While earth, in humble strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Thro' endless years to live and reign.

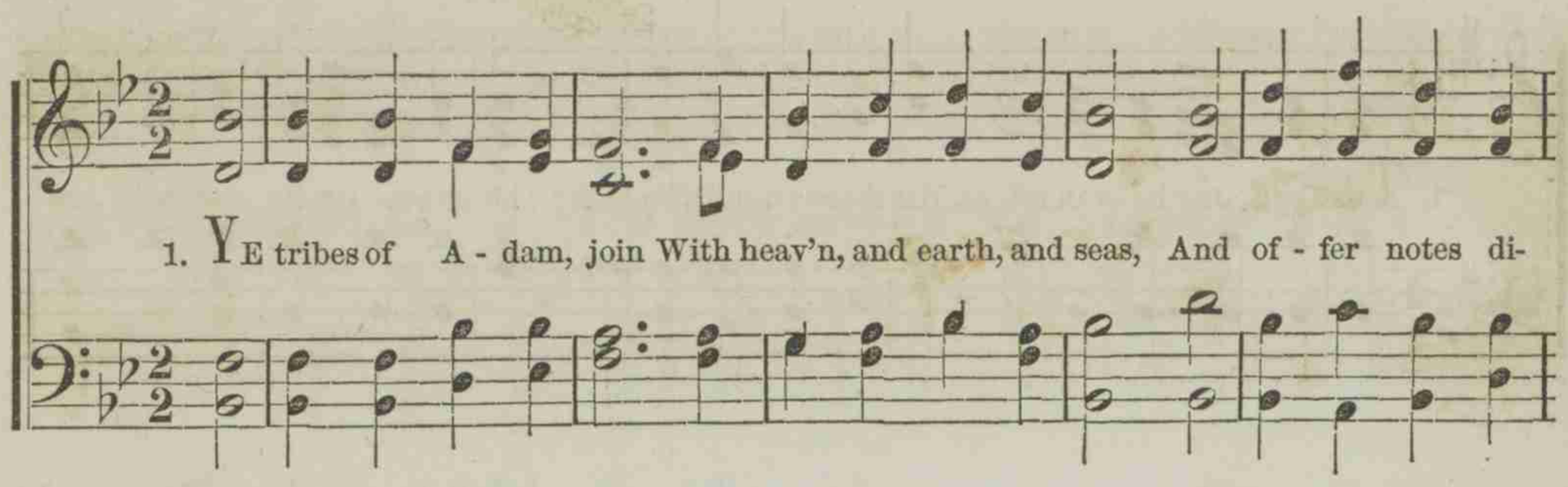
Sel. 303. [H. 251.

(Stanzas 4, 5 omitted.)

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2. Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3. His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.



Sel. 304. [Ps. 148, P. 1.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare, | And clouds that fly
Ye floods on high, | In empty air.

3. The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, | From nothing came
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

4. He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfills,
While time and nature last.
In different ways | His wondrous name,
His works proclaim | And speak his praise.

Sel. 305. [H. 555.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

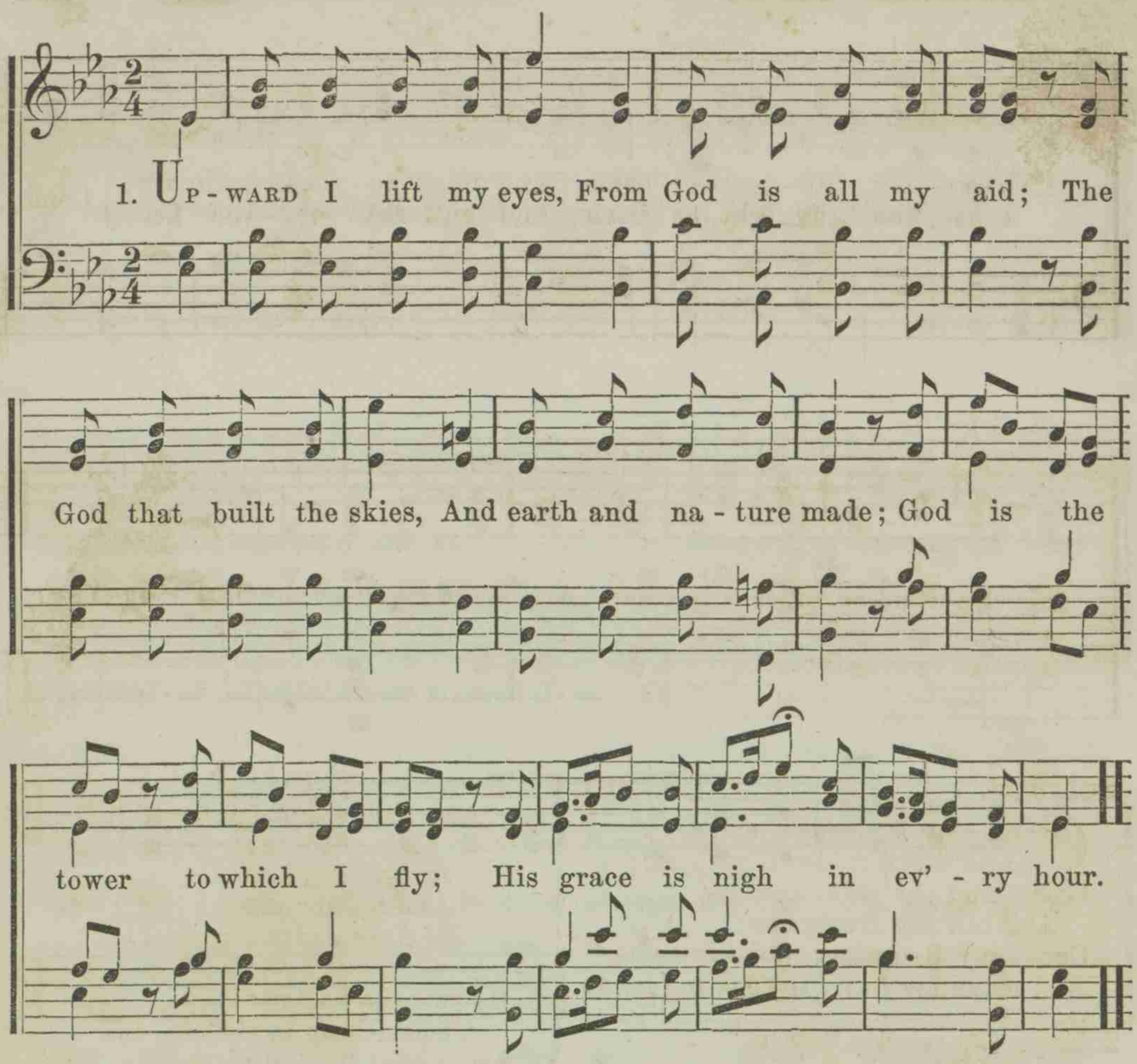
2. Exalt the Son of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb:
Redemption in his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year, &c.

3. Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year, &c.

4. The gospel trumpet sounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year, &c.

114 NEWBURY. H. M.

MICHAEL HAYDN.



Sel. 306. **[Ps. 121, P. 3.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep, shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3. No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there;
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade, to guard my head
By night or noon.

4. Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die, till from on high,
Thou call me home.
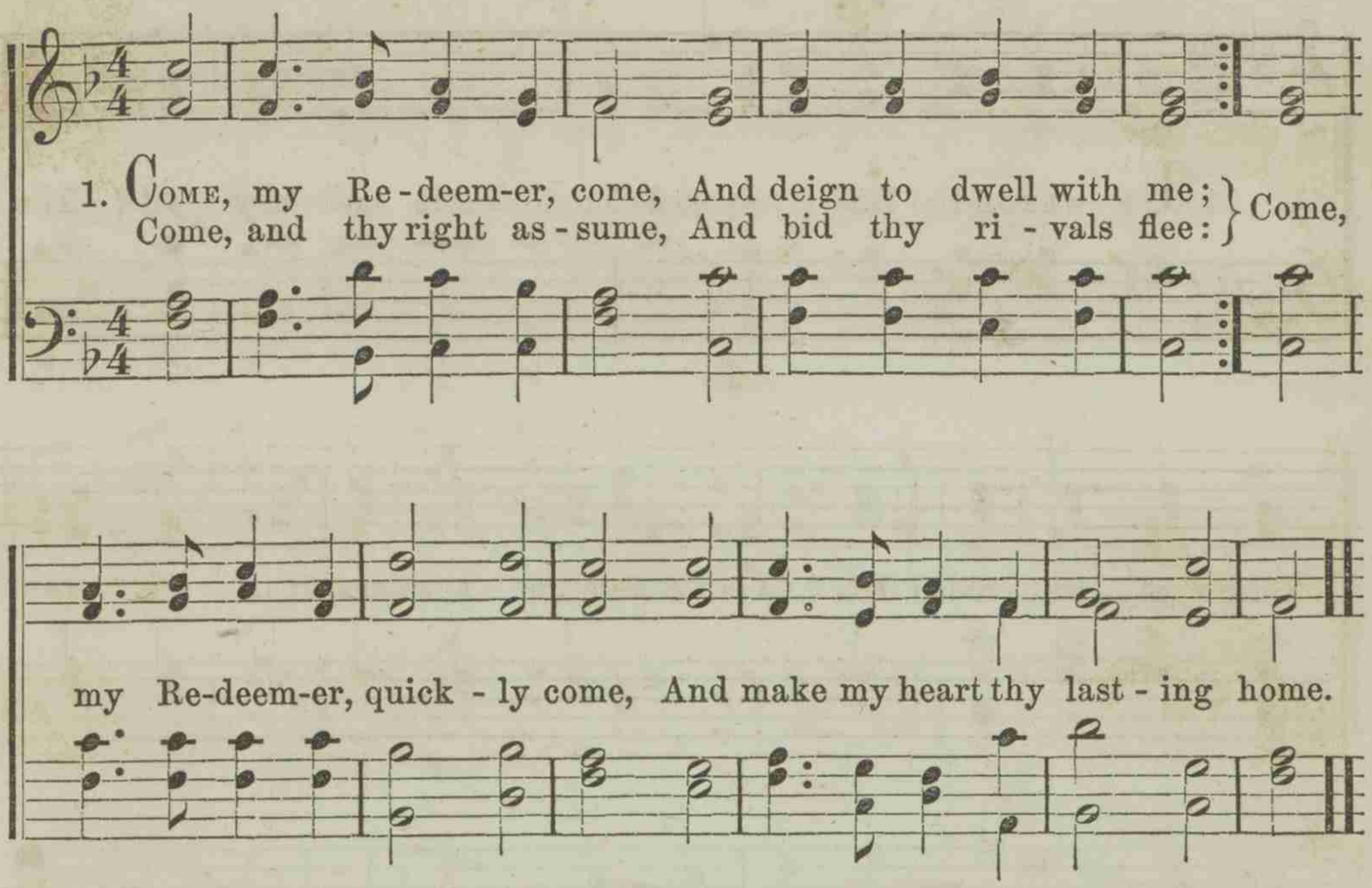
Sel. 307. **[H. 581.**

(Stanza 4 omitted.)

O SION, tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high;
Tell all the world thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine; while rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2. He gilds the mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head:
The nations round
Thy form shall view, with lustre new
Divinely crowned.

3. In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love in worlds above
Thy glory raise.



Sel. 308. **[H. 291.**

COME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid thy rivals flee:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

2. Exert thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all thy graces in:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

3. Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

4. Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

Sel. 309. **[Ps. 136, P. 2.**

(Stanzas 2–7 omitted.)

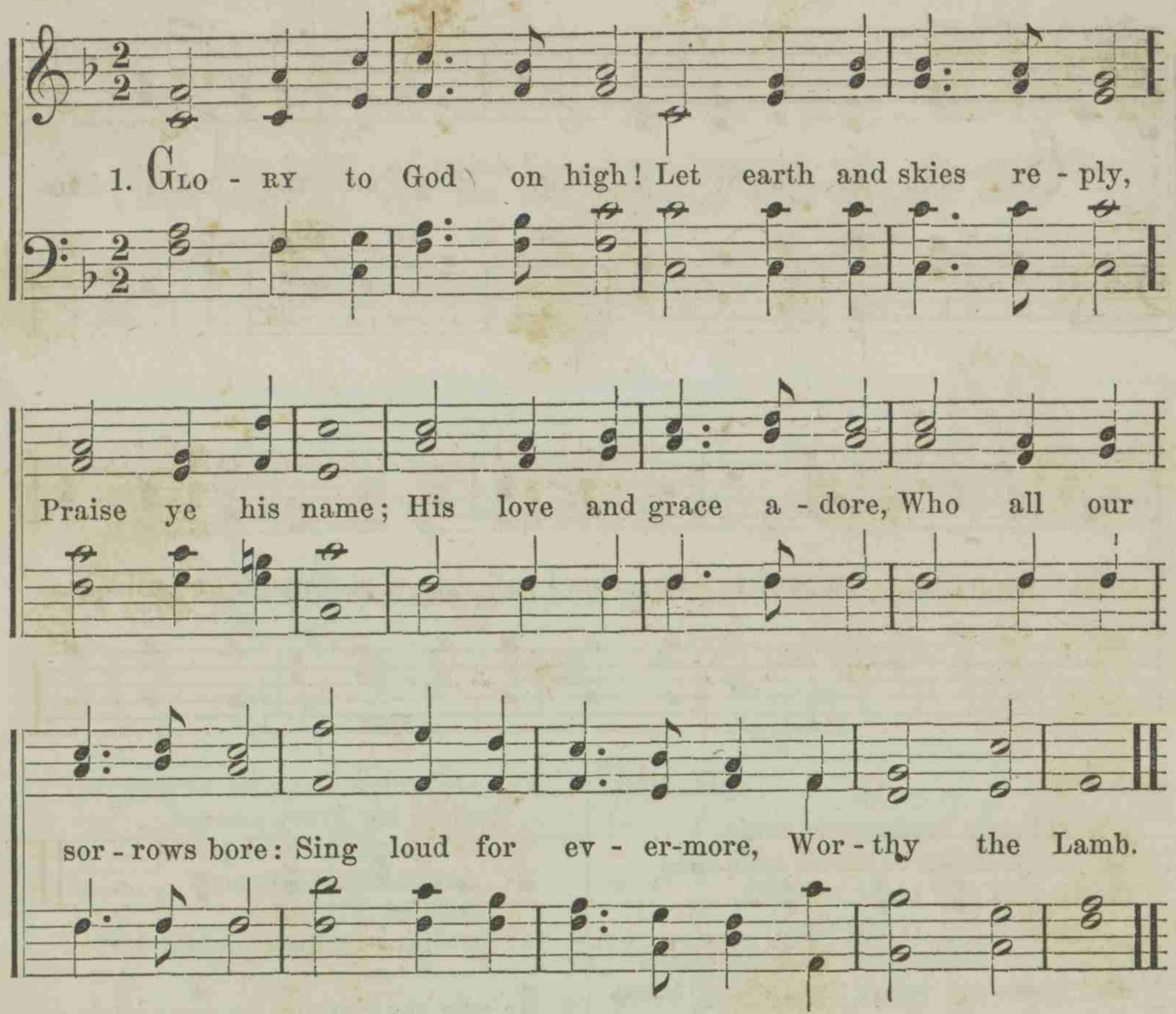
GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

8. He saw the nations lie,
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

9. He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe;
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

10. Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

116 OLIVET. 6s & 4s. Dr. L. MASON.



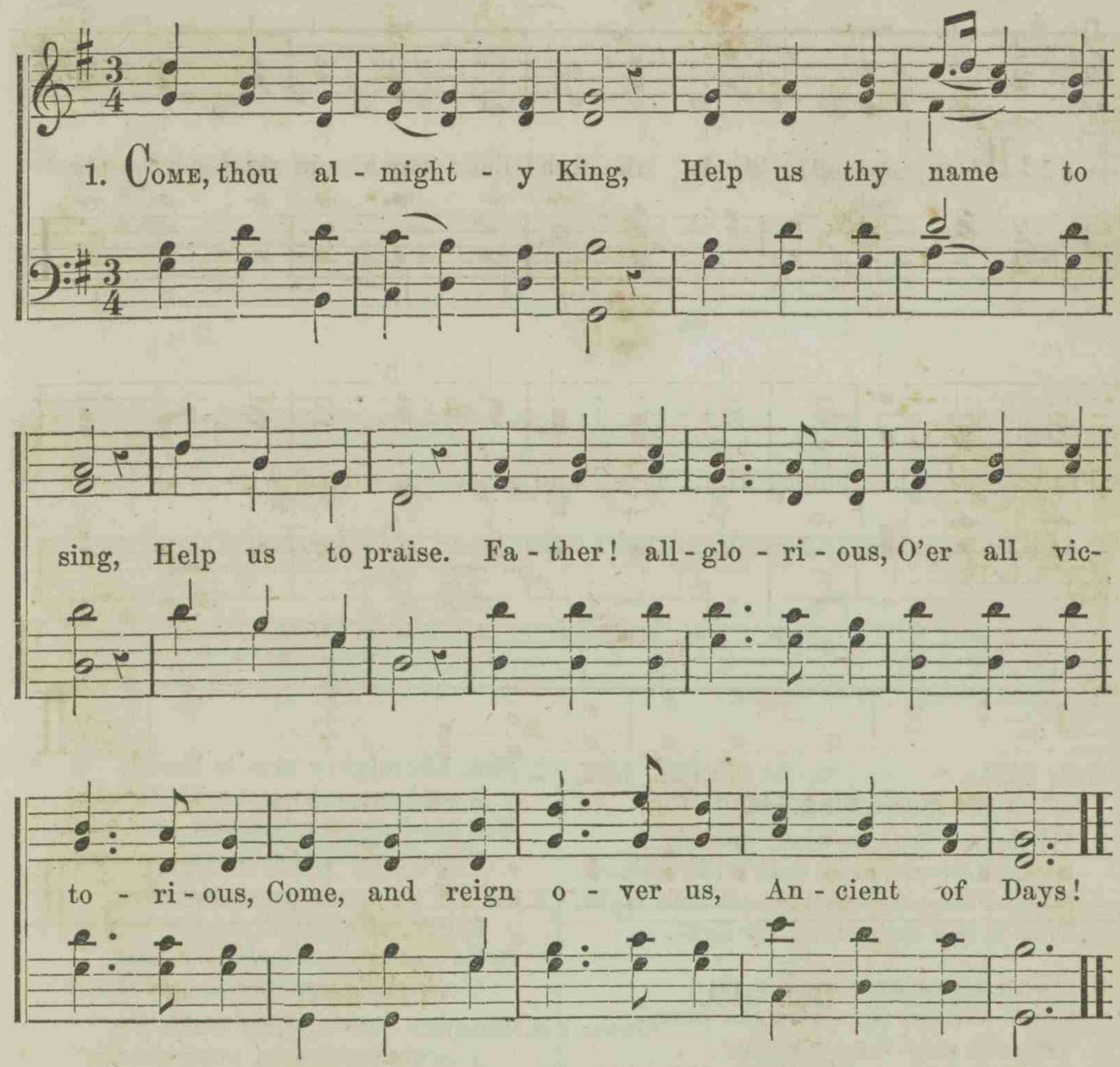
Sel. 310. **[H. 467.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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

3. While they around the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4. Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.



Sel. 311. [H. 18.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise.
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2. Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Let thine almighty aid,
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on thee be staid;
Lord, hear our call.
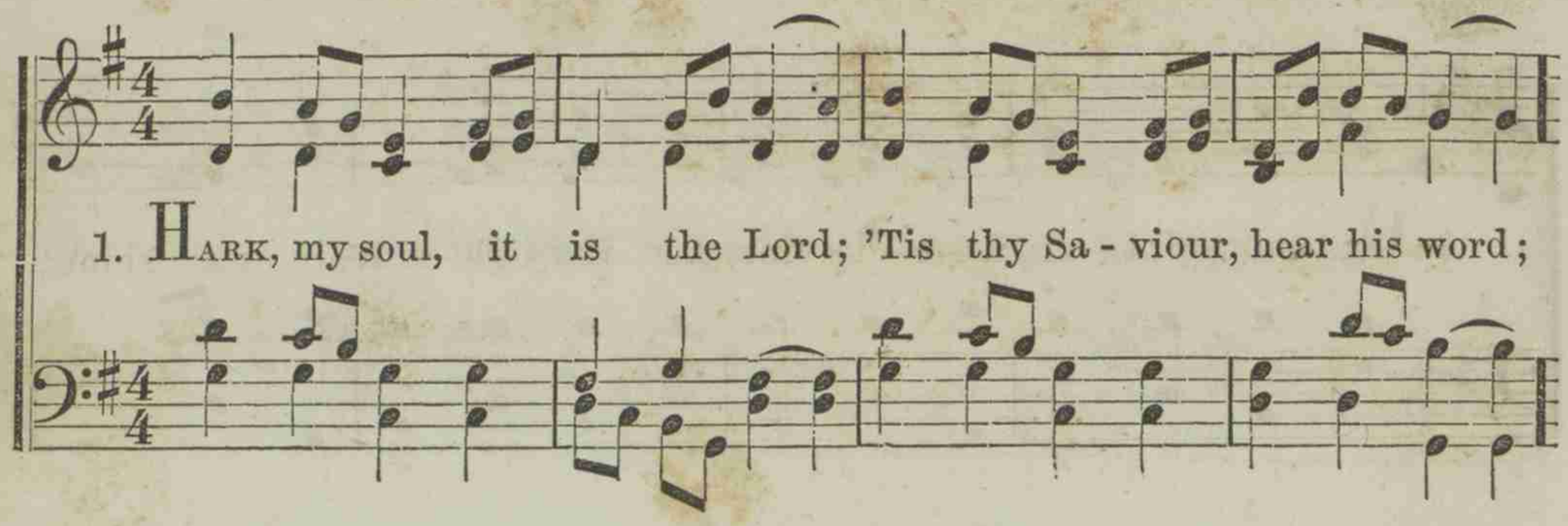
3. Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend.
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success,
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

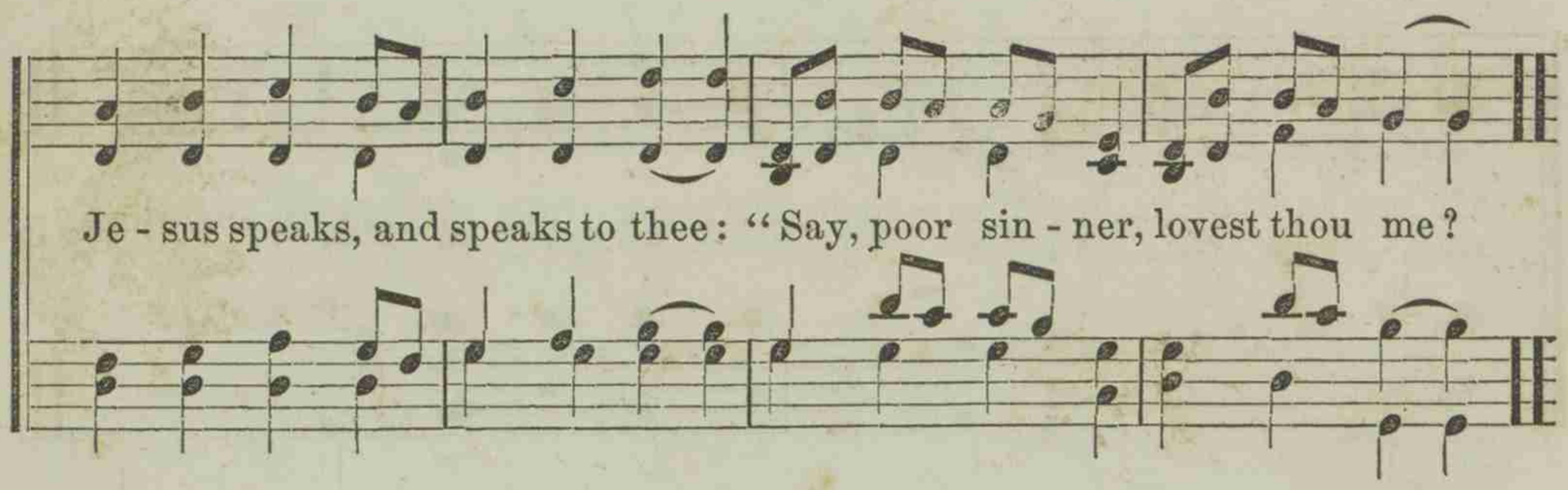
4. Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

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

118 FULTON. 7s.

From The Jubilee,
By Prof. W. B. BRADBURY.





Sel. 312. **[H. 192.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3. "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward 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, lovest thou me?"

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love thee and adore,
O for grace to love thee more.

Sel. 313. **[H. 143.**

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day!

2. See, his mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe his brow;
For his judgments stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.

3. At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4. Who his coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?
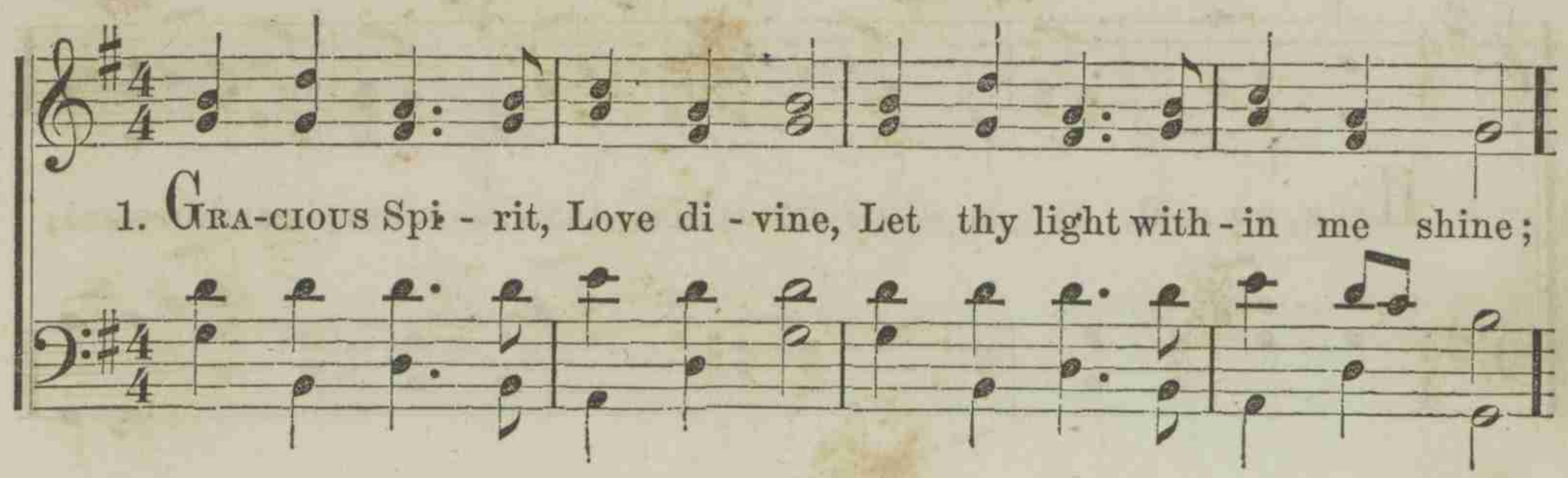
5. Lord, prepare us by thy grace;
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

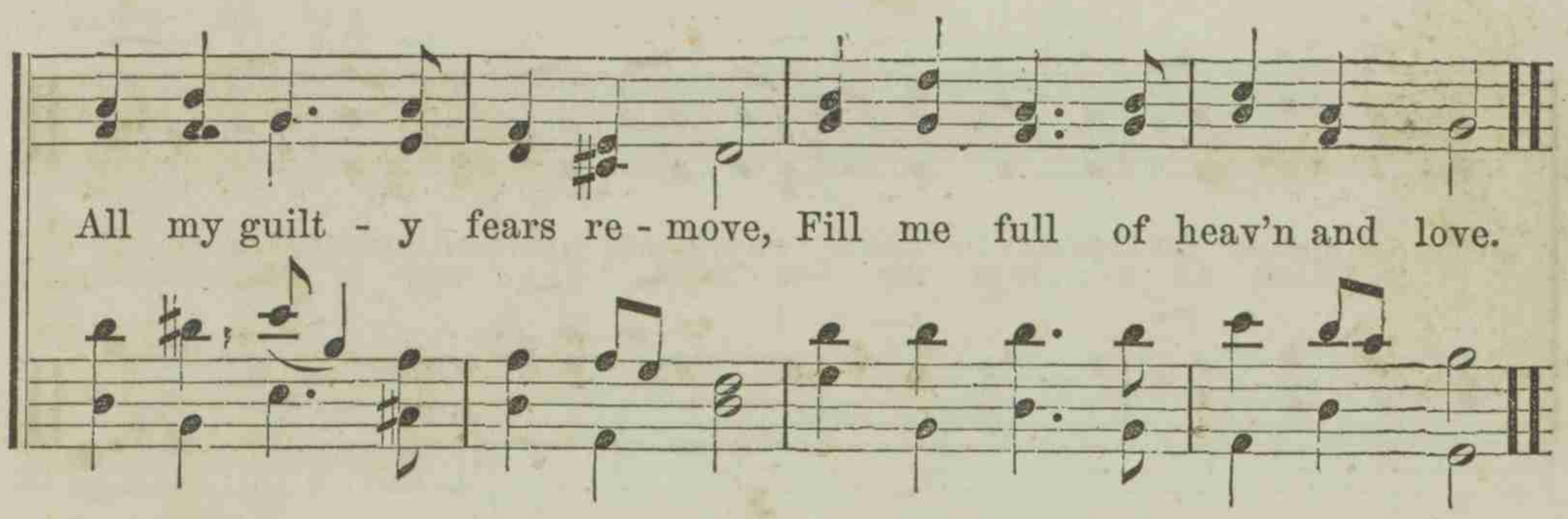
Sel. 314. **[H. 538.**

JESUS, Master, hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2. Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3. And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me.





Sel. 315. [H. 268.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3. Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into 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, for ever thine.

Sel. 316. [H. 418.

'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2. God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3. Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?
Aliens may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

Sel. 317. [H. 287.

(Stanzas 3–7 omitted.)

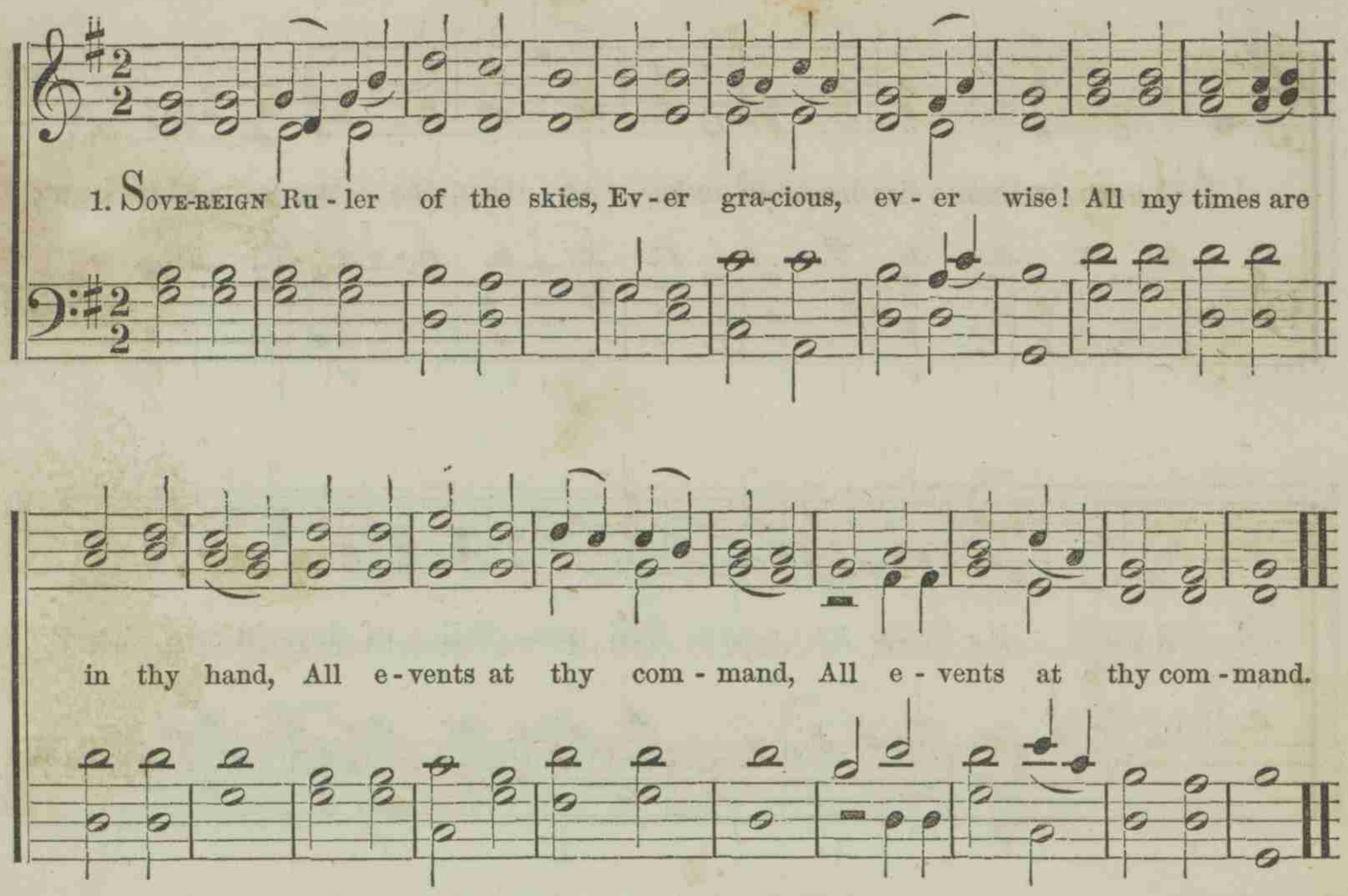
'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2. If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

8. Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's Sun:
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9. Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

120 HENDON. 7s. Dr. MALAN.



Sel. 318. [H. 6.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6 omitted.)

2. His decree who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth:
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him.

3. He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

4. Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

5. 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.

Sel. 319. [H. 173.

GOD with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God in man and Christ unite;
O mysterious depth and height!

2. God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone:
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3. God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did He our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4. God with us! O wondrous grace!
Let us see Him face to face:
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.
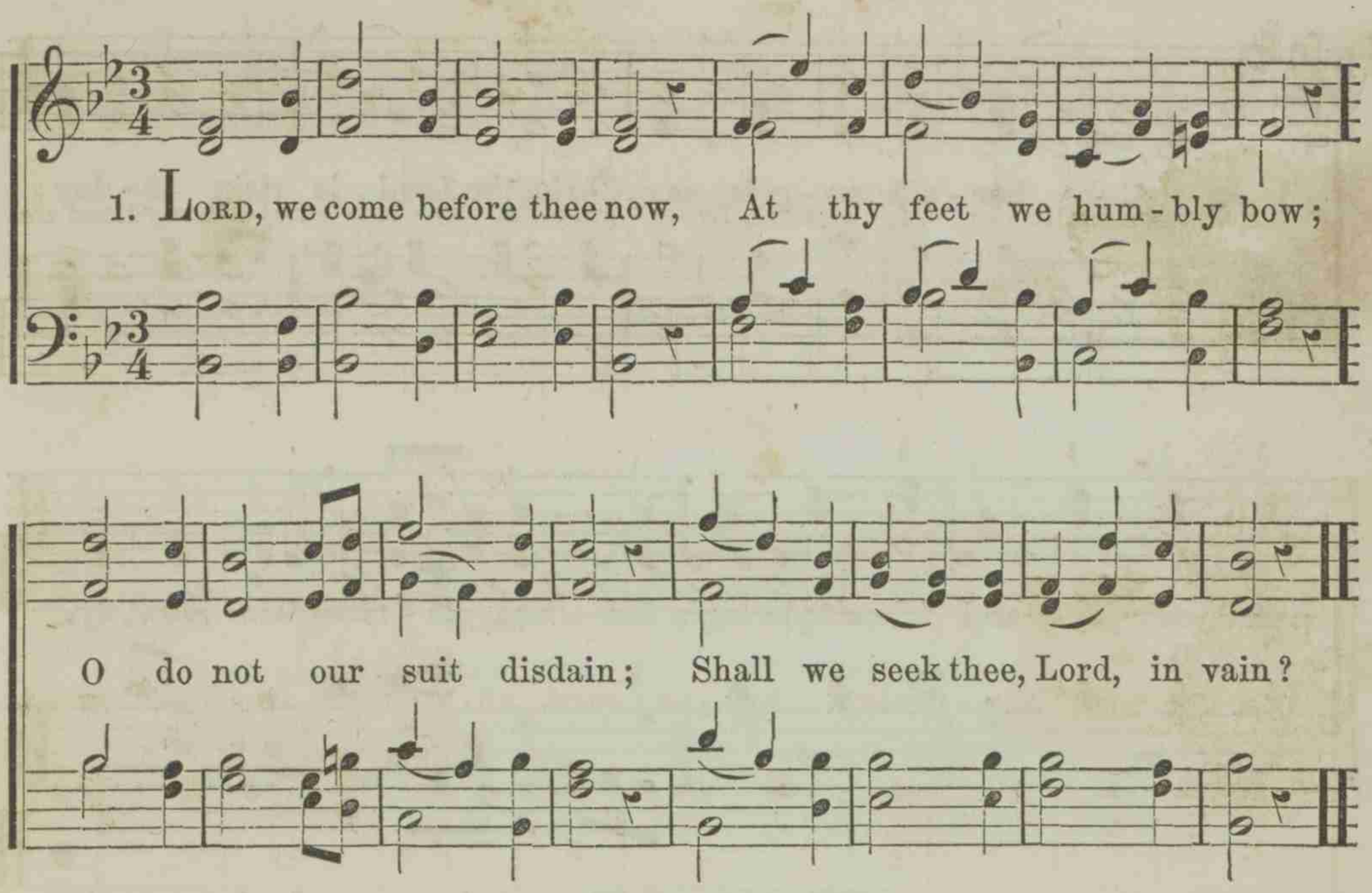
Sel. 320. [H. 245.

LO! the stone is roll'd away,
Death yields up his mighty prey;
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

2. Praise Him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise Him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

3. Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king?

4. Let Immanuel be adored,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let the eternal praise resound.



Sel. 321. **[H. 474.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 5, 6 omitted.)

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, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4. Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Sel. 322. **[H. 456.**

LORD of Hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

2. From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3. Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou makest thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

4. Thus with sacred songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

Sel. 323. **[H. 293.**

(Stanzas 2, 3 omitted.)
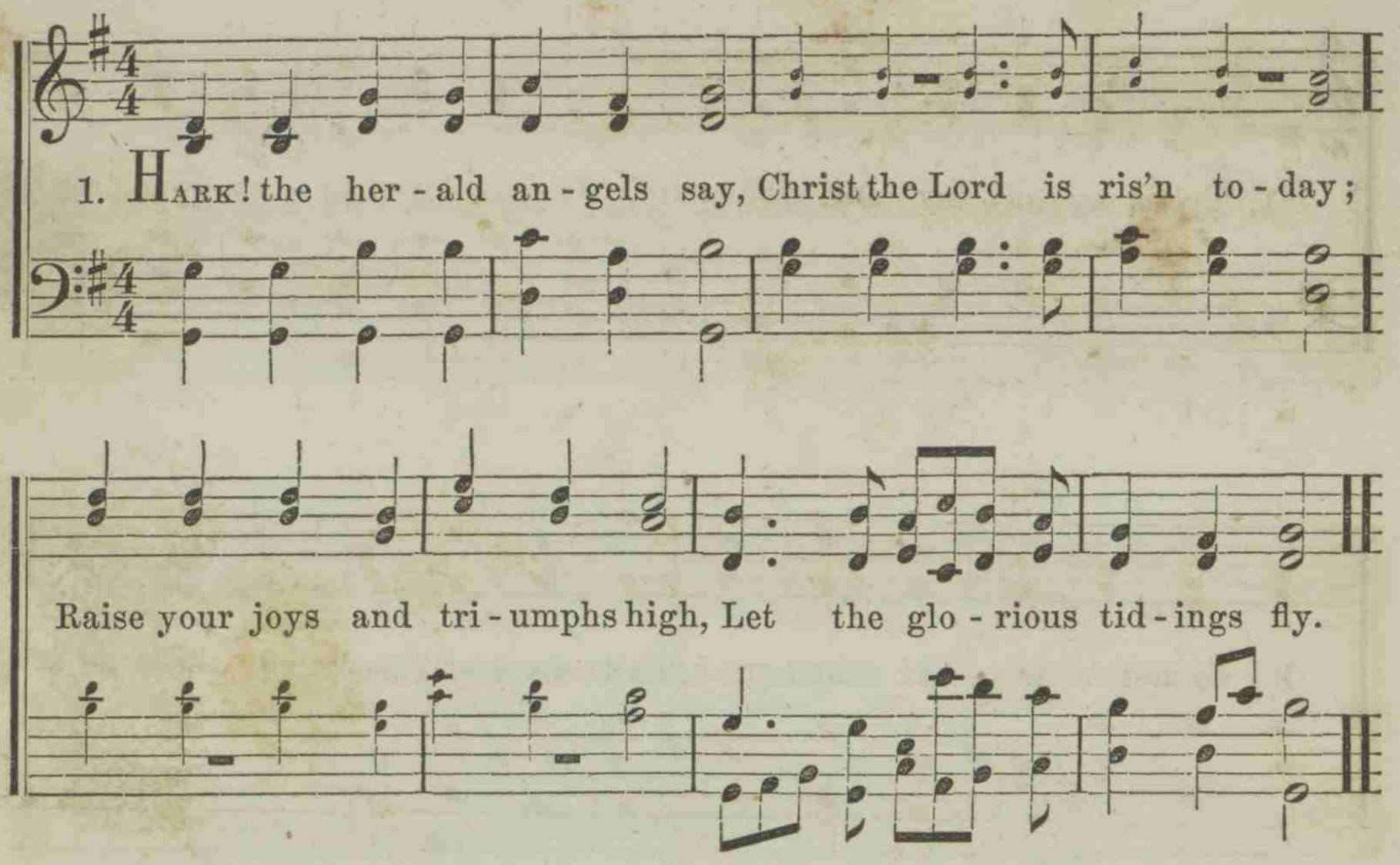
LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

4. Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5. Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6. Thou hast help'd in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7. No, I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.



Sel. 324. [H. 242.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 5 omitted.)

2. Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ has open'd paradise.

4. Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

6. Hail! thou dear almighty Lord,
Hail! thou great incarnate Word,
Hail! thou suffering Son of God,
Take the trophies of thy blood.

Sel. 325. [H. 679.

(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2. Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

3. Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords."

4. Round the altar priests confess,
"If these robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood that made them so."

Sel. 326. [H. 598.
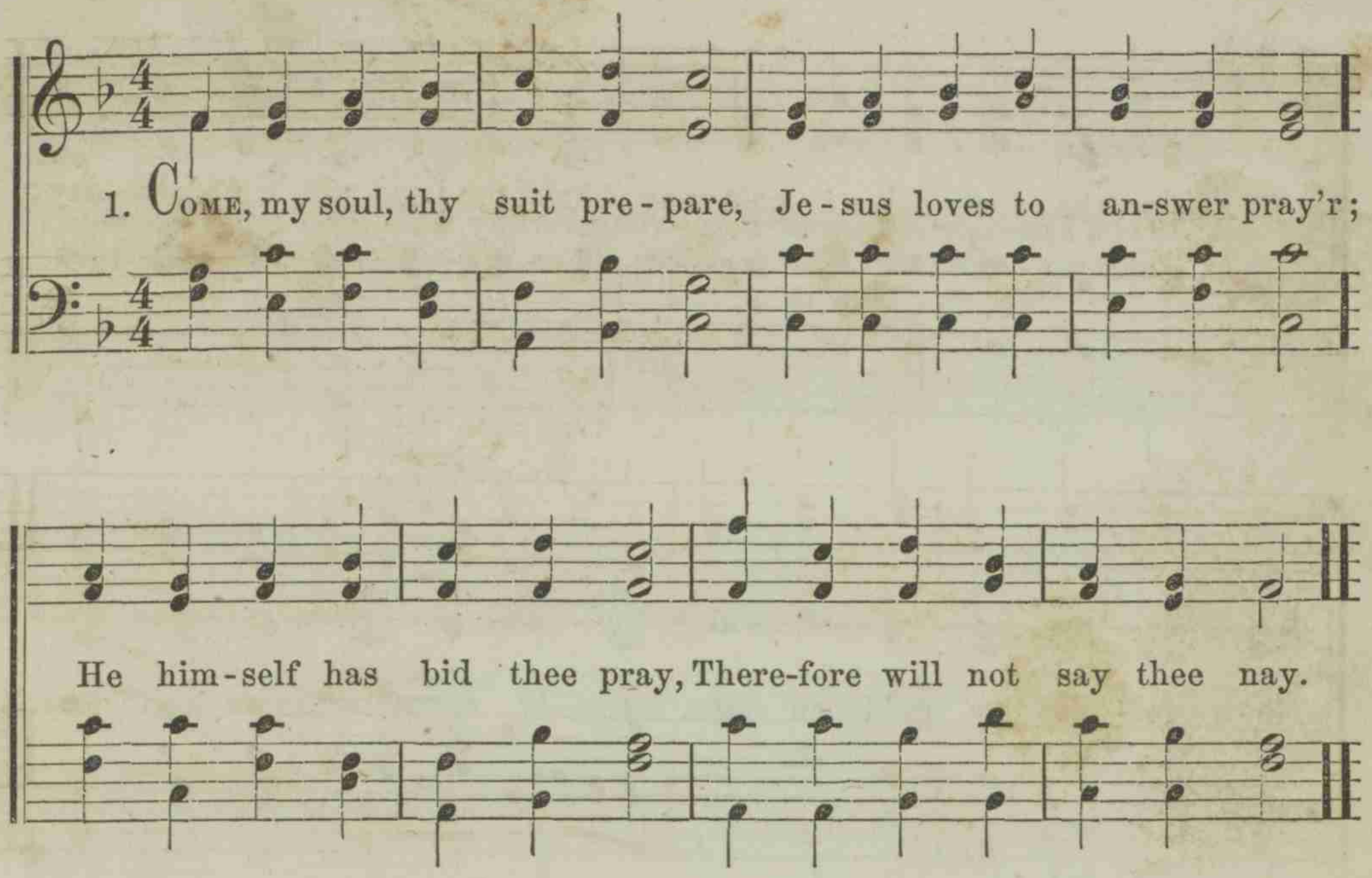
(Stanza 4 omitted.)

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praise to heaven's almighty King.

2. Blessings from his liberal hand,
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.

3. Now to thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heavenly Friend:
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

5. Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heavenly notes prolong.



Sel. 327. **[H. 305.**

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.

Sel. 328. **[H. 117.**

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2. Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

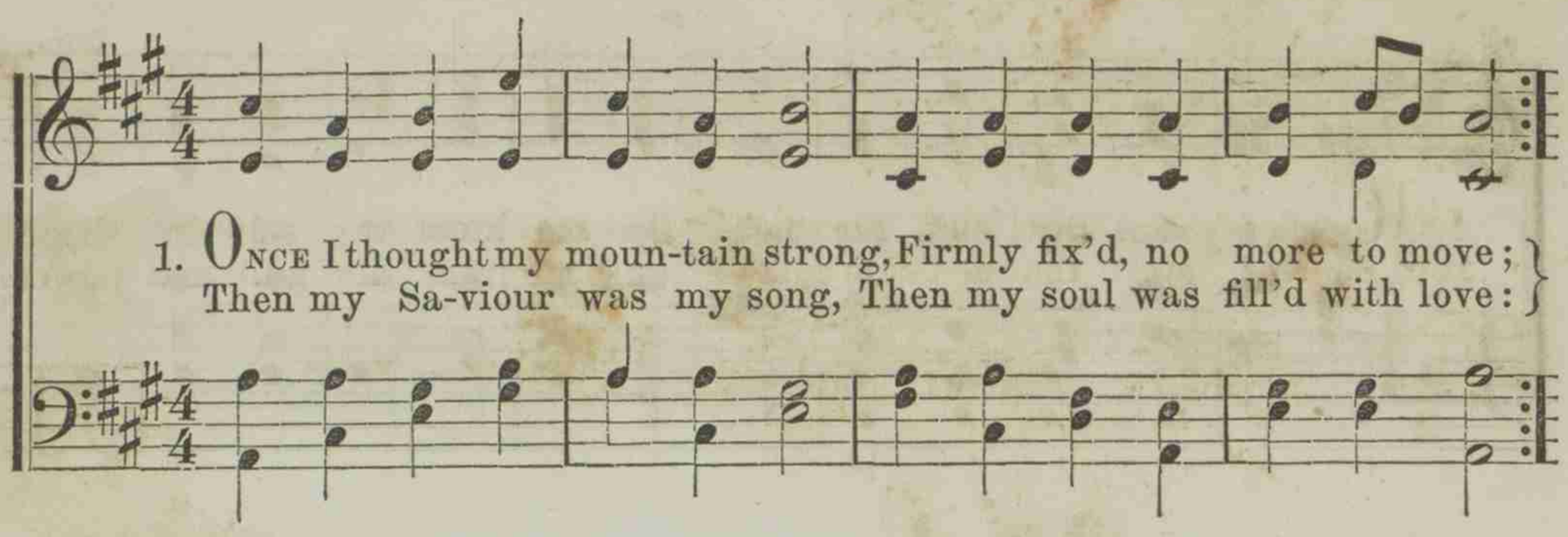
3. O ye mourning souls, be glad,
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
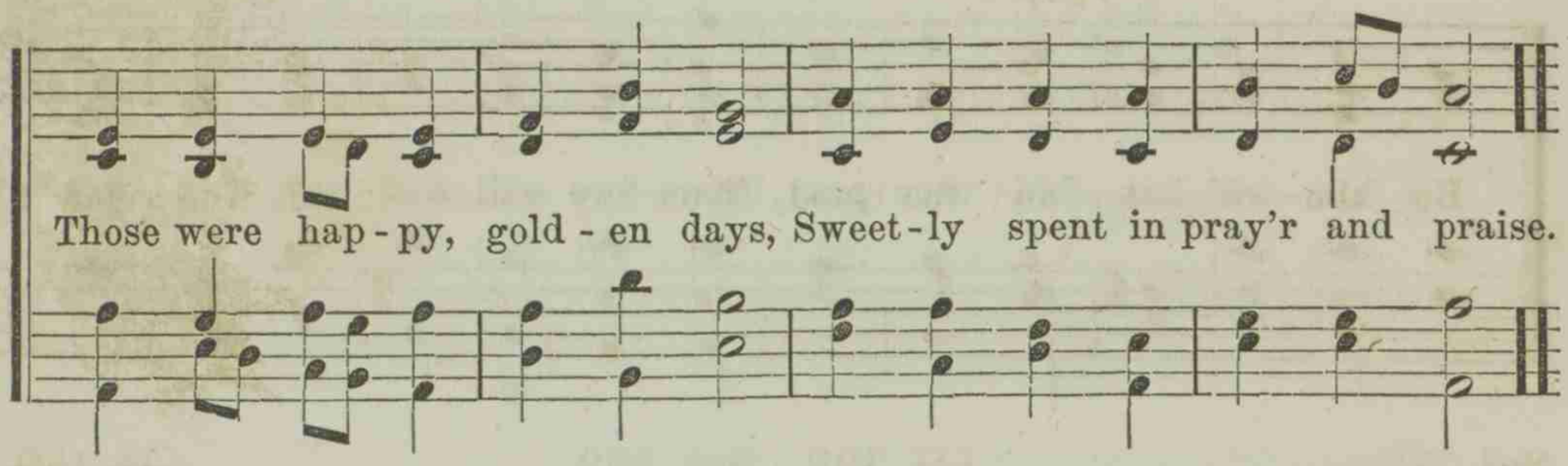
4. Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
Soon you'll enter into rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

6. Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

124 NUREMBURG. 7s. 6 lines. German.





Sel. 329. **[H. 409.**

ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2. Little, then, myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins renew,
Now I feel the stormy hour:
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

3. Saviour! shine, and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive,
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word, and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

Sel. 330. **[H. 203.**

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

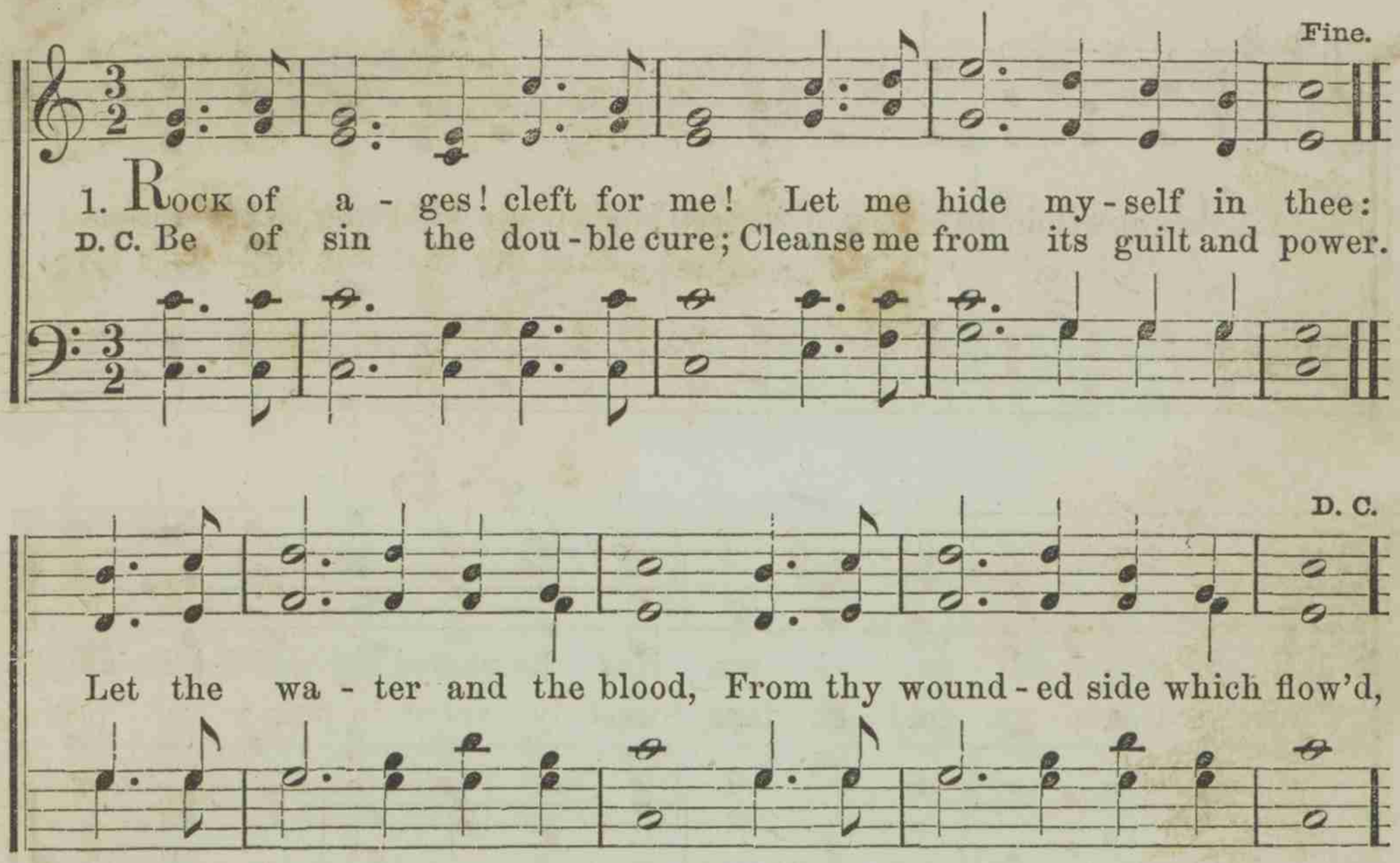
2. Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd:
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd," 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 hath taken Him away?
Christ has ris'n, He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

Doxology.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.



Sel. 331. **[H. 199.**

ROCK of ages! cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Sel. 332. **[H. 150.**

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with his flowing blood:
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the incarnate Son!

2. Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fix'd Him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced Him with a soldier's spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice;
For a sinful world He dies.

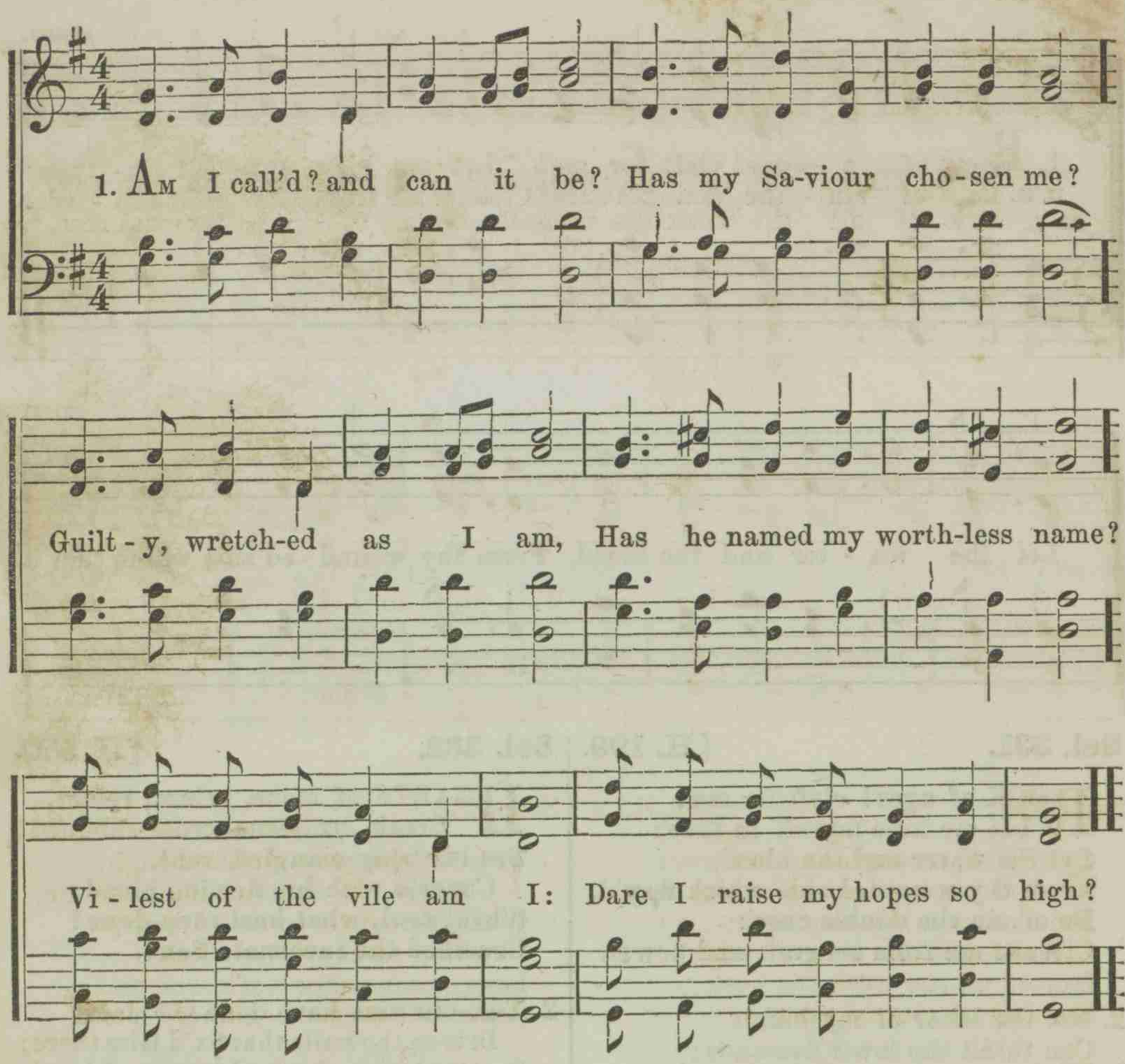
3. Will you let Him die in vain,
Still to death pursue the Lord;
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No, with all my sins I'll part,
Saviour, take my broken heart.

Doxology.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

RUNYON. 7s. 6 lines.

Arrangement contributed.



Sel. 333. [H. 166.

AM I call'd? 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 call'd? 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.

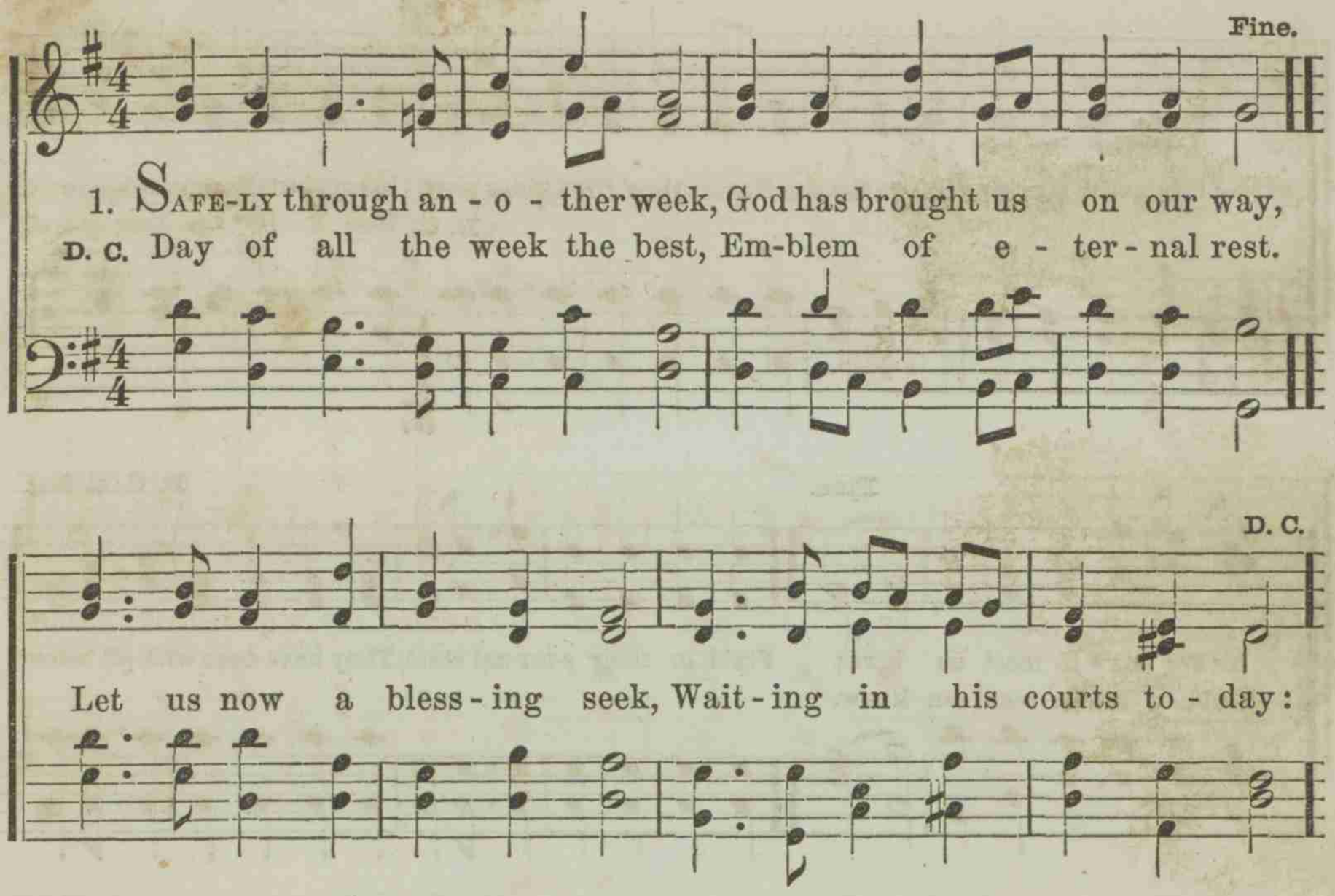
3. Am I call'd? what shall I bring,
As an offering to my King?
Poor, and blind, and naked, I
Trembling at thy footstool lie;
Naught but sin I call my own,
Nor for sin can sin atone.

4. Am I call'd? an heir of God!
Wash'd, redeem'd by precious blood!
Father, lead me in thy hand,
Guide me to that better land,
Where my soul shall be at rest,
Pillow'd on my Saviour's breast.

Sel. 334. [H. 141.

YE that in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Full of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2. Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice,
See in Him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.



Sel. 335. [H. 452.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

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're 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 for all complaints:
Such let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

Sel. 336. [H. 527.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravish'd ear!
Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

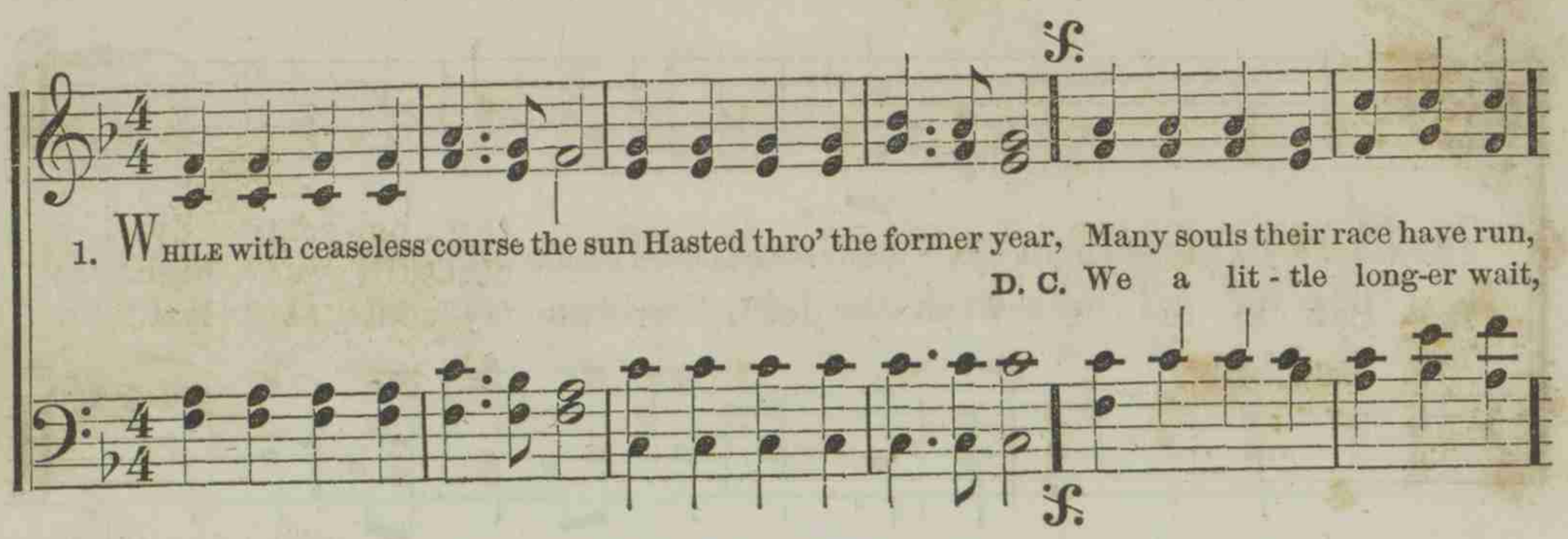
2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
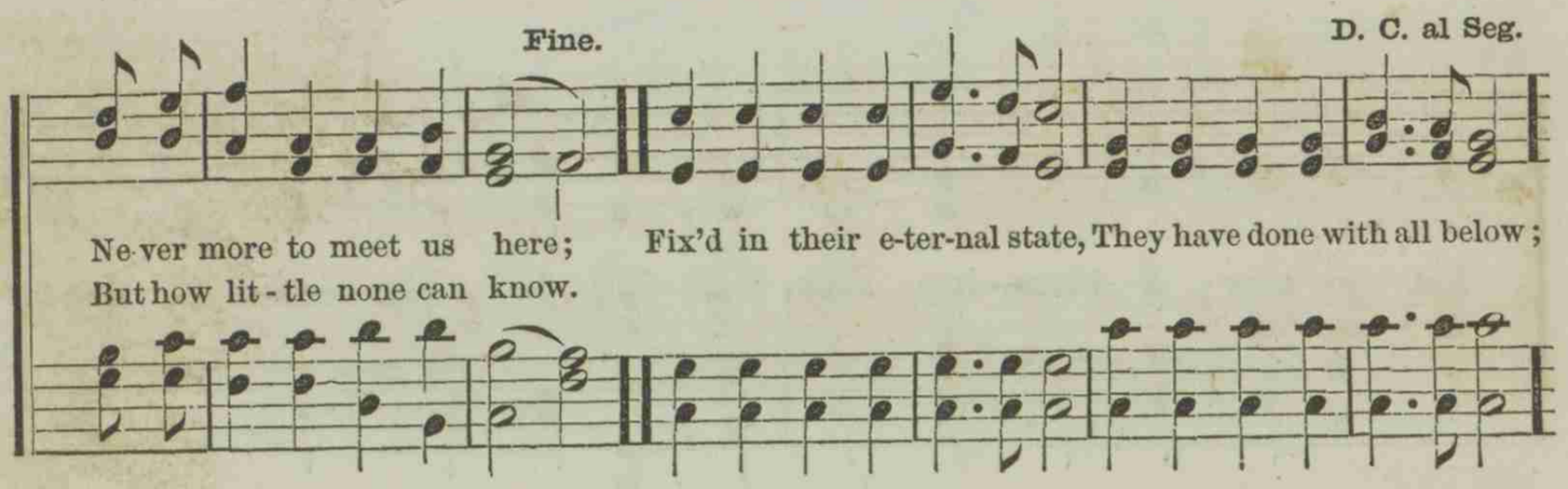
3. Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Yet again a child confess'd,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

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.

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

S. WEBBE.
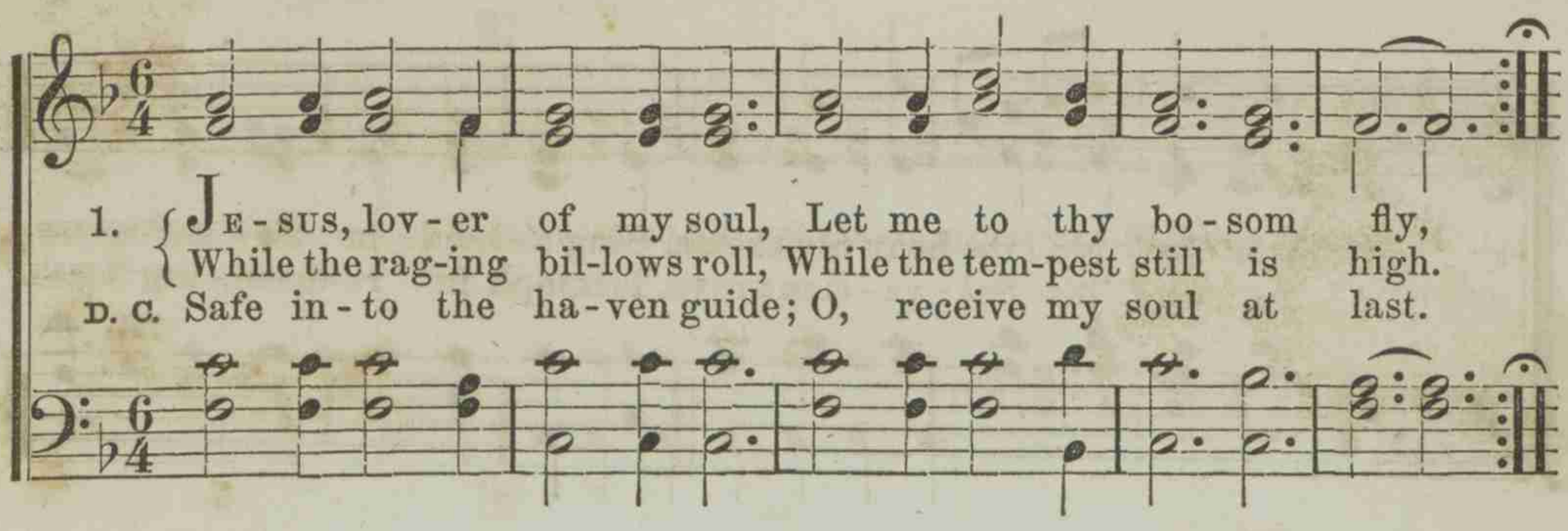




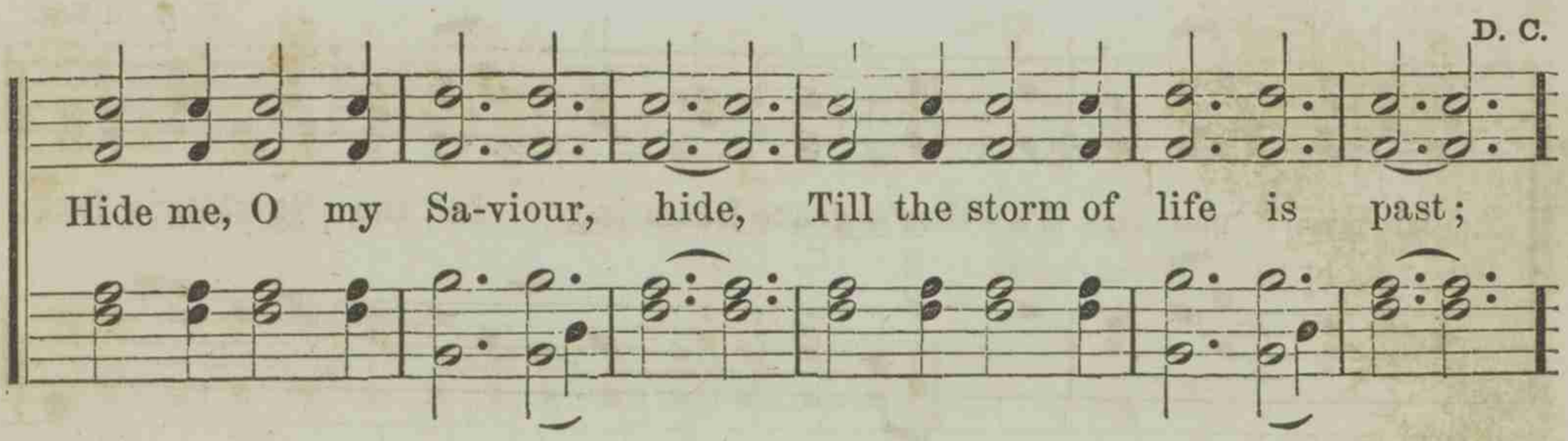
Sel. 337. [H. 589.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fix'd in their eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2. As the winged 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 young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.





Sel. 338. **[H. 359.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

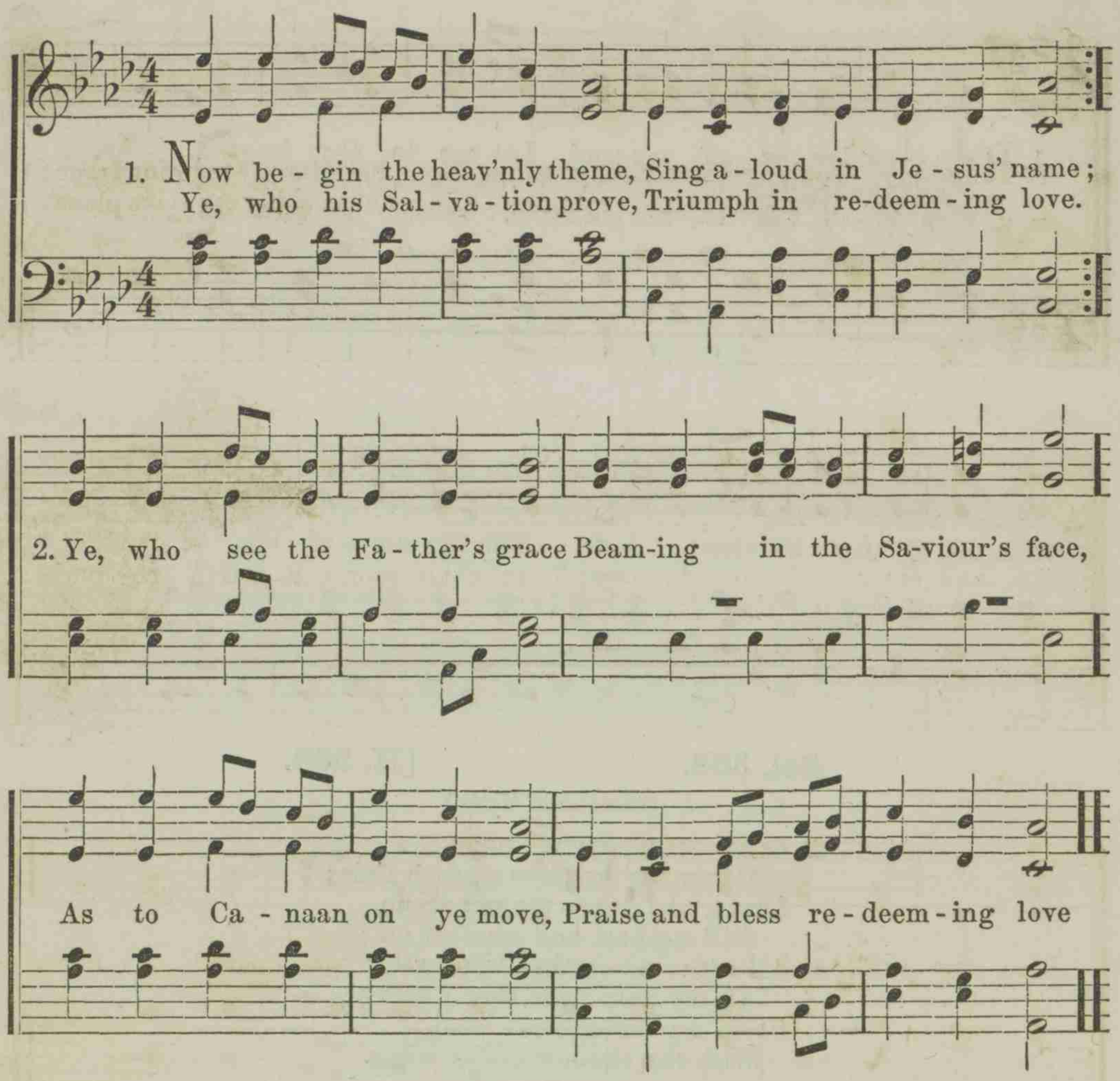
2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

130 WESLEY. 7s. Double.

From Church Melodies.
By Dr. HASTINGS.



Sel. 339. [H. 132.

(Stanzas 1, 2 in Music.)

3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4. Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5. Welcome all, by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6. When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fullness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.
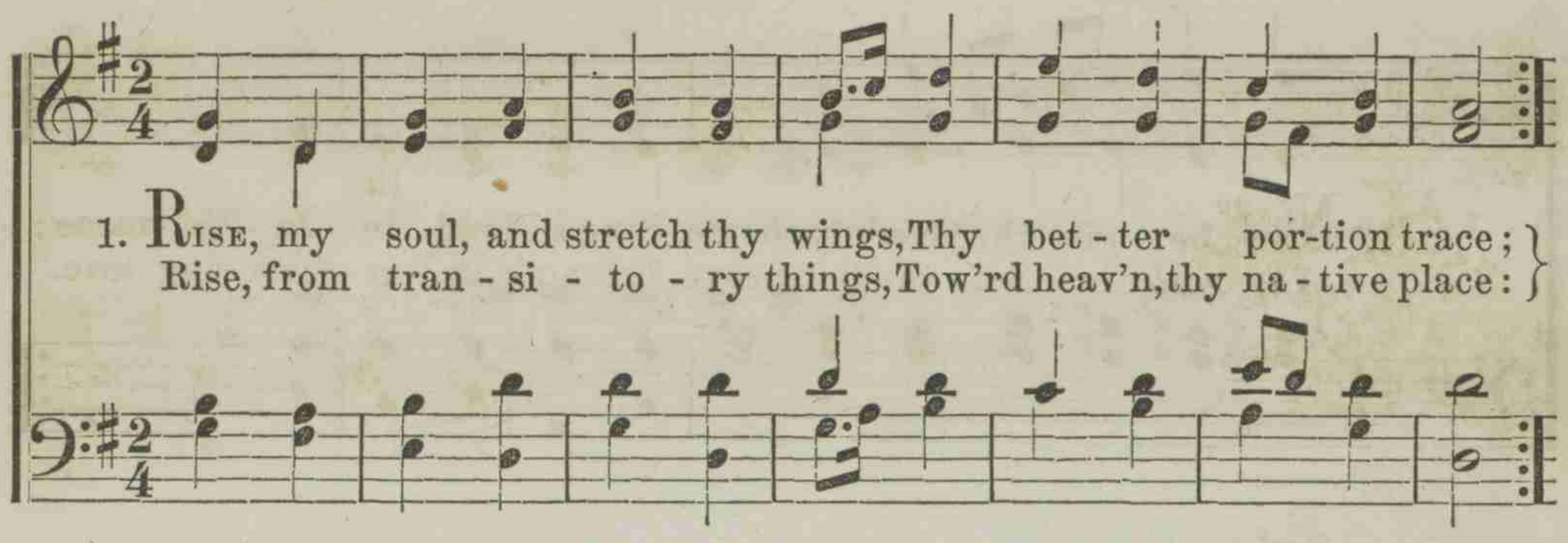
Sel. 340. [H. 339.

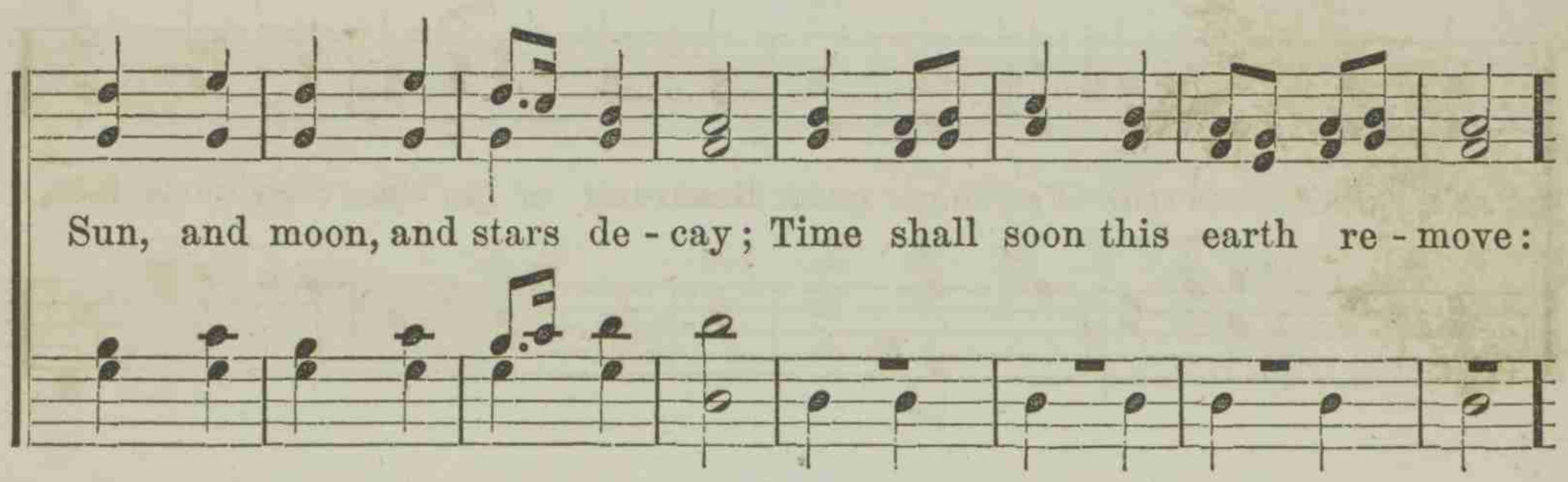
BOUNDLESS glory, Lord, be thine;
Thou hast made the darkness shine;
Thou hast sent a cheering ray;
Thou hast turn'd our night to day
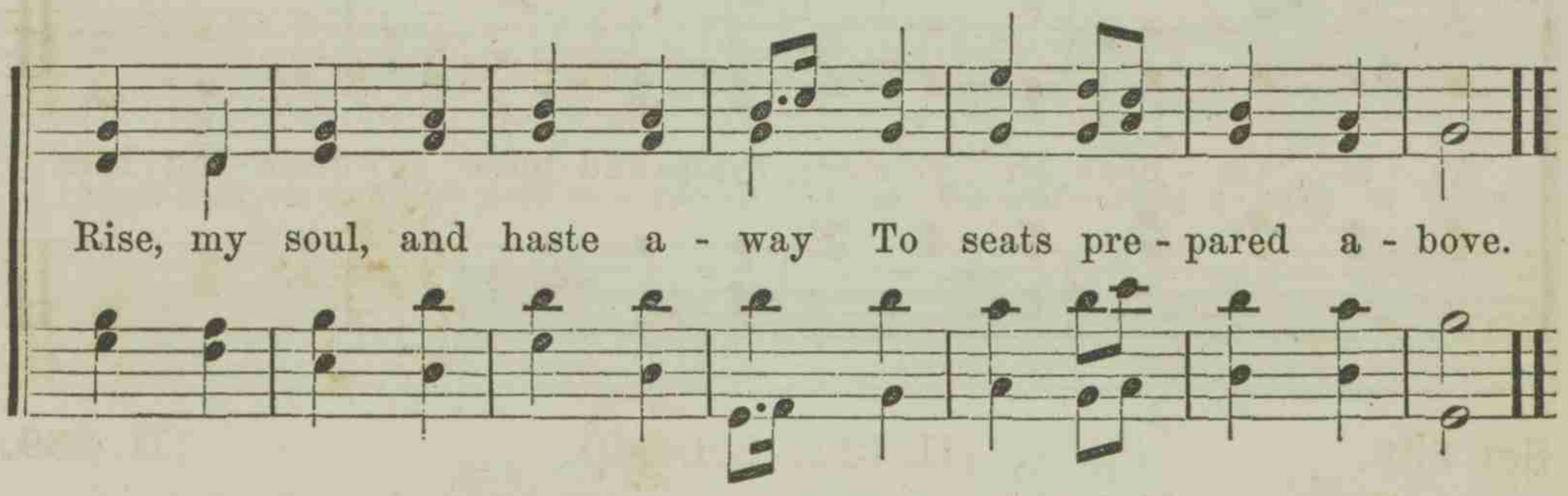
2. Darkness long involved us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound:
Then our darkness fled away,
Chased by truth's effulgent ray.

3. They art blest, and none beside,
They, who in the truth abide;
Clear the light that marks their way
Leading to eternal day.

4. Guide us, Saviour, through the road,
Till we reach the saints' abode;
Till we see thee throned above,
As thou art, the God of love.







Sel. 341. **[H. 658,**

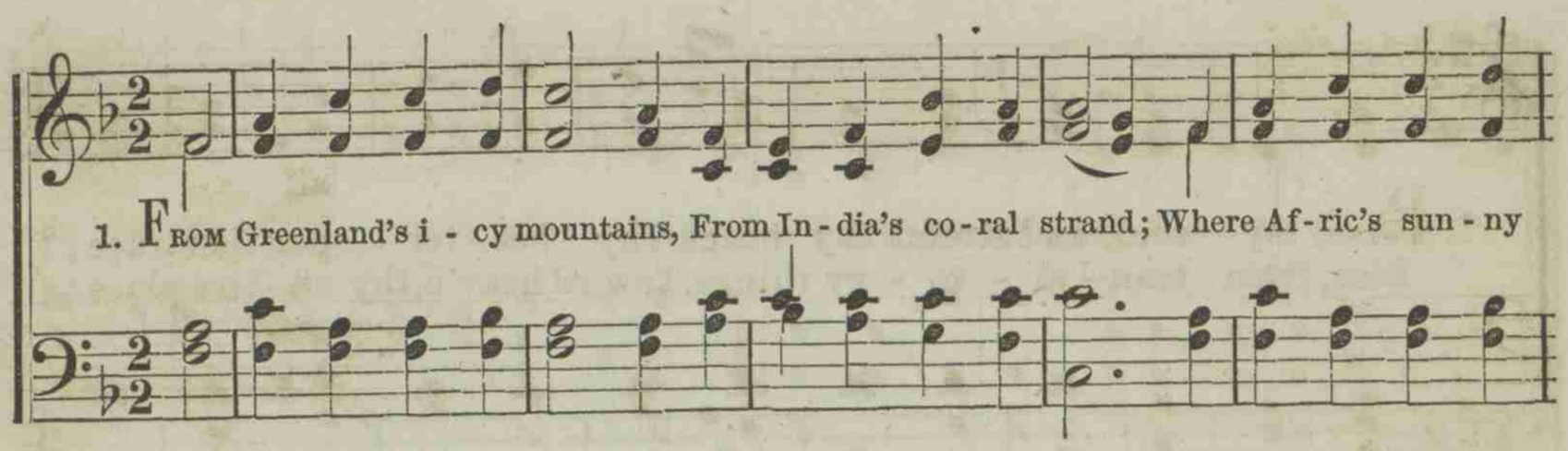
(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

Dr. L. MASON.



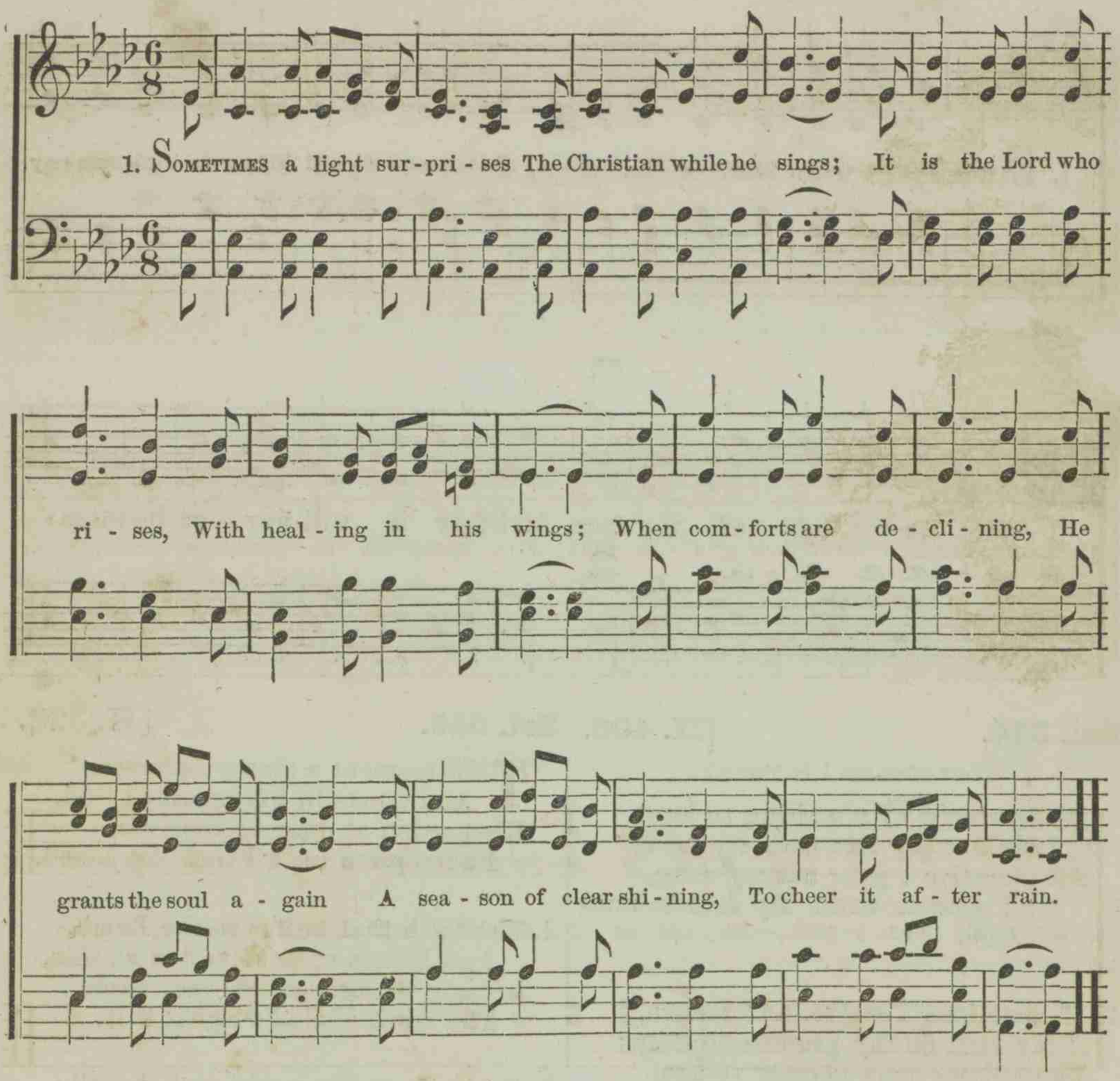
Sel. 342. [H. 562.

1. 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 souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.



Sel. 343.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises,
With healing in his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

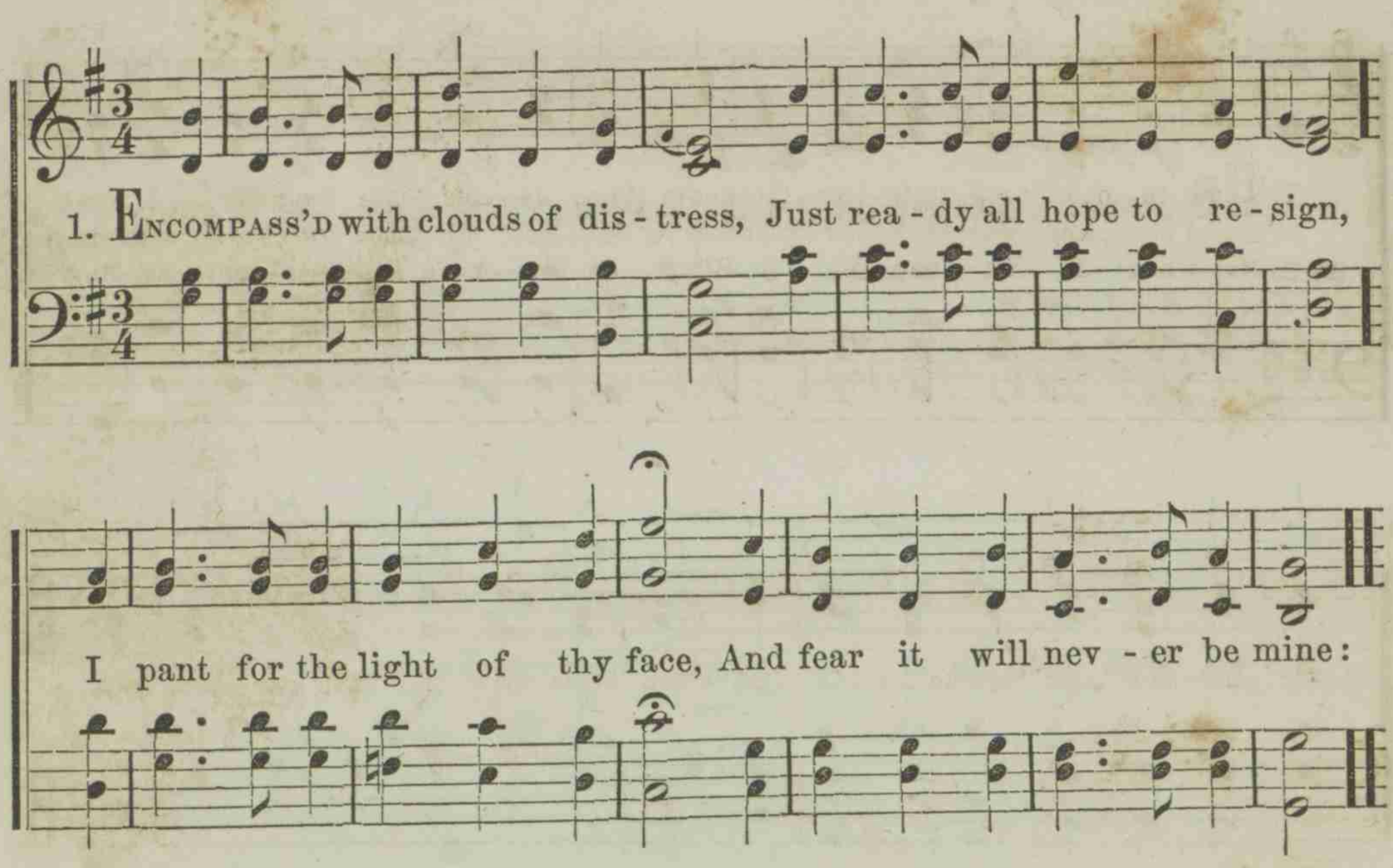
2. In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

[H. 366.

3. It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4. Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

From MEINEKE'S
Music for the Church.*



Sel. 344. [H. 408.

(Part of stanza 1 in Music.)

Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2. If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep;
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
O'erwhelm'd and cast out from thy sight,
The tempter suggests in that hour,
The Lord has forgotten me quite,
My God will be gracious no more.

3. Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I.
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower:
O gladden my desolate heart;
Let this be the day of thy power.

Sel. 345. [H. 322.

THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full thro' his blood.

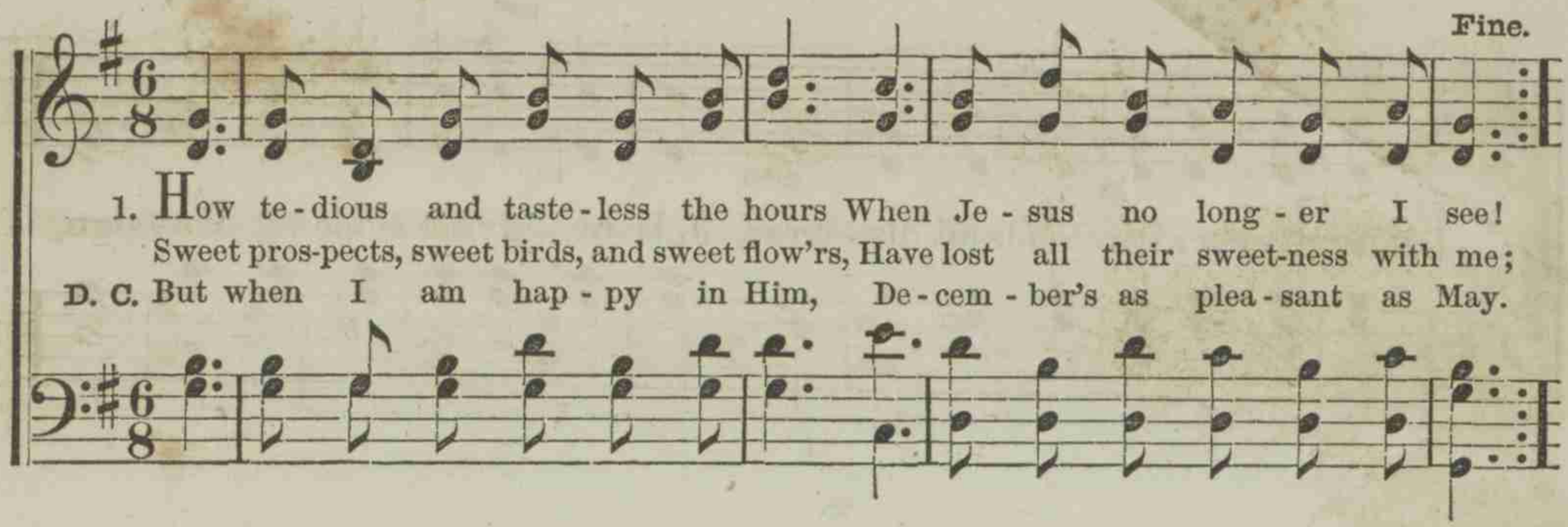
2. The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy or name,
The work of God's Spirit it is.

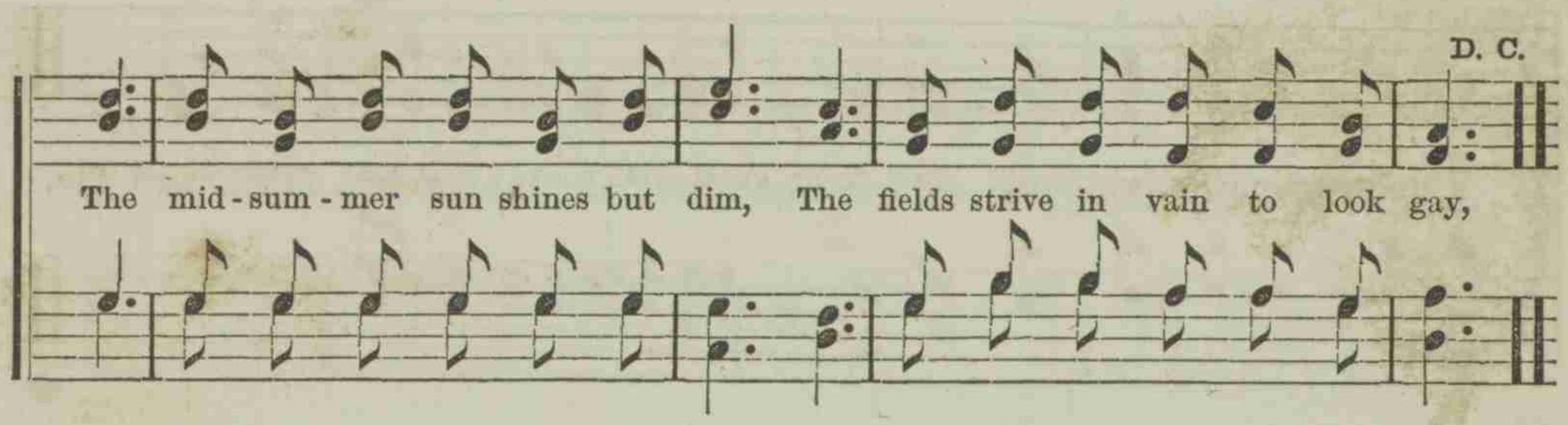
3. It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquishes death and despair;
And, what is still stranger to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer.

4. It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul:
It binds up the broken in heart,
The wounded in conscience makes whole;

5. Bids sins of a crimson-like dye,
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

* Published by Miller & Beacham, Baltimore.





Sel. 346. [H. 329.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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 resign'd,
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind.
While bless'd 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.

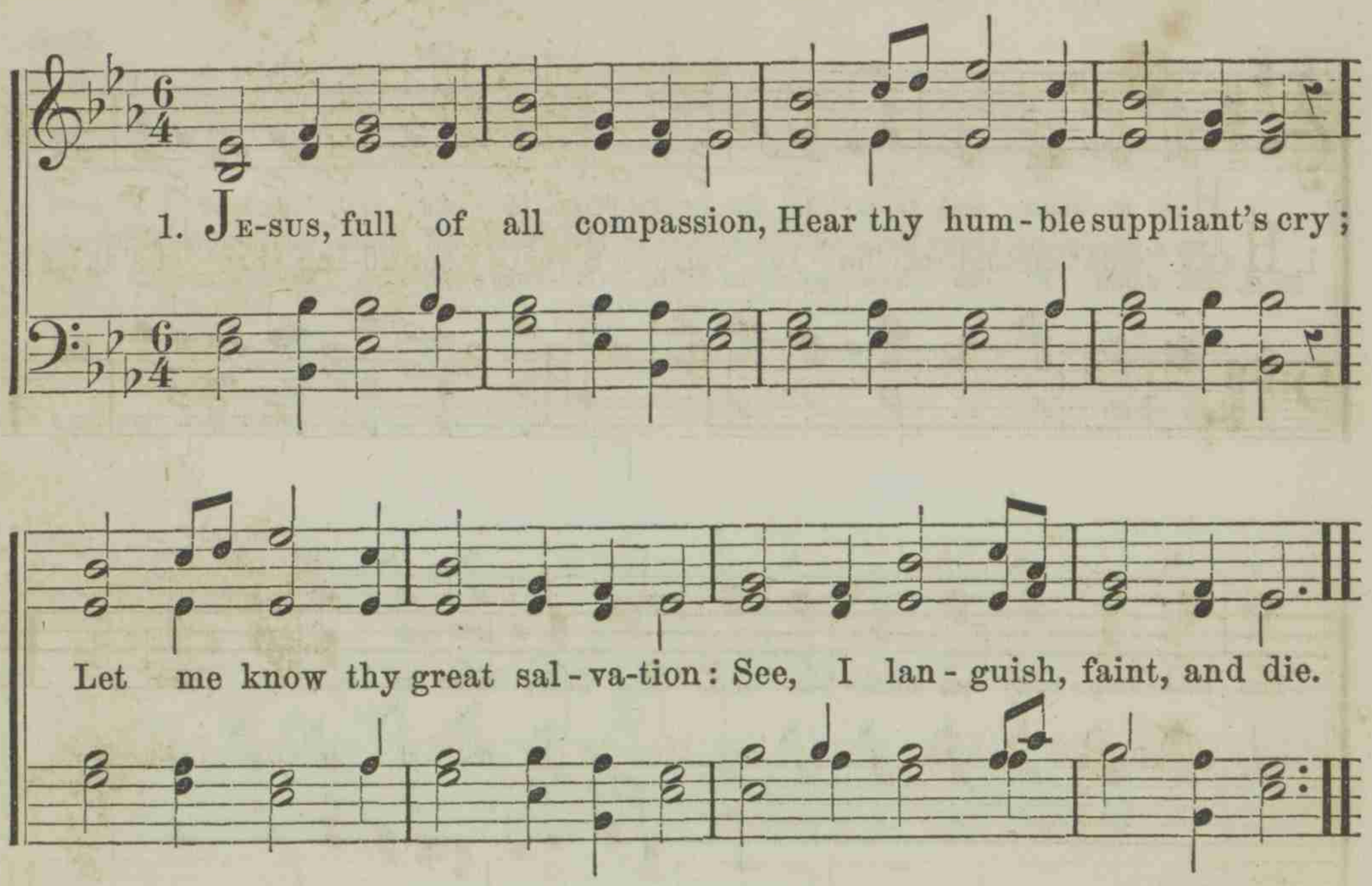
Sel. 347. [H. 659.

(Stanza 4 omitted.)

YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make Him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
While others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

2. Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,
He ransom'd from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3. O when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong.
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.



Sel. 348. [H. 63. Sel. 349. [H. 353.

JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry:
Let me know thy great salvation:
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2. Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O! send me quick relief.

3. Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

4. While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

5. With thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.

6. Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2. Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

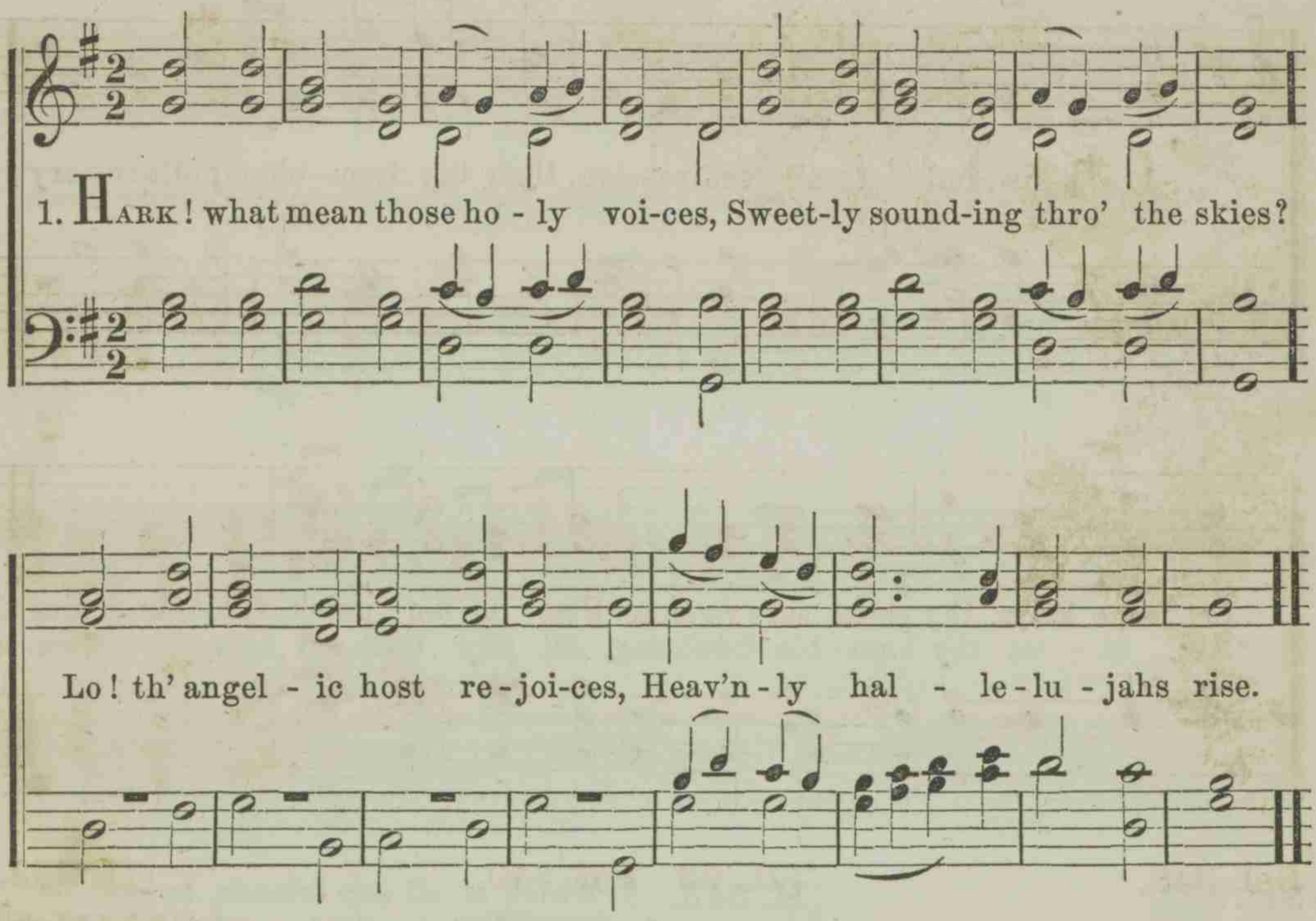
3. Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4. Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

5. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

Doxology.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.



Sel. 350. **[H. 178.**

(Stanza 1 in Music, 6 omitted.)

2. Listen to the wondrous story
Which they 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 redeem'd, 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. Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!

Sel. 351. **[H. 180.**

(Stanzas 6–8 omitted.)

LORD of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and awful praise.

2. For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wro't;

3. For thy providence, that governs
Thro' thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

4. But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who can sing that awful song?

5. Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord, who came to die.
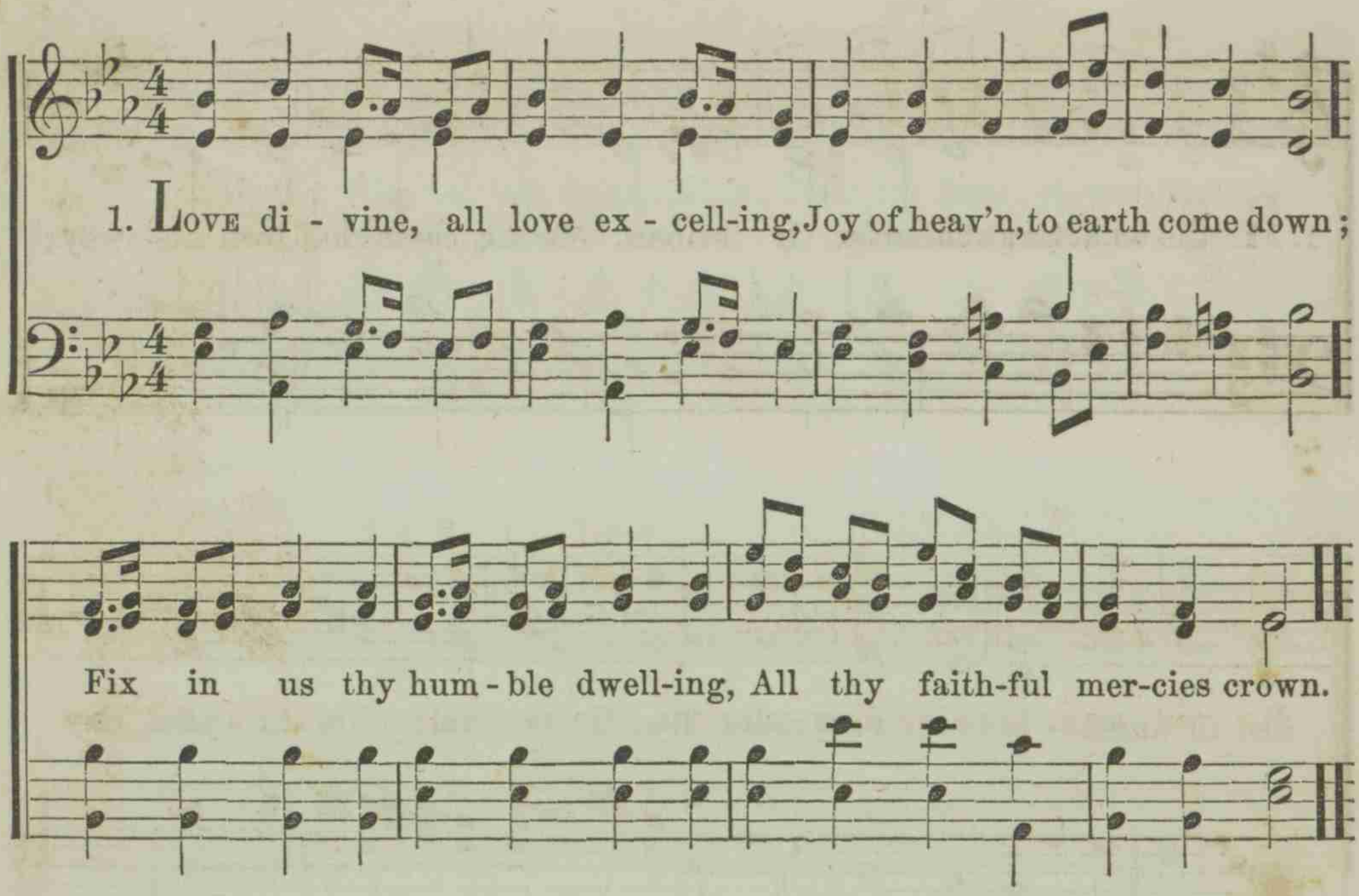
Sel. 352. **[H. 208.**

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

2. Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor,
Life is given through thy name.

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

4. All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.



Sel. 353. **[H. 345.**

(Part of Stanza 1 in Music, Stanza 4 omitted.)

Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3. Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us now thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

Sel. 354. **[H. 201.**

ONE there is, above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2. Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

3. When He lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.
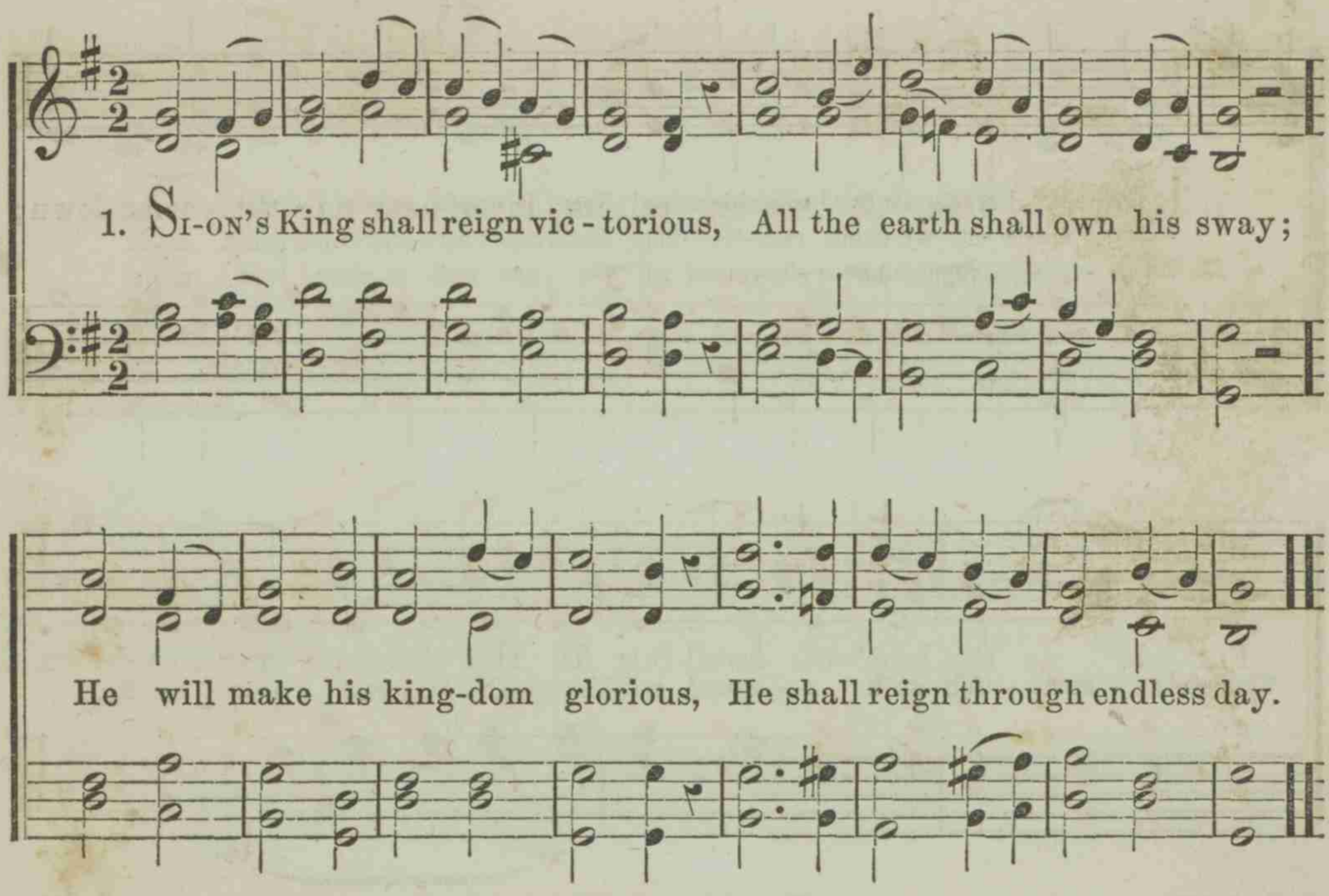
4. O for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above.

Sel. 355. **[H. 253.**

JESUS hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts 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.



Sel. 356. [H. 548.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Nations, now from God estrangéd,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changéd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

3. See the ancient idols falling,
Worshipp'd once, but now abhorr'd;
Men on Sion's King are calling,
Sion's King, by all adored.

4. Then shall Israel, long disperséd,
Mourning seek their Lord and God,
Look on Him whom once they piercéd,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.

5. Then shall Israel all be savéd,
War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquer'd world in peace.

6. Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign!

7. Angels in their lofty station,
Praise thy name, thou only wise;
O let earth, with emulation,
Join the triumph of the skies.

Sel. 357. [H. 494.

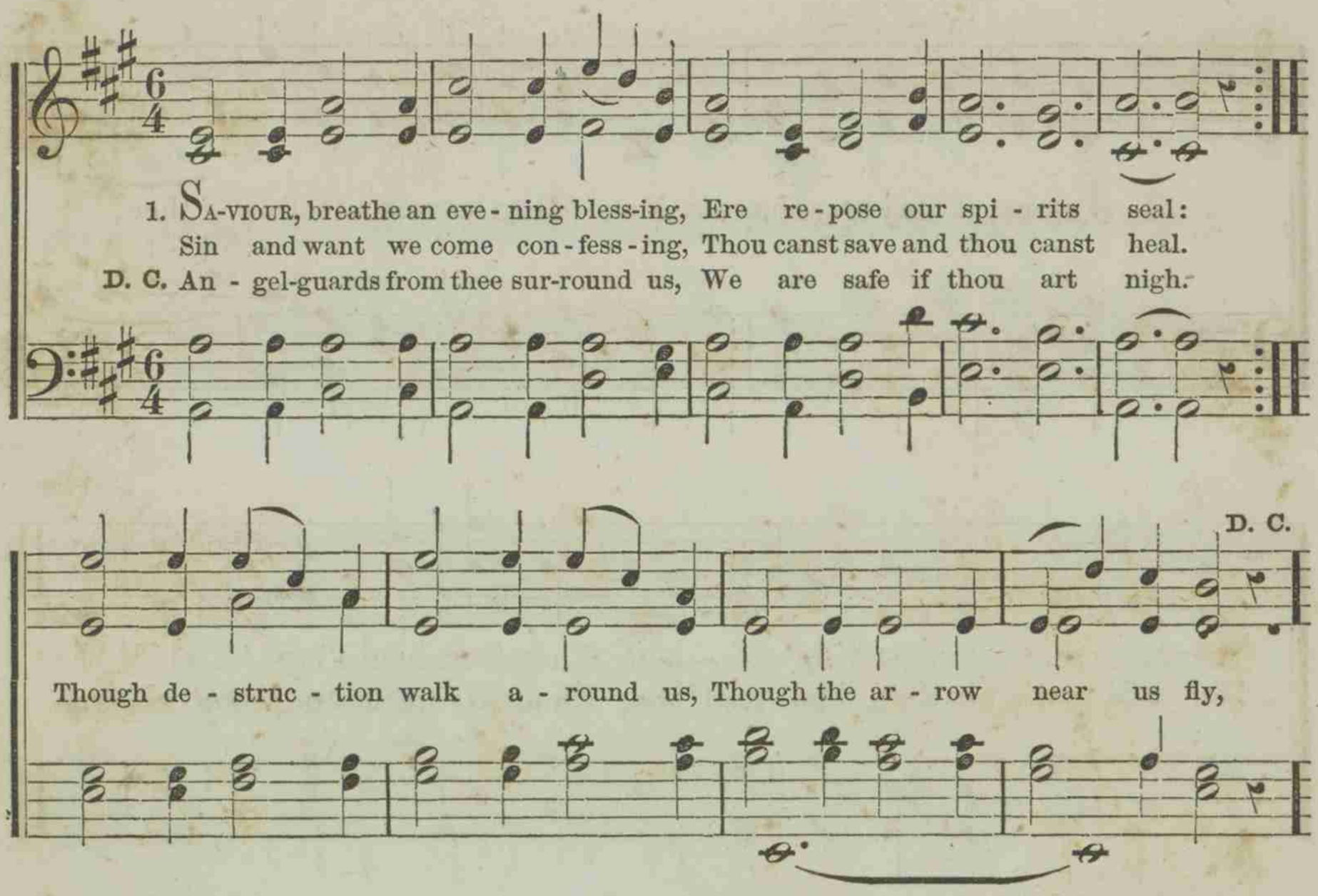
GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2. See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them, when they pray.

* Published by Miller & Beacham, Baltimore.

140 ABERDEEN. 8s & 7s. Double.



Sel. 358. [H. 444.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal:
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Doxology.
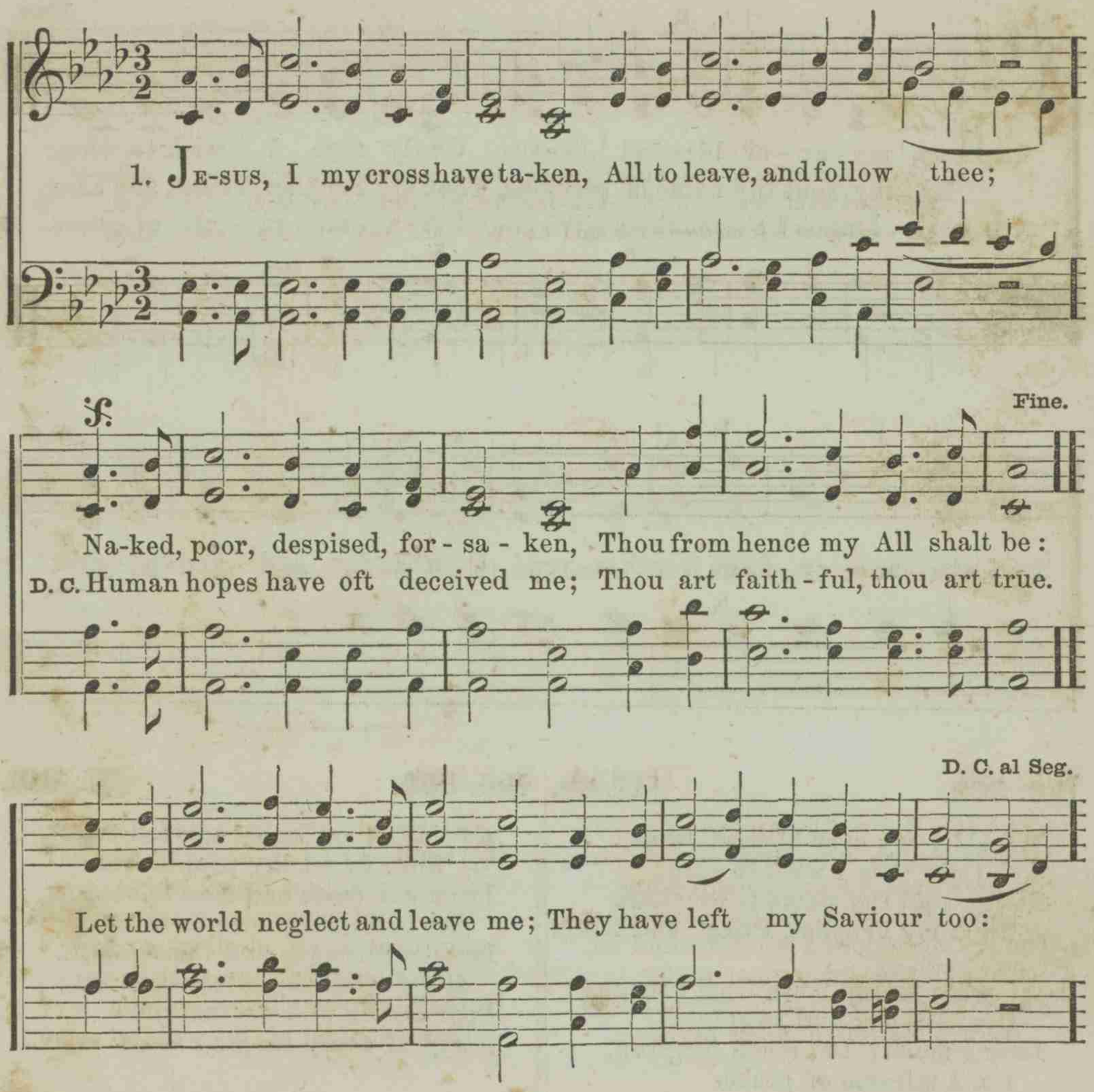
MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Sel. 359. [H. 410.

SAVIOUR, hast thou fled for ever
From my tempest-riven breast?
Will thy gracious Spirit never
Come and cheer and make me blest?
Long, dear Lord, in silent sorrow,
I have sigh'd to taste thy love;
Hoping, on some sweet to-morrow,
Thou wouldst all my guilt remove.

2. Peace, my soul, the Saviour hears thee,
He will chase thy fears away;
'Tis his gracious presence cheers thee,
Turning darkness into day.
Precious Saviour, have I found thee?
Wilt thou then my portion be?
Spread thy sheltering arm around me,
Let me lean alone on thee.

3. Through this world, so dark and dreary,
Be my constant friend and guide;
Hungry, thirsty, faint and weary,
Keep me ever near thy side.
Blessed be his name for ever,
For his pardoning grace to me;
Sinners, doubt his promise never,
Jesus' love is full and free.



Sel. 360. [H. 286.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be:
Let the world neglect and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hopes have oft deceived me;
Thou art faithful, thou art true.

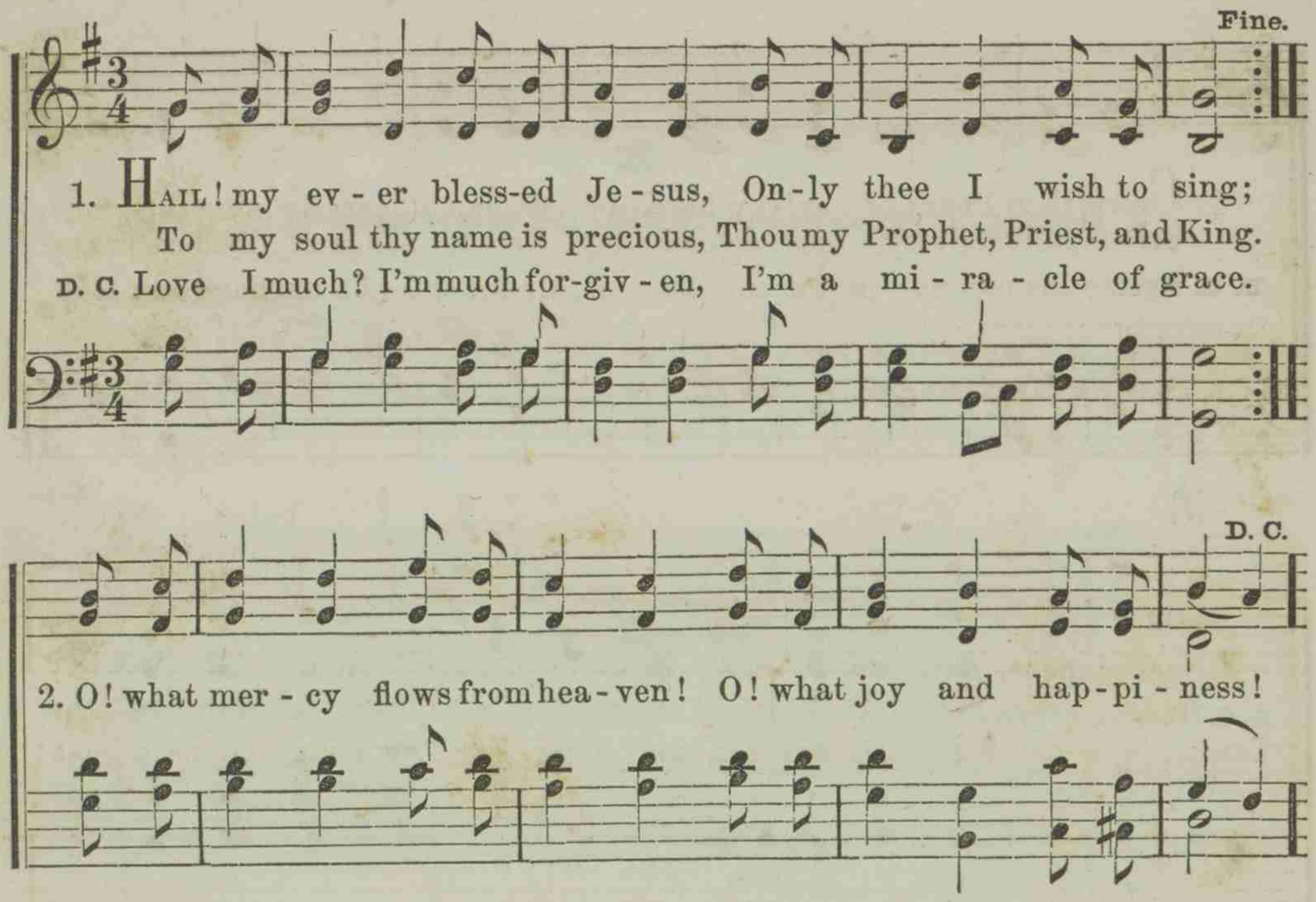
2. Perish earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain:
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain:
O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see;
O! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

Sel. 361. [H. 405.

GENTLY, Lord, O! gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2. In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

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Sel. 362. [H. 83.

HAIL! my ever-blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

2. O! what mercy flows from heaven!
O! what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3. Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.

4. Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5. Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst astonish'd I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

6. That blest moment I received Him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

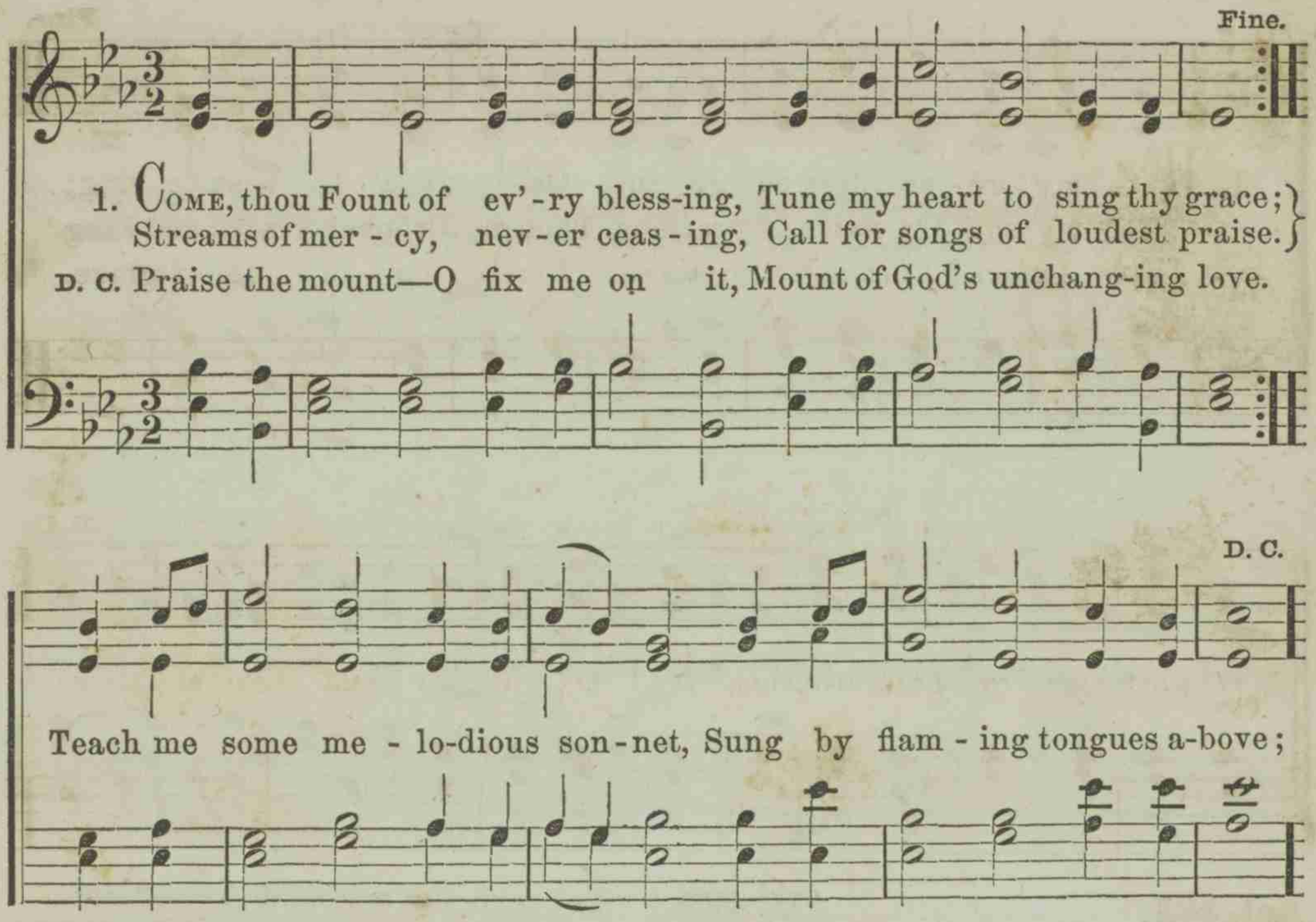
Sel. 363. [H. 189.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of 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 for ever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Doxology.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.
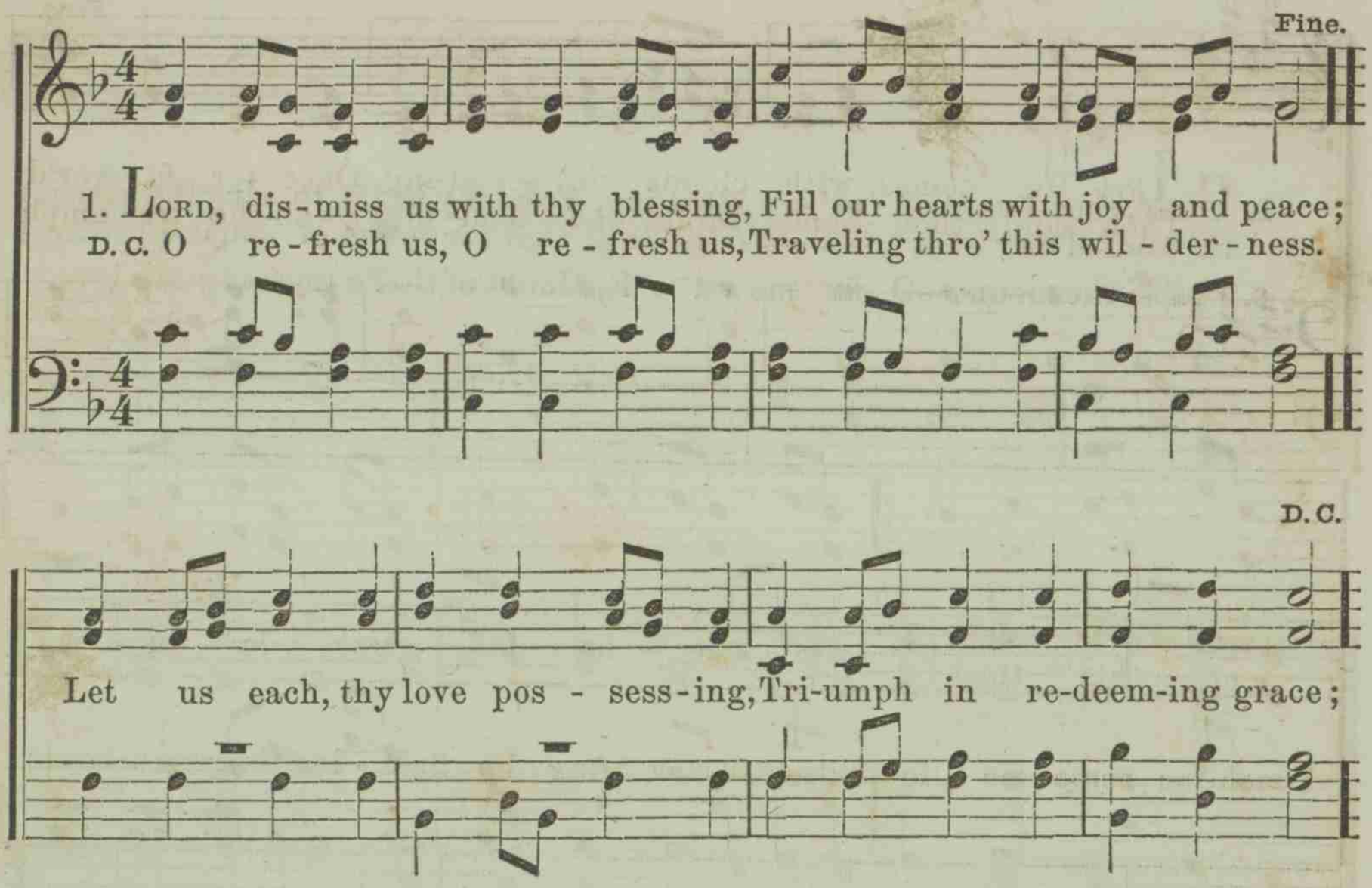


Sel. 364. **[H. 375.**

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O! fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

3. O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.



Sel. 365. [H. 479.

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

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

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

Sel. 366. [H. 575.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2. Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us, &c.

3. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers,
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us, &c.
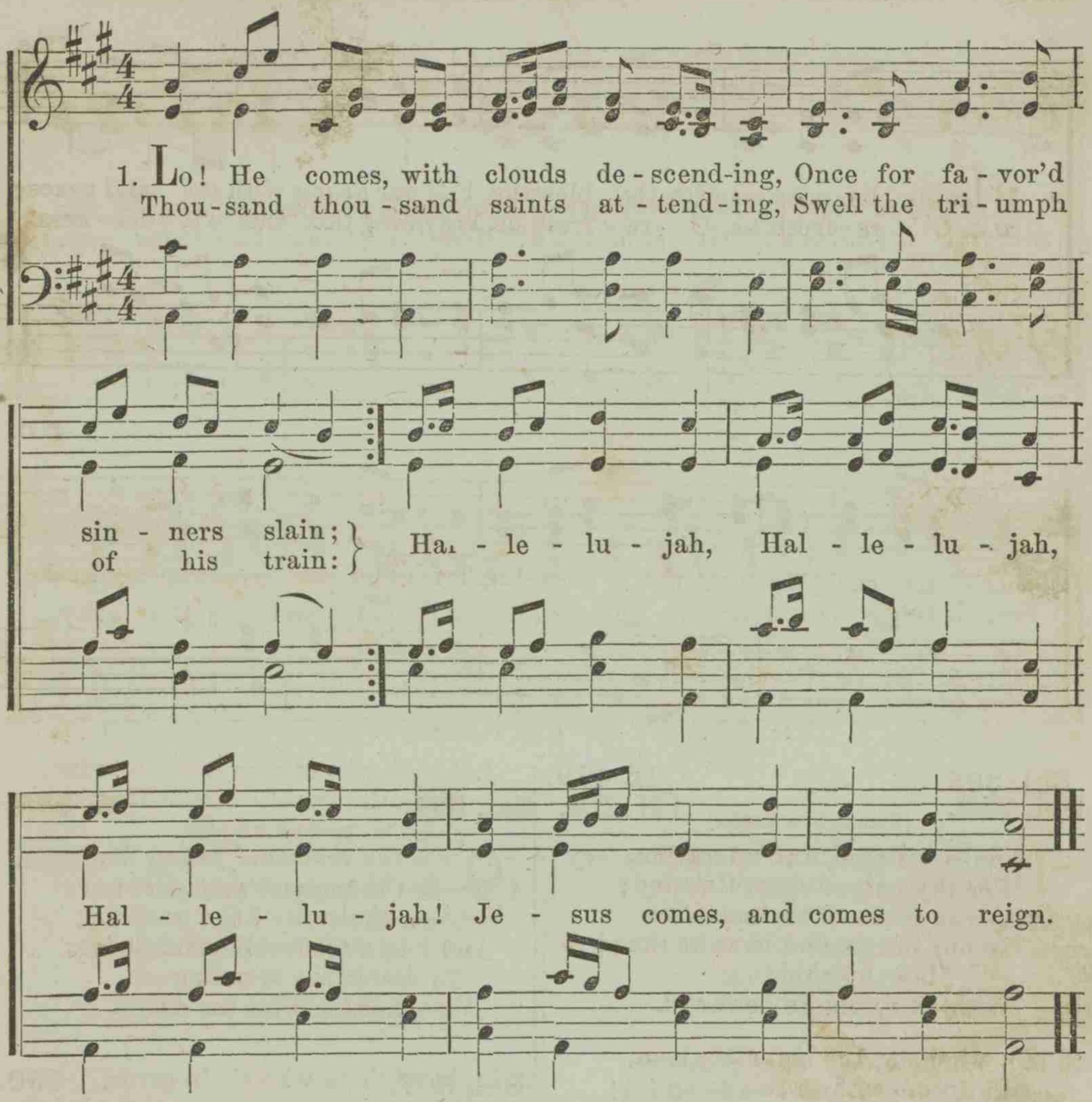
4. Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us, &c.

Sel. 367. [H. 556.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2. Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3. Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply, and still increase!
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.



Sel. 368. [H. 654.

(Stanza 1 in Music, 3 omitted.)

2. Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

4. Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

5. Mighty King, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

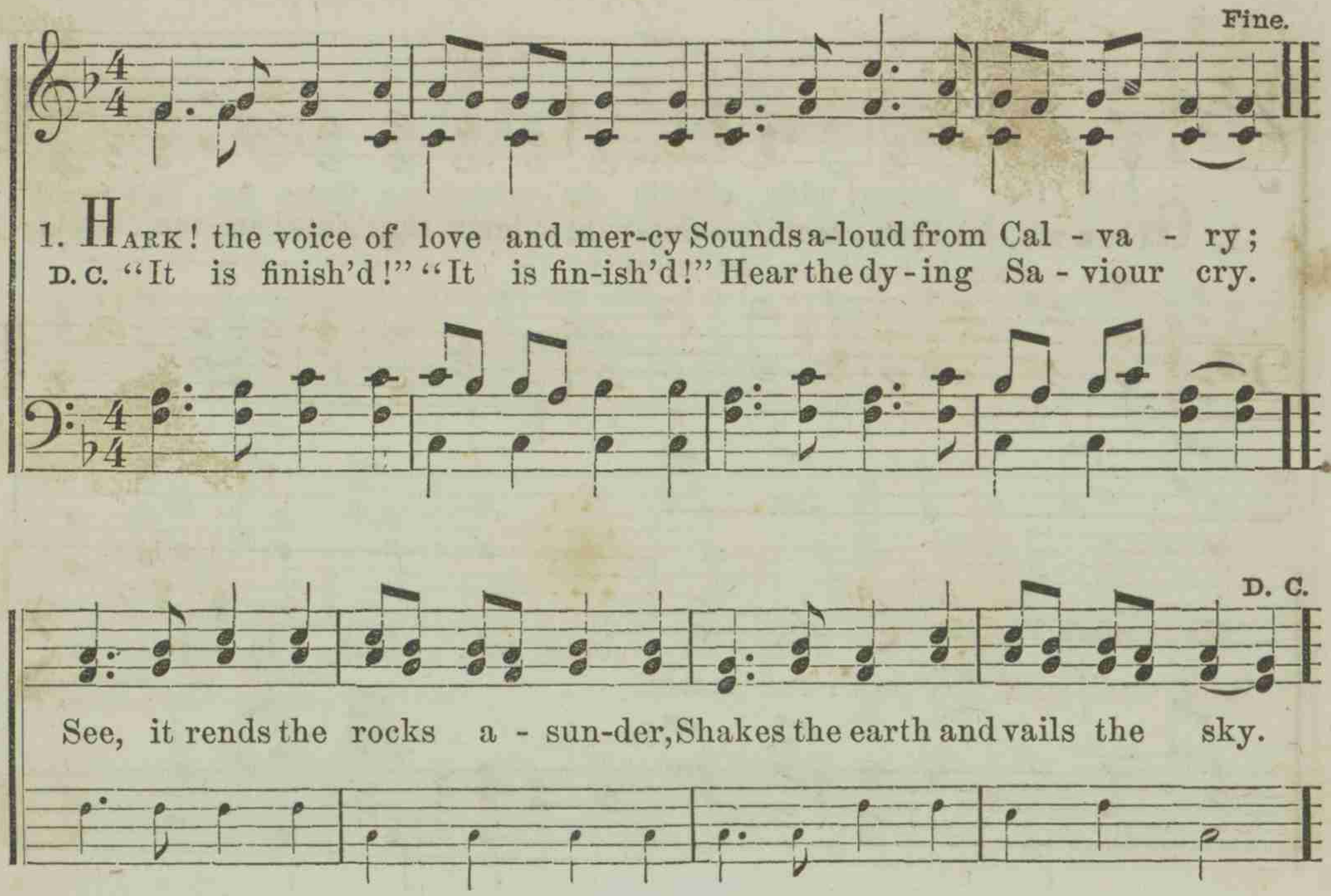
Sel. 369. [H. 542

(Stanzas 2, 4, 5 omitted.)

CHRISTIAN, see, the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! the expected day is dawning,
Glorious Day-Spring from on high:
Hallelujah!
Hail, the Day-Spring from on high.

3. Sion's Sun, salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills;
Rise and shine, till, brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills:
Hallelujah!
Hail, the Day-Spring from on high.

6. Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul:
Hallelujah!
Hail, the Day-Spring from on high.



Sel. 370. [H. 101. Sel. 371. [H. 573.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and vails the sky.
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2. It is finish'd—O! what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

3. Finish'd—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finish'd!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

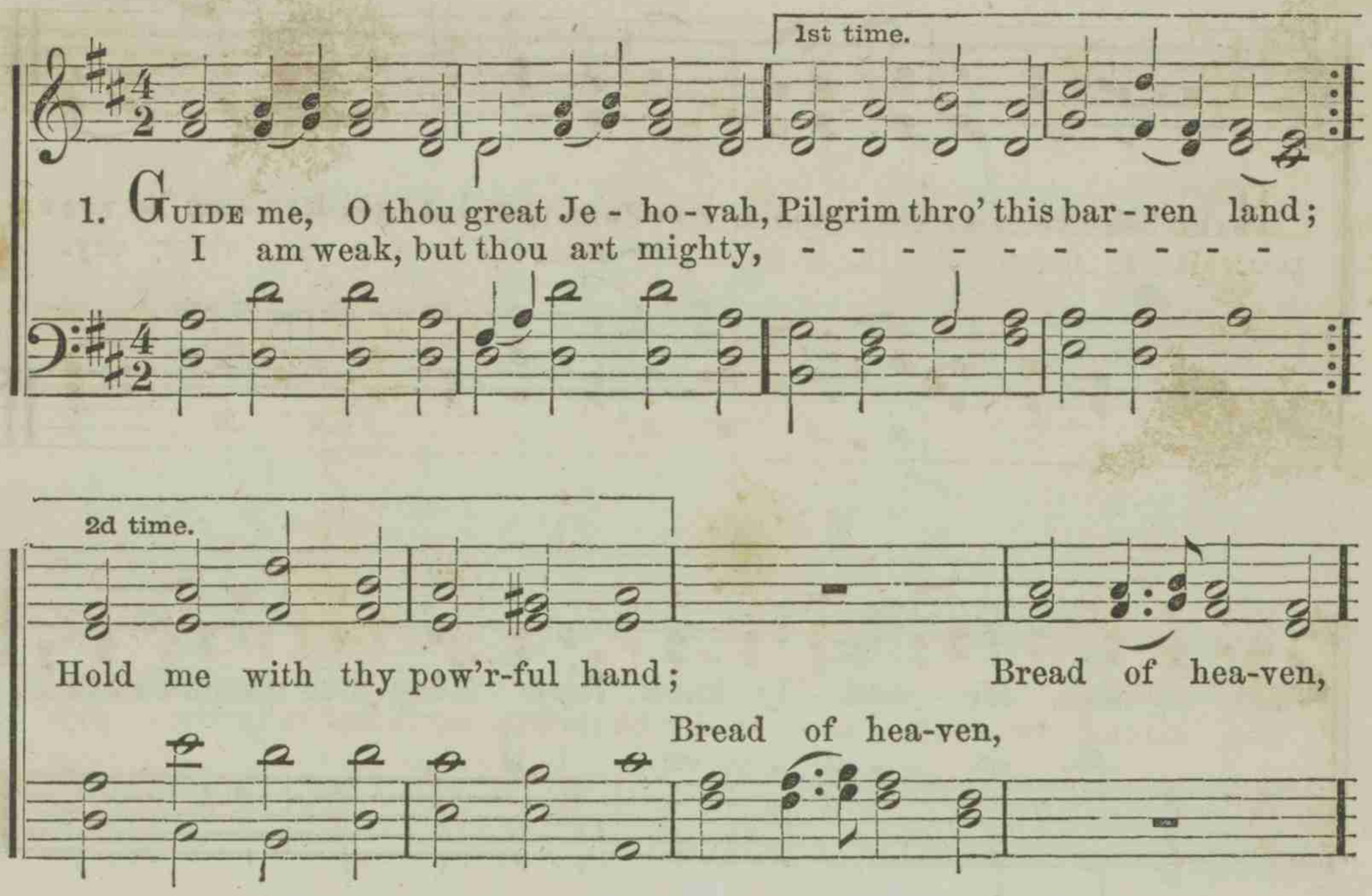
4. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2. Light of them who sit in error,
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light, to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing.
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3. Let the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before Him,
Serve the living God alone.
Let thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

4. Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command,
Let the company of heralds
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord, be with them,
Always, till time's latest end.



Sel. 372. **[H. 220.**

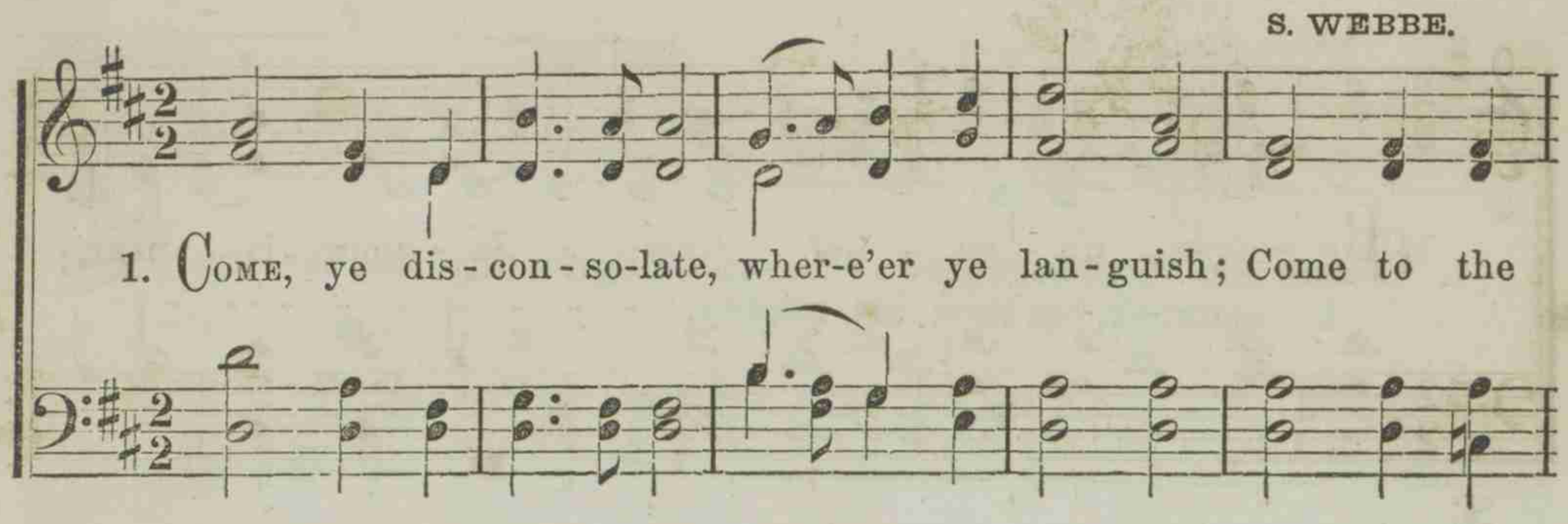
GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

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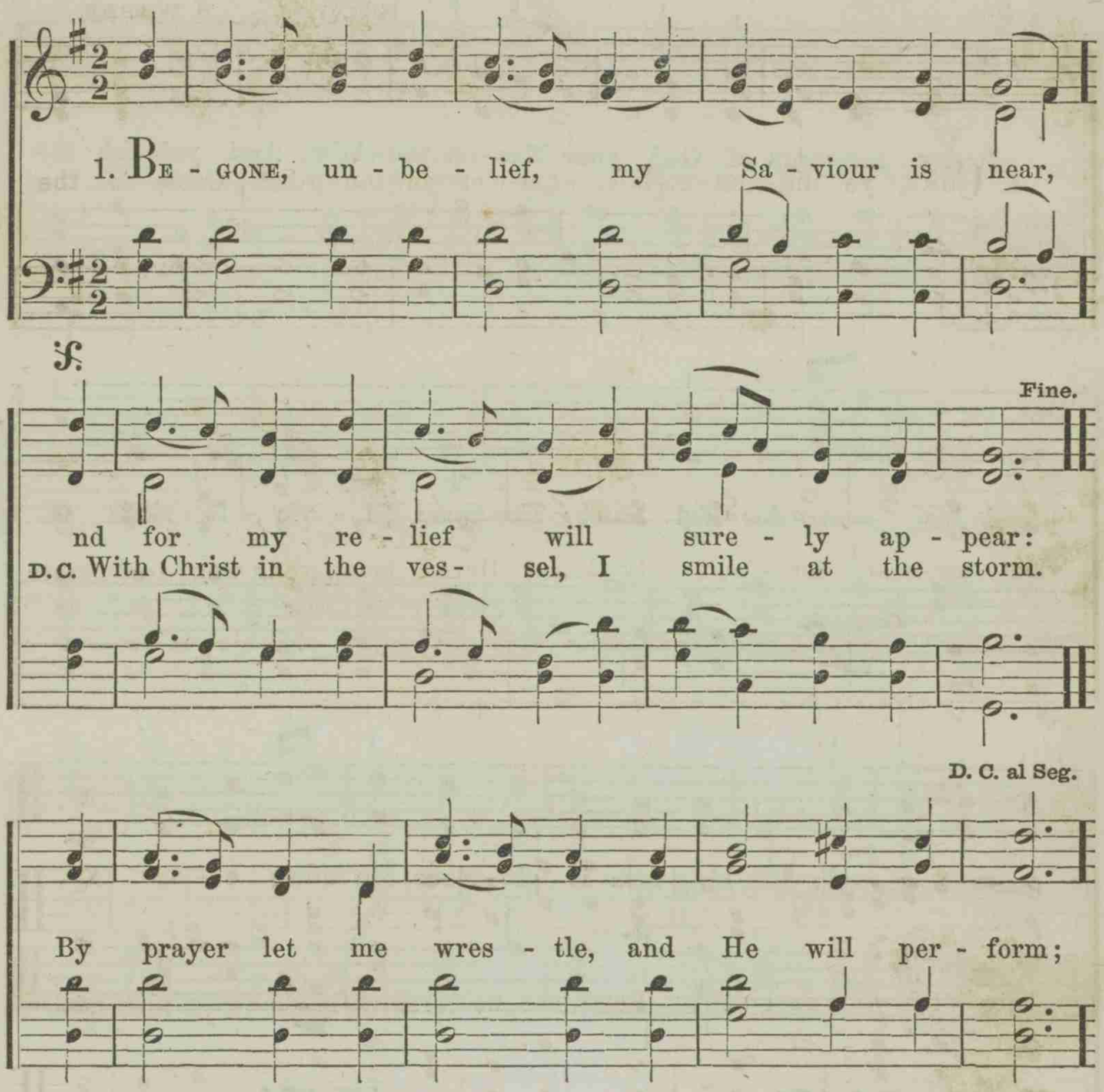


Sel. 373. **[H. 411.**

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2. Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.



Sel. 374. **[H. 323.**

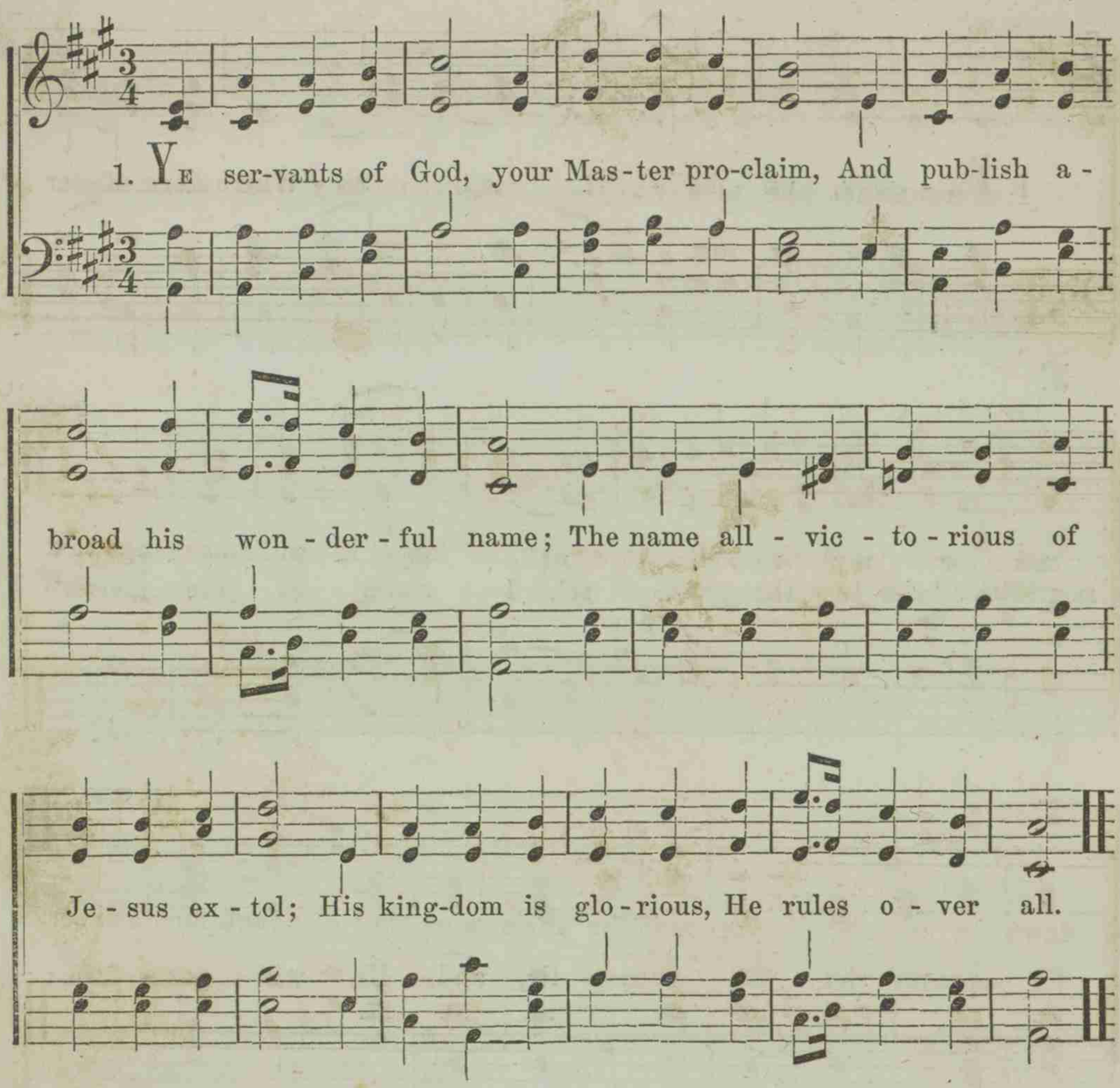
(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.

3. His love, in times past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4. Why should I complain of want and distress,
Temptation and pain? He told me no less.
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5. Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food:
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song.



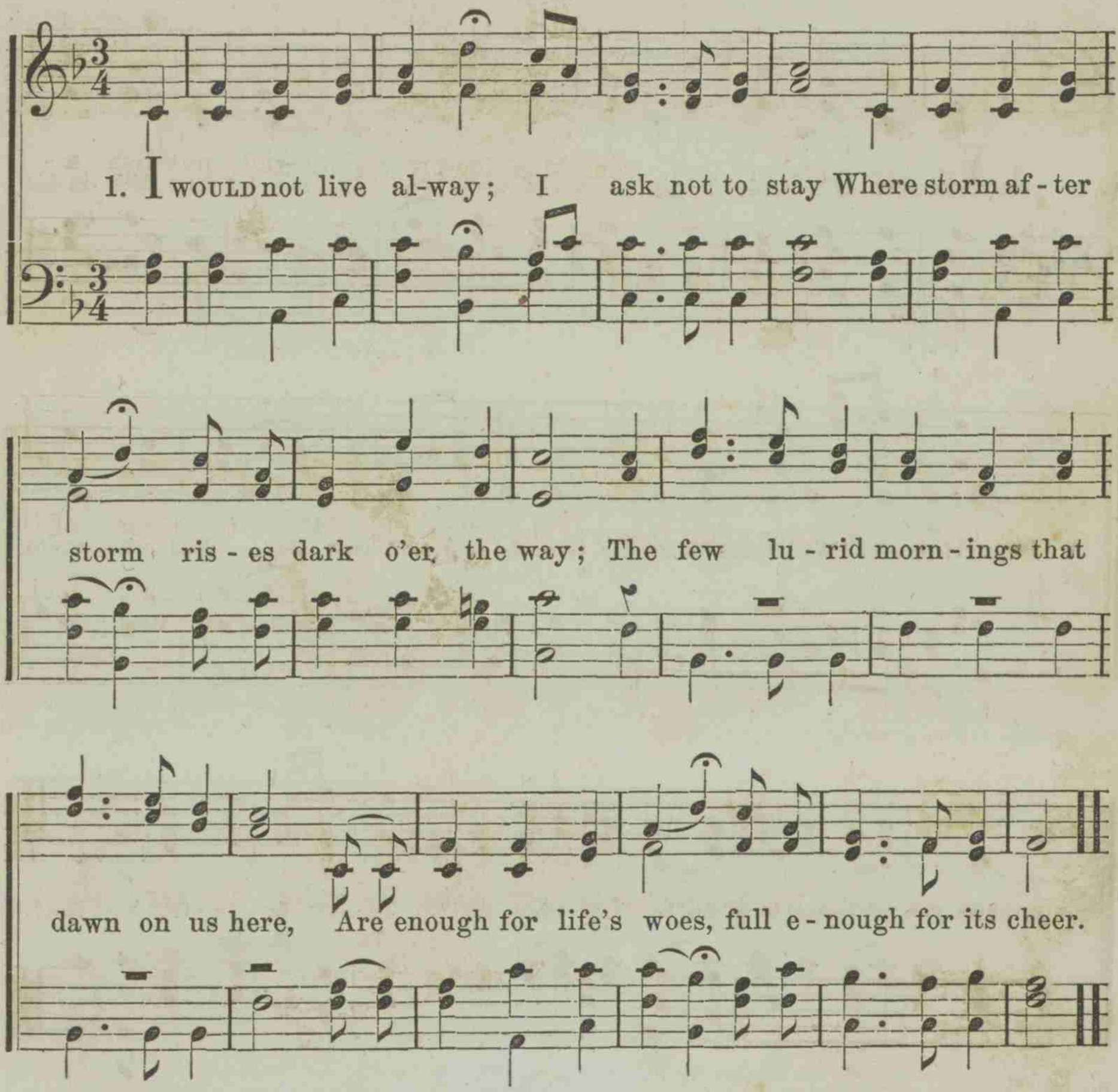
Sel. 375. [H. 374.

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.



Sel. 376. [H. 627.

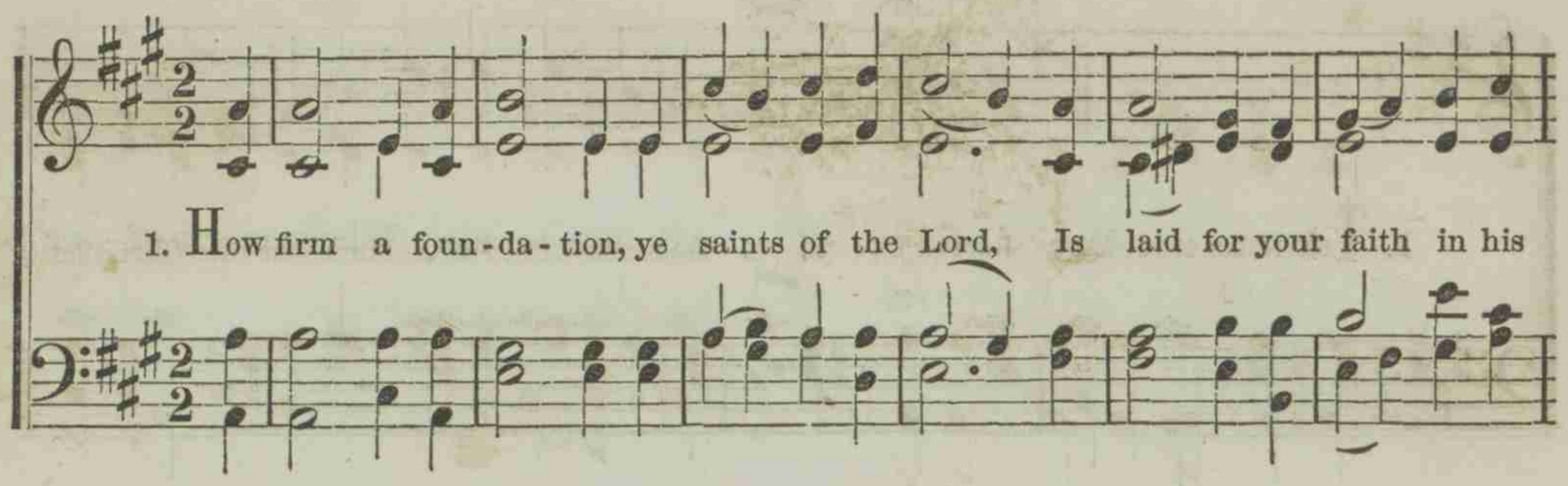
(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3. I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4. Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.



Sel. 377. [H. 38.

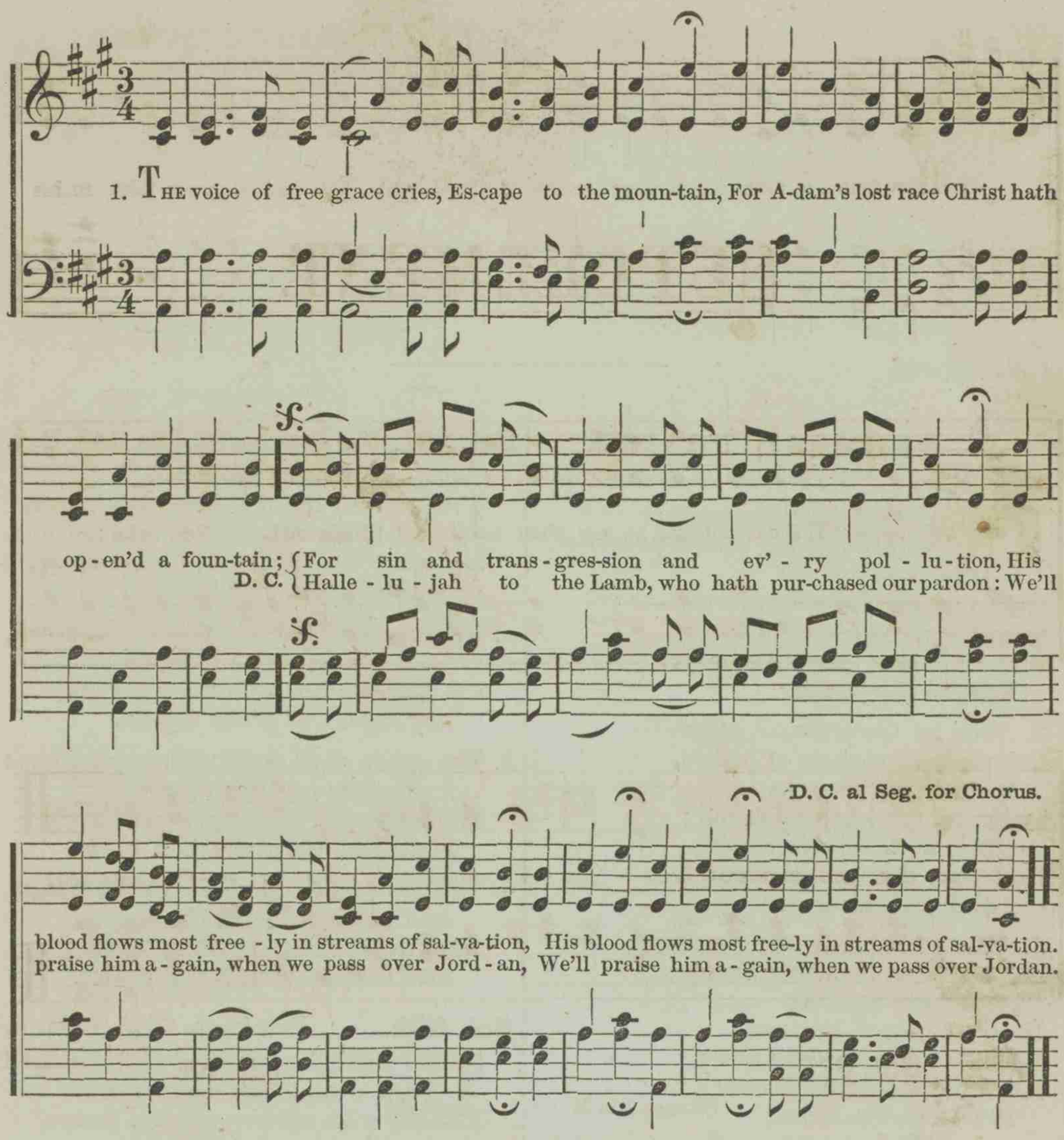
(Stanza 1 in Music, 5, 6 omitted.)

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 dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still 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.

7. "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no *never*, no *never forsake!*"



Sel. 378. **[H. 569.**

(Stanza 1 in Music.)

2. Now glory to God in the highest is given,
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven:
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3. O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4. When on Sion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore;
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing Hallelujah for ever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

SUPPLEMENT.

I.—GENERAL PRAISE.

Sel. 379. *Italian Hymn*, p. 117.

PRAISE we Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim,
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2. Now let the trumpet raise
Triumphant sounds of praise,
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Fill'd with his name.

3. While his high praise we sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose:
Praise we the Lord.

Sel. 380. *Creation*, p. 106.

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal King.

2. He shall assaulting foes repel,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob his delight.

3. God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.

4. Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him who all the world commands;
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

Sel. 381. *Wareham*, p. 83. [Ps. 145, P. 2.

(Stanzas 5, 6 omitted.)

LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2. Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3. Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4. Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

Sel. 382. *Dundee*, p. 61. [H. 5.

THE Lord, how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand!

2. Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe:
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3. A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them, if He please!

4. Adoring angels round Him fall,
In all their shining forms; [all,
His sovereign eye looks through them
And pities mortal worms.

5. His bowels to our worthless race,
In sweet compassion move;
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love!

Sel. 383. *Bethlehem*, p.48. [Ps.150, P.1.

IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace He there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2. Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3. All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise Him best.

Sel. 384. *Devizes*, p. 59.

BLESS ye the Lord, in solemn rite,
With pure devotion's flame;
Praise ye the Lord with songs by night,
By day rehearse his name.

2. Lift up your hands amid the place
Where God reveals his love,
And seals the trophies of his grace
For brighter realms above.

3. From Zion, from his holy hill,
The Lord our Maker send
The saving knowledge of his will,
To earth's remotest end.

Sel. 385. *Appleton*, p. 10.

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

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

3. The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his;
'Tis moved by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.

4. O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

Sel. 386. *Heber*, p. 65. [Ps. 89, P. 3.

(Stanza 5 omitted.)

WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands devoutly hear,
And tremble at his word.

2. How terrible thy glories rise!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth compared with thine!

3. The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4. Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

6. Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace!
While truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

Sel. 387. *Newcourt*, p. 107. [Ps. 19, P. 4.

GREAT God, the heavens' well-order'd frame
Declare the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power and skill divine.

2. From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read:
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3. Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom dress'd,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4. Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his Maker, God;
All nature joins to show thy praise:
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines;
But fairer is the book of grace.

Sel. 388. *Mendon*, p. 24.

LO, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

2. Lo, God is here! Him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

3. Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

Sel. 389. *Thatcher*, p. 102. [Ps. 8, P. 1.

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 darksome skies:

3. When I survey the stars,
In 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 he is placed,
And lord of all below.

5. Thine honors crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

6. How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

Sel. 390. *Dedham*, p. 58.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above:
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that "God is love."

2. This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
To show that "God is love."

3. Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them—"God is love."

4. O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

Sel. 391. *German Hymn*, p. 119.

HOLY Father, hear my cry;
Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come thou nigh:
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!

2. Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

3. Father, let me taste thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!

4. Father, Son, and Spirit—thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God!

Sel. 392. *Haddam*, p. 111. [H. 16.

TO Him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him that bore the curse,
To save rebellious man:
To Him that form'd 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
Hosannas on 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,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus heaven shall raise his honors high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

II.—PROVIDENCE.

Sel. 393. *McKim*, p. 139.

CALL the Lord thy sure salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismay'd!

2. There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3. Thee, though winds and waves are swelling, [all;
God, thy Hope, shall bear through
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

4. He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

5. Since, with firm and pure affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He shall shield thee from above.

Sel. 394. *Medfield*, p. 72. [H. 376.

(Stanzas 5, 7 omitted.)

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2. Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3. When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

4. When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

6. Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Sel. 395. *Watchman*, p. 104.

"MY times are in thy hand;"
My God, I'd have them there,
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2. "My times are in thy hand;"
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best they seem to thee.

3. "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
A child a needless tear.

4. "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee,
And after death at thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

Sel. 396. *Rest*, p. 28.

THY will be done! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

2. Thy will be done! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine:—
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

3. Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one,
Is ours—to breathe, while we adore,
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

Sel. 397. *Saxony*, p. 137.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thyself revealing—
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.

2. Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.

3. Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek, benighted heart.

4. Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

5. By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

III.—PERSONAL ELECTION.

Sel. 398. *Varney*, p. 133.

'TIS not that I did choose thee,
For, Lord, that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee,
But thou hast chosen me:
Thou from the sin that stain'd me
Hast made me pure and free;
Of old thou hast ordain'd me,
That I should live to thee.

2. 'Twas sovereign mercy call'd me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthrall'd me,
To heavenly glories blind:
My heart owns none above thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing, if I love thee,
Thou must have lov'd me first.

IV.—REPENTANCE.

Sel. 399. *State Street*, p. 99.

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 thine 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 pard'ning grace,
And thine unbounded love.

5. One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast;
O let me know my sins forgiv'n,
And I shall then be blest.

Sel. 400. *Boylston*, p. 87.

IN mercy, not in wrath,
Rebuke me, gracious God!
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,
I sink beneath thy rod.

2. Touch'd by thy quickening power,
My load of guilt I feel;
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclosed,
O let that Spirit heal.

3. In trouble and in gloom,
Must I for ever mourn?
And wilt thou not, at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

4. O come, ere life expire,
Send down thy power to save;
For who shall sing thy name in death,
Or praise thee in the grave?

5. Why should I doubt thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer.

Sel. 401. *Barby*, p. 45. [H. 54.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2. If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3. But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4. Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

Sel. 402. *Naomi*, p. 75. [H. 66.

(Stanzas 3, 5 omitted.)

LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2. Without thy grace, we sink oppress'd
Down to the gates of hell;
O give our troubled spirits rest,
Our gloomy fears dispel.

4. In mercy now, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive:
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking soon relieve.

V.—CONVERSION.

Sel. 403. *St. Brides*, p. 100.

OUT of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, yet I know
That thou art ever nigh.

2. I cast my hopes on thee;
Thou canst, thou wilt forgive;
If thou shouldst mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live?

3. I wait for thee; I wait,
Confessing all my sin:
Lord! I am knocking at thy gate;
Open, and take me in.

4. Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For lo! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the pledge of peace.

5. Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud!

Sel. 404. *Tioga*, p. 103. [Ps. 25, P. 1.

I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not the foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2. Sin and the powers of hell
Would tempt me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

3. From the first dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

4. Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth:
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5. The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

6. For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

Sel. 405. *Corunna*, p. 89.

AH! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither should I go?

2. Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

3. My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe,
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a curséd death.

4. And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

5. Ah! no: I all forsake,
My all to thee resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine!

Sel. 406. *Greenville*, p. 144.

O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2. What though Satan's strong tempta-
Vex and grieve thee day by day? [tions
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3. Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4. Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

Sel. 407. *Silver Street*, p. 98.

"ASK, and ye shall receive,"—
On this my hope I build:
I ask forgiveness, and believe
My prayer shall be fulfill'd.

2. Seek, and expect to find:
Wounded to death in soul,
I seek the Saviour of mankind,
For he can make me whole.

3. Knock, and with patience wait,
By faith free entrance gain:
I stand, and knock at mercy's gate
Till I thy grace obtain.

4. Shall I then ask in vain;
Seek, and not find the Lord?
Knock, and yet no admittance gain,
And doubt thy holy word?

5. No, Lord, thou'lt ne'er deceive;
Thy promises are sure:
In thy good time I shall receive;—
What can I ask for more?

Sel. 408. *State Street*, p. 99.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, pro-
To all his children, "Come!" [claims

2. Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3. Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4. Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, Come!

Sel. 409. *Fount*, p. 143.

TAKE my heart, O Father, take it!
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2. Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3. Ever let thy grace surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound it:
Make it to be wholly thine.

4. May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
Guide it in the path to heaven.

Sel. 410. *Give*, p. 64.

COME, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

2. Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent prayer.

3. Come, let us seal, without delay,
The covenant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory e'er efface.

Sel. 411. *Balerma*, p. 44.

ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own:
All that I am I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2. The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine:
The good in which I now rejoice
Is thine, and only thine.

3. The darkness of my former state,
The bondage,—all was mine:
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty—is thine.

4. Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe:
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now, I live, I live!

5. All that I am ev'n here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,—
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

VI.—CHRIST.

Sel. 412. *Thatcher*, p. 102. [H. 170.

YE saints, proclaim abroad
The honors of your King;
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.

2. Not angels round the throne
Of Majesty above,
Are half so much obliged as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

3. They never sunk so low,
They are not raised so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.

4. The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them He shed no blood divine,
Nor breathed a single groan.

5. May we with angels vie,
The Saviour to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more.

Sel. 413. *Colchester*, p. 56. [Ps. 45, P. 1.

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

2. Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

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

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

5. Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice:
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

Sel. 414. *Litchfield*, p. 70. [H. 529.

JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2. Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood.

3. All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise;
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints, to feel his grace.

Sel. 415. *Missionary Hymn*, p. 132.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2. He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the Herald, go;
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3. Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

4. For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end:
O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest!

Sel. 416. *Olivet*, p. 116.

COME, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love hath done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3. Hark! how the choirs above,
Fill'd with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crown'd,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Sel. 417. *Ortonville*, p. 76.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
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. Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

Sel. 418. *Saxony*, p. 137.

IN thy cross, O Christ, we glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake us,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake us;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon our way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

4. In thy cross, O Christ, we glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sel. 419. *McEvers*, p. 94.

O CHRIST, what gracious words
Are ever, ever thine;
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life and peace divine.

2. Good, everlasting good,
Glad tidings, full of joy,
Flow from thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.

3. The broken heart, the poor,
The bruised, the deaf, the blind,
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In thee compassion find.

4. Lord Jesus, speed the day,
The promised day of grace,
To all the helpless, guilty sons
Of Adam's ruin'd race.

Sel. 420. *Dedham*, p. 58.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty
Around thy steps below; shone
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2. For, ever on thy burden'd heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murm'ring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3. Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4. Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

Sel. 421. *Haddam*, p. 111.

THY works, not mine, O Christ!
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart:
To whom, save thee | For sin atone,
Who canst alone | Lord! shall I flee?

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
And turn'd this night of mine
Into a blessed day:
To whom, save thee | For sin atone,
Who canst alone | Lord! shall I flee?

3. Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruiséd soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole:
To whom, save thee | For sin atone,
Who canst alone | Lord! shall I flee?

4. Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none could bear
But the incarnate God:
To whom, save thee | For sin atone,
Who canst alone | Lord! shall I flee?

5. Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few:
To whom, save thee | For sin atone,
Who canst alone | Lord! shall I flee?

6. Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify;
I wrap it round my soul;
In this I'll live and die:
To whom, save thee | For sin atone,
Who canst alone | Lord! shall I flee?

Sel. 422. *Bemerton*, p. 47.

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

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

Sel. 423. *Varney*, p. 133.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down!
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns—thine only crown!
O sacred Head, what glory!
What bliss, till now, was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2. How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!
Thy grief and thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

3. What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,—
Thy pity without end!
Lord, make me thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
Abuse such dying love.

4. Forbid that I should leave thee;
O Jesus, leave not me;
By faith I would receive thee;
Thy blood can make me free;
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart;
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

Sel. 424. *Sicilian Hymn*, p. 138.

JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Pour'd thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.

2. I have sinn'd, but oh, restore me;
For unless thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker yet eternity.

3. In thy word I hear thee saying,
Come and I will give you rest;
And the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.

4. Grant, oh grant thy Spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till the gate of heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are pass'd away.

Sel. 425. *Florence*, p. 13.

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 dearest Lord! outweighs them all.

5. Thy name, my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
Depart from thee!—'tis death, 'tis more—
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!

6. 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.

Sel. 426. *Woodland*, p. 85.

NOW to the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly;
Be thou my refuge and my rest,
For O! the storm is high.

2. Protect me from the furious blast;
My shield and shelter be:
Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

3. As welcome as the water-spring
Is to a barren place,
Jesus, descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.

4. As o'er a parch'd and weary land,
A rock extends its shade,
So hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

5. How swift to save me didst thou move,
In every trying hour;
O! still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

Sel. 427. *Hamburg*, p. 15.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst 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, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come.

3. Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

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

Sel. 428. *Bavaria*, p. 142.

LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross:
That alone be all our glory,
All things else are only dross.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good;
Every grace and every favor
Comes to us through Jesus' blood.

2. Jesus gives us true repentance,
By his Spirit sent from heav'n;
Whispers this transporting sentence,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n."
Faith He grants us to believe it,
Grateful hearts his love to prize:
Want we wisdom? He must give it;
Hearing ears and seeing eyes.

3. Jesus gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what He requires:
Makes us follow his directions,
And what He commands—inspires.
All our prayers and all our praises,
Rightly offer'd in his name,
He that dictates them is Jesus;
He that answers is the same.

Sel. 429. *Varney*, p. 133.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accurséd load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2. I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3. I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is pour'd.

4. I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Sel. 430. *Olivet*, p. 116.

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 tear 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 ransom'd soul.

Sel. 431. *Olivet*, p. 116.

SAVIOUR, I look to thee,
Be not thou far from me,
'Mid storms that lower:
On me thy care bestow,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw,
This trying hour.

2. Saviour, I look to thee,
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart:
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.

3. Saviour, I look to thee,
Let me thy fullness see,
Save me from fear:
While at thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.

4. Saviour, I look to thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of prayer:
Thou art my only aid,
On thee my soul is stay'd,
Naught can my heart invade,
While thou art near.

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!

Sel. 432. *Corunna*, p. 89.

JESUS, I come to thee,
A sinner doom'd to die;
My only refuge is thy cross;
Here at thy feet I lie.

2. Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God, this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

3. Too long my soul has gone
Far from my God astray;
I've sported on the brink of hell,
In sin's delusive way.

4. But, Lord, my heart is fix'd,
I hope in thee alone;
Break off the chains of sin and death,
And bind me to thy throne.

5. Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears—
Oh! send thy blessed Spirit down
To banish all my fears.

6. Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free;
Redeem'd from hell and every foe,
I'll trust alone in thee.

Sel. 433. *Olmutz*, p. 96.

MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair;
For thou art Love divine.

2. In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3. Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4. Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure in having thee in all,
And having all in thee.

Sel. 434. *Woodstock*, p. 86. [H. 255.

(Stanzas 4, 5 omitted.)

AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how He lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2. With cries and tears, He offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority He asks,
Enthroned in glory now.

3. For all that come to God by Him,
Salvation He demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

6. Eternal life, at his request,
To every saint is given:
Safety on earth, and after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

Sel. 435. *Chimes*, p. 53. [H. 187.

(Stanzas 2, 3 omitted.)

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

4. He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5. He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruiséd reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6. Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

Sel. 436. *Rest*, p. 28. [H. 304.

(Stanza 2 omitted.)

WHERE is my God? does He retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire,
Too languid to ascend the skies?

3. Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands:
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

4. He smiles on every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on Him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

5. Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

Sel. 437. *Park Street*, p. 27.

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

2. There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3. Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

4. "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
That sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

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

6. "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possess'd;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever bless'd.

Sel. 438. *Hermon*, p. 66.

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

2. The highest place that heaven affords
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3. The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

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

5. They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

Sel. 439. *St. Thomas*, p. 101.

ENTHRONED is Jesus now
Upon his heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.

2. In shining white they stand,
A great and countless throng;
A palmy sceptre in each hand,
On every lip a song.

3. They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood
Each wears his diadem.

4. Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

Sel. 440. *Caswell*, p. 51.

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. O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek.

3. O Saviour, thou shalt be our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing, O Jesus, thy dear name,
When all things else decay.

4. When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favor'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And thou shalt be our song.

Sel. 441. *Stephens*, p. 80.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2. Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3. Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

VII.—HOLY SPIRIT, AND CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

Sel. 442. *Horton*, p. 121.

HOLY Ghost! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2. Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3. Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this sadden'd 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.

Sel. 443. *Shoel*, p. 32.

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."

Sel. 444. *Uxbridge*, p. 35. [H. 69.

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound,
To guilty rebels doom'd to die:
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.

2. 'Tis the rich gift of love divine,
'Tis full, effacing every crime:
Unbounded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3. For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honors shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardor glow.

4. By this inspired, let all our days
With every heavenly grace be crown'd;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

Sel. 445. *Seasons*, p. 31.

O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

3. Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

Sel. 446. *Ortonville*, p. 76.

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.

Sel. 447. *Chester*, p. 52.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see!
And cast each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2. Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear? [bound,
Doth not each pulse with pleasure
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3. Do I not love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

4. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5. Could not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name? [blood
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

6. Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Sel. 448. *Bartimeus*, p. 136.

O MY God, by thee forsaken,
Prostrate in the dust I lie;
Faith by gloomy terrors shaken,
All my hopes within me die.

2. Yet my soul, in thee confiding,
Meditates thy mercy still;
Though, on earth's dark coasts abiding,
Distant far from Zion's hill.

3. Deep to deep responsive calling,
Thunders roar and torrents roll;
Bursting clouds around me falling,
Wave on wave o'erwhelms my soul.

4. Yet the Lord, his grace commanding,
Will with mercies crown my days:
He my guardian, near me standing,
Cheers my nights with prayer and praise.

Sel. 449. *Howard*, p. 67.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2. For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3. I sigh, as oft my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with crowds of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent.

4. Why restless—why cast down, my soul?
Hope still—and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Sel. 450. *Warwick*, p. 84.

MY Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

2. My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3. My great protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
And let thy kind, thy gracious word,
Sustain my trembling heart.

4. O never let my soul remove,
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

Sel. 451. *Hebron*, p. 16.

COURAGE, my soul! while God is near,
What enemy hast thou to fear?
How canst thou want a sure defense,
Whose refuge is omnipotence?

2. Though thickest dangers crowd my way,
My God can chase my fears away;
My steadfast heart on Him relies,
And all those dangers still defies.

3. Though billows after billows roll,
To overwhelm my sinking soul,
Firm as a rock my faith shall stand,
Upheld by God's almighty hand.

4. In life, his presence is my aid;
In death 'twill guide me through the shade,
Chase all my rising fears away,
And turn my darkness into day.

Sel. 452. *Retreat*, p. 29. [H. 448.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2. O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

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

4. Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

Sel. 453. *Smith*, p. 134.

THOU Shepherd of Israel divine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2. Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God!
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3. 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

Sel. 454. *Dennis*, p. 90.

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 chasten'd 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 thy word was true.

4. Now we will bless thee, Lord,
And in thy strength confide;
For ever be thy name adored,
For there is none beside.

Sel. 455. *May*, p. 23.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

2. Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3. Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4. O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love:
His mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

Sel. 456. *Valentia*, p. 82.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour, and my God;
I hear his joyful voice.

2. I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home;
My sighs are now turn'd into songs—
The Comforter is come.

3. Down from on high, the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heavenly feast.

4. There is a stream that issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.

5. That stream doth water Paradise;
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do spring.

Sel. 457. *Aberdeen*, p. 140.

KNOW, my soul! thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do and bear:
Think, what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think, what Father's smiles are thine;
Think, what Jesus did to win thee;—
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd with faith, and wing'd with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,—
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Sel. 458. *Christmas*, p. 55.

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

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

3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4. Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

VIII.—FAMILY WORSHIP.

Sel. 459. *Italian Hymn*, p. 117.

FATHER of love and power,
Guard thou our evening hour,
Shield with thy might:
For all thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night.

2 Jesus Immanuel,
Come in thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite:
For many sins we grieve,
But we thy grace receive,
And in thy word believe;
Bless us to-night.

3. Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth thy light!
Heal every sinner's smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And thine own peace impart;
Bless us to-night.

Sel. 460. *Smith*, p. 134.

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of mine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2. If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3. Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

4. Bright seraphs, despatch'd from the throne,
Repair to their stations assign'd;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the redeem'd of mankind.

5. Thy worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

6. I, too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

Sel. 461. *Aberdeen*, p. 140.

PEACE to this our habitation;
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin;
Peace that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace, divine, that lasts for ever,
Peace, that comes from God alone.

2. Prince of Peace, be present near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us;
Let thy sacred kingdom come;
Raise to heaven our expectation,
Give our favor'd souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation
In the realms of bliss above.

Sel. 462. *Boylston*, p. 87.

ALMIGHTY God, to-night
To thee for help we pray;
To whom the darkness is as light,
And midnight like the day.

2. Thy tender love and care
Prepares our peaceful bed;
But thou, O Saviour, hadst not where
To lay thy blessed head.

3. O keep us now from harm,
As thou hast done before;
And let thine everlasting arm
Be round us evermore.

Sel. 463. *German Hymn*, p. 119.

SOFTLY, now, the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord! I would commune with thee.

2. Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Sel. 464. *Saxony*, p. 137.

DAY'S declining, stars are shining,
Gleaming through the tranquil
Eyelids closing, safe reposing, [night;
Rest we till the morning light.

2. Father! holy, pure, and lowly,
May thy children ever be;
Anthems swelling, with thee dwelling,
Here and in eternity.

Sel. 465. *Bartimeus*, p. 136.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear us;
Bless thy little lambs to-night:
Through the darkness be thou near us;
Keep us safe till morning light.

2. All this day thy hand has led us,
And we thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed us, warm'd us, fed
Listen to our evening prayer! [us,

3. May our sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends we love so well;
Take us, when we die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

Sel. 466. *Fount*, p. 143.

LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy—
O how solemn should we be!

2. Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3. For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4. Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

Sel. 467. *Bavaria*, p. 142.

WHAT a strange and wondrous story,
From the Book of God is read—
How the Lord of life and glory
Had not where to lay his head.

2. How He left his throne in heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high.

3. Father! let thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory where He reigns above.

4. There, with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling,
All the wonders of his name.

Sel. 468. *Middleton*, p. 146.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2. Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3. Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way:

4. Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

Sel. 469. *Saxony*, p. 137.

JESUS Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
O that in my whole behavior
He my pattern still might be.

2. All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

3. Help me, by thy word to measure
Every deed and every thought,
Thinking it my greatest pleasure
There to learn what thou hast taught.

Sel. 470. *German Hymn*, p. 119.

LORD, assist us by thy grace
To instruct our infant race;
Grant us wisdom from above,
Fill us with a Saviour's love.

2. May we teach them day by day
In the house, and by the way,
When they rise, and when they rest,
Till thy truth shall make them blest.

3. Gracious Saviour, hear our prayer,
We commit them to thy care;
Be their shepherd and their guide,
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

Sel. 471. *Preparation*, p. 123.

GOD of mercy, hear our prayer,
For the children thou hast given;
Let them all thy blessings share;
Grace on earth, and bliss in heaven.

2. In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

3. Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Thro' the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.

4. For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer, in mercy, hear.

IX.—NATIONAL HUMILIATION.

Sel. 472. *Naomi*, p. 75. [Ps. 60.

(Stanzas 4–6 omitted.)

LORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2. Beneath the terrors of thine eye,
Earth's haughty towers decay;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

3. Our Sion trembles at the stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
O! heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

X.—NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

Sel. 473. *Nuremberg*, p. 124.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2. All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3. Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4. Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

XI.—CHURCH & MISSIONS.

Sel. 474. *Varney*, p. 133.

OH that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home.
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity:
Rebuild her walls again.

2. Let fall thy rod of terror:
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the vail of error;
Release the fetter'd heart.
Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

Sel. 475. *Ames*, p. 9. [Ps. 126, P. 1.

WHEN God restored our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a pleasing dream.

2. The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honors to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3. When we review'd our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish'd so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4. The man that in his furrow'd field,
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

Sel. 476. *Park Street*, p. 27.

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!

2. Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3. No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4. God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Sel. 477. *Oberlin*, p. 25. [H. 557.

(Stanza 4 omitted.)

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

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

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

Sel. 478. *State Street*, p. 99.

COME, Lord, and tarry not,
Bring the long-look'd-for day;
O, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2. Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh:
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3. Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4. Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruin'd earth,
Restore our faded paradise,
Creation's second birth.

5. Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace,
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

Sel. 479. *Wesley*, p. 130.

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

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

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

XII.—LIFE AND DEATH.

Sel. 480. *China*, p. 54. [H. 605.

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 traveling to the grave.

3. Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

4. Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

5. Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

Sel. 481. *Bemerton*, p. 47. [H. 611.

(Stanza 6 omitted.)

AND is this life prolong'd to me?
Are days and seasons given?
Shall I not then prepare to be
A fitter heir for heaven?

2. I will not let these moments pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3. Now cleanse my soul from every sin,
Through my Redeemer's blood:
Now let my flesh and heart begin
The honors of my God.

4. Let me no more my soul defile
With sin's deceitful toys;
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
Approach to heavenly joys.

5. O may my thankful lips proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savor of thy name,
Where'er I spend my days.

Sel. 482. *Sicilian Hymn*, p. 138.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, 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;
Blessed Lord, thy will be done.

3. Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, Thy will be done.

4. By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, thy will be done.

Sel. 483. *Farrant*, p. 62. [H. 641.

ALAS! how changed that lovely flower,
Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart;
Fair, fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're call'd to part.

2. And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For *her* who rests above?

3. No!—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
"The Lord is righteous still."

4. From adverse blasts, and lowering storms,
Her favor'd soul He bore;
And with yon bright, angelic forms,
She lives, to die no more.

5. Why should I vex my heart, or fast?
No more *she'll* visit me;
My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And there my child I'll see.

6. Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

Sel. 484. *Christmas*, p. 55. [H. 631.

O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2. Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
'Where is thy boasted victory, grave,
And where the monster's sting?"

3. If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4. Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

Sel. 485. *Rest*, p. 28.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd 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 hath lost its venom'd 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.

5. Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars 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 there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Sel. 486. *Bartimeus*, p. 136.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2. Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3. Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

4. Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

Sel. 487. *De Fleury*, p. 135.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim. up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2. My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;—

3. Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4. When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,—

5. Oh, then shall the vail be removed!
And round me thy brightness be pour'd;
I shall meet Him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

6. And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

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.

L. M.

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.

C. M.

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

C. M.

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

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

L. P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal power and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

L. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below:
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth.
From whom all comforts flow.

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raise:
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8s & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory to the eternal Son:
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
Join the elders round the throne;
Hallelujah,
Hail the glorious Three in One.

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