102

P

DYER'S

PSALMIST:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS

FOR THE USE OF

BAPTIST CHURCHES.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

REVISED AND CORRECTED EDITION.

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PREFACE

TO THE IMPROVED EDITION.

It is now a little over eighteen months since this work was first submitted to the judgment of the public, and the manner of its reception has fully met the expectations of the compiler, both as regards the opinions of its adaptedness to the wants of the churches, and the number of copies required to meet the demand.

It was an experiment to see how far a Hymn Book, whose arrangement was based on the natural rise of religious emotions, instead of the order in which points of theology have been classified, would meet the wants of our revival and social meetings, by giving a class of hymns expressive of the various religious emotions which are then called into exercise, and in order to enable the worshipper to find them on the

spur of the moment. From the expressions of approbation received from prominent brethren in the ministry and others, from all parts of the country, and especially from the fact that, wherever it has been used, it has received the highest commendations, the most ardent anticipations of its usefulness have been realized.

The previous large editions having been exhausted, the occasion has been improved to give the work a thorough revision, to free it from typographical error; and, at the suggestion of many brethren, the seemingly sectional title has been dropped, by substituting that by which it is most generally known.

With these remarks, the work is again submitted to those who love to sing the songs of Zion, "making melody in their hearts unto the Lord," with the sincere prayer, that the blessing of Him, whose approbation alone can make it useful, may ever attend its circulation.

JULY, 1853. S D.

ORDER OF ARRANGEMENT.

	HYMN.	PAGE.
Praises to God,	1	17
Praises to Christ,	22	23
The Bible,	44	50
The Sabbath,	55	58
Prayer,	63	64
Prayer for the Spirit's Influence,	72	72
Prayer for a Revival,	83	79
Sinners Warned and Entreated,	93	87
The Penitent,	121	109
The Convert,	151	134
Baptism,	176	157
Christian Fellowship,	195	171
Christian Duties and Exercises,	213	184
Social and Family Worship,	320	271
Lord's Supper,	385	318
Missions,	398	328
Time and Eternity,	411	339
Death and the Resurrection,	424	349
Judgment,	446	365
Heaven,	453	371
Doxologies,		383

INDEX.

	HYMN.
AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,	23
All hail the power of Jesus' name,	30
Angels, roll the rock away,	38
Another six days' work is done,	58
As showers on meadows newly mown,	76
And canst thou, sinner, slight,	113
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,	121
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,	128
A broken heart, my God, my King,	148
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,	153
Arise, my soul, arise,	168
At thy inviting words of love,	194
At the eleventh hour, O Lord,	194
Am I soldier of the cross,	21
Alas! what hourly dangers rise,	230
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,	248
A charge to keep I have,	260
Awake, our souls, away our fears,	298
Almighty Lord! before thy throne,	309
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,	325
Assembled round thine altar, Lord,	339
And now, my soul, another year,	415
Almighty Maker of my frame,	418
And must this body die,	424
As vernal flowers that scent the morn,	436
As flows the rapid river,	411
And will the Judge descend,	452
BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,	1
Bless, O my soul, the living God,	7
Behold the throne of grace,	67
Blow ye the trumpet, blow,	95
Behold a stranger at the door,	102
Broad is the road that leads to death,	105
Beside the gospel pool,	135
Baptized into our Saviour's death,	180
Beneath the Jordan's limpid wave,	191
Blest Saviour, we thy will obey,	192
Brother in Christ, and well beloved,	200
Blest be the tie that binds,	202
Believing souls, of Christ beloved,	203
Blest be the dear, uniting love,	204
Blest are the sons of peace,	212
By cool Siloam's shady rill,	297

	HYMN
Begone, unbelief,	301
Brethren, while we sojourn here,	314
Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,	386
COME, sound his praise abroad,	3
Come, thou almighty King,	4
Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,	25
Come, let us join our cheerful songs,	34
Come, Holy Spirit, come,	73
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,	74
Come, Holy Spirit, come,	75
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,	78
Come, Lord, in mercy come again,	86
Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,	87
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,	110
Come, weary souls, with sins distressed,	111
Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast,	136
Come, heart-broken sinner,	137
Canst thou, O Lord, forgive so soon,	138
Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell	166
Come, all ye sons of God, and view,	182
Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb,	186
Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,	193
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,	195
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,	199
Come away to the skies,	222
Come, we that love the Lord,	241
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,	255
Children of the heavenly King,	267
Come, thou Fount of every blessing,	311
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,	356
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes,	362
Come, let us anew,	419
Cease here longer to detain me,	439
Come ye mourners, cease to languish,	453
Come, let us join our friends above,	463
DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,	112
Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,	119
Dear Saviour, prostrate at thy feet,	144
Depth of mercy!—can there be,	145
Didst thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame,	165
Do not I love thee, O my Lord,	167
Did Christ o'er sinners weep,	242
Dear refuge of my weary soul,	273

	HYMN.
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness, .	318
Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat, ...	331
"Do this," and remember the blood that was shed	397
EARLY, my God, without delay, ...	15
Eternal Spirit, God of truth, ...	77
Enter, Jesus bids thee welcome, ...	208
Encompassed with clouds of distress, . . .	293
Eternity is just at hand, ...	413
FROM all that dwell below the skies, . . .	26
Father of mercies, in thy word, ...	47
Frequent the day of God returns, ...	59
First have these lovers of the word, ...	197
From whence doth this union arise, ...	198
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss, ...	227
Farewell to my home, ...	310
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, ...	342
Father of all, thy care we bless, ...	350
Father, adored in worlds above, ...	360
Father divine, thy piercing eye, ...	367
From every stormy wind that blows, ...	375
From Greenland's icy mountains, ...	405
GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings, ...	5
God is the refuge of his saints, ...	48
Gracious Spirit — Lord divine, ...	79
Great God, we in thy courts appear, ...	178
Gracious Saviour! we adore thee, ...	187
God, my supporter and my hope, ...	214
God moves in a mysterious way, ...	217
Grace, 'tis a charming sound, ...	225
Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us, ...	249
Give me the wings of faith to rise, ...	285
God forbid that I should glory, ...	294
God of mercy, hear our prayer, ...	341
God of the morning, at whose voice, ...	343
Great God, indulge my humble claim, ...	351
Glory to thee, my God, this night, ...	370
Great God! to thee my evening song, ...	371
"Go preach my gospel," saith the Lord, . . .	403
God of eternity, from thee, ...	414
HAIL, thou blest morn! see the great Mediator,	24
Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes, . .	28
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, . . .	31
He dies! — the friend of sinners dies, . . .	32

	HYMN.
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices,	43
How precious is the book divine,	44
Holy Bible! book divine,	49
How painfully pleasing the fond recollection,	52
Holy Source of consolation,	72
Holy Spirit, from on high,	80
Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,	97
Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat	118
Here at thy cross, incarnate God,	124
Have mercy, Lord, on me,	130
Hail, sovereign love, that first began,	134
How lost was my condition,	158
How happy's every child of grace,	169
How happy are they who their Saviour obey,	172
Humble souls, who seek salvation,	176
Here at the early noon of life,	194
How blest the sacred tie that binds,	201
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,	205
Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds,	211
How oft have sin and Satan strove,	215
How tender is thy hand,	218
How pleased and blest was I,	231
How vain are all things here below,	237
He lives! the great Redeemer lives,	246
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,	252
Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,	269
How pleasant, how divinely fair,	272
How tedious and tasteless the hours,	276
How did my heart rejoice to hear,	283
How oft, alas! this wretched heart,	288
How charming is the place,	322
How sweet to leave the world awhile,	357
How can I sink with such a prop,	363
How sweet the melting lay,	366
How are thy servants blessed, O Lord,	369
How can we see the children, Lord,	373
Hail, ye days of solemn meeting,	378
Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,	381
How condescending and how kind,	385
Here at thy table, Lord, we meet,	392
How sweet and awful is the place,	395
How beauteous are their feet,	402
How short and hasty is our life,	420

	HYMN.
Hark from the tombs a warning sound,	426
How rest the saints in Christ, who sleep,	431
How blest the righteous when he dies,	435
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims,	438
How sad to return to the home where light-hearted,	444
How swift, alas! the moments fly,	412
How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,	459
I HEAR the voice of singing,	19
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,	20
I love to steal awhile away,	68
I saw One hanging on a tree,	126
In the cross of Christ I glory,	160
In all my Lord's appointed ways,	175
I love thy kingdom, Lord,	210
In all my ways, O God,	228
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,	236
In duties and in sufferings too,	238
I think not of the starry crown,	302
I would not have life's pathway smooth,	317
If worldlings ask the reason why,	320
In thy great name, O Lord, we come,	323
I love to rise at early day,	324
Indulgent Father, by whose care,	330
In this calm impressive hour,	334
Is this the kind return,	364
If human kindness meets return,	393
I would not live always: I ask not to stay,	442
JOY to the world — the Lord is come,	35
Jesus, I love thy charming name,	37
Jesus, who knows full well,	65
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend,	141
Jesus, save my dying soul,	142
Jesus, lover of my soul,	143
Just as I am, without one plea,	150
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,	151
Jesus, I my cross have taken,	156
Jesus, and shall it ever be,	163
Jesus, we come at thy command,	189
Jesus, I love thy charming name,	275
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,	406
Jerusalem! my happy home,	456
KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,	209

	HYMN.
LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear,	14
Lord, I have made thy word my choice,	54
Lord, I approach the mercy-seat,	70
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,	91
Let every mortal ear attend,	107
Life is the time to serve the Lord,	115
Lo! on a narrow neck of land,	122
Lord, how secure my conscience was,	129
Let worldly minds the world pursue,	155
Lo! what an entertaining sight,	206
Lord, we confess our numerous faults,	224
Light of those whose dreary dwelling,	239
Long have we heard the joyful sound,	240
Lord, in thy presence here we meet,	265
Let sinners take their course,	270
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,	281
Love divine, all love excelling,	305
Let thy kingdom blessed Saviour,	308
Lord, when we bow before thy throne,	313
Lord let my prayer like incense rise,	328
Lord, of the worlds above,	346
Lord, I will bless thee all my days,	348
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray,	355
Lord, we come before thee now,	361
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,	377
Lord, when we bow before thy throne,	379
Lord, at thy table I behold,	389
Life is a span — a fleeting hour,	427
Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,	448
MY soul, repeat his praise,	2
My soul shall praise thee, O my God,	8
My God, my King, thy various praise,	18
"Mercy, O thou Son of David,"	140
My soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue,	157
My soul forsakes her vain delight,	159
My God, my portion, and my love,	161
My faith looks up to thee,	162
Meekly in Jordan's holy stream,	185
My God! the spring of all my joys,	216
My God, permit me not to be,	235
My soul, be on thy guard,	245
My bark is on the deep,	247
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,	256

	HYMN.
My gracious Lord, I own thy right,	294
My dear Redeemer and my Lord,	266
My country! 'tis of thee,	287
Mary to the Saviour's tomb,	295
My God, my life, my love,	321
My God, how endless is thy love,	333
My soul, come meditate the day,	440
Mother, has the dove that nestled,	441
NOW is the day of grace,	99
Now is the accepted time,	116
Now the Saviour stands a pleading,	117
Now I resolve, with all my heart,	154
Not all the blood of beasts,	223
Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,	335
Now, from the altar of our hearts,	368
Now from labor and from care,	384
No room for mirth or trifling here,	423
O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,	17
One there is above all others,	22
Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing,	33
Oh, for a shout of sacred joy,	40
Oh, welcome the day,	62
O thou that hearest prayer,	81
Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished,	89
O Lord, thy work revive,	90
O Lord, and shall our fainting souls,	92
Out of the deeps, O Lord, we call,	123
Oh, that my load of sin were gone,	133
Oh, for that tenderness of heart,	147
O Lord, thy tender mercy hears,	149
Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice,	152
Oh, when shall I see Jesus,	171
O tell me no more of this vain world's store,	174
O Lord, and will thy pardoning love,	177
Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave,	188
Our souls by love together knit,	207
Oh, for a closer walk with God,	229
O thou whose compassionate care,	233
O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,	250
Once I thought my mountain strong,	257
Oh, could I find, from day to day,	258
O thou, from whom all goodness flows,	271
Oh, for a heart to praise my God,	279

	HYMN.
Oh! for a glance of heavenly day,	289
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,	291
Our bondage here shall end, by and by,	292
Oh, if my soul was formed for woe,	300
O Lord, my best desires fulfill,	304
Oh, how the hearts of those revive,	306
O thou whose mercy guides my way,	329
Oh! where shall rest be found,	336
Once more, my soul, the rising day,	338
O Lord, our languid souls inspire,	340
O Lord, behold us at thy feet,	344
O Lord! I would delight in thee,	345
Oh, turn, great Ruler of the skies,	353
Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways,	354
O Lord, another day is flown,	358
O thou who driest the mourner's tear,	374
O Lord, we come before thee now,	376
Once more before we part,	380
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,	398
On the mountain's top appearing,	401
Our life is like an idle dream,	422
O God, my inmost soul convert,	446
Oh sing to me of heaven,	455
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,	465
PRAISE to God, the great Creator,	10
Praise ye Jehovah's name,	12
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,	36
Prayer is the breath of God in man,	63
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,	64
Prayer is appointed to convey,	69
Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,	349
REVIVE thy churches, Lord, with grace,	83
Retire, vain world, awhile retire,	84
Return, O wanderer, now return,	103
Repent! the voice celestial cries,	104
Rock of ages, cleft for me,	131
Repent, believe, and be baptized,	194
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,	316
Return, my roving heart, return,	372
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,	410
Remember thee, redeeming Lord,	387
SWEET is the memory of thy grace,	9
Sweet is the work, O Lord,	11

	HYMN.
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,	29
Safely through another week,	56
Sweet is the work, my God, my King,	61
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,	82
Spirit of holiness, descend,	85
Saviour, visit thy plantation,	88
Sovereign grace has power alone,	93
Sinners, the voice of God regard,	94
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,	108
Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all,	125
Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,	127
Sweet the moment, rich in blessing,	173
Saviour, thy law we love,	179
So let our lips and lives express,	213
Soft and light o'er the soul are now gliding,	253
Sweet was the time when first I felt,	277
Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh,	280
Soldiers of Christ, arise,	286
Searcher of hearts! from mine erase,	296
Should storms arise, and darkness reign,	319
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.	352
Salvation! oh, the joyful sound,	404
Stoop down, my thoughts that used to rise,	429
Servant of God, well done,	432
Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,	435
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,	437
THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,	13
That thou art love, O God, I see,	21
Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream,	41
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,	45
This is the word of truth and love,	50
This is the field where hidden lies,	51
There is a calm and pure delight,	53
This is the day the Lord hath made,	55
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,	60
The Saviour calls, let every ear,	98
The Spirit, in our hearts,	101
The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain	106
Time is earnest, passing by,	109
There is a happy land,	114
The smitten heart and starting tear,	146
The great Redeemer we adore,	181
Thou hast said, exalted Jesus,	183
Thus far my God hath led me on,	219

	HYMN.
'Tis religion that can give,	226
'Tis my happiness below,	243
The Lord is my shepherd, he makes me repose,	251
The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide	254
'Tis a point I long to know,	262
The Lord my pasture shall prepare,	263
There is a fountain filled with blood,	268
The Lord into his garden comes,	282
The world may change from old to new,	284
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,	290
Take up thy cross! the Saviour said,	312
The day is past and gone,	359
To go from home, and with kindred to part,	382
Though troubles assail, and thick dangers affright	383
This is the feast of heavenly wine,	391
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,	394
The King of Heaven his table spreads,	396
The Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,	407
The morning light is breaking,	409
Time is winging us away,	416
Thee we adore, Eternal name,	421
The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,	443
Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore	445
That awful day will surely come,	447
The last lovely morning,	449
The day of wrath, that dreadful day,	450
There comes a day, a fearful day,	451
There is a place where my hopes are stayed,	457
Though hard the winds are blowing,	458
There is a land mine eye hath seen,	460
There is an hour of peaceful rest,	462
There is a land of pure delight,	464
This world is all a fleeting show,	467
UP to the fields where angels lie,	234
WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,	27
What glory gilds the sacred page,	46
Welcome sweet day of rest,	57
What various hindrances we meet,	66
When torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,	71
Why will ye waste on trifling cares,	120
With tears of anguish I lament,	132
Weeping soul, no longer mourn,	139
We feel that heaven is now begun,	164

	HYMN.
When marshaled on the nightly plain,	170
While in this sacred rite of thine,	184
With willing hearts we tread,	190
With willing feet into the stream,	194
Welcome, thou well beloved of God,	196
When languor and disease invade,	220
When all thy mercies, O my God,	232
When shall we all meet again,	259
When overwhelmed with grief,	261
When I can read my title clear,	278
When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,	299
With joy we meditate the grace,	303
Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger,	307
When, his salvation bringing,	315
Why is my heart so far from thee,	326
Where two or three, with sweet accord,	327
While thee I seek, protecting power,	332
When the worn spirit wants repose,	337
When any turn from Zion's way,	347
What shall I render to my God,	365
When I survey the wondrous cross,	388
While now we taste these emblems, Lord,	390
When shall the voice of singing,	399
Watchman! tell us of the night,	400
While, with ceaseless course, the sun,	417
Why should we start and fear to die,	425
When at the margin of the stream,	428
Why do we mourn departing friends,	430
What, what is this that steals upon my frame,	434
We speak of the realms of the blest,	454
When shall we meet again,	461
What is life? 'tis but a vapor,	466
YE nations round the earth, rejoice,	6
Ye tribes of Adam, join,	16
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,	39
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,	42
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,	96
Ye sons of earth, arise,	100
Ye servants of the Lord,	244
Ye servants of God,	274
Yes, my native land, I love thee.	408

DYERS' PSALMIST.

PRAISES TO GOD.

L. M. WATTS

1. *Sovereign Goodness.*

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

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

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

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

2. S. M. WATTS

Greatness of God's Mercy.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

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

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

3. S. M. WATTS

Worship.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 Come, worship at his throne,
Come bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

4. 6's & 4's.

Invocation of the Trinity.

1 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 defense 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.

5. L. M. WATTS.

Joy of Public Worship.

1 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 the 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.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

L. M. WATTS.

6. *Praise to our Creator.*

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

L. M. WATTS.

7. *Praise for His Goodness.*

1 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.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threatening graves.

5 Our youth decayed, his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He fills our store with every good,
And feeds our souls with heavenly food.

6 He sees the oppressor and th' oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will his justice more display,
In the last great rewarding day.

8 C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise at all Times.

MY soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
My soul shall then, to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6 My powers shall then, in lofty strains,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
An everlasting day.

C. M. WATTS.

9. *God's Goodness.*

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

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

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

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

10. 8's & 7's.

Universal Praise.

1 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Praise to God from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father! source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise:
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

11. S. M.

Praise sweet.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
Since such shall be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

6's & 4's. W. GOODE.

12. *Praise in the Courts of the Lord.*

1 PRAISE ye 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,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string:
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows:
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose:
Praise ye the Lord.

13. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Reliance on God.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When, in distress, to him I called,
He to my succor came.

3 O, make but trial of his love—
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

14. C. M. WATTS

Anticipating Worship.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;—

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 thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

15 C. M. WAITS

Longing for God's Love.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath the burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink — or die.

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

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

16. H. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
Ye holy throng | In words of light
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 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.

3 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honors high.

17. 10's & 11's.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full chorus join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises in music divine.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, their children to bless.

3 With glory adorned his people shall sing
To God, who defense and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded and reach to the skies.

4 Ye angels above, his glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes still publish his praise;
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongues,
Would join in your numbers and chant to your lays.

L. M. WATTS.

18. *All Praise due to God.*

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

7's & 6's. S. DYER.

19. *Nature's Praises.*

1 I HEAR the voice of singing
Among the waving trees,
Its echoes sweetly ringing
In every passing breeze.
The brooks, with murmuring voices,
Pour forth their noisy lays,
And everything rejoices
To sing Jehovah's praise.

2 The deep-voiced waves of Ocean
Roll on the tide of song,
While storms in wild commotion
The anthem notes prolong;
The cloud-strung harps, sonorous,
In lingering thunder strains,
Join with the stars in chorus,
Along the heavenly plains.

8's.

20. *Praise is Eternal.*

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've 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,
And immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train
His truth forever stands secure:
He saved th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind:
The Lord supports the fainting mind,
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he gives 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,
And immortality endures.

21. C. M. S. Dyer.

God is Love.

1 THAT Thou art love, O God, I see,
Where'er I turn mine eye,
The earth around is full of Thee,
The ocean, air, and sky.

2 Thy hand hath formed the ponderous globe,
And spread the heavenly plain;
Thou givest the year its various robe,
As seasons roll amain.

3 The stars which deck night's diadem,
Evince thy matchless skill;
Thy wisdom formed each peerless gem,
And they obey thy will.

4 And Thou hast stamped one ray of thine
Upon the sun's bright face,
And while it doth with radiance shine,
'Twill show thy boundless grace.

5 But, O my soul, how feeble still
Is love in Nature shown!
But hark! there comes from Calvary's hill
A cry of grief — a groan —

6 Oh, Love Divine, immense, supreme!
The Sovereign Lord above
Now dies for man — the peerless scheme —
The proof that "GOD IS LOVE!"

PRAISES TO CHRIST.

8's & 7's.

22. *Christ the Friend of Sinners.*

1 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, abased,
Friend of Sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
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.

23. L. M. MEDLEY

Christ's Loving Kindness.

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

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

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

4 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

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

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

11's & 10's.

24. *Star in the East.*

1 HAIL, thou blest morn! see the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descend;
Shepherds go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us your aid
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer was laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and offerings divine—
Gems from the mountain and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly for gold we his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

C. M. STEELE

25. *King of Saints.*

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

2 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.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

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

26.

L. M.

Praise in all Lands.

1 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.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing:
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

27. C. M.

Nativity of Christ.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song;

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

28. *Advent of Christ.*

1 HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eyes obscured by sin,
To pour celestial light.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind.
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

C. M. WATTS.

29. *Christ's first and second Coming.*

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered 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.

4 Let new seraphic joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations, as their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

C. M.

30. *Coronation.*

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

C. M. NEWTON.

31. *Christ precious to Believers.*

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'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, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

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

6 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.

7 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

32. L. M. WATTS

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 HE dies!—the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Ye saints, approach!—the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you;
For you he sheds his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

6 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?"

C. M. C. WESLEY.

33. *The Name of Jesus precious.*

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
Our great Redeemer's praise!
The glory of our God and King—
The triumph of his grace.

2 Jesus! thy name removes our fears,
And bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinners ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 O gracious Master! heavenly Lord!
Assist us to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

4 Hosanna to the Lord be given
In loudest, noblest strains!
Hosanna in the highest heaven!
The great Redeemer reigns!

C. M. WATTS.

34. *The Lamb of God worshiped.*

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

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

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

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

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

35. C. M. WATTS.

Mission of Christ.

1 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.

C. M. WATTS.

36. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

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

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

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

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

37. *Jesus precious to Them that believe.*

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

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

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

7's. GIBBONS.

38. *Resurrection of Christ.*

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb —
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour; seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing the incarnate God.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres,
Praise him in your noblest songs;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

10's & 11's.

39. *Praise to the Most High.*

1 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.

C. M. WATTS.

40. *Reign of Christ.*

1 OH, 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

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

5 In *Israel* stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race:
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

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

11's.

41. *Christ's Humility.*

1 THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toil of the day;
How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels astonished grew pale at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight.

2 O garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow — the triumph of love!
Come, saints, and adore him, come, bow at his feet!
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

11's & 8's. SWAIN.

42. *Christ the Beloved.*

1 YE daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

2 This is my Beloved; his form is divine;
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

3 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet;
The air is perfumed with his breath.

4 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

43. 8's & 7's. KELLY.

Christ the Lamb enthroned and worshiped.

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms, thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

THE BIBLE.

C. M. BEDDOME

14. *Superiority of the Scriptures.*

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears:
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way:
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

45. L. M. WATTS.

The Glory of God in his Works and in his Word.

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

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

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

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Oh, bless the world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

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

C. M. C. WESLEY.

46. *The Bible the Light of the World.*

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred pag
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age —
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise —
They rise, but never set.

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

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

C. M. STEELE.

47. *The Bible suited to our Wants.*

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, 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 forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour here.

L. M. WATTS.

48. *The Bible gives Peace.*

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

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

3 That sacred book, thy holy word,
All our distressing fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

7's.

49. *All Scripture by Inspiration.*

1 HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine;
Mine to teach me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the wretched sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

L. M. WATTS

50. *The Power of Truth.*

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind —
This sovereign balm, whose virtues car
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defense from all their rage.

C. M.

51. *The Bible a Treasure.*

1 THIS is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown —
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes that pearl his own.

2 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench our thirst for sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
Nor danger dwells therein.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
Our guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

4 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God
Our roving feet command;
Nor we forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

52.

12's & 11's. ANON

The Family Bible.

1 HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high!
I still view the chair of my father and mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest of books which excels every other,
The family Bible, which lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far-distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt my Redeemer's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
Oh, let me, with patience, receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

C. M. ANON.

53. *Blessings of the Bible*

1 THERE is a calm and pure delight
Which none but those perceive,
Who love to read the word of truth,
And by its precepts live.

2 The frowns of fortune they can bear;
Their griefs it will remove,
Who feel for truth a holy fear,
And that the fear of love.

3 Be it my constant aim to learn
The truth of every line,
That wisdom's path I may discern,
And make this wisdom mine.

C. M. WATTS.

54. *The Bible a Heritage.*

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
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.

SABBATH.

55. C. M. WATTS

Christ's Resurrection and our Salvation.

1 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 triumphs spread
And all his wonders tell.

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

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise:
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give them nobler praise.

7's. NEWTON.

56. *Sabbath in the Sanctuary.*

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way:
Let us all 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 blest Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear.
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints:
Thus let all our worship prove,
Till we join the courts above.

5 Glory be to God on high—
God, whose glory fills the sky:
Glory to the Lamb be given—
Glory in the highest heaven;
Wisdom, riches, praise and power
Be to God forever more.

57. S. M. WATTS.

The Sabbath welcomed.

1 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, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

58 L. M. J. STENNETT.

Holy Enjoyment anticipated.

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

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

3 A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains.
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 With joy, great God, thy works we view
In various scenes, both old and new:
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope we future pleasures taste.

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

C. M.

59. *Lord's-Day Evening.*

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine

L. M. DODDRIDGE

60. *The earthly and heavenly Sabbath.*

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

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

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

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

L. M. WATTS.

61. *Delight in the Sabbath.*

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

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

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

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

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

5's, 6's & 8's.

62. *A Sabbath-school Hymn.*

1 OH, welcome the day,
The Sabbath returning,
Sweet day of rest — we love it best;
Oh, welcome the day.
Our youthful voices join to sing
Hosannas to our Saviour King;
He loves the praise we bring
On this holy day.

2 How blest is this hour,
The hour of happy greeting;
While here we sit at Jesus' feet,
How blest is the hour.
He kindly bids us all draw near,
His winning accents banish fear.
His voice we love to hear
At this blessed hour.

3 Oh, come, and adore
The Lamb of God redeeming
Our souls from hell, his love to tell,
Him let us adore.
Though seated on his throne of light
Amidst a throng of seraphs bright,
He looks down with delight
While Him we adore.

4 Oh, come, let us pray
To Jesus interceding
With God above for pardoning love,
Oh, come, let us pray.
With humble hearts before his face,
Now let us seek forgiving grace,
He hears the soul that prays;
Come, then, let us pray.

PRAYER.

C. M. BEDDOME.

63. *Prayer.*

1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

64. C. M. MONTGOMERY

Prayer.

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

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

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

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

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, Behold! he prays.

S. M.

65. *Importunate Prayer.*

1 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.

5 His nature, truth and love,
Engage Him on their side;
When they are grieved, his heart doth move
And can they be denied?

6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

66. L. M. COWPER.

Benefits of Prayer.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words?—ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear.
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

67. S. M. NEWTON

Blessings sought in Prayer.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer

2 Thine image, Lord bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

68. C. M.

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

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

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

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

L. M. HART

69.

Prayer Efficacious.

1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high;
Arise and try thy interest there.

4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee — pray!

5 Depend on Christ — thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not — his merits must prevail!
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

C. M. NEWTON

70. *Pleading the Promise.*

1 LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous love! — to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

71. 11's. MISS LUTTON

Sweet Prayer.

1 WHEN torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like prayer,
It comforts, it softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Bids hope rise exulting, and passion restrains;
Prayer, prayer, oh, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like prayer.

2 When far from the friends that are dearest we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart;
Past scenes and enjoyments live painfully there;
And restless we languish, till peace comes in prayer;
Prayer, prayer, oh, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

3 When earthly delusions would lead us astray
In folly's gay mazes, or sin's treacherous way,
How strong the enchantment, how fatal the snare!
But, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer·
Prayer, prayer, oh, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
The world has no refuge, no solace like this;
And till we the seraph's full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer;
Prayer, prayer, oh, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT'S INFLUENCE.

72. 8's & 7's. NOEL'S COL.

Source of Blessings.

1 HOLY Source of consolation,
Light and life thy grace imparts;
Visit us in thy compassion;
Guide our minds, and fill our hearts.

2 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Thou canst bring us from above;
Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure,
Wisdom, holiness, and love.

3 Dwell within us, blessed Spirit;
Where thou art no ill can come,
Bless us now, through Jesus' merit;
Reign in every heart and home.

4 Saviour, lead us to adore thee,
While thou dost prolong our days;
Then, with angel hosts before thee,
May we worship, love, and praise.

73. S. M. HART.

Sanctifying Influence.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

L. M. BROWN

74.

The Guiding Spirit.

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

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

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

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

S. M. BEDDOME.

75.

Sanctifying Influence.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

L. M. RIPPON

76.

Divine Influence compared to Rain.

1 AS showers on meadows newly mown,
So our God shall send his Spirit down
Eternal Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing drops are thine!

2 That heavenly influence let us find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

3 Nor let these blessings be confined
To us, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's rude wastes in verdure rise,
And Eden's beauty greet our eyes.

77. C. M. PRATT'S COL

Reviving Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to sooth the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

78. C. M. WATTS

Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, fervency of devotion desired.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove;
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues.
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

79. 7's. STOCKER

The Sealing Spirit.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit — Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
Let my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning word to me;
Set the burdened 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.

80. 7's. BATHURST.

The Teaching Spirit.

1 HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
Now refresh the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our broken spirits heal.

4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

81. H. M. CAMPBELL'S COL

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry, —
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply, —
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh, may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love;
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our groveling souls to rise.

L. M. C. WESLEY

82. *The Spirit entreated not to depart.*

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not a 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, oh, 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.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Oh, guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

L. M.

83. *A Revival desired.*

1 REVIVE thy churches, Lord, with grace;
Heal every breach, and grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth; our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

2 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

3 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness:
And, when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

4 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And, weeping, sow the seeds of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Our songs of praise and fervent prayer.

C. M.

84. *Revival prayed for.*

1 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 hallowed place;
Oh, 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;
Oh, 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,
Languid in thine employ;
Refresh the soul that tires and faints,
Fill mourning hearts with joy.

7 Make known thy power, victorious King
Subdue each stubborn will;
Then sovereign grace we'll join to sing
On Zion's sacred hill.

85. C. M. S. F. SMITH

Spirit of Holiness.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend;
Thy people wait for thee;
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend;
Let us thy mercy see.

2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
Oh, bid thy light arise.

3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone —
Alone thy people be.

4 Oh, bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them, on earth for thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come,— for we wait thy power divine,—
Let us thy mercy share.

86. C. M. CH. MELODIST

Converting Grace implored.

1 COME, Lord, in mercy come again,
With thy converting power;
The fields of Zion thirst for rain,
Oh, send a gracious shower!

2 Our hearts are filled with sore distress,
While sinners all around
Are pressing on to endless death,
And no relief is found.

3 Dear Saviour, come with quickening power
Thy mourning people cry;
Salvation bring in mercy's hour,
Nor let the sinner die.

4 Once more let converts throng thy house,
And shouts of victory raise;
Then shall our griefs be turned to joy,
And sighs, to songs of praise.

8's, 7's & 4's. JAY.

87. *A Blessing requested.*

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the Gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

8's 7's & 4's. NEWTON.

88. *Prayer for a Revival.*

1 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 Surely once thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
All its plants by thee were nourished;
Then how cheering was the scene!
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

3 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!
All our help must come from thee.

4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither;
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither;
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

5 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

6 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!
All our help must come from thee.

8's & 7's. NEWTON

89. *Declension lamented.*

1 ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!

2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,—
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again,
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

S. M. SAC. SONGS.

90. *Prayer for a Revival.*

1 O LORD, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Oh, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their sacred vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
Oh, come and bring salvation near
Our souls on thee rely.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

91. *Ezekiel's Vision of the Dry Bones.*

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

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

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophecy 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.

5 So, when thy trumpet's awful sound,
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

L. M. T. SCOTT.

92. *Prayer for the Return of the Spirit.*

1 O LORD, and shall our fainting souls
Thy just displeasure ever mourn?
Thy Spirit grieved, and long withdrawn,
Will he no more to us return?

2 Great Source of light and peace, return,
Nor let us mourn and sigh in vain;
Come, repossess our longing hearts
With all the graces of thy train.

3 This temple, hallowed by thine hand,
Once more be with thy presence blest;
Here be thy grace anew displayed;
Be this thine everlasting rest.

SINNERS WARNED AND ENTREATED.

93. 7's. NEWTON,

Grace Efficacious.

1 SOVEREIGN grace has power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One with vile blaspheming tongue
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perished as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touched with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
Faith received to own the Lord
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.

5 "Lord, (he prayed) remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be."
"Soon with me, (the Lord replies)
Thou shalt rest in Paradise."

6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsafed in time of need!
Sinners trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find him still the same.

7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the hardened thief;
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ to you has died in vain.

C. M. FAWCETT.

94. *Sinners Entreated.*

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard!
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travail all your days,
To reap immortal woe!

5 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.

H. M. TOPLADY

95. *The Jubilee proclaimed.*

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands, proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners home.

C. M. STEELE.

96. *"Yet there is Room."*

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

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room:

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

4 In him the Father, reconciled,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

L. M. FAWCETT.

97. *Delay Dangerous.*

1 HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
The longer Wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 Oh hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 Oh hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 Oh hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless state!
Oh, let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

C. M. STEELE.

98. *The Saviour's Invitation.*

1 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 Ye sinners, come; 'tis Mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

99. S. M. SELECT HYMNS.

Now the Day of Grace.

1 NOW is the day of grace;
Now to the Saviour come;
The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,
And I will guide you home."

2 A Father bids you speed;
Oh, wherefore then delay:
He calls in love; he sees your need,
He bids you come to-day.

3 To-day the prize is won;
The promise is to save;
Then, oh, be wise; to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

100. S. M. PRATT'S COL.

Returning to Christ.

1 YE sons of earth, arise,
Ye creatures of a day;
Redeem the time — be bold, be wise,
And cast your bonds away.

2 The year of gospel grace
With us rejoice to see,
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.

3 Blest Saviour, Lord of all,
Thee help us to receive;
Obedient to thy gracious call,
Oh, bid us turn and live.

S. M. EPIS. COL.

101. *The Spirit inviting.*

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinners come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

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,
Oh, 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 thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come.

L. M. GR GG.

102. "*Behold, I stand at the Door.*"

1 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 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, 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.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

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.

L. M. COLLYER

103. *Return, O Wanderer.*

1 RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by the Spirit's grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His love shall peace and joy impart.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return,
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

104. *Exhortation to Repentance.*

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

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

3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now.
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
His mercy knows the appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.

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

L. M. WATTS

105. *The Road to Death.*

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

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

12's. THORNBY.

106. *The Voice of Free Grace.*

1 THE voice of Free Grace cries, Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ has opened a fountain:
For sin, and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon!
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, oh, flee to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy;—'tis infinite favor:
Your sins are increasing; escape to the mountain;
His blood can remove them, which flows from the fountain.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, ride on, triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and men raise the shout of salvation—
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

107. C. M. WATTS

Invitations of the Gospel.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Come, all ye hungry, starving souls
That feed upon the wind;
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

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.

5 Dear Lord! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins!

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

108. 7's & 6's. NEWTON.

The Warning.

1 STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe!
On the verge of ruin stop;—
Now the friendly warning take;
Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar:
Then you'll hear your awful doom,
And sink in deep despair!
All your sins will round you crowd;
You will mark their crimson dye,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And then — no refuge nigh.

109. 7's. ANON.

All Things earnest.

1 TIME is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh.
Sinner! wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er
Thou returnest never more.
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

3 Heaven is earnest; solemnly
Float its voices down to thee.
Oh, thou mortal, art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?

4 Hell is earnest; fiercely roll
Burning billows near thy soul.
Woe for thee! if thou abide
Unredeemed, unsanctified!

5 God is earnest: kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away —
Ere he set his judgment throne,
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

6 Christ is earnest, bids thee "Come!"
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum.
Wilt thou spurn the Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

7 Thou refusest! wretched one!
Thou despisest God's dear Son!
Madness! dying sinner, turn!
Lest his wrath within thee burn.

8 When thy pleasures all depart,
What will soothe thy fainting heart
Friendless, desolate, alone,
Entering a world unknown.

9 Oh, be earnest! loitering
Thou wilt perish: lingering
Be no longer — rise and flee;
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee.

110. 8's, 7's & 4's. HART.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
He is able,
He is willing — doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous —
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies:
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! the rising Lord ascending
To his Father and his God:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo to his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners, now his love proclaim.

L. M. STEELE.

111. *Invitation to Sinners.*

1 COME, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
Oh! 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.

L. M.

112. *The Physician of Souls.*

1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid —
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo.

S. M. Hyde

113. *Danger of Neglect.*

1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all its sins opprest?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

5 Then harden not thy heart
Against the Spirit's voice;
To Christ submit; from sin depart;
Make Wisdom's ways thy choice.

6's, 7's & 4's. ANON

114. *There is a Happy Land.*

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh! how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why yet delay?
Oh! we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
Oh! then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye!

L. M. WATTS.

115. *Life the Time to serve God.*

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return!

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven,
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
Beneath the clods their dust must lie;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circle of the sun.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device or work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
Oh, may we all receive thy grace,
And see with joy thy smiling face.

S. M. DOBELL.

116. *Now the accepted Time.*

1 NOW is the accepted time;
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time;
The gospel bids you come,
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

8's & 7's.

117. *Expostulation.*

1 NOW the Saviour stands a pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.

CHORUS.

Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behavior,
Now he calls you to his arms.

2 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behavior,
Oh repent, return, and pray.
Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him, &c.

3 Oh, be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife;
Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
Turn upon the events of life.
Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him, &c.

4 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee,
See, what kindness, love and pity,
Shine around on you and me.
Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him, &c.

5 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
Now receive,—and oh, adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.
Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him, &c.

6 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more;
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.
Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him, &c.

118. 2's & 11's. J. B. Vague

"The Harvest is past, the Summer is ended."

1 HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

2 How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee,
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3 Despised, rejected, at length he may leave thee,
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee:
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end"

4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power,
Our God will arise, with his foes to contend;
Haste, haste thee, O sinner; prepare for that hour:
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

5 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before him:
Oh, bow to his scepter, and make him thy Friend;
Now yield him thy heart, and make haste to adore him:
"Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end."

119. 11's ANON.

Danger of Delay.

1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, entreats thee to come
Beware, lest in darkness, thou finish thy race,
And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade—
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,
What power, then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

6 Delay not, delay not, the refuge is nigh,
Escape for thy life ere the moment is past;
While Mercy invites you, O fly, sinner fly!
Despise not her warning—it may be the last!

120. L. M. DODDRIDGE

One Thing needful.

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

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

3 Not so your eyes will always view
The objects which you now pursue ;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart ;
Fix deep conviction on each heart ;
Then we no more, on trifling cares,
Shall waste the life thy mercy spares.

THE PENITENT.

121. C. P. M. OCCUM

Conviction and Conversion.

1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
Exposed to endless woe ;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or else to ruin go.

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell
For death and hell drew near;
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain;
"The sinner must be born again,"
Still sounded in my ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head;
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth increased my pain;
"The sinner must be born again,"
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load:
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or feel the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt his pity move:
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

L. C. M. WESLEY.

122. *Serious Prospect of Eternity.*

1 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 fulfill,
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!

C. M. COTTERILL'S COL.

123. *Trusting in the Mercy of God.*

1 OUT of the deeps, O Lord, we call,
While guilty fears oppress;
Do thou, with ear attentive, hear
The voice of our distress.

2 If thou our sins severely mark,
And strict account demand,
Oh, who, of all the sons of men,
Before thy face shall stand?

3 But, Lord, 'tis thine to spare and save —
With mercy souls to win;
For mercy binds the grateful heart,
And makes it fear to sin.

4 We trust in thee; in thee, O Lord,
Is full redemption found;
Thy mercy pardons every sin,
And closes every wound.

L. M. WATTS.

124. *Security in the Cross.*

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

2 Should worlds conspire to draw me thence.
Unmoved and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, — for that's my last defense, —
If I must perish, there to die.

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

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

7's. RAFFLES.

125. *Confession of Sin.*

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall:
Hear, oh, hear my earnest cry;
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners, I have been;
Oft have sinned before thy face;
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy fatal dart
Pierce this guilty broken heart;
Justly might thy righteous breath
Doom me to eternal death.

4 Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make my broken spirit whole,
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

C. M. NEWTON.

126. *Looking to the Cross.*

1 I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

4 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain—
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayst live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.

L. M. WATTS.

127. *Pardon penitently implored.*

1 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, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

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

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

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

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

C. M. WATTS.

128. *Repentance in view of the Cross.*

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body slain, dear Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood;
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious Sufferer stood.]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned 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 Christ the mighty Saviour 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 mine eyes to tears.

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

C. M. WATTS.

129. *Conviction by Law.*

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With such convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath,
Exert thy power to save;
Oh, break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

S. M. TATE & BRADY.

130. *Pleading for Mercy.*

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted pardon find.

2 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though condemned
Must own thy judgments right.

3 Blot out my many sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

7's. TOPLADY

131.

Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the perfect 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 forever 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.

C. M. S. STENNETT.

132. *Indwelling Sin lamented.*

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

2 Oh, was there e'er a heart so base,
So false, as mine has been —
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin?

3 Yet, I remember, thy commands
Are holy, just and true;
I feel that what my God demands,
Is his most rightful due.

4 Thy word I hear, thy counsels weigh,
And all thy works approve:
Still, nature finds it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
This warfare in my breast?
In mercy bow this stubborn will,
And give my spirit rest.

133. L. M.

The Burden of Sin.

1 OH, that my load of sin were gone,
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay me down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

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

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

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

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

L. M. BREWER

134. *Christ the Hiding-Place.*

1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despised the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 But thus th' eternal counsel ran —
"Almighty love — arrest the man;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

4 Vindictive Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But Justice cried, with frowning face –
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

5 But lo, a heavenly voice I heard --
And mercy's angel soon appeared;
Who led me on, a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

6 On him almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell
He bore it for his chosen race,
And now he is my hiding-place.

S. M. NEWTON.

135. *The Gospel Poo .*

1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From time to time my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

3 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sovereign mercy flow,
To make a sinner whole.

4 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

C. M. JONES

136. *Resolving to go to Christ.*

1 COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Have like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to my gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command a touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he may admit my plea
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer,
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

137. *Invitation.* 6's & 5's. S. DYER.

1 COME, heart-broken sinner,
Though guilty thou art,
Christ is omnipotent!
Oh, give him thy heart.

2 How rich is his mercy!
Behold from above
He stoops to embrace thee,—
Oh, spurn not his love!

3 He comes in thy likeness,
Of flesh takes a part—
Has the tear in his eye,
The pain in his heart!

4 While now thou art weeping,
And trembling with fear,
Lest He should discard thee,
His mercy is near.

5 Then trust him, O sinner,
Though guilty thou art;
Christ is omnipotent!
Oh, give him thy heart.

C. M.

138. *Extent of God's Mercy.*

1 CANST thou, O Lord, forgive so soon
A soul that's sinned so long?
Canst thou submit thyself to one
That loads thee still with wrong?

2 Canst thou invite me to repent,
And woo me to return?
And will thine anger, Lord, relent,
And bid me cease to mourn?

3 It is no merit of my own,
But blood of Him that died
Our elder brother and thy Son
My sins have crucified.

4 For every drop of crimson dye,
Thus shed to make me live,
Oh, wherefore, wherefore have not I
A thousand souls to give?

7's. TOPLADY.

139. *"He hath borne our griefs."*

1 WEEPING soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee;
There thy every sin he bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid;
See upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offense and yours;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

8's & 7's. NEWTON

140. *Healing for the Blind.*

1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David,"
Blind Bartimeus once cried;
"Others by thy grace are saved,
Oh, vouchsafe to me thine aid."
For his crying many chid him,
But he cried the louder still;
Till his gracious Saviour bid him,
'Come and ask me what you will.'

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
Yet he asked, and Jesus granted
Alms that none but he could give;
"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day;"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

3 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around—
"Friends, is not my case amazing,
What a Saviour I have found!
Oh, that all the blind but knew him,
Or could be advised by me;
Sure if they were brought unto him,
He would cause them all to see.

4 "Now I freely leave my garments,
Follow Jesus in the way;
He'll direct me by his counsel,
Bring me to eternal day;
There shall I behold my Saviour,
Spotless, innocent and pure;
I shall reign with him forever,
For his promises are sure.

5 "Don't you see my Jesus coming,
See him now in yonder cloud,
With ten thousand angels round him—
Oh, behold the glorious crowd!
I will rise and go and meet him,
And embrace him in my arms·
In the arms of my dear Jesus,
Oh! he hath a thousand charms."

C. M. BURNHAM.

141. *Lord! remember Me.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

7's. SAC. SONGS

142.

Deep Contrition.

1 JESUS, save my dying soul;
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven

3 All my guilt to thee is known;
Thou art righteous, thou alone;
All my help is from thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou — wilt thou not forgive!
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour leave me not to die.

7's. C. WESLEY

143.

A Refuge.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless 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.

C. M. STENNETT.

144. *Imploring Pardon.*

1 DEAR Saviour, prostrate at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward 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 that thou hast shed;
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 I plead thy sorrows, gracious Lord;
Do thou my sins forgive:
Thy justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

7's. C. WESLEY

145. *The Penitent Inquirer.*

1 DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?—
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

L. M.

146. *The Decision.*

1 THE smitten heart and starting tear,
Which bade me live for God and heaven
Have sometimes roused my solemn fear,
And made me wish my sins forgiven.

2 But when I mingled with the crowd
That hasten to the world of woe,
I felt too stubborn and too proud
To yield to Christ, and heavenward go.

3 And thus I've gone from day to day,
From month to month, and year to year,
Refusing still to bend and pray,
And shed the penitential tear.

4 But I'm resolved no longer now
To put away the day of grace;
Lest God in anger strike the blow,
And make despair my dwelling place.

C. M. C. WESLE.

147. *Prayer for Repentance.*

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

2 Oh, for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt which trembling fears
The long suspended blow!

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

4 O fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
Thyself to me reveal.

L. M. WATTS.

148. *Returning to God.*

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul is humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

C. M. STEELE.

149. *Contrition.*

1 O LORD, thy tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Thy hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A sinful wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return?"

3 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

4 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

8's & 6's. ANON.

150. *Coming to Christ.*

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one sin blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

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

THE CONVERT.

151. L. M. CENNICK.

Christ the Way.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view; —

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

3 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul; I am the way."

4 Lo! glad I come; and thou blest Lamb,
Wilt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

5 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found!
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

152. *Uniting with the Church.*

1 OH. happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who claims my highest love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

2 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

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

153. C. M. NEWTON

Amazing Garce.

1 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 has brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

L. M. STEELE.

154. *Choosing Christ's Service.*

1 NOW I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 Oh, be his service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice —
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

C. M.

155. *Renouncing the World.*

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its follies too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Those follies now no longer please,
No more delight afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Shall fix my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
Yet worthless still, myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea.

8's & 7's. MONTGOMERY

156. *Forsaking all for Christ.*

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Friendless, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known.
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father —
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee!

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine,
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

11's. ANON.

157. *The Charms of Christ.*

1 MY soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue,
Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a song,
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're descending to hear while I sing,
Well pleased to hear mortals thus praising their king,
O angels! O angels! my soul's in a flame;
I faint in sweet rapture at Jesus' dear name.

3 O Saviour of sinners! thou balm of my soul, [whole;
'Twas thou, my dear Jesus, that made my heart
Oh, bring me to view thee, my God and my king,
In oceans of glory thy praises to sing.

4 Sweet Spirit, attend me, till Jesus shall come;
Protect and defend me until I'm called home:
Though worms my poor body may claim as their
prey,
'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noonday.

5 A glimpse of bright glory surprises my soul;
I sink in sweet visions to view the bright goal;
My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go;
This moment for heaven I'd leave all below.

7's & 6's. NEWTON.

158. *Christ the great Physician.*

1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length, this great Physician —
How matchless is his grace! —
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him,—
For sin my eyes had sealed,—
Then bade me look unto him:
I looked, and I was healed.

C. M. WATTS.

159. *Parting with earthly Joys.*

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
On things of sense why fix my sight?
Why on its pleasures dwell?

2 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my soul's desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

3 No longer will I ask its love,
Nor seek its friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within its power.

4 Oh, for the pinions of a dove,
To ascend the heavenly road:
There shall I share my Saviour's love,
There shall I dwell with God.

160. 8's & 7's. BOWRING.

Glorying in the Cross.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gather round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

C. M. WATTS.

161. *God the Believer's Portion.*

1 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.

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

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

6's & 4's. R. PALMER

162. *Christ our Confidence.*

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dread maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

L. M. GRIGG.

163. *Not ashamed of Christ.*

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee,
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines 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 morning be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids 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.

5 Ashamed of Jesus? Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

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

C. P. M. ANON.

164. *Revival Joys.*

1 WE feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' grace on high:
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

2 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Our Shepherd will before us go,
And lead where heavenly fountains flow,
That never will run dry.

3 There will we reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon shall we meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

4 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there;
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land
Where we shall part no more.

5 There, on that peaceful, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout, our sufferings o'er,
In sweet redeeming love:
We'll shout and praise our conquering King,
Who died himself that he might bring
Us rebels near to God.

C. M. KIRKHAM.

165. *Bearing Shame for Christ.*

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

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

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

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

P. M.

166. *Heavenly Union.*

1 COME, saints and sinners, hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he passed by,
"With God you have no union."

3 Then I began to weep and cry;
And looked this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation for to buy;
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.

5 I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.

6 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to our King,
Who gave us heavenly union.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

167. "*Thou knowest that I love thee.*"

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still,
To my attentive ear?
Does not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, blessed Lord,
But oh! I long to soar,
Far from this scene of mortal joys,
And love thee evermore.

168. 6's & 8's. C. WESLEY.

Christ interceding.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One.
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

169. *The happy Child of Grace.*

1 HOW happy's every child of grace,
Who feels his sins forgiven;
"This world," he cries, "is not my place;
I seek a place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, oh, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 "To that Jerusalem above
With singing I'll repair;
While in the world, by hope and love,
My heart and soul are there;
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

3 "Oh, what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

4 "Oh, would he more of heaven bestow,
And let this vessel break!
And let my ransomed spirit go
To grasp the God I seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bled and died for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity."

L. M. H. K. WHITE.

170. *The Star of Bethlehem.*

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

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

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

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

171. *Longing for Heaven.*

7's & 6's. TIEBOU.

1 OH, when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er:
His faithful word has promised
A righteous crown to give;
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace, I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love to fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow —
I bid you all adieu;
And oh, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

172. 11's & 9's. C. WESLEY.

Ecstasy of the new-born Soul.

1 HOW happy are they who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort was mine, when the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed, what a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

6 'Twas a heaven below my Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long was my joy and my song:
Oh, that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried, he hath suffered and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.

5 On the wings of his love I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe, that I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 Oh, the rapturous height of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed, I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

173. *Sitting at the Cross.*

8's & 7's. ROBINSON.

1 SWEET the moment, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend:
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed in this station,
Low before his cross to lie:
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye;
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven —
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing
And himself more deeply know.

174. 10's & 11's.

Pleasures of Religion.

1 OH, TELL me no more of this vain world's store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined, on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in Paradise live,
And me in that number, will Jesus receive;
My soul don't delay, he calls thee away,
Rise, follow the Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort -- go after him, go.
Lo! onward I move, to a country above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin;
'Midst outward affiiction, shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

5 But still I do find, that we are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.
So, this is the race I'm running, through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care, my neighbors may share
Those blessings; to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, oh why, and death, will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

C. M. J. RYLAND.

175. *Hinder me not.*

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Immanuel's ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again!
What! never part again?
No, never part again!
What! never part again?
No, never part again!
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again!

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
We're marching, &c.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not;" for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
We're marching, &c.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be, —
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome death;
I'll gladly go with thee.
We're marching, &c.

BAPTISM.

8's & 7's. FAWCETT.

176. *Invitation to follow the Lamb.*

1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of Revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod:
Flee to him, your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behavior,
Own him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the blessed Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ill that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice
Jesus says, "Let each believer
Be baptized in my name;"
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies,
Be interred at his commanding,
After his example rise.

C. M. FELLOWS.

177. *Delight in Obedience.*

1 O LORD, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of gilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God?

4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

L. M.

178. *"They were baptized."*

1 GREAT God, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey;
Let saints and angels hail the day!

2 Great things, O everlasting Son,
Great things for us thy grace hath done:
Constrained by thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet Thee move.

3 In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command:
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us through.

4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride
Must not invite, and be denied;
Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Interred in such a liquid grave?

5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name;
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY

179. *Delight in Obedience.*

1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled:
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross
Our favored feet are led;—

3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

180. *Christians buried and risen with Christ.*

1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There, by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair,
Yet owns himself our Brother still,
And our Forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above our choicest treasure lies,
And be our hearts above.

4 But earth and sin will draw us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong, attractive power
To fix our souls on high.

L. M. STENNETT.

181. *"Thus it becometh us."*

1 THE Great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save,
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore
To find a tomb beneath its wave!

2 "Thus it become us to fulfill
All righteousness," he meekly said;
"Why should we then to do his will,
Or be ashamed, or be afraid?"

3 With Thee, into thy watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie interred by such a friend.

4 Yet as the yielding waves give way
To let us see the light again,
So on the resurrection day,
The bands of death proved weak and vain.

L. M.

182. *Raised to Newness of Life.*

1 COME, all you sons of God, and view
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you;
Behold him sink with heavy woes,
And give his life to save his foes.

2 Here in the pure baptismal wave,
You see the emblem of his grave;
Come, all who would his laws obey,
And view the place where Jesus lay

3 When from the watery tomb restored,
Then call to mind your rising Lord;
You saints, lift up your joyful eyes;
Exulting see your Saviour rise.

4 Ascending from the stream, behold
An emblem of his life restored;
Hence live to him who died for you,
And all his just commandments do.

8's, 7's & 4's. J. E. GILES.

183. *Buried with Christ by Baptism.*

1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me;"
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I'll enter:
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee:
Oh, what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise to enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

C. M. S. F. SMITH.

184. *Self-consecration in Baptism.*

1 WHILE in this sacred rite of thine,
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.

2 All glory be to Him whose life
For ours was freely given,
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.

3 To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.

4 Oh, may we die to earth and sin,
Beneath the mystic flood;
And when we rise, may we begin
To live anew for God.

C. M. S. F. SMITH.

185. *The Emblematic Dove.*

1 MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.

3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene:
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs.
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

L. M. BALDWIN

186. *Imitation of Christ.*

1 COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who vailed his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

187. 8's, 7's & 4's. S. S. Cutting.

Christian Profession.

1 GRACIOUS Saviour! we adore thee,
Purchased by thy precious blood,
We present ourselves before thee,
Now to walk the narrow road:
Saviour, guide us,
Guide us to our heavenly home.

2 Thou didst mark our path of duty;
Thou wast laid beneath the wave;
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty
From the semblance of the grave:
May we follow
In the same delightful way.

188. L. M. Judson.

Christ's Example.

1 OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave:
Come, see the sacred path he trod —
A path well pleasing to our God.

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

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

L. M.

189. *Buried with Him by Baptism.*

1 JESUS, we come at thy command,
Now on the water's brink we stand,
Ready to walk into the wave,
A lively emblem of the grave.

2 Let neither shame, nor fear, nor pride,
Divert our steady feet aside;
'Tis by appointment, in thy name
We venture down into the stream.

3 Lord of the universe! look down,
And make thy great salvation known:
Teach every sinner to obey,
And follow Jesus in "the way."

S. M. S. F. SMITH.

190. *Baptism into Christ.*

1 WITH willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love the example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
Oh, thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee:
Oh, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

191. L. M. S. DYER.

Imitating Christ.

1 BENEATH the Jordan's limpid wave
The Baptist lays the Saviour's head,
And thus within the liquid grave
The path of righteousness to tread.

2 Arising from the dimpling tide,
Divinest rays around him pour;
The Spirit's wings are seen to glide,
The Saviour, dove-like, hovering o'er.

3 The Father's voice pronounced him blest,
Who bowed Him in baptismal rite;
"Hear Him, who seek a heavenly rest,
My Son, in whom I take delight."

4 Dear Saviour, 'neath the flood we bow,
And from this hour would die to sin;
Oh, hear in heaven our solemn vow,
And all create anew within.

5 Oh, grant to-day the holy Dove
May in our bosoms make his rest;
The Father's still small voice of love,
Pronounce those words which make us blest.

192. L. M. BEDDOME.

Cordial Obedience.

1 BLEST Saviour, we thy will obey:
Not of constraint, but with delight,
Thy servants hither come to-day,
To honor thine appointed rite.

2 Descend, descend, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.

3 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The wonders of thy love explore;
And, washed in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more.

L. M. JUDSON

193. *The Holy Spirit invoked.*

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

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

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

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

C. M. S. DYER.

194. *Administration of Baptism.*

[*The first three stanzas should be sung as an invocation, and the others in pairs; the first as the candidate is going down into the water, and the second when ascending.*]

1 REPENT, believe, and be baptized,
The great divine command,
And here, according to thy word,
O Lord, this day we stand.

2 The young, the old, the middle aged,
Here seek the water's side,
To tread the path the Saviour trod
Into the yielding tide.

3 Oh, let the Spirit Dove descend,
As once o'er Jordan's wave,
And rest on all who here arise
From the baptismal grave.

Baptism of a Child.

1 AT thy inviting words of love,
"Let children come to me,"
Behold this child *believing* comes
To give up all for thee.

2 Oh, happy sight! when children tread
The path of faith and love,
And join that kingdom here on earth
Which they compose above.

Baptism of a Youth.

1 WITH willing feet into the stream,
Descends this ardent youth,
Thus to remember thee, O Lord,
And keep thy holy truth.

2 Emerging from the mystic grave,
To live a life divine,
Oh, may thy Spirit guide the heart,
And make it wholly thine.

Baptism of an Adult.

1 HERE at the early noon of life,
Thy precepts to obey,
Dear Saviour, this disciple comes
To tread the watery way.

2 Up from the flood with joyful steps!
The heart with rapture glows;
The cross well borne, now on his way
The saint rejoicing goes.

Baptism of the Aged.

1 AT the eleventh hour, O Lord,
Behold the pilgrim stand —
A rebel long, but come at last
To honor thy command.

2 By grace divine a child again,
Born never more to die,
Oh, feed the soul the word sincere,
In strength to grow thereby.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

195. L. M. KELLY.

Receiving Members.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord;
Oh, come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Thy name, 'tis hoped, already stands
Within the book of life above;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of fraternal love.

3 Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

4 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

5 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh, may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

L. M. GODWIN.

196. *"The Brethren received us gladly."*

1 WELCOME, thou well beloved of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeemed by blood;
Welcome with us, thine hand to join
As partner of our lot divine.

2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace,
We're traveling to a blissful place;
The Holy Ghost, who knows the way,
Conducts thee on from day to day.

3 Take up thy cross, and bear it on,
It shall be light, and not be long;
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

L. M. BURNHAM.

197. *"Epistles — read of all Men."*

1 FIRST have these lovers of the word
Yielded their souls to Christ the Lord;
Now to the church themselves they give —
Now to the Saviour may they live.

2 Lord, may these honored saints of thine
Ever upon thy breast recline:
Thy name revere, thy word obey,
And oh! forever watch and pray.

3 May they continue in thy ways,
Delight to pray — delight to praise:
May they with us abide in love,
And shortly soar to realms above.

198. 8's. BALDWIN

The Union of Saints.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties
As distance and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My brethren are dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Why, then, so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

5 Oh, when shall we see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United in Jesus' pure love?

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
And sing, Hallelujah! amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

C. M. MONTGOMERY

199. *A Welcome to Fellowship.*

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord:
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,—
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,—
Freely with us partake.

L. M.

200. *The Right Hand of Fellowship.*

1 BROTHER in Christ, and well-beloved
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and show thyself approved;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth!—Lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give!
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesus' name receive.

3 Say, is thy heart resolved as ours?
Then let it burn with sacred love:
Then let it taste the heavenly powers,
Partaker of the joys above.

201. L. M. BARBAULD.

Christian Affection.

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

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

3 Nor shall the glorious flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire:
Then shall they meet in realms above,
And celebrate their Saviour's love.

202. S. M. FAWCETT

Christian Fellowship.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

4 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

5 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

L. M. BEDDOME.

203. *Converts Welcomed.*

1 BELIEVING souls, of Christ beloved,
Who have yourselves to him resigned,
Your faith and practice both approved,
A hearty welcome here shall find.

2 Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles,
Though by a scorning world abhorred,
Now share with us the Saviour's smiles,
Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord.

3 In fellowship we join our hands,
And you an invitation give;
Unite with us in sacred bands;
The pledges of our love receive.

4 O Thou, who art the church's head,
This union with thy blessing crown;
And still revive and save the dead,
Till thousands more thy name shall own.

204. C. M. WESLEY

Brotherly Love.

1 BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove —
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we'll go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

4 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And Christians part no more!

205. C. M. SWAIN

Brotherly Love.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word.

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

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

4 When love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows:
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

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

C. M. WATTS.

206. *Christian Harmony.*

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole!

3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distill.

207. C. M. MILLER.

Sweetness of Christian Intercourse.

1 OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, joined in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

3 Lord, when thou makest thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own.

4 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

208. 8's, 7's & 4's. S. DYER

A Welcome to the Christian Race.

1 ENTER, Jesus bids thee welcome,
In the fullness of his grace;
With this hand of love, we give thee
In our hearts the warmest place;
Hence together,
Let us run the Christian race.

2 Trials hard may oft beset thee,
Firmer on the armor brace;
Fight the fight — a crown awaits thee,
Slacken not thy cheerful pace;
Firm together,
Let us run the Christian race.

3 Joys thou'lt find beyond expression,
Find in Zion's loved embrace;
Losses here are turned to treasures,
Gladness smiles in sorrow's face;
Aye together,
Let us run the Christian race.

4 Come and share our joys and sorrows,
Zion's friends bring no disgrace;
Blush not, then, to speak her praises,
Loud proclaim her Saviour's grace,
And together,
He will crown us in the race.

L. M. NEWTON

209. *Welcome to the joys of Christian Fellowship.*

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

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

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

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

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

S. M. DWIGHT

210. *Love to the Church.*

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved,
With his own precious blood:

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end:

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given,
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

C. M. SUTTON

211. *The Christian's Hope.*

1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given —
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven:
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again;
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

S. M. WATTS.

212. *Union and Peace.*

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

4 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And fragrance filled the room.

5 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distills,
And all the air is love,

CHRISTIAN DUTIES AND EXERCISES.

L. M. WATTS.

213. *The Gospel exemplified in the Conduct.*

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

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

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

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

C. M. WATTS

214. *God our Portion.*

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this 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.

5 Behold the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

L. M. WATTS.

215. *Security of the Believer.*

1 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.

C. M. WATTS.

216. *God's Presence Delightful.*

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

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

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his 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,
To 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.

C. M. COWPER.

217. *Purposes of God.*

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

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

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

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

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

S. M. SAC. SONGS.

218. *Affliction blessed.*

1 HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

L. M. FAWCETT.

219. *The Lord our Leader.*

1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul, with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed;
Sees, every day, new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

C. M. TOPLADY

220. *Sweetness of Submission.*

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away;—

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;—

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;—

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of his grace
For all things to depend;—

5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee!

C. M. WATTS.

221. *The Christian Soldier.*

1 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 sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile 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,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

9's & 6's.

222. *Christian Exultation.*

1 COME away to the skies —
My beloved, arise!
And rejoice in the day thou wert born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love,
With our treasure, above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of the Lord —
We remember his word,
And, with singing, to paradise go.

3 For thy glory we were
First created to share
Both thy nature and kingdom divine:
Now created again,
That our souls may remain,
Both in time and eternity, thine.

4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which has joined us in Christ's precious name
So united in heart
That we never can part —
We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.

5 There, oh! there, at his feet,
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted, in body, no more;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour, in glory, adore.

6 "Hallelujah!"—we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain,
"Hallelujah!"—again—
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

223. S. M. WATTS.

Christ our Sacrifice.

1 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.

C. M. WATTS.

224. *Salvation by Grace.*

1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

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

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

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

S. M. DODDRIDGE.

225. *Salvation by Grace.*

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led our wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

7's.

226. *The Pleasures of Religion.*

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

227. C. M. STEELE.

Prayer for Submission.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace.
Let this petition rise;—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

228. S. M MONTGOMERY.

The Resolve.

1 IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee;
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone
A nursery for thee.

229. C. M. COWPER.

Walking with God.

1 OH, for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

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

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

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

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

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

C. M. STEELE.

230. *Succor implored in Spiritual Conflicts.*

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
Oh, bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations lure my heart,
Or draw my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

6 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

S. P. M. WATTS.

231. *Delight in the House of God.*

1 HOW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek **our** God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

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

3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here;
He bids the saint be glad;
He makes the sinner 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 who 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.

232. C. M. ADDISON

Gratitude.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise
But, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

8's. BATH COL.

233. *Our Salvation in Trouble.*

1 O THOU whose compassionate care
Forbids my fond heart to complain,
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.

2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!

3 A tender physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.

4 Oh, let this correction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

L. M. WAITE

234. *A Sight of God.*

1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Oh, might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be
How despicable to my eyes!

3 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

4 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave—
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

5 Great All in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

L. M. WATTS.

235. *Holy Aspirations.*

1 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.

C. M. WATTS

236. *Not ashamed of Christ.*

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

C. M. WATTS.

237. *Earthly Pleasures dangerous.*

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Shine with deceiving light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
The partners of our blood, —
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
'Tis there the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

238. C. M. BEDDOME

Imitation of Christ.

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

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
Oh, may that zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfill.

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

8's & 7's. TOPLADY.

239. *Prayer for Light.*

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, and manifest the favor
Thou hast for the ransomed race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

5 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

6 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

C. M. WATTS.

240. *Coldness and Inconstancy lamented.*

1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
And still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

S. M. WATTS

241. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

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

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

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

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

242. S. M. BEDDOME.

"Jesus Wept."

1 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 astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

243. 7's. COWPER.

Trials.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall,
Yet with humble faith I see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seed
Of affliction, pain, and toil:
These spring up and choke the weed,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

5 Did I meet no trials here,
Nor afflictions by the way,
Might I not in reason fear,
I should prove a castaway?

6 Sinners may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Ought not, would not, if he might.

S. M. DODDRIDGE.

244. *The Christian a Watcher.*

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near,
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

S. M. HEATH.

245. *The Soldier on his Guard.*

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won.
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

C. M. STEELE

246.

Christ's Intercession.

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

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

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

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

247. 6's, 4's & 7's. S. DYER.

Christian Mariner.

1 MY bark is on the deep
Where billows roar,
And high the wild winds sweep,
The waves so hoar:
Yet my bark shall safely ride
O'er the dark and stormy tide,
With Jesus at my side,
I fear no more!

2 What though loud thunders roll,
And lightning's blaze
Is seen from pole to pole,
It ne'er dismays;
For, through all the gloomy night
Bethlehem's Star will give me light,
To guide my bark aright
To endless days!

248. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Race.

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

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To mine aspiring eye

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

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

249. 8's, 7's & 4's. ANON

Pleading the Promise.

1 GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lowly vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears:
Oh, refresh us—
Oh, refresh us with thy grace.

Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within
esus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin:
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

3 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.

4 Oh, that I could now adore him
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And, unceasing, sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

250. 11's & 8's. SWAIN.

The Glory of Christ.

1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 Oh, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

5 This is my Beloved; his form is divine;
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

6 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

11's & 10's. ANON

251. *The Lord is my Shepherd.*

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me;
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
His rod and his staff will uphold me!

11's. KIRKHAM.

252. *The Firm Foundation.*

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

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 — [be.
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever

3 "Fear not — I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid —
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand. [stand

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flame shall not hurt thee — I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans 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."

253. 10's & 9's. S. DYER.

Illusions of Life.

1 SOFT and light o'er the soul are now gliding
Bright illusions of joys yet to be,
While the heart, in their truth all confiding,
On the glad wings of hope mounts so free;
As the sun in the morn clearly beaming,
Throws a halo of light o'er the scene,
So the morning of life sheds a gleaming
On the pathway of youth, fresh and green.

2 Oft when hopes have been blest by enjoying,
And our toiling and sorrow seemed o'er,
We still found but a phantom decoying
By allurements to grieve us the more.
E'en the brightest may shine for deceiving;
All that's richest will oft bring a snare;
What seems truest may still, to our grieving,
But more surely lead on to despair!

3 All on earth is illusive and fleeting,
Never blessing when most 'tis enjoyed;
Though we try to improve by repeating,
Yet the soul is still empty when cloyed.
But the hopes of the just all depending
On those treasures which Christ has in store,
When with Him up to glory ascending,
They'll be snared by illusions no more!

11's. ANON

254. *Our Shepherd.*

1 THE Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide,
Whatever we want he will kindly provide;
To the sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,
His care and protection his flock will surround.

2 The Lord is our shepherd; what then shall we fear?
What danger can frighten while he is so near?
Nor when the time calls us to walk through the vale
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.

3 Though afraid of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay:
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

4 The Lord is become our salvation and song;
His blessings have followed as life floats along;
His name will we praise with our last fleeting breath;
Be cheerful in life, and be happy in death.

11's & 10's. MOORE.

255. *Invitation to the Mercy-seat.*

1 COME ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish:
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

11's. ANON.

256. *Heaven the Christian's Home.*

1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease:
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions, to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Inspire me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

7's. NEWTON.

257. *Spiritual Depression.*

1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love;
Those were happy golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turned 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.

C. M. CH. PSALMODY.

258. *Desires for Holiness.*

1 OH, 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 Blessed 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.

7's. ANON.

259. *When shall we meet?*

1 WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead.
When in cold oblivion's shade.
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,—
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

S. M.

260. *Christian Watchfulness.*

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save.
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care.
As in thy sight to live;
And thus thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A good account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

S. M. WATTS.

261. *Security and Comfort in God.*

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh, 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,
Forever 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.

7's NEWTON

262. *Assurance Desired.*

1 '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.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon the 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.

L M. ADDISON.

263. *Jehovah the Shepherd of his People.*

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

264. *Living to Christ.*

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

2 What is my being but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

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

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

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

265. C. M. HOLMAN

Prayer for Unity.

1 LORD, in thy presence here we meet;
May we in thee be found!
Oh, make the place divinely sweet,
Oh, let thy grace abound.

2 To-day the order of thy house
We would in peace maintain;
We would renew our solemn vows,
And heavenly strength regain.

3 Thy spirit, gracious Lord, impart;
Our faith and hope increase;
Display thy love in every heart,
And keep us all in peace.

4 Let no discordant passions rise
To mar the work of love;
But hold us in those heavenly ties
That bind the saints above.

5 With harmony and union bless,
That we may own to thee
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis
When brethren all agree.

6 May Zion's good be kept in view,
And bless our feeble aim,
That all we undertake to do,
May glorify thy name.

266. L. M. WATTS

Following the Example of Christ.

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

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

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

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

267. 7's. CENNICK

Singing on the Way.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

3 O ye banished seed be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes.
Brother to our souls becomes.
Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

C. M. COWPER

268. *Sufficiency of the Atonement.*

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

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

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

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

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

L. M. WATTS.

269. *Religion vain without Love.*

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell, —
Or could my faith the world remove, —
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor, —
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name, —

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

270. S. M. WATTS.

Daily Devotion.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road of 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 burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

C. M. HAWEIS.

271. *Lord, remember Me.*

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 If, for thy sake, upon my name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame!
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

6 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

L. M. WATTS.

272. *Blessedness of worshiping God in his Temple.*

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

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?

3 Blest are the saints, who dwell on high,
Around thy throne, above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

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

6 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.

C. M. STEELE.

273. *Making God a Refuge.*

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

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 oh! 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.

5's & 6's.

274. *Praise to the Saviour.*

1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And 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;
To Jesus loud praises
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,
And infinite love.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

275. *Jesus precious to Believers.*

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

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.

8's. NEWTON,

276. *Longing for Christ.*

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest 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?
Oh, 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.

C. M. NEWTON.

277. *Mourning over departed Comforts.*

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

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

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

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

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

C. M. WATTS.

278. *Confidence in Hope.*

1 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 hurled.
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

279. *Purity of Heart.*

1 OH, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Oh, for a lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

280. C. M. ANON

Sweet Land of Rest.

1 SWEET land of rest! for thee I sigh:
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor down,
And dwell with Christ at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know —
No peaceful sheltering dome:
This world 's a wilderness of woe —
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he 'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground
And dwell with Christ at home.

281. L. M. WATTS

The Dreadful End.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked, placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But oh, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Their fancied joys how fast they flee
Just like a dream when one awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues

4 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

282. C. P. M. ANON

The Gracious Visit.

1 THE Lord into his garden's come,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive

Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead alive.

2 Behold, this dry and barren ground,
With springs of water doth abound,
A fruitful soil become ;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
The garden all with beauty glows,
When party zeal is gone.

3 The glorious day is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
Your sins he will forgive ;
Oh, taste and see free grace declare
For all mankind, who willing are
To come to Christ and live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour piteous and kind ;
Who will them all receive ;
None are too bad, who will repent ;
Out of one sinner legions went,
The Lord did him relieve.

5 If sinners only knew the Lord,
And were acquainted with his word,
His sweet forgiving love,
They 'd rush through storms of every kind,
And leave all earthly things behind,
To gain a crown above.

C. M. WATTS

283. *Delight in the House of God.*

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell—
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

C. M. ANON.

284. *Assurance of Hope.*

1 THE world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
Within man's heart remain.

2 The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps toward some happy goal,
The story of hope's song.

3 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfillment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed.

4 And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through fallen tears, — to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

5 Oh, no! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy, weak or fond,
When hope would bid us rest secure
In better life beyond.

6 Nor loss, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
Her promise may gainsay;
The voice Divine hath spoke within,
And God did ne'er betray.

C. M. WATTS

285. *Following departed Worthies.*

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

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

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

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

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

S. M. C. WESLEY

286. *The Soldier armed.*

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his beloved Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
He who in his Redeemer trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
Take you, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Then when your work is done,
And all your conflicts past,
You shall o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 Stand then against your foes
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose,
Throughout the evil day.

6 But meet the sons of night,
Oppose their vain design;
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

7 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

8 Ever together joined,
To battle all proceed.
Arm you yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your head.

287. 6's & 4's. S. F. SMITH

My Country's God.

1 MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

C. M. STEELE.

288. *Pardoning Love.*

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

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

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

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

L. M. HART.

289. *The Stony Heart.*

1 OH! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake,
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
Amazing thought! which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that *dear* something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

8's. COWPER.

290. *Longing to be with Christ.*

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubims, 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 bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Oh, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline, —

5 Oh, then shall the veil be removed
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall see him whom, absent, I loved,
Whom, not having seen, I adored.

L. M. WATTS.

291. *The Backslider's Supplication.*

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

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

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

P. M. ANON.

292. *Rejoicing in Hope.*

1 OUR bondage here shall end, by and by;
From Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return, by and by.

2 Our Deliverer will come, by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our three score years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by.

3 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on;
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

4 By Marah's bitter streams, we'll go on;
Though Becca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply,
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's flood we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransomed host shall shout, we are come.

6 Then friends shall meet again, who have loved;
Our embraces shall be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

7 Then, with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice,
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven shall ring,
And through all eternity we'll rejoice.

293. 8's. TOPLADY

Faith fainting.

1 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Disheartened 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 Shine, Lord, and thy terror 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;
Oh, visit and gladden my heart;
Let this be the day of thy power.

294. 8's & 7's. ANON.

Glorying in Christ.

1 GOD forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the crucified,
Or should blush to tell the story,
How for sinners Jesus died.
Let the rich display their treasures,
Let them boast how bright they shine,
I will never seek their pleasures,
While the dear Redeemer's mine.

2 Though from kings I had descended,
And could boast of noblest birth,
Though my brilliant fame extended
Far and wide o'er all the earth,
Though the utmost stores of learning,
All were treasured in my mind;
From the whole with gladness turning,
All my joy in Christ I'd find.

3 What is all the wealth of nations?
What their glittering pomp and power?
What the most exalted stations,
In the sinner's dying hour?
When the world is fast retreating,
Greatest gains appear but loss:
When the parting breath is fleeting,
Nought can cheer but Calvary's cross.

4 Let me hear my Saviour saying,
"I'll be with thee to the end;
I will answer thee when praying,
I will prove thy faithful friend:"
Then, though all the world forsake me,
I'll rejoice in Christ my Lord;
Soon, from sufferings freed, he'll take me
To enjoy a full reward.

5 When at last from earth I'm shrinking,
When my pulses feebly beat,
When in death's cold arms I'm sinking,
Then with joy I'll still repeat—
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the crucified;
Still in death I'll tell the story,
How for sinners Jesus died.

295. 7's. NEWTON

Mary at the Tomb.

1 MARY, to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone:
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

296. C. M. MORRIS

Thy Will be Done.

1 SEARCHER of hearts! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee.

2 Hearer of prayer! Oh, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.

3 Giver of all—for every good
In the Redeemer came—
For shelter, raiment, and for food,
I thank thee in His name.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let thy will be done.

297. C. M. HEBER

Early Religion

1 BY cool Siloam's shady ril
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

L. M. WATTS.

298. *The Heavenly Race.*

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

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint; —

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

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

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

8's & 6's. ANON

299. *Christ's Right Hand.*

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To call thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet 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 it, Lord, by thy rich grace;
Be thou my soul's sure hiding place,
In this the accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice, oh 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 shal' sound,
And see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

C. M. ANON

300. *Repentance at the Cross.*

1 OH, if my soul was formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs?
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 Oh! how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God;
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While, with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

301. 5's & 6's. NEWTON

Unbelief Banished.

1 BEGONE unbelief!
My Saviour is near;
And for my relief
Will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

2 Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death;
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame?

3 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

4 His love in time past,
Forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

L. M. ANON

302. *Christ the Bliss of Heaven.*

1 I THINK not of the starry crown,
Or robes the saints in glory wear;
'Twere heaven enough to bow me down,
Before my Saviour, Jesus, there.

2 I think not of those harps whose notes
Swell sweetly o'er the heavenly plains;
The Saviour's voice in music floats,
In richer, sweeter, dearer strains.

3 I think not of those golden streets,
Where arches rise o'er pearly gates;
Or mansions in whose blissful seats,
Rest for the weary pilgrim waits.

4 But oh, the Saviour's face to see,
The blest Redeemer's voice to hear;
To be from sin for ever free,
The Tempter's wiles no more to fear:

5 To feel immortal vigor fill
My soul, and quicken every power;
On angel's wing to do his will,
And with a seraph's love adore.

C. M. WATTS.

303. *Christ a merciful High Priest.*

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power,
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In each distressing hour.

C. M. COWPER.

304.

Submission.

1 O LORD, my best desires fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

8's & 7's. C. WESLEY

305.

Desiring Sanctification.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation:
Enter every trembling heart,

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. M. HOSKINS

306. *Joy in the Conversion of Sinners.*

1 OH, how the hearts of those revive,
Who fear and love the Lord,
When sinners dead are made alive,
By his all-quickening word.

2 The parent views with joyful eyes,
His now returning son,
And, lost in grateful rapture, cries,
What hath the Saviour done?

3 The ministers of Christ rejoice,
When souls the word receive;
When sinners hear the Saviour's voice,
And in his name believe.

4 The church of God their praises join,
And of salvation sing;
They glorify the grace divine
Of their victorious King.

5 But greater joy must they possess,
Who feel this glorious change;
Their laboring tongues can but express,
How true, and yet how strange!

307. 8's & 7's. ANON

The Female Pilgrim.

1 WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this gloomy vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

No! I'm bound for the kingdom;
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Traveling through this lonely void;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a Guide.
Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes:
Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

4 Yes, unseen — but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end:
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

6 No: that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful;
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

7 While I gazed, with speed surprising,
Down the vale she plunged from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed in light!
Oh, she's gone to the kingdom, —
Will you follow her to glory? &c.

8's & 7's. ANON.

308. *Prayer for Christ's Return.*

1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarrings cease;
Come, oh, come! and reign forever,
God of Love, and Prince of peace;
Visit, now, poor bleeding Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep,
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep,

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas — none agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us;
Help us, Lord, to follow thee;
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hindrance leap;
Not kept back by force or numbers —
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Lord, in us there is no merit —
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all thy truth;
On thy gospel we will venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour —
Oh! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

309. C. M. RIPPON'S COL

Prayer for the Removal of Judgments.

1 ALMIGHTY Lord! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy pard'ning grace alone
Our prostrate hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When God, our God, is near.

310. 5's & 8's. S. DYER, *in part*

"Farewell to my Home."

1 FAREWELL to my home,
To all thy scenes I bid adieu,
And far distant roam
From those I love with heart so true.
A father's eye with watchful care,
A mother's love will not be there;
No brother's aid will now be near,
Nor sister's smiles my heart to cheer;
Yet trusting in God,
Though far away, I will not fear.

2 Farewell to my home,
To all thy scenes I bid adieu,
And far distant roam;
E'en now thy hills fade from my view.
Oh! think of me at evening's hour,
When gathering round the altar there,
When holy thoughts ascend in prayer,
And holy sounds float on the air;
Then, trusting in God,
Though far away, I will not fear

3 Farewell to my home,
To all I bid a long adieu,
And far distant roam,
Thy cherished scenes no more to view.
When life's dark sea is safely o'er,
I'll hail with joy that blissful shore,
Where falls no more the parting tear,
Nor sad farewell breaks on the ear;
Where, trusting in God,
The soul will ne'er know aught of fear.

311. 8's & 7's. ROBINSON.

The Fount of Blessing.

1 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 — oh, 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 save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
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.

L. M. ANON.

312. *Take up thy Cross.*

1 TAKE up thy cross! the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thy arm.

3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord did not refuse to die
Upon a cross on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross! then, in his strength,
And calmly, sin's wild deluge brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to bliss beyond the grave.

5 Take up thy cross! and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

C. M. SAC POETRY

313. *Sincerity in Prayer.*

1 LORD, when we bow 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 we disclose our wants in prayer,
Oh, let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

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

7's. SWAIN

314. *We shall soon be at Home.*

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end;
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

2 In our way, a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

7's & 6's. ANON.

315. *Shall we only render Words?*

1 WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.

2 Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

3 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:

4 We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

5 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.

6 But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

7's & 6's. CENNICK.

316. *The Christian Pilgrimage.*

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings·
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from all terrestrial things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon, and stars, decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

L. M. S. DYER

317. *The Way of Life.*

1 I WOULD not have life's pathway smooth,
And always glowing 'neath the light,
Nor feast the ravished eyes on scenes
Where beauty fills the enraptured sight.

2 No, I would choose at times to climb
O'er rugged ways and mountains drear,
And look on skies where whirling clouds
Amid the darkling storm appear.

3 All earth's bright ways show God is good,
And this should raise the heart above;
But when he smiles 'mid storm and night,
Ah! then we know that "*God is love.*"

4 I would not have life's way to end,
But at the portals of the grave—
If we sought not the Saviour there,
We ne'er should know his power to save

5 Then let the monster death appear,
My soul shall bless the dying strife,
And gladly drop its load of clay,
To mount with joy the way of life!

11's. ANON.

318. *The Church victorious.*

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness:
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

C. P. M. S. DYER.

319. *Contentment.*

1 SHOULD storms arise and darkness reign,
And each fond hope bestrew the plain
In shattered fragments round,
Still, with assurance I can say,
The Lord who gave now takes away,
His praise shall louder sound.

2 Oh, that my heart, through life, may feel
Always content with woe or weal,
In health or wreaking pain;
Then, though my lot no riches crown,
My name unknown to earth's renown,
How great will be my gain!

SOCIAL AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

C. M. MAYO

320. *Joys of Social Worship.*

1 IF worldlings ask the reason why
We here so often meet;
In love to them we make reply,
To wait at Jesus' feet.

2 We tell them 'tis our greatest joy
To meet, and sing, and pray;
The noblest rational employ,
Of each succeeding day.

3 To man in nature this is strange,
For want of better light;
There must be an entire change,
To worship God aright.

4 Ah, did you know the joys we feel,
In our despised way;
You also would a moment steal,
And join to sing and pray.

5 But if determined still to run
In ruin's mad career,
We must your ways and persons shun,
And weeping, leave you here.

6 We must press forward in the race
Appointed for our feet;
And long to see our Saviour's face,
Where worship is complete.

S. M. WATTS.

321. *Joy in God alone.*

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

4 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

S M. WATTS.

322. *God's Presence delightful.*

1 HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And, in return, accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

C. M. HOSKINS.

323. *Meeting in Christ's Name.*

1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come
To worship at thy feet;
Oh! pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise — to hear
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

C. M. WATTS

324. *Morning Prayer.*

1 I LOVE to rise at early day,
While all is hushed and still,
And hear my Saviour kindly say,
"Come, ask me what ye will."

2 I love to search his holy law,
To hear his words of love,
And feel his Spirit sweetly draw
My soul to "things above."

3 I love to ask, by faith and prayer,
His Spirit's guiding ray —
Through every scene of anxious care,
Through life's bewildered way,

4 Thus let me spend each rising hour.
Thus close my latest days,
Till I shall wake to sleep no more,
Where prayer is changed to praise.

C. M. NEWTON

325. *Pleading in Prayer.*

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou call'st the burdened soul to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead his gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive;" —
'Tis Jesus speaks — I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

C. M. WATTS.

326. *Distance from God lamented.*

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so:
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

L. M. STENNETT.

327. *The gracious Promise.*

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

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

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

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

328. *Christian Watchfulness.*

1 LORD, let my prayer like incense rise,
And when I lift my hands to thee,
As in the evening sacrifice,
Look down from heaven well pleased on me.

2 Set thou a watch to keep my tongue,
Let not my heart to sin incline;
Save me from men who practice wrong;
Let me not share their mirth and wine.

3 But let the righteous, when I stray,
Smite me in love; his strokes are kind;
His mild reproofs like oil allay
The wounds they make, and heal the mind.

C. M. EDMESTON.

329. *Kindness in Affliction.*

1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
"There is no mercy here."

2 Oh, may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though they bend my spirit low
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

C. M. ANON.

230. *An Evening Hymn.*

1 INDULGENT Father, by whose care
I've passed another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.

3 Speak to my conscience, speak my peace
Through his atoning blood:
And grant me, Lord, a full release
From sin's oppressive load.

4 Show me my wants, and let me crave
Nothing but what is right;
Help me by faith on thee to live,
Then change my faith to sight.

5 Guide me through life's uncertain path,
Nor let me from thee stray;
Preserve my fleeting, mortal breath,
Through each revolving day.

6 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

7 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heaven and glory rise,
To enjoy thy smiling face.

C. M. STEELE.

331. *Refuge in God.*

1 DEAR 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;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

C. M. D. H. M. WILLIAMS.

332. *Devotion.*

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

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

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

L. M. WATTS

333. *Song for Morning or Evening.*

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

2 Thou spread'st the curtains 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.

7's. SAC. SONGS

334. *Morning Prayer.*

1 IN this calm impressive hour
Let my prayer ascend on high;
God of mercy, God of power,
Hear me, when to thee I cry —
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ thy son.

2 With this morning's early ray,
While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
Joy and gladness to my heart:
Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.

3 Oh, what joy that word affords,
"Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth;"
King of kings and Lord of lords,
Send thy gospel-heralds forth:
Now begin thy boundless sway,
Usher in the glorious day.

C. M. NEWTON

335. *Spiritual Blessings.*

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sins,
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room,

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

336. *Rest for the weary Soul.*

1 OH! where shall rest be found?
Rest for the weary soul;
'Twere vain the ocean's depth to sound,
Or search to either pole.

2 The world can never give,
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life, to live,
Nor all of death, to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unnumbered by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

C. M. EDMESTON.

337. *Lord's-Day sweet to the Weary.*

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn.
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease,
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more?

C. M. WATTS.

338. *God's Goodness acknowledged.*

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 '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.

4 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

C. M. BROWN

339.

Divine Aid implored.

1 ASSEMBLED round thine altar, Lord,
To lift our hearts in prayer,
To read the pages of thy word,
And learn our duty there;

2 We ask thy Spirit's guiding ray,
Thy presence we implore;
Dear Saviour, teach us how to pray,
And how to love thee more.

3 So shall our worship here below,
Resemble that above,
Where saints thy endless glory view,
And sing redeeming love.

C. M. NEWTON.

340. *Prayer for the Divine Presence.*

1 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.

5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

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

7 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

7's. CAMPBELL'S COL.

341. *Prayer for the Conversion of Children.*

1 GOD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given;
Let them all thy blessing 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,
Through 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!

C. M. COWPER.

342. *Sweet Devotion.*

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace its mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!

4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine!
And — all harmonious names in one —
My Saviour! thou art mine.

L. M. WATTS

343. *A Morning Hymn.*

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wandering star.

5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

C. M.

344. *Prayer for Children's Conversion.*

1 O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
A needy, sinful band;
As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast given;
Where shall we go in time of need,
But to the God of heaven?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
But, in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

4 We seek the Spirit's quickening grace,
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

C. M. RYLAND

345. *Rejoicing in God.*

1 O LORD! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

3 He that has made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

4 O Lord! I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

H. M. W[illegible]TS

346. *Delight in Worship.*

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are;
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2 O happy souls, who pray,
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still!
And happy they,
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length —
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh, glorious seat,
When God our King,
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

C. M. NEWTON

347.

"Will ye also go away?"

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

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet, thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 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.

5 What anguish has that question stirred
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No!

L. M. WATTS.

18. *God's Grace extolled.*

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue,
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Let every heart exalt his name:
I sought the eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reached his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heavenly joy their faces shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and love divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
Oh, fear and love him all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

8's & 7's. EPIS. COL

349. *Praise for Redemption.*

1 PRAISE, my soul, the God that sought thee
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee,
From the paths of death away:

2 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling,
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.

4 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise!
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise!

L. M. SAC. SONGS

350. *Praise for Family Blessings.*

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

L. M. WATTS.

351. *Delight in Worship.*

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

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

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet I love to appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

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

7's & 8's. EDMESTON.

352. *Confidence in God's Protection.*

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watches where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

L. M. MERRICK.

353. *Prayer for quickening Grace.*

1 OH, turn, great Ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes;
Nor let the offenses of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

2 Give me a will to thine subdued,
A conscience pure, a soul renewed;
Nor let me, wrapped in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence, roam.

3 Oh, let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quickening aid impart;
My mind from every fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

C. M. WATTS

354. *Prayer for Direction.*

1 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 folly turn away my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Direct my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands, —
'Tis a delightful road, —
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

355. C. M. WATT

An Evening Song.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

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:
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

L. M. WAITS.

356. *Love of Christ in the Heart.*

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the hight, 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.

L. M. KELLY.

357. *Pleasures of Social Worship.*

1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee·
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousands," now appear,
That we, by faith, may view thy face:
Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place!

358. C. M. H. K. White.

Evening Worship.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a little band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost deign to hear
The song that meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And are we less than they?

4 Oh, let thy grace perform its part;
Let sin's dominion cease;
And shed abroad in every heart,
Thine everlasting peace.

359. S. M. Anon.

Evening.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, 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 we now possess.

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,
To view the 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,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

L. M.

360. *The Lord's Prayer.*

1 FATHER, adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still.
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth like heaven obey thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care:
Forgive the sins which we forsake:
And let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour!
Thy kind protection we implore;
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
Be thine the glory evermore.

7's. HAMMOND

361 *Blessing humbly requested.*

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

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.

C. M. WATTS

362. *Access to God by a Mediator.*

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

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

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

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to the eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

C. M. WATTS

363.

Safety.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

S. M. WATTS.

364. *Personal Ingratitude.*

1 IS this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame,
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

C. M. WATTS.

365. *Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.*

1 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 who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul, in anguish, made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, — forever thine, —
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath 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.

S. M. SAC. LYRICS

366. *Morning Prayer-meeting.*

1 HOW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Believers join in prayer.

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light, —
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

C. M. RIPPON'S COL.

367. *God seeth in Retirement.*

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye,
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 May that observing eye survey
My faithful homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 Oh, let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame,
While fervent vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So wilt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

C. M. MASON.

368. *Evening Worship.*

1 NOW, from the altar of our hearts
Let grateful incense rise;
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 time! whose hand hath set
New time upon the score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

C. M. ADDISON.

369. *God's Protection to Mariners.*

1 HOW are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid; the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of danger, fear, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou shalt life prolong,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

L. M. KENN.

370. *Trusting God.*

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

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

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

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

5 Lord, let my heart forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care :
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

371. L. M. STEELE

Evening.

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

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

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

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

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

L. M. DODDRIDGE

372. *Secret Self-Examination.*

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

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

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

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

C. M. CH. PSALMIST

373. *Parental Solicitude.*

1 HOW can we see the children, Lord,
In love whom thou hast given,
Remain regardless of thy word,
Without a hope of heaven?

2 How can we see them tread the path
That leads to endless death,
Thus adding to thy fearful wrath,
With every moment's breath?

3 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
And save our children dear:
Now send thy spirit from on high,
And fill them with thy fear.

4 Oh, make them love thy holy law,
And joyful walk therein;
Their hearts to new obedience draw;
Save them from every sin.

C. M. MOORE.

374. *Light in Darkness.*

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when by sorrows wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

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 Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
With radiance from above.

4 Then, sorrow touched by thee grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray:
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

375. L. M. STOWELL

The Mercy-Seat.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet —
It is the blood-bought Mercy-Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far — by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed —
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.

5 There! there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-Seat.

6 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy-Seat.

C. M. S. DYER.

376.

Penitence for Backsliding.

1 O LORD, we come before thee now,
Thou who the suppliant hears,
To plead for thy restoring grace
With penitential tears.

2 We know, up to thy mercy-seat,
In vain pride lifts its eyes,
And that thine ear is ever closed
To unrepentant cries.

3 But when returning wanderers come
To seek their Father God,
And bow, and plead with streaming eyes,
Thy hand withdraws the rod.

4 Behold, O Lord, we do not look
With tearless eyes to heaven;
O, cast us not in wrath away
Unheard and unforgiven!

377.

8's, 7's & 4's. BURDER.

Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh, refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For the 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 angel's wings to heaven
Glad the summons to obey;
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day.

378.

8's, 7's & 4's. ANON.

Revival.

1 HAIL, ye days of solemn meeting!
Hail ye days of praise and prayer!
Far from earthly scenes retreating;
In your blessings may we share;
Sacred meeting,
In your blessings we would share.

2 When the fervent prayer is glowing,
Holy Spirit hear that prayer;
When the choral song is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear;
Holy Spirit!
Let that song thine impress bear.

3 Christians! while these days are spending,
From the world consent to part;
See the Saviour o'er thee bending;
Wilt thou grieve him from thy heart?
Slumbering Christian,
Wilt thou grieve him from thy heart?

4 Sinner! see thy hours are fleeting,
Soon these scenes will pass away;
Hear the God of love entreating,
Sinner, yield thy heart to-day;
Yield to Jesus,
Sinner, yield thy heart to-day.

C. M. SAC. POETRY.

579. *Prayer for Sincerity in Worship.*

1 LORD, when we bow 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.

S. M. ANON

380. *Dismission.*

1 ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies, every heart,
Sing, every tongue, his fame.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow;
Go on to seek and know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
Oh, may we reach that blissful shore
Where all thy saints are bound.

381. 11's & 9's. ANON

Praise to our Saviour.

1 HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem haste, the Prince of life to meet;
To you, this day, is born a Prince and Saviour:
Oh, come, let us worship at his feet.

2 Jesus, our Saviour, for such condescension,
Our praise and our reverence are an offering meet;
Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among us:
Oh, come, let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Give to our Saviour glory in the highest:
Oh, come, let us worship at his feet.

382. 11's. ANON.

Bower of Prayer.

1 TO go from my home, and with kindred to part,
To break up my friendships, affects not my heart,
Like leaving that blissful and holy place where
Jehovah has heard and has answered my prayer —
And has answered my prayer.

2 And often the Saviour has come to my bower,
In all the rich fullness of love and of power,
And raptured my spirit ineffably there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer —
Own language my prayer.

3 The early sweet notes of the loved nightingale
My hours of devotion would faithfully tell —
Would call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sang anthems of praises as I went to prayer —
As I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine,
But sweeter, oh, sweeter the pleasures which there
I often have tasted while offering my prayer —
While offering my prayer.

5 But soon I must bid my loved bower adieu,
And leave for a region that's distant and new;
Yet oh, blessed thought! I've a friend everywhere,
Who will, in all places, give ear to my prayer —
Give ear to my prayer.

6 Through life's troubled scenes I will fearlessly go,
Move onward with triumph o'er every foe:
I'll never, no, never indulge in despair,
For Jesus will grant the requests of my prayer —
The requests of my prayer.

7 His love and his power he will daily impart
To strengthen my mind and to gladden my heart:
And when on my deathbed, he'll be with me there
And take me to heaven in answer to prayer —
In answer to prayer.

8 And high in the mansions of glory and joy,
My soul shall be blessed with delightful employ —
Be freed from all sorrow, and anguish, and care,
And bask in his smile who has answered my prayer —
Who has answered my prayer,

383. 11's. ANON.

The Lord will provide.

1 THOUGH troubles assail, and thick dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and our foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, *The Lord will provide.*

2 The birds without barn or full store-house are fed;
From them let us learn to trust God for our bread
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, *The Lord will provide.*

3 We may, like the ships, by the tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but we cannot be lost:
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, *The Lord will provide.*

4 His call we obey, like Abraham of old,
Not knowing the way, but our faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, *The Lord will provide.*

5 No strength of our own, or of goodness, we claim;
But since we have known the dear Saviour's great name,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide —
The Lord is our refuge — *The Lord will provide.*

6 When life sinks apace, and our death is in view,
His grace the dark valley shall lead us safe through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, *The Lord will provide.*

7's. ANON.

384. *Evening Thanksgiving.*

1 NOW from labor and from care
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee.
Oh, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Nought can charm me here below
But my Saviour's melting voice:
Lord, forgive; thy grace restore;
Make me thine forever more.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh, accept my song of praise.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

C. M. WATTS

385. *Christ's Voluntary Sacrifice.*

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 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.

3 This was compassion like a God —
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

7's. CONDER.

386. *The Body and Blood of Christ.*

1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, oh, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

C. M. WARDLAW.

387. *Remembering Christ.*

1 REMEMBER thee, redeeming Lord!
While Memory holds her place,
Can we forget the Prince of life,
Who saves us by his grace?

2 The Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom, on earth,
He heaved his dying groan.

3 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet 'tis the chief of all his joys
That souls are saved from hell.

4 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquished death;
For this he pleads in heaven.

5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

388. L. M. WATTS
Consecration in view of the Cross.

1 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?

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

C. M. DR. J. STENNETT.

389 *Wonders of Grace.*

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all, admire, that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 I, that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I, that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cried,
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
And rose and triumphed too."

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts
Lord, we accept thy love;
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

C. M. S. DYER

390. *In Memory of Christ.*

1 WHILE now we taste these emblems, Lord
May all thy goodness see,
And let us truly keep this feast,
In memory of thee.

2 Oh, from our hearts cast out each thought
That is not wholly thine,
That we may here enjoy one hour
In pleasures all divine.

3 Thus we show forth thy death, O Lord,
As thou command hast given,
Until the hour when thou wilt come,
And call thy saints to heaven.

C. M. COWPER

391. *Welcome to the Table.*

1 THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were pressed to fill the cup.

2 Oh, bless the Saviour, ye who eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the Bread.

3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them:
"Ye trembling souls appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here;—

4 "Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you:"
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
That I may venture too.

5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

C. M. S. STENNETT.

392. *The Body and Blood of Christ.*

1 HERE, at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
Oh, what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3 Deep was the suffering he endured
Upon the accursed tree;
"For me," each welcome guest may say,
"'Twas all endured for me."

4 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Saviour, so divine:
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

C. M. B. W. NOEL.

393. *Remembering Christ.*

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie; —
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh; —

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed! —
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

L. M. WATTS.

394. *The Lord's Supper instituted.*

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes, —

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, 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 blessed 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

C. M. ANON

395. *The Heavenly Feast.*

1 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 perished 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.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, one heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

396. *Room at the Gospel Feast.*

1 THE King of Heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
E'er fill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

11's. E. Y. REESE.

397. *Remembering Christ.*

1 "DO this," and remember the blood that was shed,
Ere Calvary's Victim to slaughter was led,
When, sad and forsaken, the garden alone
Gave ear to his sorrow, and echoed his moan.

2 Remember the conflict with insult and scorn,
The robe of derision, the chaplet of thorn,
The sin-cleansing fountain that streamed from his side,
When, "Father, forgive them," he uttered, and died.

3 Remember that Victor o'er death and the grave:
He liveth forever, his people to save:
Oh, take with thanksgiving this pledge of his love,—
The foretaste of rapture eternal above.

MISSIONS.

8's, 7's & 4's. MRS. WILLIAMS

398. *Desiring the Spread of the Gospel.*

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel:
Win and conquer — never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around.

C. M. ANON

399. *Universal Praise.*

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along!
And hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound!

7's. BOWRING

400. *Report of the Watchman.*

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are,
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's hight,
See that glory-beaming star.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet the star ascends.
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman! let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler! lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

8's, 7's & 4's. KELLY.

401. *Zion encouraged.*

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

402. S. M, WATTS

Zion's Heralds.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of grace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see the heavenly light!
Prophets and priests desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen, join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem, break forth in songs;
Ye deserts, learn the joy

6 O Lord, make bare thy arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

L. M. WATTS

403. *The Great Commission.*

1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
And he condemned who'll not believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known:
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

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

4 He spake, and light shone round his head
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

C. M. WATTS.

404. *Salvation.*

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

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

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

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

7's & 6's. HEBER.

405. *Condition of the Heathen.*

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
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

L. M. WATTS.

406. *Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.*

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

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

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

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

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

12's, 11's & 8's. S. F. SMITH.

407. *Prince of Salvation.*

1 THE Prince of salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way,
The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

2 And now through the darkest of earth's gloomy regions,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime,
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

3 Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet hosannas to raise:
"Hail Son of the Highest," let every knee bending,
Adore thee with offerings of praise.

4 Thy sword and thy buckler, shall save and deliver
The poor and the needy from foes that assail;
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish forever
The prince and the legions of hell.

5 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

6 Then loud shall ascend, from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And heaven shall reëcho the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious lays.

8's, 7's & 6's. S. F. SMITH.

408. *Missionaries' Farewell.*

1 YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

3 In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died — the blessed Saviour —
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds my canvas swell —
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land — *Farewell* — *Farewell*.

7's & 6's. S. F. SMITH.

409. *Success of the Gospel.*

1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing —
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

P. M. ANON.

410. *Millennial Glory.*

1 REJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts all are blossoming.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom;
The gospel banner, wide unfurled,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world;
And every creature, bond or free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear from south to north.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall every heart employ
And every voice shall shout for joy:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

7's & 6's. S. F. SMITH

411. *Life passing away.*

1 AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us —
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us;
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament forever
The ruin of thy soul.

C. M. J. Q. ADAMS.

412. *Swiftness of Time.*

1 HOW swift, alas! the moments fly!
How rush the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by—
The burden of a song.

2 See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
And age, with furrowed brow;
Time was—time shall be—but, alas!
Where, where in time is now?

3 Time is the measure but of change;
No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of time's unceasing round.

4 Where, then, is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.

5 Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and fears
On time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean.

6 To God let grateful accents rise;
With truth, with virtue, live;
So all the bliss that time denies,
Eternity shall give.

413. L. M. STEELE.

Eternity near.

1 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, tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound;
But oh! 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 sealed, and peace with God.

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

5 Search, Lord, oh search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

414. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Flight of Time.

1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea —
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Upon the rapid streams are borne
Swift on to their eternal home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

C. M. ANON.

415. *Reflections at the End of the Year.*

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run —
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

7's & 6's. J. BURTON.

416. *Life a Winter's Day.*

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day —
A journey to the tomb:

2 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

3 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day
A journey to the tomb;

4 But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

7's. NEWTON.

417. *The New Year.*

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in their eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

L. M. STEELE.

418. *Frailty of Life.*

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine,
My God! I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

5's & 12's. C. WESLEY.

419. *The Resolve.*

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear:
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 Oh, that each in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
Oh, that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

C. M. WATTS.

420. *A short Space, and a great Work.*

1 HOW short and hasty is our life,
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home.
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

C. M. WATTS.

421. *Frailty of Life.*

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 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.

4 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

C. M. S. DYER.

422. *Vanity of Earth.*

1 OUR life is like an idle dream,
Or fleeting as the day;
A shining bubble on the stream,
As soon to pass away.

2 If life's so brief, why then prepare
For all the joys it brings,
Or give one thought of anxious care
To mere terrestrial things?

3 No more to trifling toys of time
Let precious hours be given,
But live to God a life sublime,
And wear a crown in heaven!

C. P. M.

423. *The Convert's Choice.*

[*Sung by the pious daughter of a nobleman in England, at a party given to eradicate her religious feelings.*]

1 NO room for mirth or trifling here;
For worldly hope or worldly fear;
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door;
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne.

2 No matter which my thoughts employ;
A moment's misery or joy!
But oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

3 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make my own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

4 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness.
Oh! write thy pardon on my heart;
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION.

S. M. WATTS.

424. *Hope and the Resurrection.*

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie moldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 O Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till strains of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

L. M. WATTS

425. *Death made easy.*

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

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.

C. M. WATTS

426. *Meditation on the Tomb.*

1 HARK! from the tombs a warning sound,
My ears, attend the cry —
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your powers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure? —
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

C. M. STEELE.

427. *Time and Eternity.*

1 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 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And Nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond Nature, cease thy tears;
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears;
There joys shall never die.

C. M. S. DYER.

428. *Christian at the River of Death.*

1 WHEN at the margin of the stream,
Where death's dark waters glide,
The Christian lingers not in fear,
But steps into the tide.

2 The billows rise and round him dash, —
One moment fiercely driven,
And then he mounts triumphantly
On seraph wings to heaven.

C. M. WATTS.

429. *Death and Eternity.*

1 STOOP down, my thoughts that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

But, oh, the soul, that never dies,
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

3 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

4 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My trembling soul I trust;
The flesh is waiting thy command,
To crumble into dust.

C. M. WATTS.

430. *Death of Christian Friends.*

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

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

3 The graves of all the saints be blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

C. M. ANON.

431. *"Them also that sleep in Jesus."*

1 HOW rest the saints in Christ, who sleep
Far from the tempter's power,
While for their loss the mourners weep,
In lonely halls and bower?

2 They rest, unvexed by frightful dreams
Of mortal care and woe,
Nor wake to taste the bitter streams
That through these valleys flow.

3 They rest as rests the planted seed
Within its wintry tomb,
With hope, from its dark prison freed,
To rise in glorious bloom.

4 They sleep as sleeps the wearied child
Upon its mother's breast;
Nor foe, nor fear, nor tumult wild,
Invade their peaceful rest.

5 Then why with grief, from year to year,
Their blessed lot deplore,
And shed the unavailing tear
For those who weep no more?

6 Ah! rather in their footsteps tread,
With quickened zeal and prayer,
And live as lived the holy dead,
That ye their rest may share.

S. M. MONTGOMERY

432. *The Death of an Aged Minister.*

1 "SERVANT of God, well done:
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

L. M. BARBAULD.

433. *Blessedness of the Righteous in Death.*

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

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

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

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

434. 10's, 6's & 8's. ANON.

All is well.

1 WHAT, what is this that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? is it death?—
Which soon will quench, will quench this vital flame?—
Is it death? is it death?—
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see—
All is well! all is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me—
All is well! all is well!—
My sins are pardoned, pardoned; I am free—
All is well! all is well!—
There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Jesus from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies!
All is well! all is well!

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory—
All is well! all is well!
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story—
All is well! all is well!
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home—
All is well! all is well!

4 Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me—
All is well! all is well!—
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory—
All is well! all is well!—
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you;
My glittering crown appears in view—
All is well! all is well!

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail, ye blood-washed throng —
Saved by grace, saved by grace;—
I come to join, to join your rapturous song —
Saved by grace, saved by grace;—
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine;
Oh, hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well! all is well!

435. 10's & 8's. DANA.

When I am gone.

1 SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Smile, if the slow tolling bell you shall hear,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand by my grave,
Think who has died his beloved to save,
Think of the crowns all the ransomed shall have,
When I am gone, I am gone.

2 Plant ye the tree which may wave over me
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer day,
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray,
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone, I am gone;
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,
Serve the Lord that my bliss ye may share,
Look up on high and believe I am there,
When I am gone, I am gone.

L. M. EPIS. COL.

436. *Death of an Infant.*

1 AS vernal flowers that scent the morn,
But wither in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 He died before his infant soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires —
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 He died to sin; he died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soared to God.

4 This blessed theme now cheers my voice;
The grave is not the loved one's prison;
The "stone" that covered half my joys
Is "rolled away," and, lo! "he's risen."

8's & 7's. S. F. SMITH.

437. *Interment of a pious young Female.*

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber —
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us :
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

C. M. WATTS.

438. *Those blessed who die in the Lord.*

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead :
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 "They die in Jesus, and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suffering and from sin released,
They're freed from every snare.

3 "Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

8's & 7's. CECIL.

439. *The Dying Infant.*

1 CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drowned in wo ;
Now thy kind caresses pain me ;
Morn advances — let me go.

2 See yon orient streak appearing!
Harbinger of endless day;
Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away!

3 Lately launched, a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood;
Pierced with sorrows, tossed with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

4 Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest:
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.

5 Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turned toward their home:
Raptured, they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come.

6 There, my mother, pleasures center—
Weeping, parting, care, or wo
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—
Morn advances—let me go.

7 As through this calm, this holy dawning,
Silent glides my parting breath
To an everlasting morning—
Gently close mine eyes in death.

8 Though to leave thee sorrowing, pains me,
Yet again his voice I hear;
Rise, may every grace sustain thee,
Rise! and seek to meet me there.

C. M. WATTS

440. *A Thought of Death and Glory.*

1 MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 Oh, could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And commune with the dead.

3 Then we should see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons came;
Our souls would mount, and fly away
To their eternal home.

EMILY E. CHUBBUCK

441. *Death of an Infant.*

1 MOTHER, has the dove that nestled
Lovingly upon thy breast,
Folded up its little pinions,
And in darkness gone to rest?

2 Nay, the grave is dark and dreary,
But the lost one is not there,
Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper,
Floating on the ambient air;

3 It is near thee, gentle mother,
Near thee at the evening hour;
Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
It looks up from every flower.

4 And when Night's dark shadows fleeing,
Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
Then thy angel babe is there.

11's. MUHLENBERG

442. *I would not live always.*

1 I WOULD not live always: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,
The few cloudy mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes — full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live always: no — welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus has lain there, I'll enter its gloom,
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live always, away from his God —
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode:
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains.
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
The 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.

12's. CHRISTIAN LYRE.

443. *Awful Pomp of Resurrection.*

1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met,
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 Oh, mercy! oh, mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

12's & 11's. S. DYER.

444. *The Departed.*

1 HOW sad to return to the home where light-hearted,
We mingled in pleasures of friendship each year,
And find from its halls those stars have departed
Who once were the light and the life of its sphere.

2 Their forms only granted awhile as a token
Of love from their Maker, are doomed to decay,
Like cloud-wreaths at evening, which rude winds have broken,
Their vision-like beauty soon faded away.

3 We hung on their lips as they gave the last greeting,
And bade them adieu with a tear-moistened eye;
And sorrowed to think it would be our last meeting
Till we pass to their own starry home in the sky.

4 Though we hear not their songs, and beneath their light fingers
The chords of the harp may ne'er thrill to their strain,
Yet deep in the memory a melody lingers,
And in its sweet echoes we hear them again!

5 Farewell, dearest friends! ye have left us benighted,
Alone in the world our sad loss to deplore,
And think on the days when we lingered delighted
To hear those loved voices that greet us no more!

6 Yet why should we mourn them, though parted in sorrow,
Or at the just judgments of Heaven complain?
But wait for the dawning of that promised morrow—
In bliss we shall meet them to part ne'er again!

12's & 11's. HEBER.

445. *Farewell to the departed.*

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

THE JUDGMENT.

C. P. M. C. WESLEY

446. *Contemplation of Judgment.*

1 O GOD, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Cause me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

4 Then, Father, 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.

C. M. WATTS.

417. *Everlasting Absence of God intolerable.*

1 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 sound, "Depart!"

3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!

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

5 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

8's, 7's & 4's. OLIVER

448. *Christ coming to Judgment.*

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall forever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
"Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment!—come away!"

4 Now the Saviour, 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.

P. M. ANON.

449. *The Last Morning*

1 THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear;

CHORUS.

While the mighty, mighty trump
Sounds, "Come, come away,"
Oh, let us be ready,
And hail the bright day.

2 All nations in judgment
That morning shall stand,
To hear their last sentence,
Jehovah's command;
While the mighty, &c.

3 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone;
While the mighty, &c.

4 The graves will be opened,
The dead will arise,
And, with the Redeemer,
Mount up to the skies;
While the mighty, &c

5 The saints then immortal
In glory shall reign!
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain;
While the mighty, &c.

L. M. W. SCOTT.

450. *The Great Day.*

1 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,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

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

L. M. ANON

451. *God coming in Clouds.*

1 THERE comes a day, a fearful day,
When earth and heaven shall flee away,
When, flaming on his great white throne,
Naught shall be seen but God alone:

2 The myriad crowds from every clime,
Shall gaze upon that throne sublime;
The great and small, the quick and dead,
Shall shout for joy or quake with dread.

3 Oh! how shall I, a sinner born,
Lift up my head on that dread morn,
When glory, brightening to excess,
Proclaims the God of holiness?

4 Oh! how shall I, of baser birth,
A sinful man, a worm of earth,
Presume to meet the burning gaze,
That wraps the heavens in sheets of blaze!

5 Father Eternal! God of love!
Look down from mercy's seat above;
Through Jesus now be reconciled
To me, a wayward, wandering child:

6 Be thou, O Christ, my stay, my trust,
And when I molder into dust,
And when I rise from dust again,
Be mine, my God — amen — amen!

S. M. DODDRIDGE.

452. *Preparation for the Judgment.*

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

HEAVEN.

453. 8's & 7's. COLLYER.

"Cease, ye Mourners."

1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the immortal spirit's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never — never die!

454. 8's. ANON.

Happiness of Heaven.

1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within —
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there?

4 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare,
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

S. M. ANON

455. *Oh, sing to me of Heaven.*

1 OH sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.

3 When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face,
And catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.

4 Then to my raptured ears
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

C. M. MONTGOMERY'S COL.

456. *The Society of Heaven.*

1 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 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

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

9's & 8's. W. HUNTER.

457. *My Father-Land.*

1 THERE is a place where my hopes are stayed,
My heart and my treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my father-land;
By faith its delights I explore:
Come favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell —
But there is the palace of God!

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshiped with me;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more

7's & 6's. CH. LYRE.

458. *Speeding to the Haven.*

1 THOUGH hard the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar,
Full swiftly we are going
To our dear native shore.

2 The billows breaking o'er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us
To all we loved so well.

3 So sorrow often presses
Life's mariner along,
Afflictions and distresses
Are gales and billows strong,

12's & 11's. ANON.

459. *The Eden of Love.*

1 HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In you blissful regions, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
All glory, and honor, and might, and dominion,
Who brought us though grace to the Eden of love

3 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's love;"
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation.
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

460. L. M. ANON

The Better Land.

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

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

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

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

461. 6's & 5's. SEL. HYMN

Reunion in Heaven.

1 WHEN shall we meet again?—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river ?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever ?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never — no, never !

3 Up to that world of light
Take us dear Saviour ;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever :
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never — no, never !

4 Soon shall we meet again —
Meet ne'er to sever ;
Soon will Peace wreath her chain
Round us forever :
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes :
Our songs of praise shall close
Never — no, never !

8's. TAPPAN.

462. *The Joys of Heaven.*

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast —
'Tis found alone — in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose — in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear — but heaven.

4 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempests passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene — in heaven.

5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There joys divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

463.

One Church.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise:

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

3 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

C. M. WATTS.

464. *The heavenly Canaan.*

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

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

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes —

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

C. M. STENNETT.

465. *Heaven in Prospect.*

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!—
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

466. 8's & 7's. KELLY.

Flight to Heaven.

1 What is life? 'tis but a vapor;
Soon it vanishes away:
Life is but a dying taper;
O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the King of saints:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praises sounding
Filling all the courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go and share his people's glory,
Mid the ransomed crowd appear:
Thine's a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

8's & 6's. MOORE.

467. *Nothing true but Heaven.*

1 THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but heaven!

2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but heaven!

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way;
There's nothing calm but heaven!

DOXOLOGIES.

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. C. M.

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

4. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

5. 8's, 7's & 4's.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

6. C. P. 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 blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

7. H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Your highest 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.

8. 8's & 7's.

PRAISE the God of our salvation;
Praise the Father's boundless love
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above,—
Author of the new creation,—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

9. 7's.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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