Psalms and Hymns

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Jean

Queen Park

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THE NEW

Psalms and Hymns,

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The PSALMS AND HYMNS has been compiled and edited by a Committee of The General Assembly, consisting of:—

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PREFACE.

THE General Assembly of 1861 appointed a Committee (of which Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., LL. D., was made chairman) "to revise and prepare for use of our Church a suitable Hymn-Book." The work of this Committee, as finally reported, was approved by the General Assembly of 1866, and published as the *Psalms and Hymns*.

Subsequent General Assemblies commended to the Church, for their use, two other compilations, in musical editions, viz., *Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs* and *Hymns of the Ages*.

Owing to the inadequacy of the *Psalms and Hymns* (of 1866), the only official book of praise, largely because not published in a musical edition adapted to general use, and in order that the Church might have a book of her own, and suited to her needs, in answer to overtures from at least one-third of the presbyteries, the General Assembly of 1898 took the following action:

"1. The Assembly hereby determines to undertake the preparation of a hymn-book that will meet the demands of our Church, the product of her own life and effort.

"2. To carry out this purpose, the following permanent Committee is appointed: Rev. J. W. Walden, D. D., Chairman, Rev. E. H. Barnett, D. D., Rev. R. C. Reed, D. D., Rev. W. S. Lacy, D. D., Rev. A. W. Milster, D. D., Rev. W. L. Lowrance, D. D., Major John C. Whitner. This Committee is empowered to go forward in the work at once, with the purpose of having the book ready for use by 1903, when all arrangements for sale of other hymn-books shall have expired."

Before the work of the Committee was well under way, two valuable members died, viz., Rev. E. H. Barnett, D. D., and Rev. W. S. Lacy, D. D. Their places were filled by Rev. S. L. Morris, D. D., and Rev. T. H. Rice, D. D.

By reason of business arrangement, made by the Executive Committee of Publication, as authorized by the General Assembly, the hindrances to early publication were removed. The Permanent Committee, therefore, proceeded diligently, so as to report their work as early as possible. A full report was made

to the General Assembly of 1900, which was substantially approved, and the publication of the book was ordered; but to secure the best results in every way publication was delayed, and a final report of being ready for the press was made to the General Assembly of 1901. This Assembly took the following action:

"We express gratification that this work is now complete, and we earnestly commend it to all of our churches for use."

The Committee was exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of Prof. Joseph Maclean and Prof. John P. Campbell, Ph. D., as Musical Editors. Sincere thanks are expressed, in this public way, for the invaluable and self-denying labor of these gentlemen, wrought in love for the Church and the praise of God.

In the whole work of selecting hymns and tunes, and in their adaptation to each other, the Church was largely consulted, both in the original compilation as reported to the Assembly, and in the subsequent changes made in deference to criticisms and suggestions.

As to the hymns, a sincere effort was made to retain all those belonging to the older body of hymnology, that seemed to be endeared by

use to the Church at large, and to select the very best of those that may be classed as new. Under the limitation not to make too large a book, it is apparent that, in both classes of hymns, some had to be omitted which many persons might have selected.

A large number of the versions of Psalms has been distributed through the book, under appropriate classification. An index of these, at the beginning of the book, puts them within as easy reach as if arranged separately, after the old way.

In editing the text of the hymns, the Committee endeavored, as far as possible, to present them as originally written, unless there was good reason for the contrary. In the case of some very familiar hymns it seemed better to retain an altered text, which had endeared itself to the Church by use. In this work, lasting thanks are due to Rev. Louis F. Benson, D. D., Editor of *The Hymnal*, for the free use that has been allowed of that excellent book of praise, as also for his personal assistance in verifying the texts of hymns not found in that collection, and in settling many points of authorship and date.

We have preserved the historic name of the

book of praise of the Presbyterian Church in this country,—*Psalms and Hymns*.

We present to the Church that which has been wrought by us, in much prayer and joy, hoping by means of our work to swell the volume of worthy praise to our adorable Lord.

On behalf of the Committee,

J. W. WALDEN, CHAIRMAN.

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PSALMS AND HYMNS.

WORSHIP.

The Beginning of Worship.

1 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 In Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let Thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before—
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Rev. Thomas Kelly (1815).

2 L. M.

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.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1706, 1719); *Verse* 1, *ll.* 1, 2, *alt. Rev. John Wesley.*

3 L. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. William Kethe (1561).

4 L. M.

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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719).

5 L. M.

1 Come, gracious 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 height, and breadth, and length
Of thine immeasurable 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, thro' Christ His Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709).

6 L. M.

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.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719).

7 S. M.

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face.
And sheds His love abroad.

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

4 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Rev. Samuel Stennett (1787).

8 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719).

9 S. M.

1 Stand up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our Strength and Song,
And His salvation ours:
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery (1824).

10 C. M.

1 My soul, how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see His smiling face,
Though in His earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With His rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals His wondrous love,
And sheds abroad His grace.

4 There, mighty God, Thy words declare
The secrets of Thy will;
And still we seek Thy mercy there,
And sing Thy praises still.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707).

11 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
We adopt Thine angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.

Bishop Richard Mant (1837).

12 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

1 Pleasant are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Rev. Henry F. Lyte (1834).

13

10, 10, 11, 11.

1 O worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love,
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with [praise.

2 O tell of His might, O, sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant (1833).

14 L. M. with Refrain.

1 Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple, pure, and worthy Thee!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Bishop Reginald Heber (1811).

15 10, 10, 10, 10.

1 Father, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare!
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 O by that name in which all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in!

Lucy E. G. Whitmore (1824).

16 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.

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.
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719).

17 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Lord, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, 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.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

Rev. William Hammond (1745).

18 L. M.

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 hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719).

19 L. M.

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 sit 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 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

20 L. M.

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

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

Rev. Joseph Hart (1762).

21 L. M.

1 Almighty Father, bless the word
Which through Thy grace we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up and bear abundant fruit.

2 We praise Thee for the means of grace,
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face;
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here,
May all at last in heaven appear.

Anon. (1823).

22 L. M.

1 Come, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart:
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

Henry Kirke White (*pub.* 1812).

23 10, 10, 10, 10.

1 Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise,
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
And now, departing, wait Thy word of [peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Rev. John Ellerton (1866).

24 C. M.

1 Almighty God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
O may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it, in converted minds,
Produce the fruits of joy.

4 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

Rev. John Cawood (1816).

25 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 God of our salvation! hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Saviour! keep us,
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May Thy presence cheer the gloom.

Rev. Thomas Kelly (1820)

26 9, 8, 8, 9, with Refrain, 6, 7, 6, 9.

1 God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin (1882)

27 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each Thy love possessing
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us,
Travelling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful
To the truth may we 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.

Rev. John Fawcett (1773)

28 L. M. with Refrain.

1 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy Word into our minds instil;
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will;
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
REF.—Thro' life's long day, etc.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
REF.—Thro' life's long day, etc.

4 Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be with Thee.
REF.—Thro' life's long day, etc.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
REF.—Thro' life's long day, etc.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber (1849)

MORNING PRAISE.

29 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.

1 When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised!

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell
May Jesus Christ be praised!
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

German, (1828); *Tr. E. Caswall* (1854)

30

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
'Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Rev. Chas. Wesley (1740)

31

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Every morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as morning dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure,
Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;

Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Every morning for the strife,
Feed us with the Bread of Life.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Rev. Greville Phillimore (1863)

32 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.

1 Light of light, enlighten me!
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee;
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning!
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given,
How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Rest in me and I in Thee,
Build a paradise within me;
O reveal Thyself to me,
Blessed Love, who died'st to win me;
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

6 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy:
Come, Thou glorious majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck (1714)
Tr. Catherine Winkworth (1858)

33 L. M.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

5 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.

Bishop Thomas Ken (1695), [*text of* 1709]

34 C. M.

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 Thy 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

35 L. M.

1 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Rev. John Keble (1822)

36 L. M.

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

2 Thou spreadst 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

37 8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7.

1 Come, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come to Him who made this splendor;
See thou render
All thy feeble powers can pay.

2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;

Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light unfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. von Canitz (*pub.* 1700)
Tr. Rev. Henry J. Buckoll (1841), *Vs.* 5, ***alt.***

Evening Praise.

38 C. M. D.

1 The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.

The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Adelaide Anne Proctor (1858)

39

8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4.

1 God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,
May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This live-long night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Verse 1, *Bishop Reginald Heber* (1827)
Verse 2,*Archbishop Richard Whateley* (1860)

40

8, 7, 8, 7.

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 arrow 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,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston (1820)

41

6, 5, 6, 5.

1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1865)

42 10, 10, 10, 10

1 Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Rev. Henry F. Lyte (1847)

43

7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8.

1 The day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!

2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them thro' the hours of night."

5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

Tr. Rev. John M. Neale (1853, 1862)
Cento from early Greek Service Book

44 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.

Phoebe H. Browne (1818),
Alt. in Village Hymns (1824)

45 L. M.

1 All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

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

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

Bishop Thomas Ken (1695) [*text of* 1709]

46 L. M.

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev. John Keble (1820)

47

11, 11, 11, 5.

1 Now God be with us, for the night is closing;
The light and darkness are of His disposing,
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us,
For He will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing,
Thy praise pursuing.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek Thee only.

5 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

Bohemian Brethren (1530)
Tr. Catherine Winkworth (1858), *abr.*

48

11, 11, 11, 5.

1 Night's shadows falling men to rest are calling;
Rest we, possessing heavenly peace and blessing:
This we implore Thee, falling down before Thee,
Great King of Glory!

2 O Saviour, hear us! Son of God, be near us!
Thine angels send us; let Thy love attend us:

He nothing feareth, whom Thy presence cheereth,
Light his path cleareth.

3 Be near, relieving all who now are grieving;
Thy visitation be our consolation:
O hear the sighing of the faint and dying;
Lord, hear our crying!

4 Thou ever livest; endless life Thou givest;
Thou watch art keeping o'er Thy faithful sleeping
In Thy clear shining they are now reclining,
All care resigning.

5 O Lord of Glory, praise we and adore Thee—
Thee for us given, our true Rest from heaven!
Rest, peace, and blessing, we are now possessing,
Thy name confessing.

Rev. Arthur T. Russell (1851)

49 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bishop George W. Doane (1827)

50 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Slowly sinks the setting sun,
Now the work of day is done;
Lord, we come a thankful throng,
Raise to Thee our evening song.

2 For Thy tender care bestowed,
For Thy pardoning blood which flowed;
For Thy love that crowns our days,
Lord, accept our grateful praise.

3 And when sets life's weary sun,
When the toil of earth is done,
To Thy home of peaceful rest,
Lord, receive us, ever blest.

4 For the robe, the palm, the blood,
May we always praise our God,
And with all the ransomed throng,
Swell high heaven's triumphant song.

Rev. William S. Lacy (1891)

51

8, 8, 8, 4.

1 The radiant morn hath passed away
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon, how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way,
Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Rev. Godfrey Thring (1864)

52

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

1 Through the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus! Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose,
And when life's brief day is past
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

3 Triune God, let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth, and saints in heaven;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being given;
Who dost seek and save the lost;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Thomas Kelly (1806)

53 S. M.

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 is here possest.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

Rev. John Leland (1792, *ab.*)

54 7, 7, 7, 7, 4, with Refrain, 10, 7, 7, 4.

1 Day is dying in the west;
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps a-light
Through all the sky.

REF.—Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee!
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the Universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.—REF.

Mary A. Lathbury (1880)

55 C. M.

1 Now from the altar of my heart
Let incense-flames arise.
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.

2 Awake, my love! awake, my joy!
Awake, my heart and tongue!
Sleep not: when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

3 This day God was my Sun and Shield,
My Keeper and my Guide;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

4 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day:
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

5 New time, new favor, and new joys
Do a new song require:
Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

6 Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
Then shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

Rev. John Mason (1683)

56 L. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

THE LORD'S DAY.

57 L. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1737)

58 L. M.

1 This day, at Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was poured;
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

2 This day the Lord for sinners slain
In might victorious rose again:
O Jesus, may we raised be
From death of sin, to life in Thee.

3 This day the Holy Spirit came.
With fiery tongues of cloven-flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

4 O day of Light, and Life, and Grace,
From earthly toils sweet resting-place,
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
Give we again to God above!

5 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore
Forever and for evermore.

Bishop William W. How (1854, 1871)

59 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconcilèd face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we're come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:

Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

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

Rev. John Newton (1774)

60. L. M.

1 Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy 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 That heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 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.

Rev. Joseph Stennett (1732)

61 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

"Hayward" in Dobell's Selections (1806)

62 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God;
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee!
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith (1832)

63 S. M.

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 amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

64 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,

Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1862)

65 C. M.

1 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest!
Lo, Thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And, as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719).

66 C. M.

1 Come, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne:
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made, and called his own.

2 This is the day that God hath blessed,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in His name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing, go
To His eternal joy.

Rev. Chas. Wesley (1763)

67 C. M.

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 the 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 Him nobler praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719).

68 C. M.

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,
And Sabbaths 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.

Rev. Simon Browne (1720)

69 C. M.

1 With joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called His own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at His throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

Harriet Auber (1829)

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

70 C. M.

1 Father of mercies! in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele (1760)

71 C. M.

1 Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray,
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way.

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton (1827)

72 C. M.

1 Thou lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore;
Unveil Thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love Thee more.

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

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

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

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of Thy love;
But the full glories of Thy face
Are only known above.

Anne Steele (1760)

73

C. M.

1 O! that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
O! that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

2 O! send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719).

74 C. M.

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

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

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

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

Rev. John Fawcett (1782, *ab.*)

75 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

William Cowper (1772)

76 C. M.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep Thy law with care,
And meditate Thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

77 S. M.

1 Behold, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is Thy word!
And all Thy judgments just
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send Thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

5 While with my heart and tongue
I spread Thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

78

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 O Word of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;

O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

Bishop William W. How (1867)

79 C. M.

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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

80 6, 6, 6, 6.

1 Lord, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted,
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. (1861)

GOD.

81 HOLY TRINITY. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6,4.

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 defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed:
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
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.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1757)

82

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight,
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

Rev. John Marriott (c. 1813)

83

7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Father, let Thy smiling face
Here within this holy place,
Sweetly shining on my heart,
Bid all sinful thoughts depart.

2 Jesus, Thou whose ceaseless love
Intercedes for us above,
Bend to me Thy listening ear,
Make my wayward heart sincere.

3 Comforter of all the saints,
Gently heal my soul's complaints;
May a foretaste now be given
Of the Sabbath day of heaven.

Rev. Thomas V. Moore (1866)

84

11, 10, 11, 10.

1 Ancient of Days, who sittest 'throned in glory;
To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blessed the wide world's wondrous story,
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

2 O Holy Father, who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

Bishop William C. Doane (1886)

85 L. M.

1 Eternal Father, when to Thee,
Beyond all worlds by faith I soar,
Before Thy boundless majesty
I stand in silence and adore.

2 But, Saviour, Thou art by my side;
Thy voice I hear, Thy face I see.
Thou art my friend, my daily guide,
God over all, yet God with me.

3 And Thou, Great Spirit, in my heart
Dost make Thy temple day by day:
The Holy Ghost of God Thou art,
Yet dwellest in this house of clay.

4 Blest Trinity, in whom alone
All things created move or rest,
High in the heavens Thou hast Thy throne,
Thou hast Thy throne within my breast.

Rev. Hervey D. Ganse (1872)

86

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored!
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And, when Thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Godhead One, and Persons Three!
Join us with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1862)

87

8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 4, 3.

1 Angel voices, ever singing,
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps, forever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee
Lord of might.

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?

Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

Rev. Francis Pott (1861)

88 11, 12, 12, 10.

1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee!
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore
Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
Thee,
Who wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide
Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside
Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in
earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber (1827)

GOD THE FATHER.

89 6, 6, 8, 4, D.

1 The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, frame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace.
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious, with His saints in light
Forever reigns.

5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM!
We worship Thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

Rev. Thomas Olivers (1770)

90

C. M.

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

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

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

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

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by Thy flood,
And lost in following years.

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719); *Verse* 2, *l.* 1, *alt.*

91 C. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707).

92 C. M.

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

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

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

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

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

William Cowper (1772)

93 L. M.

1 Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1848)

94 L. M.

1 High in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

95 L. M.

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 thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

96 L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

97 C. M.

1 I sing the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

6 Creatures as numerous as they be
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

98 C. M.

1 Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heavens;
Thy truth doth reach the clouds:
Thy justice is like mountains great;
Thy judgments deep as floods.

2 Lord, Thou preservest man and beast;
How precious is Thy grace!
Therefore in shadow of Thy wings,
Men's sons their trust shall place.

3 They with the fatness of Thy house
Shall be well satisfied;
From rivers of Thy pleasures Thou
Wilt drink to them provide.

4 Because of life the fountain pure
Remains alone with Thee;
And in that purest light of Thine
We clearly light shall see.

Francis Rouse (*pub.* 1646)

99 C. M.

1 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy name!

2 When heaven, Thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

3 Lord, what is man, that Thou shouldst deign
To bear him in Thy mind!
Or what his race, that Thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind!

4 O Thou to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame;
Through all the world, how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy name!

Tate and Brady's New Version (1696)

100 L. M. D.

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day.
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison (1712)

101 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty.

His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

102 L. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

103 C. M.

1 My God, my Father! blissful name!
O may I call Thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For Thou art just, and good, and wise;
O bend my will to Thine.

4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not Thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 My God, my Father! be Thy name
My solace and my stay;
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

Anne Steele (1760)

104 L. M.

1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

105 C. M.

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 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From mine example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

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

6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make but His service your delight,
Your wants will be His care.

Tate and Brady, New Version (1696)

106 S. M.

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

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

3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His works, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.

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

5 But, if your ears refuse
The message of His love;
And hearts grow hard and will not choose
The blessings from above;

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift His hand and swear,
"You that despise My promised rest
Shall have no portion there."

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

107 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring (1825)

108 C. M.

1 With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands devoutly hear,
And tremble at His word.

2 How terrible Thy glories rise!
How bright Thine armies shine!
Where is the power with Thee that vies,
Or truth compared with Thine!

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On Thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at Thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are Thy throne,
Yet wondrous is Thy grace;
While truth and mercy joined in one,
Invite us near Thy face.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

109 C. M.

1 In all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide;
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

110

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 Around the throne of God
The host angelic throngs;
They spread their palms abroad,
And shout perpetual songs;
Him first they own, Him last and best;
God ever blest, and God alone.

2 Their golden crowns they fling
Before His throne of light,
And strike the rapturous string,
Unceasing, day and night:
"Earth, heaven, and sea Thy praise declare,
For Thine they are, and Thine shall be.

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

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

5 "Who shall not fear Thee, Lord,
And magnify Thy Name?
Thy judgments, sent abroad,
Thy holiness proclaim:
Nations shall throng from every shore,
And all adore in one loud song."

6 While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise:
His glory own, first, last, and best;
God ever blest, and God alone.

Rev. Henry Ware, Jr. (1823)

111 C. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

112 C. M.

1 Keep silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on His firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

4 My God! I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In Thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

ADVENT.

113

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

William C. Dix (1856)

114 11, 10, 11, 10.

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is 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 slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

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

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bishop Reginald Heber (1811)

115 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed:
Heaven and earth His glory sing;
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
'Glory be to God most High!' "

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

Rev. John Cawood (1819)

116 C. M. D.

1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,

When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Rev. Edmund H. Sears (1850)

117 C. M.

1 While shepherds watch'd 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, and 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."

Nahum Tate (1702)

118 C. M.

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 world! 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

119 C. M.

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.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1735), *Alt.*

120 11, 11, 12, 11, with Refrain.

1 Zion, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth;
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.

REF.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;

How free to the faithful he offers salvation!
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned!
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Rev. William A. Muhlenberg (1823)

121 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King."

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,

Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King."

C. Wesley (1739), *alt. G. Whitefield* (1753), *M. Madan* (1760), *Suppl. to New Version* (*c.* 1782), *J. Kempthorne* (1810)

122

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints in humble prayer are bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery (1819)

123 C. M. D.

1 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given,
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

Rev. John Morrison (1781)

124 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee;

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Rev. Chas. Wesley (1744)

125 L. M. D.

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.
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.

2 Once on the raging sea I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;

The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind, that tossed my foundering bark:
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And, through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White (1804)

Person and Character.

126 L.M.

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

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

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

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

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

6 O! may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face!
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

127 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 God with us! oh! glorious name,
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite;
Oh! mysterious depth and height.

2 God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone;
Now, ye saints, His grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did He our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! oh! wondrous grace;
Let us see Him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King!

Sarah Slinn (1779)

128 C. M.

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

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

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

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin:
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

129 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. Samuel Stennett (1787)

130

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;

I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Soon the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Rev. Samuel Medley (1789)

131 C. M.

1 The Saviour! oh! what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

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

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God.

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

5 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

Anne Steele (1760)

132

7, 7, 7, 6.

1 Jesus, Son of God most high,
God from all eternity,
Born as man to live and die,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Leaving Thine eternal throne,
Making mortal cares Thine own,
Making God's compassion known,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 By Thy life, so lone and still,
By Thy waiting to fulfil
In its time Thy Father's will,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 May we mark the pattern fair
Of Thy life of work and prayer,
And for truth all perils dare,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Bid us come, at last, to Thee,
And forever perfect be,
Where Thy glory we shall see,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Rev. Thomas B. Pollock (1870)

133 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

134 C. M.

1 The true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the shadows and the stars,
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain:
Incense and spice, of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God Himself comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of His love:
For us He paid His life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Father," He cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died,"
And then He shows His opened veins,
And pleads His wounded side.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

135 C. M.

1 Immortal love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never ebbing sea!

2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith hath still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

7 O Lord, and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

John G. Whittier (1866)

136 EXAMPLE AND MINISTRY. L. M.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

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

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

Sir John Bowring (1823)

137 C. M.

1 Thou art the way, to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.

2 Thou art the truth—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

Bishop George W. Doane (1824)

138 L. M.

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 fervour 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

139 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 As oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

2 Does sickness, feebleness or pain
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did He suffer here:
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief.

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,
When worn and in a feeble hour
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the very God,
As I am now so He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

James Edmeston (1847)

140 SUFFERINGS AND DEATH. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
It is finished!
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished! Oh! what pleasure
Do these precious words afford;
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God had promised,
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name.
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Rev. Jonathan Evans (1784)

141 L. M.

1 Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark! His expiring groans arise;
See, how the sacred crimson tide
Flows from His hands, His feet, His side.

2 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man—surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
Oh! why for man, dear Saviour, why?

3 And didst Thou bleed? for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

4 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

5 Come, dearest Lord, Thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart:
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief, and ardent love.

Anne Steele (1760)

142 L. M.

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 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

143 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 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.

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.

Sir John Bowring (1825)

144 L. M.

1 'Tis finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died;
'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Me the Saviour of Mankind.

3 'Tis finished—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled.
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

4 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

Rev. Samuel Stennett (1787)

145 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Jesus, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither—whither, but to Thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly?
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, oh! save my sinking soul.

2 Never bowed a martyr's head
Weighed with equal sorrow down;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown;
To Thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By Thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair:
Lord! Thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life—immortal life—I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast;
Thine—for ever Thine—I am!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Rev. Ray Palmer (1863)

146 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Jesus, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;

Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer,
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
Oh! be Thou my All in all.

Frances R. Havergal (1865)

147 7,7,7,7,7,7.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear Him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery (1820) [*Text of* 1853]

148 C. M.

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 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

149 C. M.

1 There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander (1848)

150 C. M.

1 How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave His soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne:
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That though the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

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

6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

151 L. M.

1 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight, in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight, and from heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan (1822)

152 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown:
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared when Thou appearedst;
What shame on Thee is hurled!

How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Be near when I am dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153); *Tr. Rev. Paul Gerhardt* (1656); *Tr. Rev. James W. Alexander* (1830)

153 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 O Jesus, we adore Thee,
Upon the cross, our King;
We bow our hearts before Thee;
Thy gracious name we sing:
That name hath brought salvation,
That name, in life our stay;
Our peace, our consolation
When life shall fade away.

2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still passing by Thy cross:
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee;
All else we count but loss.
O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesus, we confess Thee
Our Lord, enthroned on high.

3 Thy wounds, Thy grief beholding,
With Thee, O Lord, we grieve;
Thee in our hearts enfolding,
Our hearts Thy wounds receive;
Lord, grant to us remission;
Life through Thy death restore;
Yea, grant us the fruition
Of life for evermore.

Rev. Arthur T. Russell (1851)

154 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.

1 Thy life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.

Thy life was given for me:
What have I given for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free;
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

5 Oh! let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Thou gavest Thyself for me;
I give myself to Thee.

Frances R. Havergal (1858)

155 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

1 Darkly rose the guilty morning,
When, the King of glory scorning,
Raged the fierce Jerusalem;

See the Christ, His cross upbearing,
See Him stricken, spit on, wearing
The thorn-platted diadem.

2 Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him,
Nor the hands that rudely nailed Him,
Slew Him on the cursèd tree;
Ours the sin from heaven that called Him,
Ours the sin whose burden galled Him
In the sad Gethsemane.

3 For our sins, of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
He was slain on Calvary;
Yet He for His murderers pleaded;
Lord, by us that prayer is needed,
We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.

4 In our wealth and tribulation,
By Thy precious cross and passion,
By Thy blood and agony,
By Thy glorious resurrection,
By Thy Holy Ghost's protection,
Make us Thine eternally.

Joseph Anstice (1836)

Resurrection and Exaltation.

156 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail! Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merit we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

Rev. John Bakewell (1757); *Enlarged in M. Madan's Collection* (1760); *Alt., Rev. A. M. Toplady* (1776)

157 7, 6, 7, 6, with Refrain.

1 All glory, laud, and honor,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One.
All glory, etc.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

Theodulph of Orleans (*c.* 820); *Tr. Rev. John M. Neale* (1854); *Verse* 1, *l.* 1, *Verse* 5, *alt. Hy. Anc. and Mod.*

158

3, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

1 How calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where Christ the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh! weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place, He is not here!"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will Himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now, in Christ, ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh! weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He hath risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

Thomas Hastings (1842)

159 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day;
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise:
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail, the Resurrection, Thou!

Rev. Chas. Wesley (1739); *Verse 4, l. 3, alt.*

160 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Lo! the stone is rolled away,
Death yields up his mighty prey;
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

2 Praise Him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres:
Praise Him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

3 Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

4 Let Immanuel be adored,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let the eternal praise resound.

Rev. Thos. Scott (1769)

161 C. M.

1 Ye choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

2 For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the serpent's head,
And cries aloud through death's domains,
To wake the imprisoned dead.

3 Triumphant in His glory now,
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

4 While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore
Within His palace bright to bring,
And keep us evermore,

Fulbert of Chartres (1020); *Tr. Robt. Campbell* (1850); *Ab. Recast H. A. & M.* (1859)

162 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. Thos. Kelly (1820)

163 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation;
Hark! those loud triumphant chords.
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh! what joy the sight affords.
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Rev. Thomas Kelly (1809)

164 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

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 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.

3 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!"

Rev. Thomas Kelly (1806)

165 C. M.

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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

166 Old C. M.

1 Lift up your heads, eternal gates!
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory; see! He comes,
With His celestial train.

2 Who is this King of glory—who?
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty; o'er His foes
Eternal Victor crowned.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates! unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of glory; see! He comes,
With all His shining train.

4 Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord of hosts renowned:
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

Tate and Brady's New Version **(1696)**

167 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 Come, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert,
To celebrate His fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 Such was His zeal for God,
And such His love for you,
He freely undertook
What angels could not do:
His mighty deeds of love and grace,
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

3 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured! oh! who can tell?
To save our souls from death and hell!

4 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansions of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes,
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

5 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love,
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;
The gift, though small, Thou wilt receive.

Rev. Samuel Stennett (1787)

168 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 5, 7, 5.

1 Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain.
For our gain He suffered loss,
By divine decree;
He hath died upon the cross,
But our God is He.

REF.—Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain.

2 See, the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.—REF.

3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice,
Gleam, ye starry train;
All creation, find a voice;
He o'er all shall reign.

REF.—Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign.

Rev. Archer T. Gurney (1862)
Recast in Church Hymns (1871)

169 7, 8, 7, 8, 4.

1 Jesus lives! thy terrors now
Can no longer, death, appall us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

Christian F. Gellert (1757). (*Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich*). *Tr. Miss F. E. Cox* (1841), *alt.*

170 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 See the Conqueror mounts in triumph;
  See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
  To His heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
  Joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
  To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
  With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
  He hath gained the victory!
He who on the Cross did suffer,
  He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan;
  He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
  He was parted from His friends:
While their eager eyes behold Him,
  He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God, and pleased Him,
  Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated,
  To his everlasting home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
  With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
  And the kings before Him quail;

Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1862)

Intercession.

171 6, 5, 6, 5, D.

1 In the hour of trial,
Jesus plead for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery (1834)
Alt. Mrs. Hutton and G. Thring

172 L. M.

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

2 He, who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His plan of grace,
The Saviour of the chosen race.

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

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies and cries.

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

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

Michael Bruce (*pub.* 1824)

173 8, 8, 8, 6,

1 O Thou, the contrite sinner's friend,
Who, loving, lovest him to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far-off appears my resting-place,
And fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh! plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

Charlotte Elliott (1833)

174 C. M.

1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate His constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned;

3 The names of all His saints He bears
Engraven on His heart;
Nor shall a name once treasured there
E'er from His care depart.

4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1755), ***alt.***

175 C. M.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1742), *ab.*

176 C. M.

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And all His soul is 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 But spotless, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

177 L. M.

1 He lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merit 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 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele (1760)

178

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
A bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on His hands.

2 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.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son;
The Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

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

Rev. Chas. Wesley (1742)

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

179 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 Rejoice, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh;
Up, pray, and watch and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign forever
When sorrow is no more:
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.

With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee.

Laurentius Laurenti (1700);
Tr. Sarah B. Findlater (1854)

180

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He came before,
Wailing infant born in weakness
On a lowly stable floor;
But upon His cloud of glory,
In the crimson-tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise
In the rosy distance lie.

2 He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once he wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With His followers poor and few;
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round His judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve Apostles
Sitting crownèd at His feet.

3 He is coming, He is coming,
Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,

Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near,
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1848), *ab.*

181 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Friend of sinners, Lord of glory,
Lowly, mighty, brother, King!
Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
Grateful we Thy praises sing:
Friend to help us, cheer us, save us,
In whom power and pity blend—
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the sinners' friend.

2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind;
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find.
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end;
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still, in heaven, the sinners' friend.

3 Oh! to love and serve Thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;
Be each thought conformed to Thee:
Looking for Thy bright appearing,
May our spirits upward tend;
Till no longer doubting, fearing,
We behold the sinners' friend.

Rev. Newman Hall (1859)

182 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train;
Alleluia!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

Verses 1, 2, 4, *Rev. Charles Wesley* (1758)
Verse 3, *J. Cennick* (1752); *Arr. Alt. M. Madan* (1760)

183

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 Christ is coming! Let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase.
Come, Lord Jesus!
Come, Thou blessèd Prince of Peace.

2 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
But in heavenly vestures shining,
They shall soon Thy glory see,
Come, Lord Jesus!
Haste the joyous Jubilee!

3 With that blessèd hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent-chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.
Hallelujah!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Rev. John Macduff (1853)

184

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Jesus came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer

To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory,
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! Ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

Rev. Godfrey Thring (1864)

185 S. M.

1 Come, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh! why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh:
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come":
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1846)

186 L. M.

1 Jesus! Thy church, with longing eyes,
For Thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 Even now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 Oh! come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us, by Thy grace, to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

Rev. William H. Bathurst (1831)

Praise to Christ Exalted.

187 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 To Thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Almighty King of kings.
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
Well pleased, Thou shalt hear;
Oh! grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;
There cast my crown before Thee,
Now all my conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore Thee—
What can an angel more?

Rev. Thomas Haweis (1792)

188 C. M.

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

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

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In Him unite their rays:
Ye that have e'er beheld His face,
Can ye forbear His praise?

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

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

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

Anne Steele (1760)

189 C. M.

1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?

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

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

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

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

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

190 L. M.

1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness, oh! how free.

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

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 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, oh! how good.

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

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

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

Samuel Medley (1782), *alt.*

191 L. M.

1 Hail to the Prince of Life and Peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unseen is His,
And sovereign power becomes Him well.

2 In shame and torment once He died,
But now He lives for evermore;
Bow down, ye saints, around His seat,
And, all ye angel-bands, adore.

3 So live forever, glorious Lord,
To crush Thy foes and guard Thy friends!
While all Thy chosen tribes rejoice
That Thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy Thy hands to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

5 Forever reign, victorious King!
Wide through the earth Thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near Thy throne.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1755)

192 L. M.

1 Blest Jesus, when Thy cross I view,
That mystery to the angelic host,
I gaze with grief and rapture, too,
And all my soul's in wonder lost.

2 What strange compassion filled Thy breast,
That brought Thee from Thy throne on high,
To woes that cannot be expressed,
To be despised, to groan and die!

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

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

5 Yet, Lord, a sinner's heart receive,
This burdened contrite heart of mine;
Thou knowest I've nought beside to give;
And let it be for ever Thine.

Rev. Conrad Speece (1800)

193 S. M.

1 Awake and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the Eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come;"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

William Hammond (1745); *Alt. Rev. Geo. Whitefield* (1753) *and Rev. Martin Madan* (1760)

194 L. M.

1 Come, let us sing the song of songs—
The saints in heaven began the strain—
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

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

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

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

James Montgomery (1841)

195 S. M. D.

1 Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own;
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges (1848)

196 C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Edward Perronet (1779-80); *Verse* **1** *l.* 4, *alt., verses* 2 *and* 4 *recast, verse* **5** *added, Rev. John Rippon* (1787)

197 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Mighty God! while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal lisp Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be Thy just and endless praise.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;

For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
Flow my praise, forever flow.
Reascend, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:
Thence return, and reign forever:
Be the kingdom all Thine own!

Rev. Robert Robinson (1774)

198 10, 10, 11, 11.

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.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1744)

199 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Crown His head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know His favor,
Who within His gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let His courts with praise resound.

2 Lo! Jehovah, we adore Thee;
Thee our Saviour! Thee our God!
From His throne His beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In His word His light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, oh! bind your sacrifices,
In His courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne;

Now, ye saints, His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

Rev. William Goode (1811)

200

6, 5, 6, 5, D.

1 At the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel-faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed:

4 Bore it up triumphant,
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height:
To the Throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

5 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

Caroline Maria Noel (1870)

201 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 Rejoice, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore!
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound;—Rejoice!

Rev. Chas. Wesley (1744), *J. Taylor* (1795)

202 C. M.

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 Thine endless praise.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

203 C. M.

1 O! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

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

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

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

5 Let us obey: we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven:
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

Rev. Chas. Wesley (1738)

The Holy Ghost.

204 C. M.

1 Enthroned on high, almighty Lord!
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

Rev. Thos. Haweis (*c.* 1792)

205 C. M.

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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

206 L. M.

1 Eternal Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

207 L. M.

1 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay;
Though I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

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

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

4 If yet Thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into Thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1749)

208 L. M.

1 Come, blessed Spirit! source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes, display
The glorious truth Thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome (*pub.* 1817)

209 L. M.

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 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may 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, that we may share
Fulness of joy forever there.

Rev. Simon Browne (1720); *Alt. Ash and Evans Coll.* (1769) *and elsewhere.*

210 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 Come, Holy Ghost! in love,
Shed on us, from above,
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart;
Oh! come to-day.

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest!
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful blest;
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

Anon. (*Latin, 13th Cent.*);
Tr. by Rev. Ray Palmer (1858)

211 L. M.

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

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

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

Anon.; Lock Chapel Collection (1803), *alt.*

212 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land:
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,—
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

Marcus M. Wells (1858)

213 S. M.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

4 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

5 Spirit of Truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our guide;
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery (1819)

214 S. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open Thou our eyes.

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

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

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

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

Rev. Joseph Hart (1759)
Alt. Rev. Augustus M. Toplady (1776)

215 7, 7, 7, 5.

1 Come to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost the infinite,
Comforter divine.

2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.

3 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

4 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

5 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter divine.

George Rawson (1853)

216 S. M.

1 Blest Comforter Divine,
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above.

2 Thou who, with still small voice,
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 Thou whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;

4 Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter! to us impart
The blessings of Thy grace.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney (1824)

217 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Gracious Spirit, love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace 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.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

John Stocker (1777)

218 7,7,7,7.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Rev. Andrew Reed (1842)

219 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 Creator, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temple worthy Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, come from on high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

4 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

Tr. John Dryden (1693); *Alt. and ab.*

Man's Ruin.

220 C. M.

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis Thine, Almighty Spirit! Thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis Thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis Thine alone to give.

5 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be Thine.

Anne Steele (1760)

221 S. M.

1 Oh! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery (1818)

222 C. M.

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, O amazing love!
He ran 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 He spoiled the power of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

223 C. M.

1 Sin, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead,
With His almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

224 C. M.

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

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

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief.

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

5 Stretch out Thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall:
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

225 C. M.

1 Sin has a thousand treacherous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

226 C. M.

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

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

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O! may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

Rev. John Fawcett (1782)

227 C. M.

1 What is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found.

2 The soul of man, Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife:
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.

4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

James Montgomery (1825)

THE GOSPEL.

228 L. M.

1 God, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His Name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;

The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

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

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

Verses 1, 2, *Rev. Benj. Beddome* (1787), *alt.*
Verses 3, 4, 5, *Rev. Thos. Cotterill* (1810)

229 L. M.

1 Nature, with open volume, stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of His hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

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

3 Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.

4 I would forever speak His name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

230 L. M.

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 the first volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

231 L. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

232 C. M.

1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke.

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living Head,
And of His grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

233 C. M.

1 O! happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than eastern climes unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Michael Bruce (c. 1766)

234 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

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 Son of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb:
Redemption in His blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet sounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Rev. Chas. Wesley (1750)

235 C. M.

1 Salvation! O 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

236 7, 6, 7, 6, D., with Refrain.

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

REF.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
I love to tell, etc.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
I love to tell, etc.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.
I love to tell, etc.

Katherine Hankey (1870); *Refrain added*

237 L. M.

1 Salvation is forever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord:
And grace descending from on high
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By His obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark His steps and keep the road.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

238 L. M.

1 The law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do His will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses does the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law:
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

239 7, 6, 7, 6, D., with Refrain

1 Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

REF.—Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful Redemption,
God's remedy for sin!
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!—REF.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—REF.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—REF.

Katherine Hankey (1866)

240 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Souls of men, why will ye scatter,
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander,
From a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kinder shepherd,
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

2 It is God: His love looks mighty,
But 'tis mightier than it seems.
'Tis our Father, and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good,
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

5 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber (1854)

Sovereign Grace.

241 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 'Tis not that I did choose Thee,
For, Lord, that could not be;
This heart would still refuse Thee;
But Thou hast chosen me;
Thou from the sin that stained me,
Hast cleansed and set me free,
Of old Thou hast ordained me,
That I should live to Thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind;
My heart owns none before Thee;
For Thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing, if I love Thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

Josiah Conder (1836)

242 C. M.

1 O Jesus, Saviour of the lost!
My rock and hiding place,
By storms of sin and sorrow tossed,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry,
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die,
An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain:
There danger never, never harms,
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glories see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth (1849)

243 S. M.

1 Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1740)

244 C. M.

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

Rev. John Newton (1779)

245 L. M.

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

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

3 To save a guilty world, He dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in His name.

4 Pardon and peace through Him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in His name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

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

Rev. John Fawcett (1782)

ATONEMENT.

246 S. M.

1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away a 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 cursèd 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

247 L. M.

1 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

3 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

4 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies—
Even then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived and died for me.

5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 Oh! let the dead now hear Thy voice:
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf;
Tr. Rev. John Wesley (1739)

248 C. M.

1 Sinners, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt;
Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

2 From heaven He came to seek and save,
Leaving His blest abode;
To ransom us Himself He gave;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

3 Sinners, to Jesus then draw near,
Invited by His word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

4 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood;
That we may, with Thy saints on high,
"Behold the Lamb of God." *Anon.*

249 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

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 double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil 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;
Foul, 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!

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady (1776)

250 S. M.

1 Like sheep we went astray
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once His vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honor and His breath
Were taken both away;
Joined with the wicked in His death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise His head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed,
To recompense His pain.

6 "I'll give Him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold His honors long."

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

251 C. M.

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;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

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

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

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper (1772)

252 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

1 Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

2 Upon the cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of one
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart with tears,
These wonders I confess,—
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

Elizabeth C. Clephane (1868)

Invitation.

253 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is, to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merits of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven

Sweetly echo with His name.
Hallelujah,
Sinners now may sing the same.
Rev. Joseph Hart (1759)

254 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear:
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My piercèd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam:
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home:
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
Rev. Thomas Haweis (1792), *ab.*

255 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest,"
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night.
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife,
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be

Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

William C. Dix (1867)

256

8, 8, 8, 6.

1 Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on Me;
That peace and pardon might be free;
O wretched sinner, come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss;
O needy sinner, come!

Rev. Russell Sturgis Cook (1850)

257

L. M.

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still: my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay.
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen (1735)
Tr. Sarah B. Findlater (1855)

258 L. M.

1 Behold! a Stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude, He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands;
O matchless kindness, and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

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

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.

Rev. Joseph Grigg (1765)

259 L. M.

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

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

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

Rev. Wm. B. Collyer (1806)

260 L. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

261 C. M.

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 bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart,
That trembles at His feet.

4 O! come, and with His children taste
The blessings of His love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

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

Anne Steele (1760)

262 L. M.

1 Behold, the Master passeth by!
Oh! seest thou not His pleading eye?
With low sad voice He calleth thee,
"Leave this vain world and follow Me."

2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;
Behold, the Master passeth by!

3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessèd cross.

4 That "Follow Me" his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear;
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

5 God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,—
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

Bishop William W. How (1871)
Verses 4, 5, *alt. fr. T. Ken* (1721)

263 6, 6, 6, 6, D.

1 Come to the Saviour now,
He gently calleth thee;
In true repentance bow,
Before Him bend the knee;
He waiteth to bestow
Salvation, peace, and love,
True joy on earth below,
A home in heaven above.

2 Come to the Saviour now,
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are;
Come, like poor wandering sheep
Returning to His fold;
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.

3 Come to the Saviour, all,
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now His loving call,
"Cast all your care on Me."
Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.

John M. Wigner (1871)

264 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 To-day Thy mercy calls me
To wash away my sin;
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been,

However long from mercy
I may have turned away,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin;
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day the Father calls me,
The Holy Spirit waits,
The blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates:
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home.

4 O all-embracing mercy,
Thou ever-open door,
What shall I do without thee
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against me,
To drive me to despair,
I know one gate is open,
One ear will hear my prayer.

Oswald Allen (1861)

265 S. M.

1 The Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, "Sinner, 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,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

Bishop Henry U. Onderdonk (1826)

266 C. M.

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

2 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

3 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

267

8, 5, 8, 3.

1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes,"

Rev. John M. Neale (1862); *Verse* 7, *l.* 3, *alt.*

EXPOSTULATION AND WARNING.

268 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Sinner, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, His mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe His brow:
For His judgments stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At His presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4 Who His coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by Thy grace;
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

Rev. John Newton (1779)

269 L. M.

1 Hasten, O sinner, to be wise!
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

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

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

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

Rev. Thomas Scott (1773; *text of* 1787)

270 11, 11, 11, 11.

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 thy God?
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, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

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?

Thos. Hastings (1850)

271

6, 4, 6, 4.

1 To-day the Saviour calls!
Ye wanderers, come;
Oh! ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh! hear Him now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
Oh! grieve Him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith (1831)
Alt. Thos. Hastings (*pub.* 1832)

272 7,7,7,7,D.

1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why;
God who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live.
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why;
He who did your soul retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye rebel sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
Many a time with you He strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love;

Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why will ye forever die,
O ye guilty sinners, why?

Rev. Charles Wesley (1741), *alt.*

273 L. M.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

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

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

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

Rev. Timothy Dwight (1800)

274 L. M.

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 be urged in vain?

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

4 Almighty God, Thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart,
Nor let us waste, on trifling cares,
That life which Thy compassion spares.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1755)

275 L. M.

1 I hear a voice that comes from far;
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear;
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

2 And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice!

3 Alas for those!—the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than mercy utters from the cross.

5 But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.

Rev. Thos. Kelly (1804)

276 L. M.

1 Say, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Mrs. Abigail B. Hyde (1824)

277 S. M.

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;
Pardon and peace He freely gives,
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 spread their wings
And bear the news above.

John Dobell (1806)

278 C. M.

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 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

Anne Steele (1760)

279

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

1 Sinners, will ye scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, oh! how tender,
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it,
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Sion's King proclaim
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in His name:"
How important!
Free forgiveness in His name.

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor.
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears:

And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it,
Offered to you by the Lord?

Rev. Jonathan Allen (1801)

Conviction and Repentance.

280 C. M.

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 a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was 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,
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

281 L. M.

1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me!

Rev. Cornelius Elven (1852)

282 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
They take such hold on me,
I am not able to look up,
Save only, Christ, to Thee.
In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace;
My shadow and my sunshine
The brightness of Thy face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour,
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.
I know they are forgiven;
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till with Thee in the desert
I near Thy passion drew;
Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell (1863)

283 10, 10, 10, 10.

1 Weary of earth and laden with my sin,
I look to heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child.
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O, great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous
Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden
crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid
down.

8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone (1866)

284 S. M.

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.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome (1787)

285 S. M.

1 O! blessed souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blessed, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the painful wound,
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

286 7,7,7,7.

1 Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love: I know, I feel;
Jesus lives and loves me still.

Rev. Chas. Wesley (1740)

287 C. M.

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;
O! take the wanderer home.

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

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

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

Anne Steele (1760)

288 L. M.

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

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

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

289 L. M.

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

290 C. M.

1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 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.

5 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.

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

7 Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

Rev. John Newton (1779)

291 C. M.

1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

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

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

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

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

Anne Steele (1760)

292 C. M.

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at Thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to Thy mercy seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which Thou hast shed;
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

Rev. Samuel Stennett (1787)

RECEIVING CHRIST.

293 C. M.

1 Come, humble 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 sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

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

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

5 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

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

Rev. Edmund Jones (1787)

294 L. M.

1 With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."

3 When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, "Come to Me."

4 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to Me."

5 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me."

6 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy Portion; come to Me."

7 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

Charlotte Elliott (1841)

295 C. M.

1 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the fulness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary's tree,
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield my soul to Thee;
While Thou art pleading on the throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or despised,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er forgotten here on earth,
Do Thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And human help shall flee,
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,
Oh! then remember me.

Rev. Richard Burnham (1796)
Verses 1, 4, *alt.*

296 L. M.

1 Just as I am, without one plea;
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

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

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

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott (1836)

297 C. M. D.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all the day be bright."

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

4 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
My Father's house above
Has many mansions; I've a place
Prepared for you in love.
I trust in Jesus:—in that house,
According to His word,
Redeemed by grace, my soul shall live
Forever with the Lord.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1846)

298 C. M.

1 Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
Thou one with us on Calvary,
We one with Thee above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
With us of flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery, one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee.

6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one.

Rev. James G. Deck (1837)

299 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases;
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.

I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angel's song.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1843)

300 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear:
Oh! shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Bishop William W. How (1867)

301

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on Thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord has done,
And suffered, once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And His atoning blood:
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall avail for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send:
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady (1776)

302

7, 6, 7, 6, D

1 I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me,
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art All in all to me,
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
Even when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

4 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

5 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Frances R. Havergal (1873)

The New Birth.

303 C. M.

1 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace:
Born in the image of His Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh;
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

304 C. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

305 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe."

2 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,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.

3 Again did Sinai's thunders 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 drink the wrath of God.

4 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.

5 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.

Rev. Samson Occum (1760)

306 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 I've found a Friend, O, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.

And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
Forever and forever.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His forever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
So kind and true and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No: I am His forever.

Rev. James G. Small (1866)

Conversion and Joy.

307 11, 11, 11, 11.

1 I once was a stranger to grace and to God;
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah, my Saviour, was nothing to me.

2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me: I trembled to die:
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see:
Jehovah, Thou only my Saviour must be!

3 My terrors all vanished before His sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free:
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.

4 Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and boast;
Jehovah, my Saviour, I ne'er can be lost;
In Thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
Jehovah my Anchor, Jehovah my Shield!

Rev. Robert McCheyne (1837), *alt.*

308

8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Jesus, full of all compassion,
Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know Thy great salvation,
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
Send, O! send me quick relief.

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

4 While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursèd tree,
Fain, I'd feel my heart believing
That Thou sufferedst thus for me.

5 With Thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with Thee, all things inherit,
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.

6 Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with Thy love.

Rev. Daniel Turner (1769)

309

8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Hail! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only Thee I wish to sing;
To my soul Thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

2 Oh! what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh! what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst astonished I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I received Him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

John Wingrove (1785)

310 L. M., with Refrain, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6, 8.

1 O 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.

Happy day, happy day,
Here in Thy courts we'll gladly stay,
And at Thy foot-stool humbly pray,
That Thou wouldst take our sins away;
Happy day, happy day,
When Christ shall wash our sins away.

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

3 '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.
Happy day, etc.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
Happy day, etc.

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

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1755)

BENEFITS OF THE CALLED.

JUSTIFICATION.

311 L. M.

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

2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes,—and I must, and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh! may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

312 S. M.

1 Not what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul:
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

6 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love Divine;
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1861)

313 L. M.

1 My soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace His pardon gives;
Receives the grace His death secured,
And pleads the anguish He endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—'Tis God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at His feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

Mrs. Grace W. Hinsdale (1865)

314 C. M.

1 Vain are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

ADOPTION.

315 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Blessèd are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Rev. Joseph Humphreys (1743)
Arr. and verse 2, l. 2, alt.

316 S. M.

1 Behold, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much Divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

SANCTIFICATION.

317 L. M.

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,
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend?

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

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

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1740)

318 L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. Samuel Davies (1769)

319 7,7,7,7.

1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal (1874)

320 7,7,7,7.

1 Lord, forever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the prophecy were sealed.

3 Quiet as a weanèd child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

4 Saints rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

James Montgomery (1822)

321 S. M.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King,—

3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,

And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
Ours may this blessing be:
Oh! give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

Rev. John Keble (1819)
Verses 2, 4, *added* 1836

322

L. M.

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,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

323

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1747)

324 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;

Oh! knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am,
Be Thou alone my constant Flame.

2 Oh! grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
Oh! may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Or hear, or feel, or think, but Thee!

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt (1653)
Tr. Rev. John Wesley (1739); *V.* 3, *l.* 6, *alt.*

PROMISES.

325 11, 11, 11, 11.

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,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy
strength ever be.

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 stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "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.

5 "E'en down to old age all My people shall
prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn, [borne.
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor
to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

"K," in Rippon's Selection (1787)

326

7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Everlasting arms of love
Are beneath, around, above;
He who left His throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright;

2 He who on the accursèd tree
Gave His precious life for me;
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

3 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and sea will pass away;
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.

4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With His arm to lean upon.

Rev. John R. Macduff (1853)

327

C. M.

1 In every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm on Him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To Thy Redeemer's name;
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

Rev. John Killinghall (1741)

Privileges.

328 C. M.

1 It shall be well, let sinners know,
With those who love the Lord;
His saints have always found it so,
When resting on His word.

2 Peace, then, ye chastened sons of God,
Why let your sorrows swell?
Wisdom directs your Father's rod,
His word says, It is well.

3 Though you may trials sharp endure,
From sin, or death, or hell;
Your heavenly Father's love is sure,
And therefore, It is well.

4 Soon will your sorrows all be o'er,
And you shall sweetly tell,
On Canaan's calm and pleasant shore,
That all at last is well.

Rev. Joseph Hoskins (1806)

329 C. M.

1 My God! the covenant of Thy love
Abides forever sure;
And, in its matchless grace, I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with Thee,
As nature could desire!
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

4 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1755)

330 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

Scottish Psalter (1650), *based on Francis Rous, Sir William Mure and others.*

331 7,7,7,7,D.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters 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, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand,
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than 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;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity!

Rev. Chas. Wesley (1740)

332 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessēd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus,
Hear the children, when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus,
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Anon. (*c.*, 1836)

333 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. William Williams (*Welsh*, 1745)
Tr. verse 1, *Rev. Peter Williams* (1771)
Verses 2, 3, *Rev. Wm. Williams* (*c.*, 1772)

334 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And, oh! what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker (1868)

335 L. M.

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 spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundations for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

336 L. M.

1 He that hath made His refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, Thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I that am formed of feeble dust
Make Thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
From Satan's wiles, who still betrays
Unguarded souls, a thousand ways.

4 What though a thousand at thy side,
Around thy path ten thousand died,
Thy God His chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring Thy children, Lord, to Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

337 L. M.

1 Great God, indulge my humble claim;
Be Thou 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 travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 E'en life itself without Thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, t'would a tiresome burden prove
If I were banished from Thee, Lord.

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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719). *Verse 4 alt.*

338 C. M.

1 Unshaken as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That trusts the Almighty hand.

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

339 C. M.

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 life's dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

340 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Rev. Edward Hopper (1871)

341 C. M.

1 There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace,
Oh! be that refuge mine.

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Rev. Henry F. Lyte (1834)

342 S. M.

1 The Lord my shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me, in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

343 S. M.

1 My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte (1834)

344 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Holy Father, Thou hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone;
Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, Thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light,
Still Thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in Thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well, I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need:
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm;
Follow wholly Thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to Thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side!

Rev. John M. Neale (1850)

345 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Gently, Lord, O, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear:

And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest;
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings (1832), *alt.*

346 L. M. with Refrain.

1 He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,
Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore (1861)

347 7, 6, 7, 6, D., with Refrain

1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

REF.—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!
Safe in the arms, etc.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms, etc.

Fanny J. Crosby (1868)

GRACES OF THE CHRISTIAN.

FAITH.

348 C. M.

1 Oh! for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe.

2 That will not murmur nor complain,
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt:

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
By truth restrained and led,
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

Rev. William H. Bathurst (1831)

349 C. M.

1 Lord, I believe; Thy power I own,
Thy truth I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone
When from Thy paths I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; yet Thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak;
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my doubts relief:
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

Rev. John R. Wreford (1837)

350 C. M.

1 'Tis faith supports my feeble soul,
In times of deep distress;
When storms arise and billows roll,
Great God, I trust Thy grace.

2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And Thou my all in all.

3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To Thee I all my fears disclose,
In Thee my help is found.

4 In every want, in every strait,
To Thee alone I fly;
When other comforters depart,
Thou art forever nigh.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome (1817)

351 C. M.

1 O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!
My God, how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch ot Thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 O happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

Rev. Frederick W. Faber (1849)

352 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Yes, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

5 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1844)

353 8, 5, 8, 3.

1 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus:
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee forever,
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal (1874)

354

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to vail His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail;
On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote (1825)

355 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Be not Thou far from me
'Mid storms that lower;
On me Thy care bestow,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw,
This trying hour.

2 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart:
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.

3 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Let me Thy fulness see,
Save me from fear;
While at Thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.

4 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of prayer:
Thou art my only aid,
On Thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade,
While Thou art near.

Thomas Hastings (1833)

356 S. M.

1 How gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1755)

357 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

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 dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

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

Rev. Ray Palmer (1830)

358

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 Saviour, I follow on,
Guided by Thee;
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet Thy will,
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But Thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent,
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with Thee;
Led by Thy guiding hand,
Ever to be
Constantly near Thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him who died
Freely for me!

Rev. Chas. S. Robinson (1862)

359 L. M.

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

2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on Thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?

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

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

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

Anne Steele (1760)

360

11, 10, 11, 6.

1 Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod,
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed;
Choose for us, God; Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

William H. Burleigh (1868)

361

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
O, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

Joseph Anstice (1836)

362

11, 11, 11, 11.

1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 When looking to Jesus, I go not astray,
My eyes are upon Him, He shows me the way;
The path may seem dark, as He leads me along,
But following Jesus, I cannot go wrong.

3 Still looking to Jesus, O! may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They'll bear me away in His presence to be,
And see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then I shall know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus my Lord, when I stand face to face—
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

Rev. John N. Darby (1822)

363 L. M.

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

364 S. M.

1 Not so in haste, my heart,
Have faith in God and wait;
Although He linger very long,
He never comes too late.

2 He never comes too late;
He knoweth what is best:
Vex not thyself to-day in vain,
Until He cometh, rest.

3 Until He cometh, rest;
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that patient wait for God,
Are soonest at the goal.

4 Are soonest at the goal;
That is not gained by speed:
Then hold thee still, my anxious heart,
For I shall wait His lead. *Anon.*

HOPE.

365 S. M.

1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope on, be not dismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in brightest day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt (1656)
Tr. Rev. John Wesley (1739)

366 S. M.

1 Thou very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on Thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
It makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in Thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1749)

367 8, 8, 8, 8, 6.

1 O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Rev. George Matheson (1882)

368 C. M.

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 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
Oh! may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

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

Anne Steele (1760)

369 S. M.

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the love divine.

4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

5 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady (1772)

LOVE.

370

7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Chosen not for good in me,
Waked from coming wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified—
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud:
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night Thine anger burns—
Morning comes and joy returns:
God of comforts! bid me show
To Thy poor how much I owe.

4 When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise—
Jesus comes—the tempter flies:
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

Rev. Robert McCheyne (1837)

371 8, 8, 8, 8, D.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all 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 blessed with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?

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.

Rev. John Newton (1779)

372 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

1 More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee.
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek;
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;

This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Elizabeth P. Prentiss (1869)

373 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Hark! my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shall be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O, for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper (1768)

374 C. M.

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 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

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

Rev. John Newton (1779)

375 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

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:
They, who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 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:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

Rev. John Newton (1779)

376 C. M.

1 All that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own;
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.

3 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

4 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1856)

377 C. M.

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 doth 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.

Rev. Phillip Doddridge (1717)

378 C. M.

1 Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each hateful 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
Which Thou dost not approve.

3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

4 Thou knowest I love Thee, dearest Lord;
But, oh! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love Thee more.

Rev. Phillip Doddridge (1755)

379 C. M.

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

2 When most we need His gracious hand
This friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at His command,
He waits to answer prayer.

3 His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows,
From one eternal source.

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

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

Rev. Joseph Swain (1792)

380 C. M.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
O, may His love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue!

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

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

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

Anne Steele (1760)

381 L. M.

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 fulfil.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

382 S. M. D.

1 I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice;
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled:
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:

No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice;
I love, I love His home.
Rev. Horatius Bonar (1844); *Verse* 4, alt.

383 C. M.

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 And they who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus!—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.
Bernard of Clairvaux (1150)
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall (1849)

Joy.

384 C. M.

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
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

385 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;

Who gives the lilies clothing,
  Will clothe His people, too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
  No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
  Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
  Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
  Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
  His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
  I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper (1779)

386 11, 9, 12, 9.

1 How happy are they who the Saviour obey,
  And have laid up their treasures above!
O what tongue can express the sweet comfort and peace
  Of a soul in its earliest love?

2 'Twas 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.

3 O rapturous height of that holy delight
  Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed, I was perfectly blest,
  As if filled with the fulness of God.

4 Then all the day long was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in His name;
O that all might believe, and salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1749)

387 S. M.

1 Since Jesus is my friend,
And I to Him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find Him near.

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt (1656)
Tr. Catherine Winkworth (1862)

388 7,7,7,7.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all, by sin oppressed,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When His spirit leads us home,
When we to His glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

Anon., in Appendix to Madan's Collec. (1763)

389 7,7,7,7.

1 Boundless glory, Lord, be Thine;
Thou hast made the darkness shine;
Thou hast sent a cheering ray;
Thou hast turned our night to day.

2 Darkness long involved us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound;
Then our darkness fled away,
Chased by truth's effulgent ray.

3 They are blest, and none beside,
They who in the truth abide;
Clear the light that marks their way
Leading to eternal day.

4 Guide us, Saviour, through the road,
Till we reach the saints' abode;
Till we see Thee throned above,
As Thou art, the God of love.

Rev. Thomas Kelley (1804)

PEACE.

390 C. M.

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 let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele (1760)

391 10, 10.

1 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin:
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed:
To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round:
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away:
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Rev. Edward H. Bickersteth (1875)

392 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, guard and guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

Rev. John Newton (1779)

393 C. M.

1 We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as th' unfathomed sea;
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee:

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Anon., in "Church Melodies" (1858)

394 C. M.

1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm:
Let Thy outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the busy street;

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
And in the hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
And in my loss or gain.

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1857)

395 C. M.

1 Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in Thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, Thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes,—
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

James Edmeston (1844)

396 S. M.

1 I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky;
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

4 I change—He changes not;
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place;
His truth, not mine, the tie.

5 My love is ofttimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1864)

397 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.

His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
The path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring (1850)

Holy Desires.

398 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 Saviour, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold
Dear Lord, from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
O Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

Rev. S. Dryden Phelps (1867)

399 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Take me, O my Father, take me,
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let Thy will in me be done.
Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying
Take me to Thy love, my God.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.
Father, take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love forever living,
I must be forever blest.

Rev. Ray Palmer (1864)

400 7;6, 7, 6, D

1 O Lamb of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side!
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

Rev. James G. Deck (1842)

401 C. M.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh! when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and He'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady's New Version (1696)

402 C. M.

1 I wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by Thy word,
Stands watching at Thy gate.

2 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:

3 So waits my soul to see Thy grace;
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of Thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

4 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek His face;
The Lord is good, as well as just,
And plenteous is His grace.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

403 C. M.

1 O, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, 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,
Holy, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1742)

404 C. M.

1 O, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.

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

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine.
That I may nevermore 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.

Benjamin Cleaveland (1799)

405 6, 5, 6, 5, D.

1 Saviour, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have we offer;
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;

Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

6 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

Rev. Godfrey Thring (1862)

406

6, 5, 6, 5, D.

1 Purer yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light,—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

4 Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on.
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. von Goethe (1858)

407

6, 5, 6, 5, D.

1 O let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God and borrow
Ease for heart and mind:

Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

2 God will never leave us,
All our wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve us,
Sees our cares and woes:
When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

3 All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the goodness
We in heaven shall know,
When our gracious Saviour,
In the realms above
Crowns us with His favor,
Fills us with His love.

H. Oswald (1793); *Tr. F. E. Cox* (1841)

408

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams (1841)

409

7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Holy Father, hear my cry;
Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh;
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1843)

410

8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust, like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O, calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strains and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O, still small voice of calm!

John G. Whittier (1872)

411 C. M.

1 Oh! that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God:
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

412

6, 5, 6, 5, D.

1 More holiness give me,
More strivings within;
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin;
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care;
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord;
More pride in His glory,
More hope in His word;
More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home;

More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be;
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee.

Phillip P. Bliss (1875)

413 C. M.

1 Come, Thou desire of all Thy saints,
Our humble strains attend;
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at Thy feet we bend.

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

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

4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come!
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls Thy children home.

Anne Steele, ab. (1760)

414 C. M.

1 O, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

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

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill..

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

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

William Cowper (1772)

RESIGNATION.

415 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Prince of Peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God.
Peace I ask, but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done,
May Thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall,
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee.

Mary S. B. Shindler (1858)

416 C. M.

1 Thy way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of Thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of Providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of Thy love:
How little do I know of Thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 'Tis but in part I know Thy will;
I bless Thee for the sight:
When will Thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

5 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. John Fawcett (1782)

417 10, 10, 10, 10.

1 Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth, through all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
Oh! let me seek Thee, and oh! let me find.

4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,—
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

Rev. George Croly (1854)

418 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

1 Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring (1850), *alt.*

419

10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Rev. John H. Newman (1833)

420 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1737);
Alt. Rev. John Logan (1781)

421 C. M.

1 Lord, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To end my toilsome day?

3 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see:
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

4 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Rev. Richard Baxter (1681), *alt.*

422 7,7,7,7.

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;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

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,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?

6 Aliens may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he might.

William Cowper (1774)

423 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Wait, my soul,! upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word;
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see;
This is still thy sweet relief:
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages! I'm secure,
With Thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, in Thy covenant sure,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Wm. Freeman Lloyd (1835)

424 7, 7, 7, 5.

1 In the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me!

2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me!

3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!

4 Comfort me; I am cast down:
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Saviour, comfort me!

5 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

George Rawson (1853)

425 L. M.

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

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

3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes His wise decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed,
That what He does is ever best.

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

Rev. Benjamin Beddome (1818)

426 C. M. D.

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

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

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

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

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

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

Helen M. Williams (1786)

427 L. M.

1 O deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant (1824)

428

11, 10, 11, 10.

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 sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
"Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love;
Come to the feast prepared, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore (1816);
Alt. Verse 3, *Thomas Hastings* (1832)

429

6, 6, 6, 6, D.

1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
O may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee;
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck (1716);
Tr. J. Borthwick (1854)

430 6, 6, 6, 6, D.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great, or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1857)

431

8, 8, 8, 6.

1 O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean,
Help me throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine?
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee.

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me."

5 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

Charlotte Elliott (1836), *alt.*

432 L. M.

1 God of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall:
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

William Cowper (1779)

433 S. M.

1 If, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the prospering gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady (1772)

434 S. M.

1 "My times are in Thy hand:"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced,
Is now my guard and guide;

5 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall forever be.

William F. Lloyd (1838)

435

8, 8, 8, 4.

1 My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
"Thy will be done!"

5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
"Thy will be done!"

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott (1835)

DUTIES.

Confessing Christ.

436 L. M.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

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

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

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

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

Rev. Joseph Grigg (1765)

437 L. M.

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

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

438 C. M.

1 Didst Thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own Thy name,
Or Thy disciple be?

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

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

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

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

6 Let sinful man reproach, defame,
And call me what they will,
If I may glorify Thy name,
And be Thy servant still.

James Maxwell (1806)

439 C. M.

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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

440 C. M.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Verse 1, *Rev. Thomas Shepherd* (1693), *alt.*
Vs. 2, *anon., c.* (1810); *Vs.* 3, *anon.,* (1849)

Renunciation of the World.

441 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O! receive me into rest.

3 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

5 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power,
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour:

6 "Follow me;" I know Thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see;
Now I take Thy yoke by choice;
Light Thy burden now to me.

James Montgomery (1814)

442 C. M.

1 Blest is the man who shuns the path,
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their evil ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat;

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge, at His right hand,
Appoints His saints a place.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

443 L. M.

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 O, 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 O 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.

Anne Steele (1760); *Verse* 1, *l.* 1, *alt.*

444 C. M.

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.

Rev. John Newton (1774)

445 L. M.

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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

446 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Let the world neglect and leave me;
They have left my Saviour, too:
Human hopes have oft deceived me;
Thou art faithful, Thou art true.

2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.

O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy bleeding love I see;
O 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

3 Take, my soul, 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;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

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

Rev. Henry F. Lyte (1825), *alt.*

447 L. M.

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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

448 C. M.

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, and heart, and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

449 C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea—
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1749)

450 L. M.

1 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus! ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, c. (1150)
Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer (1858)

451 C. M.

1 Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

Rev. Ray Palmer (1858)

452 S. M.

1 Dear Saviour, we are Thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
And souls, into Thy hands.

2 To Thee we still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O! let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee our Head;
Shall form us to Thy image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
Since He in heaven has fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1755), *alt.*

453 S. M.

1 Jesus, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Present we know Thou art,
But, oh! Thyself reveal;
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

4 Oh! may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1749)

454 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 To Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy seat.

2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,—
I have walked with God to-day.

James Montgomery (1812)

455

6, 6, 6, 6.

1 I hunger and I thirst;
Jesus, my manna be:
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

2 Thou bruised and broken bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die!

3 Thou true life-giving vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore!

Rev. John S. B. Monsell (1873)

456 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 Jesus, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
O! Thou art all to me;
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
How mighty is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

Rev. Joseph G. Deek (1842)

PRAYER.

457 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

1 Saviour, when in dust to Thee,
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
O. by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our supplicating cry.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy vic'try in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our deep, imploring cry.

3 By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our sad, beseeching cry.

4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,—

Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,—
Saviour, Prince exalted high,
Hear our solemn litany.

Sir Robert Grant (1815), *alt.*

458 L. M.

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 besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though 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 hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

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

6 O, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell (1828)

459 L. M.

1 What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the 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 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.

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

William Cowper (1779)

460 L. M.

1 Lord, dost Thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Then would I seize the golden hour:
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of Thine image let me bear:
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from Thy joy to draw my strength:
O! be Thy boundless love revealed
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to Thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if Thou art mine.

Rev. John Newton (1779), *alt.*

461 C. M.

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 callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

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

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

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

Rev. John Newton (1779)

462 C. M.

1 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirit pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay
And mount to Thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
That 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.

Rev. Joseph D. Carlyle (1802)

463 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery (1818); *Verse* 1, *l.* 2, *alt.*

464 S.M.

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.

Rev. John Newton (1779)

465 8, 8, 8, 4.

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay,
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott (1834)

466 S. M.

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

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

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

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

Rev. John Newton (1779)

467 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Rev. John Newton (1779)

468 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When our foes and fears prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden (1793)

469 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Rev. Joseph Scriven (1855)

Watchfulness.

470 S. M.

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 O watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

Rev. George Heath (1781)

471 S. M.

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at 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 the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favorite servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, (pub. 1755)

472 S. M.

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;
O 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 O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1762)

473 C. M.

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

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

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

4 Do Thou increase my faith and hope,
When fears and foes prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 O keep me to Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and Thee.

Anne Steele (1760)

CONFLICT.

474 6, 5, 6, 5, D.

1 Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the hosts of darkness
Compass thee around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them, Christ is with thee,
Soldier of the cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch, and pray, and fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;

But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

Andrew of Crete (700) ; *Tr. J. M. Neale* (1862)

475 C. M.

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,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1724)

476 C. M.

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

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

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

4 Break, sovereign grace, oh! break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, Thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

Rev. Samuel Stennett (1787)

477 C. M.

1 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

3 Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

5 For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

Rev. Frederick W. Faber (1849)

478 C. M.

1 Glory to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph even in death.

2 O may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love His name.

4 Lord! if Thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

Moravian, tr. Count von Zinzendorf (1727); *Tr. Rev. John Wesley* (1809)

479 L. M.

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

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

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

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

480 L. M.

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 cycles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

481 7, 7, 7, 7.

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 Could I joy His saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

6 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art Thy people's Sun:
Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

7 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.

Rev. John Newton (1779), *ab.*

482 C. M.

1 O! speed thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 O! faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before His throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

Anon., in "The Psalmist" (1843)

483 6, 5, 6, 5, D., with Refrain.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.

Ref.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1865)

484 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

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.

Rev. John Newton (1779)

485 6, 5, 6, 5, D., with Refrain.

1 Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still with hearts united
Singing on our way,

REF.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, etc.

Rev. Thomas J. Potter (1860), *ab.*

486. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.

Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be:
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

Rev. George Duffield (1858)

487

8, 8, 8, 4.

1 Jesus, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O shed Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my light.

4 I hear the storms around me rise;
But when I dread th' impending shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies:
Thou art my rock.

5 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my peace.

6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my life.

7 Thou wilt my every want supply,
Even to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all.

Charlotte Elliott (1869)

488 S. M.

1 My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfil;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Rev. Leonard Swain (1858)

489 7,7,7,7.

1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Henry Kirke White (1806)

490 S. M.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:—

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1749)

491 C. M. D.

1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;

Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the torch of flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the strokes to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Bishop Reginald Heber (1827)

492

6, 4, 6, 4, 7, 6, 7, 4.

1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
I need Thee, oh! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee!

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, etc.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.
I need Thee, etc.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.
I need Thee, etc.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son!
I need Thee, etc.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks (1872)

ACTIVITY.

493 C. M.

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

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

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls Thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To Thine uplifted eye:

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

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1755)

494 C. M.

1 Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Anon. (1845)

495 S. M.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown,
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

James Montgomery (1819)

496 S. M.

1 Laborers of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

Lydia H. Sigourney (1841)

497 L. M.

1 Go, labor on, spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not:
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1843)

498 L. M.

1 Go, labor on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

3 Toil on,—faint not; keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1843)

499 L. M.

1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

3 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

4 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

5 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

6 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal (1872)

500

8, 7, 8, 7.

1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings (1836)

501

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth—
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Rev. Daniel March (1868)

502

8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Like the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne;
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn.

2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be.

3 O, may I no longer, dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward, press my way.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1857)

503

7, 7, 7, 3.

1 Christian, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word:
"Watch and pray."

6 Watch as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott (1839); *Verse* 1, *l.* 2, *alt.*

PERSEVERANCE.

504 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared.
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. John Cennick (1742)

505 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by His hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath loved,
From His grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfil
All the pleasure of His will.

4 Jesus! Guardian of Thy flock,
Be Thyself our constant Rock;
Make us, by Thy powerful hand,
Strong as Zion's mountain, stand.

Rev. Rowland Hill (1783)

506 C. M.

1 Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands;
Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of His hands.

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707);
Alt. Scottish Trans. and Paraphs. (1745, 1781)

507 L. M.

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

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

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

4 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
Oh! let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Count Nicolaus von Zinzendorf (1721);
Tr. Rev. John Wesley

508 11, 11, 11, 11.

1 Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, His word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;

The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? Our help is in God.

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert, how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our leader, and heaven our home!

Anon.

509 11, 11, 11, 11.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I
fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my
stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter
near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is
spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup run-
neth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my
head;
O, what shall I ask of Thy providence
more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee
above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers
trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy
kingdom of love.

James Montgomery (1822)

PRAISE.

510 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.

1 Ye tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By His supreme command.
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4 He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each His word fulfils,
While time and nature lasts.
In different ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak His praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

511 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

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—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daïly I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace now, 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, O, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Rev. Robert Robinson (1758)

512 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with alleluias rang
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens, new earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery (1819)

513 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet Thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor,
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte (1834)

514

8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise to Thee 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 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

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

Rev. John Fawcett (1767)

515

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Praise the Lord: ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name.

3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.

All the saints in heaven adore Thee;
We would bow before Thy throne:
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

Verses 1, 2, *Anon.* (*c.* 1801);
Verse 3, *Edward Osler* (1836)

516

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs; their pomp and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

517

L. M.

1 Lord God of Hosts, by all adored!
Thy name we praise with one accord;
The earth and heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy love, Thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
Eternal praise to Thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
The prophets aid to swell the song,
The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast.

4 The holy church in every place
Throughout the world exalts Thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,
Thou Father of eternity!

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end for evermore.

Anon. (1865)

518 C. M.

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 to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

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 joyful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison (1712)

519 C. M.

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 that fill Thy house,
My offerings 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 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

520 L. M.

1 My soul, thy great Creator praise,
When clothed in His celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe His glory wears.

2 The heavens are for His curtains spread;
Th' unfathomed deep He makes His bed;
Clouds are His chariot, when He flies
On wingèd storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom His own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move,
To bear His vengeance or His love.

4 How strange Thy works! how great Thy skill!
While every land Thy riches fill;
Thy wisdom round the world we see:
This spacious world is full of Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

521 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 God, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.

2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

Bishop Richard Mant (1824)

522 L. M.

1 Praise ye the Lord; all nature join
In work and worship so divine;
Let heaven and earth unite, and raise
High hallelujahs to His praise.

2 While realms of joy and worlds around,
Their hallelujahs high resound;
Let saints below and saints above,
Exulting sing redeeming love.

3 As instruments well tuned and strung,
We'll praise the Lord with heart and tongue;
While life remains we'll loud proclaim
High hallelujahs to His name.

4 Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,
When freed from sorrow, sin, and pains,
Eternally the church will raise
High hallelujáhs to His praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

523

L. M.

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 seize my breast;
O! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

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

4 Then 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 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex mine eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

524 S. M.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favors are divine.

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

525 C. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

526 S. M.

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 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

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

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 thro' Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

527 S. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

528 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

1 Thank and praise Jehovah's name;
For His mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home,—

4 Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O, that men would praise the Lord
For His goodness to their race;
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace.

James Montgomery (1822)

THE CHURCH.

Glory and Safety.

529 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage,
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

Rev. John Newton (1779)

530 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7.

1 A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe

Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure:
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther (1527); *Tr. F. H. Hedge* (1852).

531

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone (1866)

532 S. M.

1 Far as Thy name is known
The world declares Thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy Thy people stand
On Sion's chosen hill;
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view Thy holy ground,
And mark the building well:

4 The orders of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

533 S. M.

1 O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

Rev. William A. Muhlenberg (1826)

534 S. M.

1 Great is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand,
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone!
How fair His heavenly grace!

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen
How well our God secures the fold,
Where His own flocks have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
Recall to mind His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

535 L. M.

1 God in His earthly temple lays
Foundations for His heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Sion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Sion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born and nourished there.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

536 L. M.

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 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

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

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

5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

537 L. M.

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

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

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

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

5 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through
Thee. *James Montgomery* (1823)

538 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 Sion stands with hills surrounded,
Sion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Sion!
What a favored lot is thine.

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee:—
God, thine everlasting light.

Rev. Thomas Kelly (1806)

539 C. M.

1 O, where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.

Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe (1839)

540 C. M.

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

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

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

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

5 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as His years.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709); *Vs.* 1, *alt.*

Baptism.

541 C. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

542 C. M.

1 Now let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out Thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in Thy blood.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

543 C. M.

1 See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

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

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

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1740)

544 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Saviour! who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way:

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Rev. William A. Muhlenberg (1826)

545 L. M.

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Abby B. Hyde (1824)

The Lord's Supper.

546 L. M.

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 blessed 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 blest 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

547 L. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

548 10, 10, 10, 10.

1 Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand that from Thy table fall,
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 One word from Thee, My Lord, one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

4 And is not mercy Thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?
Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive,
And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.

5 I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.

6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer;
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;
Dwell Thou forever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth (1872)

549

10, 10, 10, 10.

1 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

4 I have no help but Thine, nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

6 Feast after feast thus comes, and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1855)

550 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 "Till He come," oh! let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast;
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only, "Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread,—
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, "Till He come."

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth (1862)

551

7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Jesus, Master, hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record Thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in Thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of Thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me.

Rev. William Maxwell (1842)

552

9, 8, 9, 8.

1 Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead.

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Bishop Reginald Heber (1826)

553

6, 4, 6, 4, D.

1 Break Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;

Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word!

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All!

Mary A. Lathbury (1880)

554

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 O Bread to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet,
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O Water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art:
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, Thou True and Loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Anon. (*Latin, c.* 17*th cent.*);
Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer (1858)

555

8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I rest, forever viewing
Mercy's stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

Rev. Walter Shirley (1770)

556 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 From the table now retiring
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives His image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

John Rowe (1812)

557 C. M.

1 According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery (1825)

OFFICERS.

558 S. M.

1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice;
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

559 L. M.

1 Lord of the harvest, bend Thine ear,
In Sion's heritage appear;
O send forth laborers filled with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.

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

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

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

Thomas Hastings (1836)

560 C. M.

1 Let Sion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In rapture, or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults
Lord, how should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1736)

561 L. M.

1 "Go, preach My gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth My grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts My word;
He shall be damned that won't 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 "Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead,
Go, cast out devils in My name:
Nor let My prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 "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 can defend."

5 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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

Ordination and Installation.

562 L. M.

1 Bow down Thine ear, Almighty Lord,
And hear Thy church's suppliant cry
For all who preach Thy saving word,
And wait upon Thy ministry.

2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,
And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath
On those whom Thou hast called to feed
Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.

3 O Saviour, from Thy piercèd hand
Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine;
That those who in Thy presence stand
May do Thy will with love like Thine.

4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,
And give them grace to watch and pray;
That, as they seek Thy flock to guide,
Themselves may keep the narrow way.

5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send
To shield them in their strife with sin;
Grant them, enduring to the end,
The crown of life at last to win.

Rev. Thomas E. Powell (1864)

563 L. M.

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

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

Rev. Rowland Hill (1783)

564 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 O holy Lord, our God,
By heavenly hosts adored,
Hear us, we pray;
To Thee the cherubim,
Angels and seraphim,
Unceasing praises hymn,
Their homage pay.

2 Here give Thy word success,
And this Thy servant bless,
His labors own;
And while the sinner's Friend
His life and words commend,
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And make him known.

3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day;
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn Thy saints with grace,
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

J. Young (1843)

565 L. M.

1 Father of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new creating power.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome (1787)

566 L. M.

1 O risen Christ, who from Thy throne
Dost rule Thy church, and hear Thine own,
Now seal by Thine almighty power
The covenants of this sacred hour.

2 Weave Thou Thy life through these new ties:
The light of love that round Thee lies
Circle the shepherd and the sheep,
And all our lives in safety keep.

3 The shepherd's Shepherd only Thou
Canst be: O Christ, walk with him now;
While our weak hands reach up to Thine,
To strengthen his with might divine.

4 Thou in whose love Thy church is blest,
Thy name alone be here confessed,
By holy lives be glorified,
While here Thy peace shall still abide.

Rev. Louis F. Benson (1894)

Dedication.

567 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.

1 We cannot build alone;
To rear, Great God, to Thee,
A house which Thou wilt own,
Thou must the Builder be.
Not by our might,
But by Thy power
Must dome and tower
Take upward flight.

2 Were all the stones that lie
Unquarried 'neath the sod
Piled up against the sky,
It were not worthy God.
To make this dear,
Lord, condescend
Thy head to bend,
And enter there.

3 Let Faith here rear to God!
Here Love erect her thrones!
A house for Thine abode
Be built of lively stones!
We do not err,
O Holy Ghost!
Pure hearts Thou dost
To fanes prefer.

4 The heavenly only stands:
Earth briefly typifies
The house not made with hands,
Eternal in the skies—
We see its towers:
How sweet to know,
When hence we go,
That house is ours!

Abraham Coles, M. D. (1813-1891)

568 C. M.

1 Thou whose unmeasured temple stands,
Built over land and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, O God, to Thee.

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

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

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

William Cullen Bryant (1835)

569 C. M.

1 Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

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

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

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

Rev. John Newton (1769)

570 L. M.

1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord.

4 Dear shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

5 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

6 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come, with Thy glory fill the place,
And bless us with a large increase.

William Cowper (1769), *ab.*

571 L. M.

1 Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne,
Where Thy redeemed behold Thy face,
Enter this temple, now Thine own,
And let Thy glory fill the place.

2 We praise Thee that to-day we see
Its sacred walls before Thee stand;
'Tis Thine for us, 'tis ours for Thee,
Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.

3 Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;
With Thine own joy fill every breast,
With Thine own power Thy word attend.

4 Here, in the dark and sorrowing day,
Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still;
Oh! wipe the mourner's tears away,
And give new strength to meet Thy will.

5 When round this board Thine own shall meet,
And keep the feast of dying love,
Be our communion ever sweet,
With Thee, and with Thy church above.

6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep;
In Thine own arms the lambs enfold;
Give help to climb the heavenward steep,
Till Thy full glory we behold.

Rev. Ray Palmer (1875), *ab.*

572 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Christ is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one;
Holy Zion's help forever,
And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Thee adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Anon. (*Latin 6th or 7th cent.*);
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale (1851)

BENEVOLENCE.

573 C. M.

1 Father of mercies, send Thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of Thy love.

2 O! may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies:
And 'mid th' embraces of Thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

4 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And gave His own most precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1755)

574 C. M.

1 Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain.

2 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

4 His breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld (1792)

575 S. M.

1 We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

Bishop William W. How (1864)

576 L. M.

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

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may breathe, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

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

Rev. Thomas Gibbons (1784)

Revival.

577 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

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 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.

3 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.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh:
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

Rev. John Newton (1779)

578 C. M.

1 Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

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

3 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

Anne Steele (1760)

579 8, 7, 8, 10.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scatt'ring full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me, even me!

2 Pass me not, O God our Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me, even me!

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
O, I'm longing for Thy favor;
While Thou'rt calling, O call me, even me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me, even me!

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me, even me.

6 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
Bind, O bind, my heart to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing;
Blessing others, O, bless me, even me!

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner (1860)

580 L. M.

1 Great Lord of all Thy churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by Thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 May every pastor, from above
Be new inspired with zeal and love
To watch Thy flock, Thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.

3 Revive the churches with Thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 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.

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

6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that Thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

William Kingsbury (1806).

581 L. M.

1 While filled with sadness and dismay
To see the work of God decline,
Me-thought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fear, the ark is Mine.

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

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

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

Anon.

582 L. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1760)

583 S. M.

1 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now,
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord! be ours.

Albert Midlane (1860)

MISSIONS.

584 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove,
His name shall stand for ever,—
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery (1821)

585

7, 7, 7, 7, D.

1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming Star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that Star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let Thy wanderings cease;
Hie Thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Sir John Bowring (1825)

586

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

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 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men 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!

Bishop Reginald Heber (1819)

587

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

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 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.

3 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."

Rev. Samuel F. Smith (1832)

588

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world,

Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings.
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Thomas Hastings (1828)

589

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let Thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around.

Rev. William Williams (1759)

590

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

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 vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest!

Rev. Thomas Kelly (1806)

591

L. M.

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

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

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

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

William Shrubsole (1796)

592 7,7,7,7.

1 Hasten, Lord! the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record;
All His wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber (1829)

593 L. M.

1 Ascend Thy throne, almighty King,
And spread Thy glories all abroad:
Let Thine own arm salvation bring,
And be Thou known the gracious God.

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

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

Rev. Benjamin Beddome (1787)

594 L. M.

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 praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

595 L. M.

1 Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation through Emmanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

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

Rev. Bourne Hall Draper (1803)

596 10, 10, 10, 10.

1 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy tow'ring head and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Alexander Pope (1720)

597 L. M.

1 Sovereign of worlds, display Thy power;
Be this Thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright Morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
On western wilds and heathen plains,
Far let the gospel sound be known,
And be the universe Thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice;
Speak, and the nations shall rejoice;
Scatter the shades of moral night,
With the blest beams of heavenly light.

Rev. Bourne Hall Draper (1803)

598

11, 10, 11, 10.

1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings (1832)

599

7, 7, 7, 7, D.

1 Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as the mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign,
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Alleluia! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks; 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

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

James Montgomery (1819)

600 C. M.

1 Great God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation Thine;
And in Thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, Thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in Thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temple of Thy praise.

Rev. Thomas Gibbons (1769)

601 8, 7, 8, 7, with Refrain.

1 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the bright prophetic day:
When the shadows, weary shadows
From the world shall roll away.

Cho.—We are waiting for the morning,
When the beauteous day is dawning;
We are waiting for the morning,
For the golden spires of day.
Lo! He comes! see the King draw near:
Zion, shout! the Lord is here.

2 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the Star that brings the day,
When the night of sin shall vanish,
And the shadows melt away.—Cho.

3 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the beauteous King of day:
For the Chiefest of ten thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.—Cho.

Anon.

602 7,7,7,7.

1 Soldiers of the cross, arise,
Gird ye with your armor bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there, wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

Bishop William W. How (1854)

603 L. M.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.

3 O! that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Mrs. Vokes (1816)

604 S. M.

1 Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend Thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth Thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

Rev. John Johns (1837)

605 6, 6, 6, 6.

1 Thy kingdom come, O God!
Thy rule, O Christ, begin!
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin!

2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

Rev. Lewis Hensley (1867)

The Communion of Saints.

606 S. M.

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 If e'er to bless Thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 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.

5 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. Timothy Dwight (1800)

607 S. M.

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 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil down to his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils
And all the air is love.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

608 S. M.

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 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett (1772)

609 S. M.

1 For all the saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

Bishop Richard Mant (1837), ***alt.***

610 C. M.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In Sion 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 joys 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 Sion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Rev. Isaac Coatts (1719)

611 C. M.

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 one Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Not joy nor grief nor time nor place
Nor life nor death can part.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1742)

612 C. M.

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;
And 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 who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Rev. Joseph Swain (1792)

613 L. M.

1 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

2 Forgotten be each earthly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived—and died—and reigns—for us.

3 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.

4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet—to part no more.

Rev. John Newton (1779)

614 10, 10, 14.

1 For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest, Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might:
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light. Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on his way. Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia!

Bishop William W. How (1864)

615 C. M. D.

1 Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise;
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family we dwell in Him,
The Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

3 His militant, embodied host,
With wistful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

4 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound:
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1759)

616

10, 10, 7.

1 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heaven, O sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

2 Ye Powers, who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, forever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by whom were all things made,
we praise
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

Anon. (*Latin c. 5th cent.*);
Tr. Rev. John Ellerton (1865). (*Text of* 1868)

SPECIAL.

THANKSGIVING.

617 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin.
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His Garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final Harvest-Home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There forever purified,
In Thy Presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

Rev. Henry Alford (1844)

618 L. M.

1 Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills!
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her king.

5 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour;
The moral waste within restore;
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte (1834)

619 C. M.

1 Shine, mighty God, on Sion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.

2 When shall Thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt His praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
In wisdom rules the worlds He made,
And bids them taste His love.

5 Each shall obey His high command,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown His chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

620 C. M.

1 Sweet is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King,
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

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

3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word,
To cheer the souls He loves.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

621 C. M.

1 'Tis by Thy strength the mountains stand,—
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at Thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times and moons and hours,—
Heaven, earth, and air are Thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

4 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

622

7, 7, 7, 7.

1 Swell the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praise to heaven's almighty King.

2 Blessings from His liberal hand
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath His sway,
Hail the bright triumphant day.

3 Now to Thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heavenly Friend:
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

4 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel a tyrant's rod,
Ever own and worship God..

5 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heavenly notes prolong.

Rev. Nathan Strong (1799)

623 C. M.

1 O Thou, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all;
Unsent by Thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

2 Such are Thy schemes of providence,
And methods of Thy grace,
That I may safely trust in Thee,
Through all the wilderness.

3 'Tis Thine outstretched and pow'rful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And Thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, O my God!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

James Montgomery (1825)

624 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

1 Christ, by heavenly hosts adored,
Gracious, mighty, sovereign Lord,
God of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things,
By the Church with joy confessed,
God o'er all forever blest;
Pleading at Thy throne we stand,
Save Thy people, bless our land.

2 On our fields of grass and grain
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand.

Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea;
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh (1860)

HUMILIATION.

625 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Dread Jehovah, God of nations,
From Thy temple in the skies
Hear Thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliv'rance rise.

2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

C. F. in Christian Observer (1804);
Alt. Rev. Edward Bickersteth (1833)

626 C. M.

1 Great King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call.

2 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
O turn us not away;
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

3 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.

4 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

5 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

6 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

Rev. John H. Gurney (1838)

THE NEW YEAR.

627 L. M.

1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy and Thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1755)

628 C. M.

1 Our Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ord'ring all to Thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain,
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain;
And bid us take a farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on Thee we rest:
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And Thou art Perfect Love.

Rev. William Gaskell (1837)

629

7, 7, 7, 7, D.

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 an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingèd 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.

Rev. John Newton (1774)

The Closing Year.

630 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

1 Thou who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich Thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our praise shall rise to Thee.
Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by Thee, we now
Bid the parting year—farewell!

2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys forever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.
Mingled with the eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive!
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
Let Thy grace within us live,
That we spend not years in vain.
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high!

Rev. Ray Palmer (1832)

631 S. M. D.

1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1844)

632 8, 7, 8, 7, (8, 8, 8, 9).

1 Days and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead:
O how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed!

Repeat after 3d and 6th verses.

Life passeth soon; death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord, till Thou appear;
With Thee to live, with Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity.

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make th' eternal choice!

3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending
Or eternity of woe.

4 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies:
For the bygone years retreating,
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin;
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Soon before the Judge all-glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

Rev. Edward Caswall (1858)

ANNIVERSARY.

633 C. M.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

634 L. M.

1 Lord, when in Simon's house of yore,
Thou with Thy friends didst sit at meat,
Mary the precious spikenard bore,
And poured it at Thy sacred feet.

2 Like incense sweet, the perfume rare
Rose through the house, and sought the skies;
And Thou didst own with blessings there
A woman's loving sacrifice.

3 So unto Thee, O Lord, this day,
A year of labor here we bring;
So at Thy feet the gift we lay;
Accept, O Lord, the offering.

Sarah E. Henshaw (1878)

635 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.

1 Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His word rejoices;

Who, from our mothers' arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Rev. Martin Rinkart (1586-1649);
Tr. Catherine Winkworth (1858)

MATRIMONY.

636 11, 10, 11, 10.

O perfect Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance,
Our tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain
nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly
sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all
earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown
morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

4 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ Thy coeternal
Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things
living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

Dorothy F. Blomfield (1883);
Verse 4, Rev. John Ellerton (1875)

SPECIAL CLASSES.

The Aged.

637 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 When gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir Robert Grant (1806). (*Text of* 1812)

638 C. M.

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

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

3 I ask them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

639 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest.

Mrs. Caroline S. Smith (1852), *ab.*

SICK AND SORROWING.

640 C. M.

1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When groaning on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love, remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way.
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh! give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good, remember me.

4 Distressed with pain, disease, and grief;
This feeble body see;
And sorrows crown each lingering year,
Hear, and remember me.

5 The hour is near; consigned to death,
I own the just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, remember me.

Rev. Thomas Haweis (1791)

641 L. M.

1 O Love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitt'rest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1859)

For Those at Sea.

642 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Tossed upon the raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe;
Never slumb'ring, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping;
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;—
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of Thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to Thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry:
And though mast and sail be riven,
Soon life's voyage will be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

Rev. George W. Bethune (1825)

643 C. M.

1 O Lord, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our Guard, when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar,

5 Be Thou the Mainguard of our host,
Till war and dangers cease;
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

7 To Thee, the Father, Thee, the Son,
Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit moving on the deep,
Be praise for evermore.

Rev. Edward A. Dayman (1865)

644

8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

1 Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word,
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
O, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
O, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting (1860)

THE YOUNG.

645 11, 8, 11, 9. Irregular.

1 I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,

And that I might have seen His kind look
when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime,
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Jemima Luke (1841)

646

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here,
May they all, Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee forever dear;
May they be like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David's, proving
Steadfast, unto death endure.

2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee.

Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,
May they with Thy presence shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1863)

647 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Children all are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2 Let Thy holy Word instruct them;
Guide them daily by its light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain them
To approve whate'er is right;
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
Strengthened with Thy heavenly might.

3 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd,
May they their thank-offerings bring;
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

Henry Bateman (1862)

648 C. M.

1 Remember thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine early vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek Him while He is near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be Thine,
Devoted to Thy fear. *Anon.*

649 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer!

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary L. Duncan **(1839)**

650 C. M.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet 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, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Bishop Reginald Heber **(1812). (*Text of* 1827)**

651 S. M.

1 We come, Lord, to Thy feet,
On this Thy holy day;
O come to us while here we meet
To learn and praise and pray.

2 Our many sins forgive,
The Holy Spirit send;
And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.

3 Lord, fill our hearts with love,
Our teachers' labor own,
That we and they may meet above
To sing before Thy throne.

Ascribed to Lady Lucy E. G. Whitmore;
Alt. Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth (1858)

652 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
Hither our children bring
To shout Thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:
While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Infants and the glad throng
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!

Ascribed to Clement of Alexandria (—*c.* 220);
Tr. Rev. Henry M. Dexter (1846)

653 C. M., with Refrain.

1 Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high?"

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

Anne H. Shepherd (1835)

654

6, 5, 6, 5, D.

1 Summer suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

Bishop William W. How (1871)

655 6, 5, 6, 5, D.

1 Lead us, heavenly Father,
In our opening way,
Lead us in the morning
Of our little day.

While our hearts are happy,
While our souls are free,
May we give our childhood
As a song to Thee.

2 Lead us, heavenly Father,
As the way grows long,
Be our strong salvation,
Be our joyous song.
Gladdened by Thy mercies,
Chastened by Thy rod,
May we walk through all things
Humbly with our God.

3 Lead us, heavenly Father,
By Thy voices clear, —
Through Thy prophets holy,
Through Thy Son so dear, —
Him who took the children,
In His arms of love;
May we all be gathered
In His home above.

Rev. Brooke Herford (1893)

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Present Life.

656 S. M. D.

1 Forever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality:
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear:
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower:
Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

4 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil:
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail,
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery (1835)

657 8, 7, 8, 7.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

REF.—For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave,—
"Let every lamp be burning";
We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.—REF.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow."—REF.

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each cord on earth to sever,—
Then—bright and joyous in the skies—
There is our home forever.—REF.

Rev. David Nelson (1835)

658 L. M.

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure 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—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust:
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

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

6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

659 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 And is it so? "A little while,"
And then the life undying,
The light of God's unclouded smile,
The singing for the sighing?
"A little while!" O! glorious word,
Sweet solace of our sorrow:
And then "forever with the Lord,"
The everlasting morrow.

2 Then be it ours to journey on
In paths that He decrees us,
Where His own feet before have gone,
Our strength, our hope, our Jesus;

In lowly fellowship with Him
The cross appointed bearing;
For O! a crown no grief can dim
One day we shall be wearing.

3 O! 'twill be passing sweet to gaze
On Him in all His glory;
And, lost in love and glad amaze,
To shout redemption's story;
Till angels bend to catch the strain
Our human lips are swelling,
And "worthy is the Lamb once slain,"
Resounds through heaven's high dwelling.

Anon. in "Songs of Zion" (1864)

660 S. M.

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
Nearer my home to-day am I
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer, to-day, the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen my spirit's faith;
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

Miss Phoebe Cary (1852)

661 S. M.

1 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

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

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

662 P. M.

1 I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining!
I am longing, I am longing for the sight.
Within a country, unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering, forlorn and weary:
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 Of that country, to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light!
There are no sorrows, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

Mary S. B. Dana

663 C. M.

1 Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time:
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1719)

664

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

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 fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1749)

665

11, 10, 11, 10.

1 We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen,
For the last weariness, the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn for them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less [strong.

5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

Anna B. Warner (1858)

666 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations,
The Everlasting Thou.

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light forever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth (1866)

667 S. M.

1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.

3 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

4 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1856)

668 S. M.

1 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

Rev. Philip Doddridge (1755)

DEATH.

669 L. M.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

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;
Nothing 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 duty 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!"

Anna L. Barbauld (1773)

670 S. M.

1 Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the vict'ry 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 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye,
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

4 His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

5 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

6 Soldier of Christ! well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery (1825)

671 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.

1 Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Ah! how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah! Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving:
Then the gain of death we prove
Though Thou take what most we love.

Rev. Johann W. Meinhold (1835);
Tr. Catherine Winkworth (1858)

672 L. M.

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

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hast lost its venomed sting.

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

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

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

Mrs. Margaret Mackay (1832)

673 C. M.

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 should we wish our hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 The graves of all the saints He 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 flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

674 11, 11, 11, 11.

1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way: [here
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by
sin,
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the
tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom;
There sweet be my rest till He bid me
arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the
skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his
God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul?

Rev. William A. Muhlenberg (1826)

675 S. M.

1 It is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. H. A. Caesar Malan (1832)
Tr. Rev. George W. Bethune (1847)

676 S. M.

1 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

Rev. William Maxwell (1831)

677

7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 5.

1 The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams of earth I've tasted;
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He gifteth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

Anne R. Cousin (1857)

BURIAL.

678 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8.

1 Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ, the Lord, shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the Resurrection-day,
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Rev. John Ellerton (1871)

679

4, 6, 4, 6, D.

1 Sleep thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep,
Till th' eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness:
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

Rev. Edward A. Dayman (1868)

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

680 L. M.

1 What sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

681

7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.

1 Jesus lives, and so shall I;
Death, thy sting is gone forever.
He who deigned for me to die,
Lives, the bands of death to sever.
He shall raise me with the just:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

2 Jesus lives and reigns supreme,
And, His Kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with Him,
Ever living, ever reigning.
God has promised; be it must;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

3 Jesus lives, and God extends
Grace to each returning sinner;
Rebels He receives as friends,
And exalts to highest honor.
God is true as He is just:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

4 Jesus lives, and by His grace,
Vict'ry o'er my passions giving,
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to His glory living.
The weak He raises from the dust:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

5 Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory.
Courage! then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee;
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just:
Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

Christian F. Gellert (1715-1769); *Tr. Anon.*

THE JUDGMENT.

682 C. M.

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 word, "Depart!"

3 Jesus, I throw my arms around
And hang upon Thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit can not rest.

4 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands!
Show me some promise in Thy book,
Where my salvation stands!

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

683 L. M.

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, shrivelling, like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

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

"Dies Irae." Trans. Sir Walter Scott (1805)

684

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 Day of judgment, day of wonders,
Hark the trumpet's awful sound.
Louder than a thousand thunders
Shakes the vast creation round;
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound.

2 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By His looks prepare to flee;
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

3 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
You who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine!
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.

Rev. John Newton (1779)

685 L. M.

1 There is a God who reigns above,
Lord of the heavens and earth and seas;
I fear His wrath, I ask His love,
And with my lips I sing His praise.

2 There is a law which He has made,
To teach us all that we must do;
My soul, be His commands obeyed,
For they are holy, just, and true.

3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
Lord, I repent and seek Thy face,
For I have often broke Thy law.

4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
How many younger much than I,
Have passed by death to hear their doom!

5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

686 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heavens resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Lady Huntingdon (1764)

687

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

1 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;

No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

Verse 1, *Anon.* (1802); *Verses* 2, 3, 4, *Rev. William B. Collyer* (1812). *Alt. Rev. Thos. Cotterill* (1820)

HEAVEN.

688 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heav'n, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

4 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.

Rev. Robert Seagrave (1742)

689 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late.
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;

The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn:
'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory,
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny (*c.* 1145);
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale (1851)

690 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O, I know not,
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O mine, my golden Zion!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe, victorious fold:
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?

5 Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only and forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only and forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Bernard of Cluny (*c.* 1145); *Tr. Rev. John M. Neale* (1851). *Verse* 1, *ll.* 6, 8, *Verse* 2, *l.* 2, *alt.*

691 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O, Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

3 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.
The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear Fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny (*c.* 1145);
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale (1851)

692 7, 6, 7, 6.

1 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.

2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

5 But He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

6 The morning shall awaken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

7 Yes, God, my King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny (*c.* 1145). *Tr. Rev. John M. Neale* (1851); *Verse* 6, *l.* 1, ***alt.***

693 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 The Homeland! O the Homeland!
The land of souls freeborn!
No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn:
I'm sighing for that Country,
My heart is aching here;
There is no pain in the Homeland,
To which I'm drawing near.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come,
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home:
O dear, dear native Country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

Rev. Hugh R. Haweis (1855)

694 11, 10, 11, 10, with Refrain.

1 Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains
are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no
more.

REF.—Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the
night!

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them sing-
ing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—
REF.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly steal-
ing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to
Thee.—REF.

4 Rest comes at length: though life be long
and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night
be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the
weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will
come at last.—REF.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber (1854)

695 C. M.

1 O Mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

4 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

5 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

6 Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

7 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

F. B. P., in MSS. of 16th or 17th cent.
Verse 1, l. 1, from W. Prid (1585)

696

9, 4, 9, 9, 4, 6, 6.

1 Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1857)

697 C. M.

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 O when, thou City of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

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

Anon. (*ascribed to J. Montgomery*), *Eckington Coll.* (*c.* 1796) (*based on F. B. P. in MSS. of 16th or 17th cent.*)

698 C. M.

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.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

699 C. M. D.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

700

C. M.

1 Father, I long, I faint to see
The place of Thine abode:
I'd leave Thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to Thy seat, my God.

2 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon Thy throne:
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

4 The more Thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1707)

701

8, 7, 8, 7.

1 This is not my place of resting,—
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,—
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1845)

702 C. M.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 On all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

Rev. Samuel Stennett (1787)

703 S. M.

1 Far from my heav'nly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte (1834)

704 8, 6, 8, 8 6.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wand'rers given,
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heav'n.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

William B. Tappan (1818)

705 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.

1 O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above,
Where loyal hearts, etc.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber (1862);
H. A. and M. (1868)

706 7, 6, 8, 6, D.

1 Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:

'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Henry Alford (1867)

707

8, 7, 8, 7, D.

1 Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee;
Multitude which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of vict'ry in their hands.

2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered:
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:

Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth (1862)

708

8, 8, 8, 8, D.

1 Ye angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make Him known;
O tune your soft harps to His praise.
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
While others sank down in despair,
Confirmed by His power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O! when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song!
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong;
I'm fettered and chained up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His name.
I want—O! I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

Maria De Fleury (1791)

709

10, 10, 10, 10.

1 O what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see!
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all and in all, ever blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
O that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.

P. Abelard, 12th Cent.
Tr. John M. Neale (1854)

710

7, 6, 7, 6, D.

1 Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of th' elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2 O none can tell Thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise;
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:

Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O Peace, O Zion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

3 Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?

4 I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O, tell me, tell me, yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent.
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale (1851)

711

8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

1 Upward where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning
Round the never changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.

Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him;
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His Name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet;
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1866)

712

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Rev. Thomas R. Taylor (*pub.* 1836)

713 6, 6, 6, 6. D.

1 There is a blessed home,
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow.

Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned;
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, ·vermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe:
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker (1861)

714 7s, D.

1 High, in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.
Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest, the aching head,
Soothed, the anguish of the mind.

4 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.

Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

Rev. Thomas Raffles (1812)

715 11, 11, 11, 11, with Refrain.

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!
Home, home, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven, my home.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice blessèd 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,
O 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, O 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.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in Thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.
Home, home, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven, my home.

Rev. David Denham (1837)

CHANTS.

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716 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

1 Glory *be* to | God on | high ‖ and on *earth* | peace, good | will · towards | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee* we | worship | Thee ‖ we glorify Thee, we give *thanks* to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

3 O Lord *God* | Heaven-· ly | King ‖ *God* the | Father | Al- — | mighty.

4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son* | Je-sus | Christ ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of *God* | Son — | of the | Father,

5 That takest *away* the | sins · of the | world ‖ have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.

6 Thou that takest *away* the | sins · of the | world ‖ have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.

7 Thou that takest *away* the | sins · of the | world ‖ *re-* | ceive our | prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father ‖ have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.

9 For Thou *on*ly | art— | holy ‖ *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord.

10 Thou only, O *Christ* with the | Ho-ly | Ghost ‖ art most *high* in the | glory · of | God the | Father.

717 JUBILATE DEO.

1 O be joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands: ‖ serve the Lord with gladness, and come be*fore* His | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God: ‖ it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people *and* the | sheep of | His— | pasture.

3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and *in*to His | courts with | praise: ‖ be thankful unto *Him* and | speak good | of His | name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, His *mer*cy is | ever- | lasting and His truth endureth from *gener*- | ation · to | gener- | ation.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be ‖ *world* without | end.— | *A*-— | *men*.

718 VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

1 O come, let us *sing* | unto · the | Lord ‖ Let us heartily re*joice* in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before His *pres*ence with | thanks-— | giving ‖ And show our*selves* | glad in | Him with | psalms.

3 For the *Lord* is a | great— | God ‖ And a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 In His hand are all the *cor*ners | of the |

earth || And the *strength* of the | hills is | His — | also.

5 The sea is *His* | and He | made it || And His *hands* pre- | pared · the | dry — | land.

6 O come, let us *wor*ship and | fall — | down || And *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God || And we are the people of His pasture, *and* the | sheep of | His — | hand.

8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness || Let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe of | Him.

[*Second part.*] 9 For He cometh, for He *come*th to | judge the | earth || And with righteousness to judge the *world* and the | peo-ple | with His | truth.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end — | *A*- — | *men*.

719 BENEDICTUS.

1 Blessed be the Lord *God* of | Is-ra- | el || for He hath *visit*ed | and re- | deem-ed · His | people:

2 And hath raised up a *mighty* sal- | va-tion | for us || in the *house* | of His | ser-vant | David;

3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly | Prophets || which have *been* | since the | world be- | gan;

4 That we should be *saved* | from our | enemies || and from the *hand* of | all that | hate — | us;

5 To perform the mercy *promised* to | our fore- | fathers || and to re*mem*ber His | ho-ly | Cov-e- | nant;

6 To perform the oath which He sware to our fore*fa*ther | A-bra- | ham || *that* | He would | give — | us;

7 That we being delivered out of the *hand* of our | en-e- | mies || might *serve* | Him with- | out — | fear;

8 In holiness and *right*eous- | ness be- | fore Him || *all* the | days of | our — | life.

9 And thou Child, shalt be called the *Proph*et | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go before the face of the *Lord* | to pre- | pare His | ways;

10 To give knowledge of sal*va*tion | unto· His | people || *for* the re- | mis-sion | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender *mer*cy | of our | God || whereby the day-spring *from* on | high hath | visit- · ed | us;

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and *in* the | shadow· of | death || and to guide our *feet* | into · the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and· to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | *A*- — | *men.*

720 NUNC DIMITTIS.

1 LORD, now lettest Thou Thy ser*vant* de- | part in | peace ‖ *ac-* | cord-ing | to Thy | word.
2 *For* mine | eyes have | seen ‖ *Thy* | — sal- | va- — | tion,
3 *Which* Thou | hast pre- | pared ‖ be*fore* the | face of | all — | people;
4 To be a *light* to | lighten : the | Gentiles ‖ and to be the glo*ry* of Thy | people | Is-ra- | el.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and : to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be ‖ *world* without | end — | *A-* — | *men.*

721 DE PROFUNDIS.

1 Out of the depths have I cried *un* — to | Thee, O | Lord. ‖ *Lord* | hear — | my — | voice.
2 Let thine *ears* | be at- | tentive ‖ *to* the | voice of · my | suppli- | cation.
3 If Thou, *Lord* shouldst | mark in- | iquities, ‖ O | Lord, who | — shall | stand?
4 But there *is* for- | giveness · with | Thee, ‖ that · thou | mayest · be | fear — | ed.
5 I wait for the *Lord* my | soul doth | wait, ‖ and *in* his | word — | do I | hope.
6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that *watch* | for the | morning; ‖ I

say, more than *they* that | watch — | for the | morning.

7 Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the *Lord* | there is | mercy, ‖ *and* with | Him is | plenteous · re- | demption.

8 And he shall re*deem* | Isra- | el ‖ *from* | all — | his in- | iquities.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be ‖ *world* without | end. — | *A*- — | *men.*

722 MAGNIFICAT.

1 My soul doth *mag*ni | fy the | Lord ‖ and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced : in | God my | Saviour.

2 *For* He | hath re- | garded ‖ the *low*li | ness of | His hand | maiden.

3 *For* be- | hold from | henceforth ‖ *all* gen- er- | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He that is *mighty* hath | magni : fied | me ‖ *and* | holy | is His | Name.

5 And His *mer*cy is on | them that | fear Him ‖ *through*- | out all | gener- | ations.

6 He hath showed *strength* | with His | arm ‖ He hath scattered the proud in the im*ag*in- | ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seat ‖ and *hath* ex- | alted · the | humble · and | meek.

8 He hath filled the *hun*gry with | good · = |

things ‖ and the *rich* He hath | sent · = | empty · a | way.

[*Second part.*] 9 He remembering His mercy hath *holp*en His | servant | Israel ‖ as He promised to our forefathers, *A*braham | and his | seed for | ever.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖ *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be ‖ *world* without | end · | *A* · = | *men.*

723 CANTATE DOMINO.

1 O sing unto the *Lord* a | new— | song ‖ For *He* hath | done — | mar-vellous | things.

2 With His own right hand, and *with* His | ho-ly | arm ‖ *Hath* He | gotten · Him- | self the | victory.

3 The Lord de*clared* | His sal- | vation ‖ His righteousness hath He openly *showed* in the | sight — | of the | heathen,

4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth to*ward* the | house of | Israel ‖ And all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord* | all ye | lands ‖ *Sing* re- | joice and | give— | thanks.

6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp ‖ Sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks- — | giving.

7 With *trum*pets | also · and | shawms ‖ O

show yourselves *joy*ful be- | fore the | Lord the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there-in | is || The round *world* and | they that | dwell there- | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful toget*her* be- | fore the | Lord || *For* He | cometh : to | judge the | earth.

10 With righteous*ness* shall He | judge the | world || *And* the | peo-ple | with — | equity.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and : to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end — | *A*- — | *men*.

724 DEUS MISEREATUR.

1 God be merciful un*to* | us, and | bless us: || And show us the light of His countenance, *and* be | merci-ful | un-to | us.

2 That Thy *way* may be | known up-on | earth: || Thy *sav*ing | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people *praise* | Thee, O | God: | *Yea*, let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.

4 O let the nations re*joice* | and be | glad : || For Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and *gov*ern the | nations : up- | on — | earth.

5 Let the people *praise* | Thee, O | God: || *Let* | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.

6 Then shall the earth *bring* | forth her | increase: || And God, even our own *God*, shall | give — | us His | blessing.

7 *God* | shall — | bless us: || And all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear — | Him.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

725 Bonum Est Confiteri.

1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto · the | Lord, || and to sing praises *un*to Thy | name — | O Most | High;

2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *ear*ly | in the | morning; || and of Thy | truth · in the | night — | season;

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, *and* up- | on the | lute; || upon a loud *in*strument | and up- | on the | harp.

4 For thou Lord hast made me *glad* | through thy | works; || and I will rejoice in giving praise for the *op*er- | ations | of thy | hands.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be | *world* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

726 BENEDIC ANIMA MEA.

1 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || And all that is with*in* me | praise His | ho-ly | name.

2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || *And* for- | get not | all His benefits;

3 Who for*give*th | all thy | sin || And *heal*eth | all — | thine in- | firmities;

4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction || And crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and | lov-ing- | kindness;

5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, *ye* that ex- | cel in | strength || Ye that fulfill His commandment, and heark*en* unto the | voice — | of His | word.

6 O praise the *Lord* all | ye His | hosts || Ye *serv*ants of | His that | do His | pleasure.

[*Second part.*] 7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all *pla*ces of | His do- | minion || praise *thou* the | Lord— | O my | soul.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end — | A- — | *men.*

727 SANCTUS.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory;
Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High. **Amen.**

728 GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!

729 CHRIST OUR PASSOVER.

1 Christ our Passover is *sac*ri | ficed | for us ‖ *there*fore | let us | keep the | feast,
2 Not with old leaven, neither with the *leav*en of | malice : and | wickedness ‖ but with the unleavened *bread* of sin- | ceri- | ty and | truth.
3 Christ being raised from the *dead* | dieth : no | more ‖ death hath no *more* do- | minion | over | Him.
4 For in that He died, He *di*ed unto | sin : = | once ‖ but in that He *liv*eth He | liveth | unto | God.
5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead in*deed* | unto | sin ‖ but alive unto *God* through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.
6 Now is Christ *ris*en | from the | dead ‖ and become the *first* | fruits of | them that | slept.
7 For *since* by | man came | death ‖ by man came also the *res*ur | rection | of the | dead.
8 For as in *A*dam | all · = | die ‖ even so in *Christ* shall | all be | made a | live.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son ‖
and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er |
shall be ‖ *world* without | end · = |
A · = | men.

730 At the Baptism of Infants.

Before the Administration.

1 The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting
to ever*last*ing upon | them that | fear
Him ‖ and His *right*eousness | unto |
children's | children.

2 To *such* as | keep His | covenant ‖ and
to those that remember *His* com- |
mand- · ‖ | ments to | do them.

3 He shall feed his *flock* | like a | shepherd ‖
He shall gather the lambs with His
arm and | carry · them | in His | bosom.

4 Suffer little children to come unto *Me* and
for- | bid them | not ‖ *for* of | such · is
the | kingdom · of | heaven.

After the Administration.

5 Then will I *sprin*kle clean | water · up- | on
you ‖ *and* | ye shall | be · = | clean:

6 A new heart *al*so | will I | give you ‖ and
a new *spir*it | will I | put with- | in you,

7 And I will take away the stony *heart* | out
of · your | flesh ‖ and *I* will | give · you
a | heart of | flesh.

8 I will pour my *Spir*it up- | on thy | seed ‖
and My | blessing · up- | on thine | off-
spring:

9 And they shall spring *up* as a- | mong the | grass || as *wil*lows | by the | water- | courses.

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

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without end · =| A · =| men.

DOXOLOGIES

731 S. M.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of His grace
Be equal honor done.

Rev. Isaac Watts, (1709.)

732 C. M.

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

Tate and Brady's New Version (1696)

733 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.

Bishop Thomas Ken (1693)

734 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given:
Crown Him in every song;
To Him your hearts belong,
Let all His praise prolong
On earth, in heaven.

Rev. Edwin F. Ratfield (1843)

735 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
And while our lips their tribute bring,
Our faith adores the name we sing.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1709)

736 7, 7, 7, 7.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1740)

737 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

Anon. (1827)

738 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7; or 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1866)

739 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Rev. John Newton (1779)

740 11, 11, 11, 11.

O Father Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
All glory and worship from earth, and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

Anon.

