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THE

SOUTHERN PSALMIST.

EDITED BY

J. R. GRAVES,
EDITOR OF THE TENNESSEE BAPTIST, NASHVILLE, TENN.
AND
J. M. PENDLETON,
PROF. THEOL. UNION UNIVER., MURFREESBORO, TENN.

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T. M. PENDLETON,

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T. K. GRAVES,

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T. C.
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PREFACE.

THE compilers of the Southern Psalmist do not deem it necessary to apologize for bringing out a new Hymn Book. They have only done what they have the right to do, and what every brother has the right to do.

The propriety of preparing this work was suggested in the following way: The publishers had purchased the copyright of the "Baptist Companion"—a Hymn Book compiled by Elder J. M. D. Cates, and which has had a very creditable circulation. The last edition having been exhausted and a new one being called for it was thought best to make a book large enough to contain as great a variety of hymns as are needed for purposes of worship. This we have attempted to do. We have found all the Hymn Books we have examined effective in classification; nor do we claim for this a perfect classification, but we are confident it will be found a decided improvement upon most of its predecessors. Our Index of Subjects indicates the order in which hymns are presented. This Index, though *general*, in connection with an Index of First Lines, we deem sufficient without a *particular* Index of Subjects. We have aimed to select Hymns abounding in evangelical truth; so that wherever our Book goes it may carry the gospel of God; and O, that it may be the means of leading some souls to Christ! May it edify many a Christian, and cheer many a pilgrim on the way to Zion! We regard properly-conducted prayer-meetings as one of the best means of maintaining the spiritual-

ity of the Churches. Hence we have attempted to make a rich selection of hymns on prayer. The precious doctrine of the Security of Believers in Christ, we have presented in its fullness and glory. The Hymns for Baptismal Occasions are more numerous than in any other Book, though some familiar ones are omitted because we consider them objectionable.

We doubt not there may be found in some of the hymns of the Southern Psalmist, and particularly in the Miscellaneous and Revival Songs, some forms of expression offensive to a refined taste. We have not altogether consulted our own taste. Let it be remembered that brethren and sisters whom we love, and whose wishes it is our pleasure to gratify, have desired the insertion of certain hymns, the poetic merit and beauty of which we are not prepared to defend. In some old familiar hymns we are willing for the spirit of devotion to triumph over the ruins of classical taste and metrical excellence. It is proper for the compilers to say that they have performed their work amid many other pressing engagements. It has been done partly as a recreation in the midst of other labors. They have enjoyed many pleasant moments in reading these "Songs of Zion." May those who sing them make melody in their hearts to the Lord, and be fitted by divine grace for the exalted services of the heavenly world! There, music without a discordant note—music such as earth has not heard, and God himself delights to hear—is one of the exercises of the inhabitants. Happy those who shall be permitted to sing before the Throne of Glory, "Worthy the Lamb!"

J. M. PENDLETON.
J. R. GRAVES.

Nashville.

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Southern Psalmist.

THE BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

1 L. M. WATTS.

The Sovereignty of Jehovah.

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 heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

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

2 C. M. WATTS.

The Eternity of God.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let all the 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.

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

3 L. M. STEELE.

Eternity of God. Ps. XC.

1 LORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

3 Great Father of eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight!
A thousand years, how swift they fly,
Like one short silent watch of night!

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom;
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And with true diligence, apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

4 L. M. WATTS.

Dominion, Eternity, and Immutability of God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself 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 his rebuke, the billows die.

4 Forever shall his throne endure;
His promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

5 L. M. NOEL'S COL.

Omnipresence of God.

1 WHERE can we hide, or whither fly,
Lord, to escape thy piercing eye?
With thee it is not day and night,
But darkness shineth as the light.

2 Where'er we go, whate'er pursue,
Our ways are open to thy view,
Our motives read, our thoughts explored,
Our hearts revealed to thee, O Lord.

3 Is there, throughout all worlds, one spot
One lonely wild, where thou art not?
The hosts of heaven enjoy thy care,
And those of hell know thou art there.

4 Awake, asleep, where none intrude,
Or 'midst the thronging multitude,
In every land, on every sea,
We are surrounded still with thee.

5 Search us, O God, and know each heart;
With every idol bid us part;
Make us to keep thy holy ways,
And live to utter forth thy praise.

6 L. M. SPIR. OF THE PS

God Everywhere.

1 FATHER of spirits, nature's God,
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where nought impure shall enter in.

7 C. M. WATTS.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

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 Thine 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.

8 L. M. WATTS.

God Omniscient and Omnipresent.

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.

9 C. M. WATTS.

God Omnipresent.

1 LORD, all I am is known to thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

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

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

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset 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 sov'reign love.

10 C. M. MART. COL.

God Omnipotent.

1 'TWAS God who fixed the rolling spheres,
And stretched the boundless skies,
Who formed the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2 From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfined;
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3 He darts along the burning sky;
Loud thunders round him roar;
Through worlds above his terrors fly,
While worlds below adore.

4 He speaks—great nature's wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round;
The mountains melt; each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.

5 Ye worlds, and every living thing,
Fulfil his high command;
Pay grateful homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

11 C. M. H. K. WHITE

Majestic Power of God.

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might
The winds obey his will!
He speaks, and in the heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He binds the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend; in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

12 L. M. RIP. COL.

The Unity of God. Deut. iv. 4.

1 ETERNAL God! Almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest,
Controll'd by none are thy commands,
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Spread thy great name through heathen lands
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command;
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

13 L. M. NEEDHAM.

The Spirituality of God. John iv. 24.

1 THOU art, O God! a Spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.

2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.

3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image spotless fair?
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare?

4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold and silver, wood and stone,
Ours is the God that made the heavens;
Jehovah he, and God alone.

5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice
Than outward forms delight him more.

14 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

God Immutable.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Each future age shall know thy name
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

15 L. M. NEEDHAM.

Wisdom of God.

1 AWAKE, my tongue; thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing.
Praise Him who has all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned.
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas, combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O, what grace!
Its wonders, O, what thought can trace!
Here, wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

16 C. M. WATTS.

The Heart-searching God.

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

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Whate'er the guise they wear.

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

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

17 C. M. WATTS.

Divine Sovereignty.

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 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

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

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown:
And there, the following page he turns
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why;
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 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:

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

18 L. M. WATTS.

God Self-sufficient.

1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor man can learn, nor angels teach!
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

19 C. M. STENNETT.

Harmony of the Divine Perfections.

1 WHEN first the God of boundless grace
Disclosed his kind design
To rescue our apostate race
From misery, shame, and sin;

2 Quick through the realms of light and bliss
The joyful tidings ran;
Each heart exulted at the news,
That God would dwell with man.

3 Yet, 'midst their joys, they paused awhile;
And ask'd with strange surprise,
But how can injured justice smile,
Or look with pitying eyes?

4 The Son of God attentive heard,
And quickly thus replied,
In me let mercy be revered
And justice satisfied.

5 'Behold? my vital blood I pour
A sacrifice to God;

Let angry justice now no more,
Demand the sinner's blood :'

6 He spake, and heaven's high arches rung
With universal praise ;
He died ! the friendly angels sung,
Nor cease their rapturous lays.

20 C. M. DOXOL.

God is Unsearchable.

1 O SELF-EXISTENT One in Three,
Jehovah, God alone,
In glory wrapt, invisible,
By revelation known.

2 Incomprehensible Thou art,
And all research is vain ;
Nor even can the wise in heart
The mystery explain.

3 Then teach us, Lord, thy name of love,
By revelation known :
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Jehovah, God alone.

21 L. M. KIPPIS.

God Incomprehensible.

1 GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
All that we mortals need to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Adore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

22 C. M. NEEDHAM.

Holiness of God.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry;
"Thrice holy," let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

23 L. M. MOORE.

God in Nature.

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through opening vistas, into heaven,
Those hues, that mark the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine.
And all things fair and bright are thine.

24 C. M. WALLACE.

God's works declare him.

1 THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

2 There's not a cloud whose dews distill
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is everywhere.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love
And power with goodness blends.

25 H. M. WATTS.

Glory of God's Government.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.

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

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

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

ATTRIBUTES AND ACTS OF GOD

WITH REFERENCE TO HIS CREATURES.

26 C. M. GIBBONS.

The Lord is Good.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore—
A spring whose blessings never fail—
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

27 L. M. S. S. CUTTING.

The God of all Goodness.

1 GOD of the world! thy glories shine,
Through earth and heaven, with rays divine,
Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,
Thine anger to the tempest power.

2 God of our lives! the throbbing heart
Doth at thy beck its action start—
Throbs on, obedient to thy will,
Or ceases, at thy fatal chill.

3 God of eternal life! thy love
Doth every stain of sin remove;
The cross, the cross—its hallowed light
Shall drive from earth her cheerless night.

4 God of all goodness! to the skies
Our hearts in grateful anthems rise;
And to thy service shall be given
The rest of life—the whole of heaven.

28 C. M. MONTGOMERY

God's Goodness endures.

1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough forevermore.

4 Throughout the universe it reigns;
It stands forever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

29 C. M. G. BURDER.

God is Love.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb appears,
To show that God is love.

3 Behold, his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.

4 And O that you, whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice,
That tells you, God is love!

5 O, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

30 8s & 7s. BOWRING.

God is Wisdom and Love.

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 gloom 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.

31 S. M. WATTS.

The Condescension of God.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the evening skies,—

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,—
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And Lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are,
How wondrous are thy ways,
That, from the dust, thy power should frame
A monument of praise!

32 C. M. TATE & BRADY

The Greatness of God.

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 glorious 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 choose
To keep 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!

33 C. M. WATTS.

The Lord is Great.

1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs:
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

34 L. M. BAP. COL.

God with his People.

1 O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!

2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

3 To them remains nor place nor time;
Their conntry is in every clime;
They can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

35 C. M. WATTS

God the Help of his People.

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

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

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

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

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

36 H. M. WATTS.

God the Preserver.

1 TO heaven I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid—
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes,
Which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not pledged thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

37 C. M. WATTS

God the portion of his Saints.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint;
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

38 C. M. STEELE.

God our Father.

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 holy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good, and just, 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.

39 C. M. ANON.

Safe to trust in God.

1 JEHOVAH lives, and be his name
By every heart adored;
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord.

2 He is our rock when troubles rise,
And storms and tempests lower,
He rides triumphant in the skies,
And saves us by his power.

3 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
We give Jehovah praise;
Lift up our hearts, and holy songs
To our deliverer raise.

4 He saves from danger, death, and hell,
From fear, distress, and harm;
Makes every soul in safety dwell,
For mighty is his arm.

40 S. M. WATTS

God's Mercies are great.

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

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

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

41 L. M. WATTS.

God worthy of our Praise.

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:
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

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

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

42 L. M. WATTS

God our Father.

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

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

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

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

43 L. M. WATTS.

God's Eternity and Man's Frailty.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne e'er heaven was made
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, is just—
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an ever-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life 's a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be
Prepared to die, and dwell with thee.

44 L. M. ADDISON.

The Lord the Shepherd of his People.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,

To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

45 11s. MONTGOMERY.

The Good Shepherd.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded to 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 runneth o'er,
With oil and perfume 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.

46 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God over All.

1 HOW firm the saint's foundation stands,
His hopes can ne'er remove,
Sustained by God's almighty hand,
And sheltered in his love.

2 God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy,
Which no affliction can control,
Nor death itself destroy.

3 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,
And taste thy saints' repose;
We will not mourn the perished streams,
While such a fountain flows.

47 8s. HART.

Jehovah our God Forever.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

48 C. M. WATTS.

God is all.

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

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

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

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

49 C. M. WATTS

God glorified in the Gospel.

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While pow'r, and truth, and boundless love
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in the gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines;
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

—o—

CHRIST.

ADVENT OF CHRIST.

50 C. M. MEDLEY.

The Incarnation.

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

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

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

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

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

6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

51 H. M. REED'S COL.

Joy at the Birth of Christ.

1 HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains:
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh;
The joyful hosts descend;
The Lord forsakes the sky;
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show:
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Convey the news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake every string,
Tis God the Savior's praise we sing.

52 8s & 7s. CAWOOD

The Song of Angels.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story;
Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
'Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!

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

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

53 11s and 10s. HEBER.

The Infant Savior.

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 the 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 Savior of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden 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.

54 P. M. NEEDHAM.

Birth of Christ.

1 AWAKE, awake, arise,
And hail the glorious morn!
Hark! how the angels sing,
"To you a Savior's born;"
Now let our hearts in concert move,
And ev'ry tongue be tun'd by love.

2 He mortals came to save
From sin's tyrannic power;
Come, with the angels sing,
At this auspicious hour;
Let ev'ry heart and tongue combine,
To praise the love, the grace divine.

3 The prophecies and types
Are all this day fulfill'd;
With eastern sages join,
To praise this wondrous child;

God's only Son is come to bless
The earth with peace and righteousness.

4 Glory to God on high
For our Immanuel's birth!
To mortal men good-will,
And peace and joy on earth!
With angels now we will repeat
Their songs still new and ever sweet.

55 L. M. DOBELL'S SELEC.

Birth of Christ.

1 AWAKE, arise, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Savior's born;
See how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day.

2 Hark! what sweet music, what a song,
Sounds from the bright celestial throng!
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptur'd list'ning heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
"Glory to God, who reigns on high;"
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

56 7s. RIPPON'S COL.

Song of the Angels.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 See, he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of eartn;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Hail, the holy Prince of Peace!
Hail, tne Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Let us, then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.'

57 8s & 7s. BAP. COL.

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 SHEPHERDS! hail the wondrous stranger:
Now to Bethle'm speed your way;
Lo! in yonder humble manger,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day:

2 Christ, by prophets long-predicted,
Joy of Israel's chosen race;
Light to Gentiles long-afflicted,
Lost in error's darkest maze.

3 Bright the star of your salvation,
Pointing to his rude abode!
Rapturous news for every nation:
Mortals! now behold your God!

4 Glad, we trace th' amazing story,
Angels leave their bliss to tell;
Theme sublime, replete with glory:
Sinners saved from death and hell.

5 Love eternal moved the Savior,
Thus to lay his radiance by;
Blessings on the Lamb forever;
Glory be to God on high!

58 C. M. STEELE.

Humiliation of Christ.

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

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

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

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

59 S. M. WATTS.

The Nativity of Christ.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The blessing promised long,
Angels announce the Savior near,
In this triumphant song:—

2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy
At the Redeemer's birth."

3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs:—

4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."

THE PERSON OF CHRIST.

60 L. M. WATTS.

Glory in the Person of Christ.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' 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, the 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 thine 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 reach the happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
His beauties there may I behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

61 L. M. CHRIS. PSAL.

Behold the Man.

1 BEHOLD the Man! how glorious He!
Before his foes he stands unaw'd,
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.

2 Behold the Man! by all condemn'd,
Assaulted by a host of foes:
His person and his claims contemn'd,
A Man of sufferings and of woes.

3 Behold the Man! he stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

4 Behold the Man! though scorn'd below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

62 C. M. PRESB. COL.

Hosanna to Christ.

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David, here we find,
And offspring is the same
Eternity and time are joined
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest He that comes to wretched men,
With peaceful news from heaven
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
The hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

63 C. M. PRESB. COL

Praise to Christ.

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, forever 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.

64 C. P. M. MEDLEY.

Excellency of Christ.

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

2 We'd sing the precious blood he spilt—
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
We'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
We shall forever shine.

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

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When our dear Lord will bring us home
And we shall see his face;
Then, with our Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

65 C. M. MILLER'S COL.

Christ the Lamb.

1 JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky!

Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear
The name to sinners given:
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would sinners all embrace.

4 O that my Jesus' heavenly charms,
Might every bosom move!
Fly, sinners, fly into those arms
Of everlasting love.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His loving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

66 8s. NEWTON.

What think ye of Christ?

1 WHAT think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme,
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not,
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot,

2 Some call him a Savior in word,
But mix their own works with his plan,
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can!

If doings prove rather too light,
A little they own they may fail;
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.

3 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most;
Sure these have no feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost.
So guilty, so helpless am I,
I could not confide in his word,
Unless I could make the reply,
That Christ is my Lord and my God.

67 8's, 7's & 4's. PSALMODIST.

The Absent Seaman.

1 STAR of Peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the Pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of Hope, gleam o'er the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of Faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star Divine, O safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

68 L. M. STEELE.

Our Example.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;

The serpent blended with the dove
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live!

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright!

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
O if we love the Savior's name
Let his divine example move.

6 But ah! how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Savior, daily more like thee!

69 8. 7. 7. MORAVIAN.

Christ our Friend.

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 abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now to heavenly glory raised,
He rejoiceth in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

70 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification.

1 MY God! assist me while I raise
An anthem of harmonious praise:
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
And spread its banners in thy name.

2 In Christ I view a store divine:
My Father, all that store is thine!
By thee prepared, by thee bestow'd:
Hail to the Saviour and the God!

3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
"Let there be light," th' Almighty said!
And Christ, my sun, his beams displays,
And scatters round celestial rays.

4 Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,
And awful Justice ask'd my blood:
That welcome Savior, from thy throne,
Brought righteousness and pardon down.

5 My soul was all o'erspread with pain;
And lo! his grace hath made me clean:
He rescues from the infernal foe,
And full redemption will bestow.

6 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue!
Ye angels, warble back my song!
For love like this demands the praise
Of heavenly harps and endless days.

71 7s. C. WESLEY.

A Refuge.

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

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:

Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

72 C. M. STEELE.

King of Saints.

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

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

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

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

73 C. M. WATTS.

Prince, Conqueror, Savior.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

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

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

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

74 C. M. WATTS

Christ a merciful High Priest.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is full of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He know what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

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

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

75 L. M. COWPER.

Christ ever present in his Churches.

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,
Dost dwell within the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

76 7, 8. EBEN. SEL.

Immanuel.

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

2 God with us! amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

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

4 God with us! O, wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face,
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

77 C. M. TOPLADY

All in all.

1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see:
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey:
Thyself bestow: for thee alone,
My ALL in ALL, I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore:
More than thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.

4 Loved of my God, for him again
With love intense I'd burn:
Chosen of thee, ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

78 L. M. WATTS.

Faithfulness.

1 HE lives! he lives! and sits above
Forever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

2 Shall persecution, or distress,
Shall famine, sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

3 Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

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

79 L. M.

Sun of Righteousness.

1 GREAT Sun of righteousness, arise,
And chase the darkness from mine eyes,
Now let thy beams of glory shine,
And fill my soul with light divine.

2 While in this world of sin I dwell,
Defend me from the powers of hell;
Be thou a sun and shield to me,
Till I shall dwell, my God, with thee.

80 S. M. HART.

I am the way, etc.

1 I AM, saith Christ, *the Way:*
Now if we credit *Him*,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, *the Truth:*
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, *the Life:*
Let this be seen by faith,
It follows, without further strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply,
The simplest Christian shall not *err*,
Nor be *deceiv'd*, nor *die*.

MISSION AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

81 C. M. WATTS.

Pity and Condescension of Christ.

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 flew to our relief.

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

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

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

82 C. M. WATTS.

Pity of Christ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

83 L. M. WATTS.

Object of Christ's Advent.

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

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

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

84 S. M. NEEDHAM.

Christ the Light of the World.

1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure, prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness;
And meekness, patience, truth, and love
Compose his princely dress.

3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 He is the Light of men;
His doctrine life imparts;
O, may we feel its quickening power
To warm and cheer our hearts.

85 C. M. C. WESLEY.

Light of the Gentiles.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
And him shall all the earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

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

86 L. M. STEELE.

Christ the Physician.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is Nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

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

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

4 See, in the Savior's dying blood
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow·
'Tis only that dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

87 S. M. LYRICA.

Christ the Way and the Guide.

1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.

2 My wisdom, and my guide,
My counsellor, thou art;
O, never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

88 L. M. STEELE.

Christ the Advocate.

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

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

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

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

—o—

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

89 L. M. WATTS.

The Priesthood of Christ.

1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies;
"Revenge!" the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks peace as loud from ev'ry vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold, he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels, that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice:
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

90 L. M. PARKINSON'S SEL.

Christ Crucified.

1 WHEN on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me;
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all dissolv'd in love,

2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart,
In ev'ry groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see! he bows his head and dies.

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood!
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains,
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above,
Can satisfy this thirst of love.

5 O, that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

91 C. M. STENNETT.

Attraction of the Cross.

1 YONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on the fatal tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with th' amaz'd centurion cry,
"This is the Son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

92 L. M. STEELE.

Christ's Dying Love.

1 SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne;
Accept our humble, cheerful vow;
Thou art our sov'reign, thou alone.

2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Savior King,
The condescensions of his love.

4 He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone;
O! let his praise each hour employ,
Till hours no more their circles run!

5 He died!—ye seraphs, tune your songs!
Resound the Savior's sacred name;
For naught below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

93 C. M. WATTS.

Christ's death, victory and dominion.

1 I SING my Savior's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 *'Tis finish'd*, our Immanuel cries;
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

94 L. M. W. B. TAPPAN.

Christ in the Garden.

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

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
The Savior wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom 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 ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

95 S. M. WATTS.

Christ suffering for our Sins.

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 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And let him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

5 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong:
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

96 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ on the Cross.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Savior lifted high;
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that painful smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For us he hung and bled,
For us in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.

6 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from the cross pursue their flight
To Thy triumphant throne.

97 7s & 4s. G. E. HEAD.

Calvary.

1 HARK! from yonder mount arise
Notes of sadness—Jesus dies!
On the cross the Lord of lords
Love for guilty man records;
Sinner, sinner,
Hear your dying Savior's words,

2 "Mortal, for your guilt I die,—
Guilt that dared your God defy;
Blood for you I freely give;
Death I taste that you may live;
Will you, sinner,
Free salvation now receive?"

98 8s, 7s, & 4s. FRANCIS.

The Expiring Savior.

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 Savior cry.

2 "It is finished!"—O, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

99 C. M. PERCY COL.

Christ on the Cross.

1 BEHOLD the Savior of mankind
Upon the shameful tree:
How great the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 "My God!" he cries; all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The gate of death in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 "Tis finished; now the ransom 's paid;
Receive my soul," he cries;
Behold, he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's tyrant chain
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

100 L. M. STEELE.

A dying Savior.

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Savior dies
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred, crimson tide.

2 And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain,—
Unmoved by either love or pain!

4 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.

101 L. M. S. STENNETT.

'Tis Finished.

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!—this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

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 triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

102 C. M. HAWEIS.

Christ's prayer in the Garden.

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down:
In agony he prayed,—

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

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

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

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

103 7s. PRESB. COL.

Praise to the risen Savior.

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 Savior'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 eternal praise resound.

104 L. M. MILLER'S COL.

The Ascension.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene:
He claims those mansions as his right:
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!"

6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possest:
The King of saints and angels too:
God over all, forever blest.

105 C. M. WATTS

The Resurrection Morning.

1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 A silent prisoner in the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

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

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

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

106 7s. COLLYER.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph! through the skies
See the glorious Savior rise.

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christian, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

107 H. M. T. Scott.

Resurrection of Christ celebrated.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And he amid their shouts ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord;
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
"Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign."

4 Gird on, great Prince, thy sword;
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

108 7s. CUDWORTH.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your songs of triumph high:
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.

109 L. M. WATTS

Deity, Humiliation, and Exaltation of Christ

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay;—
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

110 L. M. WALLIN.

Christ's resurrection a pledge of ours.

1 WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Savior deign'd to lie,
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death:
Sweet pledge that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.

3 Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seized:
In *his* release *our own* we see,
And shout to view Jehovah pleased.

4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold;
See the rich diadem he wears;
Thou, too, shalt bear a harp of gold
To crown thy joy when he appears.

111 C. M. DODDRIDGE

Comfort to Believers.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Josus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 A moment give a loose to grief,—
Let grateful sorrows rise,
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Savior lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonor'd head;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

112 P. M. GROSER.

Death Conquered.

1 PRAISE the Redeemer, almighty to save;
Immanuel has triumph'd o'er death and the grave!

Sing, for the door of the dungeon is open,
The Captive came forth at the dawn of the day,
How vain the precautions! the signet is broken;
The watchmen in terror have fled far away.
Praise the Redeemer, etc.

2 Praise to the Conqueror; O tell of his love!
In pity to mortals he came from above,
Who shall rebuild for the tyrant his prison?
The sceptre lies broken that fell from his hands;
His dominion is ended; the Lord is arisen:
The helpless shall soon be released from their bands.
Praise the Redeemer, etc.

113 H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Savior left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Behold, th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
With joy they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

2 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
"The Lord, who bled,
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported, cry,
"The Lord, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die."

114 L. M. BUTCHER

Resurrection of Christ.

1 HOSANNA! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising King;
Recount his deeds of might, and tell
How Jesus triumphed when he fell.

2 Soon as the morning's early ray
Brings on the third, th' appointed day,
Behold the angel cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.

3 With strength immortal forth he comes,
And power and life from God resumes;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall forever last.

4 Hosanna! sons of men, record
The glories of your rising Lord;
The triumphs of the Savior tell,
Who died, and conquered when he fell.

115 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Triumphant Ascension.

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, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory;—see, he comes
With all his shining train.

4 "Who is this King of glory?—who?"
The Lord of hosts renowned;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

116 L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Triumph.

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

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

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

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

117 C. M. FANCH & TURNER.

Sympathy of Angels.

1 BEYOND the glittering, starry sky,
Which God's right hand sustains,
There, in the boundless worlds of light
Our great Redeemer reigns.

2 The host of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine;
At his right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

3 And when he stooped on earth to dwell,
And suffer rude disdain
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

4 In all his toils and conflicts here
Their Sovereign they attend,
And pause, and wonder how, at last,
This scene of love will end.

5 When all the powers of hell combined
To fill his cup of woe,
Their wondering eyes beheld his tears
In blood and anguish flow.

6 As on the torturing cross he hung,
And darkness veiled the sky,
Amazed, they saw that awful sight,
The Lord of glory die.

7 They saw him break the bars of death
Which none e'er broke before,
And rise in conquering majesty,
To stoop to death no more.

8 They brought his chariot from the skies,
To bear him to his throne,
Clapped their triumphant wings, and cried
"The glorious work is done!"

118 C. M. STEELE.

Christ dying and rising.

1 COME tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord to sing,
And echo to the heav'nly plains,
The triumphs of your Savior King.

2 In songs of grateful rapture tell
How he subdued your potent foes;
Subdued the powers of death and hell,
And, dying, finish'd all your woes.

3 Then to his glorious throne on high
Return'd, while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conqu'ring God, resound.

4 Almighty love, victorious power!
Not angel-tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour,
The joys of that illustrious day.

119 L. M. WATTS.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

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

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus from death revives again!

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

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains!

6 Say, "live forever wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

120 8s. VIRGINIA SEL.

Christ's resurrection the saint's triumph.

1 THE angels that watch'd round the tomb
Where low the Redeemer was laid,
When deep in mortality's gloom
He hid for a season his head;
That veil'd their fair face while he slept,
And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ,
Have witness'd his rising, and swept
The chords with the triumph of joy.

4 Ye saints, who once languish'd below,
But long since have enter'd your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast!

The grave in which Jesus was laid
  Has buried my guilt and my fears;
And while I contemplate its shade,
  The light of his presence appears.

3 O sweet is the season of rest,
  When life's weary journey is done!
The blush that spreads over its west,
  The last lingering ray of its sun!
Though dreary the empire of night,
  I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
  Arise on the shades of the tomb.

4 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
  When these aching heart-strings shall break;
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
  And moisten with dew the pale cheek.
No terror the prospect begets,
  I am not mortality's slave;
The sunbeam of life as it sets
  Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.

121 C. M. KELLE.

Descent of the Spirit.

1 WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
  In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
  Half darkness, and half flame.

2 But when he came the second time,
  He came in power and love;
Softer than gales at morning prime
  Hovered his holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
  In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown
  On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom;
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth,
Proclaiming life to come.

ATONEMENT AND MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

122 C. M. NEWTON.

His Blood a full atonement.

1 ALAS! by nature how depraved,
How prone to every ill?
Our lives to Satan how enslav'd,
How obstinate our will!

2 And can such sinners be restor'd,
Such rebels reconcil'd?
Can grace itself the means afford
To make a foe a child?

3 Jesus for sinners undertakes,
And died that we might live:
His blood a full atonement makes,
And cries aloud, "Forgive."

4 Yet one thing more must grace provide,
To bring us home to God;
Or we shall slight the Lord, who died,
And trample on his blood.

5 The Holy Spirit must reveal
The Savior's work and worth:
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heavenly birth.

6 Thus bought with blood, and born again
Redeem'd and sav'd by grace:
Rebels, in God's own house obtain,
A son's or daughter's place.

123 C. M. COWPER.

Sufficiency of the Atonement.

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

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

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

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

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

124 C. M. WATTS.

Redemption by Christ.

1 BEHOLD what pity touched the heart
Of God's eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

2 His living power, and dying love,
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

3 To thee, O Lord, our noblest powers
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

125 C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

The Atonement the only ground of pardon.

1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Blest Savior, nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of justice draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are blessings from thy hands.

4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

126 S. M. BEDDOME.

Hope from the Gospel only.

1 GOD'S holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound
And reconciles to God.

4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless Victim dies:
This is salvation's only source;
Hence all our hopes arise.

127 S. M. WATTS.

Christ's Mediation.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears;
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

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

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

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

128 8s. TURNER

Praise for Redemption.

1 SHALL Jesus descend from the skies
To atone for our sins by his blood;
And shall we such goodness despise,
And rebels still be to our God?

2 He saved us, or we had been lost,
Nor comfort nor hope had e'er known:
Yet he knew this salvation would cost
No less than the blood of his Son.

3 This world, then, with all its gay joy,
That thousands has snared and undone,
May tempt, but shall never destroy,
Whom Jesus has mark'd for his own.

4 While here through the desert we stray,
Our God shall be all our delight;
Our pillar of cloud in the day,
And also of fire in the night;

5 Till, the Jordan of death safely pass'd,
We land on the heavenly shore,
Where we the hid manna shall taste,
Nor hunger nor thirst any more.

129 8s & 7s. RIP. COL.

Gratitude for the Atonement.

1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Savior,
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 annointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

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 Savior's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

130 7s. RIP. COL.

Pleading the Atonement.

1 FATHER, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
Turn to thy annointed one,
Look on thy beloved Son;
Him, and then the sinner, see;
Look through Jesus' wounds on me.

2 Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Hear, and show thou hear'st my call
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Smile on me a sinner now!
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and melt my heart.

3 Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine,
Lo! to his, my suit I join;
Join'd with his, it cannot fail;
Let me now with thee prevail!

4 Turn from me thy glorious eyes
To his bloody sacrifice—
To the full atonement made,
To the utmost ransom paid:
And if mine, through him, thou art,
Speak thy mercy to my heart.

5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Pity from thine eye let fall;
Bless me while on thee I call;
Am I thine, thou Son of God?
Take the purchase of thy blood.

6 Father, see the victim slain,
Offer'd up for guilty men;
Hear his blood-prevailing cry;
Let thy bowels then reply!
Then through him the sinner see;
Then, in Jesus, look on me.

RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

131 C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Righteousness a Robe.

1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

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

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

4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

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

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

132 L. M. WATTS.

Dependence upon Christ.

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

2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears:
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns
And binds his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

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

133 C. M. WATTS

God in Christ.

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

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

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

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

134 C. M. WATTS

Christ's Righteousness perfect.

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

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

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

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

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

135 C. M. STENNETT

Excellencies of Christ.

1 TO Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring;
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

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

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

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

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

136 8s & 7s. PRATT'S COL.

Christ our Savior.

1 CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee—
Thee, our Savior—thee, our God;
From thy throne let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

3 Jesus, thee our Savior hailing,
Thee, our God, in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing.
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows forevermore.

137 C. M. PERCY COL

Praise to Christ.

1 O SING to Him who loved and bled,
Ye heaven-born sinners, sing;
'Twas Jesus suffered in your stead;
Own him your God and King.

2 He washed us, in his precious blood,
From every guilty stain;
He made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall with him reign.

3 Sing of his everlasting love,
From whence salvation flows;
Sing to him here, then sing above,
Of all that he bestows.

4 To him that loved us when depraved,
When guilty, blind, and poor;
To him that loved, and died, and saved,
Be glory evermore.

138 C. M. WATTS.

Character of Christ seen in the Gospel.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms—

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

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs chant Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

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

139 6s & 4s. PRATT'S COL.

Worthy is the Lamb.

1 COME, all ye saints of God;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne:
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme;
Praise ye our gracious King;
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Hark! how the choirs above.
Filled with the Savior's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb."

140 S. M. HAMMOND

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongne,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

141 C. M. STEELE.

Praise to the Redeemer.

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 He left his radiant throne on high—
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this?

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

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

142 C. M. STEELE.

Condescension of Christ.

1 THE Savior! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
Ir rich profusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The mighty Former of the skies
Descends to our abode,
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine?
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Savior, 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 Savior, and my all.

143 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

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

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

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

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

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

144 S. M. ANON.

Christ precious.

1 O CHRIST, what gracious words
Are ever, ever thine!
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life, and peace divine.

2 Grace, everlasting grace,
Glad tidings, full of joy,
Flow from thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.

3 The broken heart, the poor,
The bruised, the deaf, the blind,
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In thee compassion find.

4 Lord Jesus, speed the day,
The promised day of grace,
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead, of Adam's race.

5 One blissful anthem then
Around the earth shall roll,
And human nature shout thy name,
The life of every soul.

145 7s. LANGFORD.

Redeeming Love.

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 Savior'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 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.

146 8s & 7s. BOWRING

Glorying in the Cross.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time
All the light of sacred story
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.

147 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's transfiguration.

1 WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
I see the King of glory shine,
And feel his love, and call him mine.

3 On Tabor thus his servants viewed
His lustre when transformed he stood;
And bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

4 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

5 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'Tis good to dwell forever there!
Come death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

148 L. M. STEELE

Christ exalted.

1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Savior reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.

2 While seraphs tune the immortal song,
Oh, may we feel the sacred flame,
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Savior's glorious name.

3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expired,
Who died for rebels; yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admired!

4 Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place;
Oh, what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace?

5 Yet, though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honors raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

149 C. M. WATTS.

Worthy the Lamb.

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

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

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

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

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

150 L. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Lamb.

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

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

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

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

151 8s & 7s. LOCK HOSP. COL.

Jesus exalted.

1 JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide:
All the heavenly host adore thee
Seated at thy Father's side.

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

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

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays:
Help to sing our Savior's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

152 S. M. WATTS.

Christ unseen, yet beloved.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we feel thy love,
Diviner joys arise;
On wings of faith we soar above,
To mansions in the skies.

153 C. M. WATTS.

Christ our theme.

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

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

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

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

154 C. M. STENNETT.

Indebtedness to Christ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

155 L. M. FAWCETT

Salvation by Christ.

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.

156 L. M. WATTS.

The Grace of God in Christ.

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 Here I behold his inmost heart.
Where truth and mercy strangely join
To pierce his Son with keenest smart,
And make the purchased pleasures mine

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

5 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.

157 C. M. PRESB. COL.

Legal Sacrifices vain.

1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
Give your burnt-offerings o'er;
In dying goats and bullocks slain,
My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Savior, "Lo, I'm here,
My God, to do thy will;
Whate'er thy sacred books declare
Thy servant shall fulfil.

3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,
I keep it near my heart;
Mine ears are opened with delight
To what thy lips impart."

4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
The eternal Son appears,
And at the appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

5 Much he revealed his Father's grace,
And much his truth he showed,
And preached the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honor touched his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries,
And to fulfil a Savior's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

7 No blood of beasts on altars shed
Could wash the conscience clean;
But the rich sacrifice he paid,
Atones for all our sin.

8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus by the woman's promised seed
The serpent's head was broke.

158 C. M. C WESLEY

Praise to the Savior.

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.

159 C. M. WALLIN.

The Victories of Christ.

1 HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 How deep the wounds thine arrows give
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And, when thy victories are complete—
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
To sing thy conquering grace.

5 O, may my humble soul be found
Among that glorious throng:
And I with them thy praise will sound
In heaven's immortal song.

160 8s, 7s, & 4s. KELLY

Glory to the Lamb.

1 GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to him who bore the cross,
Who redeemed our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us:
Sound his glory,
While the soul with transport glows.

2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded;
'Tis too vast to comprehend;
Praise the Savior;
Magnify the sinner's friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Savior's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb!"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his name.

161 L. M. PERCY COL

The Song of Heaven.

1 THE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.

2 Firm, on the ground of sovereign grace,
They stand before Jehovah's throne;
The only song in that blest place
Is, "Thou art worthy, thou alone."

3 With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout with transports of delight,
The ceaseless, universal psalm,—

4 "Salvation's glory all be paid
To him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, whose blood was shed;
Thou, thou art worthy, thou alone."

162 7s.

"Jesus only."

1 "JESUS *only*"—dark the cloud
Hanging o'er Mt. Tabor proud;
Light from heaven filled the place,
Jesus only, showed his face.

Jesus only—blessed Lord,
All my hopes hang on his word;
Here my soul reposes still,
Here is safe from every ill.

Jesus only—this my cry
When I lay me down to die
Jesus only when I stand
Justified at his right hand.

Jesus only—when above
I his full salvation prove;
Evermore my blissful song
Jesus only shall prolong.

HOLY SPIRIT.

OFFICE AND WORK OF.

163 L. M. BROWNE

Leadings of the Spirit.

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

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 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.

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

5 Lead us to God—our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven—the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

164 8s. RIPPON.

The Promised Comforter.

1 JESUS, we hang upon the word
Our longing souls have heard from thee;
Be mindful of thy promise, Lord—
Thy promise made to such as me;
To such as Zion's paths pursue,
And would believe that God is true.

2 Thou say'st, "I will the Father pray,
And he the Comforter shall give,
Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
And never more his temples leave;
Myself will to my orphans come,
And make you mine eternal home.'

3 Come, then, dear Lord! thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to the word of grace!
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the Comforter.

4 He visits oft the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaint;
But soon we lose the transient guest,
But soon we drop again and faint—
Repeat the melancholy moan,
"Our joy is fled, our comfort gone!"

5 Hasten him, Lord, into each heart,
Our sure inseparable guide:
O may we meet and never part!
O may he in our hearts abide!
And keep his house of praise and prayer,
And rest and reign forever there!

165 L. M. C. WESLEY,

The Spirit entreated not to depart.

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

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

3 Yet, 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 rest.

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

166 L. M. WATTS.

The Spirit enlightening and renewing.

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;
Our wild, 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.

167 C. M. COWPER.

Walking with God.

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

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

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

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

168 C. M. WATTS

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Savior's 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 Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

169 C. M. STEELE

Dependence upon the Spirit.

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, eternal Spirit thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And 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 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

170 C. M. WATTS.

The Earnest of Heaven.

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 thy saints,
And seal them, heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my 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 safely bear me home.

171 S. M. HART

Sanctifying Influences.

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

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

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

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

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

172 C. M. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

The Spirit's Power.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

173 L. M. BURDER'S COL.

Quickening Spirit.

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,
And make me burn with pure desire.

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

174 S. M. BEDDOME.

Sanctifying Influence.

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

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

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

175 7s. REED.

The Sanctifier.

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.

176 C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL

Prayer for Edification.

1 THY Spirit pour, O gracious Lord,
On all assembled here;
Let us receive th' ingrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

2 By faith in thee, the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in thy name believes
Shall live, to die no more

3 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;
And, often since, our life had failed
Unless renewed by thee.

5 To thee we look; to thee we bow,
To thee for help we call;
Our life, our resurrection, thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

177 C. M. S. F. SMITH

Spirit of Holiness.

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

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

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

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

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

178 S. M. MONTGOMERY

God working in the Soul.

1 'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown.
The work to be performed is ours;
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will;
'Tis he that works to do;
The power by which we act is his,
And his the glory too.

179 C. M. BEDDOME.

Sovereignty of the Spirit.

1 THE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul enlivening breeze!

2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy:
None can thy mighty power control,
Or shall thy work destroy.

180 7s. STOCKER.

Influences of the Spirit.

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

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
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;

Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

181 8s. RIP. COL.

The Love of the Spirit.

1 THE love of the Spirit I sing,
By whom is redemption applied;
Who sinners to Jesus can bring,
And make them his mystical bride.

2 'T is he circumcises their hearts,
Their callousness kindly removes;
Life, light, and affection imparts,
To them that so freely he loves.

3 He opens the eyes of the blind,
The beauty of Jesus to view;
He changes the bent of the mind,
The glory of God to pursue.

4 His blest renovation begun,
He dwells in the hearts of his saints;
Abandons his temple to none,
Nor e'er of his calling repents.

5 Imprest with the image divine,
The soul to redemption he seals;
And each with the Savior shall shine,
When glory complete he reveals.

6 How constant thy love I believe,
Which steadfast endures to the end;
Then never, my soul, may I grieve
So loving—so holy a friend.

182 C. M. HART.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessings ask;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart:
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce a copious fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing north wind, wake;
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let every plant thy power partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,
The cold with warmth divine,
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

183 8's, 6's & 4's. SPIR. OF PS.

The Holy Spirit the Comforter.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 He breathes that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

PRAISE TO THE TRIUNE GOD.

184 H. M. STEELE

Universal Praise.

1 LET every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name,
And every power unite
To swell th' exalted theme;

Let nature raise,
From every tongue,
A general song
Of grateful praise.

2 But, O, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow;
Your voices raise,
Ye highly blest;
Above the rest
Declare his praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God;
My heart, my voice inspire:
Then shall I humbly join
The universal choir;
Thy grace can raise
My heart and tongue,
And tune my song
To lively praise.

185 8's & 7's. DUBLIN COL.

Praise the Lord.

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.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

186 L. M. BLACKLOCK.

Majesty of God.

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all his wondrous frame
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

187 L. M. MEDLEY.

Sovereignty of God.

1 ETERNAL Sov'reign, Lord of all,
Prostrate before thy throne I fall,
While here my claim and song I raise,
"Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."

2 Hence all my comforts, safety, peace,
And all those joys which never cease,
Thou guide and strength of all my ways,
"Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."

3 In all my trials and my fears,
In all my sorrows and my tears,
In all my dark and gloomy days,
"Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."

4 Through Christ I view thy wrath appeased,
In him I see thee fully pleased;
My soul on this foundation stays,
"Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."

5 Be this my glory when I rise
To that bright world above the skies;
For ever there this song I'll raise,
"Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."

188 C. M. WATTS.

Doctrine and Use of the Trinity.

1 FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease,
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honors and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

189 C. M. WATTS.

To the Trinity.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord
Self-existent Deity.
By the hosts of heaven adored,
Teach us how to worship thee:
Only uncreated mind,
Wonders in thy nature meet;
Perfect unity combined
With society complete.

2 All perfection dwells in thee,
Now to us obscurely known,
Three in one, and one in three,
Great Jehovah, God alone!
Be our all, O Lord divine!
Father, Savior, vital Breath!
Body, spirit, soul, be thine,
Now, and at, and after death.

190 7's. WESLEY.

Consecration to the Trinity.

1 FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive,
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

191 L. M. EBEN. SEL.

Hope in God.

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

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

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

192 S. M. WATTS

Love to the Trinity.

1 MY God, my Life, my Love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

5 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

6 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

193 L. M. PRESB. COL.

Address to the Trinity.

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

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

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

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

194 H. M. PRESB. COL.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 TO him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse,
To save rebellious man;
To him that formed our hearts anew,
Are endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address the Spirit's name
With equal praise, and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One;
Thus heaven shall raise his honors high
When earth and time grow old and die.

195 C. M. WATTS.

Access to God by a Mediator.

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

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

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

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

196 L. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise.

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

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

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

4 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

197 L. M. WATTS.

All Praise due to God.

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

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

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

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

198 L. M. WATTS.

God worthy of all Praise.

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

2 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to his name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
His wondrous goodness to proclaim.

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

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

199 7s. SALISBURY COL.

Perfect Praise in Heaven.

1 HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail.

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

200 S. M. WESLEY'S COL.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
All glory, power, and praise, receive,
For thy creating love.

2 O thou incarnate Word,
Let all thy ransomed race
Unite in thanks, with one accord,
For thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

4 Thy grace on man bestowed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God:
Salvation to the Lamb!"

201 C. M. WATTS

Praise to the Trinity.

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

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he—and we'll adore his name—
That formed us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruined frame;
Salvation to the Lord.

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

202 C. M. WATTS

Praise to the Trinity.

1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Hath chosen myriads to proclaim
The honors of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God, that reigns above,
The holy Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

203 C. M. FAWCETT

God's Providence mysterious.

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 wand'ring 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 raptures shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day,
In wonder, love, and praise.

204 L. M. WATTS.

The Darkness of Providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 When thou dost clothe thine awful face
In angry frowns without a smile,
We, through the cloud, believe the grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us, in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolves to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

205 C. M. SWAIN.

Design concealed.

1 A FRIEND there is—your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name—
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.

2 When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

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

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

5 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm his word obeys;
His word its rage restrains.

206 L. M. STERLING.

God the Source of Life.

1 O SOURCE divine, and life of all,
The fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not love supreme in thee.

2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know thee truly but in this—
That thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O, grant us still in thee to dwell
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

207 C. M. T. GREEN

Resignation in Affliction.

1 IT is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord, who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord, my faithful God—
Thrice blessed be his name—
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

4 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be faithless, or repine?
No, gracious God; take what thou please;
To thee I all resign.

208 C. M. BEDDOME

Mysteries explained.

1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.

2 The wondrous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou dost ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

209 C. M. ADDISON

The Traveller's Psalm.

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore:
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

210 C. M. LOGAN.

Providence Implored.

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.

211 C. M. HARVEY.

Crosses sometimes blessings.

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

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

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

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

212 L. M. BOWRING.

Trust in God.

1 O LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will:
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery,
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

2 When, mounted on thy clouded car,
Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
I can discern thy light afar—
Thy light, sweet beaming through thy frown:
And, should I faint a moment, then
I think of thee, and smile again.

3 So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on:
What though some cherished joys are fled;
What though some flattering dreams are gone;
Yet purer, brighter joys remain:
Why should my spirit, then, complain?

213 7s. DR. RYLAND

Our Times are in God's Hand.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand—
All events at thy command.

2 His decree, who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by him.

3 He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by his wise decree.

4 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief—

5 Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Savior's love—
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I canot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

7 O thou gracious, wise, and just,
In thy hands my life I trust.
Have I somewhat dearer still,
I resign it to thy will.

8 May I always own thy hand,
Still to thee surrendered stand,
Know that thou art God alone;
I and mine are all thy own.

9 Thee, at all times, will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess.
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

214 L. M. BEDDOME.

The Wisdom of God.

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;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And 'midst the terror of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

215 C. M. PRESB. COL.

Gratitude for Providential Care.

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 powerful arm
Upholds me in my 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.

216 L. M. METH. HYMNS.

Trusting in Providence.

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through various depths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head,—

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither, should I fly,
But to my loving Savior's breast?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find—
The heaven of serving thee alone.

217 C. M. COWPER

Mysteries of Providence.

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.

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218 L. M. WATTS.

The superiority of the gospel to the law.

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 doth the law denounce,
Against the man that fails but once?
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous 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.

219 L. M. WATTS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

220 C. M. FAWCETT

Preciousness of the Bible.

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

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

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

221 C. M. STEELE

The Bible suited to our wants.

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

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

3 'Tis here the Savior'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 forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior here.

222 C. M. KENT.

Search the Scriptures.

1 COME, search the Scriptures, saith the Lord,
"They testify of me;"
'Tis truth's eternal record,
From ev'ry error free.

2 Here the eternal Godhead shines
With bright refulgent rays;
Here beam Jehovah's great designs,
From everlasting days.

3 Here the great gospel scheme behold,
Chief of the works of God;
Replete with grace, and love untold,
And pardon bought with blood.

4 Wide may this revelation shine,
And spread from sea to sea,
Till reason stoops to faith divine,
And owns her sovereign sway.

223 C. M. BARTON

The Bible.

1 LAMP of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveler's way!

2 Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
True manna from on high!
Our guide, our 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 Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope when we go down to dust,
Of immortality!

224 L. M. SIR R. GRANT.

Infinity of the Word.

1 THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise—
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky—

4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day
When heaven and earth have passed away.

225 C. M. PRESB. COL

The Excellence of the Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Savior s face,
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

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

5 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command:
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

226 C. M. PRESB. COL

Christ's glory revealed in the Scriptures.

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

4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades ol 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.

227 C. M. UNION HYMNS

Prayer for Light.

1 LIGHT of the world! shine on our souls,
Thy grace to us afford;
And, while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be thou our teacher, Lord,

2 As once thou didst thy word expound
To those that walked with thee,
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And all its fullness see.

3 Its richness, sweetness, power, and depth,
Its holiness discern;
Its joyful news of saving grace,
By blest experience learn.

4 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
And studied more each day,
And, as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display!

228 8s & 6s. WM. LEGGETT

A priceless treasure.

1 THIS precious book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone—
Than all their diadems:

Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball;
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

2 No, no! the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering hoards of wealth;
Gems dazzle not the eye of grief;
Gold cannot purchase health,
But here a blessed balm appears,
To heal the deepest woe;
And he that seeks this book in tears,
His tears shall cease to flow.

3 Yes, yes, this precious book is worth
All else to mortals given—
For what are all the joys of earth,
Compared to joys of heaven?
This is the guide our Father gave,
To lead to realms of day;
A star whose lustre gilds the grave—
"The Light—the Life—the Way."

229 L. M. WATTS

The excellency of the Scriptures.

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heavan,
Is by the sweet conveyance given.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd
Able to make us wise and bless'd,
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 Ye nations all, who read his love,
In long epistles from above,
(O may he send his sacred word
To every land,) Praise ye the Lord.

230 L. M. KELLEY

Love of the Bible.

1 I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply,
It points me to the saints' abode,
Where Christ the Savior reigns on high.

2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern,
The image of my absent Lord:
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 In thee I read my title clear,
To mansions that will ne'er decay,
My Lord! O when will he appear,
And bear his pris'ner far away.

4 Then shall I need thy light no more,
For thine to clearer light will yield;
When I have reach'd the heav'nly shore,
The Lord himself will stand reveal'd.

5 When 'midst the throng celestial plac'd.
The bright original I see,
From which thy sacred page was trac'd,
Sweet book! I've no more need of thee.

231 8s & 7s. NEWTON

Precious Bible.

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword,
Let the world account me poor;
Having this, I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger;
Though it fills, it never cloys.
On a dying Christ I feed;
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines, here I find;
To the promises I flee;
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield.
While the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me;
Satan trembles at his word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made;
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy, then, the miser,
Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser;
I am rich; 'tis he is poor;
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.

232 S. M. WATTS.

Power of God's Word.

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!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

233 S. M. W. NORTON.

Pure Versions.

1 OVER the nations dark as night,
Arise, O Lord, in glorious light;
Reveal thyself to idol lands,
And teach the heathen thy commands.

2 Let the blest volume thou hast given,
Be sent to all men under heaven;
In every tongue, its every page,
Be read by savage and by sage.

3 Clear as the sun, when brightest morn,
Breaks o'er some traveller forlorn:
Nor halo mists his radiance shroud,
Nor dims it a light fleecy cloud.

4 So let thy word in every line
With clear unshrouded lustre shine,
Nor aught obscure, nor aught disguise,
The light which leads us to the skies.

5 Inform with a celestial skill,
Thy servants who translate thy will;
Nor let a single precept be
Concealed and wrapt in mystery

GOSPEL CALLS AND INVITATIONS.

234 L. M.

Come to Jesus.

1 ERE the last sand of life has run,
Just as thou art to Jesus come,
Thy only plea what he has done—
Hear now, O sinner, hear and come.

2 Just as thou art with all thy woes,
In spite of all thy sins and foes,
In Christ alone to find repose—
Hear now, O sinner, hear and come.

3 Just as thou art, though guilt oppress,
Rugged thy path and comfortless,
To plead the Savior's righteousness,
Hear now, O sinner, hear and come.

4 Just as thou art, whate'er thy fears,
Making no merit of thy prayers,
Nor trusting in thy cries and tears—
Hear now, O sinner, hear and come.

5 Hopeless thyself thy state to mend,
And righteously by law condemned,
To find in Christ thy only friend—
Hear now, O sinner, hear and come.

6 Dream not that better thou wilt be,
But come at once, to Jesus flee,
He lives to save, and why not thee?
Hear now, O sinner, hear and come.

7 O come, believe, and thou shalt live,
Freely thy sins Christ will forgive,
All thou canst need he waits to give—
Hear now, O sinner, hear and come.

235 8s & 6s. ANON

I come.

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

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

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

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

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

236 C. M.

Salvation joyful.

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.

237 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation precious.

1 SALVATION! O melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns.

3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss,
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5 My Savior God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

238 7s. SPIR. SONGS.

Fullness of Christ.

1 BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean;
Contrite souls, with guilt oppressed,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn your follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste,
Turn to God, O, turn and live;
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 You that oft have wandered far
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace;
Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide;
Jesus Christ for man has died.

5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power,
On the risen Lord rely;
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

239 C. M. JONES

I will go unto the King.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd
And make this last resolve.

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

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

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
I know he will command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 He promises to hear my plea,
He waits to hear my prayer;
No sinner e'er was turned away,
Or ever perished there.

240 7s. PRESB. COL

Sinners admonished.

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 wrapt 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.

241 L. M. PRESB. COL.

Expostulation with Sinners.

1 PRISONERS of sin and Satan too,
The Savior calls—he calls for you;
Ye who have sold yourselves for nought,
Jesus your liberty has bought.

2 The great Redeemer lived and died,
The Prince of Life was crucified,
He shed his own most precious blood,
To ransom guilty souls for God.

3 He came to set the captive free;
He came to publish liberty;
To bind the broken hearted up,
And give despairing sinners hope.

4 Prisoners of hope, why will you die?
Why from the only refuge fly?
Jesus, our hiding-place and tower,
Invites the guilty and the poor.

5 He came to comfort those that mourn,
He sweetly says to sinners, Turn!
Prisoners of hope, his voice attend,
Nor slight the calls of such a friend.

242 7s. PRESB. COL.

Expostulation.

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with his flowing blood:
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the incarnate Son!

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there;
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a soldier's spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice;
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Will you let him die in vain,
Still to death pursue the Lord,
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No, with all my sins I'll part,
Savior, take my broken heart.

243 L. M. PRESB. COL

The Striving of the Spirit.

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 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee.

3 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.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 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.

6 Sinner, perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
O should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

244 C. M. WATTS

The Gospel Trumpet.

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

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind—

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

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

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

245 C. M. STEELE.

The Savior's Invitation.

1 THE Savior calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

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

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

246 C. M. MEDLEY.

The Fountain of living Waters.

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

247 7s. HAWEIS.

Come and welcome.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Savior deigns to die
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with 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 Savior, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

248 L. M. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

The Wanderer invited.

1 WANDERER from God, return, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires, that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Wanderer from God, return, return;
Thy Father hears that deep-felt sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn;
And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.

3 Wanderer from God, return, return;
Renounce thy fears; thy Savior lives;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely, fully, he forgives.

249 7s. CONVERT'S COMP

Offered Peace.

1 WEEPING sinners, dry your tears;
Jesus on the throne appears;
Mercy comes with balmy wing,
Bids you his salvation sing.

2 Peace he brings you by his death,
Peace he speaks with every breath;
Can you slight such heavenly charms?
Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.

250 8s. 7s. & 4. HART

Sinners entreated by the Mercies of Christ.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able—
He is willing—doubt no more.

2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
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.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Savior prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
There he groans, and bleeds. and dies:
"It is finished;"
Heaven's atoning sacrifice.

4 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him—venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

251 S. M. EPIS. COL

The Spirit inviting.

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; we wait thy hour;
O'blest Redeemer, come.

252 C. M. HUNTINGDON'S COL.

Yet there is room.

1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;
O, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng convened,
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around thy Father's board,
For thee and thousands more:
O, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

253 C. M. HYMNS OF ZION

The Savior at the door.

1 AMAZING sight! the Savior stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me forever dwell?

4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

254 C. M. STEELE.

Yet there is room.

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

2 There Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls—he bids you come:
Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
Behold, there yet is room.

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

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
And enter while there's room.

255 S. M. DOBELL.

Now the accepted time.

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

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

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

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

256 L. M. EPIS. COL.

The gospel adapted to give peace and rest.

1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught the rocks the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
Unburden here thy weighty load
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
Thy God 's thy Saviour—glorious word!
Forever love and praise the Lord.

257 S. M. SELECT HYMNS.

Now the Day of Grace.

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

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

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

258 L. M. STEELE.

Rest for the weary penitent.

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

2 Oppressed with sin, a painful load,
O, come and spread your woes abroad:
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

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

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

5 Dear Savior, let thy wondrous love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
O, sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

259 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

One thing needful.

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

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

3 Not so your eyes will always view
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.

260 7s. EPIS. COL

The sinner entreated to awake.

1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep; arise from death,
See the bright and living path;
Watchful, tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly; seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly; cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay
Evil is thy mortal day.

4 O, then, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

261 8s, 7s, & 4s. REED

The sinner invited and warned.

1 HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Savior,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus;
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Savior;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste to Jesus;
You must perish if you stay.

262 C. M. HARBOTTLE.

The fruitless fig-tree.

1 SEE how the fruitless fig-tree stands
Beneath the owner's frown;
The axe is lifted in his hands,
To cut the cumberer down.

2 "Year after year, I come," he cries,
"And still no fruit is shown;
I see but empty leaves arise;
Then cut the cumberer down.

3 "The axe of death, at one sharp stroke
Shall make my justice known;
Each bough shall tremble at the shock
Which cuts the cumberer down."

4 Sinner, beware!—the axe of death
Is raised, and aimed at thee:
Awhile thy Maker spares thy breath;
Beware O barren tree!

263 7's. T. SCOTT

Danger of Delay.

1 HASTE, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner; now return:
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

264 7s. S. F. SMITH

The Sinner at the Judgment.

1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled.
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear.

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O, where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Savior fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

265 S. M. HYDE.

Danger of Neglect.

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

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

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

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

266 7s. URWICK'S COL.

Expostulation.

1 SINNER, what has earth to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path, of fading flowers,
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

2 Doth a skilful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?

3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O, can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?

4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven.

267 L. M. DWIGHT

Sinners invited to immediate repentance.

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,
No Savior call you to the skies.

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

268 C. M. FAWCETT

Expostulation with Sinners.

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

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

3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe.

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

5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults
Through our Redeemer's blood.

269 7s. J. WESLEY

Sinners entreated.

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.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why:
Will ye not in him believe?
He has died that ye might live.

3 Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, unpardoned sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

4 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why—
Often with you has he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

5 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

270 L. M. WATTS.

Expostulation.

1 O SINNER, why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?—
Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
Heedless against thy God to fly!

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying pains—
Forever telling, yet untold.

271 8's 7's. & 4. ALLEN

Glad Tidings.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O 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 Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
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 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.

5 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

REGENERATION.

THE NATURE AND EVIDENCE OF.

272 C. M. PRESB. COL

The Necessity of Regeneration.

1 SINNERS, this solemn truth regard;
Hear, all ye sons of men:
For Christ the Savior hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature 's totally depraved;
The heart a sink of sin:
Without a change we can't be saved;
We must be born again.

4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again.

273 L. M. WATTS.

Salvation through Christ only.

1 NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell—we bless his name,
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies, and, in that dreadful night,
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
He rose, and brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

274 C. M. WATTS

Sense of Depravity.

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

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that 's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

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

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

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

275 C. M. WATTS

Pardon and Sanctification in Christ.

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, hark! a voice of sovereign love
'Tis Christ's inviting word—
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

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

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

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

276 C. M. WATTS

Conviction by the Law.

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

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

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

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

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

277 C. M. WATTS.

The change effected by Grace.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

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

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

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

278 L. M. WATTS

Relying on the Atonement.

1 O LORD, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

2 No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away

3 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No human power could cleanse me so.

4 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

279 C. M. WATTS.

Regeneration by the Spirit.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rights 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,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

280 8s & 7s. PRESB. COL

Praise for conversion.

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 O! what mercy flows from heaven!
O what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Savior 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.

281 L. M. PRESB. COL

Repentance difficult.

1 LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives;
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control;
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God, I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be formed anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

282 C. M. C. WESLEY

Having the Form of Godliness.

1 LONG have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain:
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.

2 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design:
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of love divine.

3 To please thee thus at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

4 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made:
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

5 Where am I now? What is my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up:
'T is thou must make it new.

283 C. M. C. WESLEY

Before an awakening.

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn!
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Savior turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impov'rish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

REPENTANCE.

NATURE AND DUTY OF.

284 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Exhortation to Repentance.

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

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

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

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

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

285 C. M. ANON

Burden of guilt.

1 WITH guilt oppressed, bowed down with sin
Beneath its load I groan;
Give me, O Lord, a heart of flesh:
Remove this heart of stone.

2 A burdened sinner, lo! I come,
In dread of death and hell;
O, seal my pardon with thy blood,
And all my fears dispel.

3 Nor peace, nor rest, my soul can find,
Till thy dear cross I see;
Till there in humble faith I cry,
"The Savior died for me."

4 O, give this true and living faith,
This soul-supporting view;
Till old things be forever past,
And all within be new.

286 C. M. STEELE

Contrition.

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

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

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

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

287 C. M. WATTS.

Repentance resolved upon.

1 OH! if my soul was formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O, how I hate those lusts of mine,
That crucified my God,
Those sins that pierced and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Savior bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

288 C. M. WATTS.

Mercy Implored.

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul opprest with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

289 C. M. WATTS.

Godly sorrow at the cross.

1 ALAS! and did my Savior 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 Christ, 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 mine 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.

290 C. M. NEWTON

Subdued by the cross.

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;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 O, never, till my latest breath,
Shall 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
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

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

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

291 C. M. HEGINBOTHAM

Repentance in view of the Cross.

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

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

292 7s. MILLER'S COL.

Sovereign grace in regeneration.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

293 L. M. WATTS

Duty of Repentance.

1 THERE is a God who reigns above,
Lord of the heaven, 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 writ,
To teach us all what we must do;
My soul, to his commands submit,
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.

294 C. M. FAWCETT

Religion the chief concern.

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

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the solemn tomb.

3 O, may our hearts, by grace renewed.
Be our Redeemer's throne;
And be our stubborn wills subdued,
His government to own.

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear,
And all our conversation prove
Our hearts to be sincere.

5 Let lively hope our souls inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may we wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

295 L. M. WATTS.

Pardon penitently implored.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

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

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

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

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

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

296 L. M. STEELE.

Sense of Sin.

1 JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But, ah, how dead to things divine,
How cold, my best affections are!

2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Savior from my sight;
O for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight.

3 Come, gracious Lord; thy love can raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last, expiring breath.

297 L. M. COLLYER.

Returning to God.

1 RETURN, my wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.

2 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

3 Return, my wandering soul, return;
Thy dying Savior bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

298 C. M. S. STENNETT.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

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

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

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

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

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

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

299 7s. LUTH. COL.

The penitent Inquirer.

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

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

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

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

300 C. M. WATTS.

Repentance in view of Divine Patience.

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

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

3 Almighty Goodness cries, "Forbear,"
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts now bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

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

301 C. M. STEELE.

Sense of Ingratitude.

1 DEAR Savior, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares, detained, betrayed
From Jesus to depart—

3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest;
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

6 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Is thy forgiving grace.

302 L. M. C. WESLEY

A pitying Savior.

1 MY suff'rings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard thine own:
Jesus, remember Calvary!

2 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nailed thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy mercy answer me.

3 Art thou not touched with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?

4 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

5 The day of small and feeble things,
I know thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of righteousness shall rise.

303 L. M. WATTS,

Submission at the Cross.

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

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

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

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

304 L. M. C. WESLEY

A Prayer for Submission.

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

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

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

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

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

305 8s & 7s. BAP. COL.

Jesus died to save.

1 JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.

2 I have sinned, but Oh, restore me;
For unless thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker yet eternity!

3 In thy word I hear thee saying,
Come and I will give you rest;
And the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.

4 Grant, Oh grant thy Spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till the gate of heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away.

306 7s. RAFFLES

Confession of Sin.

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

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

3 Justly might thy fatal dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.

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

307 C. M. NEEDHAM

The lost found.

1 O HOW divine, how sweet the joy
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

308 S. M. SWAIN.

Joy in the conversion of Sinners.

1 WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King
His saving power displays?—

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall?
When grace, and truth, and justice, meet,
And peace unites them all?

3 Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

309 C. M. STEELE.

Pardoning Love.

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

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

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

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

310 C. M. PRESB. COL.

The Penitent.

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.

311 C. M. PRESB. COL

The Contrite Heart.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

3 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry "My strength renew"
Seem weaker than before.

4 I see thy saints with comfort filled,
When in thy house of prayer:
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.

5 O! make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

312 S. M. BEDDOME.

Mercy implored.

1 THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Before thy feet I prostrate fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
O, bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thy incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Display, O Lord, thy pardoning grace,
And thy unbounded love.

313 L. M. PRESB. COL.

The Gospel is the power of God to salvation

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

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

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell,
That save rebellious souls from hell.

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

314 L. M. PRESB. COL

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Savior, 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'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

315 C. M. WATTS.

Repentance at the cross.

1 'TWAS for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

2 O, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God—
Those sins, that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

3 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Savior bleed.

4 Whilst with a bleeding, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

316 L. M. DODDRIDGE

Hardness of heart lamented.

1 LORD, shed a beam of heavenly day
To melt this stubborn stone away;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt?
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4 But ONE can yet perform the deed;
That *One* in all his grace I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5 O, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul
On me let streams of mercy roll;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

317 8s & 7s. PRESB. COL

Repentance at the Cross.

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 cursed 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.

318 C. M. PRESB. COL

Repentance for Backsliding.

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.

319 S. M. WATTS.

Confession and Pardon.

1 MY sorrows like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God!
Pour out a long complaint.

2 This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin
In presence of thy sword.

3 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies;
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
Thy thunder silent lies.

4 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my ail,
And weep, and love, and die.

5 "Rise," says the Savior, "rise,
Behold my wounded veins!
Here flows a sacred crimson flood
To wash away thy stains."

320 C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS

The Prodigal's Return.

1 THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 "With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."

4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew;
The long-lost son is found!

321 C. M. C. WESLEY

Prayer for Repentance.

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

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

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

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

322 C. M. ANON.

Lord remember me.

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;
Remember all thy dying groans:
And then remember me.

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

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

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

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

323 S. M. WESLEY

The soul given up to Christ.

1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
And Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee Conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign.
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
Freely to yield all other bliss,
All other good, below.

6 My life, my portion, thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

324 7s. SPIR. SONGS.

Deep contrition.

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

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

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

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

325 L. M. STENNETT.

Praise to God for renewing grace.

1 TO God, my Savior and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring;
Join me, ye saints in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

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

3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds and soothed my grief:
Poured joy divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

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

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

326 7s. SPIR. SONGS

The Penitent's Prayer.

1 SAVE me, Lord, in this distress;
Clothe me in thy righteousness:
Good and merciful thou art;
Heal this bleeding, broken heart;
Cast me not despairing hence;
Be my hope, my confidence.

2 Send thy light and truth to guide
Leave me not to turn aside;
On thy holy hill I'll rest,
In thy courts forever blest:
There to God, my Love, my Joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

327 C. M. NEWTON.

Pleading the Promise.

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

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

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

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

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

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

328 C. M. WATTS.

Self-righteous hopes renounced.

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 silent bow,
Without a murmuring word;
Let all the race of man confess
Their guilt 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.

329 S. M. BEDDOME.

Office of Faith.

1 FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high, celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood.
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

330 C. M. PRESB. COL

Confidence in atoning blood.

1 O LORD, when billows o'er me rise,
When deep cries out to deep,
When angry clouds obscure the skies,
My soul in safety keep.

2 Thy promise has in troubles past
My staff of succor been;
Support me now, while trials last,
Nor leave me in my sin.

3 No sacrifice my soul can plead,
But that rich offering paid,
When Christ on Calvary deigned to bleed,
And full atonement made.

4 Forever here I rest my cause;
In faith I make this plea:
Christ hath obeyed thy righteous law;
Christ hath expired for me.

331 C. M. WATTS.

A living Faith.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 How vain are fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead!
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power,
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

332 S. M. WATTS

Christ our sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
And sing his bleeding love.

333 L. M. PRESB. COL.

The law satisfied by Christ's death.

1 WHEN on the cross my Savior died,
God's holy law he satisfied;
My debts he paid, my sins he bore,
And justice now demands no more.

2 A healing balm his hand bestows,
To cure my wounds, and ease my woes;
And a rich fountain still remains,
To wash away my guilty stains.

3 Here will I bathe my guilty soul.
Here blessings without number roll;
My hopes and joys I hence derive,
For Jesus died that I might live.

334 C. M. PRESB. COL.

The law fulfilled by Christ.

1 HOW long beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and distress!
I toiled, the precept to obey,
But toiled without success.

2 Then all my servile works were done,
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

3 To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Will change a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

335 L. M. WATTS

Depending on Christ's Righteousness.

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;
O, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

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

336 8s. PRESB. COL.

Victorious Faith.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood,

2 The faith, that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy or name,
The work of God's Spirit it is.

3 It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquishes death and despair;
And, what is still stranger to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer.

4 It says to the mountains, "depart."
That stand betwixt God and the soul:
It binds up the broken in heart,
The wounded in conscience makes whole

5 Bids sin of a crimson-like dye,
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

337 C. P. M. TOPLADY

Trusting in Christ for Pardon.

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 hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death;
The spirit of adoption breathe;
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

338 C. M. PERCY COL

Faith the Gift of God.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O, may I now receive that gift,
My soul, without it, dies.

339 C. M. BEDDOME.

Salvation by Faith.

1 'TIS faith that lays the sinner low,
And covers him with shame;
Renouncing all self-righteousness,
It trusts in Jesus' name.

2 Faith works with power, but will not plead
The best of works when done;
It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone.

3 It gives no title, but receives;
No blessing it procures;
Yet, where it truly lives and reigns,
All blessings it insures.

4 Its sole dependance and its stay
Is Jesus' righteousness;
'Tis thus salvation is by faith,
And all of sovereign grace.

5 The more this principle prevails,
The more is grace adored;
No glory it assumes, but gives
All glory to the Lord.

340 S. H. M. ANON.

Excellence of Faith.

1 FAITH is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen;
It is the anchor of his soul
When tempests rage and billows roll.

2 Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day;
It points the course wher'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbown's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given;
It is the bright, triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.

4 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strife,
And triumphs in immortal life.

341 S. M. RIPPON'S COL

A broken heart and a bleeding Savior.

1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up his life,
The law was satisfied;
And now, to its severer claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

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342 S. M. WATTS

Grace of Adoption.

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 Savior there,
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.

343 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Abba, Father.

1 SOV'REIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God! how sweet the sound
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace,
I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

344 C. M. PRESB. COL.

Rejoicing in God our Father.

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

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

3 My Father God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

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

5 Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore;
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

345 C. M. STEELE

Filial Submission.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high
To say, "My Father," God?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father, God," permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

346 L. M. STENNETT

Christians the Sons of God.

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n,
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.

3 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye—
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

4 If I've the honor, Lord, to be
One of this numerous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee Abba, Father, too.

5 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love,
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

347 7s. BAP. COL

Abba, Father.

1 ABBA, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Savior asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

2 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine;
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole:
Lord, I will not let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow.

3 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in thy temple stay:
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear;
Spring of life, thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart.

348 7s. HUMPHRIES.

Blessedness of Adoption.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' 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 Savior'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.

349 S. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Filial Confidence.

1 LORD, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
O, take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.

2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Savior's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.

3 Among thy little flock
I need the Shepherd's care;
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
And pastures green prepare.

4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine;
Still keep me in thy fear;
Now fill my heart with grace divine;
Bring thy salvation near.

THE SECURITY OF ALL BELIEVERS.

350 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ a Shepherd.

1 MY soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 "I know my sheep," he cries;
"My soul approves them well;
Vain is the world's delusive guise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3 "I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams, above.

4 "Unnumbered years of bliss
I to my people give;
And while my throne unshaken stands
Shall all my chosen live.

5 "This tried, almighty hand
Is raised for their defence;
Where is the power shall reach them there,
Or what shall force them thence?"

6 "Enough, my gracious Lord,"
Let faith triumphant cry;
"My heart can on this promise live—
Can with this promise die."

351 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

High Priest.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathizing love.

2 Though raised to heaven's exalted throne
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crowned.—

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

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

5 So, gracious Savior, on our breasts
May thy dear name be worn,—
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

352 C. M. PRATT'S COL.

Casting all care on God.

1 STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain;
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.

2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny
To those who trust his love:
The men, who on his grace rely,
Nor earth nor hell shall move.

353 C. M. WATTS.

Security in Christ.

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
The kingdom of his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints?
Christ and his flock are one:
Thy God is faithful to his saints—
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smile my heart has lived,
And heavenly joy possessed:
I'll render thanks for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

354 C. M. WATTS.

Saints in the hands of Christ.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust:
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
Within the bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

355 L. M. WATTS.

Security in God.

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 the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

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

356 7s. RIP. COL.

As thy day thy strength shall be.

1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
"As thy day, 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 day, thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure;
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

357 S. M. RIP. COL.

It shall be well with the righteous.

1 WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell,
In time and in eternity
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow.
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

3 'Tis well, when on the mount,
They feast on dying love:
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

4 'Tis well, when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep, and pray,
'Tis well, when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

5 'Tis well, when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin arise,
Join with the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise."

358 S. M. WATTS.

Preserving Grace.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace
And make his wonders known.

359 C. M. BEDDOME.

Praise and Hope.

1 O LORD, if in the book of life
My worthless name should stand,
In fairest characters, inscribed
By thine unerring hand,—

2 My soul thou wilt by grace prepare
For crowns above the skies,
And on my way, from heavenly stores,
Will grant me fresh supplies.

3 Then I to thee, in sweetest strains,
Will grateful anthems raise:
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To utter half thy praise.

4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.

360 C. M. NOEL'S COL

The progress of the Spiritual Temple.

1 THE God of grace and glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

2 Jesus, the Herald of his love,
Displays the glorious prize,
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes.

3 He perfects what his hand begins,
And stone on stone he lays,
Till firm and fair the building rise,
A temple to his praise.

4 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads through sufferings of an hou
To joys that never end.

361 8s. TOPLADY.

The Believer safe.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring;
The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Savior's obedience and blood
Hide all my trangressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete,
His promise is yea, and amen,
And never was forfeited yet;
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things, below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase:
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

362 S. M. DODDRIDGE

Vital Union to Christ.

1 DEAR Savior, we are thine
By everlasting bands;

Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O, let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head—
Shall form us to thy image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

363 L. M. WALLIN.

Stability of the Covenant.

1 REJOICE, ye saints, in every state
Divine decrees remain unmoved;
No turns of Providence abate,
God's care for those he once hath loved.

2 Firmer than heaven his cov'nant stands,
Though earth should shake, and skies depart
We're safe in our Redeemer's hands,
Who bears our names upon his heart.

3 Our Surety knows for whom he stood,
And gave himself a sacrifice;
The souls once sprinkled with his blood,
Possess a life that never dies.

4 Though darkness spread around our tent
Though fears prevail, and joys decline,
God will not of his oath repent,
Dear Lord, thy people still are thine.

364 C. M. WATTS.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

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.

365 7s. SPIR. OF PS

Safety in God.

1 THEY who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger 's nigh,
Wide his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
Christians are Jehovah's care;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep:
Death and danger may be near;
Faith and love have nought to fear.

366 C. M. WATTS

Safety.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

367 C. M. WATTS.

Protection and safety.

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

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

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

368 C. M. WATTS.

Grace implored.

1 LORD, thou hast made me know thy ways,
Conduct me in thy fear;
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

2 Let but thy own almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape secure from harm,
Amid the dreadful storm.

3 Be thou my all-sufficient Friend,
Till all my toils shall cease:
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

369 C. M. HART

Triumph over trials.

1 THE souls that would to Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure,
That tribulation, more or less,
They must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt,
'Tis God's own wise decree;
Satan the weakest saint will tempt;
Nor is the strongest free.

3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within:
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.

4 But let not all this terrify;
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

5 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong,
His promises are true:
We shall be conq'rors all ere long,
And more than conq'rors too.

370 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Flock safe.

1 IN one harmonious cheerful song,
Ye happy saints combine;
Loud let it sound from ev'ry tongue,
The Savior is divine.

2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep,
To him the Father gave;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.

3 That hand which heaven and earth sustains
And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets Satan down in chains,
Shall guard his chosen well.

4 Now let the infernal lion roar;
How vain his threats appear,
When he can match Jehovah's pow'r,
I will begin to fear.

371 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Vital union with Christ.

1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own:
Give me among thy saints a place,
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O may my faith each hour derive
Thy spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

5 Thou then body wilt present
Before thy Father's face:
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot,
Its beauteous form disgrace.

372 C. M. WATTS

Protection from spiritual enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul be placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

3 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace,
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

4 Arise, my soul; awake, my voice
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

373 C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Security in God.

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

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

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

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

374 C. M. WATTS.

Hope of Heaven through Christ.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Savior rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

375 C. M. BEDDOME

God faithful.

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
God will these powers restrain:
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good:
He will for his provide—
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve
To endless glory bring.

6 You in his wisdom, power and grace,
May confidently trust:
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

376 C. M. WATTS

Christ an Anchor.

1 IN all my troubles, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies,
My anchor hold is firm in him
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Savior's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To my Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

377 C. M. PRESB. COL

Confidence in God.

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

2 Have we forgot the almighty name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

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

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

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

378 C. M. PRESB. COL.

Summary of Doctrines.

1 LET me, my Savior and my God,
On sovereign grace rely;
And own 'tis free, because bestowed
On one so vile as I.

2 Election! 'tis a word divine:
For, Lord, I plainly see,
Had not thy choice prevented mine,
I ne'er had chosen thee.

3 For perseverance, strength I've none,
But would on this depend,
That Jesus, having loved his own,
Will love them to the end.

4 Empty and bare, I come to thee
For righteousness divine:
O! may thy glorious merits be
By imputation, mine.

5 Free grace alone can wipe the tears
From my lamenting eyes;
And raise my soul, from guilty fears,
To joy that never dies.

6 Free grace can death itself outbrave,
And take the sting away;
Can sinners to the utmost save,
And give them victory.

379 S. M. TOPLADY.

Encouragement.

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 spark divine.

380 S. M. DODDRIDGE

Salvation by Grace.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound—
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

381 C. M. BEDDOME

Security and Comfort in God.

1 THIS world would be a wilderness,
If banished, Lord, from thee;
And heaven, without thy smiling face,
Would be no heaven to me.

2 My Friend art thou where'er I go,
The object of my love,
My kind Protector here below,
And my reward above.

3 When foes intrude or tyrants frown,
Thou art my sure relief;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And tell thee all my grief.

4 Midst rising winds and beating storms,
Reclining on thy breast,
I find in thee a hiding-place,
And there securely rest.

382 L. M. STEELE.

Trusting Christ, the only Refuge.

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

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

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

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

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

383 S. M. EPIS. COL

Ark of Safety.

1 O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God;
Behold the open door;
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

384 S. M. WATTS.

Security and comfort in God.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O, lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

385 S. M. WATTS.

God's favor preferred to the prosperity of Sinners.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thy holy rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

386 L. M. PRESB. COL.

Faith in Christ.

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 Savior 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;
Nor all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

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.

387 11s. KIRKHAM.

Precious Promises.

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; O, 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 the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age, all my people shall
prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love:
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be
borne,

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake.

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388 L. M. PRESB. COL

The Vanity of Creatures.

1 MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires
Tossed to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined.

389 C. M. WATTS.

Difficulty and Dependence.

1 Strait is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high:
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

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

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

390 L. M. WATTS

The Road to Life and to Death.

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

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

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

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

391 L. M. WATTS,

Parting with carnal Joys.

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

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

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

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

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

392 C. M. WATTS

Earthly pleasures dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Shine with deceiving light;
We should expect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
The partners of our blood—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
'Tis there the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Savior, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

393 C. M. WATTS.

Parting with earthly joys.

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

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

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

4 O for the pinions of a dove,
T' ascend the heavenly road:
There shall I share my Savior's love,
There shall I dwell with God.

394 C. M. STEELE.

Succor implored in Spiritual conflicts.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way?
To heaven, O, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
O, bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations lure my heart,
Or draw my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

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

395 S. M. HEATH.

Watchfulness and prayer inculcated.

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,
To his divine abode.

396 L. M. WATTS.

Walking by Faith.

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 worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

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

397 C. M. TURNER.

Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.

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

3 Unveiling wide the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign,
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

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

5 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

398 C. M. BEDDOME.

God our Support.

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.

399 C. M. WATTS

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

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 love is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

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

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

400 C. M. WATTS

The importance and influence of love.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet,
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too;
But they can never love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss.

401 L. M. WATTS

Religion vain without Love.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name—

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

402 L. M. WATTS.

Following the Example of Christ.

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

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

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

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

403 L. M. WATTS.

The Gospel exemplified in the conduct.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

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

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

404 C. M. WATTS.

Inconstancy lamented.

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Then I repent and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections rove,
That let a Savior go?

6 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
O, let me sit beneath thy cross,
And never lose the sight.

405 L. M. WATTS.

Delight in Worship.

1 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys,
Our raptured eyes and souls employs;
Here we could sit, and gaze away,
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coast of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear objects of our love.

5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees;
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

406 8s & 7s. PRESB. COL.

Sitting at the foot of the Cross.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears, his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

407 L. M. NEWTON

Communion of Christians.

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

2 To you and us by grace 't is given
To know the Savior's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

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

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

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

6 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.

408 L. M. WATTS

The Christian Warfare.

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 Savior 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.

409 C. M. NEWTON.

Mourning over departed comforts.

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

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

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

4 But now, when evening shades prevail,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

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

410 C. M. WATTS.

The Christian Soldier.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies
The glory shall be thine.

411 C. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to Christian activity.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing 's half so dull.

2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above—

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood.

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts,

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

112 C. M. PRESB. COL

Mourning under Desertion.

1 A PRESENT God is all our strength,
And all our joy and hope;
When he withdraws, our comforts die,
And every grace must droop.

2 But flattering trifles charm our hearts,
To court their false embrace,
Till justly this neglected Friend
Averts his angry face.

3 He leaves us, and we miss him not,
But go presumptuous on;
Till baffled, wounded, and enslaved,
We learn that God is gone.

4 And what, my soul, can then remain
One ray of light to give?
Severed from him, their better life,
How can his children live?

5 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,
And leave my heart to mourn:
I would devote these eyes to tears,
Till cheered by his return.

413 8s & 7s. PRESB. COL.

The Pilgrim.

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.

414 L. M. PRESB. COL.

Trials of the Christian.

1 THUS far my God has led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known,
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home,
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 My soul with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

4 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in this wilderness below?

5 'Tis even so; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

415 L. M. PRESB. COL.

God our Reliance in Changes.

1 BENEATH a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

2 Parent and Husband, Guard and Guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our heavy cares,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

3 Our Father, God, to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;
And on thy covenant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

416 S. M. PRESB. COL.

Warning against Self-Confidence.

1 BEWARE of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never will deny the Lord,"
But, "Grant I never may."

2 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

3 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

4 In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

417 C. M. PRESB. COL.

Temptation.

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flattering breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades, how easy 'tis
To walk the road to heaven;
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
They cannot be forgiven.

4 He bids young sinners yet forbear
To think of God or death;
For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath.

5 He tells the aged, they must die,
And 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day.

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

418 C. M. PRESB. COL.

The World's three chief Temptations.

1 WHEN in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honor, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

2 Honor's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
To indulge a sordid lust.

4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dashed with bitter bowls.

5 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are filled,
And all my powers rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

419 C. M. PRESB. COL.

Christian Submission.

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which shall ever run,
With waters sweet and clear.

4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee:
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

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

6 He who has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

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

420 C. M. FABER

Renouncing worldly Joys.

1 O HOW the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!

2 God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

3 O, utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

4 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

5 How little of that road, my soul!
How little hast thou gone!
Take heed, ond let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.

6 Dole not thy duties out to God,
But let thy hand be free;
Look long at Jesus; his dear blood,
How was it dealt to thee?

421 L. M. MILLER'S COL

Expectation of Heaven.

1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting vail, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth,
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

422 C. M. DODDRIDGE

Seeking the Crown.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown

2 'Tis God's all animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

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

4 Blest Savior! introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

423 L. M. WHITFIELD

The Promised Help.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fullness of thy promise prove?
The seal of thine eternal love.

2 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind,
An helpless soul I come to thee,
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure;
I want, do thou enrich the poor;
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O, lift the abject sinner up.

4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might;
An helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

424 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ the Refuge.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Savior divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
To fix on Christ the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwrecks shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

425 L. M. WHITFIELD.

The hidden ways of God.

1 LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praise!
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 Thy purposes from creature-sight
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.

3 Great God! I do not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
Let light and bliss attend my days,
And then my future hours be praise

4 Are darkness and distress my share?
Give me to trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below;
"That Christ is mine!" this great request
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

426 C. M. WATTS

Faith the evidence of things not seen.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the vail of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
And be again restored.

4 Abrah'm obeyed the Lord's command.
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joy on high.

427 C. M. WATTS

Prayer for direction.

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 folly turn away my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Direct my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

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

428 C. M. C. WESLEY

One Church.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

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

3 One family, we dwell in him;
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream—of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 O Savior, be our constant Guide:
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

429 L. M. DODDRIDGE

Struggle between Faith and Unbelief.

1 JESUS, our souls' delightful choice,
In thee believing, we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,
While Faith contends with Unbelief.

2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust,
Nor see that Faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name,
And put all anxious doubt to flight,
As shades dispersed by opening light.

430 C. M. WATTS

Confidence in God.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied, without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In each distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

431 C. M. NEWTON

Apostacy.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Savior say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

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

5 The help of men and angels join'd
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find
But in thy boundless grace.

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

7 What anguish has that question stirr'd—
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No!

132 S. M. WATTS.

Trusting in God.

1 I LIFT my soul to God;
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.

2 From early dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

433 C. M. LOGAN.

Rejoicing in Adversity.

1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines, their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply—

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be—

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy—
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

434 8s, 7s, & 4. OLIVER.

God, the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

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.

1 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

435 C. M. STEELE

True happiness to be found only in God.

1 IN vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of solid rest;
The whole creation is too poor
To make me truly blest.

2 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone this restless heart
Enduring bliss can find.

3 Thy favor, Lord, is all I want;
Here would my spirit rest:
O, seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

436 S. M. ANON.

Consecration to God.

1 LORD, help me to resign
My doubting heart to thee,
And, whether cheerful or distressed,
Thine, thine alone to be.

2 My only aim be this—
Thy purpose to fulfil,
In thee rejoice with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.

3 Lord, thy all-seeing eye
Keeps watch with sleepless care:
Thy great compassion never fails;
Thou hear'st my humble prayer.

4 So will I firmly trust
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Zion's hill.

437 C. M. ADDISON

Gratitude.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise:
But, O, eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

438 C. M. KIRKHAM

Bearing shame for Christ.

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

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

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

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

439 L. M. DODDRIDGE

Living to Christ.

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

2 What is my being but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

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

4 'Tis to my Savior I would live—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

440 C. M. ANON

The whole Armor.

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 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.

4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on thy anxious road;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.

5 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

441 C. M. WATTS.

Converse with Heaven.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the vail;
There springs of endless pleasure rise;
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands forever firm;
His grace shall ne'er depart:
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare?

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

442 C. M. BARBAULD.

Following Christ.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promised soil:
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

3 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

4 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense
Our heaven is here begun.

443 S. M. C. WESLEY.

The Christian Soldier.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Savior trusts
Is more than conqueror

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;—

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

444 C. M. WATTS.

Following departed Worthies.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys
How bright their glories be.

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

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

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

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

445 S. M. MONTGOMERY

Encouragement to Faithfulness.

1 OUR Captain leads us on:
He beckons from the skies·
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in his might
The victor's meed receive,
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God will freely give.

446 C. M. NEEDHAM.

Following departed Worthies.

1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod,
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
To his almighty power and grace
Their crowns of life they owe

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

447 C. M. H. H. HAWLEY

The Hope, the Star, the Voice.

1 THERE is a hope, a blessed hope
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.

2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, "God is love."

4 That voice, aloud from Calvary's height
Proclaims the soul forgiven;
That star is revelation's light;
That hope, the hope of heaven.

448 L. M. MORAVIAN.

The Sinner's hope, joy, and rest.

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;

The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 O, love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation now I'm free;
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy! cries.

3 With faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Savior's breast.
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that 's written here.

4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Tho' joys be withered, all, and dead;
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn—
Steadfast on this my soul relies:
Father, thy mercy never dies.

449 C. M. BODEN'S COL

Forgiveness of Enemies.

1 "FATHER, forgive," the Savior cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

2 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
And whilst we sing, admire;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

3 By thine example ever swayed,
We for our foes will pray,
With love their hatred, and their curse,
With blessings will repay.

450 C. M. WATTS

This life a Pilgrimage.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply—
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy!

2 Our journey is a thorny maze;
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And press to Zion's hill.

3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.

4 Eternal glory to the King
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

451 L. M. C. WESLEY

Unbelieving fear removed.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place:
My Savior doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,—
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

452 S. M. MONTGOMERY

Dwelling with God.

1 "FOREVER with the Lord;"
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word—
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him, I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high—
Home of my soul—how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!

4 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
In death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

THE CHURCH.

THE ORIGIN AND PERPETUITY OF.

453 L. M. PRESB. COL.

God the Defence of the Church.

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

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

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

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

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

454 8s. & 7s. PRESB. COL.

Zion's Security.

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 mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them, when they pray.

455 8s. 7s. & 4. KELLY.

God the defense of Zion.

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded–
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
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.

456 S. M. WATTS.

Safety of the Church.

1 HOW honored is the place
Where we adoring stand!
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

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

3 Lift up th' eternal gates;
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here 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, ye saints,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

457 C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for the Reign of Christ.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Behold, thy church, with longing eyes,
Waits 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 Annointed 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.

458 C. M. WATTS.

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

459 C. M. BEDDOME.

The Church triumphant.

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

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

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

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

460 C. M. S. F. SMITH.

Christian Fellowship.

1 PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Complete in us, whom grace hath called,
Thy glorious work begun,
O Thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one.

5 Around this feeble, trusting band
Thy sheltering pinions spread.
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fiercely on our head.

6 Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

461 S. M. WATTS.

Gospel Order.

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 Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care thine holy ground,
And mark the building well,—

4 The order 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.

462 C. M. C. WESLEY

The Saints above and below.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

463 S. M. WATTS.

Safety of the Church.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

464 S. M. DWIGHT.

Attachment to the Church.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Savior and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

465 L. M. WATTS

God the Refuge of his Saints.

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;
Convulsion shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow,
Supplies the city of our God!
Life, love, and joy still gliding through
And wat'ring our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Savior's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

466 L. M. HART.

Blessing invoked.

1 LORD, bless thy saints assembled here,
In solemn cov'nant now to join;
Unite them in thy holy fear,
And in thy love their hearts combine.

2 May they thy living members prove,
Though all by nature once were dead;
Be thou their Lord, their life, their love,
Their Husband and their living Head.

3 Thus constituted, may they be
Part of thy general church below;
Yet independent, but on thee,
For thou alone their wants can know.

4 O give this church a large increase
Of such as thou wilt own and bless:
Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace,
And clothe them with thy righteousness.

467 C. M. ANON

Glory and Safety of the Church.

1 HOW glorious is the sacred place,
Where we adoring stand:
Zion, the joy of all the earth,
The beauty of the land.

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

468 7s. CENNICK

Rejoicing in Hope.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made,
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace
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 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

168 7s. CENNICK

Rejoicing in Hope.

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As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made,
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

...ren ; joyful stand
...orders of your land ;
Christ, your Father's darling Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

BAPTISM.

469 8s. E. TURNEY.

The emblem of Faith.

1 HOW lovely the emblem of faith
In Christ, our adorable Head,
Who sought our redemption in death,
And, triumphing, rose from the dead.

2 How sweet is this beautiful rite
Our *union* with him to proclaim—
Our death to each sinful delight—
Our rising to life through his name.

3 How blessed, by bearing the cross,
To show our regard for his will—
To seek, while professing his cause,
"All righteousness thus to fulfil."

4 How pleasant the path to pursue
His perfect example has led ;
With the scene at the Jordan in view,
We haste in his footsteps to tread.

4 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Christ, your Father's darling Son.
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

BAPTISM.

169 83. E. Toke

The emblem of Faith.

1 HOW lovely the emblem of faith
In Christ, our adorable Head,
Who sought our redemption in death,
And, triumphing, rose from the dead

2 How sweet is this beautiful rite
Our *union* with him to proclaim —
Our death to each sinful delight—
Our rising to life through his name

3 How blessed, by bearing the cross,
To show our regard for his will—
To seek, while professing his cause,
"All righteousness thus to fulfil."

4 How pleasant the path to pursue
His perfect example has led ;
With the scene at the Jordan in view,
We haste in his footsteps to tread.

5 Dear Savior, thine ordinance bless;
The joy of thy presence make known;
Descend, O thou Spirit of grace,
And seal us forever thine own.

470 S. M. DOSSEY

A practical exposition of Baptism.

1 YE sons of men, who long have sought
The meaning of the word baptize,
Attend our practice, and be taught
In what its solemn meaning lies.

2 Behold these humble Christians go
Down, down beneath the yielding wave!
Jesus the Lord was buried so,
When he was cover'd in the grave.

3 Soon you will see them rise again,
The Savior's grace and power to prove;
So Jesus burst the monster's chain,
And lives to bless us with his love.

4 Was Jesus buried in the tomb?
This figure shows our death to sin;
Did Jesus rise and take his throne?
'Tis thus believers follow him.

5 Come, then, ye children of his love,
No longer slight your Savior's word;
Come, follow your Redeemer God,
E'en when he leads to Jordan's flood.

471 L. M. DANIEL.

Primitive practice perpetuated.

1 WHAT lovely band is this I see,
All singing in sweet harmony,
Uniting round the water side,
And praising Jesus crucified?

2 These are the followers of the Lamb;
Here they are come to own his name;
Their humble strains ascend the skies;
In faith they're come to be baptized.

3 This brings to view the ancient days,
When first the gospel church was raised,
No other mode was then devis'd—
Believing souls were thus baptized:

4 Baptized into the Savior's death,
Arising, live the life of faith;
Giving to Christ, the Lord, the praise,
By wa'king in his humble ways.

472 C. M. S. F. Smith.

Self-Consecration in Baptism.

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

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

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

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

473 C. M. ANON

Obedience to Christ.

1 LORD, I am thine, and in thy aid
I place my firmest trust:
How large the price thy love has paid
For vile, polluted dust!

2 In thine assembly now I stand;
My vows to thee I bring,
Obedient to thy great command,
My Savior and my King.

3 I stand before the sacred flood;
Thy gracious words invite:
How poor an offering, O my God,
I make thee in this rite!

4 Thine ordinance, great Savior, bless;
Support me all my days;
May I each gospel truth confess,
And walk in all thy ways.

474 L. M. MILLER'S COL

The emblem of Christ's burial.

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

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

3 When you ascend above the flood,
Then call to mind your rising God;
Ye saints, lift up your joyful eyes,
Exulting see your Savior rise.

4 Ye too are buried with your Lord,
Who in the water own his word;
And joyfully perceive therein,
An emblem of your death to sin.

5 Ascending from the stream, behold
An emblem of your life restor'd;
Live unto him who died for you,
And all his just commandments do.

475 C. M. BEDDOME.

Following Christ.

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain—
Like him be numbered with the dead
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts
We cheerfully obey.

5 Now we, blest Savior, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the Fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

476 L. M. BALDWIN

Imitation of Christ.

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

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

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

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

477 L. M. NOEL

The humble way.

1 HOSANNA to our Savior, God,
Who suffer'd in our room and stead
He was immersed in Jordan's flood,
And then immersed in sweat and blood!

2 Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he spilt his precious blood!
How plain he marked the humble way
To sinners, through the mystic flood!

3 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died, and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

4 We to this place are come, to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Savior's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

478 8s & 7s. J. FAWCETT.

Following Christ.

1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you;
Listen to his heavenly voice;
Dread no ill that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

479 7s. LELAND

Rise, believe, and be baptized.

1 CHRISTIANS, if your hearts are warm
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are prized,
Rise, believe, and be baptized.

2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
(Bore the curse to mortals due)
Children prove your love to him;
Never fear the frozen stream.

3 Never shun the Savior's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross,
If the Savior's love you feel
Let the world behold your zeal.

4 Every season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere;
When the storm prevents your roam,
Serve your gracious Lord at home.

480 L. M. JUDSON.

Christ's Example.

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

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

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

481 S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Delight in obedience.

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

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

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

482 8s & 7s. FELLOWS

Following Christ.

1 JESUS, mighty King in Zion;
Thou alone our Guide shalt be:
Thy commission we rely on;
We would follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

183 L. M. JUDSON

The Holy Spirit invoked.

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

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

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

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

484 C. M. J. RYLAND

Hinder me not.

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

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

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

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

485 S. M. S. F. SMITH

The Baptism of Christ.

1 DOWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led;
And he who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 Blest Savior, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

486 8s, 7s, & 4. J. E. GILES.

Buried with Christ by Baptism.

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

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

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

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

5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

487 C. M. MILLER'S COL.

Buried in Jordan.

1 BURIED in Jordan was our Lord,
As well as in the tomb;
And in obedience to his word,
We imitate the Lamb.

2 This ordinance is plainly given,
'Tis left upon record;
Though not to save, or take to heaven,
But show we love the Lord.

188 C. M. DEACON.

The baptism of Christ.

1 TO Jordan's stream the Savior goes
To do his Father's will:
His breast with sacred ardor glows,
Each precept to fulfil.

2 Behold him buried in the flood
(The emblem of his grave)
Who, from the bosom of his God,
Came down a world to save.

3 As from the water he ascends,
What miracles appear!
God with a voice his Son commands—
Let all the nations hear!

4 Hear it, ye Christians, and rejoice;
Let this your courage raise;
What God approves, be this your choice,
And glory in his ways.

489 8s. & 7s. GRANT

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

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

3 Know, 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:
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4 Haste thee 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 thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

490 7s. BEDDOME.

Candidates encouraged.

1 COME, ye humble, contrite souls,
Leave your debts and fears behind,
Trust in Jesus' mighty name;
And his mercy you shall find.
Yield obedience to his laws,
And defend his glorious cause.

2 Your Redeemer led the way,
Safe is found the path he trod;
You have nothing hence to fear,
While you urge your way to God,
Yield obedience to his laws,
And avow his glorious cause.

3 Press ye on, believing souls,
Lo, your Captain 's gone before;
You who wear his easy yoke,
Shall his love and grace adore,
Now embark'd in his dear cause,
Pay allegiance to his laws.

491 8s, 7s. DANIEL.

The Charms of Baptism.

1 LORD, in humble, sweet submission,
Here we meet to follow thee;
Trusting in thy great salvation,
Which alone can make us free.

2 Naught have we to claim as merit,
All the duties we can do
Can no crown of life inherit,
All the praise to thee is due.

3 Yet we come in Christian duty,
Down beneath the wave to go;
O the charms, the heavenly beauty—
Christ the Lord was buried so!

4 Come, ye children of the kingdom,
Follow him beneath the wave;
Rise, and show his resurrection,
And proclaim his power to save.

492 7s. PRESB. COL.

Surrendering to Christ.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found:
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O! receive me into rest.

2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp or power,
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour
"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.

493 S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY

Burial in Baptism.

PASTOR.

1 "CHOOSE ye his cross to bear,
Who bowed to Jordan's wave?
Clad in his armor will ye dare
In faith, a watery grave?"

CANDIDATES.

2 "We love his holy word,
His precepts we obey,
Buried in baptism with our Lord.
We seek to be, this day."

CHURCH.

3 All hail! ye blessed band,
Shrink not to do his will;
In deep humility, this work
Of righteousness fulfil;—

4 Tread in his steps—with prayer,
Invoke his Spirit free,
And as he bursts the gates of death,
So may your rising be.

494 C. M. JAS. NEWTON.

After Baptism.

1 LET plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

495 L. M. DODDRIDGE

Vows recognized.

1 '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.

2 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.

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

496 L. M. RIP. COL.

Candidates at the water-side.

1 LORD, our dependance is alone
On what thy blessed Son hath done;
Unless we to his merits fly,
Baptized, or unbaptized, we die.

2 Thy name, our covenant God, we boast—
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
O may we ever speak thy praise,
Long as the heavens their anthems raise.

LORD'S SUPPER.

497 L. M. WATTS

Consecration in view of the Cross.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride,

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

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

498 L. M. KRISHNA PAL.

Remembering Christ.

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

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

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

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

499 L. M. J. STENNETT.

Sacramental Hymn.

1 THUS we commemorate the day
On which our dearest Lord was slain!
Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appear on earth again.

2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting sky;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.

3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train
Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coasts.

4 Come, Lord! and where thy cross once stood,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

500 L. M. BEDDOME.

Holy Admiration.

1 JESUS; when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.

2 With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

3 Look, saints, into his opening side,
The breach how large, how deep, how wide
Thence issues forth a double flood
Of cleansing water, pardoning blood.

4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows
To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes;
Immortal joys come streaming down—
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.

5 Thus I could ever, ever sing
The sufferings of my heavenly King;
With glowing pleasures spread abroad
The mysteries of a dying God.

501 L. M. WATTS.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes,—

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

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

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

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

502 L. M. WATTS.

Sufferings and Exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.

2 But God, his Father, heard his cry;
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

503 S. M. WATTS.

Communion with Christ.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

504 C. M. WATTS

The Gospel Feast.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and every 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.

505 C. M. B. W. NOEL

Remembering Christ.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;—
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;—

4 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!—
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

506 C. M. STENNETT

Humble Communion.

1 LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place;

2 We, who are all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God;
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven
Join all your sacred powers:
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Savior is like ours.

507 C. M. S. STENNEET.

The Body and Blood of Christ.

1 HERE, at thy table. Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
O what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3 Deep was the suffering he endured
Upon th' accursed tree;
"For me," each welcome guest may say,
"'Twas all endured for me."

4 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Savior, so divine:
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me
Which owes so much to thine.

508 C. M. ANON

Coming to the Table of the Lord.

1 LET vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banished from the heart,
The Savior's love fill every breast,
And light and life impart.

2 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray;
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way!

3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.

4 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us, with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
His table now draw near.

5 And while we join to celebrate
The sufferings of our Lord,
May we receive new grace and power,
T' obey his holy word.

509 C. M. WARDLAW

Remembering Christ.

1 REMEMBER thee, redeeming Lord!
While Memory holds her place,
Can we forget the Prince of life,
Who saves us by his grace?

2 The Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom, on earth
He heaved his dying groan.

3 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet 'tis the chief of all his joys
That souls are saved from hell.

4 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquished death;
For this he pleads in heaven.

5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

510 C. M. E. TAYLOR.

Christian Fellowship.

1 O HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease,
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.

2 Not here, where, met to think on Him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4 "Thy kingdom come:" we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

511 7s. CONDER.

Institution of the Sacred Feast.

1 MANY centuries have fled
Since our Savior broke the bread,
And this sacred feast ordained,
Ever by his church retained:
Those his body who discern,
Thus shall meet till his return.

2 All who bear the Savior's name,
Here their common faith proclaim;
Though diverse in tongue or rite,
Here, one body we unite;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common head.

3 Come, the blessed emblems share,
Which the Savior's death declare;
Come, on truth immortal feed;
For his flesh is meat indeed:
Savior! witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are thine.

512 C. M. WATTS

Sufferings and Compassion of Christ.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

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

3 This was compassion, like a God,
That when the Savior knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

5 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.

ORDINATION OF MINISTERS AND DEACONS.

513 S. M. WATTS

Ministers the bearers of good things.

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 their tidings are!—
"Zion, behold thy Savior King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

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 Savior and their God.

514 L. M. MONTGOMERY

A Pastor welcomed.

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus our exalted head;
Come as a servant: so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower on Zion's height;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.

4 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

6 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

515 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Ministry of Divine Appointment.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house
We pay our homage and our vows,
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Savior's care.

2 The Savior, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Conferred his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honored name,
Sacred beyond all earthly fame;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Our pastors hence and teachers rise.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through latest courses of the sun;
While numerous churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

516 L. M. S. F. SMITH

A Blessing sought upon a Pastor.

1 'TIS done—th' important act is done—
Heaven, earth, its solemn purport know;
Its fruits, when time its race has run,
Shall through eternal ages flow.

2 The covenants of this sacred hour,
Great Shepherd of thy people, seal;
Spirit of grace, diffuse thy power,
Our vows accept, thy might reveal.

3 Behold our guide, and deign to crown
His toils, O Lamb of God, with love;
His lips inspire; each effort own;
Breathe, dwell within him, heavenly Dove.

4 Behold his charge; what wealth shall dare
With its most priceless worth to vie?
Suns, systems, worlds, how mean they are,
Compared with souls, that cannot die!

5 The sun may set in endless gloom,
The planets from their stations flee,
Creation fill oblivion's tomb,
But souls can never cease to be.

6 O, when, before the judgment-seat,
The wicked quake in dread despair,
May we, all reverent at thy feet,
Pastor and flock, find mercy there.

517 L. M. S. F. SMITH.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 SPIRIT of peace and holiness,
This new-created union bless;
Bind each to each in ties of love,
And ratify our work above.

2 Savior, who carest for thy sheep,
The shepherd of thy people keep;
Guide him in every doubtful way,
Nor let his feet from duty stray.

3 Gird thou his heart with strength divine;
Let Christ through all his conduct shine;
Faithful in all things may he be—
Dead to the world, alive to thee.

4 O thou, whose love doth never fail,
Breathe on this dry and thirsty vale;
And may it, from this hour, appear
That thy reviving power is here.

5 Lord of the Sabbath, unto thee
Our spirits rise in harmony;
Accept our praise, our sins remove
And fit us for thy courts above.

518 7s. HAMMOND

Winning souls to Christ.

1 WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Savior's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crowned,
And his heart in sorrow drowned;—

3 How he yielded up his breath;
How he agonized in death;
How he lives to intercede—
Christ our Advocate and Head.

4 Tell him it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face,
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

5 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven—
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

519 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Watching for Souls.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Savior's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—
For souls, which must forever live,
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

520 L. M. DODDRIDGE

At the settlement of a minister.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modelled by thy own gracious heart,
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread!

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succor'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock!
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

521 L. M. RIP. COL.

Prayer for Ministers.

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.

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

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

522 C. M. ENG. BAP. COL.

Choice of Deacons.

1 VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence now
Direct us in thy fear;
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose,
Thy house on earth to guide;
Those who shall ne'er their power abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.

3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
And with discretion blest;
Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
Of every grace possessed.

4 These are the men we seek of thee,
O God of righteousness;
Such may our deacons ever be,
With such thy people bless.

523 L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Qualifications of Deacons.

1 O KING of Zion, thee we praise
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
How holy deacons are thine own,
With all the gifts thy love employs.

2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice,
Of those whose generous, prudent zeal,
Shall make thy favored ways rejoice.

3 When pastor, saints, and poor they serve,
May their own hearts with grace be crowned?
While patience, sympathy, and joy,
Adorn and through their lives abound.

4 By purest love to Christ, and truth,
O, may they win a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee!

5 And when the work to them assigned—
The work of love is fully done,
Call them from serving tables here
To sit around thy glorious throne.

524 7s. G. B. IDE

Prayer for Deacons.

1 SON of God, our glorious Head!
On us now thy blessing shed;
From thy throne let mercy flow
To thy waiting flock below.

2 Taught by thee, with prayer sincere,
We have called thy servants here,
For thy needy ones to care,
And thy Holy Feast to bear.

3 May the Spirit from above
Fill their hearts with faith and love;
Make them humble, zealous, wise,
Strife to shun, and good devise.

4 When their earthly work is done,
When the crown of life is won,
Ever in thy house on high,
May they serve beneath thine eye.

525 C. M. J. A. DELKE.

Duties of Deacons.

1 SAVIOR, the promised Spirit send,
Thy servants now to bless;
Thy gracious power and wisdom lend,
With peace and righteousness.

2 These we have chosen, may they prove
Blameless, in word and deed;
O fill their souls with Godly love,
That they thy poor may feed.

3 May these thy Shepherd's hands uphold,
His needful wants supply;
That of the bread of life, thy fold
May eat and never die.

4 May faith in all their actions shine,
And hope, their anchor bright,
With charity, like love divine,
Make all their pathway light.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

526 C. M. MONTGOMERY

Sabbath Worship.

1 THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts, to-day
Within thy temple meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

2 They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

3 The dew lies thick on all the ground—
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around—
Shall I of hunger die?

4 Behold thy prisoner, loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will;
If not, contented in thy hands
Behold thy prisoner still.

5 I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
O give me here a house of prayer;
Here Sabbath joys impart.

527 L. M. BAP. COL

The day of Peace.

1 O SACRED day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.

2 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

528 C. M. MRS. GILBERT

The day of Rest.

1 WEARIED with earthly toil and care,
The day of rest, how sweet!
To breathe the Sabbath's holy air,
And sit at Jesus' feet.

2 Fain would I lay the burden down
That wounds me with its weight,
To gaze awhile at yonder crown,
And press to heaven's gate.

3 I ask a foretaste of thy peace,
The rest, the joy, the love,
Which, when their earthly Sabbaths cease,
Await the saints above.

529 C. M. MRS. STEELE

Singing Christ's Praises.

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 Savior! 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.

530 C. M. MRS. BARBAULD

Still another Sabbath.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
By his expiring breath.

4 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand thousand voices join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

531 L. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of worshipping God in his Temple.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

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

3 Blest are the saints, who dwell on high,
Around thy throne, above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

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

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

532 C. M. WATTS

Delight in Worship.

1 I LOVE to see the Lord below;
His church displays his grace
But upper worlds his glory know
And view him face to face.

2 I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.

3 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

4 He shines, and I am all delight:
He hides, and all is pain;
When will he fix me in his sight
And ne'er depart again?

5 O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy power:
But soon in heaven I hope to bow,
And praise thee evermore.

533 C. M. JERVIS

Homage and Devotion.

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the gracious throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

534 C. M. H. M. WILLIAMS.

Habitual Devotion.

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 power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

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

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

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

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

535 C. M. WATTS

Thankful acknowledgment of God's goodness.

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

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

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

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

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

536 C. M. NEWTON.

A blessing sought.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
We kneel within thy house of prayer;
O, give us hearts to pray.

2 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
O, make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

537 C. M. WATTS

Longing for the House of God.

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

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

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

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

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

6 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.

538 C. M. STEELE

The presence of God sought in his house.

1 COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While, with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.

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 But ah, the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How dim the sacred passion glows
Till thou the heart inspire!

4 Dear Savior, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

539 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Invocation for a Blessing in Worship.

1 LORD, teach thy servants how to pray
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes, yet we may
We must, to thee draw near.

2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee
Give broken, contrite hearts;
Give—what thine eye delights to see—
Truth in the inward parts.

3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To see thy face and live.

4 Give faith in that one sacrifice
Which can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, and Christ alone.

5 Give patience, still to wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

6 Give these, and then thy will be done:
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

540 C. M. PRATT'S COL

A Blessing sought.

1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again, with joyful feet we come
To meet our Savior here.

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

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

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

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

541 8s, 7s, & 4. KELLY.

Spiritual Improvement.

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
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before—
Full enjoyment—
Holy bliss, for evermore.

542 7s. HAMMOND.

A blessing humbly requested.

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, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

543 S. M. C. WESLEY.

Claiming the Promise.

1 JESUS, we look to thee—
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us wilt 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 We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4 O, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

544 L. M. WATTS.

The Indwelling of God desired.

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 enlarged souls possess,
And learn, the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine eternal love and grace.

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

545 7s. MONTGOMERY

Prayer for a Blessing on Public Worship.

1 TO thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there;
There, within the vail, we meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

546 S. M. URWICK'S COL.

Pleasures of Spiritual Worship.

1 HOW sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine!

2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure, celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3 O, blest assurance this;
Bright morn of heavenly day;
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.

4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

5 But, O, the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime
Where all thy servants meet!

6 Then shall the ransomed throng
The Savior's love record,
And shout, in everlasting song,
"Salvation to the Lord!"

547 C. M. PRESB. COL

Prayer for special favor.

1 WITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ
In realms beyond the skies.

548 C. M. STEELE.

Parting with all for Christ.

1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu;
A nobler choice be mine;
A heavenly prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Jesus, to multitudes unknown—
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
True wealth and honor meet.

3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest.

4 Dear portion of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And let me call thee mine.

549 C. M. DODDRIDGE

Relieving Christ in his members.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheer'd:
And in their accents of distress
My Savior's voice is heard.

550 7s. D. TURNER

God's presence with his Church.

1 LORD of Hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows,
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While the Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known,
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with festive songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heav'n we soar.

551 L. M. FELLOWS.

Thanks for Spiritual Nourishment.

1 THE food on which thy children live,
Great God, is thine alone to give;
And we, for grace receiv'd would raise,
A sacred song of love and praise.

2 How vast, how full, how rich, how free,
Dear Jesus, thy rich treasures be;
To the full fountain of our joys,
We gladly come for fresh supplies.

3 For this we wait upon thee, Lord;
For this we listen to thy word,
Descend like gentle show'rs of rain,
Nor let our souls attend in vain.

552 L. M. FAWCETT.

God's help to devotion.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

553 S. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Lord.

1 COME sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the Sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry 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 language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race.

6 The Lord, in vengeance dressed,
Will lift his hand and swear—
"You that despise my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

554 C. M. RIPPON

The merits of the Lamb.

1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb, be glory given:
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

2 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like their's our songs should rise:
Like them, we never should be tired,
But love the sacrifice.

4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

555 C. M. NEWTON.

Devotedness to the Lord.

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

2 Its pleasures now no longer please;
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee,
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me.

5 Yes—though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

556 C. M. WATTS.

The power of God.

1 HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God,
Who would not fear thy name!
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are,
Who would not love the Lamb!

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

4 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reached the place;
But Christ shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.

5 Then will our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

557 C. M. SWAIN.

Brotherly Love.

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

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

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

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

558 L. M. WATTS.

The heavenly Race.

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

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint--

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

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

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

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559 C. M. WATTS

Celebration of Christ's Resurrection.

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 triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

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

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God the 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.

560 L. M. J. STENNETT.

Holy Enjoyment anticipated.

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

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

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

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

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

561 7s. NEWTON

The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

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 reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

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

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

562 H. M. HAYWARD

Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn;
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest;
From low desires
And fleeting 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 Savior's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul
New life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be
Enjoyed in vain.

563 S. M. WATTS.

The Sabbath welcomed.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

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

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

564 L. M. EPIS. COL.

Rejoicing in the Sabbath.

1 MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole Monarch in my breast.

3 O, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

565 C. M. EDMESTON

The Lord's-day Morning.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more?

566 S. M. BULFINCH

Sabbath Worship.

1 HAIL to the Sabbath day!—
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky,
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

567 L. M. WATTS.

Delight in the Sabbath.

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

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

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

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

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

568 L. M. DODDRIDGE

The Earthly and Heavenly Sabbath.

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

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

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

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

569 L. M. RAFFLES.

The Hour of Prayer.

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour, for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

570 C. M. BARBAULD

The World banished.

1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not desecrate, this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

571 7s. S. F. SMITH.

Sabbath Evening.

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 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

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

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

5 Savior, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

572 C. M. MILLER'S COL

The Eternal Sabbath.

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

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

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

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

573 C. M. MILLER'S COL.

The Lord's own Day.

1 COME, let us join with one accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
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.

574 L. M. WATTS

Lord's-day Evening.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Nor all that hell or sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word:
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

575 S. M. EDMESTON.

Sabbath-evening Recollections.

1 THE light of Sabbath-eve
Is fading fast away;
What pleasing record will it leave
To crown the closing day?

2 Is it a Sabbath spent
Fruitless, and vain, and void?
Or have these precious moments lent
Been sacredly employed?

3 How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbath seasons lost appear,
That cannot come again!

4 God of these blissful hours,
O may we never dare
To waste, in worldly thoughts of ours,
These sacred days of prayer!

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576 8s & 6s. RIP. COL.

You hath he quickened.

1 DESCEND, blest Spirit, source of light,
While here thy presence we invite,
Thine influence impart;
Grant us with faith thy word to hear,
Now give the attentive list'ning ear,
The understanding heart.

2 The "dead in trespasses and sin,"
Raise by thy power to life divine,
Dissolve the captive's chain;
Strengthen the weak with inward might,
Restore the blinded eyes to sight,
Nor let us hear in vain.

577 L. M. KELLY

Prayer for conversion.

1 NOW may the gospel's conquering power
Be felt by all assembled here!
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of strength appear.

2 Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard:
Speak in the word, and speak with power
So shall thy glorious name be fear'd,
By those who never fear'd before.

3 O pity those who live in sin,
And save them from the sinner's doom;
Open the ark, and take them in,
And save them from the wrath to come.

4 So shall thy people joyful be;
The angels, too, will louder sing:
And all ascribe the praise to thee—
To thee the everlasting King.

578 8s, 7s & 4. REE

Public Worship.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, as thou hast taught u
Lo, we come to seek thy face;
Now we wait within thy temple,
For the visits of thy grace:
Let thy presence
Fill and glorify the place.

2 Here thy name has been recorded,
Here thy promised blessing give;
For thy blessing, Lord, we languish,
It alone can make us live.
O then bless us!
Bless us now and evermore.

3 Hear our prayers, accept our praises,
In this all-auspicious hour;
May thy word to saint and sinner
Come in all its mighty power;
From its fulness
Grant us all a rich supply.

579 8s, 7s & 4. AMERICAN

Public Worship.

1 HAIL, ye days of solemn meeting!
Hail, ye days of praise and prayer!
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share.
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.

2 Be thou near us, blessed Savior,
Still at morn and eve the same:
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame
Blessed Savior,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent prayer is glowing
Sacred Spirit, hear that prayer;
When the choral song is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear:
Sacred Spirit,
Let that song thine impress bear.

4 Angel-bands! these scenes frequenting,
Often may your praises wake;
Oft may joy o'er souls repenting,
From your harps melodious break:
Oft may anthems
From your harps melodious break.

580 8s & 7s. RIP. COL

For a blessing.

1 AS the dew, from heaven distilling,
Gently on the grass descends,
Richly unto all fulfilling
What thy providence intends;
So may truth, divine and gracious,
To our waiting spirits prove;
Bless and make it efficacious
In the children of thy love!

2 Lord, behold this congregation;
All thy promises fulfil;
From thy holy habitation,
Let the dew of life distil:
Let our cry come up before thee,
Sweetest influence shed around;
So thy people shall adore thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

581 8s, 7s & 4. JAY

Prayer for a Blessing.

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

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

582 7s. KELLY

A Blessing desired.

1 SAVIOR, bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O may sinners hear thy call;
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success;
Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Savior, bid the world rejoice;
Send, O, send, thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice—
Hear it, and return to God.

583 C. M. WESLEY'S COL.

Prayer for a Blessing on the Word.

1 FATHER of all, in whom, alone,
We live and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray send down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
O, fill our souls with awe;
Thy light impart, that we may see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now thy revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here, by faith, we know:
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

584 C. M. SCOTCH COL.

Praise to Christ.

1 TO him who loved the souls of men
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God.

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

585 C. M. PRATT'S COL.

Seeking a Blessing.

1 ALMIGHTY God, eternal Lord,
Thy gracious power make known,
Apply the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak, with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
O, let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

586 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Collection for poor Saints.

1 WE who need mercy every hour,
And by compassion stand,
Should show that mercy to the poor
Which Jesus doth command.

2 Christ in his members asks your alms—
Speaks in his brethren's cry;
The widow's wail his language is,
And orphan's sigh his sigh.

3 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrow flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

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

587 C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL

Watch and Pray.

1 THE Savior bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Savior bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Savior bids us watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away
To our eternal home.

4 O Savior, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

588 7s. SALISBURY COL.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 GLORIOUS in thy saints appear;
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Light and life to all impart;
Shine on each believing heart;—

2 And, in every grace complete,
Make us, Lord, for glory meet;
Till we stand before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

589 L. M. RIP. COL

For the gift of the Holy Spirit.

1 GRACE from on high, O God impart
Grace in thy gospel to believe,
Grace to surrender our whole heart,
Grace all thy mercy to receive.

2 Convinced and humbled in the dust
Beneath the burden of our guilt,
We own thy law's dread sentence just,
But plead the blood of pardon spilt.

3 Thy Spirit witness with that blood,
And Christ our Savior glorify,
While we as children born of God,
With rapture, "Abba! Father!" cry.

590 8s, 7s & 8s. RIP. COL.

The same.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation.
Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height, which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send
Great Enlightener! shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination,
Rest upon this congregation.

591 8s & 6s. W

The same.

1 SAVIOR of sinners, now we pray,
On us thy Spirit pour;
Be in thy people's midst to-day,
To clothe thy word with power;
Thy grace and mercy, Lord, display,
In this accepted hour.

2 And while thy servant shall proclaim
How full of grace thou art,
May the sweet accents of thy name
Soothe every stricken heart;
From bosoms fill'd with grief and shame
Bid every fear depart.

3 Almighty Savior, sinner's friend
Oh, hear our fervent cries:
That we thy word may comprehend,
And daily grow more wise—
May love and serve thee to the end,
Then to thy glory rise.

592 C. M. MASON

The eternal Sabbath.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest;
O! bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy a heavenly rest.

2 Welcome, and precious to my soul,
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above.

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
I wait to see thy face.

4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen,
And oft, when feasting on his word,
In raptures I have been.

5 O! if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I'll clasp my Savior in mine arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

593 7s. C. WESLEY.

Help of the Spirit.

1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart.

2 Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.

3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less:
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

594 8s & 7s. J. TAYLOR.

Mercy proclaimed.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires;
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy Providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws;
Lord, with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our Sun, our Shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

595 8s & 7s. S. F. KEY.

Praise to the Lord.

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'll praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief pleasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

AFTER SERMON.

596 L. M. MILLER'S COL.

Bless the word.

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 court to seek thy face;
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here,
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

597 C. M. NEEDHAM.

The seed sown.

1 NOW, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servant's care,
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble, fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain:
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heav'nly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues,
Begin this song divine;
Thou, Lord hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine.

598 L. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Creator.

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 rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,
In songs of praise, divinely sing:
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song,
To every land the strains belong,
In cheerful sounds your voices raise.
And fill the world with sounding praise.

599 L. M. HART.

Dismission.

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 burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

600 8s, 7s & 4. BURDER.

Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Travelling through 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,
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, 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 ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

601 S. M. E. T. FITCH.

Grace Implored.

1 LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

602 7s. MONTGOMERY

Thanks for mercies.

1 FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.

2 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

603 8s, 7s & 5. BICK. COL.

Go in Peace.

1 SOME sweet savor of thy favor
Shed abroad in every heart:
Heavenward as to thee we go,
Leaving guilt and fear below,
Blessing, praising, without ceasing,
Bid us, Lord, depart.

604 8s, 7s & 4. RIP. COL.

Safety in Christ.

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:
Savior keep us—
Keep us safe from every foe.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our best and lasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer;
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

605 S. M. HART.

Parting.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Savior's name,
Record his mercies, every heart;
Sing, every tongue, the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

606 8s & 7s. NEWTON.

Doxology.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

607 C. M. BAP. COL.

God's gifts.

1 O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast.

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

PRAYER MEETING.

608 L. M. STENNETT.

Christ's presence.

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

2 ‘ There,” says the Savior, “ will I be,
Amid this little company!
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.”

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

609 C. M. JUDSON.

Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

610 7s. GRANT.

Prayer in the name of Jesus.

1 SAVIOR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee—
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes—
O, by all thy pain and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

2 By thine hour of dark despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice—
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Listen to our humble cry.

3 By the deep, expiring groan;
By the sad, sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Savior, Prince, exalted high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

611 C. M. C. WESLEY.

Purity of Heart.

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

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

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

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

612 C. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Desires for Holiness.

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

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

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

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

613 8s, 7s. ROBINSON.

Prayer and Praise.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of louder praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
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 for thy courts above!

614 S. M. WATTS

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

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

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasure less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

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

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

615 L. M. COWPER.

Exhortation to Prayer.

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

2 Pray'r makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Pray'r 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 songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

616 L. M. NEWTON.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

1 I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace—
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favored hour,
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break the schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

617 7s. SEL. HYMNS.

The close of a Meeting for Prayer.

1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer—
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise—
O, how sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally!

2 Savior, may these meetings prove,
Preparations from above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

618 7s. BAP. COL.

The Omnipresent God.

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 and 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 the woes of life 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.

619 S. M. LUTH. COL

Religion a support in life.

1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and fears,
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade,

2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewildered way
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
Thou blest supporter of the mind
How powerful is thine aid.

5 O, let us feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To cheer our every gloomy hour,
And calm our every grief.

620 C. M. ANON

Devoting all to Christ.

1 ETERNAL Savior, God of love,
Abused, insulted Friend,
O, from thy lofty throne above,
Thy saving mercy send.

2 Here lies my naked, guilty heart,
Before thy piercing eye;
To me thy healing touch impart;
O, reach me, for I die.

2 All that my future life shall know
Of love, and joy, and light,
Shall burn for thee, and shine and glow
By thine effectual might.

4 Thus to thy claim my trembling soul
Her sweet submission brings,
Aud thus, while changing ages roll,
Shall rest beneath thy wings.

621 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

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

622 11s & 10s. SPIR. SONGS.

Invitation to the Mercy-Seat.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

623 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

2 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

3 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

4 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.

624 L. M. STOWELL

The Mercy-Seat.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

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

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

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

625 S. M. SAC. LYRICS

Morning Prayer Meeting.

1 HOW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer!

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

626 C. M. BEDDOME.

Prayer.

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

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

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

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

627 C. M. MRS. BROWN

Secret Prayer at Twilight.

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 doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

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

628 C. M. RAFFLES

Trust in God.

1 THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord,
In thee I fix my trust,
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.

2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea,
And 'tis enough—the Savior died,
The Savior died for me.

3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the vail.

4 From strife of tongues and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords—
My Savior died for me.

5 And when thy awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away—

6 Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak—
"My Savior died for me."

629 S. M. NEWTON

Blessings sought in Prayer.

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

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

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

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

630 C. M. ANON.

Secret Prayer.

1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

631 C. M. CORBIN.

A Throne of Grace.

1 A THRONE of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! O, at that throne
Our knees have often bent,
And God has shower'd his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints;
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need,
Long as we draw our breath,
A Savior, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

5 The throne of glory then shall glow
With beams from Jesus' face,
And we no longer want shall know,
Nor need a throne of grace.

632 S. M. NEDLEY

The Answerer of Prayer.

1 COME, praying souls, rejoice,
And bless your Father's name;
With joy to him lift up your voice,
And all his love proclaim.

2 Your mournful cry he hears;
He marks your feeblest groan,
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,
And makes his mercy known.

3 To all his praying saints
He ever will attend,
And to their sorrows and complaints
His ear in mercy bend.

4 Then blessed be the Lord,
Who has not turned away
His mercy, nor his precious word,
From those who love to pray.

5 No; still he bows his ear
In gentle pity down;
For praying breath he loves to hear,
And praying souls he'll crown.

6 Then let us still go on
In his appointed ways,
Rejoicing in his name alone,
In prayer and humble praise.

633 C. H. M. ANON.

Come, let us pray.

1 COME, let us pray: 'tis sweet to feel
That God himself is near;
That, while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear;
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
This is our solace—let us pray.

2 Come, let us pray; the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer:
Jesus will smile our griefs away;
O, glorious thought!—come let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray; the sin-sick soul
Her weight of guilt must feel;
But, hark! the glorious tidings roll,
Whilst here we humbly kneel;
Jesus will wash that guilt away,
And pardon grant; then let us pray.

4 Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer,
And Jesus ready stands to greet
The contrite spirit there:
O, loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us; let us pray.

634 S. M. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for Divine Help.

1 MY God, my prayer attend;
O, bow thine ear to me,
Without a hope, without a friend,
Without a help, but thee.

2 O, guard my soul around,
Which loves and trusts thy grace,
Nor let the powers of hell confound
The hopes on thee I place.

3 Thy mercy I entreat;
Let mercy hear my cries,
While, humbly waiting at thy seat,
My daily prayers arise.

4 O, bid my heart rejoice,
And every fear control,
Since at thy throne, with suppliant voice
To thee I lift my soul.

635 C. M. C. WESLEY

Home in Heaven.

1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sin 's forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my home in heaven.

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

3 O, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

5 O, would he all of heaven bestow!
Then like our Lord we 'll rise,
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.

6 On him with rapture then I'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

636 C. M. URWICK'S COL.

Prayer for Grace in Trial.

1 FATHER of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

2 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

5 Let earthly joys and cares depart;
Let pain and sorrow cease;
Be thou the portion of our heart;
In thee may we have peace.

637 C. M. ANCIENT HYMNS

God's Delight in Devotions.

1 O, IT is joy in one to meet
Whom one communion blends,
Council to hold in converse sweet,
And talk as Christian friends.

2 'Tis joy to think the angel train,
Who 'mid heaven's temple shine,
To seek our earthly temples deign,
And in our anthems join.

3 But chief 'tis joy to think that he,
To whom his church is dear,
Delights her gathered flock to see,
Her joint devotions hear.

4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,
While here such joys are given?
"This is indeed the house of God,
And this the gate of heaven!"

638 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

God in his glorious works.

1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree,
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

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

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

639 7s. STENNETT.

Penitential sighs.

1 FATHER, at thy call I come
In thy bosom there is room
For a guilty soul to hide,
Pressed with grief on every side.

2 Here I'll make my piteous moan—
Thou canst understand a groan:
Here my sins and sorrows tell;
What I feel thou knowest well.

3 Ah, how foolish I have been,
To obey the voice of sin—
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.

4 Darkness fills my trembling soul;
Floods of sorrows o'er me roll;
Pity, Father, pity me;
All my hope's alone in thee.

640 S. M. STENNETT

How charming is the place.

1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unvails the beauties of his face,
And sheds His love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

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

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

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy bless'd abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

641 8s & 7s. C. WESLEY.

Desiring Sanctification.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O, breathe the Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;

Change from glory into glory,
  Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
  Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

642 S. M. WESTON

Help from on High.

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 Jesus the Lord will hear
  His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
  He'll help them from on high.

4 His nature, truth, and love,
  Engage him on their side;
When they are grieved, his bowels move,
  And can they be denied?

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

643 C. M. MILMAN.

Help, Lord.

1 O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
  Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
  Each hour on earth we live.

2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O, help us, Lord, the more.

3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O, help us, Father, from on high;
We know no help but thee;
O, help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

644 C. M. PERCY COL.

"Thy Will be done."

1 FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done."

2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

3 Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy sovereign right I'll own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

4 'Tis sweet, thus passively to lie
Before thy gracious throne,
Concerning every thing to cry,
"My Father's will be done."

645 S. M. PERCY COL

Christ our All.

1 MY Savior, fill my soul
With holiness and peace,
Arise with healing in thy wings,
Bid sin and doubting cease.

2 May things beneath the sky
Engross my heart no more;
Be thou my first, my chief delight,
My soul's unbounded store.

3 In thee all treasures lie;
From thee all blessings flow;
Thou art the bliss of saints above,
The joy of saints below.

4 O, come and make me thine,
A sinner saved by grace;
Then shall I sing, with loudest strains,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place.

646 C. M. ANON

"Remember me."

1 "REMEMBER me," my Savior God,
Whilst here on earth I stay;
Give strength to bear affliction's rod,
And faith to watch and pray.

2 "Remember me," when fortune smiles,
And scenes are bright and fair,
Lest I should fall, through Satan's wiles,
Beneath his baneful snare.

3 "Remember me;" thy voice I'll greet
In all thy dealings here;
O, let thy Spirit guide my feet,
And I shall never fear.

4 "Remember me;" stand near my side,
Where'er my lot may be;
And when by Jordan's swelling tide,
O Lord, "remember me."

647 8s & 7s. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for Humility.

1 LET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly,
Humble all my swelling pride:
Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
Greatness from my eyes I'll hide.

2 I'll forbid my vain aspiring,
Nor at earthly honors aim,
No ambitious heights desiring,
Far above my humble claim.

3 Weaned from earth's delusive pleasures,
In thy love I'll seek for mine;
Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,
Earth I quietly resign.

4 Thus the transient world despising,
On the Lord my hopes rely;
Thus my joys from him arising,
Like himself, shall never die.

648 C. M. STEELE.

Prayer for quickening grace.

1 PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call—
To ask the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.

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

3 To heaven my restless heart aspires;
O for some quickening ray,
To animate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way!

4 While sin and Satan join their art
To keep me from my Lord,
O Savior, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

5 Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or spreads the fatal snare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms;
For safety must be there.

6 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend;
In thee I'm ever blest.

649 C. M. METH. COL

Prayer for grace in trial.

1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The heart to trust and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O, let our souls on thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Thy Holy Spirit's praying grace
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou the Father's love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
"I will not let thee go."

650 S. M. WESLEY

My Father bids me come.

1 MY Father bids me come,
O, why do I delay?
He calls the wandering spirit home,
And yet from him I stay!

2 Father, the hind'rance show,
Which I have failed to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me far from thee.

3 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying powers display;
Into its darkest corners shine—
Take every veil away.

4 In me the hind'rance lies;
The fatal bar remove,
And let me see, in sweet surprise,
Thy full redeeming love.

651 7s. ANON

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 PILGRIM, toiling on the road
To the city of the blest;
Sighing for thy soul's abode,
Sighing sadly for thy rest;
Many are thy griefs and cares,
Many trials thee befall;
Many conflicts, many snares—
Yet thy Savior knows them all.

2 Toiling onward, though oppressed,
Oft with sin, with doubt, with fear,
Toiling upward to thy rest,
What though clouds frown dark and drear?
What though sorrows dim thine eye?
What though tears unnumbered fall
When no earthly friend is nigh?
Christ, thy Savior, sees them all.

3 Pilgrim, toiling on, though faint,
Seeking grace thy cross to bear;
Pouring out thy soul's complaint
In the holy voice of prayer;
Doubt not that the heart divine
Moves with pity at thy call;
Precious are those prayers of thine—
Christ, thy Savior, hears them all.

652 S. M. C. WESLEY.

Prayer for self-consecration.

1 O GOD, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.

2 O for a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly!—

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer

4 Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my penitent spirit guide
To better worlds above.

653 L. M. KELLY.

Backsliding and returning.

1 O WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Savior's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away, though vile:
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

654 C. M. EPIS. COL.

Prayer for supplies of Grace.

1 THOU Fount of blessing, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thine all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we long to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 To thee our every wish aspires;
For all thy mercy's store,
The sole return thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open, Lord,
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:
Renew us by thy quickening word,
And from thy fulness fill.

655. C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

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

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

4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

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

656 11s. WEST. BAP. REV.

The Prayer-answering God.

1 I DWELL in a world where there's nothing my own,
Where the lightest event is beyond our control;
But to him who is Ruler, supreme and alone,
I humbly and gladly surrender the whole:
How pleasant 'mid changes and chances unthought,
On his wisdom and love to disburden our care,
And to know that the God who disposes our lot,
Is a God that will notice and answer our prayer.

2 There are those whom I love far away from me now,
And roaming through danger by shore and by sea,
And what were my feelings, my Father, if thou
Wert not what thou art to them and to me?
I cannot command the wild winds to be still;
I cannot compel the dark waves to forbear,
But One is above them who can and who will,
The God who still heareth and answereth my prayer.

3 Ah me! I look round me, and what are the smiles
And the looks that gave life all its zest and its soul,
Mortality claims them, and sternly reviles
Affection's vain struggle against her control:

I own it—I feel it—and humbled and awed,
I still dare to love them, all frail as they are,
For I know we are all in the hands of a God
Who pities our weakness and answers our prayer.

4 Then here be my resting-place—here will I sit,
Secure 'mid the changes of time and event,
For fate has no power but he may permit,
And the hand that must take is the same that has lent.
On his wisdom and goodness I calmly rely,
Whate'er he assigns me he can aid me to bear;
He knows what is good for me better than I,
And I trust will still hear me and answer my prayer.

657 L. M. BARBAULD.

Christian Affection.

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

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

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

658 C. M. BOWRING.

Holy Aspirations.

1 THE Savior now is gone before
To yon blest realms of light;
O, thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight.

2 Lord, make us to those joys aspire,
That spring from love to thee,
That pass the carnal heart's desire,
And faith alone can see.

3 To guide us to thy glories, Lord,
To lift us to the sky,
O, may thy Spirit still be poured
Upon us from on high.

659 C. M. WATTS.

Christian Harmony.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole!

3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

660 C. M. WATTS.

Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.

1 I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away:
O, let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

661 L. M. HART.

Power of Prayer.

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

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

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

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

5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray if thou can'st, or can'st not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on Christ—thou can'st not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known:
Fear not—his merit must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

662 7s. NEWTON.

Seeking a Blessing.

1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold;
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy—
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen,
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead,
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

663 C. M. MILLER'S COL.

The Throne of Grace.

1 DEAR Lord! to us assembled here,
Reveal thy smiling face,
While we by faith, with love and fear,
Approach thy throne of grace.

2 Thy house is called the house of prayer,
A solemn, sacred place:
O! let us now thy presence share,
While at the throne of grace.

3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race,
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before the throne of grace.

4 Our earnest, fervent cry attend,
And all our faith increase,
While we our heavenly Friend address
Upon a throne of grace.

5 His tender pity and his love
Our every fear shall chase,
And all our help we then shall prove
Comes from a throne of grace.

6 We bless thee for thy word and laws,
We bless thee for thy peace;
And we do bless thee, Lord, because
There is a throne of grace.

664 7s. NEWTON

Safely guided by Christ.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

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,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

365 7s. MILLER'S COL.

Prayer an Answer will obtain.

1 PRAY'R an answer will obtain,
Though the Lord awhile delay;
None shall seek his face in vain,
None be empty sent away.

2 When the woman came from Tyre,
And for help to Jesus sought;
Though he granted her desire,
Yet at first he answered not:

3 From his words she draws a plea;
Though unworthy children's bread,
"'Tis enough for one like me,
If with crumbs I may be fed."

4 Jesus then his heart revealed—
"Woman, canst thou thus believe?
I to thy petition yield,
All that thou cans't wish, receive."

5 'Tis a pattern set for us,
How we ought to wait and pray;
None who plead and wrestle thus
Shall be empty sent away.

666 7s. COWPER.

Resignation under Trials.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Savior's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befal,
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 be a castaway?

667 L. M. BATHURST

The gathered Company.

1 FEW are the hours when we can share
The comfort of united prayer;
In Jesus' name together meet,
And put the world beneath our feet.

2 Yet, Lord, thy goodness we adore,
Which now assembles us once more;
O may we here thy presence find,
And serve thee with a thankful mind.

3 Teach us, though in a world of sin,
Heaven's blest employment to begin,
To speak our great Redeemer's praise,
And love his name, and learn his ways.

668 7s. TURNER.

The happy Company.

1 LORD, 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer:
O, 'tis sweet with them to raise,
Songs of holy joy and praise.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here, thy pardoning grace is known;
Here, we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with prayer, and hymns of joy,
We the happy hours employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

669 C. M. U. P. M. HYMNS

If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.

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 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.

3 Upon the crystal pavement down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

670 C. M. STEELE.

Christ's presence invoked.

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

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

4 Dear Savior, let thy glories shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

671 L. M. KELLY.

Retirement in Prayer.

1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Savior! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

672 7s. STENNETT.

The pleasure of Religion.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

673 S. M. WATTS

Ingratitude deplored.

1 IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

OPENING A HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

674 L. M. PRESB. COL.

Church Dedicated.

1 AND will the great, eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Accept our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born for glory here.

675 7s. MONTGOMERY

The House of Prayer and Praise.

1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest—

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

676 C. M. DOBELL'S COL.

A Blessing sought.

1 GREAT Sov'reign of the earth and sky,
And Lord of all below,
Before thy glorious majesty
Ten thousand seraphs bow.

2 Yet thou art not confined above;
Thy presence knows no bound;
Where'er thy praying people meet,
There thou art always found.

3 Behold a temple raised for thee;
O, meet thy people here;
Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.

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

5 Here may salvation be proclaimed
By thy most precious blood;
Let sinners know the joyful sound,
And own their Savior, God.

677 C. M. J. R. SCOTT

Divine Blessing solicited.

1 TO thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God;
Accept it thine, and seal it now,
Thy Spirit's blest abode.

2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
O, may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice.

3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Savior's love,
And here his vows record.

4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.

5 Peace be within these sacred walls;
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near.

678 L. M. H. S. WASHBURN

The Divine Blessing implored.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy constant care
Hath been our sure support and stay,
And hither gladly we repair,
Our early sacrifice to pay.

2 Accept our vows: in humble trust
This house we consecrate to thee:
O, may thy promise to the just
Forever, Lord, our portion be.

3 And may that stream which maketh glad
The city of our God below,
Revive the drooping, cheer the sad,
As still its healing waters flow.

4 So let thy people here enjoy
The blessings which thy grace hath given
That they may hail, with purer joy,
The unseen, perfect bliss of heaven.

679 C. M. REED

The Spirit's presence desired.

1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
O, come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as a dove, and spread thy wings—
The wings of peaceful love—
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

5 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
O, come, great Spirit, come.

680 L. M. MONTGOMERY

A Blessing implored.

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee
O, choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place.
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

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

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest,
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone,
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

681 L. M. PRESB. COL

On opening a Place of Worship.

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 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

3 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.

4 Behold at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

682 7s & 6s. HEBER

Condition of the Heathen.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?

Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
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.

683 8s & 7s. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Missionaries charged.

1 ONWARD, onward, men of heaven:
Bear the gospel banner high:
Rest not till its light is given—
Star of every pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray:
Bid the hardy forest-ranger
Hail it ere he fades away.

2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow:
India marks its lustre stealing,
Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:

Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

684 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY

Encouraging Prospects.

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Savior, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

685 L. M. WINCHELL'S SEL

Missionaries encouraged.

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

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

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

686 7s & 6s. S. F. SMITH.

Success of the Gospel.

1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

687 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Zion encouraged.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands

2 Has thy night been long and mournful
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:

Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Savior will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

688 L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Zion encouraged.

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

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

689 C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for the Enlargement of the Church.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through every land,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Savior and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands;
Sing loud, with joyful voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

690 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY

Departure of Missionaries.

1 MEN of God, go take your stations,
Darkness reigns throughout the earth
Go próclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Savior's matchless worth.

2 Of his gospel not ashamed
As "the power of God to save,"
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave—
Blessed freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend,
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

691 C. M. MORELL

Missionaries commended to God.

1 FATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While these our brethren we commend
To thy paternal care.

2 Before them set an open door,
Their various efforts bless;
On them thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown them with success.

3 Endow them with a heavenly mind;
Supply their every need;
Make them in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold them by thy grace,
And guard them by thy mighty power,
Till they shall end their race.

5 Then, followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may they obtain
From their Redeemer's hands.

692 C. M. MORELL

Fidelity enjoined.

1 GO, and the Savior's grace proclaim,
Ye favored men of God;
Go, publish, through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 Go, with determined courage go,
And armed with power divine;
Your God will needful strength bestow,
And on your labors shine.

3 He who has called you to the war
Will soon reward your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car
Shall mountains sink to plains.

4 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause,
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes
Shall bow before his cross.

693 8s, 7s & 4. P. WILLIAMS

Desiring the spread of the Gospel.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night:
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer—never cease:
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around.

694 S. M. VOKE.

Missionaries encouraged.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Go, spread the Savior's name;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation, full and free,
To Adam's guilty race.

4 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success,
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

695 L. M. VOKE.

Missions to the Heathen.

1 BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive,
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

696 7s & 6s. NOEL'S COL.

Departure of Missionaries.

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.

2 Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to thy destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's deep shade no more.

3 O, thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm.

4 O, be thy presence with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
O, be they still with thee.

697 L. M. BURDER'S COL.

Divine Power supplicated.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
Now 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 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O, bring the tribes of Israel home:
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

698 8s, 7s & 4. S. F. SMITH.

The Missionary's Farewell.

1 YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well:
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy passing joys are lovely—
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home, indeed I love thee:
Can I, can I say, "Farewell?"
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows bear me:
Lovely, native land, farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Savior—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell;
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell,

699 C. M. W. WARD

Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.

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 O, 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 divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

700 8s, 7s & 4. T. COTTERILL.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
O'er the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine; thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wings:
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command,
Let the company of heralds
Spread thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them,
Always, to the end of time.

701 L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
O, bid the morning star arise;
O, point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice:
Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

702 C. M. BURDER'S COL.

Prayer for Christ's Victory.

1 JESUS, immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O, may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

703 L. M. MEDLEY

Fight for the Conquest.

1 HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the world the echo bounds
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 Hail, Jesus, all victorious Lord!
Be thou by all mankind adored!
For us didst thou the fight maintain,
And o'er our foes the victory gain,
That we, with thee, might ever reign
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

704 L. M. NOEL

Glad Tidings to the Heathen.

1 MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And warm with faith each bosom glow.

2 E'en now the hallowed scenes appear;
E'en now unfolds the promised year;
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace.

3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord! mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm and clear their view.

4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way.

705 7s. MARSDEN.

Spread of the Gospel.

1 GO, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Where the lofty minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

3 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppressed forever weep.

4 O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

5 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

6 Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all—
Christ, whose love is full and free.

706 7s & 6s. PRATT'S COL.

The Contest ended.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing,
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound.

707 7s & 6s. PRESB. COL

The Gospel Banner.

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 What though the embattled legions
  Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions,
  Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
  Immanuel, Prince of peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
  Thy empire still increase.

3 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.

708 L. M. WATTS

Magnitude of the Kingdom.

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 While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word,
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

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

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

709 L. M. MILLER'S COL

Deliverance of the Heathen.

1 MILLIONS there are on heathen ground
Who never heard the gospel sound;
Lord, send it forth and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the sun.

2 Guide thou their lips who stand to tell
Sinners the way that leads from hell;
To those who give, do thou impart,
A generous, wise, and tender heart.

3 Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
That in thy grace they all may share,
And those who now in darkness dwell,
Deliverance sing, from death and hell.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

1. MORNING HYMNS.

710 L. M. WATTS.

A Morning Hymn.

1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

711 6s & 5s. ANON

Praise to God.

1 THROUGH thy protecting care,
Kept till the dawning,
Taught to draw near in prayer,
Heed we the warning:
O thou great One in Three,
Gladly our souls would be
Evermore praising thee,
God of the morning.

2 God of our sleeping hours
Watch o'er us waking,
All our imperfect powers
In thine hands taking:
In us thy work fulfil,
Be with thy children still,
Those who obey thy will
Never forsaking.

712 C. M. WATTS

God's Goodness Acknowledged.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

713 L. M. KENN.

A Morning Invocation.

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 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I to thee my vows renew;
Dispel my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with true delight,
In thy sole glory may unite.

714 C. M. SAC. OFFERING

Grateful Acknowledgment.

1 AGAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
I rise to hail the dawn;
Again my waking eyes unclose,
To view the smiling morn.

2 Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing;
For thou hast safely kept
My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
And watched me while I slept.

3 Glory to thee, eternal Lord,
O teach my heart to pray,
And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
To guide me through the day.

4 Let every thought and word accord
With thy most holy will;
Each deed the precepts of thy word
With pious aim fulfil.

5 From danger, sin, and every ill,
My constant guardian prove;
O, sanctify my heart and fill
With thoughts of holy love.

715 7s. CH. PSALMODY

Gratitude and Supplication.

1 THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song:
Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh:
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

3 Thou hast kept me through the night;
'Twas thy hand restored the light:
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

4 Still my feet are prone to stray;
O, preserve me through the day:
Dangers everywhere abound,
Sins and snares beset me round.

5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

716 L. M. WATTS.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

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

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

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

717 C. M. STEELE

Gratitude and Supplication.

1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And woke from sweet repose.

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

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

718 7s. EPIS. COL

A Morning Prayer.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now is passed the early dawn:
Lord, we would be thine to-day:
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noonday clear;
Banish every doubt and fear:
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.

3 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us all at last;
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

II. EVENING HYMNS.

719 C. M. MILLER'S COL

The Evening Sacrifice.

1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening's sacrifice,
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Extort the cry, what must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?

5 I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.

6 I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee;
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity.

720 S. M. MILLER'S COL

Prayer for Safety.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

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

4 And if we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

721 L. M. WATTS

Evening Reflections.

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 break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

722 7s. EPIS. COL.

Communion with God.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

723 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praises to the Lord.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised:
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name!
While pleased and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

724 C. M. WATTS

Evening Devotion.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

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

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

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

725 L. M. STEELE

Evening Reflections.

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

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

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

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

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

726 8s & 7s. EDMESTON

Confidence in God's Protection.

1 SAVIOR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watches where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

727 S. M. CURTIS'S COL

Flight of Time.

1 ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.

2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

728 C. M. WATTS

God's Goodness acknowledged.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But, O, how few returns of love
Hath my Redeemer found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul?
Alas! my sins are multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.

5 Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,
Lord, to thy cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

729 L. M. KENN

Trusting God.

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

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

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious in the judgment day.

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

5 Lord, let my heart forever share
The bliss of thy parental care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above.
To see thy face and sing thy love.

730 C. M. PRESB. COL.

An Evening Song.

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

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

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

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

731 L. M. MRS. WILLARD

God's Protection on the Deep.

1 ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.

2 I know thou wilt not slight my call!
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!

4 In ocean caves still safe with thee,
The germs of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

732 L. M. BAP. COL.

The Hour of Rest.

1 SWEET evening hour! sweet evening hour!
That calms the air, and shuts the flower;
That brings the wild bee to its rest,
The infant to its mother's breast!

2 O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

3 Yes, lovely hour, thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

4 Then, trembling through the dewy skies,
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels, calm reclining there,
And gazing on the world of care.

5 Sweet hour, for heavenly musing made,
When Isaac walked, and Daniel prayed;
When Abraham's offering God did own,
And Jesus loved to be alone.

733 8s & 7s. ANON.

Trusting the Savior.

1 THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest,
Thro' the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our sleep molest:
Jesus now our Savior be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims thro' this world and strangers,
Toiling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
And our trust in thee repose;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

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734 L. M. WATTS

Alienation from the World desired.

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 Savior, 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.

735 L. M. HARRISON.

Temptation universal.

1 O COULD I find some peaceful bower,
Where sin has neither place nor power;
This traitor vile I fain would shun,
But cannot from its presence run.

2 When to the throne of grace I flee,
It stands between my God and me;
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
I feel it working in my breast.

3 When I attempt to soar above,
To view the heights of Jesus' love,
This monster seems to mount the skies
And vail his glory from my eyes.

4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,
Which keeps my faith and hope so low;
I long to dwell in heaven my home,
Where not one sinful thought can come.

736 8s & 7s. WESLEY

Aid in Temptation.

1 FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore.
Suffering Son of man be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain,
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below,
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe—
When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

3 By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, satanic hour,
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat I pray,
Write upon my heart thy pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

4 By the travail of thy Spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs remember me.
By thy death, my heart assuring,
Lord, my dying soul befriend,
Make me patient and enduring,
Make me faithful to the end.

737 8s, 7s & 4. FAWCETT

The oppressed Soul.

1 O my soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay:
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God:
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

738 C. M. BOURNE'S COL.

The Heart-offering.

1 WELCOME, O Savior! to my heart;
Possess thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake—
To thee, I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And fill with love divine.

3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide—
I give it all to thee.

739 C. M. LEIFCHILD'S COL

Following the Savior.

1 MY Savior, can I follow thee,
When all is dark before?
While midnight rests upon the sea,
How can I reach the shore?

2 Oh, let thy star of love but shine,
Though with the faintest ray;
'T will gild with light the foaming brine,
And light my stormy way.

3 Then gladly will I follow thee,
Though hurricanes appear;
Singing with rapture o'er the sea;
"What can I have to fear?"

740 C. M. BACON.

Departing Day.

1 HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care!
And look, my soul, from earth away,
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace,
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.

3 How sweet, through long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall;
And, press'd with wants, and griefs, and fears,
To trust his love for all.

4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky.
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even,
Retire to glorious rest.

741 C. M. BRADLEY.

Help, or I perish.

1 JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When vailed in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

4 Didst thou regard thy servant's cry,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord—oh save my soul,
For thou alone canst save.

742 8s. PRESB. COL.

Prayer in Despondency.

1 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
O'erwhelmed and cast out from thy sight,
The tempter suggests in that hour,
The Lord has forgotten me quite,
My God will be gracious no more.

3 Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I.
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower:
O gladden my desolate heart;
Let this be the day of thy power.

743 7s. PRESB. COL.

Vicissitudes.

1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move:
Then my Savior 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 renew,
Now I feel the stormy hour:
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Savior, 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.

744 C. M. WATTS.

Seeking God.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

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

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

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745 7s. SAC. LYRICS

Thanksgiving.

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey—
Never feel oppression's rod—
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

746 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Year crowned with Goodness.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Thy praise may well our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to vail the skies.

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

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a dreary aspect wear.

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

747 8s & 7s. CROSSE

The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.

1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with true devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.

2 Health and every needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne.

3 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favored nation
May those mercies ever last.

748 S. M. E. SCOTT.

The Sacrifice of Gratitude.

1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own;
We praise thy providential care,
That showers its blessings down.

2 With joy thy people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.

3 O, may this sacrifice,
While at thy feet we bend,
An odor of a sweet perfume,
To thee, the Lord, ascend.

4 Well pleased our God will view
The products of his grace;
With endless life will he fulfil
His kindest promises.

749 C. M. RIPPON'S COL

Judgment for National sins deprecated.

1 ALMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord;
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not yield to fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

750 7s. BARBAULD.

Bounty through the Seasons.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores—

3 These, to that dear source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4 Lord, to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful, never-ending praise:
And, when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

751 C. M. HART.

Public Humiliation.

1 LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.

2 O, may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne,
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's and our own.

3 And should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod—
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

752 C. M. WATTS

Relief from national Judgments implored.

1 LORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land
Behold thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?

2 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
O, heal the people thou hast broke,
And spare our guilty land.

3 Then shall our loud and grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God,
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

753 L. M. DYER

Public Humiliation.

1 GREAT Maker of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power.

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense the repentant sigh.

4 O may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her Friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

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754 6s & 4s. S. F. SMITH.

Hymn for the national Anniversary.

1 AUSPICIOUS morning, hail!
Voices from hill and vale
Thy welcome sing:
Joy on thy dawning breaks;
Each heart that joy partakes,
While cheerful music wakes,
Its praise to bring.

2 When on the tyrant's rod
Our patriot fathers trod,
And dared be free,
'Twas not in burning zeal,
Firm nerves, and hearts of steel
Our country's joy to seal,
But, Lord, in thee.

3 Thou, as a shield of power,
In battle's awful hour,
Didst round us stand;

Our hopes were in thy throne;
Strong in thy might alone,
By thee our banners shone,
God of our land.

4 Long o'er our native hills,
Long by our shaded rills,
May freedom rest;
Long may our shores have peace,
Our flag grace every breeze,
Our ships the distant seas,
From east to west.

5 Peace on this day abide,
From morn till even-tide;
Wake tuneful song;
Melodious accents raise;
Let every heart, with praise,
Bring high and grateful lays,
Rich, full, and strong.

755 6s & 4s. S. F. SMITH

National Hymn.

1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom s song.
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

156 L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for national Gratitude and Holiness.

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

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

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

757 C. M. WREFORD

Prayer for our Country.

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O, hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most.

2 O, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and vallevs shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

758 L. M. PRESB. COL.

God acknowledged in national Blessings.

1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

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

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our father's steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

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

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our Guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

759 C. M. ANON.

God's Kindness to our Forefathers.

1 TO him from whom our blessings flow,
Who all our wants supplies,
This day the choral song and vow
From grateful hearts shall rise.

2 'Twas he who led the pilgrim band
Across the stormy sea;
'Twas he who stayed the tyrant's hand,
And set our country free.

3 When shivering on a strand unknown,
In sickness and distress,
Our father's looked to God alone,
To save, protect, and bless.

4 Be thou our nation's strength and shield,
In manhood as in youth;
Thine arm for our protection wield,
And guide us by thy truth.

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760 C. M. ANON.

Reflections at the end of the Year.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone.
Nor will return again:
And swift my passing moments run—
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

761 L. M. DODDRIDGE

The Flight of Time.

1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant time his being draw;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea—
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Upon the rapid streams are borne
Swift on to their eternal home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

762 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of each revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day
When all that mortal life hath done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift-revolving year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Awake, O God, my careless heart
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies.

763 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

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

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

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

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

764 7s. NEWTON.

New Year's Day.

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 winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Savior's love:
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

765 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

766 5s & 12s. C. WESLEY

The New Year.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone,
The milennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 O that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do;"
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

767 C. M. NEWTON

New Year—Prayer for a Blessing.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear.
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

768 C. M. WATTS.

Trusting God in old Age.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

4 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

769 8s & 7s. GREVILLE.

Shortness of Time.

1 TRANSIENT as the hues of morning,
Earthly joys like shadows pass;
Forms, the brightest life adorning
Fade and wither like the grass.
O may we, our fetters breaking,
Cling no more to things below,
But to heavenly visions waking,
More abiding glory know.

2 O how swift the moments flying,
Bear us on their wings away!
Jesus, in the hour of dying,
Be thy trembling servants' stay.
When they call, O Savior, hear them;
Answer them in peace and love:
In the darkest shade be near them,
Guide them to the throne above.

770 C. M. STEELE

Time and Eternity.

1 HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our heart and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

2 These transient scenes will soon decay;
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will the brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

5 There joys unseen to mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim:
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

771 L. M. MEDLEY

For New-year's Day.

1 LORD, we are spared, and yet are found,
In thy own house, on praying ground;
Many are gone who near us stood—
Gone to the awful bar of God.

2 We'll think of time's uncertain date,
Consider our eternal state;
We'll think of our immortal soul,
Ere Jordan's waves around us roll.

3 Now soon in heaven, or soon in hell,
We shall with God or Satan dwell;

O may we, with intense desire,
To Christ, and grace, and heaven aspire.

Thus if, our pious race begun,
We in Jehovah's strength go on,
We need nor life nor death to fear,
'T will be to us a happy year.

772 C. M. PRESB. (

Inconstancy lamented.

1 ETERNAL source of light and grac
We hail thy sacred name;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours;
Sure as the heavens' established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew,
False as the morning's fleeting cloud,
And transient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move,
And with increasing transports press
On to thy courts above.

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

773 S. M. WATTS.

Man hastening to the Grave.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas! 'twas brittle clay
That formed our body first;
And every month, and every day
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace;
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea
We soon shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

774 7s & 6s. J. BURTON

Life a Winter's Day.

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

775 S. M. DODDRIDGE

Reflections on past Generations.

1 OUR fathers! where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares
Their wealth and honor, gone!

2 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

776 C. H. M. JANE TAYLOR.

What is your Life?

1 O WHAT is life?—'tis like a flower
That blossoms and is gone;
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on:
Death comes, and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

2 O, what is life?—'tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky:
We love to see its colors glow;
But while we look, they die:
Life fails as soon:—to-day 'tis here;
To-morrow it may disappear.

3 Lord, what is life?—if spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care:
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

777 C. M. J. Q. ADAMS

Swiftness of Time.

1 HOW swift, alas! the moments fly!
How rush the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by—
The burden of a song.

2 See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
And age, with furrowed brow;
Time was—time shall be—but, alas!
Where, where in time is now?

3 Time is the measure but of change,
No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of time's unceasing round.

4 Where, then, is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.

5 Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and fears
On time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean.

6 To God let grateful accents rise;
With truth, with virtue, live;
So all the bliss that time denies,
Eternity shall give.

778 C. M. WATTS.

Brevity and Frailty of Life.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

779 L. M. MONTGOMERY

Lapse of Time.

1 AT every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death,
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

2 A moment ushered us to birth,
Heirs of the commonwealth of earth;
Moment by moment, years are past,
And one ere long will be our last.

3 'Twixt that, long fled, which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.

4 *This* is that moment—who shall tell
Whether it leads to heaven or hell?
This is that moment—as we choose,
Th' immortal soul we save or lose.

5 Time past and time to come are not,
Time present is our only lot;
O God, henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than thine!

780 L. M. SPIR. OF PS

Brevity of Life.

1 ERE mountains reared their forms sublime
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

781 C. M. WATTS.

Life short, and Man frail.

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;
How short the fleeting time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 What can 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 desire recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

782 C. M. TAYLOR

Approach of Eternity.

1 HOW long, sometimes, a day appears!
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move on slow, as if the years
Would never pass away.

2 But even years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

3 Days, months, and years must have an end,
Eternity has none;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.

4 Great God! a creature cannot tell
How such a thing can be,
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

783 C. M. WATTS.

Time the period to prepare for Eternity.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath, that first it gave.
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

4 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet, how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

784 C. P. M. GREEN.

Eternal Bliss or Woe.

1 MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly—
Unthinking man, remember this,
Thou, 'midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die!

3 But shall my soul be then extinct,
And cease to be, or cease to think?
Great God! it cannot be;
Thou! my immortal, cannot die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

4 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast ethereal blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

785 7s & 6s. S. F. SMITH

The Stream of Life.

1 AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hastening to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us—
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us;
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware! lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament forever
The ruin of thy soul.

786 C. M. BAP. COL.

Fleeting Time.

1 SWIFT as the arrow cuts its way
Through the soft yielding air;
Or as the sun's more subtle ray,
Or lightning's sudden glare;

2 Or as an eagle to the prey,
Or shuttle through the loom,
So haste our fleeting lives away,
So pass we to the tomb!

3 Like airy bubbles, lo! we rise,
And dance upon life's stream;
Till soon the air that caused, destroys
Th' attenuated frame.

4 Down the swift stream we glide apace,
And carry death within;
Then break, and scarcely leave a trace,
To show that we have been.

5 The man, the wisest of our kind,
Who length of days had seen,
To birth and death a time assigned,
But none to life between—

6 Yet O! what consequences close
This transient state below!
Eternal joys: or, losing those,
Interminable woe!

787 8s & 6s. BAP. COL.

Earthly Enjoyments transient.

1 O HOW cheating, O how fleeting
Is our earthly being,
'Tis a mist in wintry weather,
Gathered in an hour together,
And as soon dispersed forever.

2 O how cheating, O how fleeting
Are our days departing!
Like a deep and headlong river,
Flowing onward, flowing ever,
Tarrying not, and stopping never.

3 O how cheating, O how fleeting
Are the world's enjoyments;
All the hues of change they borrow,
Bright to-day and dark to-morrow,
Mingled lot of joy and sorrow.

4 O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all earthly beauty!
Like a summer flow'ret flowing,
Scattered by the breezes, blowing
O'er the bed on which 'twas growing.

5 O how cheating, O how fleeting,
All, yes! all that's earthly!
Every thing is fading, flying,
Man is mortal, earth is dying,
Christian! live, on heaven relying.

788 8s & 7s. BAP. COL

Flight to the World of Joy.

1 WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapor,
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is but a dying taper,
O, my soul, why wish to stay!
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the King of saints.
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praise resounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go, and share his people's glory,
'Midst the ransomed crowd appear;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

MEETING AND PARTING.

789 7s. BAP. COM.

When shall we Meet?

1 WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the burning sky
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

790 S. M. FAWCETT.

Christian Fellowship.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 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.

791 7s. NEWTON.

Parting of Christians.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

792 6s & 5s. SEL. HYMNS

Reunion in Heaven.

1 WHEN shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Savior;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes:
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

793 L. M. BAP. COM.

The Parting Hand.

1 MY Christian friends, in bonds of love,
Whose hearts in sweetest union prove;
Your friendship 's like a drawing band;
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your company's sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to mine ear;
Yet when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray!
How loth we are to leave the place,
Where Jesus shows his smiling face!

4 O, could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

5 And, since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

6 My youthful friends in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on; we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.

7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts in love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes,
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O, trust his grace! in Canaan's land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

9 And now, my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And, if on earth we meet no more,
O, may we meet on Canaan's shore.

10 I hope you'll all remember me;
If you on earth no more I see,
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

11 O, glorious day! O, blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When on that happy, happy land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

794 C. M. SUTTON.

The Christian's Hope.

1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds,
To harmony divine.

MEETING AND PARTING.

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
  Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past.
  We all shall meet in heaven:
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
  We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope when days and years are past,
  We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
  Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
  Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
  Which Jesus' grace has given, etc.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand
  From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
  We hope to meet again;
It is the hope, the blissful hope
  Which Jesus' grace has given, etc.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh
  Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
  And love immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
  Which Jesus grace has given etc.

795 9s & 6s DYER'S Ps

Christian Exultation.

1 COME away to the skies—
  My beloved, arise!

And rejoice in the day thou wert born;
On this festival day
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return

2 We have laid up our love,
With our treasure, above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of the Lord—
We remember his word,
And, with singing, to Paradise go.

3 For thy glory we were
First created to share
Both thy nature and kingdom divine:
Now created again,
That our souls may remain,
Both in time and eternity, thine.

4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which has joined us in Christ's precious name
So united in heart
That we never can part—
We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb

5 There, O! there, at his feet,
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted, in body, no more;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Savior, in glory, adore.

6 "Hallelujah!"—we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain,
"Hallelujah!"—again—
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

TRIALS.

AFFLICTIONS AND SICKNESS.

796 C. M. MONTGOMERY

An Afterthought of the Afflicted.

1 I CANNOT call affliction sweet;
And yet 'twas good to bear:
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

2 My wearied soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will:
O had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

3 Where are the vows which then I vowed?
The joys which then I knew?
Those vanished like the morning cloud;
These, like the early dew.

4 Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me."

797 C. M. RAFFLES.

A submissive and docile Spirit.

1 THOU boundless Source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil;
We would adore thy wondrous grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.

3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

4 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind—
A mind at peace with thee.

5 Do thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

6 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Without a fear or care;
For death is life, and labor rest,
If thou art with us there.

798 L. M. FAWCETT

"As thy Day so shall thy Strength be."

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

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

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

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

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

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

799 L. M. MEDLEY

Knowing God.

1 LET me, thou sovereign Lord of all,
Low at thy footstool humbly fall;
And while I feel affliction's rod,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

2 When or wherever thou shalt smite,
I'll own thee kind, I'll own thee right;
And underneath the heaviest load
Be still, and know that thou art God.

3 Dost thou my my earthly comforts slay,
And take beloved ones away?
Yet will my soul revere the rod,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

4 Let me not murmur, nor repine,
Under those trying strokes of thine;
But while I walk the mournful road,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

5 Still let this truth support my mind,
Thou canst not err, nor be unkind;
And thus may I improve the rod,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

800 L. M. KELLY.

Poor and Afflicted.

1 POOR and afflicted, Lord are thine,
Among the great unfit to shine;
But though the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.

2 Poor and afflicted. Yes they are;
They're not exempt from grief and care:
But he who saved them by his blood,
Makes every sorrow yield them good.

3 Poor and afflicted. 'Tis their lot;
They know it, and they murmur not:
'Twould ill become them to refuse,
The state their master deigned to choose.

4 Poor and afflicted. Yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King:
Through suff'ring perfect. Now he reigns,
And shares in all their griefs and pains.

5 Poor and afflicted. But ere long,
They'll join the bright celestial throng:
Their suff'rings then will reach a close,
And heaven afford them sweet repose.

6 And while they walk the thorny way,
They're often heard to sigh and say;
"Dear Savior, come, O quickly come!
And take thy mourning pilgrims home."

801 C. M. BEDDOME.

Submission in Trials.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though all the world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

802 7s. ANON.

Holy Contentment.

1 LORD, my times are in thy hand:
All my fondest hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

2 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live:
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

3 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot;
Anxious, busy cares, away;
I'm provided for to-day.

4 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

803 C. M. HEGINBOTHAM

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each phantom pleasure flies;
Vain hopes of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.

2 The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust.
Nature shall faint; but learn, my soul,
On nature's God to trust.

3 The man whose pious heart is fixed
Securely on his God,
In every frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chastening rod.

4 Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heaven his soul relies;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

804 C. M. TOPLADY

Sweetness of Submission.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away—

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above—

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own—

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of his grace
For all things to depend—

5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee!

805 C. M. STEELE

Comfort in God.

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

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

806 C. M. EDMESTON

Asking Mercy in Affliction.

1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here.

2 O, grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's alluring gain
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though thou bow my spirit low
Love only shall I see;
The very hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

807 C. M. STEELE

Prayer for Submission.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
They sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

808 C. M. HAWEIS.

"*Lord, remember me.*"

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2 When, with an aching, burdened heart,
I seek relief of thee,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
O Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day;
O Lord, remember me.

4 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame;
O Lord, remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me.

6 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath—
O Lord, remember me.

7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

809 L. M. PRESB. COL

Casting our care upon the Lord.

1 WHEN struggling on the bed of pain,
And earth and all its joys are vain,
How sweet, my God, to know thy power
Sustains me in this trying hour!

2 How rich and precious sounds that love
That tells of rest and joys above,
And lulls my troubled heart to rest
Upon my blessed Savior's breast.

3 There still, while life's warm currents rush,
My soul would all her sorrows hush,
Nor ever yield to dark despair,
For light and life, and peace are there,

4 Helper and Hope thou ever art,
To heal the wounded, broken heart;
O let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And bid my broken bones rejoice.

5 Then shall my cheerful, grateful tongue
In rapturous strains thy praise prolong;
My ransomed soul adore thy grace,
And swifter run the heavenly race.

810 C. M. PRESB. COL.

Submission under various Ills of Life.

1 THROUGH all the downward tracks of time,
God's watchful eye surveys;
O who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind;
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

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

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

811 C. M. PRESB. COL

Trusting in God in Affliction.

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A sad inheritance.

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upward borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more,
Than what my Father please.

812 C. M. PRESB. COL.

Submission and Hope of Heaven.

1 SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand,
In every chastening stroke;
And while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.

2 To thee in my distress I cried,
And thou hast bowed thine ear;
Thy powerful word my life prolonged,
And brought salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our laboring breath;
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

5 My God, in thine appointed hour,
Those heavenly gates display,
Where pain and sin, and fear and death,
Forever flee away.

813 C. M. ANON

Nearer home.

1 SWEETLY one solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day,
Than ever I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
To lay this burden down:
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But darkly rolling through
The shadowy vale I pass,
That fearful stream I view,
My trembling soul must cross.

5 Savior, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my eye of faith—
Give to feel as I would,
On the cold shore of death.

814 C. M. PRESB. COL

It is well.

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.

815 C. M. HAWEIS

Submission.

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

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

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

4 Then give, O Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name:
Jesus, to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

816 S. M. SAC. SONGS

Affliction blessed.

1 HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confido;
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

817 8s. REED.

Confidence in God.

1 THE thoughts of my heart, they are known,
All known to the Guide of my youth,
He never will leave me alone
To question his love or his truth.

2 Till now he has prospered my course,
And greatly exceeded my prayer,
And still is the blessed resource
To which I may ever repair.

3 Our lives and our times are with him
Who sees from the first to the last;
He raises my cup to the brim,
Or empties my vessel as fast.

4 His purpose and love are the same,
Whatever the changes I find,
A trifle may alter my frame,
But nothing unsettles his mind.

818 8s. REED

The same.

1 ENCOURAGE my heart with thy smile,
My ever-unchangeable Friend;
Each season of darkness beguile,
And let me exult in the end.

2 'Tis better to suffer and die
Beneath thy compassionate rod,
Than feel my enjoyments run high,
But never have thee for my God.

3 I would not contend with thy will,
Whatever that will may decree;
But O, may each trial I feel
Unite me more firmly to thee.

819 8s. SEARLS

The Promise of God sure.

1 HOW sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near!
The soul that can trust thee is blest;
Thy smiles bring my freedom from fear.

2 The Lord has in kindness declared
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.

3 This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.

4 O Savior, the promise fulfil;
Its comfort impart to my mind;
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resigned.

820 8s. BATH. COL.

Our Salvation in Trouble.

1 O THOU whose compassionate care
Forbids my fond heart to complain,
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.

2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!

3 A tender physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.

4 O, let this correction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

821 L. M NORTON

Trust and Submission.

1 MY God, I thank thee: may no thought
E'er deem a Father's hand severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay:
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
Let humble faith adore thy will.

822 C. M. WATTS

Benefit of Affliction.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Affliction made me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

4 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

823 L. M. NEWTON

Encouragement to trust in God.

1 BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a Guide?

3 When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befal,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 He who has helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.

6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

824 L. M. Bap. Col.

"Come to me."

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, oppress'd
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 When nature shudders, loth 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."

4 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."

5 O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

825 L. M. MADAME GUION

Contentment in Sorrows.

1 IF life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it; I am well content;
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfil
In life, in death, thy perfect will;
No succors in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered: let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care:
'Tis thine to number out our days:
'Tis ours to give them to thy praise.

4 Faith is our only business here—
Faith simple, constant, and sincere;
O blessed days thy servants see!
Thus spent, O Lord! in pleasing thee.

826 C. M. MOORE

The Mourner's Consolation.

1 O THOU, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too;

4 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wings of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

5 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

827 C. M. BAP. COL.

"'Tis I; be not afraid."

1 WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismay'd;
I hear a voice I know full well—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquilize each fear—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be cross'd;
Savior, be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is toss'd—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

828 C. M. GALLAUDET

Help alone in Jesus.

1 JESUS, in sickness and in pain,
Be near to succor me,
My sinking spirit still sustain;
To thee I turn, to thee.

2 When cares and sorrows thicken round,
And nothing bright I see,
In thee alone can help be found;
To thee I turn, to thee.

3 Should strong temptations fierce assail,
As if to ruin me,
Then in thy strength will I prevail,
While still I turn to thee.

4 Through all my pilgrimage below,
Whate'er my lot may be,
In joy or sadness, weal or woe,
Jesus, I'll turn to thee.

829 S. M. BAP. COL.

Trust in Jesus.

1 MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Savior, I recline,
Thou wilt not lead 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.

830 7s. BAP. COL.

Consolation in Sickness.

1 O, HOW soft that bed must be,
Made in sickness, Lord, by thee;
And that rest, how calm, how sweet,
Where Jesus and the sufferer meet.

2 It was the good Physician now,
Soothed thy cheek, and chafed thy brow,
Whispering, as he raised thy head—
"It is I; be not afraid."

3 God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, thy dwelling-place;
Hear, in mercy, and forgive,
Bid thy child believe and live.

4 Bless me, and I shall be blest,
Soothe me, and I shall have rest
Fix my heart, my hopes, above;
Love me, Lord, for thou art love.

831 7s & 6s. BAP. COL.

Refuge in the Cross.

1 WHEN human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply,
Then whither, Lord, ah! whither
Can turn my straining eye?
'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
That cross where thou didst suffer,
On Calvary was display'd.

2 On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make;
Though sorely thou may'st chasten,
Thou never canst forsake.
Thou, on that cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned thy head;
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

832 8s & 7s. BAP COL.

A Home among the Blessed.

1 I AM weary, I am weary
Of the cares and toils of life;
I am weary of its sorrows;
I am weary of its strife;
I am weary of its flowers.
That bloom so soon to die;
And the immortal spirit pineth
For its home beyond the sky.

2 I am weary of the trifles
That occupy my days;
I am weary of the longing
For human love and praise;
I am weary of these passions
Turning constantly to earth,
And my spirit pants for freedom
From its idle joy and mirth.

3 I have seen the flowers wither;
I have seen the loved ones die;
I have seen the clouds of sorrow
Overcast youth's summer sky;
I am pining, I am pining
For my home among the blest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

833 C. M. BEDDOME.

"I will be their God."

1 IF God is mine, then present things,
And things to come, are mine;
Yea, Christ, his Word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

2 If he is mine, then, from his love
He every trouble sends:
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.

4 If he is mine, let friends forsake—
Let wealth and honors flee—
Sure he who giveth me himself
Is more than these to me.

5 If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He is a solid comfort when
All other comforts fail.

6 O tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live
When all the streams are dried.

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834 C. M. DR. COLLYER.

The solemn Hour.

1 THAT solemn hour will surely come,
Nor distant is the day,
When in the shadows of the tomb
This life shall fade away.

2 The cup of trembling in my hand,
My fearful soul must drink,
And wavering, hoping, shivering, stand
On life's alarming brink.

3 Amid the anguish and the strife
That shrinking nature fears,
Look gently down, great Source of life,
And dry death's starting tears!

835 7s & 6s. RIP. COL

Anticipation of Death and Glory.

1 AH! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away;
But, on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day—
The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown—
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.

2 He once, a spotless victim
Upon Mount Calvary bled;
Jehovah did afflict him
And bruise him in my stead:
Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am;
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atoning Lamb.

3 To him by grace united
I joy in him alone;
And now, by faith delighted,
Behold him on his throne.
There he is interceding
For all who on him rest,
The grace from him proceeding
Shall waft me to his breast.

4 Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chant my blissful story
In high seraphic lays.
Free grace, redeeming merit,
And sanctifying love,
Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
Shall charm the courts above.

836 8s & 3s. BAP. COL.

The Christian's Trials end in Death.

1 WHAT'S this that steals upon my frame?
Is it death?
That soon will quench this vital flame
Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall my Lord in glory see—
All is well!

2 Weep not, my friends, weep not for me,
All is well;
My sins are pardoned, I am free;
All is well.
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Savior from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies—
All is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps ye saintly throng,
All is well;
I will the joyful notes prolong,
All is well.
Bright angels have from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home—
All is well.

4 Hark, hark, my Lord and Master calls,
All is well;
His radiant light around me falls,
All is well.
Farewell dear friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you—
My glitt'ring crown appears in view;
All is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail ye blood-washed throng,
Saved by grace.
I've come to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
All heaven and glory now are mine;
Oh, Hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well!

837 L. M. WATTS.

Death disarmed.

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

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

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

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

838 L. M. MACKAY

Asleep in Jesus.

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 has lost his venomed sting!

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

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

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

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

839 L. M. BARBAULD

Blessedness of the Righteous in Death.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves 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 aronnd,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And nought disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

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

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

840 C. M. WATTS

Death of Christian Friends.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

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

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

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

841 C. M. HEBER

Solemn Warning.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay;
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come

5 Then, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

6 Turn, mortal, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

842 C. M. BAP. COL.

"Thy Will be done."

1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own:
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest:
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow—
God has recalled his own;
And let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

843 C. M. BAP. COL.

Faith of the Dying.

1 THE world eludes my fond desire,
And memory mocks my pain;
But while the scenes of sense retire,
The joys of faith remain.

2 Jesus, my constant friend thou art,
My constant Savior thou:
O, fill this lorn and lonely heart
With thy pure presence now!

3 Thy steps have long enchanted earth,
And now from earth to die,
Were but the pang that marked my birth,
To thine own home on high.

4 If bright the world where thou canst deign,
Though vailed, to visit me:
If glows the temple with thy train,
What must the holiest be?

844 S. M. WATTS.

Hope of the Resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 There lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 O Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till strains of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

845 S. H. M. MONTGOMERY

Friends separated by Death.

1 FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

846 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Better to be with Christ.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scenes on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And faints my much-loved Lord to see,
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home,
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne;
Source of my joys and of your own.

4 That blissful interview, how sweet,
To fall transported at his feet!
Raised in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace.

5 Yet with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight,
For while thy service we pursue,
We find a heaven in all we do.

847 8s & 7s. COLLYER.

Comfort in the Death of the Christian.

1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There, no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

848 13s & 11s. HEBER.

Farewell to a Friend departed.

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Savior has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Savior hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Savior hath died.

849 8s. COWPER.

Longing to be with Christ.

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim up,
And waft me away to his throne.
My Savior, whom, absent, I love—
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power—

2 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

3 O then shall the vail be removed!
And round me thy brightness be poured
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.
And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

850 L. M. COTTLE

Sleeping in Jesus.

1 TO sleep in Jesus rapturous thought,
To close in peace our mortal days,
Safe to the heavenly Canaan brought,
To join the anthems angels raise!

2 To sleep in Jesus! what delight!
Increasing still, and ever new;
To mingle with the saints in light,
And be as pure and happy too!

3 To fear no pain, to know no care;
No sin nor frailty to molest;
And on each glorious object there,
To see eternity impress'd.

4 Ere long will death unclose my chains,
And bid me, Jesus, sleep in thee:
The happiest hour that time retains,
Is that which sets the spirit free.

851 C. M. WATTS.

God's Presence makes Death easy.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Redeemer bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die, as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promisd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And welcome the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

852 S. M. CH. PSALMODY

The peaceful Death of the Righteous.

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 Savior 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.

5 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

853 C. M. WATTS.

Victory over Death.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing—
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

854 S. M. LUTH. COL.

Resurrection and Judgment.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb ?—
With triumph, or regret ?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet ?

4 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Savior dwell ;
Must come, at his command. to heaven,
Or else depart—to hell.

5 O Thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die—
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery.

6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

855 C. M. WATTS

Looking from Earth to Heaven.

1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home ;
Why do my days so sluggish move,
Nor my salvation come ?

2 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade ;
The righteous Judge, at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will guard me safe
From every ill design,
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

4 God is my everlasting aid,
My portion and my friend;
To him be highest glory paid,
Through ages without end.

856 L. M. WARDLAW'S COL.

The Passage to Eternity.

1 BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my soul, this doom thine own:
Feeble as theirs, my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.

3 And must I, from the cheerful light,
Pass to the grave's perpetual night—
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass?

4 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose, in this, each mortal care;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

857 C. M. PRESB. COL.

Death dreadful without Preparation.

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those who have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 He is a God of sovereign love,
Who promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be

4 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

858 C. M. BATH COL

Prayer for strong Faith.

O 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,
Will 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 seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

PROPHETIC EVENTS.

I. THE RETURN OF THE JEWS.

859 S. M. C. Wesley

Prayer for Israel.

1 LORD, send thy servants forth
To call the Hebrews home;
From east and west, from south and north
Let all the wanderers come.

2 Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

3 An offering to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
And washed with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.

5 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the promises fulfilled—
Thy family complete.

860 11s & 10s. T. HASTINGS.

Hail to the Brightness.

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.

861 C. M. MOORE.

Judah's glorious Day

1 BUT who shall see the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which binds the nations now?

2 When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie—
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

3 Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.

4 The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

862 C. M. MONTGOMERY

Returning to Zion.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake; put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,"
And, "Keep not back, O north."

4 They come! they come! thine exalted bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

863 11s. ANON

The Church victorious.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more:
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

864 L. M. PRESB. COL.

Prayer for the Jews.

1 ARISE, great God, and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;

Restore the long-lost, scattered band,
And call them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;
O, God of Israel, hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Say, shall thy wrath forever burn?
And shall thy mercy ne'er return?

4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

865 L. M. PRESB. COL

Prayer for the Jews.

1 FATHER of faithful Abraham, hear
Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed;
Justly they claim the tenderest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead.

2 Outcast from thee, and scattered wide
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
Forever cast thine own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On him they pierced, and weep and pray?

4 Come then, thou great Deliverer, come:
The vail from Jacob's heart remove;
O, bring thine ancient people home,
And let them know thy dying love.

866 L. M. PRESB. COL.

Prayer for the Jews.

1 DISOWNED of heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground,
O, why should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around?

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

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

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

867 7s & 6s. LYTE.

The Salvation of Israel.

1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the vail of error;
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

868 L. M. ANON

Prayer for Israel.

1 O THOU, who once on Israel's ground
A homeless wanderer wast found—
Redeemer, on thy heavenly throne,
Still call those ancient tribes thine own.

2 Bid their departed light return;
Thy holy splendor round them burn;
From prostrate Judah's ruins raise
A living temple to thy praise.

869 C. M. W. B. TAPPAN

Israel redeemed.

1 HARK! 'tis the prophet of the skies
Proclaims redemption near:
The night of death and bondage flies;
The dawning tints appear.

2 Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
Awakes to glorious day;
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,
Her shadows flee away.

3 To heal her wounds, her night dispel,
The heralds cross the main;
On Calvary's mournful brow they tell
That Jesus lives again.

4 From Salem's towers the Islam sign
With holy zeal is hurled;
'Tis there Immanuel's symbols shine:
His banner is unfurled.

5 The gladdening news, conveyed afar,
Remotest nations hear;
To welcome Judah's rising star,
The ransomed tribes appear.

6 Again in Bethl'em swells the song;
The choral breaks again;
While Jordan's shores the strains prolong
"Good-will and peace to men."

PROPHETIC EVENTS.

II. SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

870 8s & 7s. EPIS. COL

Christ welcomed as a Savior.

1 HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us:
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
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.

871 C. M. WATTS.

Effects of the Mission of Christ.

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

2 Joy to the earth! the Savior 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.

872 C. M. WATTS.

Christ's first and second Coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

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

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

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

873 6s & 4s. KINGSBURY

Christ's final Triumph.

1 LET us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature, sing;
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame;

What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore;
Praise him, now raised in power;
Praise him forevermore,
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come,
While they who pierced him wail,
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Savior, come.

874 8s & 7s. KELLY

Christ the Lamb enthroned and worshipped.

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

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

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

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

875 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY

Coronation of the King of Kings.

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 Savior, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings;
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Savior King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Savior'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;
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

876 C. M. DUNCAN

The spiritual Coronation.

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

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

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

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

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

877 7s. BOWRING.

Report of the Watchman.

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.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 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.

5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

878 8s, 7s & 4. OLIVER

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall forever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
"Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment!—come away!"

4 Now the Savior, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear:
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

879 C. M. WATTS

Kingdom of Christ among Men.

1 LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And fled the rolling skies.

2 From highest heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And heavenly armies sing—
"Ye saints, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode—
His saints the objects of his grace,
And he their faithful God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

6 How long, dear Savior, O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

880 7s. CONDER

The Latter Day.

1 HASTEN, Lord, the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power;
Still thy foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renewed.

2 See the ransomed millions stand—
Palms of conquest in their hands!
This before the throne their strain—
"Hell is vanquished—death is slain!

3 "Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before him fall—
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

4 Time has nearly reached its sum;
All things, with thy bride, say, "Come,
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign forevermore."

881 7s. BAP. COL.

The Star of Promise.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
And guides bewildered men aright.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night;
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there!

4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

882 7s & 6s. MONTGOMERY

Hail to the Lord's Annointed.

1 HAIL to the Lord's annointed,
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, and joy, 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 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—Love.

883 S. M. MISS MARTINEAU

Coming of the Lord.

1 LORD Jesus, come! for here
Our path through wilds is laid;
We watch, as for the day-spring near,
Amid the breaking shade.

2 Lord, Jesus, come! for hosts
Meet on the battle-plain;
Our holiest hopes seem vainest boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.

3 Lord Jesus, come! the slave
Still bears his heavy chains;
Their daily bread the hungry crave,
While teem the fruitful plains.

4 Hark! herald voices near
Lead on thy happier day;
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear!
We wait to strew thy way.

884 L. M. HEBER.

The Lord will come.

1 THE Lord will come; the earth shall quake;
The hills their ancient seats forsake;
And, withering from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come; but not the same
As once in lowly form he came—
A quiet Lamb to slaughter led—
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Annointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be he who, wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God, is this the Crucified?

5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

885 L. M. C. WESLEY.

Coming of the Judge.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe'
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Savior's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High,
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

886 8s, 7s & 4. Rip. Col.

Grandeur of the Coming.

1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners of his sufferings here;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near!

2 Near unto the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.

3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
When the Lord shows forth his might;
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright
Beams the Savior,
Shines the everlasting Light.

4 Lo, 'tis He! our heart's desire,
Come for his espoused below!
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow,
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow.

887 7s. RIP. COL

Church of Christ, awake!

1 CHURCH of Christ! awake! arise!
Let not slumber seal your eyes;
Let not joy, nor grief, nor fear,
Fill your heart, or close your ear:
For those clouds begin to roll
Which shall spread from pole to pole.

2 Church of Christ, like lightning's glance,
Flashing over heaven's expanse,
Shall the Son of man appear—
Watch and mark! the hour is near:
Blessed ye who then are taken—
Woe to those who are forsaken

888 L. M. WATTS

Come, Lord Jesus.

1 WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt!—a heavy load!

2 Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

3 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains!
Let the eternal pillars bow!
Blest Savior, cleave the starry plains,
And make the chrystal mountains flow!

4 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom!
Come, thou, the soul of all our joys!
Thou, the Desire of nations, come!

5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent Love, thou dear unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs.

889 7s. BAP. COL.

Reign of Christ with his Saints.

1 COME, Desire of nations come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side.

2 Thou, who hast our plans prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then with all thy saints descend:
Then our earthly trials end.

3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days;
Who for full redemption groan;
Hear us now, and save thine own.

4 Now destroy the man of sin,
Now thine ancient flock bring in!
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

5 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here:
Glorious in thy saints appear:
Speak the sacred number sealed;
Speak the mystery revealed.

6 Take to thee thy royal power:
Reign! when sin shall be no more;
Reign! when death no more shall be;
Reign to all eternity!

890 C. M. ANON

The awakening of the Dead.

1 THE time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

2 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge
While earths foundations shake,

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 A few short years of exile past,
We reach the happy shore;
Where death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more.

891 S. M. BAP. COI

Come to Judgment.

1 IN expectation sweet,
We wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes! the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds—Awake!
Ye dead to judgment come!
The pillars of creation shake,
While hell receives her doom

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

892 8s, 7s & 4. W. Goode.

God Appearing.

1 LO! the mighty God appearing—
From on high Jehovah speaks!
Eastern lands the summons hearing,
O'er the west his thunder breaks,
Earth beholds him;
Universal nature shakes.

2 Zion, all its light unfolding,
God in glory shall display;
Lo! he comes—nor silence holding,
Fire and clouds prepare his way,
Tempests round him
Hasten on the dreadful day.

3 To the heavens his voice ascending,
To the earth beneath he cries;
"Souls immortal now descending.
Let the sleeping dust arise!
Rise to judgment;
Let my throne adorn the skies.

4 "Gather first my saints around me,
Those who to my covenant stood;
Those who humbly sought and found me
Through the dying Savior's blood;
Blest Redeemer!
Dearest sacrifice to God!"

5 Now the heavens on high adore him
And his righteousness declare;

Sinners perish from before him,
But his saints his mercies share;
Just his judgment!
God, himself the Judge, is there.

893 8s, 7s & 4. BAP. COL.

Lo, He Cometh.

1 LO! he cometh—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels
See their great exalted Head
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome Son of God!

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear;
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!

3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father!
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ;"
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

894 C. M. WATTS

Scenes of the Resurrection.

1 HOW long shall Death, the tyrant, reign
And triumph o'er the just?
How long the blood of martyrs slain
Lie mingled with the dust?

2 Lo! I behold the scattered shades;
The dawn of heaven appears;
The bright, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room;
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead arise!"
And, lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 O, may our humble spirits stand
Among them, clothed in white:
The meanest place at his righ hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

895 7s. KELLY

Christ coming to save his People.

1 HARK! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
Jesus comes, and, through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad o'er sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice;
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See, the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise, ye saints; he comes for you;
Rise to meet him in the sky.

4 Go and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Savior's love,
Ever blessing, ever blest.

896 C. P. M. RIP. COL.

Pleading for Acceptance.

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 thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,

To bow before thy face:
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

897 7s & 6s. C. WESLEY

Majesty of the Coming.

1 JESUS, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend;
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall pompously attend.
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud;
With the great archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again.
We shall meet him in the air;
All rapt up to heaven shall be;
Find, and love, and praise him there,
To all eternity.

3 Who can tell the happiness
This glorious hope affords?
Joy unuttered we possess
In these reviving words:
Happy while on earth we breathe;
Mightier bliss ordained to know;
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
To the third heaven we go.

898 8s & 7s. BALFERN

Battle peon—Christ coming.

1 SOLDIER of the cross, arouse thee,
Lift the blood-stained banner high,
'Tis no time for fear or fainting,
See thy Captain still is nigh.
Onward, onward, thou art marching,
'Mid the dying and the dead,
Lift thy voice, proclaim his merit
Who to save his people bled.

2 Let no other theme entice thee,
Lest thy labors should be vain,
For the Spirit blesses only
Those who Jesus' love proclaim.
'Mid the noise and din of battle,
Pressed by foes who often boast
They shall conquer, see exalted,
Jesus rule the struggling host.

3 Therefore let no foe appal thee,
Yield no single inch of ground,
Steady, onward, press and struggle,
All who conquer shall be crowned.
See the troops of hell dispersing,
On his white horse comes thy Lord,
Crowned with many crowns, adore him!
Strong his arm and sharp his sword.

4 Gather round him, forward! with him,
Share his conquest and his fame;
Faint not, fight on, still proclaim him,
'Till all lands shall laud his name.
Then, when all his will accomplished,
All his saints around his throne,
Thou shalt hear the gladd'ning welcome,
Well done, soldier, welcome home!

PROPHETIC EVENTS.

III. REIGN OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

899 7s. MONTGOMERY

Hallelujah.

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

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
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 pass'd away:
Then the end; beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

900 8s & 7s. KELLY

Joy to those that love God.

1 WELCOME sight, the Lord descending,
Jesus in the cloud appears;
Lo! the Savior comes intending
Now to dry his peoples' tears.
Lo! the Savior comes to reign,
Welcome to his waiting train.

2 Long they mourn'd their absent Master,
Long they felt like men forlorn,
Bid the seasons fly still faster,
While they sigh'd for his return.
Lo! the period comes at last,
All their sorrows now are past.

3 Now from home no longer banish'd,
They are going to their rest;
Though the heaven and earth are vanish'd,
With their Lord they shall be blest:
Blest with him his saints shall be,
Blest through all eternity.

4 Happy people! grace unbounded!
Grace alone exalts you thus;
Be ashamed and be confounded,
Sing forever "Not to us,
Not to us be glory given,
Glory to the God of heaven."

901 L. M. DOBELL'S SEL.

Millennium.

1 WHEN Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright, a dazzling day,
The saints shall view with sweet surprise
His grand, his universal sway!

2 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together in his peaceful reign,
And Zion, blest with heavenly bread,
Shall never more of wants complain.

3 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, and free,
Shall boast their several rites no more,
But join in sweetest harmony
Their Lord, their Sovereign to adore.

4 O happy day! when all th' elect
Complete in number shall be found,
And, like their great, their mystic Head,
Be with eternal honors crowned.

902 7s. VIRGINIA SEL.

The Latter Day.

1 GIVE us room, that we may dwell,
Zion's children cry aloud;
See their numbers—how they swell!
How they gather like a cloud!

2 Oh how bright the morning seems!
Brighter from so dark a night;
Zion is like one that dreams,
Fill'd with wonder and delight.

3 Lo! thy sun goes down no more,
God himself will be thy light;
All that caused thee grief before,
Buried lies in endless night.

4 Zion, now arise and shine!
Lo! thy light from heaven is come!
These that crowd from far are thine,
Give thy sons and daughters room.

903 L. M. VIRGINIA SEL

The Church's victory.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall daring foes invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrow boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair,
Nor will thy watchful Savior cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

904 C. M. LOGAN

The Glory of the latter Day.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house we'll go."

3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 Come, then, O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

905 10s. POPE

Gentiles coming into the Church.

1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering 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

906 L. M. CH. PSALMODY

Subjection of the Nations to Christ.

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

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

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

907 12s, 11 & 8. S. F. SMITH.

The Prince of Salvation.

1 THE Prince of salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way:
The tidings of grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

2 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Savior,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

908 H. M. ANON

Millennium Hymn.

1 ISLES of the south, awake!
The song of triumph sing;
Let mount, and hill, and vale,
With hallelujah's ring:
Shout, for the idol 's overthrown,
And Israel's God is God alone.

2 Wild wastes of Afric, shout!
Your shackled sons are free;
No mother wails her child
Neath the banana-tree:
No slave-ship dashes on thy shore;
The clank of chains is heard no more.

3 Shout, vales of India, shout!
No funeral fires blaze high;
No idol song rings loud,
As rolls the death-car by:
The banner of the cross now waves
Where Christian heralds made their graves

4 Shout, rocky hills of Greece!
The crescent head lies low;
No Moslem flings his chain
Around the Christian now;
But Greek and Moslem join in one
To praise the Savior God the Son.

5 Shout, hills of Palestine!
Have you forgot the groan,
The spear, the thorn, the cross,
The wine-press trod alone,
The dying prayer that rose from thee,
Thou garden of Gethsemane?

6 Hail, glad millenial day!
O, shout ye heavens above;
To-day the nations sing
The song, redeeming love;
Redeeming love the song shall be;
Hail, blessed year of jubilee!

909 L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Glory of the latter Day.

1 ARISE, arise; with joy survey
The glory of the latter day:
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun.

2 "Behold the way," ye heralds cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
"Glad tidings" to the captive soul.

3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell;
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own."

4 The north gives up; the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

5 Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day.
Great Sun of righteousness arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

910 L. M. WATTS.

The Seventh Trumpet.

1 NOW let the angel sound on high;
Let shouts be heard through all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come;
Jesus, the Lamb, that once wast slain,
Forever live, forever reign.

911 7s. BACON.

The Song of Jubilee.

1 WAKE the song of jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea:
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
"Christ, of lords and kings, is King;"
Let it sound from shore to shore;
Jesus reigns forevermore.

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings."

912 P. M. ANON.

The gracious Spring Time.

1 REJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts all are blossoming.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom;
The gospel banner wide unfurled,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,
And every creature, bond or free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear from south to north.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall every heart employ,
And every voice shall shout for joy:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

913 7s. MONTGOMERY

The Company of the Redeemed.

1 WHO are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name;

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever, from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears.

914 L. M. WATTS.

Universal Reign of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

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

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

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

915 8s & 7s. NEWTON

Zion's Grandeur.

1 BLEST inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God
'T is his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

2 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.

3 Savior, 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.

916 L. M. ANON

The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

1 THE lands that long in darkness lay,
Have now beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are blest with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promised Son is born;
Behold the expected child appear!
What shall his names or titles be?
"The Wonderful, the Counsellor!"

3 The government of earth and seas,
Upon his shoulders shall be laid:
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honors to his name be paid.

4 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne:
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

917 8s & 7s. ANON

The Messiah's Kingdom.

1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own his sway;
He will make his kingdom glorious,
He shall reign through endless day.

2 Nations, now from God estranged,
Then shall see a glorious light:
Night to day shall then be changed,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

3 See the ancient idols falling,
Worshipped once, but now abhorred
Men on Zion's King are calling—
Zion's King by all adored.

4 Then shall Israel long dispersed,
Mourning, seek their Lord and God,
Look on him whom once they pierced,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.

5 Then shall Israel all be saved,
War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquered world in peace.

6 Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign!

7 Angels in their lofty station,
Praise thy name, thou only wise;
O let earth, with emulation,
Join the triumph of the skies.

918 H. M. TOPLADY.

The Jubilee proclaimed.

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

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

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

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

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

PROPHETIC EVENTS.

FINAL JUDGMENT.

919 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Judgment on the Wicked.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And, through the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?

3 "Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel-angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished shrink away?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath you cannot bear:
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Savior bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

920 L. M. SIR W. SCOTT.

The last Day.

1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?

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

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

921 8s. RIP. COL.

The Wheat and Tares.

1 THOUGH in the outward church below
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus, ere long, will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up:
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 'T will aggravate their sorrows there
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew
How long among the wheat they grew:
For soon, etc.

3 Most awful truth! and is it so?
Must all the world the harvest know?
Is every soul a wheat or tare?
Then for the harvest, O, prepare!
For soon, etc.

922 6s & 5s. RIP. COL

The Hypocrite and Disobedient condemned.

1 JEHOVAH hath spoken!
The nations shall hear;
From the east to the west
Shall his glory appear;
With thunders and tempest
To judgment he 'll come
And all men before him
Shall wait for their doom.

2 The formal professor—
The saint but in name—
Where now will he cover
His guilt and his shame,

When his sin, long concealed,
Shall be blazoned abroad,
And his conscience shall echo
The sentence of God?

3 Woe! woe to the sinners!
To what shall they trust?
In the day of God's vengeance,
The holy and just!
How meet all the terrors
That flame in his path,
When the mountains shall melt
At the glance of his wrath?

4 O God, ere the day
Of thy mercy be past,
With trembling our souls
On that mercy we cast:
O, guide us in wisdom;
For aid we implore;
Till, saved with thy people,
Thy grace we adore.

923 8s, 7s & 4. ANON.

Christ descending to Judgment.

1 SEE the eternal Judge descending,
View him seated on his throne:
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom;
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting,
That he ne'er was born again:
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits the slighted Savior,
With the marks of dying love;
O that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder:
Hope and sinners here must part:
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost forever,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

924 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Day approaches.

1 THE day approaches, O my soul—
The great, decisive day—
Which from the verge of mortal light
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another day more awful dawns,
And, lo! the Judge appears:
Ye heavens, retire before his face;
And sink, ye darkened stars.

3 Yet does one short, preparing hour
One precious hour—remain:
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

925 C. M. WATTS.

Everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

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

925

Everlasting

1 THAT awful d...
Th' appointed h...
When I must stand before...
And pass the solemn test.

41 617

our God shall come;
prepare his way;
darkness, fire and storm,
on the dreadful day.

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

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

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

5 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

926 C. M. WATTS

The Judgment certain.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin"—
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And sealed it with his blood."

927 S. M. BEDDOME

Coming of the Judge.

1 BEHOLD the day is come;
The righteous Judge is near;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 Angels, in bright attire,
Conduct him through the skies;
Darkness and tempests, smoke and fire,
Attend him as he flies.

3 How awful is the sight!
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

4 The whole creation groans;
But saints arise and sing:
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

928 7s. TOPLADY

Christ the Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;

Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

929 7s. NEWTON

Sinner, art thou still secure?

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?
See his mighty arm made bare!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment now prepare,
Thou must either break or bow.

2 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?
Who his coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapt in flame?

3 Then the great, the rich, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemned,
Must behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blasphemed.
Where are now their haughty looks?
O! their horror and despair,
When they see the opened books,
And their dreadful sentence hear.

4 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.
Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

930 12s. CHR. LYRE.

Awful Pomp of Judgment.

1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have
all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel
are stirred!
From sea, from the earth, from the south,
from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come
forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones
are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders
are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the
Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with
love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked
are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in
heaven.

931 8s. BAP. COL.

A Place amid the Sheep.

1 DAY of wrath, that day of burning,
All shall melt to ashes turning,
All foretold by seers discerning.
O! what fear it shall engender
When the Judge shall come in splendor
Strict to mark and just to render.

2 Trumpet-scattered sound of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,

FINAL JUDGMENT.

Shall resistless summons thunder.
All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

3 Think, O Jesus, for what reason,
Thou endured'st earth's spite and treason
Nor me lose in that dread season.
Seeking me thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross thy soul death tasted,
Let such labor not be wasted.

4 Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant me perfect absolution,
Ere that day of execution.
Culprit like, I—heart all broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token—
Plead the pardoning word be spoken.

5 'Mid the sheep a place decide me,
And from goats on left divide me,
Standing on the right beside thee.
When th' accursed away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the blest to heaven.

6 I beseech thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing.
Care for me when I am dying.
On that awful day of wailing,
When man rising, stands before thee,
Spare the culprit, God of glory!

HEAVEN.

932 S. M. MRS. DANA

Oh, sing to me of Heaven.

1 OH, sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.

3 When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face,
And catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which o'er each feature plays

4 Then to my raptured ears,
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my pale and icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Then, round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

933 C. M. ECKINGTON

Heavenly Jerusalem.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant fields,
Continually are green;
So sweet a sight by human eye
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

6 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

934 C. M. ANON

Sweet Land of Rest.

1 SWEET land of rest! for thee I sigh:
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know—
No peaceful sheltering dome:
This world's a wilderness of woe—
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground
And dwell with Christ at home.

935 C. M. W. B. TAPPAN.

Repose in Heaven

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

5 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.

936 S. M. MONTGOMERY

My Father's House on High.

1 MY Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near,
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

2 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

4 Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

5 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

6 Then, then I feel that he—
Remembered or forgot—
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

937 L. M. KELLY

We've no abiding City here.

1 WE 'VE no abiding city here,
This may distress the worldling's mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here—
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here,
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 We've no abiding city here,
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name—we'll soon be there;
It shines with everlasting light.

5 Zion! Jehovah is her strength!
Secure she smiles at all her foes:
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

6 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

7 But hush my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here to do his will be *mine*,
And *his* to fix my time of rest.

938 7s & 6s. CENNICK

The Christian Pilgrimage.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn:
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Savior 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.

939 8s. DE FLEURY

Songs of Heaven.

1 YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.

He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
While others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

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 Savior 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 Savior 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.

940 C. M. WATTS

The heavenly Mansion.

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

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

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

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.

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

941 C. M. BEDDOME

The final Adieu.

1 THERE is a world of perfect bliss
Above the starry skies;
Oppressed with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift my eyes.

2 'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind, with guilt no more oppressed,
Is tranquil and serene.

3 Discord and strife are banished thence,
Distrust and slavish fear;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.

4 Farewell to earth and earthly things:
In vain they tempt my stay:
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away.

5 I long to see my Father's face,
And sing his praises too:
Adieu, companions, dearest friends,
Vain world, once more adieu.

942 C. M. WATTS.

The heavenly Canaan.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

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

5 O, could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

943 8s. & 7s. Miss. Mag.

Golden Shore.

1 LO! the seal of death is breaking;
Those who slept its sleep are waking;
Heaven opes its portals fair!
Hark! the harps of God are ringing,
Hark! the seraph's hymn is flinging
Music on immortal air.

2 There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love;
There the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time, are blowing
In that radiant scene above.

3 There no sigh of memory swelleth;
There no tear of misery welleth;
Hearts will bleed or break no more;
Past is all the cold world's scorning,
Gone the night, and broke the morning,
Over all the golden shore.

944 C. M. Bap. Col

The Blest in Heaven.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand—
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

2 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?

3 Because the Savior shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

4 On earth they sought their Savior's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

945 10s. BAP. COL.

Joyfully moving to Heaven.

1 JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers, sing as I come—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam:
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom:
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow:
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone:
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home,

946 10s. BAP. COL.

Flight of the Soul.

1 HAPPY the spirit released from its clay;
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
"Victory! victory! homeward I rise."
Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
"Victory! victory!" thus on the wing.

2 How can we wish them recalled from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam!
Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
"Victory! victory!" shouting in death.
Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,
Bids them in glorified body arise:
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
"Victory, victory! Jesus hath come."

947 C. M. STENNETT.

Canaan's fair and happy Land.

1 ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

948 L. M. EPIS. COL.

Encouragement to trust in God.

1 BE still, my heart; these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares:
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a Guide.

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise passed
That thou shalt overcome at last?

4 Though rough and thorny be the road.
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

949 C. M. WESLEY

Death and heavenly Happiness.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high—
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest—
That only bliss for which it pants—
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O, what hath Jesus done for me!
Before my raptured eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

950 11s. MUHLENBURG.

Longing for Heaven.

1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.

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 rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

951 L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Heaven alone unfading.

1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

952 S. M. MONTGOMERY

Rest for the weary Soul.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang,
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O, what eternal terrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

953 L. M. ANON.

The better Land.

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

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

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

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

954 L. M. TUCK

The Dwelling-Place of God.

1 THERE is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than noonday glories are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

2 It is not fanned by summer's gale;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale—
For there are known no evening hours.

3 No; for that world is ever bright
With purest radiance all its own:
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal throne.

4 In vain the curious, searching eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the starry sky:
It is the dwelling-place of God.

955 7s. RAFFLES.

The Saints in Glory.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

3 Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise—
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

956 C. M. WATTS.

The Hope of Heaven.

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 fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

957 11s. WEST. BAP. REV.

"*In Heaven there's Rest.*

1 IN heaven there's rest; that thought hath a power
To scatter the shades of life's dreariest hour

HEAVEN.

Like a sunbeam, it dawns on the stormy sky:
Like the first glimpse of home to the traveller's eye:
'T is the balm of the heart, of sorrow the cure;
The hope that deceives not, the promise that's sure.

2 How sweet to the weary, In heaven there 's rest;
The tears are all dried from the eyes of the blest;
And the smiles that succeed are so dazzling and bright,
That none but a spirit could dwell in their light,
O! not like the smiles that here glow on the cheek,
But to hide the deep anguish no language may speak.

3 In heaven there's rest, earth's happiest hour
Fades softly away, like a morning flower;
There, fadeless the bowers, unclouded the skies,
There, joy hath no end, and time never flies;
There, nature is freed from its earliest stain;
There, love hath no sorrows and life hath no pain.

4 In heaven there's rest, O, how deep that repose!
Life's bitterness past, with its follies and woes,
Its passions all hushed like the waves of the deep,
When tempests expire, and winds are asleep;
And only soft airs and sweet odors arise,
Like the evening incense that soars to the skies

5 Those sounds breathe sweet music, In heaven
there 's rest;
I long to escape to that land of the blest,
Inspired by the prospect through life's busy
day,
To act and to suffer, to watch and to pray;
Then gladly exchange, when the summons is
given,
The tumults of earth for the calmness of
heaven.

958 6s & 8s. WEST BAP. REV.

The better Land.

1 DULL earth! what canst thou give
To bind my soul to thee?
I would not always, grov'ling, live,
Linked to mortality—
But break the chains that press me here,
And spring to yonder glorious sphere.

2 Affection's holy light
Burns fitful here awhile,
But soon there comes a chilling blight
To mock affection's smile—
And love and joy flee fast away,
Like fleecy clouds in summer day.

3 But there 's a clime above
This cold and cheerless scene,
Where roll immortal streams of love
Through pastures fair and green—
And wave the leaves of Life's broad tree
In breezes of eternity.

4 There friends no more are torn
From kindred friends away;
There furrowed brows, by sorrow worn,
Beam bright in endless day—

And crown, and harp, and palm, and song,
To that vast company belong.

5 That better land be mine!
My store and treasure there!
Who would not this dull earth resign,
And tribulations bear,
To tread, at last, those golden streets
Where brother ransomed brother meets?

959 8s & 7s. WINSLOW

Influence of Friends in Heaven.

1 IT is sweet to think hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wings, shall waft her
To those she hath mourned for here.

2 Hearts from which 'twas death to sever;
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Meet us, to be lost no more!

3 Lonely here we wander, asking
Earth and heaven, where are they,
Neath whose smile we once lay basking,
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay?

4 Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to the eternal home,
On whose portals still they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

5 If no other hope were given,
Us to keep from wrong or sin,
Would we not strive to reach a heav'n
Where all we love shall live again?

960 P. M. KIMBALL

Sing to me of Heaven.

1 I'VE heard you sing of earthly bowers
All overhung with fading flowers,
Now sing to me of heaven.
Though earth's young buds may open fair
There is a poison in the air,
A blight on every blossom there—
O sing to me of heaven.

3 I'm fainting with the dust and strife
That fill the battle-field of life:
O sing to me of heaven.
The white rob'd angels gently move
Among the happy fields above,
And all their notes are breathed in love:
O sing to me of heaven.

3 I sigh for peace—earth know it not,
What ere hope writes will sorrow blot:
O sing to me of heaven.
Amid the music of that sphere
There breaks no discord—falls no tear,
In calmness rolls the eternal year:
O sing to me of heaven.

4 Aye, sing, for I am longing so
To that delightful rest to go,
The holy rest of heaven!
Your notes will make my spirit strong
To rise o'er mortal grief and wrong
And listen to the angel's song:
Then sing to me of heaven.

961 9s & 8s. W. HUNTER.

My Fatherland.

1 THERE is a place where my hopes are stayed,
My heart and my treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my fatherland;
By faith its delights I explore:
Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can teil—
But there is the palace of God!

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshipped with me;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er—
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

MISCELLANEOUS AND REVIVAL SONGS

962 7s & 6s. UNION HYMNS

I lay my Sins on Jesus.

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 fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is 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 angels' song.

963 8s & 3. UNION HYMNS

Will you Go?

1 WE'RE traveling home to heaven above
Will you go?
To sing the Savior's dying love,
Will you go?

Millions have reached that blest abode,
Annointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go ?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb
Will you go ?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go ?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go ?
There saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go ?

4 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go ?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go ?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
Thy troubled conscience he'll relieve,
Come, believe.

5 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go ?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go ?
The Savior cries aloud to thee,
" Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,
Come to me."

964 C. M. STENNETT

The converted Thief.

1 AS on the cross the Savior hung,
And wept, and bled and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed,
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed;—

3 "Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven
Thou spotless Lamb of God
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly, from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death
And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Savior, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy 'parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise."

965 S. M. NEWTON

Song of Freedom.

1 FROM Egypt lately freed
By the Redeemer's grace!
A rough and thorny path we tread,
In hopes to see his face.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
We are on our journey home.

2 The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well;
This only leads to endless day,
All others leads to hell.

3 The promis'd land of peace
Faith keeps in constant view;
How different from the wilderness
We now are passing through!

4 Here often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine;
There shall we have unclouded skies,
Our sun will always shine.

5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears, distress us sore;
But there eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more.

6 Lord pardon our complaints,
We follow at thy call;
The joy prepared for suff'ring saints,
Will make amends for all.

966 P. M. SEL. HYMNS

The Joy of Assurance.

1 HOW happy are they
Who the Savior obey,
And whose treasures are laid up above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

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

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

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.

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

6 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

7 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favored am I!
Gathered into the fold,
With believers enrolled,
With believers to live and to die.

8 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died, my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due;
May they all be devoted to him.

967 H. M. BREVIARY.

A Blessing sought on Worship.

1 HERE, gracious God, do thou
In mercy now draw nigh;
Accept each faithful prayer,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower,
On all who pray,
This holy day,
Thy blessings pour.

2 Here may we find from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

968 L. M. MEDLEY.

The Loving Kindness of the Lord.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

969 8s. CHAPPELL

Salvation.

1 SALVATION, how precious the sound,
To sinners who see themselves lost;
To Jesus their praises redound,
In Jesus they triumph and boast.

2 Salvation is finished and done;
Salvation is sov'reign and free;
Salvation by God's equal Son,
My joy and rejoicing shall be.

3 Salvation is only of God,
To him all the praises are due;
Ye saints, spread his honors abroad,
Who finished salvation for you.

4 Soon shall we behold him above,
Forever to sound his dear name;
To sing the sweet song of his love,
Salvation to God and the Lamb!

970 11s. VIRG. SEL.

The Wanderer brought Home.

1 AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas, that it led me from home,
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
O, Savior, direct me to heaven my home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures unfailing in Jesus are given—
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.
Home! home! etc.
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false-glowing charms
The Savior invites me—I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;
O, there may I feast with his children at home!
Home! home! etc.
O, Jesus, conduct me to heaven my home.

4 The days of my exile are passing away;
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, come, enter thy rest,
And dwell in my presence, eternally blest!"
Home! home! etc.
O, there I shall rest with the Savior at home.

5 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more,
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome;
They dwell with the Savior forever at home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
They dwell with the Savior forever at home.

971 8s. NEWTON.

The Presence of Christ desired.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness with me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December 's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish for or fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

972 11s. SACRED SONGS.

Delay not.

1 DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Savior 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 shades 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 his 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 helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid!

973 8s, 7s & 4. NEWTON.

Prayer for a Revival.

1 SAVIOR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation
Unless thou return again,
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

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

3 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

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

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

6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

974 11s. CHR. LYRE.

Expostulation.

1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better; your chains melt away!
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are;
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.

3 The contrite in heart he will freely receive,
O, why will you not the glad message believe?
If sin be your burden, why will you not come?
'T is you he makes welcome; he bids you come home.

4 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart;
In him once united, we never shall part;
O, how can we leave you, why will you not come?
We'll journey together and soon be at home.

976 L. M. CENNICK

Christ the Way to Heaven.

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

2 The way the holy prophets went;
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

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

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

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful self to thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

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

977 7s. DOVER SEL.

Converting Grace.

1 SAVED by grace, I live to tell
What the love of Christ has done;
He redemed my soul from hell;
Of a rebel made a son,
O, I tremble still to think
How secure I lived in sin
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserved from falling in.

2 In a kind, propitious hour,
To my heart the Savior spoke—
Touched me by his Spirit's power,
And my dangerous slumber broke:
Then I saw and owned my guilt;
Soon my gracious Lord replied,
Fear not; I my blood have spilt;
'T was for such as thee I died."

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possessed my heart—
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting such a part?
"Thou hast greatly sinned," he said,
"But I freely all forgive:
I myself thy debt have paid;
Now I bid thee rise and live."

4 Come, my fellow-sinners, try,
Jesus' heart is full of love;
O that you, as well as I,
May his wondrous mercy prove!

He has sent me to declare
All is ready, all is free.
Why should any soul despair,
When he saved a wretch like me?

978 L. M. H. K. WHITE.

The Star of Bethlehem.

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

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

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

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

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

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

979 P. M. DOVER SEL.

The Convert s Praises.

1 WHAT wondrous love is this?
O my soul! O my soul!
What wondrous love is this?
O my soul!
What wondrous love is this
That caused the Lord of bliss
To send this precious peace
To my soul? etc.
To send this precious peace
To my soul!

2 When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, etc.;
When I was sinking down,
Sinking down;
When I was sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown
For my soul, etc.
Christ laid aside his crown
For my soul.

3 Ye winged seraphs fly,
Bear the news! etc.;
Ye winged seraphs fly,
Bear the news!
Ye winged seraphs fly,
Like comets through the sky;
Fill vast eternity
With the news, etc.
Fill vast eternity
With the news.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join the praise, etc.;

Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join the praise;
Ye friends of Zion's King,
With heart and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string
In his praise, etc.
And strike each tuneful string
In his praise.

5 To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing, etc.;
To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb,
Jehovah, great I AM,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing, etc.
While millions join the theme,
I will sing.

6 And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on, etc.;
And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on;
And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing and joyful be,
And through eternity,
I'll sing on, etc.
And through eternity,
I'll sing on.

980 P. M. E. T. WINKLER.

Aspiration for Canaan.

1 TO earth descend, O holy Dove,
From the rest and the joy of Canaan;
And waft us on thy wings above,
To the beautiful fields of Canaan.

O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, my happy, happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2 Above the earth, above the sky,
Swell the love-lighted hills of Canaan;
And stately mansions echo high,
With the feasts and the songs of Canaan.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, etc.

3 We would ascend that blessed height,
To the throne of the land of Canaan,
Where Jesus reigns in glorious might;
He is King of the realm of Canaan.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, etc.

4 Rejoicing seraphs round him flame,
And the white-vested elders of Canaan,
His glory and his grace proclaim—
The bliss of the tribes in Canaan.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, etc.

5 Dear Lord, we have been waiting long;
When, O when, shall we mount to Canaan,
And join the sweet, triumphant song,
In the courts of the King of Canaan?
O Canaan, bright Canaan, etc.

981 7s. PARKINSON'S SEL.

Shall I perish.

1 IF I perish, I will go
Trembling to the Savior's feet;
Perhaps his favor he'll bestow,
Perhaps I may forgiveness meet.

2 If I perish, I will go;
He perhaps may pity me;
Unbelief still answers, "No,
He will not, a wretch like thee.

3 If I perish, I will go,
Though I'm lost, I can but try;
If mercy he should never show,
Begging I will live and die.

4 If I perish, I must own
God is just to banish me;
But I'll venture near his throne,
For his pardons all are free.

5 If I perish—stay my fears—
Can I perish at His feet,
Who, to pay my great arrears,
Died and lives my Advocate?

6 Dearest Savior, let me live,
Stretch thy sceptre out to me;
All my sins, though great, forgive;
Speak the word, and set me free.

7 Shall I perish, Satan? No;
There 's a new and living way;
Fly then, tempting, subtle foe,
Jesus will not tell me nay.

982 7s. C. WESLEY.

The Invitation accepted.

1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load;
Jesus calls his wanderers home:
Hasten to your pard'ning God.
Come, ye guilty souls, oppressed,
Answer to the Savior's call—
"Come, and I will give you rest:
Come, and I will save you all."

2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest word obey;
Faithful let thy mercies prove;
Take our load of guilt away:

Fain we would on thee rely—
Cast on thee our every care,
To thine arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.

3 Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with this unbelief,
Burden'd with the wrath of God;
Lo! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our groaning souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

983 L. M. HART

Hardness of Heart lamented.

1 O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt!
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed;
And that bless'd something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

984 8s. D. V. LEWIS.

The Sinner entreated.

1 SINNER, are you here to-night,
Thoughtless, unconcerned, and vain,
Spurning the celestial light,
Groping after worldly gain?
Do you look for pleasure here,
In the round of earthly joy?
Is not disappointment near,
All its sweetness to destroy?

2 Sinner, are you here to-night,
Feeling sin a grievous load;
Seeking for celestial light,
Fearing an offended God?
Is despair beclouding you,
Throwing mists before your eyes,
Keeping back the pleasant view
Of a home beyond the skies?

3 Do not let it weigh you down;
Look to Jesus, and believe;
He has promised you a crown,
If his offers you receive.
Cast your burden at his feet;
Look, confiding in his love,
And obtain the joy complete,
Hope of life in realms above.

985 8s. C. WESLEY

Wrestling Jacob.

1 COME, O thou Traveller, unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail!

6 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath thy weighty hand;
Faint, to revive—and fall, to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand;
I stand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

986 8s. C. WESLEY

Same concluded.

1 YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer;

Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'T is Love! 'tis Love! thou, diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Savior, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove:
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

5 The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath ris'n, with healing in his wings;
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above:
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

6 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

987 7s. SWAIN.

The Christian Soldier encouraged.

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear·

Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil our peace;
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home."

988 S. M. UNION HYMMS

Thy Work revive.

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

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

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

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

989 S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Active effort to do Good.

1 SOW in the morning thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land;

2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend
And heaven cry, "Harvest home."

990 8s. BALDWIN

The Union of Saints.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties
As distance and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.

3 My brethren are dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Why, then, so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

5 O, when shall we see that bright day,
And join with the angels above—
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United in Jesus' love?

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
Singing, Hallelujah! amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

991 10s & 11s. ANON.

"*For I have been a Stranger in a strange land*

1 I AM a pilgrim, I am a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night:
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
I am a pilgrim; I am a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 Of that temple to which I am going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
I am a pilgrim, etc.

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining—
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I am a pilgrim, etc.

4 There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary, and the weary are at rest:
There is no mourning nor any grief there,
Nor any weeping, as when we part here.
I am a pilgrim, etc.

5 If we are holy, we shall meet there,
And we never, and we never more shall part;
But with the angels and spirits holy,
We will join with the meek and lowly;
Once a pilgrim, once a stranger,
Now an angel and a blessed child of light.

992 P. M. BAP. COM.

Saints bound for Heaven.

1 OUR bondage here shall end, by and by,
From Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return, by and by.

2 Our deliverer shall come, by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our three score years and ten,
And glory crown the day, by and by.

3 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on,
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo, Calv'ry's God is near,
While the fiery billows move, we'll go on.

4 Through Marah's bitter streams, we'll go on,
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the fields give no supply;
To a land of sweet repose, we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransomed hosts shall shout, we are come.

6 Then friends shall meet again, who have lov'd:
Our embraces shall be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have lov'd.

7 Then with that happy throng, we'll rejoice.
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
Through all eternity, we'll rejoice.

993 S. M. WATTS.

Heaven anticipated.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your 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 servants of the heavenly king,
Will speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And calms the roaring seas;

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heav'nly powers,
To carry us above.

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

6 Yea, and before we rise.
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

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

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

994 L. M. BAP. COM.

The Land for me.

1 FAREWELL, farewell to all below,
My Savior calls and I must go;
I launch my boat upon the sea—
This land is not the land for me.

CHORUS.

This world is not my home—
This world is not my home;
This world is all a wilderness,
But heaven is my home.

3 I find the winding path of sin
A rugged path to travel in;
Beyond the chilling waves I see
The land my Savior bought for me.

3 A few more days, or years at most,
We'll enter on fair Canaan's coast,
The land of Paradise to see,
And that's the land, the land for me.

4 Oh! sinner why will you not go?
There's room enough for you, I know,
My boat is sound, and passage free,
And there's a better land for thee.

5 Farewell, dear friends, I cannot stay,
The home I seek is far away;
Where Christ is not I cannot be—
That land is not the land for me.

6 There is a land prepared for me;
The price was paid on Calvary;
I have some friends I hope to see;
And that's the land, the land for me.

7 Praise be to God: where seraphs fly,
Bright angels sing, and so will I;
Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
Oh! that's the land, the land for me.

995 6s & 8s. TOPLADY

The spiritual Voyage.

1 JESUS! at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wise;
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye:
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boist'rous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest:
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more

5 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace!
Waft me from all below
To heaven, my destined place!
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

996 L. M. SWAIN

Bound for Canaan.

1 PILGRIMS we are to Canaan bound,
Our journey lies along this road;
This wilderness we travel round
To reach the city of our God.

2 And here as travellers we meet,
Before we reach the fields above,
To sit around our Master's feet,
And tell the wonders of his love.

3 Oft have we seen the tempests rise;
The world and Satan, hell and sin,
Like mountains seemed to reach the skies
With scarce a gleam of hope between.

4 But still, as oft as troubles come,
Our Jesus sends some cheering ray,
And that strong arm shall guard us home,
Which thus protects us by the way.

5 A few more days, or months, or years,
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain!

997 12s & 8s. S. F. SMITH.

The Harvest is past.

1 WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more;
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare—
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of woe,
How suffer the night of despair?

2 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above;
When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Savior they love—
Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

998 7s. COWPER.

"Lovest thou me."

1 HARK, my soul; it is the Lord;
'Tis the Savior; 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 toward the child she bare;
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love's so weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

999 C. M. NEWTON.

Amazing Grace.

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

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

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

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

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

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

1000 8s. ANON

Just as thou art.

1 JUST as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, hear and 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, hear and come!

3 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed—
O weary sinner, hear and come!

4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dress;
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, hear and come!

5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, hear and come!

6 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come!
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
The Savior bids thee, hear and come!

1001 C. M. BALFERN.

The Saint secure.

1 HOW keen the tempter's malice is,
How artful and how great!
Though not one grain shall be destroyed,
Yet will he sift the wheat.

2 But God can all his power control,
And gather in his chain;
And, where he seems to triumph most,
The captive soul regain.

3 There is a shepherd, kind and strong,
Still watchful for his sheep;
Nor shall the infernal lion rend,
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

1002 L. M. BALFERN.

Secret Prayer.

1 OFT as the daylight hours were gone,
When friends forsook, and foes beset,
The Savior of the world alone,
Retired to pray on Olivet.

2 And still by faith I climb its steep,
A respite from earth's cares to find,
To hush distracting thoughts asleep,
Amid the Sabbath of the mind.

3 The saint in glory owns and sees
A brother in the Man of prayer;
The little infant on its knees,
Is kinsman to each seraph there!

4 Oh! may I cherish more and more
The shelter of this calm retreat,
And realize the bliss in store,
For those who love the mercy-seat.

5 When ends at last life's little day,
Its waning sun about to set,
My soul would soar to heaven away,
On wings of prayer from Olivet!

1003 8s & 7s. BALFERN.

The Sinner entreated.

1 WEARY wanderer, sad and broken,
Tossed upon life's stormy sea;
Hear now, what the Lord has spoken,
Hopeless long thou needst not be.

2 Look not back, the past 's appalling,
Nought but sin and guilt thou 'lt see;
Hear the voice of Jesus calling,
Come, poor sinner, come to me.

3 From the paths of sin and sorrow,
I will guide thy weary feet;
Come then, now; perchance, to-morrow
Ne'er thy weeping eyes may greet.

4 Say not, that in sin despairing,
Hopeless thou must live and die;
For well pleased, in love forbearing,
Glad I hear the captives sigh.

5 Believe in me, thy sins I'll pardon,
In my merit trust alone;
To my voice if thou wilt hearken,
Safely I'll conduct thee home.

6 From thy lips in anguish riven,
Dash not life's fair cup away;
Wanderer, drink, 'tis freely given,
Drink and live, O, why delay?

1004 6s & 4. BALFERN

Worthy the Lamb.

1 JESUS, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load;
Praise ye his name!
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone;
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
And make a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name!
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Let all the hosts above,
Join in one song of love,
Praising his name!
To him ascribed be,
Honor and majesty,
Through all eternity:
"Worthy the Lamb!"

1005 8s & 7s. ANON

The Savior standeth pleading.

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

CHORUS.

Sinner, can you hate the Savior?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behavior,
Now he calls you to his arms.

2 Jesus stands, O, how amazing,
Stands and knocks at every door,
In his hands ten thousand blessings,
Proffered to the wretched poor,
Sinner, can you, etc.

3 See him bleeding, dying, rising,
To prepare you heavenly rest;
Listen, while he kindly calls you;
Hear, and be forever blest.
Sinner, can you, etc.

4 Now he has not come to judgment,
To condemn your wretched race;
But to ransom ruined sinners,
And display unbounded grace.
Sinner, can you, etc.

5 Will you plunge in endless darkness,
There to bear eternal pain;
Or to realms of glorious brightness
Rise, and with him ever reign.
Sinner, can you, etc.

1006 8s & 7s. ANON

A Home in Glory.

1 A LITTLE longer here below,
And we 'll go home to glory
Where joy supreme we all shall know,
In yon bright world of glory.

CHORUS.

O glory! O glory!
There 's room enough in Paradise,
For all a home in glory.

2 And when we 're laid beneath the ground,
With Christ who reigns in glory,
We all shall rise when the trump shall sound,
To sit with him in glory.
O glory, etc.

3 We hope to meet our brethren there,
In heaven, our home of glory,
Who oft have joined with us in prayer,
And praise of God, in glory.
O glory, etc.

4 Come, fellow-sinners, flee for life,
There's room for you in glory,
Forsake your sins, and come to Christ,
And find a home in glory.
O glory, etc.

1007 P. M. J. W. DADMUN.

What's the News?

1 WHERE'ER we meet you always say,
What 's the news? What 's the news?
Pray, what 's the order of the day?
What 's the news? what 's the news?
O! I have got good news to tell!
My Savior hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell—
That 's the news! That 's the news!

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary—
That 's the news! That 's the news!
To set a world of sinners free—
That 's the news! That 's the news!
'T was there his precious blood was shed;
'T was there he bowed his sacred head;
But now he 's risen from the dead—
That 's the news! That 's the news!

3 His work 's reviving all around—
That 's the news! That 's the news!
And many have redemption found—
That 's the news! That 's the news!

And since their souls have caught the flame
They shout hosanna to his name;
And all around they spread his fame—
That 's the news! That 's the news!

4 The Lord has pardoned all my sin—
That 's the news! That 's the news!
I feel the witness now within—
That 's the news! That 's the news!
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I 'm happy now from day to day—
That 's the news! That 's the news!

5 And Christ the Lord can save you now—
That 's the news! That 's the news!
Your sinful heart he can renew—
That 's the news! That 's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you 'll receive—
That 's the news! That 's the news!

6 And now, if any one should say,
What 's the news? What 's the news?
O, tell them you 've begun to pray—
That 's the news! That 's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now, with joy, at God's command,
You 're marching to the better land—
That 's the news! That 's the news!

1008 P. M. ANON.

Homeward Bound.

1 OUT on an ocean all boundless, we ride,
We're homeward bound, etc.;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound:

Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode.
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
We're homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,
O how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.

3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd
Join in our number, O come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

1009 8s & 9s. ANON.

I am bound for the Land of Canaan.

1 TOGETHER let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Together let us sweetly die.
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
O Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2 If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, etc.

3 Part of my friends the prize have won,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
And I'm resolved to travel on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, etc.

4 Then come with me, beloved friend,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, etc.

5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
While higher still our joys they rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, etc.

1010 7s & 6s. BAP. COL.

Salvation only in Jesus.

1 DYING souls, fast bound in sin,
Trembling and repining,
With no ray of light divine
On your pathway shining;

Why in darkness wander on,
Filled with condemnation?
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

2 Prostrate bow; confess your guilt;
Own your lost condition;
Yield to him whose blood was spilt,
Unreserved submission.
Then no more in anguish groan;
See his mediation;
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

3 Linger not in all the plain;
Vengeance is pursuing;
'Mid the dying and the slain,
Save your souls from ruin.
Flee to him who can atone;
Flee from condemnation;
Jesus lives; in him alone
Can you find salvation.

1011 11s. BAP. COM.

Thou knowest that I love thee.

1 O JESUS, my Savior, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down
at thy feet,
The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh, and blood,
To thee my Redeemer, my Lord, and my God.

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee my Lord,
I love thee my Savior, I trust in thy word,
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost
know,
But how much I love thee, I never can show.

3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wond'rous account
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With angels my kindred, and Jesus my dear.

4 O Jesus, my Savior, in thee I am bless'd,
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest;
Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my song,
Thy love doth inspire my heart and my tongue.

1012 11s. BAP. COM.

Resigning all for Christ.

1 O JESUS, my Savior, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best,
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.

2 Thy spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find;
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy relieved me, and bid me not fear.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals or angels would fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul 's in a flame,
I'm raised to a rapture while praising his name.

4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is near,

My constant companion, O may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

5 I love thee, my Savior, I love thee, my Lord,
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word;
With tender emotion, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.

6 Yes, millions of ages my soul would employ
In praising my Jesus, my love and my joy,
Without interruption, when all the glad throng
With pleasure unceasing unite in the song.

1013 7s. & 6s. BAP. COM.

The Christian Soldier.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love.
When shall I be delivered,
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before.
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

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

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Cast all your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor!
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your conflict's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

1014 7s. NEWTON.

Mary at the Tomb.

1 MARY, to the Savior's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone:
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed.
On his arm your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for awhile may last,
But the morning brings us joy.

1015 S. M. BEDDOME.

Jesus wept for Sinners.

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.

1016 6s. DOWLING'S SEL

Tyrolese Evening Hymn.

1 COME to the place of prayer,
The day is past and gone,
And on the silent air
The voice of praise is borne;
Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the heart's low sigh,
The glow within our breast,
And the hope beyond the sky.

CHORUS.

Come to the place of prayer,
The day is past and gone,
And on the silent air
The voice of praise is borne.

2 Yes! tuneful is the sound
Of converts as they sing;
Welcome the glory round,
Shed from the Spirit's wing;
But bliss more sweet and still
Than aught on earth e'er gave,
Our yearning souls shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
Come to the place, etc.

3 Earth with her dreams shall fade,
And our bodies turn to dust;
But our souls shall soar and sing
In the mansions of the just;
"So we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God."
Come to the place, etc.

1017 C. M. DOWLING'S SEL.

The Jubilee.

1 WHAT heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
This is the Jubilee.

2 Good news, good news to Adam's race,
Let Christians all agree
To sing redeeming love and grace,
This is the Jubilee.

3 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace
This is the Jubilee.

4 Jesus is on the mercy-seat,
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the Jubilee.

1018 P. M. DOWLING'S SEL.

The Gospel Trumpet.

1 HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God,
And guides them safely by his word,
To endless day.

2 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

3 There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be the theme above,
In endless day.

1019 C. M. DOWLING'S SEL.

Longing to be with Christ.

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
I long to wear the crown,
Washed and made white in Jesus' blood.
I long to wear the crown.

CHORUS.

My heart says, Praise the Lord,
I long to wear the crown.

2 When, dearest Lord, when shall it be,
I long to wear the crown,
That I shall rise to be with thee?
I long to wear the crown.
My heart says, etc.

3 Till then, thee only would I find,
I long to wear the crown,
And cast the world and sin behind;
I long to wear the crown.
My heart says, etc.

4 Take my poor heart and let it be—
I long to wear the crown—
For ever closed to all but thee.
I long to wear the crown.
My heart says, etc.

5 Till I shall mount and soar away,
I long to wear the crown.
To sing thy praise in endless day,
I long to wear the crown.
My heart says, etc.

1020 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Society of Heaven.

1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

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

DOXOLOGIES.

1 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son
And bless the Spirit too.

2 S. M. BEDDOME.

TO the eternal Three,
In will and essence One,
Be universal honors paid,
Co-equal honors done.

3 S. M.

TO Father, Spirit, Son,
Whom angel hosts adore,
Gives worship, honor, glory, power
Both now and evermore.

4 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

SINCE God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glorious beyond all speech and thought,
Have jointly my salvation wrought;
I 'll join them in my songs of praise,
Now and through heaven's eternal days.

5 L. M. KEN.

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.

6 L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom heaven's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

7 L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Comforter,
One God, eternal thanks belong,
We but begin his praises here,
Heaven shall immortalize the song.

8 L. M.

'TIS sweet to sing, in grateful lays,
The Father, Son, and Spirit's praise,
And endless ages shall prolong
The joy, the triumph, and the song.

9 L. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the annointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart:
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both to be but One
That, through the ages all along,
This still may be our endless song:
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

10 C. M. WALLIN.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
Your grateful voices raise,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Render immortal praise.

11 C. M.

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

12 C. M.

THEE, Father, Son, and Spirit, thee,
Let heaven and earth adore;
Thou art, thou wast, and thou shalt be
God blessed evermore.

13 H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise,
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

14 8s & 7s.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Everlasting three in one:
Thee let heaven and earth adore,
Now, henceforth. and evermore.

15 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love
Praise the Lamb, our expiation—
Priest and King, enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

16 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

17 7s.

1 HOLY, holy, holy! thee—
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit!—we,
Dust and ashes, would adore.
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

2 Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

18 8s & 7s. EDMESTON.

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Savior, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

CHORUSES.

[Lord's Prayer, to be sung by the whole family after meals, or morning prayer.]

19 L. M.

OUR Heavenly Father, hear our prayer;
Thy name be hallowed everywhere;
Thy kingdom come; thy perfect will
In earth, as heaven, let all fulfill:
Give this day's bread that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive;
Help us temptation to withstand,
From evil shield us by thy hand;
Now and forever unto thee,
The kingdom, power, and glory be,
Our Father God, the Savior Son
And Holy Spirit, THREE in ONE.

CHORUSES.

[To be sung to any common metre hymn, to the air of Lilly Dale.]

1 WHEN I can read my title clear, etc.

CHORUS.

O heaven! sweet heaven!
Heaven of my rest;
When shall I be there,
In its glories to share,
And rest on my Savior's breast.

2 ALAS, and did my Savior bleed, etc.

CHORUS.

O Calvary! sad Calvary!
Mount to sinners dear;
'T was on thy dark and rugged brow
The Savior died for me.

Forbear, my Lord