SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN-BOOK.

HYMNS

FOR

SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES,

SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE

Children of the Church.

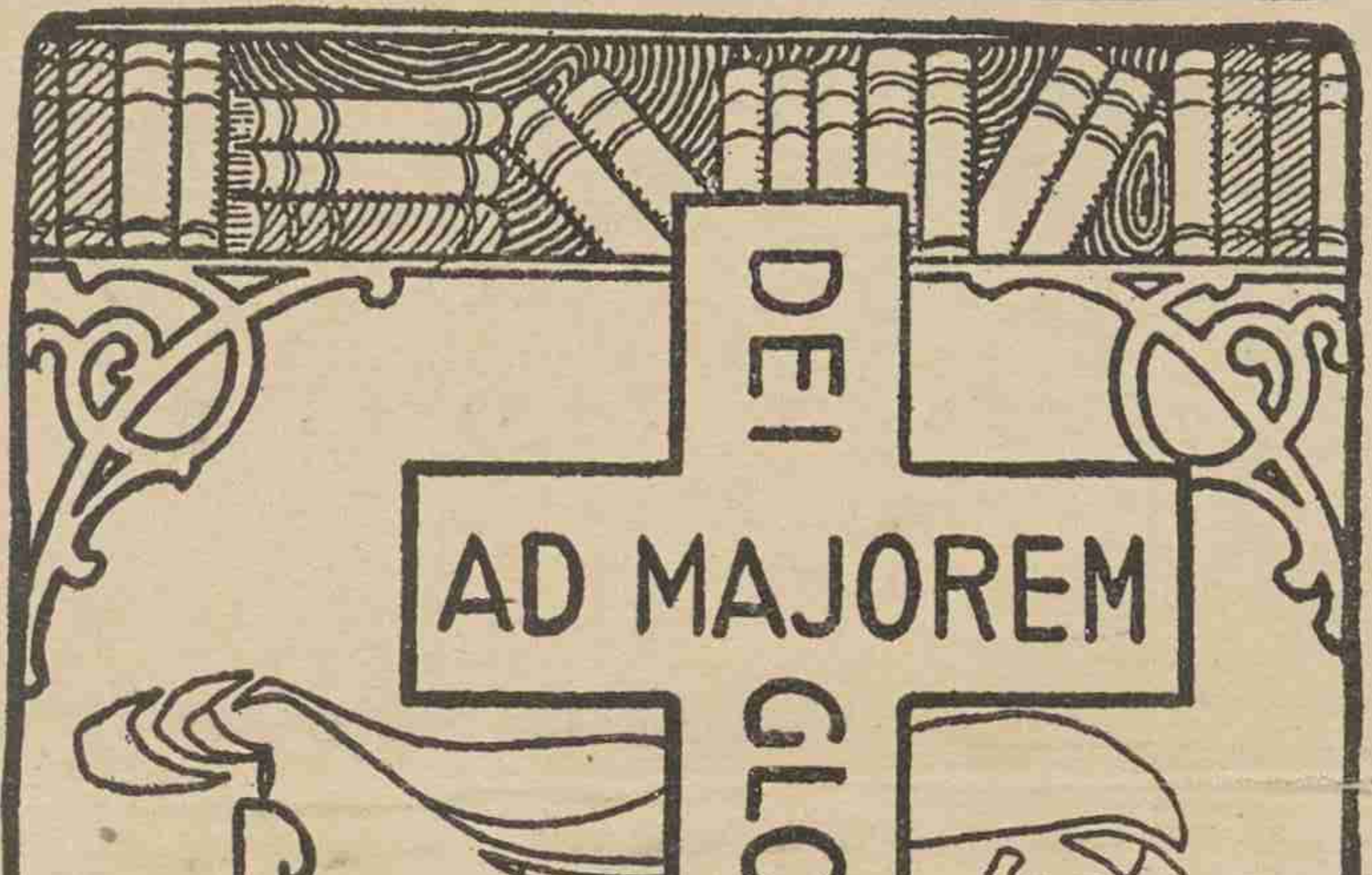
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Nashville, Tenn.:

SOUTHERN METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1873.

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EDITED BY THOS. O. SUMMERS.

Nashville, Tenn.:
PUBLISHED BY A. H. REDFORD, AGENT.
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1873.

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PREFACE.

THIS collection of Hymns is specially designed for the children of the Church. Its publication does not, of course, intimate that the young people are not to use the Hymn Books employed in Public, Social, and Domestic Worship; but as there are many hymns in those books which are not suitable to the young; and as there are many juvenile hymns which were purposely excluded from them, that have been admitted into the present volume, it is hoped that it will not be considered a superfluous addition to the psalmody of the Church.

A very few of the hymns are original: a number are taken from our Church Hymn Books: the rest have been collected from a variety of sources, the names of the authors, when known, being prefixed.

The book contains Dr. Watts's "Divine Songs," and many of Charles Wesley's "Hymns for Children." In a preface to this latter work, John Wesley says: "There are two ways of writing or speaking to children: the one is, to let ourselves down to them; the other, to lift them up to us. Dr. Watts has wrote on the former way, and has succeeded admirably well. speaking to children as children, and leaving them as he found them. The following hymns are written

17555

on the other plan. They contain strong and manly sense, yet expressed in such plain and easy language as even children may understand. But when they do understand them they will be children no longer, only in years and in stature." These suggestions are recognized in the present compilation, which embraces many of the simple rhymes of Jane Taylor, and others of that class, as well as some of the finest sacred lyrics in the language; but all adapted to the comprehension of the young.

It is a mistake to exclude from a collection of hymns all but such as are strictly devotional: not a few therefore of a didactic cast will be found in this volume. Dr. Watts well remarks in the preface to his "Divine Songs:"—"The ancients, among the Jews and the heathens, taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the Song of Moses; and we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing with grace in the heart, but to teach and admonish one another in hymns and songs." This, as he expresses at large, is a most agreeable way of acquiring knowledge; and what is thus learned is longest retained, and will the most readily recur to the recollection. The importance of these considerations has not been duly weighed by parents, pastors, and teachers. Were it properly considered, more attention would be paid to the noble science and art of sacred and vocal music, not only in Sunday schools, but also in colleges and other seminaries, and in the domestic circle.

It is respectfully suggested, that every teacher and pupil in those institutions into which this work may

be admitted, be furnished with a copy; and this suggestion is made with the less reserve, as its price is put at the lowest possible rates.

It is devoutly committed to the patronage of Him who is "exalted above all blessing and praise," who nevertheless condescends to accept an infant's songs. May children's Hosannas soon be sung in every temple, in every school, and in every family on earth!

THE EDITOR.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 21, 1853.

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HYMNS.

SECT. I.—BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD

1 C. M. C. WESLEY

The Trinity.

A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite,
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright:

2 To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky:

4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain:
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man.

7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us, poor ransom'd worms, look down
For heaven's superior praise!

8 The King, whose glorious face ye see,
For us his crown resign'd:
That fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind.

2

6, 4.

The Trinity.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence—evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

3. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Attributes of the Triune God.

HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three:
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of thee!

2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen:
Thou art a spirit pure:
Thou from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.

3 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore:
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

4 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

5 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below,
Thou dost in heaven above;
But chiefly we rejoice to know
Th' almighty God of love.

6 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout our universe.

7 Mercy, with love and endless grace,
O'er all thy works doth reign;
But mostly thou delight'st to bless
Thy favourite creature man.

8 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise design'd!
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

4 C..M. PATRICK

Te Deum.

O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored!

2 To thee, all angels cry aloud:
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majestic sway!

4 Th' apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou th' eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

6 Thy honour'd, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never-ceasing joy: O Christ,
Of glory thou art King.

5 C. M. WATTS

Glory of God.

HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

2 How great his power is, none can tell.
Nor think how large his grace:

Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

6 7's. MONTGOMERY

Creation.

PRAISE the high, the holy One!
God o'er all, the first, the last:
For he spake and it was done—
He commanded, it stood fast.

2 At his word, from darkness light,
Harmony from discord broke:
Weakness started into might,
Beauty out of dust awoke.

3 Plant and flower, and herb and tree,
Sprang spontaneous from the sod:
Sun and moon, and land and sea,
Day and night, beheld their God.

4 Fishes, fowls upon the wing,
Beasts, and all that creep or fly,
Every breathing, moving thing,
Peopled forest, flood, and sky.

5 God, his glory to display,
With his image crown'd the whole,
Breathed his Spirit into clay,
And made man a living soul.

6 Hallelujah! praise the One
God o'er all, the first, the last;
For he spake, and it was done:
He commanded, it stood fast.

7

L. M.

The Footsteps of a God.

MY God, I love and I adore,
But souls that love would know thee more:
Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand
Behind the labours of thy hand?

2 Thy hand unseen sustains the poles
On which this vast creation rolls:
The starry arch proclaims thy power,
Thy pencil glows in every flower.

3 In thousand shapes and colours rise
Thy painted windows to our eyes,
While beasts and birds with labouring throats
Teach us a God in thousand notes.

4 The meanest pin in nature's frame
Marks out some letter of thy name,
Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from field to grove.

5 Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot, or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God.

8

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

Divine Magnificence.

SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such beauteous gems are thrown,
O what magnificence must glow,
My God, around thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light,
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

2 If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung, like some royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer vail,
What glory round the shrine must dwell!

3 The dazzling sun at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth his golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine:
What, then, the day where thou dost shine!

4 Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays?
Or how my spirit, so impure,
Upon thy brightness gaze?
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

9 C. M. WATTS.

Creation and Providence.

I SING th' Almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food:
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

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

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

7 In heaven he shines with beams of love,
  With wrath in hell beneath:
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
  And 'tis his air I breathe.

8 His hand is my perpetual guard,
  He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
  Who is for ever nigh?

10 C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

God's Universal Sovereignty.

GOD made the world: in every land
  His love and power are shown:
All are protected by his hand,
  Though few his goodness own.

2 In forest-shades, and silent plains,
  Where feet have never trod,
There in his mighty power he reigns,
  The everpresent God.

3 To him the rich and poor are known,
  The polish'd and the wild:
He sees the king upon his throne,
  And every little child.

4 He knows the worthy from the vile,
  And sends his mercy down:
None are too mean to share his smile,
  Or to provoke his frown.

5 Great God! and since thy piercing eye
  My inmost heart can see,

Teach me from every sin to fly,
And give that heart to thee.

11 7s. C. WESLEY.

Providence.

HAPPY man whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made:
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours:
Compasses with angel bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands:
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestow'd,
Life, and all, descend from God.

2 He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread:
God refreshes in the air,
Covers with the clothes we wear,
Feeds us with the food we eat,
Cheers us by his light and heat,
Makes his sun on us to shine:
All our blessings are divine.

3 Give him, then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive!
Man we for his kindness love:
How much more our God above!
Worthy thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honour'd and adored:
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

12 8,8,6,8,8,6. HENRY MORE.

The Love of God.

MY God! thy boundless love I praise:
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thy eternal throne,
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that gilds the vernal ray—
Adorns the flowery robe of May—
  Perfumes the breathing gale:
'Tis love that loads the plenteous plain
With blushing fruits and golden grain,
  And smiles o'er every vale.

3 But in thy gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
  And charms the ravish'd breast:
There, love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
  And give the weary rest.

4 There smiles a kind, propitious God,
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
  The pledge of sins forgiven:
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To regions of eternal day,
  And opens all her heaven.

5 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
  And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
  My soul's eternal good.

13 C. M. ADDISON

Gratitude for God's Mercies.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
  My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
  In wonder, love, and praise!

2 O how can words with equal warmth
  The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
  But thou canst read it there!

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
  My daily thanks employ;

Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
5 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

14 7s.

Confidence in God's Goodness.

POOR and needy though I be,
God my Maker cares for me:
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.
2 He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day,
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.
3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I:
He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay his head.
4 Though I labour here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

15 6,8,4. OLIVER.

The God of Abraham.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heaven confess'd.

I bow, and bless the sacred name
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn:
I on his oath depend:
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

16 8s. HART.

"This God is our God."

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great 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.

17 L. M. ADDISON.

Psalm xix. 1–6.

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

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

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

18 8,8,8,8,8,8. ADDISON.

Psalm xxiii.

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, wand'ring 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 crook 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 bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

19 L. M. WATTS

Psalm lvii. 5–11.

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 fix'd: my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name:
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

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.

20 S. M. WATTS.

Psalm xcv.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound:
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne:
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

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

21 L. M. WATTS

Psalm c.

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 form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

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

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

22 L. M. WATTS

Psalm cxxxix.

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

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

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 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!

23 8,8,8. WATTS

Psalm cxlvi.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

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

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind:
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace:

He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

24

6,6,6,6,8,8. C. WESLEY

Psalm cxlviii. 12, 13.

YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high:
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim:
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name!
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellences meet:
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs:
Glory to God be given:
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth and heaven:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

SECT. II.—MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

25 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Advent.

HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne—
And every voice a song.

2 He comes—the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst—
The iron fetters yield!

3 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes—the broken heart to bind—
Th' bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

26 7s. C. WESLEY.

The Incarnation.

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 triumphs of the skies:
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Vail'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!

Pleased as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

4 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die·
Born to raise the sons of earth:
Born to give them second birth.

27 C. M. MEDLEY.

The Incarnation.

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."

28 11, 10. HEBER.

Star of the East.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

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

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

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

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

29 L. M. H. KIRKE WHITE

Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark
Deep horror then my vitals froze:
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

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

30 7s.

The Humiliation of Christ.

CHRIST is merciful and mild,
  He was once a little child:
He whom heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.

2 Every bird can build its nest:
Foxes have their place of rest:
He, by whom the world was made,
Had not where to lay his head.

3 He who is the Lord most high,
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity.

31 L. M. BOWRING.

The Teaching of Christ.

HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel sound
  From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gather'd round,
  And joy and gladness fill'd the place!

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

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

32 L. M. WATTS

Exemplary Life of Christ.

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

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

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

33 11s. M. DE FLEURY.

The Garden of Gethsemane.

O GARDEN of Olivet, dear honour'd spot,
The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be forgot:
The theme most transporting to seraphs above:
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!

2 Come, saints, and adore him: come, bow at his feet!
Oh! give him the glory, the praise, that is meet:
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

34 S. M. C. WESLEY

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful."

THE man of sorrow now
Thou dost indeed appear,
Beneath my guilty burden bow,
And tremble with my fear

2 Thy pain is my relief,
And doth my load remove;
For O, if all thy soul is grief,
Yet all thy heart is love!

35 C. M. S. WESLEY, SEN.

The Crucifixion.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!

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

36 L. M. WATTS

Gal. vi. 14.

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

37 7,7,7,7,7,7. JANE TAYLOR

Death of Christ.

LO, at noon 'tis sudden night!
Darkness covers all the sky!
Rocks are rending at the sight!
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
Jesus dies on Calvary!

2 Nail'd upon the cross, behold
How his tender limbs are torn!
For a royal crown of gold
They have made him one of thorn:
Cruel hands, that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind!

3 See! the blood is falling fast
From his forehead and his side:
Hark! he now has breathed his last:
With a mighty groan he died:
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die?

4 He, who was a King above,
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty he might save:
Down to this sad world he flew,
For such little ones as you.

38 8,7,8,7,4,7. FAWCETT

It is finished.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and vails the sky!

It is finish'd!—
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!—
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!—
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

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

39 S. M. WATTS.

The Atoning Sacrifice.

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.

40 6,6,6,6,8,8. COWPER

The Great Antitype.

ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too:
The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,—
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile the world to God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence:
For he who can for sin atone
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat, on his head,
The people's trespass bore;
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him our Surety seem'd to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."

5 Dipp'd in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free:
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea—
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And, by a Saviour's death, discharged.

6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me!

41 H. M.

Rock of Ages.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These 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 my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

42 C. M. COWPER

The Fountain.

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

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

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

43 S. M. C. WESLEY

The Fountain.

CALL'D from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin:
The stream to which my spirit flies
Can make the foulest clean.

2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide:
'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear
In my Redeemer's side!

44 C. M. S. WESLEY, JUN.

Resurrection of Christ.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee
We bless'd and pious grow:
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught·
'Twas greater to redeem.

45 6,6,6,6,8,8. DODDRIDGE

Resurrection of Christ.

YES! the Reedemer rose,
The Saviour 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 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, And wing their way,
From realms of day, To Jesus' tomb.

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

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by Him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe, on which you dwell:
Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled,
Has left the dead, No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God:
With thee we rise, With thee we reign
And empires gain, Beyond the skies.

46 6s.

Resurrection of Christ.

SING praise: the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay!

Sing of our bonds destroy'd,
Our darkness turn'd to day!
2 Weep for your dead no more:
Friends, be of joyful cheer!
Our star moves on before,
Our narrow path shines clear.
3 He who so patiently
The crown of thorns did wear—
He hath gone up on high:
Our hope is with him there.
4 Now is his truth reveal'd,
His majesty and might:
The grave has been unseal'd—
Christ is our life and light.
5 He who for men did weep,
Suffer, and bleed, and die—
First-fruits of them that sleep—
Christ has gone up on high.
6 His victory hath destroy'd
The shafts that once could slay:
Sing praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay.

47 L. M. WATTS

Christ dying, rising, reigning.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
A solemn darkness vails the skies:
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
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 richest blood.
2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb:
  Up to his Father's courts he flies:
Cherubic legions guard him home,
  And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
  How high your great Deliverer reigns:
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
  And led the monster death in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
  Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
  And, "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

48 L. M. C. WESLEY

Ascension of Christ. Psalm xxiv. 7–10.

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.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
  And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
  Ye everlasting doors, give way.

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
  And wide unfold th' ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right—
  Receive the King of glory in.
Who is the King of glory? Who?
  The Lord that all our foes o'ercame—
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew—
  And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphant chariot waits,
  And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates:
  Ye everlasting doors, give way.
Who is the King of glory? Who?
  The Lord, of glorious power possess'd—

The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd.

49 8,7. BAKEWELL.

Priesthood of Christ.

HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour:
Life is given through thy name.

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

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever 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, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays:
Help to sing our Saviour's merits:
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

50 C. M. PERRONET.

Coronation of Christ.

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.

51 8,6,8,6,8,8. KELLY

Christ enthroned and worshipped.

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

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

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

52 C. M. STEELE

King of Saints.

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

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

3 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.

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

53 C. M. GREGG.

Christ attended by Angels.

BEYOND the glittering, starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
Yon heaven of heavens with living light
Our great Redeemer fills.

2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine,
And swell his praise with golden harps,
Attuned to songs divine.

3 "Hail, Prince!" they cry, "for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Moved thee to quit those glorious realms,
And royalties above."

4 While he did condescend on earth
To suffer grief and pain,
They cast their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.

5 Through all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend,
Oft wondering how and where at last
The mystic scene would end.

6 They saw his heart, transfix'd with wounds,
With love and grief run o'er:
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er brake before.

7 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne:
Clapp'd their triumphant wings and cried,
"The glorious work is done!"

54 L. M. WESLEY.

Second Advent of Christ.

THE Judge of all shall soon come down,
Bright on his everlasting throne,
Summon the nations to his bar,
And I shall take my trial there.

2 Jesus, my Advocate with God,
O wash me in thy precious blood,
That, at my last appearing, I
With joy may meet thee in the sky.

55 C. M. WATTS.

Praise for Redemption.

BLESS'D be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore
And save our ruin'd race.

2 Bless'd be the Lord, that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood:
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

3 Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him raised on high:
He pleads his merits there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

4 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And, with a sovereign voice,
Shall call and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

5 O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the bless'd assembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace.

56 C. M. WATTS.

Salvation.

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.

57 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Grace.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my 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 taught my wandering 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.

58 L. M. MEDLEY

I know that my Redeemer liveth.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives my everlasting Head.

2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives and grants me daily breath,
He lives and I shall conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

5 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives my Jesus still the same:
O the sweet joys the sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

59 6,6,6,6,8,8. C. WESLEY

The Saviour's Praise.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven:
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Stung by the scorpion, sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel he died for me.

4 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call—
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all:
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died.

60 8,7. ROBINSON

Praise to the Redeemer.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought—
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought:

4 For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain:
Wings an angel—guides a sparrow—
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along!
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who dare sing that awful song?

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.

7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

8 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest wo—
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

9 Go, return, immortal Saviour:
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne:
Thence return, and reign for ever:
Be the kingdom all thine own.

61 C. M. S. STENNETT

Indebtedness to Christ.

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

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

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

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

62 8,7. NEWTON.

Obligations to the Saviour.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name:
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

63 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"He is precious."

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should 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 mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there:
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last, labouring breath:
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

64 C. M. WATTS
Rev. v. 11–13.

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

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

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

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

SECT. III.—OFFICES OF THE HOLY GHOST.

65 8,6,8,4. LYTE.

The Comforter promised.

OUR bless'd 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.

66 L. M. WATTS

Work of the Spirit.

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 Enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day:

Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice:
Thy cheering words awake our joys:
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

67 L. M. BROWNE.

Work of the Spirit.

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

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

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

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

68 C. M. C. WESLEY

The Interpreter.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost—for, moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke—

Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night:
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

69 S. M. C. WESLEY.

Spirit of Faith.

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:
'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see:
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the vail away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood;
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes—
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

70 C. M. WATTS.

Witness and Seal of the Spirit.

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

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

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

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
May thy bless'd wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home!

71 C. M. BEDDOME.

The Spirit invoked.

CELESTIAL Dove, Come from above
And guide me in thy ways:
My heart prepare For solemn prayer,
And tune my lips to praise.

2 Open mine eyes, And make me wise
My interest to discern:
From every sin, Without, within,
Incline my heart to turn.

3 Fly to my aid When I'm afraid
Or plunged in deep distress:
My foes subdue, And bring me through
This howling wilderness.

72 S. M. BEDDOME.

The Spirit's Influences sought.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,

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And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

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

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

73 C. M. WATTS

The Spirit's Quickenings implored.

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

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they 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 And shall we, then, for ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

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

SECT. IV.—INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

74 6,6,6,6,8,8. WATTS.

The Church.—Psalm lxxxiv.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode My heart aspires,
With warm desires To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; And happy they
That love the way To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, When God our King
Shall thither bring Our willing feet!

4 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door Than shine in courts.

75 L. M. WATTS

Psalm xcii. 12–15.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand:
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Bless'd with thine influence from above:

Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true:
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

76 S. M. MONTGOMERY

Psalm cxxii.

GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day.

2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

3 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And joyful, in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

4 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God:
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

5 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found!
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

6 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease:
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

77 S. M. DWIGHT.

Psalm cxxxvii. 5, 6.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,

The church our bless'd Redeemer bought
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.

78 7s. MONTGOMERY

Joining the Church.

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.

79 C. M. C. WESLEY

"Ye are come unto Mount Sion."

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
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.

80 C. M. C. WESLEY.

Safety in Union.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep!
For O, the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay:
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm:
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side:
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree:
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

81 C. M. C. WESLEY.

Mutual Aid.

HELP us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

2 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

3 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

4 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

82 S. M. WATTS

The Ministry.—Isaiah lii. 7–10.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill:
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King:
He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How 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 Saviour and their God.

83 L. M. BEDDOME.

Prayer for Ministers.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee:
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best endowments are our gain:
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed:
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed:
Teach them immortal souls to gain,—
And thus reward their toil and pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound.

In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

84 S. M. C. WESLEY.

For an Increase of Ministers.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry:
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view:
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove:
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

85 C. M. C. WESLEY.

The Minister's Theme.

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 Jesus the prisoners' fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head:
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!

The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace!

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

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name,
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

86 L. M. WATTS

Baptism.

'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize:"
The nations have received the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 "Repent, and be baptized," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

3 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends, like purifying rain.

4 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord:
O may the great Eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record!

87 C. M. WATTS

Children embraced in the Covenant.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed!
"I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure:
The angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

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

4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

88 L. M. WATTS

Seal of the Abrahamic Covenant.

THUS did the sons of Abrah'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace:
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant and his love:
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God:
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let every saint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice:
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abrah'm praise.

89 C. M. DODDRIDGE

Mark x. 13–16.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms:
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

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

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands
And yield them up to thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

90 C. M. WATTS.

Acts xvi. 15, 33.

THUS Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word:
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord.

2 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace:
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

91 C. M. WATTS.

Rom. xi. 16, 17.

GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive-wood:
Grace takes us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same blessings, grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew:
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God:
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Col. iii. 1, 2.

BAPTIZED into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die:
With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned, divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.

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

93 6,6,6,6,8,8. C. WESLEY.

Baptismal Consecration.

BAPTIZED into thy name,
Mysterious One in Three,
Our souls and bodies claim
A sacrifice to thee:
We only live our faith to prove,
The faith which works by humble love.

2 O that our light may shine,
And all our lives express
The character divine,
The *real* holiness!
Then, then receive us up t' adore
The Triune God for evermore.

94 C. M. DODDRIDGE

The Lord's Supper.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board:
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready: come away,
Nor weak excuses frame:
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

95 7s. CONDER.

The Lord's Supper.

BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed;
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord! thy wounds our healing give—
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died:
Lord of life! O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

96 9, 8. HEBER

The Lord's Supper.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken—
Look on the tears by sinners shed!
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

97 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Eucharistic Vow.

O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart:
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast?

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

98 C. M. C. WESLEY

The Sabbath.

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.

99 C. M. WATTS.

The Lord's-day Morning.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead:
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear the word;
And I will go with cheerful feet,
To learn thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sports to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven:
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven!

100 S. M. WATTS.

Sabbath Morning.

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 within the place
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In sinful pleasures spent.

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

101 7s. NEWTON.

Sabbath Morning.

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.

102 11s.

Sabbath Morning.

HOW sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest,
The day of the week which I surely love best!
The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

2 O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a minute in trifling or play:
Remembering these seasons were graciously given
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.

3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere:
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4 Instruct me, my Saviour: a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee:
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways:
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

103 L. M. JANE TAYLOR

Sabbath Morning.

THIS day belongs to God alone,
He chooses Sunday for his own;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is the Sabbath-day.

2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven:
Or else we never should have thought
About religion as we ought.

3 Then let us spend it as we should,
In serving God and being good;
And not forget when Sunday's gone
What texts the sermons were upon.

4 We ought, to-day, to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week,
And be the better every day,
For what we hear our teachers say.

5 And every Sabbath should be pass'd
As if we knew it were our last;
For what would dying sinners give
To have one Sabbath more to live!

104 C. M. WATTS

Psalm v. 1–8.

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

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there:
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

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

105 L. M. WATTS

Psalm xcii.

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 by night.

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

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

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

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

106 C. M. WATTS.

Psalm cxviii. 24.

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

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

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

107 C. M. C. WESLEY.

Rev. i. 10.

MAY I throughout this day of thine
Be in thy Spirit, Lord—
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word—

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above—
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

108 L. M. WATTS.

The Lord's-day Evening.

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!
Not all my pleasures, nor my play,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrines 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.

109 L. M. JANE TAYLOR

Sabbath Evening.

WE'VE pass'd another Sabbath day,
And heard of Jesus and of heaven:
We thank thee for thy word, and pray
That this day's sins may be forgiven.

May all we heard and understood
Be well remember'd through the week,
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent, and meek.

3 Bless our good minister, we pray,
Who loves to see a child attend:
And let us honour and obey
The words of such a holy friend.

4 So when our lives are finish'd here,
And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er,
May we along with him appear,
To serve and love thee evermore.

110 6s.

Sabbath Evening.

THE light of Sabbath eve
Is fading fast away:
What record will it leave,
To crown the closing day?
Is it a Sabbath spent,
Of fruitless time destroy'd?
Or have these moments lent,
Been sacredly employ'd?

2 How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
That cannot come again!
Then in that hopeless place
The wretched soul will say,
"I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away."

3 To waste the Sabbath hours,
O may we never dare:
Nor taint with thoughts of ours
These sacred days of prayer;
But may our Sabbaths here
Inspire our hearts with love;
And prove a foretaste clear
Of that sweet rest above.

111 S. M. MONTGOMERY

Sabbath on Earth and in Heaven.

THE Sabbath of the Lord,
The Sabbath is our day,
For then we read and hear God's word,
We learn to praise and pray!

2 Ours is the Sunday-school,
Its lessons may we prize;
And grow by every gospel rule,—
Unto salvation wise.

3 So all our lives below,
In wisdom's pleasant ways,
The fruits of Sunday-schools shall show,
The bliss of Sabbath-days.

4 Lord of the Sabbath, send
Prosperity and peace,
Till tasks and teaching here shall end,
Tongues fail, and knowledge cease.

5 Then heaven itself shall be
One Sunday-school above;
And undisturb'd eternity
One Sabbath-day of love.

112 L. M. DODDRIDGE

The Eternal Sabbath.

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

2 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place:
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

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

4 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

SECT. V.—THE GOSPEL CALL.

113 6,6,6,6,8,8. C. WESLEY.

The Year of Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb:
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace:

And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

114 L. M. C. WESLEY

The Gospel Feast.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace!

115 C. M. WATTS

Isaiah lv. 1–3.

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 hath 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 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean, join:
Salvation, in abundance, flows
Like floods of milk and wine.

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

116 8,7,4. HART

The Invitation.

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

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger:
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

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

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely:
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

117 7s. BARBAULD

"Come unto me."

COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home:
Weary wanderer, hither come.

2 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

118 12s. THORNBY.

The voice of free grace.

THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain!"
For Adam's lost race, Christ hath open'd a fountain:
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to Jesus repair:
Now he calls you in mercy—and can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them—it flows from the fountain.

3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious:
To him we will join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore:
With harps in our hands, we will praise him the more:
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.

119 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6. NEWTON.

The Great Physician.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul!
The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin:
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

2 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain:
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

3 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

4 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give:
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look, and live.

120 8,7. NEWTON

Bartimeus.

MERCY, O thou Son of David!
Thus blind Bartimeus prayèd:
Others by thy word are savèd,
Now to me afford thine aid:
Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give:
"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day:"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

3 O methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around:
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!
O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely, would they hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

121 C. M. E. JONES

Come to Jesus.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve—
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose:
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

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

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

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

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

7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

122 6s.

Sinner, come.

SINNER, come, mid thy gloom,
All thy guilt confessing,
Trembling now, contrite bow,
Take the offer'd blessing.

2 Sinner, come, while there's room
While the feast is waiting—
While the Lord, by his word,
Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner, come, lo! the tomb
Opens wide before thee!
See death stand—lift his hand—
Waiting to devour thee.

4 Sinner, come, ere thy doom
Shall be seal'd for ever·

Now return, grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ the Saviour.

123 7s. C. WESLEY.

The Expostulation.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why!
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live—
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why!
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why!
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

124 L. M. GREGG.

Revelation iii. 20.

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

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands:

O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

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

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

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

125 L. M. COLLYER.

"Return unto me."

RETURN, O wanderer, return!
And seek an injured Father's face:
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart:
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

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

126 11,10. MOORE.

Come, ye Disconsolate.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, and at God's altar 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, in God's name
saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,—
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
Sweet as the heavenly promise hope sings us,
Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal.

127 C. M. WATTS.

Deceitfulness of Sin.

SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind,
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So, on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food:
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

128 S. M. DODDRIDGE

The Warning.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes!—

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonish'd, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear:
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

129 7s. T. SCOTT

"Escape for thy life."

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise:
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is she to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore:
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return:
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest:
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest the curse should thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

130 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Now is the day of salvation."

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
O! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care:
O! be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

131 6,6,6,6,8,8. HATFIELD
Psalm xcv.

COME, let us gladly sing
To God, our Saviour King:
With thanks his presence seek,
In psalms his praises speak:
He's God most high, let all draw nigh,
And crown him Lord of earth and sky.

2 He gave the mountains birth,
He made this spacious earth:
His are the sea and land—
They rose at his command.
With reverence all before him fall,
And on his name devoutly call.

3 Come, kneel before his throne,
For he is God alone:
We are the flock he leads—
The sheep his bounty feeds:
To-day—to-day—his voice obey:
Grieve not the Holy Ghost away.

132 11s.

Danger of Delay.

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

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

3 Delay not, delay not: the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

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

133 12,8.

The Harvest is past.

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 sweet 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 wo!
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 Saviour they love:
Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swelling of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom!

134 L. M. HYDE.

My Spirit shall not always strive.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd 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 warn'd 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 mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, 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! shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

SECT. VI.—PENITENTIAL EXERCISES.

135 S. M. C. WESLEY.

Praying for Repentance.

O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart!—

2 A heart with grief opprest
For having grieved my God:
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire:
With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

136 7,6,8. C. WESLEY.

Praying for Repentance.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep:
False to thee like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored:
On me be all long-suffering shown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 See me, Saviour, from above.
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down:

Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 Look as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live:
"Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd,) "forgive!"
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

137 L. M. WATTS.

Psalm li. 1–4.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

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

3 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 judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, 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.

138 L. M. WATTS
Psalm li. 5–8.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean:
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy!

4 Behold, I fall before thy face:
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean:
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow:
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

6 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 heart rejoice.

139 7s. GRANT.
Litany.

SAVIOUR, 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 pains and wo,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human grief and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness:
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power:
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony and prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorns:
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries—
By thy perfect sacrifice:
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep, expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save:
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

L. M.

140 *Contrition in View of the Cross.*

FAST flow, my tears: the cause is great
This tribute claims an injured Friend:
One whom I long pursued with hate,
While he would love me to the end.
When justice frown'd above my head,
And death its terrors round me spread,
He interposed the wounds he bore,
And bade me live to die no more.

2 Fast flow, my tears: yet faster flow,
Stream copious as yon purple tide:

Who was it gave the deadly blow?
Who urged the hand that pierced his side?
My soul, thy victim here behold!
What pangs, what agonies untold,
While justice, arm'd with power divine,
Pours on his head what's due to thine!

3 Fast, and yet faster flow, my tears:
Now break this heart and drown these eyes:
His visage, marr'd, toward heaven he rears,
And, pleading for his murderers, dies!
My grief no measure knows, nor end,
Till he appears, the sinner's Friend,
And gives me, in some happy hour,
To feel the risen Saviour's power.

141 L. M. JANE TAYLOR.

No hiding from God.

AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is as a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No: for a constant watch he keeps,
On every thought of every soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet have never trod,
Yet there I should not be alone:
On every side there would be God.

4 He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell,
He fills the earth, the air, the sea:
I must within his presence dwell,
I cannot from his anger flee.

5 Yet I may flee—he shows me where—
To Jesus Christ he bids me fly;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

142 C. M. WATTS

Thou God seest me.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie:
Upward I dare not look:
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

6 O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

143 C. M.

Confession.

ALMIGHTY Father! God of grace!
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly, from thy paths have turn'd,
Each to his sinful way.

2 Sins of omission and of act,
Through all our lives abound:
Alas! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found.

3 O spare us, Lord!—in mercy spare!
Our contrite souls restore,
Through Him who suffer'd on the cross,
And man's trangressions bore.

4 And grant, O Father! for his sake,
That we, through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To thine eternal praise.

144 S. M. JANE TAYLOR.

The Heart broken for Sin and from Sin.

IF Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

2 He says he loves to see
A broken-hearted one:
He loves that sinners such as we
Should mourn for what we've done.

3 'Tis not enough to say
We're sorry and repent;
Yet still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.

4 Repentance is, to leave
The sins we loved before
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

5 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray:
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

6 And since the Saviour came
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame,
We would at once begin.

145 C. M. C. WESLEY

The Resolve.

SHALL I, amid a ghastly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?—

2 Dissolved are nature's closest ties,
And bosom-friends forgot,
When God, the just averger, cries,
Depart, I know you not!—

3 But must I from his glorious face,
From all his saints retire?
But must I go to my own place
In everlasting fire?—

4 Ah! no—I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays:
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve
And offers me his grace.

5 I will accept his offers now—
From every sin depart:
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given:
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

146 L. M. STEELE

"We will serve the Lord."

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

2 O, be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine

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

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

147 L. M. COLLYER

Renouncing the World.

I LEAVE the world with willing feet,
Great God, to find repose in thee:
Once its enchantments, soft and sweet,
Threw silken fetters over me.

2 Vice pointed to a flowery vale,
Where streams of pleasure seem'd to roll,
And every sweet, on every gale,
Press'd through the senses to the soul.

3 Imagination lent her aid
To strengthen every dangerous snare;
But soon the flattering vision fled,
And gave its victim to despair.

4 My youth, restored from fatal wiles,
Has learn'd temptation's power to fear,
To dread the world's delusive smiles,
And 'scape the fowler's cruel snare.

148 6,6,6,6,8,8. JANE TAYLOR

Renouncing the World.

COME, my fond, fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free!
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But clings yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear—
Ye dearest idols, fall:

My love ye must not share—
Jesus shall have it all:
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But, ah! thou must consent, my heart.

3 Ye fair enchanting throng!
Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth has prevail'd too long,
And now I break the spell:
Ye cherish'd joys of early years—
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 O may I feel thy worth!
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare:
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

149 C. M. WATTS
Psalm cxix.

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

4 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

150 7s. NEWTON.

The Suit.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare—
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to the King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest—
Take possession of my breast:
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

151 S. M. NEWTON.

Begging the Bread of Life.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we should starve indeed;
For we no money have, to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give!
O hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

152 11s.

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name:
Thy kingdom, all holy, on earth be the same

O give to us daily our portion of bread:
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgression, and teach us to know
That humble compassion that pardons each foe.
Save us from temptation, from weakness and sin;
And thine be the glory, for ever. Amen.

153 S. M. C. WESLEY

Surrendering the Heart.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move:
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free:
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

5 To rescue me from wo,
Thou didst with all things part,
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

6 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man
And died a cursed death.

154 S. M. C. WESLEY

Surrendering the Heart.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,—
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,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

155 S. M. NEWTON

Bethesda.

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

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

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

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

5 No: he is full of grace:
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

156 C. M. WATTS

"Help thou my unbelief."

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

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief!

4 To the bless'd fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

157 C. M. C. WESLEY

Praying for Faith.

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 labour, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power!
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies!

5 Surely thou canst not let me die:
O speak, and I shall live:
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace!

158 C. M. WATTS

Surrendering at the Cross.

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

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groan'd 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.

159 7s. C. WESLEY

Seeking Refuge in Christ.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my soul at last:

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name:
I am all unrighteousness:

False, and full of sin I am:
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art:
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart:
Rise to all eternity!

160 C. M. NEWTON

The Effort.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer:
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou call'st the burden'd soul to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

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

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

6 "Poor tempest-tossèd soul, be still,
My promised grace receive:"—
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

161 L. M. CENNICK

"I am the Way."

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

2 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 mourn'd because I found it not:
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, *I am the way.*"

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, bless'd Lamb
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

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

162 8,8,8,6.

The Venture.

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

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

3 Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and wars without—
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

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

163 6,6,4,6,6,6,4. MRS. PALMER

Self-consecration at the Cross.

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

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

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,

Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside!

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll—
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove:
O bear me safe above—
A ransom'd soul!

164 C. M. NEWTON

Subdued by the Cross.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair:
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd 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 blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

165 S. M. C. WESLEY

Waiting at the Cross.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean:
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow:
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

166 C. M. WATTS

Waiting for the Blessing.

FATHER, I wait before thy throne—
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

2 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"
With an unwavering tongue.

167 8,8,6. C. WESLEY

Panting for the Love of God.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

168 C. M. COWPER

The Backslider's Prayer.

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

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

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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

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

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

169 7s. C. WESLEY

The Backslider's Plea.

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

2 I have long withstood his grace—
Long provoked him to his face—
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Lo! I cumber still the ground:
Lo! an Advocate is found!
"Hasten not to cut him down:
Let this barren soul alone!"

4 Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood:
He disarms the wrath of God!
Now my Father's bowels move—
Justice lingers into love.

5 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare:
Cries, "How shall I give thee up!"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

6 There for me the Saviour stands—
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

SECT. VII.—CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

170 C. M. C. WESLEY

Miracles of Grace.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great 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 honours of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms 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 cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean:
His blood avail'd for *me*.

5 He speaks—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive:
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice:
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf: his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ:
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

171 C. M. COWPER

Praise for Saving Faith.

OF all the gifts thy hand bestows,
Thou Giver of all good,
Not heaven itself a richer knows
Than my Redeemer's blood.

2 Faith, too, the blood-receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain,

Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
That gift had been in vain

3 Blind to the merits of thy Son,
What misery we endure!
Yet fly that hand from which alone
We could expect a cure.

4 We praise thee, and would praise thee more,
To thee our all we owe—
The precious Saviour, and the power
That makes him precious, too.

172 8,7. WINGROVE

Gratitude for Pardon.

HAIL, my ever-blessed Jesus!
Only thee I wish to sing:
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
O what mercy flows from heaven!
O what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I'm much forgiven:
I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay,
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness:
Love I much? I'm much forgiven:
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above!
While, astonish'd, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love
That bless'd moment I received him
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I'm much forgiven:
I'm a miracle of grace.

173 6,6,6,6,8,8. C. WESLEY

"We cry, Abba, Father."

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

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

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

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

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

174 S. M. WATTS

Adoption.

BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd

On sinners of a mortal race—
To call them sons of God:
2 Nor does it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
4 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne:
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

175 S. M. C. WESLEY.

Witness of Adoption.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?
2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.
3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.
4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.
5 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And conquerors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

176 8,8,6. GUION

[Translated from the French, by Cowper.]

Bliss of Adoption.

HOW happy are the new-born race
Partakers of adopting grace!
How pure the bliss they share!
Hid from the world, and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And conscience feels it there.

2 The moment we believe, 'tis ours;
And if we love with all our powers
The God from whom it came,
And if we serve with heart sincere,
'Tis still discernible and clear,
An undisputed claim.

3 But, ah! if foul and wilful sin
Stain and dishonour us within,
Farewell the joy we knew:
Again the slaves of nature's sway,
In labyrinths of our own we stray,
Without a guide or clue.

4 The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
The gracious Spirit they receive,
His work distinctly trace,
And strong in undissembling love,
Boldly assert and clearly prove
Their hearts his dwelling-place.

5 O Messenger of dear delight,
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove!
With thee at hand to soothe our pains.
No wish unsatisfied remains,
No task, but that of love.

177 S. M. C. WESLEY

Depending on Christ.

JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light.

On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

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

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art,
In all things to depend
On thee: O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.

178 7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6. C. WESLEY

Only Jesus.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless wo
The sin-atoning Victim died!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end:
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend,
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

4 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove,—
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

179 7s.

"Lovest thou me?" COWPER

HARK, my soul,—it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word!
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound—
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother'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 faith 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 is still so faint;
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

180 C. M. DODDRIDGE

"Thou knowest that I love thee."

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

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

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

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord:
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

181 8,7,4.

"Whom not having seen, we love."

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee—
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour:
He hath brought salvation near,—
Manifests his pardoning favour,
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them will still be vying,
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song.
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

182 C. M. WATTS

The principal Grace.

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 Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease:
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

183 8,7. R. ROBINSON

Gratitude.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, 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.

184 8,8,8,8,8,8. J. WESLEY
From the German of Tersteegen.

Sacrificing all for Christ.

THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

3 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care:
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

185 L. M. GREGG

Not ashamed of Jesus.

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

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

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

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

186 8s. C. WESLEY

Delight in Christ.

THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art.

2 The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest:
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast.

4 'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart:
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

187 8s. NEWTON

Delight in Christ.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me,—

The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice:
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd:
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore:
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

188 L. M. COWPER

Fountain of Delight.

I THIRST; but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share:
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
First wean'd my soul from earthly things,

And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

4 Dear Fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream!

5 For, sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit, than I.

189 7s. TOPLADY.

Source of Joy.

OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus! crucified for me:
All to happiness aspire
Only to be found in thee:
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below:
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord! it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny:
Lord! if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows:
Peace and happiness are thine—
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

3 While I feel thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy:
Here, O may I walk with thee—
Then into thy presence die!

Let me but thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness!
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below, and heaven above.

190 C. M. NEWTON.

Happiness in Christ alone.

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 known the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all conceal'd:
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart:
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fix'd my roving heart.

191 L. M. C. WESLEY.

Proverbs iii. 13–18.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise—
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains:
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

192 11,9. C. WESLEY.

Ecstasy of the new-born Soul.

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

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

3 'Twas a heaven below My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than 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 suffer'd and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.

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

6 I rode on the sky, Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
My soul mounted higher In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possest, I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

193 10,11. C. WESLEY.

Heaven below.

MY God, I am thine, What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus
is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb, Thrice happy I am,—
My heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound In the rapturous sound:
Whoever hath found it, hath paradise found:
My Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,—
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste To the heavenly feast:
That, that is the fulness; but this is the taste!
And this I shall prove, Till with joy I remove
To th' heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

194 S. M. WATTS

Rejoicing in God.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas—

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin:
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

195 S. M. WATTS.

Rejoicing in God.

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

5 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
O Jesus, raise me higher.

196 C. M. WATTS

Rejoicing in God.

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 thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus show his mercy mine,
And whisper I am his.

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

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

197 C. M. WATTS.

"The Lord is my portion."

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

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 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?

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

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

198 L. M. C. WESLEY.

Seeking perfect Rest in Christ.

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

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

199 C. M. C. WESLEY

Seeking the Rest of Faith.

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above:
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

200 C. M. C. WESLEY.

Seeking perfect Purification.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

201 C. M. C. WESLEY

Praying for a holy Heart.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine:
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine.

202 S. M. C. WESLEY.

Entire Sanctification.

O COME and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 This inward, dire disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state,
Indulge me but in this;
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

203 8,7. C. WESLEY

Perfect Love.

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down:
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest:

Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning:
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing:
Serve thee as thy hosts above:
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

204 7s. C. WESLEY

Entire Consecration to God.

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.

3 Take my soul and body's powers:
Take my memory, mind, and will:

All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel:
All I think, or speak, or do:
Take my heart—but make it new!

205 S. M. C. WESLEY

Entire Consecration.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

206 L. M. J. WESLEY.

From the French.

Entire Consecration.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul:
Possess it, thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole

207 8,7,4. WILLIAMS

The Christian Pilgrimage.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty:
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

208 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6. SEAGRAVE

The Christian Pilgrimage.

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 Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

209 C. M. JANE TAYLOR

The Narrow Way.

THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray:
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last:

3 While the broad road where thousands go
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

4 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

210 7s. CENNICK.

The Pilgrim's Song.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing—
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made—
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

211 C. M. WATTS.

Psalm lxxi. 15.

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

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessèd Lord,
That I may love thee more.

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

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers:
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

212 C. M. DODDRIDGE

The Christian Race.

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

2 A cloud of witnesses around
  Hold thee in full survey:
F'orget the steps already trod,
  And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
  That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
  To thine aspiring eye.

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

5 Bless'd Saviour! introduced by thee,
  Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with victory, at thy feet
  I'll lay my honours down.

213 C. M. WATTS

The Christian Warfare.

AM I a soldier of the cross,—
  A follower of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
  Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
  On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
  And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
  Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
  To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
  Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
  Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
  Shall conquer, though they die:

They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of victory, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

214 S. M. C. WESLEY

Eph. vi. 10.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise!
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

215 7,7,8,7. C. WESLEY

The Conquerors' Song.

HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee:

Till thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices,
With bless'd anticipation,
And cry aloud, And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, Which knows no days
And ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favour:
The love divine, Which made us thine,
Can keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation:
Nor will we fear, While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes:
By thee we shall Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise, For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us;
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

216 7s. C. WESLEY.

Humility.—Psalm cxxxi.

LORD, if thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be
Rooted in humility.

2 From the time that thee I know,
Nothing shall I seek below,
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both my heart and eye:

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Awed into a little child:
Quiet now without my food,
Wean'd from every creature-good.

4 Hangs my new-born soul on thee,
Kept from all idolatry:
Nothing wants beneath, above,
Happy, happy in thy love.

5 O that all might seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd:
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

217 8,8,6. C. WESLEY

Circumspection.

BE it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart:
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

218 C. M. C. WESLEY.

A tender Conscience.

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear,—
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near:

I want the first approach to feel
  Of pride, or fond desire,—
To catch the wandering of my will,
  And quench the kindling fire.
2 From thee that I no more may part,
  No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart
  The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
  O God, my conscience make
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
  And keep it still awake.
3 If to the right or left I stray,
  That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away
  For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
  My well-instructed soul!
And drive me to the blood again
  Which makes the wounded whole.

219 S. M. C. WESLEY

Watchfulness.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
  This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
  And Christ shall make thee whole."
2 Give me on thee to call,
  Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
  And cast my shield away.
3 O do thou always warn
  My soul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
  Thy voice still let me hear.
4 "Come back! this is the way!
  Come back! and walk herein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
  And shun the paths of sin!

220 8,8,6. C. WESLEY.

Watching unto Prayer.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day:
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And starting, cry from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink!
O save me, or I die!

3 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart!
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

4 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like thyself below,
Unblamable in grace:
Ready prepared and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, t' appear
Before thy glorious face.

221 C. M. MONTGOMERY

Prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd, or unexpress'd:
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.

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

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

222 L. M. STOWELL.

The Mercy-seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

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

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

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

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

6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
Ere I forget the mercy-seat!

223 S. M. C. WESLEY.

Keeping the Charge of the Lord.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky:
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

224 S. M. C. WESLEY.

A holy Life.

GOD of almighty love,—
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face,—
Through Jesus Christ, the just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
  Thy glory be my aim:
My offerings all be offer'd through
  The ever-blessed name.
Jesus, my single eye
  Be fix'd on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high,
  Thy will by all be done!
3 Spirit of faith, inspire
  My consecrated heart:
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
  With all thou hast and art.
My feeble mind transform,
  And, perfectly renew'd,
Into a saint exalt a worm—
  A worm exalt to God!

225 L. M. MONTGOMERY

The Stranger and his Friend.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
  Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
  That I could never answer nay:
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.
2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
  He enter'd—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread:
  I gave him all—he blest it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.
3 I spied him where a fountain burst
  Clear from the rock—his strength was gone:
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
  He heard it, saw it hurrying on.

I ran to raise the sufferer up:
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt, and return'd it running o'er:
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof:
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof:
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest,
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

5 Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment:—he was heal'd:—
I had myself a wound conceal'd;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn:
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd him mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die:
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

7 Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger darted from disguise:
The tokens in his hands I knew:
My Saviour stood before mine eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named:
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be:
Fear not: thou didst them unto me."

226 S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Beneficence.

LABOURERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil:
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallow'd lore.

3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

5 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

227 S. M. MONTGOMERY

Eccles. xi. 6.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand:
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow.
Scatter it on the rock.

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky:

5 Thence, when the final end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

228 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Choice of Moses.

MY soul, with all thy waken'd powers,
Survey the heavenly prize;
Nor let these glittering toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.

2 The splendid crown which Moses sought
Still beams around his brow;
Though soon great Pharaoh's sceptred pride
Was taught by death to bow.

3 The joys and treasures of a day
I cheerfully resign:
Rich in that large immortal store,
Secured by grace divine.

4 Let fools my wiser choice deride,
Angels and God approve:
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell,
My steadfast soul shall move.

5 With ardent eye, that bright reward
I daily will survey;
And in the blooming prospect lose
The sorrows of the way.

229 L. M. DODDRIDGE

The Choice of Mary.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's 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 shipwreck 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.

230 8,7. GRANT

Taking up the Cross.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee:
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!
2 Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.
3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure:
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure—
With thy favour loss is gain.
I have call'd thee Abba, Father,—
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,—
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,—
'Twill but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me,—
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
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 unmix'd with thee!

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

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

231 C. M. BRADY & TATE

Psalm xxxiv. 1–9.

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

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide

How bless'd they are, 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:
Your wants shall be his care.

232 C. M. LOGAN

Jacob's Prayer.

O GOD of Abram! 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 feet arrive in peace!

5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore:
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
Thy goodness we'll adore.

233 C. M. six lines.

My times are in thy hand.

FATHER! I know that all my life
Is portion'd out by thee:
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see,
But ask thee for a patient mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watchings wise,
To meet the glad with cheerful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes—
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Searching for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where to go.

4 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied—
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
So thou be glorified.

234 7s. CONDER

Daily Bread.

DAY by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 "Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away:
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have plann'd
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

4 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.

235 10,11 NEWTON

The Lord will provide.

THO' troubles assail, And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, And foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, Whatever betide,
The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn Or storehouse are fed:
From them let us learn To trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.

3 We all may, like ships, By tempest be tost
On perilous deeps, But need not be lost:
Though Satan enrages The wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages, The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, Like Abram of old:
We know not the way, But faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, We have a sure guide,
And trust, in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, Nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown On Jesus's name:
In this our strong tower For safety we hide:
The Lord is our power, The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, And death is in view,
The word of his grace Shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, With Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will provide.

236 10,11. NEWTON

Begone, unbelief.

BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform:
With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis *mine* to obey, 'tis *his* to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—he told me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine:
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

6 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food:
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

237 11s. KIRKHAM.

Precious Promises.

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 dismay'd!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall
prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I *will* not, I *will* not desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
shake,
I'll never, *no never*, NO NEVER forsake."

238 C. M. STEELE.

Prayer for Submission.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free:
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

239 C. M. JANE TAYLOR

For Meekness.

WHEN, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.

2 He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say
Disturb'd his heavenly mind.

3 Not all the wicked scoffs he heard
Against the truths he taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

4 And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view,
'Father, forgive them," Jesus said,
"They know not what they do."

5 Dear Saviour, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend!
But speak that pardoning word for me
Whenever I offend.

240 C. M. NEWTON

Gratitude and Hope.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm 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 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

241 C. M. WATTS

Inspiring Hope.

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

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
Let storms of sorrow fall:
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

242 8,8,6. C. WESLEY

Full Assurance of Hope.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

SEC. VIII.—DEATH AND THE FUTURE STATE

243 C. M. WATTS.

Psalm xc.

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

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure!
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

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

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

5 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come:
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!

244 C. M. HEBER

Dwelling among the Tombs.

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 Turn, 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, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The forms which underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven.

245 C. M. WATTS.

A Voice from the Tombs.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound—
My ears, attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers:
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?—
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly:
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

246 C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

Uncertainty of Life.

'TIS but a short, uncertain space
Allow'd us here to live:

Death, unperceived, comes on apace,
And may no warning give.

2 Nor great, nor small, nor old, nor young,
His fatal dart can fly:
The rich, the poor, the weak, the strong,
Without distinction die.

3 And shall we trifle and delay,
And still keep sinning on,
Neglect our souls from day to day,
Till life and time are gone?

4 The present moment let us seize,
For this alone is ours:
Now set ourselves our God to please
With all our active powers.

247 S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Children numbering their Days.

YOUNG though in years we be,
In health and spirits strong,
What is the life of man to Thee?—
The longest is not long.
A thousand years, a day,
Are equal in thy sight:
Our generations pass away,
Like watches of the night.

2 Lord, make us timely wise
To know our call of grace,
And with the moment, as it flies,
Run our appointed race:
Still keep the end in view,
Tarry nor turn aside,
Perils, allurements, bonds break through,
Most faithful when most tried!

248 8,6,8,8,6. EDMESTON.

The Young may die.

THE rose-bud yet unblown may lie
Wither'd across the way;

The lamb amid the flock may die,
The grave unthought of may be nigh
To children young as they.

2 O let not one short day be past,
Without a pardon sought:
Many a day has proved the last,
And suddenly their lot been cast,
Who little fear'd or thought.

3 Now, Saviour, bless me; then, whene'er
My life or death may be,
There shall be left no cause for fear,
For if removed from living here,
A heaven remains for me.

249 7,6.

The Leaves around me falling.

THE leaves around me falling
Are preaching of decay:
The hollow winds are calling,
Come, pilgrim, come away.
The day, in night declining,
Says I too must decline:
The year its bloom resigning,
Its lot foreshadows mine.

2 The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing—
All, all, like stars at even,
Just gleam and shoot away,
Pass on before to heaven,
And chide at my delay.

3 The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high,
And happy angels o'er me,
Tempt sweetly to the sky:

Why wait, they say, and wither
Mid scenes of death and sin?
O rise to glory, hither,
And find true life begin.

4 I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,
A sinner to salvation,
An exile to his home.
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and thee!

250 C. M. WATTS.

Rev. xiv. 13.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead!
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd:
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord:
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

251 L. M. MACKAY.

Asleep in Jesus.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep—
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

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

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

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
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.

252 8,7. COLLYER

The happy Dead.

THINK, O ye who fondly languish
O'er the grave of those you love,
While your bosoms throb with anguish,
They are singing hymns above:
While your silent steps are straying
Lonely through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

2 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.
Cease, then, mourner, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love:
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

253 6,6,8,6,8,8. MONTGOMERY

Death of a Friend.

FRIEND after friend departs:
Who has 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,
Form'd for the good above;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd 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.

254 8,7. S. F. SMITH

Death of a Sister.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees:
Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

2 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.
Yet again we hope to meet thee
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

255 8,7.

Death of a Brother.

FAREWELL, brother! deep and lowly
Rest thee on thy bed of clay:
Kindred spirits, angels holy,
Bore thy heavenward soul away:
Sad we gave thee to the number
Laid in yonder icy halls,
And above thy peaceful slumber
Many a shower of sorrow falls.

2 Hear our prayer, O God of glory,
Lowly breathed in sorrow's song:
Bleeding hearts lie bare before thee—
Come, in holy trust made strong!
Hark! a voice moves nearer, stronger,
From the shadowy land we dread:
Mortals! mortals! seek no longer
Those that live—among the dead.

3 Farewell, brother! soon we'll meet thee
Where no cloud of sorrow rolls:
For glad tidings float, how sweetly:
From the glorious land of souls:
Death's cold gloom now parts asunder:
Lo! the folding shades are gone:
Mourner, upward! yonder, yonder!
God's broad day comes pouring on.

256 S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Minister.

REST from thy labours, rest,
Soul of the just set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.

2 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go take with saints thy place:
But go, as each hath gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.

3 Lord Christ, into thy hands
Our pastor we resign:
And now we wait thine own commands—
We were not *his*, but *thine*.

4 Thou art thy church's Head;
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead—
To thee we lift our eye.

5 On thee our hopes depend:
We gather round our Rock:
Send whom thou wilt, but condescend
Thyself to feed thy flock.

257 S. M. MONTGOMERY

Death of a Teacher.

WEEP, little children, weep,
A teacher gone before;
For those that loved to see his face,
Shall see his face no more.

2 Yet all whom once he taught
To sit at Jesus' feet,
And seek the blessedness he sought,
May him in glory meet.

3 Grieve, brother teachers! grieve:
With you he bore the cross;
And gladly, for a crown of life,
Accounted all things loss.

4 His eye, his voice, his hand
Still marshal you along:
A fearless, firm, united band—
Quit you like men—be strong.

5 Strong in the Lord was he,
And valiant for the truth:
Go, train your little ones to be
Christ's soldiers from their youth.

258 C. M. SIGOURNEY
Death of a Teacher.

AS, bow'd by sudden storms, the rose
Sinks on the garden's breast,
Down to the grave our brother goes,
In silence there to rest.
No more with us his tuneful voice
The hymn of praise shall swell:
No more his cheerful heart rejoice
When peals the Sabbath-bell.

2 Yet, if in yonder cloudless sphere,
Amid a sinless throng,
He utters in his Saviour's ear
The everlasting song.
No more we'll mourn the absent friend,
But lift our earnest prayer,
And daily every effort bend
To rise and join him there.

259 L. M.
Death of a Scholar.

A MOURNING class, a vacant seat,
Tell us that one we loved to meet
Will join our youthful throng no more,
Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

2 No more that voice we loved to hear
Shall fill his teacher's listening ear:
No more its tones shall join to swell
The songs that of a Saviour tell.

3 That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
And sprightly form, must buried lie
Deep in the cold and silent gloom,
The rayless night that fills the tomb.

4 God tells us, by this mournful death,
How vain and fleeting is our breath,
And bids our souls prepare to meet
The trial of his judgment-seat.

260 C. M. JANE TAYLOR

Death of a Scholar.

DEATH has been here, and borne away
A brother from our side:
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we, he died.

2 Not long ago he fill'd his place,
And sat with us to learn;
But he has run his mortal race,
And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast:
O Lord, impress the solemn thought
That this may be our last.

4 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod:
One must be first; but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

261 C. M. STEELE.

Death of a young Person.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world delude no more.
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour—
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
Let every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

262 L. M. S. WESLEY, JR.

Death of a Youth. 1 *Pet.* i. 24, 25.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold:

2 Nipp'd by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine:
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

263 S. M.

Death of a pious Child.

WHEN sickness, pain, and death
Come o'er a godly child,
How sweetly then departs the breath!
The dying pang how mild!

2 It gently sinks to rest,
As once it used to do,
Upon its mother's tender breast,
And as securely too.

3 The spirit is not dead,
Though low the body lies;
But, freed from sin and sorrow, fled
To dwell beyond the skies.

4 That death is but a sleep
Beneath a Saviour's care;
And he will surely safely keep
The body resting there.

264 C. M. S. STENNETT

Death of a Child.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine:
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast:
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love:
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill:
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine:
O Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

265 C. M. STEELE.

Death of a Child.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,—
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 Death spreads his withering, wintry arms,
And beauty smiles no more:
Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleased our eyes before?

3 That once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
We weep our earthly comforts fled,
And wither'd all our joys.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

266 6s. SIGOURNEY.

Go to thy rest, my Child.

GO to thy rest, my child—
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle, and meek, and mild,
With blessings on thy head:
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

2 Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray,—
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way,—
Ere sin might wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest
In yon celestial sphere.

3 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lips and eyes so bright,—
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight,—
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No, angel! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

267 6,5. RS. GRAY.

Dirge.

HARK to the solemn bell
Mournfully pealing!
What do its wailings tell,
On the ear stealing?
Seem they not thus to say,
Loved ones have pass'd away:
Ashes with ashes lay?
List to its pealing.

2 Earth is all vanity,
False as 'tis fleeting:
Grief is in all its joy,
Smiles with tears meeting:
Youth's brightest hopes decay,
Pass like morn's gems away,
Too fair on earth to stay,
Where all is fleeting.

3 When, in their lonely bed,
Loved ones are lying,—

When joyful wings are spread,
To heaven flying,—
Would we to sin and pain
Call back their souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain
Sever'd in dying?

4 No, dearest Jesus, no!
To thee, their Saviour,
Let their free spirits go,
Ransom'd for ever:
Heirs of unending joy,
Theirs is the victory:
Thine let the glory be,
Now and for ever.

268 C. M. HEMANS

Requiem.

CALM, on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while on earth thy footsteps trod
His seal was on thy brow!

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

269 8,8,6. C. WESLEY

The End of Life.

LO! on a narrow neck of land.
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

3 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to insure—
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above—
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

270 S. M. C. WESLEY.

The End of Life.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or wo
Must then my portion be!

2 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?

I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell—
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.

271 S. M. C. WESLEY.

The End of Life.

O THOU that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die:
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear!

2 Thou art thyself the way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will:
So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me;
And praise thee in thy bright abode
To all eternity.

272 S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Issues of Life and Death.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love:

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O! what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

273 C. M. C. WESLEY

The Day of Judgment.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do!

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

274 11, 12. MILMAN. *

The Judgment.

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 bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
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-cover'd charnel are stirr'd!
From the 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!

275

8,8,8. ROSCOMMON.

Dies iræ.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the prophets say.
The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

2 Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.
Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read
To try the living and the dead.

3 Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring:
Forget not what my ransom cost:
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

4 Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.
Thou who wast moved with Mary's grief,
And by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

5 Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.
Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

276 S. M. WATTS.

Heaven and Hell.

THERE is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love,
And holy children, when they die,
Go to the world above.

2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains:
There sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.

3 Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?

4 Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath,
Lest I should be cut off to-day
And sent t' eternal death.

277 L. M. JANE TAYLOR

The wicked Child judged.

HOW dreadful, Lord, will be the day
When all the tribes of dead shall rise,
And those who dared to disobey
Be brought before thine angry eyes!

2 The wicked child, who often heard
His faithful teachers speak of thee,
And fled from every serious word,
Shall not be able then to flee.

3 No teacher, then, shall bid him pray
To him who now the sinner hears,
For Christ himself shall turn away
And show no pity to his tears.

4 Great God! I tremble at the thought,
And at thy feet for mercy bend,
That when to judgment I am brought,
The Judge himself may be my friend.

278 7s. MONTGOMERY
Rev. vii. 13–17.

WHAT are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, 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,
Seal'd with his eternal 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 their fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

279 7s. EDMESTON
Little Travellers entering Heaven.

LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest:
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land:"
"I from India's sultry plain:"
"I from Afric's barren sand:"
"I from islands of the main."

3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by:
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

280

8,6,8,8,6. W. B. TAPPAN
Heaven.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given:
There is a joy for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 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.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:

There, rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

281 8,7,8,7,7,7. KELLY

The World of Joy.

WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away:
Life is like a dying taper:
O, my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints,
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy!

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love:
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above!
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy!

4 Go, and share his people's glory!
Midst the ransom'd crowd appear:
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy!

282 C. M. TAYLOR

The World of Glory.

THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky:
Where saints, departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
These heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, and perfect praise.

3 These are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey:
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in Wisdom's way.

4 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay:
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must droop, and pass away.

5 Great God! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast:
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter into rest.

283 6,4,7.

The happy Land.

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

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

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye,

Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run:
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye!

284 C. M. WATTS.

The heavenly Canaan.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

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

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

4 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.

285 C. M. S. STENNETT.

The heavenly Canaan.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow:

There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day:
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

286 C. M.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours 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:
Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys can see.

287 11s. MUHLENBERG

"I would not live alway."

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 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.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet:

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

288 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,7.

Visions of Heaven.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision,
All th' ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes:
Break, ye intervening skies:
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of paradise!

3 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him:
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angel trumps resound his fame:
Lutes, of lucid gold, proclaim
All the music of his name:
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing his great salvation,
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! holy! holy One.

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us:
Join we, too, the holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus—Jesus flow along.

289 C. M. C. WESLEY

Visions of Heaven.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop or die,
My soul shall quit the 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 my 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 out my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 Surely he will not long delay:
I hear his Spirit cry,
"Arise, my love, make haste away!
Go, get thee up and die.
O'er death, who now has lost his sting
I give thee victory;
And with me my reward I bring,
I bring my heaven for thee."

4 Lord, I the welcome word receive,
Thee on the mount adore,
For thy dear sake content to live
Some painful moments more.
I live in holy grief and joy,
On Pisgah's top I stand,
And life's important point employ,
To view the promised land.

290 C. M. C. WESLEY

Visions of Heaven.

O WHAT hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!
They flourish in perpetual bloom,
Fruit every month they give;
And to the healing leaves who come
Eternally shall live.

2 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there!
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear:
Adorn'd by their Redeemer's grace,
They close pursue the Lamb,
And every shining front displays
Th' unutterable name.

3 They drink the vivifying stream,
They pluck th' ambrosial fruit,
And each records the praise of Him
Who tuned his golden lute:
At once they strike th' harmonious wire
And hymn the great Three-One:
He hears: he smiles; and all the choir
Fall down before his throne.

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,
I come to find them all again
In that eternal day.

291 C. M. C. WESLEY

The full Assurance of Hope.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight—
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here:
Nor can its happiness or wo
Provoke my hope or fear.
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair:
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

292 C. M. C. WESLEY

The full Assurance of Hope.

WHAT is there here to court my stay,
To hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends
Still in the vale confined?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.

2 The race we all are running now;
And if I first attain,

They too, their willing head shall bow—
They, too, the prize shall gain.
Now on the brink of death we stand,
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on the shore.
3 Then let me suddenly remove
That hidden life to share:
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesus' praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim;
And solemnize, in songs divine,
The marriage of the Lamb.

293 C. M. C. WESLEY.

The full Assurance of Hope.

O WHAT a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.
2 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And let the vessels break;
And let our ransom'd spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek:
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout, and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

294 C. M. C. WESLEY

The whole Family in Heaven and Earth.

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

Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity.
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

295 C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

Eternity.

HOW long sometimes a day appears!
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move along, as if the years
Would never pass away.

2 But months and 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, an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be:
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

296 S. M. MONTGOMER.

For ever with the Lord.

"FOR ever 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,
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

SECT. IX.—EARLY PIETY

297 S. M.

1 *Chron.* xxviii. 9.

MY son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey:
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near:
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry:
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

298 C. M. DODDRIDGE

Prov. viii. 17.

YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

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

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

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move
If once compared with thee?

What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

299 C. M. GIBBONS

Eccl. xii. 1.

IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrives, and trembling waits
Its summons to the tomb,—
Remember thy Creator now:
For him thy powers employ:
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, and joy.

2 He shall defend and guide thy youth
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the coast
Of bless'd eternity:
Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth:
This earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

300 7,6. S. F. SMITH

Eccl. xii. 1.

"REMEMBER thy Creator"
While youth's fair spring is bright.
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night:
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator"
Ere life resigns its trust,

Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust:
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear,
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

301 C. M.
Eccl. xii. 1.

O IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved:

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways:

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age
With vain regret deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest:
O then improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

302 L. M. WATTS
Eccl. xii. 1–7

NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold the months come hastening on
When you shall say—*My joys are gone.*

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes.

Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again:
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God: not there to dwell;
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name!
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

303 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Matt. vi. 33.

NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies
In heavenly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3 Away, each grovelling, anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's thought!
O spring to seize immortal joys,
Which your Redeemer bought.

4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good
While heaven is kept in view.

304 C. M. COWPER.

Appeal to the Young.

GRACE is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

2 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love!

Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

3 True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.

4 For you the public prayer is made—
O join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed—
O shed yourselves a tear!

5 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach:
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

305 6s.

Strive, for the way is strait.

STRIVE, for the way is strait
In which the Saviour trod;
And narrow is the gate
That leadeth up to God:
Cut off the ensnaring hand,
Pluck out the ensnaring eye:
Turn ye at God's command:
Sinners, why will ye die?

2 Strive, for there are but few
Who find the living way:
Children, alas! will you
Still blindly go astray?
O shun the crowded gate,
Though wide it seem, and fair:
'Twill bring you, soon or late,
To anguish and despair.

3 Strive, ere life's setting sun
Shall sink in thickest gloom:
Strive, night is coming on:
Ye hasten to the tomb.

Ask, mercy shall be given:
Seek as for hidden gold:
Knock, and the Lord of heaven
The gates will wide unfold.

306 11,10,11,10.

Invitation to the Young.

COME, youthful sinners, come, haste to the Saviour:
Come, ye young wanderers, cling to his side:
Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his favour,
Lambs of his bosom, for whom he hath died.

2 Come to his temple-gate, come in life's morning:
Give up your souls to the Guide of your youth:
How fair is grace, the young bosom adorning!
What robe so pure as the raiment of truth?

3 Can you find pleasure in pathways unholy?
Hope ye for wisdom in wandering from God?
Sorrow and shame wait the votaries of folly:
Earth has no comfort not found in his blood.

4 Has he not died for you? look to Moriah:
There see the tokens of sorrow and love.
Lives he not now for you? Jesus the Saviour
Bled and ascended to crown you above.

307 8s. BRACKENBERRY.

The Saviour's Invitation.

COME, children, 'tis Jesus commands:
The voice of your Saviour obey:
When Jesus inviting you stands,
No trifles should turn you away.

2 Though children in stature and years,
Salvation is needed by you;
For children, it plainly appears,
Must answer for all that they do.

3 Then give to the Saviour your heart,
And learn without further delay:
He'll teach you to choose the good part,
Which ne'er shall be taken away.

4 His hand shall supply all your wants,
Though ever so many or great:
His love shall redress your complaints,
And render your portion complete.

308 7,6.

Go, thou, in Life's fair Morning.

GO, thou, in life's fair morning—
Go in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth:
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart;
And let not worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth—
Go, while thy heart is light—
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:
Sell all thou hast, and buy it:
'Tis worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

3 Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth:
Defer not till to-morrow:
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise:
Go, place upon his altar
A morning sacrifice!

309 L. M. T. O. SUMMERS

First Commandment.

THE gods that gave us not our birth,
The gods that made not heaven and earth,
Perish their names! no gods are they—
We cast them all in scorn away.

2 But, Lord, idolaters are we,
If we withhold our hearts from thee:
Self and the world our idols are,
If they our chief affections share.

3 O set up in our hearts thy throne,
Destroy thy rivals—reign alone:
Maker of heaven, and earth, and sea,
We'll have no other gods but thee!

310 L. M. T. O. SUMMERS

Second Commandment.

O FATHER, we approach thy throne
In spirit and in truth alone;
For naught in heaven, or earth, or sea,
Can represent thy majesty.

2 How they insult a jealous God,
How they provoke his vengeful rod,
Who render worship, fear, or love
To aught beside the Power above.

3 Lord, save us from this fearful sin,
Which by a thousand forms creeps in:
Thy word alone our guide shall be,
And by its light we'll worship thee.

311 6s. MRS. SIGOURNEY

Third Commandment.

HUSH! little Christian child!
Speak not that holy name—
Not with a laughing lip,
Not in thy playful game:
For the great God of all
Heareth each word we say:

He will remember it
At the great judgment-day.

2 Hush! for his hosts unseen
Are watching over thee:
His angels spread their wings,
Thy shelter kind to be.
Wilt thou, with words profane,
Rash and undutiful,
Scatter thine angel guards,
Glorious and beautiful?

3 Honour God's holy name,
Speak it with thought and care:
Sing to it holy hymns,
Breathe it in earnest prayer;
But not with sudden cry,
In thy light joy or pain:
"God will hold guilty all
Who take his name in vain."

312 L. M. WATTS.

Against profane Language.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!
And when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme.

How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain!

Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given.
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

5 My heart shall be in pain to hear
  Wretches affront the Lord above:
'Tis that great God whose power I fear,
  That heavenly Father whom I love.

6 If my companions grow profane,
  I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
  And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

313 C. M. WATTS

Against Scoffing.

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
  And not speak ill of men:
When others give a railing word,
  We must not rail again.

2 Cross words and angry names require
  To be chastised at school;
And he's in danger of hell-fire,
  That calls his brother fool.

3 But lips that dare be so profane,
  To mock, and jeer, and scoff
At holy things, or holy men,
  The Lord shall cut them off.

4 When children, in their wanton play,
  Served old Elisha so,
And bade the prophet go his way—
  "Go up, thou bald head, go—"

5 God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
  And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
  With blood, and groans, and tears.

6 Great God! how terrible art thou
  To sinners e'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
  To tame and rule my tongue.

314 L. M.

Against Trifling in Church.

IN God's own house for me to play,
While Christians meet to hear and pray,
Is to profane his holy place,
And tempt the Almighty to his face.

2 When angels bow before the Lord,
And devils tremble at his word,
Shall I, a feeble mortal, dare
To mock, and sport, and trifle there?

3 When death, the king of fears, shall come,
To call me to my latest home,
The thoughts of such a shameful part,
With bitter pain would pierce my heart.

315 L. M. RHODES

Fourth Commandment.

THE Lord commands his day shall be
A day of holiness and prayer—
A day of rest from industry,
From vain pursuits, and worldly care.

2 The rude, the ignorant, and base,
The Lord's most holy Sabbath break:
They run from all the means of grace,
And by their sin destruction seek!

3 When children in their early days
Begin the Sabbath to profane—
Led by example in the ways
Of wickedness and pleasures vain—

4 The Lord of sabbath they despise,
More harden'd in their baseness grow,
Till mighty vengeance from the skies
Shall hurl them down to endless wo.

316 C. M. WATTS

Fifth Commandment.

LET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say,

With reverence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

2 Have we not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him who breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

3 What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

4 But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

317 7s. C. WESLEY

Obedience to Parents.

HOLY child of heavenly birth,
God made manifest on earth,
Fain would I thy follower be,
Live in every thing like thee.

2 Thou whom angels serve and fear,
Subject to thy parents here,
Didst to me the pattern give,
How with mine I ought to live.

3 Thy humility impart,
Give me thy obedient heart,
Free and cheerful to fulfil
All my heavenly Father's will.

4 Keep me thus to God resign'd,
Till his love delights to find
Fairly copied out on me
All the mind that was in thee.

318 C. M. WATTS

Sixth Commandment.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so:

Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

2 But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise:
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

3 Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild:
Live like the blessed virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

4 His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And, as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man
And God his Father too.

5 Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
And, from his heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love
And marks them for his own.

319 7s.

Against Cruelty to Animals.

SWEET it is to see a child
Tender, merciful, and mild:
Ever ready to perform
Acts of kindness to a worm:
Grieving that the world should be
Such a scene of misery—
Scene in which the creatures groan
For transgressions not their own.

2 God is love, and never can
Bless or love a cruel man:
Mercy rules in every breast
Where the Spirit deigns to rest.
We ourselves to mercy owe
Our escape from endless wo;
And the merciless in mind
Shall themselves no mercy find.

320 C. M. WATTS.

Seventh Commandment.

PURE are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace:
No wanton lip, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

2 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame:
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

321 C. M. WATTS.

Against bad Company.

WHY should I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight?
Who curse and swear, but never pray?
Who call ill names, and fight?

2 I hate to hear a wanton song:
Their words offend my ears:
I would not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

3 Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go:
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I might grow.

4 From one rude boy, that's used to mock,
Ten learn the wicked jest:
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

5 My God, I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here:
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

322 8,7. WATTS

Eighth Commandment.

WHY should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?

Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.
2 'Tis a foolish self-deceiving
By such tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.
3 Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute?
To what dismal state they brought us
When they stole forbidden fruit?
4 Oft we see a young beginner
Practice little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner:
Then the gallows ends his days.
5 Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.
6 Guard my heart, O God of heaven!
Lest I covet what's not mine:
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

323 L. M. WATTS.

Ninth Commandment.

O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way,
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.
2 But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.
3 Have we not known, or heard, or read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue?

4 So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in, and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie,
That just before her husband told.

5 The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

6 Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

324 C. M.

Tenth Commandment.

LORD, keep my heart from vain desires,
And thy sweet love impart;
For all thy holy law requires
Is keeping of the heart.

2 If vain desire once enters in,
It wanders to and fro,
And kindles till it brings forth sin,
And sin eternal wo.

3 Keep me resign'd to what thy will
May give or take away,
Resolved that I my part fulfil,
And praying that I may.

325 8s. HASTINGS

The Ten Commandments.

ONE God I must worship supreme,
And ne'er before images bow:
I must not speak light of his name,
But pay to him every vow.

2 I'm bound to remember, with care,
The Sabbath so hallow'd and pure—
To honour my parents so dear,
That life may the longer endure.

3 I never must steal, or consent
To what is impure or untrue:
I must not indulge discontent,
Or covet my neighbour his due.

4 Now help me, O Father in heaven,
To keep these commandments with zeal,
In the strength that through Jesus is given
To those who are doing thy will.

326 C. M. WATTS.

Sum of the Commandments.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind;
And love your neighbour as yourself—
Be faithful, just, and kind.

2 Deal with another, as you'd have
Another deal with you:
What you're unwilling to receive
Be sure you never do.

327 8,8,8. WATTS.

Psalm xix. 7–14.

I LOVE the volumes of thy word:
What light and joy these leaves afford
To souls benighted and distress'd!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw:
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste;
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,

That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts:
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

328 L. M. WATTS

Psalm xlvi. 4.

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

2 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

329 C. M. WATTS

Psalm cxix.

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

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

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

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

330 7,7,7,7,7,7. C. WESLEY.
2 *Tim.* iii. 15.

O THAT I, like Timothy,
Might the Holy Scriptures know
From mine early infancy,
Till for God mature I grow!
Made unto salvation wise,
Ready for the glorious prize!

2 Jesus, all-redeeming Lord,
Full of truth, and full of grace,
Make me understand thy word:
Teach me in my youthful days
Wonders in thy word to see,
Wise through faith which is in thee.

3 Open thou mine eyes of faith:
Open now the book of God:
Show me here the sacred path
Leading to thy bless'd abode:
Wisdom from above impart—
Speak the meaning to my heart.

331 L. M. JANE TAYLOR
The Bible precious.

THIS is a precious book indeed:
Happy the child that loves to read!
'Tis God's own word, which he has given
To show our souls the way to heaven.

2 It tells us how the world was made,
And how good men the Lord obey'd:
Here his commands are written too,
To teach us what we ought to do.

3 It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die:
It tells of heaven, where angels dwell,
And warns us to escape from hell.

4 But, what is more than all beside,
The Bible tells us Jesus died!

This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

5 Let us be thankful that we may
Read th s good Bible every day:
'Tis God's own word, which he has given
To show our souls the way to heaven.

332 7s.

Holy Bible! Book divine!

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came,
Mine, to tell me what I am.

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

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

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

333 S. M. WATTS.

Teachings of the Bible.

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young
To read his holy word:

2 That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin:

3 That I am led to see
I can do nothing well:—

And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell?

4 Dear Lord! this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

5 Here I can read and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Has undertook our great concern:
Our ransom cost his blood.

6 And now he reigns above:
He sends his Spirit down
To show the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

7 O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

8 Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

334 C. M. WATTS.

The Excellence of the Bible.

GREAT God! with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brighter in thy book.

2 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
  Here my best comfort lies:
Here my desires are satisfied,
  And hence my hopes arise.

5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
  Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
  Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here I would learn how Christ has died
  To save my soul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beside,
  Such heavenly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
  And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
  And meditate by night.

335 C. M. WATTS.

The Bible prized.

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

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

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

4 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
  My roving feet command!
Nor I forsake the happy road
  That leads to thy right hand.

336 C. M. STEELE.

Delighting in the Word.

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

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

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast:
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

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

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

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near:
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

337 L. M. WATTS.

Obligations for the Gospel.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen nor a Jew.

2 What would the ancient Jewish kings
And Jewish prophets once have given.
Could they have heard those glorious things
Which Christ reveal'd and bro't from heaven!

3 How glad the heathen would have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood, and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known!

4 Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

338 L. M. WATTS

Christian Privileges prized.

GREAT God! to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong:
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on Christian ground,
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

3 I would not change my native land
For rich Peru, with all her gold:
A nobler prize lies in my hand
Than east or western Indies hold.

4 How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns:
They know no heaven, they fear no hell—
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire:
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven:
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

339 L. M. WATTS.

Solemn Thoughts.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heavens, and earth, and seas:
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law that 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 of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comfort 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:
A thousand children young as I
Are call'd 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 offer'd to the dead.

6 Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies:
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in that state wherein he dies.

340 C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

Good Resolutions.

COME, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die:
What are our best delights on earth,
Compared with those on high!

2 Our pleasures here will soon be past—
Our brightest joys decay;
But pleasures there for ever last,
And cannot fade away.

3 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distrest;
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.

4 Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
At once must hence depart;
But there we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part.

5 Then let us love and serve the Lord
With all our youthful powers;
And we shall gain this great reward,
This glory shall be ours.

341 C. M.

The wise Choice.

WHY should we spend our youthful days
In folly and in sin,
When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
And bids us walk therein?

2 Folly and sin our peace destroy,
They glitter and are past:
They yield us but a moment's joy,
And end in death at last.

3 But, if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

4 O may we, in our youthful days,
Attend to wisdom's voice;
And make these holy, happy ways,
Our own delightful choice!

342 7s.

Choosing the Better Part.

MANY voices seem to say,
"Hither, children—here's the way:
Haste along and nothing fear—
Every pleasant thing is here!"

2 Yes—but whither would ye lead?
Is it happiness indeed?
Or a little shining show,
Leading down to death and wo?

3 We were made for better things:
High as heaven our nature springs:
Like the lark that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.

4 We were made to love and fear
That great God who placed us here:
Made to study and fulfil
All his good and holy will.

5 We were made to work awhile,
Cheerful at our work to smile:
Thinking, as we labour thus,
Of the heaven prepared for us.

6 So, a pleasant path we'll tread,
By the hand of Jesus led,
Till from sin and sorrow freed—
Ours is happiness indeed!

343 L. M. MONTGOMERY

We will serve the Lord.

YOUTH, health, and strength are ours to-day;
And years to come in prospect lie;
But youth, health, strength, must soon decay,
This year—this moment, we may die.

2 Brought to the altar of the Lord,
Eternal enmity we now
To sin and Satan would record—
To Christ eternal homage vow.

3 Lord, to thyself our spirits draw,
Bind our affections with thy love:
Incline our hearts to keep thy law,
And fix our hopes on things above.

4 The fragrance, dew, and flower of youth,
The health and strength of nature's prime,

We here present—O! thine, in truth,
Be all our talents, all our time.

344 C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

The Folly and Crime of Delay.

O 'TIS a folly and a crime
To put religion by!
For *now* is the accepted time;
To-morrow we may die.

2 Our hearts grow harder every day,
And more depraved the mind—
The longer we neglect to pray,
The less we feel inclined.

3 Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
Until their dying day;
Then they would give a world of gold
To have an hour to pray.

4 O then, lest *we* should perish thus,
Let us no longer wait;
For time will soon be past with us,
And death must fix our state.

345 L. M. WATTS

Danger of Delay.

WHY should I say 'tis yet too soon
To seek for heaven, or think of death?
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

3 What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day:

4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,

And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place!

5 'Tis dangerous to provoke a God,
His power and vengeance none can tell,
One stroke of his almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

6 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace,
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

346 C. M. WATTS.

Against Idleness.

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

2 How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

3 In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

4 In books, or works, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

347 7s. C. WESLEY

Against Idleness.

IDLE boys and men are found
Standing on the devil's ground:
He will find them work to do,
He will pay their wages too.

2 Are they not of wisdom void,
Those that saunter unemploy'd:

Young or old, who fondly play
Their important time away?

3 We by idleness expose
Our own souls to endless woes:
We, whenever loitering thus,
Tempt the devil to tempt us.

4 Jesus, help! to thee we pray:
Take the cursed root away:
Idleness far off remove,
Let us thee and labour love:

5 All our time and vigour give,
Serve our Maker while we live:
Use for God the talents given,
Work on earth, and rest in heaven.

348 C. M. WATTS.

The Child's Complaint.

WHY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play;
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
And then forget to pray?

2 What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?

3 How senseless is my heart, and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

4 Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

349 C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

The hard Heart.

WHAT is there, Lord, a child can do,
Who feels with guilt opprest?

There's evil that I never knew
Before, within my breast.

2 My thoughts are vain, my heart is hard
My temper apt to rise;
And when I seem upon my guard,
It takes me by surprise.

3 Often when I begin to pray,
And lift my feeble cry,
Some thought of folly or of play
Prevents me when I try.

4 On many Sabbaths, though I've heard
Of Jesus and of heaven,
I've scarcely listen'd to thy word,
Or pray'd to be forgiven.

5 O look with pity in thine eye
Upon a heart so hard:
Thou wilt not slight a feeble cry,
Or show it no regard.

350 C. M. JANE TAYLOR

Wandering Thoughts.

WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

3 O let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

351 7,7,7,7,7,7.

Wicked Words.

WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost:
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear
For us, or against us there.

2 O, how often ours have been
Idle words, and words of sin!
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide;
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray:
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of thee—
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

352 7s. JANE TAYLOR.

Conscience.

WHEN a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us, "It is sin,"
And entreats us to beware.

2 If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny,
Conscience says, "Your fault confess:
Do not dare to tell a lie."

3 In the morning when we rise,
And would fain omit to pray,
"Child, consider," Conscience cries,
"Should not God be sought to-day?"

4 When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill,
"Now subdue it," Conscience cries,
"And command your temper still."

5 Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With a secret, gentle voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.

6 But if we should disregard,
While this friendly voice doth call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard,
That it will not speak at all.

353 L. M. JANE TAYLOR.

The penitent Child.

LORD, I have dared to disobey
My friends on earth, and thee in heaven,
O help me now to come and pray,
For Jesus' sake, to be forgiven.

2 I cannot say I did not know,
For I've been taught thy holy will;
And while my conscience told me so,
And bade me stop, I did it still.

3 But thou wast there to see my crime,
And write it in thy judgment-book:
O make me fear, another time,
A sinful thought, or word, or look.

4 Forgive me, Lord, forgive, I pray,
This wicked thing that I have done;
And take my sinful heart away,
And make me holy, like thy Son.

354 S. M. BISHOP CAPERS.

For Pardon and Renewal.

LORD, teach me how to pray,
Teach me to love it too;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Make all my nature new.

2 I want to be thy child,
I want my sins forgiven:
I want a spirit meek and mild,
I want to get to heaven.

3 Do show me, Lord, the way;
And guide me on the road;
And let me never go astray
Till I get home to God.

C. M.

355 *The Pardon and Renewal.*

LORD, teach a little child to pray:
Thy grace betimes impart;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.
2 A fallen creature I was born,
And from my birth I stray'd:
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.
3 For Jesus'-sake my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain:
O fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

5,11. T. O. SUMMERS.

356 *For Pardon and Sanctification.*

GREAT Father on high!
Look down from the sky
And listen to me,
While trying to lift up my heart unto thee.
2 My sins I confess—
O give me thy grace,
And pardon my guilt,
Through Jesus, whose blood for my pardon was spilt.
3 My nature subdue,
And form it anew:
Thy Spirit impart,
Both now and for ever to dwell in my heart.
4 Thus, Father, shall I
To thee live and die;
And finally be
By angels caught up to live ever with thee.

357 L. M. JANE TAYLOR

Our Father, who art in Heaven—

GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend,
I but a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!

2 Art thou my Father? Canst thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer;
Or stoop to listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

3 Art thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child, above.

358 S. M. FAWCETT

Be Thou the Guide of my Youth.

WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray:
O, bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care:
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine:
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 O, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ:
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

359 L. M. WATTS.

The Robes of richest Dress.

WHY should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin
Till Eve, our mother, learn'd to sin.

2 When first she put the covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.

3 How proud we are! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before.

4 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.

5 Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind:
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

6 No more shall worms with me compare:
This is the raiment angels wear:
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this bless'd apparel too.

7 It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould:
It takes no spot, but still refines:
The more 'tis worn the more it shines.

8 In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heaven, and wear it there:
God will approve it in his sight,
'Tis his own work and his delight.

360 C. M. C. WESLEY

All Goodness of God.

WHY should our parents call us good,
And poison us with praise,
When born in sin, by nature proud,
And void we are of grace?

2 Who fancy righteousness in man,
Themselves they have not known:
Evil are all our thoughts and vain,
And God is good alone.

3 Good of himself he only is;
And if he makes us good,
Our goodness is not ours, but his,
For Jesus' sake bestow'd.

4 Glory to God, if we receive
The smallest spark of grace!
He only doth our goodness give,
And his be all the praise.

361 7s.

Coming to the Good Shepherd.

TO thy pastures green and fair,
Saviour, let a child repair:
I will never stray from thee,
But thy fold my home shall be.

2 Like a gentle lamb, I'll stay
In the meadows fresh and gay:
Peaceful and contented there,
Guarded by my Shepherd's care.

3 By the waters still and clear,
I shall wander free from fear:
Happy by my Shepherd's side,
All my wants shall be supplied.

4 Lord, wilt thou my Shepherd be?
Help me then to follow thee:
At thy feet myself I cast,
Thee to serve while life shall last.

362 8,7. C. WESLEY.

Coming to Jesus.

TEACHER, guide of young beginners,
Let a child approach to thee—
Thee, who cam'st to ransom sinners—
Thee, who diedst to ransom me.
Into thy protection take me,
Full of goodness as thou art:
After thine own image make me,
Make me after thine own heart.

2 Exercise the potter's power
Over this unshapen clay:
Call me in the morning hour:
Teach my youthful mind the way.
With a tender awe inspire,
That I never more may rove:
Every spark of good desire
Blow into a flame of love.

363 7s. C. WESLEY

Coming to Jesus.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child:
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Put thy hands upon my head:
Let me in thine arms be stay'd:
Give me, Lord, thy blessing give:
Pray for me, and I shall live.

3 I shall live the simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife:
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy still.

4 O that I may never know
What the wicked people do!
Sin is contrary to Thee,
Sin is the forbidden tree.

5 Keep me from the great offence,
Guard my helpless innocence:
Hide me, from all evil hide,
Self, and stubbornness, and pride.

364 C. M. C. WESLEY

Coming to Jesus.

LOVER of little children, Thee,
O Jesus, we adore:
Our kind and loving Saviour be,
Both now and evermore.

2 O take us up into thine arms,
And we are truly blest:
Thy new-born babes are safe from harms,
While harbour'd in thy breast.

3 Still, as we grow in years, in grace
And wisdom let us grow:
But never leave thy dear embrace,
But never evil know.

4 Strong let us in thy grace abide;
But, ignorant of ill,
In malice, subtlety, and pride,
Let us be children still.

5 Lover of little children, Thee,
O Jesus, we adore:
Our kind and loving Saviour be
Both now and evermore.

365 11s. C. WESLEY.

Coming to Jesus.

COME, let us embrace, In our earliest days,
The offers of life and salvation by grace:
Let us gladly believe, And the pardon receive,
Which the Father of mercies through Jesus
doth give.

2 His kingdom below He hath call'd us to know,
And in stature and heavenly wisdom to grow:

In his work to remain, Till his image we gain,
And the fulness of Christ in perfection attain,

3 Then let us begin By renouncing all sin,
And expecting the blood that shall wash our hearts clean:
With endeavour sincere To Jesus draw near,
And be instant in prayer till our Saviour appear.

4 If now Thou art nigh, Appear at our cry,
Thy love to reveal, and thy blood to apply:
Thy little ones own, And perfect in one,
And admit us at last to a share of thy throne.

366 C. M. BISHOP CAPERS.

Christ blessing little Children.

AS Jesus his disciples taught
His Father's will to do,
Parents their little children brought,
That he might bless them too.

2 "Forbid them," the disciples cried,
"Nor make them any room:"
"Forbid them not," the Lord replied,
"But suffer them to come.

3 "Who, than the lambs, the Shepherd's care,
More fitly might receive?
And these my heavenly kingdom share:
I bless them, and they live."

4 Then in his arms he took them up,
And on them laid his hands:
Joy to the world for Israel's hope,
And Jesus' kind commands.

367 7,6. EDMESTON.

Christ blessing little Children.

WHO would not love the Saviour,
That once loved children so!
Who would not love the Saviour,
Who did that Saviour know!

2 Infants were brought before him,
He smiled on them, and shed
A sweet, a holy blessing
In love upon each head.

3 "O bring them," he commanded,
"And send them not away:
My Father's heavenly kingdom
Is fill'd with such as they."

4 Who would not love the Saviour,
That once loved children so!
Who would not love the Saviour,
Who did that Saviour know!

368 11,9. THOMPSON.

Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold—
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,—
In that heavenly place he is gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

369 C. M. C. WESLEY.

Praise and Thanksgiving.

COME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youngest days—
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.

2 His majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things:
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

3 He loves to be remember'd thus,
And honour'd for his grace:
Out of the mouths of babes like us
His wisdom perfects praise.

4 Glory to God, and praise, and power,
Honour and thanks be given:
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

370 C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

Gratitude and Obedience.

LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me:
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestow'd by thee.

2 'Tis thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour:
I cannot draw another breath
Unless thou give me power.

3 My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given:
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

371 C. M. JANE TAYLOR

Submission and Trust.

NOW that my journey's just begun,
My road so little trod,
I'll come before I further run,
And give myself to God.

2 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I never can foretell;
But if the Lord will be my Friend,
I know that all is well.

3 If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here,
Since God can hear the orphan's cry,
O what have I to fear?

4 If I am poor, he can supply,
Who has my table spread—
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills the poor with bread.

5 If I am rich, he'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of his hand.

6 But, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

372 C. M. WATTS

Psalm xxvii. 8–10.

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 Should friends and kindred, near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

3 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.

373 7s.

The Orphan's Dependence.—Ps. xxvii.

WHEN my cries ascend to thee,
Hear, Jehovah, from afar:
Let thy tender mercies be
Still propitious to my prayer.
When thou bad'st me seek thy face,
Quickly did my heart reply,
Resting on thy word of grace,
"Thee I'll seek, O Lord most high!"

2 Should the world deceitful prove,
When no more its help I share,
Though decay'd a mother's love,
Though withdrawn a father's care,—
Then Jehovah's guardian eye
Shall my orphan state defend—
Shall a parent's place supply,
Be my Guardian, Father, Friend!

374 C. M.

The Orphan's Prayer.

MY Father and my Friend, to thee
I lift my weeping eye;
For thou canst wash away my tears,
And all my wants supply.

2 No tender mother's gentle smile
Each morn awaits me now;
Nor longer can I feel the kiss
That press'd my infant brow.

3 No more within her arms of love
I lay me down to rest,
Secure and peaceful as the dove
Within its shelter'd nest.

4 An orphan in the cold, wide world,
Dear Lord, I come to thee:
Thou, Father of the fatherless,
My Friend and Father be.

5 O guide and guard me by thy grace,
And make my heart thy own;
And fit me for that happy place
Where partings are unknown!

375 8,8,6.

The Orphan's Hope.

O THOU, the helpless orphan's hope,
To whom alone my eyes look up
In each distressing hour,—
Father, (for that's the sweetest name
That e'er these lips were taught to frame,)
Defend me with thy power.

2 Low in the dust my parents lie,
And no attentive ear is nigh
But thine to mark my wo:
No hand to wipe away my tears,
No gentle voice to soothe my fears,
Remains to me below.

3 Now, all my earthly friends are gone,
And with them all my comfort flown,
I lift my prayer to thee:
Do thou the Holy Spirit send,
My Guardian, Guide, Instructor, Friend,
And Comforter to be.

4 Protect and lead my erring youth
In paths of piety and truth,
Nor ever let me stray;
But, through the Saviour's dying love,
Bring me to dwell with thee above,
In everlasting day.

376 7s.

The Orphan's Comfort.

WHITHER, but to thee, O Lord,
Shall a little orphan go?
Thou alone canst speak the word,
Thou canst dry my tears of wo.
Father, may my lips once more
Whisper that beloved name?
Helpless, guilty, friendless, poor,
Let me thy protection claim.

2 O my Father, may I tell
All my wants and woes to thee?
Every want thou knowest well,
Every wo thine eye can see:
'Twas thy hand that took away
Father, mother, from my sight—
Him that was my infant stay,
Her that watch'd me day and night.

3 Yet I bless thee, for I know
Thou hast wounded me in love,
Wean'd my heart from things below,
That it might aspire above.
Here I tarry for a while:
Saviour, keep me near thy side:
Cheer my journey with thy smile,
Be my Father, Friend, and Guide.

377 C. M. WATTS

Advantages of early Religion.

HAPPY the child, whose youngest years
Receive instruction well—
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell!

2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes:
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young:
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

5 To thee, Almighty God! to thee,
Our childhood we resign:
'Twill please us to look back, and see
That our whole lives were thine.

6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath:
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

378 C. M. LOGAN

Prov. iii. 13–17.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread:
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase:

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

379 8,8,6. C. WESLEY.

Happiness of early Piety.

HAPPY beyond description he
Who in the paths of piety
Loves from his birth to run!
Its ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all its paths are joy and peace,
And heaven on earth begun.

2 If this felicity were mine,
I every other would resign
With just and holy scorn:
Cheerful and blithe my way pursue,
And with the promised land in view,
Singing to God return.

380 7s. MRS. MASTERS

Pleasures of Religion.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live:
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity:
Let me then make God my friend,
And on all his ways attend.

381 7,6.

Pleasures of Religion.

IT is not earthly pleasure,
That withers in a day—
It is not mortal treasure,
That flieth soon away—
It is not friends that leave us—
It is not sense nor sin,
That smile but to deceive us,
Can give us peace within.

2 But 'tis religion bringeth
Joy earth can not control:
Rich from the throne it springeth—
A fountain to the soul.
He that is meek and lowly
The Saviour's face shall see:
To none but to the holy
Heaven's gates shall open'd be.

3 Lord, be thy Spirit near us,
While we thy words are taught;
And may these days that cheer us
With future good be fraught:
May we, to heaven invited,
When youth and life are flown,
Teachers and taught united,
Assemble round the throne.

382 C. M. HEBER.

Sweetness of Religion in Youth.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay:
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,—

Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine,—

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

383 C. M. FAWCETT.

Importance of Religion to the Young.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below:
May I 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 awful tomb.

3 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be join'd with godly fear:
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

5 Let lively hope my soul inspire:
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies!

384 C. M. WATTS

Examples of early Piety.

WHAT blest examples do I find,
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!

2 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

3 At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wondering stand,)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

4 Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And bless'd their Saviour's name:
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While Scribes and Priests blaspheme.

5 Samuel the child was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the Lord:
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

6 Then why should I so long delay
What others learn'd so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

385 C. M. HEBER.

The holy child Jesus.

ABASH'D be all the boast of age,
Be hoary learning dumb!
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an infant come!

2 O Wisdom! whose unfading power
Beside th' Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood:

3 Yet didst not thou disdain awhile
An infant form to wear,—
To bless thy mother with a smile,
And lisp thy falter'd prayer.

4 But in thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

5 So may our youth adore thy name!
And, Saviour, deign to bless,
With fostering grace, the timid flame
Of early holiness!

386 7s. C. WESLEY.

The holy child Jesus.

LOVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

3 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days,
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

387 8,7. JANE TAYLOR.

The holy child Jesus.

JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me:
O that in my whole behaviour
He my pattern still may be!

2 All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

3 I am often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess:
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.

4 Lord, assist a feeble creature:
Guide me by the word of truth:
Condescend to be my teacher,
Through my childhood and my youth.

388

6,6,6,4,8,8. JANE TAYLOR.

Little Samuel.

WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke,
How much did he rejoice:
O blessed, happy child to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.

2 If God would speak to me,
And say he was my friend,
How happy should I be,
O how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then would fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak?
O yes; for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard:
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I, beneath his care,
May safely rest my head:
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed;
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,
"Speak, Lord:" I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard:
And when I in thy house appear,
"Speak, for thy servant waits to hear."

389 7s. C. WESLEY.

Happy Samuel.

HAPPY Samuel! to God,
In his infancy restored:
In his Maker's house he stood,
Ministering before the Lord:
Happy child: who gain'd a place
To his heavenly Lord so near:
Happier still, who found the grace
God's majestic voice to hear!

2 Lord of earth and skies, again
To a child thyself make known:
Chosen from the sons of men,
Am not I thy sacred loan?
Thine, O Lord, I surely am:
But to me unknown Thou art:
Come, and call me by my name,
Whisper to my listening heart.

3 Stir me up to seek thy face,
Claim me in my tender years,
Manifest the word of grace:
Speak, for now thy servant hears.
Now thy gracious self reveal,
Speak in power and peace divine:
Pardon on my conscience seal,
Seal thy child for ever thine.

390 7s.

Abijah.

THOUGH no pious parents' care
Young Abijah e'er had known,
God had heard his early prayer,
And had mark'd him for his own.

2 Happy child, by God approved,
Early taken to his rest:
From th' abode of sin removed
To the mansions of the blest.

3 Is there in this heart of mine
One such hopeful sign of grace?
Does my soul to God incline?
Do I daily seek his face?

391 7,7,7,7,7,7.

Exemplary Piety.

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show,
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal·
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness,
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James's faith by works reveal:
Like young Timothy, may I
Every sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know:
Samuel's call, O may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share:
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire
All my new-born soul inspire.

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's valiant steadfast care,
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart,
Abrah'm's friendship may I prove,
Faithful to the God of love.

5 Most of all, may I pursue
That example Jesus drew:
By my life and conduct show
How he lived and walk'd below:
Day by day, through grace restored,
Imitate my blessed Lord.

392 10,6,12. C. WESLEY.
Children's Hosanna.

THEE, Jesus, the Son Of David, I own,
By all heaven adored,
Thou art come from above in the name of the Lord.
To the house I repair Of thanksgiving and prayer,
With the children draw nigh,
And aloud in the temple Hosanna I cry.

2 In my earliest hour I acknowledge thy power,
Thy wisdom approve,
And am taught by thy Spirit to pray for thy love.
Thee, an infant of days, With wonder I praise:
Thee, the God over all,
I confess, and on Thee for salvation I call.

3 Let mercy attend, My soul to defend
From offences and sins,
While I scarcely can tell what iniquity means:
But deliver thine own From the evil unknown;
And assist me to cry,
"Let me live to be good, or in innocence die!"

393 10,11. C. WESLEY.
Hosanna.

HOSANNA to Him Who ruleth on high!
A world to redeem, He came from the sky:
Th' Almighty Creator (O how could it be?)
Appear'd in our nature, An infant like me.

2 Who all the bright train Angelical made,
Subjected to man, His parents obey'd:
On sinners attended, Their minister was,
And patiently ended His life on a cross.

3 O how shall I praise Thy wonderful love?
Thy Spirit of grace Send down from above,
If still the dear lover Of children Thou art,
My Saviour, discover Thyself to my heart.

394 10,11. C. WESLEY.
Hosanna.

LET children proclaim Their Saviour and King,
To Jesus's name Hosannas we sing:
Our best adoration To Jesus we give,
Who purchased salvation For all to receive.

2 The meek Lamb of God From Heaven came down,
And ransom'd with blood, And made us his own:
He suffer'd to save us From sin and from thrall;
And Jesus shall have us, Who purchased us all!

3 To Him will we give Our earliest days,
And thankfully live To publish his praise:
Our lives shall confess Him Who came from above,
Our tongues they shall bless Him, And tell of his love.

4 In innocent songs His coming we shout:
Should we hold our tongues The stones would cry out;
But him, without ceasing, We all will proclaim,
And ever be blessing Our Jesus's name.

395 10,11 VAN HARLINGEN.
Hosanna.

WE gather, we gather, O Jesus, to bring
The breathings of love, 'mid the blossoms of spring:
Our Maker, Redeemer, we gratefully raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise.

2 When stooping to earth from the brightness of heaven,
Thy blood for our ransom so freely was given:
Thou deignedst to listen while children adored,
With joyful hosannas, the Bless'd of the Lord!

3 Those arms which embraced little children
of old,
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold:
That grace which inviteth the wandering home,
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.

4 Hosanna! hosanna! Great Teacher! we
raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy
praise,
For precept and promise so graciously given,
The blessings of earth and the glories of heaven.

396 10s. MONTGOMERY.

Hosanna.

O COME let us raise Our tribute of song:
Thanksgiving and praise To Jesus belong:
He came from above Our bliss to begin,
Make perfect in love, And free us from sin.

2 The old and the young, His people by choice,
With heart, soul, and tongue, In him may re-
joice:—
We meet him to-day Triumphantly crown'd,
And welcome His way, In chorus around.

3 Hosanna—That word To children is dear;
To Jesus our Lord, We'll echo it here:—
Let worldlings despise, And enemies rail,
Hosannas shall rise, Hosannas prevail.

4 God's temple shall ring, While under his
eye,
Hosanna we sing, For Jesus draws nigh:
Hosanna! our breath Through life shall pro-
claim—
Hosanna in death,—In glory, the same!

397 C. M. MONTGOMERY

Hosanna.

WHEN Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around:

For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
Their garments on the ground.

2 Hosanna, our glad voices raise
Hosanna to our King:
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

398 L. M. WATTS.

Hosanna.

HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne:
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage:
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

399 C. M. WATTS.

Hosanna.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace:
Sion, behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to the eternal Word,
Who from the Father came:
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

400 S. M. WATTS.

Hosanna.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David, and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2 To Christ, the anointed King,
Be endless blessings given:
Let the whole earth his glories sing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

401 7,6.

Hosanna.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him;
But, as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

402 7s. BISHOP CAPERS

Hosanna.

CHILDREN, join with one accord,
Join in praises to the Lord:
Join to sing the Saviour's name,
Sing hosanna to the Lamb.

2 Hail him Prophet, Priest, and King,
Louder, sweeter, children, sing:
Hail him by his favourite name,
Sing hosanna to the Lamb.

3 Men and women, join to raise
Loud hosannas to his praise:
Praise the great Redeemer's name,
Sing hosanna to the Lamb.

4 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Praise him, praise him, for his love:
Glory give to Jesus' name,
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

103 7,7,7,7,7,7. *Hosanna.*

CHILDREN of Jerusalem,
Sang the praise of Jesus' name:
Children, too, of later days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

2 We have often heard and read
What the royal psalmist said:
Babes and sucklings' artless lays
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

3 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read his word,
We are taught the way to heaven,
Praise to God for all be given.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song:
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.
Hark! we all unite to sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

404 8,7,4.
Hosanna.

ONCE was heard the song of children
By the Saviour when on earth:
Joyful in the sacred temple
Shouts of youthful praise had birth;
And hosannas
Loud to David's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crown'd him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3 Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay;
But hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky.

4 God o'er all, in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing—
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring—
Glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 O, though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays—
These from children once proceeding,
Thou didst deem "perfected praise."
Now hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

SECT. X.—SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

405 L. M. WATTS

Missionary. Psalm lxxii.

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 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

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.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen!

406 L. M. WATTS

Psalm cxvii.

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.

407 C. M. NEVILLE.

For the Jews.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem,
My heart is pain'd for thee:
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
I long to see thee free.

2 Thy halcyon days of wealth and praise
Have faded from our view;
And thou art left, of all bereft,
To show what God can do.

3 Bright scenes await thy future state;
For Israel's land shall bless
Earth's ruin'd race with truths of grace,
And Jesus Christ confess.

4 Descend again, on earth to reign,
Almighty Prince of peace:
Thy promised seed for mercy plead,
And look for their release.

408 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

Let there be Light.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

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

3 Spirit of truth and love.
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight:

Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

409 8,8,6. MONTGOMERY

Light for the World.

WHAT is the world? A wildering maze,
Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare:
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

2 Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night:
One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

3 Is there a guide to show that path?
The Bible!—He alone who hath
The Bible need not stray;
Yet he who hath, and will not give
That heavenly guide to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

410 L. M.

"Thy kingdom come."

THY kingdom come! O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ
When hatred, strife, and battles cease,
And man with man shall be at peace.

2 Then all shall know and serve the Lord.
And walk according to his word:
His glory spread around shall be,
As waters cover o'er the sea.

3 God's holy will shall then be done
By all who live beneath the sun;
And every evil shall remove,
For God will reign, and "*God is love.*"

411 7s.

For the Spread of the Gospel.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore:
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall war and tumults cease,
Then be banish'd grief and gain:
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturb'd shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name:
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

412 7s.

The Bible for the Heathen.

SEE that heathen mother stand
Where the sacred currents flow:
With her own maternal hand,
Mid the waves her infant throw!

2 Hark! I hear the piteous scream:
Frightful monsters seize their prey
Or the dark and bloody stream
Bears the struggling child away.

3 Fainter now, and fainter still,
Breaks the cry upon the ear;
But the mother's heart is steel—
She, unmoved, that cry can hear.

4 Send, O send the Bible there:
Let its precepts reach the heart:
She may then her children spare,
She may act the mother's part.

413 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Circulation of religious Tracts.

TRACTS have the gift of tongues: they preach
Through every peopled land,
In all the forms of human speech,
What all may understand.

2 Tracts have the wings of angels, spread
To waft the joyful sound
Of resurrection from the dead,
Where'er the curse is found.

3 What scale of numbers, grasp of thought,
What power of words, could speak
The miracles of mercy wrought
By instruments so weak!

4 O ye, who send these heralds forth,
By millions bid them fly,
From east to west, from south to north,
As sunbeams fill the sky.

414 L. M.

A Missionary Prayer.

MILLIONS there are on heathen ground
Who never heard the gospel's 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 guilt and hell.

415 L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Heathen perish.

THE heathen perish—day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away:
O Christians, to their rescue fly—
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live:
What hath your Saviour done for you?
And what for him will ye not do?

416 7,6. HEBER.

"Come over, and help us!"

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,—
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole—
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

417 S. M. T. O. SUMMERS

The Call to China.

THE call to China! Hear,
Hear, and obey the call:
To arms! To arms! Prepare, prepare!
Go scale that mighty wall.

2 Go scale that mighty wall—
Yea, shout its ramparts down:
Down they, like Jericho's, shall fall—
Success your arms shall crown.

3 Success your arms shall crown,
Error and sin shall yield,
China *the Lord of heaven* shall own—
The cross shall win the field.

4 The cross shall win the field—
Sage, sophist, Buddhist, bow
Before the heavenly arms you wield
Conquering, to conquer go.

5 Conquering, to conquer go!—
Who'll sound the war-cry, who?—
Conquering, to conquer! who the foe
Will seek, survey, subdue?

418 L. M. MONTGOMERY

The Missionary Penny.

A PENNY is a little thing,
Which e'en the poor man's child may fling
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.

2 As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a million fold;
For, lo! a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell.

3 That soul can scarce be saved alone,—
It must, it will, its bliss make known:
"Come," it will cry, "and you shall see
What great things God hath done for me."

4 Hundreds that joyful sound may hear—
Hear with the heart as well as ear;
And these to thousands more proclaim
Salvation in the only Name.

5 That only Name, above, below,
Let Jews, and Turks, and Pagans know,
Till every tongue and tribe shall call
On Jesus Christ as Lord of all!

419

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

Missionary Mites.

CAN I, a little child,
Do any thing for those
Who are by sin defiled,
To lighten their sad woes?
I cannot see a reason why
I should not, if I really try.

2 First, then, I would implore
The Lord to change their heart:
Then from my little store
I freely will impart,
That some kind teacher may be given
To point out Christ, the way to heaven.

3 How would such joyful news
Their inmost souls delight!
And who would then refuse
To give their feeble mite,
That every heathen child may know
What blessings Jesus can bestow?

420 7s. MRS. SIGOURNEY

Missionary Mites.

LITTLE rain-drops feed the rill,
Rills to meet the brooklet glide,
Brooks the broader rivers fill,
Rivers swell the ocean's tide—
Ocean, that with swelling note
Proudly rears a foaming crest,
While the mightiest navies float
Lightly o'er its billowy breast.

2 Thus the dew-drops gather'd here,
Mites from willing childhood's hand,
Shall those streams of bounty cheer
That refresh a pagan land—
With the sea of love shall blend,
Which the gospel's grace doth pour;
And the name of Jesus send
E'en to earth's remotest shore.

421 8,7,4. T. O. SUMMERS

Children's Tribute.

PRAISE the Saviour! Give him glory!
Eighteen hundred years ago,
As we read in sacred story,
From his throne to earth below
He descended,
Us to save from sin and wo.

2 Loud resound the happy chorus,
Let no tongue the notes refuse:
Christ was born to suffer for us—
Tell the world the joyful news:
Tell it, Christians—
Hear it, Pagans, Turks, and Jews.

3 Soon may He who reigneth o'er us,
Reign the universal King;
And to haste his advent glorious,
Let us our best offerings bring,
And hosannas
Loudly in his temple sing.

422 10,11. T. O. SUMMERS.
Sunday-school Missionary Collection.

TO Jesus our King, Who sits on the throne,
Our tribute we bring—His sovereignty own:
His kingdom, so glorious, We long to behold
O'er all men victorious, As promised of old.

2 Each Sunday-school child Contributes to cheer
The wilderness wild—The solitude drear:
The desert so fearful, With wants and with woes,
We help to make cheerful, And bloom as the rose.

3 The Father, the Son, The Spirit of grace—
The great Three in One—All nations shall bless:
The poor Pagan swell forth His praise with the Jew,
The Mussulman tell forth His glad homage too.

423 7s. BOWRING
Watchman, what of the Night?

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes: it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?

Traveller, ages are its own,
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchmen, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease:
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

424 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Heathen Nations converted.

ARISE and shine, your light is come,
Fair islands of the West!
Awake and sing, once deaf and dumb,
Now islands of the blest.

2 Shine, for the glory of the Lord
Your coral-reefs surrounds:
Sing, for the trumpet of his word
O'er all your ocean sounds.

3 Poor Africa! through thy waste sands,
Where Calvary's fountain flows,
Deserts become Immanuel's lands,
And blossom like the rose.

4 India, beneath the chariot wheels
Of Juggernaut o'erthrown,
Thy heart a quickening Spirit feels,
A pulse beats through the stone.

5 China! behold thy quaking wall:
Foredoom'd by heaven's decree,
A hand is writing on it—"*Fall!*"
A voice goes forth—"*Be free!*"

6 Ye Pagan tribes! of every race,
Clime, country, language, hue,
Believe, obey, be saved by grace,
The gospel speaks to you.

C. M.

425 *The World evangelized.*

STRETCH, O my soul, thine ardent wing,
And hail the dawning light:
Behold, what scenes, what visions spring
Of infinite delight.

2 Soon shall the glorious eastern star
Above the mountains rise;
And rays celestial, beaming far,
Illume e'en polar skies.

3 If angels in their sphere rejoice
One rescued soul to greet,
How will they raise th' enraptured voice
Whole continents to meet!

4 Siberia spreads her frozen arms,
Released from sin and chains;
And Sharon's rose displays its charms
On Afric's sultry plains.

5 From Java to the farthest West
The heavenly light shall reach;
And truth divine its power attest,
In every clime and speech.

6 Shed, Sun of righteousness, thy rays
On every land of night,
Till all the heathen sing thy praise,
And hail the cheerful light.

426 7,6. HASTINGS.

The Gospel Banner.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Re-echo'd 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 th' 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—
Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings:
Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
Each ransom'd captive sings.
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise:
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

427 7,6.
Universal Hallelujah.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then, from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

428 11,12.

Universal Chorus.

ZION! the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

2 Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round—
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

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

429 11,10,8. SAUNDERSON.

The glorious Jubilee.

REJOICE, rejoice; the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom;
And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts are all blossoming.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.
The gospel banner, wide unfurl'd,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world;
And every creature, bond or free,
Shall hail that glorious jubilee.

430 7s. MONTGOMERY.

The Song of Jubilee.

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 depth unto the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd 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.*

431 6,6,6,6,8,8. BUDDEN.

Sunday-School Celebration.

CHILDREN.

COME, let our voices join
In one glad song of praise:
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise:

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your praise belongs:
His love demands your earliest songs.

CHILDREN.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

CHILDREN.

3 Within these hallow'd walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your offerings bring:
Here in his church his praises sing.

CHILDREN.

4 For blessings such as these
Our gratitude receive:
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give:

CONGREGATION.

Great God, accept their infant songs:
To thee alone their praise belongs.

BOTH.

5 Lord, bid this work of love
Be crown'd with meet success:
May thousands yet unborn
This institution bless:
Thus shall the praise resound to thee
Now, and through all eternity.

432 7,6.

Sunday-School Celebration.

WE meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise:
To God, our heavenly Father,
We'll tune our grateful praise:
'Tis his kind hand that kept us
Through all the changing year:
His love it is that brings us
Again to worship here.

2 We'll thank him for the Sabbath.
This day of holy rest;

And for the blessèd Bible,
The book that we love best—
For Sabbath-schools and teachers,
To us so kindly given,
To guide us in the pathway
That leads to joys in heaven.

3 We'll thank him for our country,
The land our fathers trod—
For liberty of conscience,
And right to worship God.
O Lord, our heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring,
And tune our hearts and voices
Thy glorious name to sing.

4 Soon may thy gracious sceptre
Extend to every land,
And all as willing subjects
Submit to thy command.
Send forth the gospel tidings,
And hasten on the day
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway.

433 7,6.

Sunday-School Celebration.

COME join our celebration
With hallow'd songs of joy,
And on this bright occasion
Your sweetest notes employ:
Parents and friends invited,
And teachers now are here,
In purpose all united
Our youthful hearts to cheer.

2 Thanks to the God of heaven,
Kind guardian of our race,
For all the favours given
Beneath his smiling face—

For health, and strength, and reason,
And friendship unalloy'd,
And every pleasant season
In Sunday-school enjoy'd.

3 Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection
He causes to abound
In those who're watching o'er us
With many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to restore us
To peace and heavenly joy.

4 May God with many a blessing
Reward their toil and care,
And hear them while addressing
His throne in fervent prayer;
And may his love constraining,
Our youthful spirits bow;
And grace for ever reigning,
Our inmost souls endow.

434 C. M.

Sunday-School Celebration.

LORD, we are spared again to meet
On this rejoicing day,
To bow before thy mercy-seat,
To praise thee, and to pray.

2 Many, since last we gather'd here,
Have pass'd away like flowers:
Perhaps, before another year,
Their dwelling may be ours!

3 To Jesus every eye we raise,
On him for mercy rest:
Young children, in his mortal days,
He folded to his breast.

4 Young children, at his Father's side,
He still with pity views;

And, pleading that for such he died,
Their sinful hearts renews.

5 Lord, to thine open arms we fly,
And seek our safety there:
Then shall we have no fear to die,
If thou our hearts prepare.

435

5,7,8,6.

Sunday-School Celebration.

O COME, let us sing!
Our youthful hearts now swelling,
To God above, a God of love—
O come, let us sing!
Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
With high emotions rise to thee
In heavenly melody—
O come, let us sing!

2 The full notes prolong
Our festal celebrating:
We hail the day with cheerful lay,
And full notes prolong.
Both cheerful youth and silvery age,
And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
These thrilling scenes engage,
Full notes to prolong.

3 O swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating:
His Son he gave our souls to save—
O swell, swell the song.
The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
And make the welkin ring
With sweet-swelling song.

4 We'll chant, chant his praise—
Our lofty strains now blending:
A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant his praise.

Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified:
"'Tis finish'd," then he meekly cried,
And bow'd his head and died—
Then chant, chant his praise!
5 All full chorus join,
To Jesus condescending
To bless our race with heavenly grace,
All full chorus join.
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit, reconciled
By Christ, the meek and mild,
All full chorus join!

436 8s. MRS. GILBERT

Sunday-School Celebration.

HOW sweet is the fragrance of flowers
That bloom at the dawning of day!
Refresh'd with heaven's kindliest showers,
How healthy and beautiful they!
Thus lovely and soothing the sight—
More lovely than nature supplies—
Are those who at earliest light
Expand their young hearts to the skies.
2 A tribute acceptable, paid
Yet green, in the season of prime,
Ere noon hath its ravages made,
And verdure is sullied by time:
Collect for thine altars, O God,
A wreath from our garden below:
Nay, send thy refreshings abroad,
That all the plantation may grow.
3 O suffer not one to remain
Beside living waters unfed,
But give thou the plentiful rain,
The sun of thine influence shed:
So comely as willows that bend
Where streamlets and fountains abound,
Be these the young plants that we tend,
With blossoms and fruitfulness crown'd.

437 8,7,4. T. MAC KELLAR.

Sunday-School Celebration.

WHILE the heavenly host rejoices
In thy glorious presence, Lord,
Thou wilt hear our youthful voices
Praise thee for thy holy word:
Glory—glory
Through the earth and heavens be heard.

2 Mercies tasted by our fathers
On the children, too, have come:
When around their spirit gathers
Darkness from the opening tomb,
May thy presence
Then disperse the heavy gloom.

3 We know not the lot before us—
That to only thee is known:
Let thy love and truth reign o'er us,
And our hearts be thine alone:
Life eternal
Thou wilt give us as our own.

4 As the morning sunlight chases
Night and all its gloom away,
May thy truth, in earth's dark places,
Turn the midnight into day:
Let thy kingdom
Quickly come, O Lord, we pray.

438 C. M. MONTGOMERY

Sunday-School Jubilee.

HOSANNA be the children's song
To Christ, the children's King:
His praise, to whom their souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 Hosanna sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

3 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

4 Hosanna then our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King:
This is the children's jubilee,
Let all the children sing.

439 L. M. MONTGOMERY

Sunday-School Jubilee.

THE grace of Jesus Christ our Lord,
The Father's love with sweet accord,
The Holy Ghost's communion, be
Our bond of peace and amity.

2 This is the threefold cord that binds
The sympathies of kindred minds,
And draws them to that glorious Three,
The one eternal Deity.

3 Thus God to man himself reveals,
His people calls, redeems, and seals,
Who one with him in spirit are
In answer to Christ's farewell prayer.

4 Nor time, nor place, nor life, nor death,
Decaying strength, departing breath,
Can loose or break that holy cord
Laid on them by their loving Lord.

5 This was the very cord of love
Which drew him from his throne above:
With it he makes sin's prisoners free,
And captive leads captivity.

6 Bound with this covenant to-day,
We rest as pilgrims on our way,
Past trials thankfully review,
And cheerfully prepare for new.

440 L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Sunday-School Jubilee.

OUR schools are nurseries below,
For trees of paradise to grow,
Till, by their Saviour's training hand,
Transplanted to the promised land.

2 Myriads already, from our care,
Once our companions, flourish there:
Yet still in fellowship all meet,
They see his face, *we* kiss his feet.

3 There's joy in heaven among the saints,
O'er every sinner that repents:
The children's angels swell that strain
When little ones are born again.

4 Then be this day of sacred mirth
A jubilee in heaven and earth:
Hence, while our glad hosannas rise,
High hallelujahs fill the skies.

441 6,4.

Spring Celebration.

COME, join the festive song,
Wake, voices all:
Chime with the vernal throng,
List to the call:
Hear we in every breeze,
From vale and mountain trees,
Glad notes of nature say—
Join ye my lay.

2 Lord of the rolling year,
'Round and above,
Boundless thy works appear—
Boundless thy love:
All, all in earth and sky,
As glide the seasons by,
New glories of thy name
Ever proclaim.

3 Joyous we swell the strain,
Thankful to thee—
Watched by thy care, again
Spring-tide to see:
Still in this gospel land
Throngs forth the Sabbath band,
Under truth's canopy,
Happy and free.

4 Onward forever flow
Truth's mighty wave:
Soon every clime below
Conquer and save.
Sweet as the voice of spring,
Then every tongue shall sing—
Glory to God on high,
Glory for aye.

142 8,7.

Spring Celebration.

WE have met in peace together,
In this house of God again:
Constant friends have led us hitl.. r,
Here to chant the solemn strain.
Here to breathe our adoration,
While the balmy breeze of spring,
Like the Spirit of salvation,
Comes with gladness on its wing

2 And, while nature glows with beauty,
While the fields are rich in flowers,
Shall our hearts neglect their duty,
Shall our souls abuse their powers?
Shall not all our hopes, ascending,
Point us to a home above,
Where, in glory never ending,
He who made us smiles in love?

3 There no autumn-tempests gather:
There no friends lament the dead:

And on fields that never wither,
Fadeless rays of light are shed:
There with bright immortal roses
Angels wreath their harps of gold,
And each ransom'd soul reposes
Midst a scene of bliss untold.

4 We have met, and time is flying—
We shall part—and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring:
Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to Him, whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace will calm our fears.

443 C. M

Rural Celebration.

WE seem to hear a voice of praise,
Here, mid the leafy bowers,
From murmuring streams whose crystal maze
Doth cheer the thirsty flowers.

2 But louder where yon lofty trees
By summer's hand are drest,
It swells on every gentle breeze,
From bough, and spray, and nest.

3 But if the things by nature taught
Pour music o'er the sod,
How high should rise our raptured thought,
Who learn the word of God!

4 To us he speaks, from morning's cell—
From evening's dewy sphere,
And when the holy Sabbath bell
Salutes the Christian's ear.

5 To us he speaks, he guides our choice
By heaven's own book divine;
And aids our teachers' much-loved voice
To fix each treasured line.

6 To us he speaks, and we in praise
Would still our offering bring:
Here, where creation joins our lays,
And there, where angels sing.

444 S. M.
Rural Celebration.

THE freshly blooming flowers
To Thee sweet offerings bear;
And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth thy tender care.

2 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.

3 But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

4 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless:
The blossoms of all nature's flowers
Would please our Father less.

445 C. M.
Rural Celebration.

HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise:
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

3 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine:
The silent grove, the vocal shore.
Proclaim thy power divine.

4 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious thoughts engage:
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

5 And while, in all above, around,
Thy varied love we see,
O may our hearts, great God, be led
Through all thy works to thee!

146

7,6: ten lines.

Rural Celebration.

WITH joy once more we hail thee,
O lovely rural scene!
Thy groves, and fields, and woodlands,
Thy garb of cheerful green!
How pure the crystal fountain!
How clear the purling rills!
How sweet the tufted flowerets
That blossom on the hills!
Such rich and varied beauty
Our hearts with rapture fills.

2 Here, at the morn's awaking,
The tuneful, gladsome lay,
By nature's chorus chanted,
Salutes the welcome day;
And mid the sun's bright glowing,
Till evening's dewy fall,
In tones of mellow sweetness,
These feather'd warblers call
On human hearts to worship
The common Lord of all.

3 We love in blest communion
To seek this rural shade
Where nature's true devotion
To nature's God is paid.
And here, as we are musing,
We think of scenes above.

Where smiles, like those of summer,
No change can e'er remove:
Where music yet more heavenly
Shall chant its notes of love.

447 C. M.

Rural Feast.

HERE, like the birds that wander free,
Warbling their woodland lays,
We, heavenly Father, sing to thee
Our grateful song of praise.

2 The happy minstrels of the air,
That on thy bounty live,
With songs repay thy constant care,—
'Tis all that they can give.

3 But we can give the loving heart,
And lift our thoughts above—
Can learn that thou our Father art,
And feel that thou art love.

4 A table in the wilderness
Of old thy bounty spread,
When manna dropp'd, the tribes to bless
That cried to thee for bread.

5 For us kind friends a feast prepare,
Beneath this wild-wood shade:
Scarce better could thy children fare
Whose food the manna made.

6 Never, like them, may we be heard
To murmur or repine:
Still may we heed thy holy word,
And form our wills to thine.

148 C. M.

The Bible and the Sunday-School.

THE Sunday-school! the Sunday-school!
Blest be the wondrous plan!
So strong its power, so fraught with love,
Descending down to man!

The Bible and the Sunday-school
  Our bulwark firm shall be,
To guard our rights, maintain our laws,
  Preserve our liberty.

2 We hold the blessed Bible as
  Our charter and our shield—
Its precepts and its promises
  A powerful sword to wield:
With freeborn minds, and bounding hearts
  We prize its sacred truth,
For comfort in declining years—
  Our guide in early youth.

3 O holy book! O happy day!
  May unborn millions stand,
Surrounded by these bulwarks strong,
  Throughout this happy land:
Nor tyrant's rod, nor despot's power,
  Deprive us of our right
To serve our country and our God
  In freedom's blessed light.

4 And when we stand on Zion's heights,
  In the bright world above,
Where golden harps are sounding forth
  The Saviour's dying love—
The Bible and the Sunday-school
  Our anthems still shall be,
For they have led our wandering feet,
  O Lord, to heaven and thee!

449 11s.

Bible Banners.

THE Bible, the Bible! more precious than gold
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold:
It speaks of salvation, wide opens the door,
Its offers are free, to the rich and the poor.

2 The Bible, the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth.

I. bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

3 The Bible, the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

450 7,6,8.

We won't give up the Bible.

WE won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth,
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth:
The lamp that sheds a glorious light
On, else, a dreary road!
The voice that speaks the Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God.

2 We won't give up the Bible;
But could you force away
What is as our own life-blood dear,
We still with joy could say:
"The words which we have learn'd while young
We'll follow all our days;
For they're engraven on our hearts,
And ye can not erase."

3 We won't give up the Bible:
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide!
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand each treacherous art;
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll never, never part!

451 L. M. MANT.

College Commencement. Ps. lxxviii. 1–7.

HEAR ye my law, my people, hear:
Lend to my words the listening ear:
My mouth shall lofty lore unfold—
My lips dark sentences of old.

2 Such truths to us our sires have shown,
Our ears have heard, our hearts have known;
Nor shall our lips forbear to trace
The image for our future race.

3 But times remote—the latter days—
The story of Jehovah's praise
Shall hear, and ponder with delight
His wondrous deeds, his arm of might.

4 His law to Jacob he reveal'd,
His covenant with Israel seal'd,
And gave our sires the charge divine
In trust for their succeeding line—

5 That, year to year, and age to age,
Might safe convey the sacred page;
And still his truth perpetual run,
Transmitted down from sire to son:

6 That on the arm of power divine
Sons yet unborn might still recline;
Nor e'er forget the works of God,
Nor e'er forsake his guiding rod.

452 L. M. MRS. PHELPS

For a Commencement.

GOD of the young! Creator, Friend!
To thee in lowliness we bend:
O hear us in this parting hour,—
Support us by thy mighty power.

2 God of the young! While young we are,
O let us own thy guardian care!
Our trust in thee securely place,
And rest devoutly on thy grace.

3 God of the young! Our footsteps guide
When flowery paths are open wide:
Keep us, O Father, free from guile,
Teach us to fear each tempting wile.

4 God of the young! To thee alone
Our course in life is fully known—
Dark waters rise upon the sight,
Thy presence, only, giveth light.

5 God of the young! Who once on earth,
A feeble child of feeble birth,
Didst feel the ills of mortal life,
And meet temptation's awful strife—

6 God of the young! who for us died,
O keep us ever near thy side:
In sorrow's hour be thou our stay,
And bring us to thy perfect day.

453 C. M. MRS. GILBERT.

For a Commencement.

WHILE we with fear and hope survey
This youthful, blooming throng,
And little know the eventful way
Their steps may pass along—

2 One day is as a thousand years,
Eternal God, to thee,
And present to thine eye appears
Their whole futurity.

3 Thou seest temptation's subtle thread,
Or torture's fiery test:
Mid scenes of pleasure or of dread
Screen thou the unguarded breast.

4 Saviour! through each portentous change,
And dangers yet untrod,
Where'er they rest, where'er they range,
Be thou their present God!

454 L. M. COLLYER.

Young men, exhort to be sober-minded.

YOUNG men exhort, the apostle said,
To cherish soberness of mind;
So when the bloom of life is fled,
Substantial fruit shall stay behind.

2 If God's eternal word of truth
Affect your hearts, your thoughts engage,
Its guardian power shall shield your youth,
Its consolations cheer your age.

3 Come, then, and choose religion's ways,
In life's sweet fragrancy and prime;
So peace shall crown your following days--
Peace, indestructible by time.

455 8,8,8,8,8,8. C. WESLEY.

"Learning and holiness combined."

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry,
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply!
The sacred discipline be given
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind:
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind:
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off, and cast aside;
But let them, Lord, the substance gain—
In every solid truth abide—
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego
The knowledge fit for man to know.

4 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital piety:

Learning and holiness combined,
And truth and love, let all men see
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live!

156 8,8,8,8,8,8. C. WESLEY.

Youth devoted to God.

CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality;
And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant to paradise.

2 Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread!
Or send them to proclaim thy word,
Thy gospel through the world to spread:
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live.

457 L. M. JANE TAYLOR

Dismissing a good Scholar.

WE offer, Lord, an humble prayer,
And thank thee for thy grace bestow'd
In leading one beneath our care
Thus far in wisdom's pleasant road.

2 Whatever to *his* lot may fall,
What toilsome duties to fulfil,
We do not know, but in them all
Be thou *his* strength and comfort still.

3 May Jesus be *his* constant friend,
The Bible *his* support and stay;
And may thy Spirit, Lord, descend,
To bless and guide *him* day by day.

458 L. M.

Farewell to a Teacher.

DEAR partner of our hopes and fears,
And wilt thou here no longer dwell,

To share our toils, and joys, and tears?
And must we bid a sad farewell?

2 Yes: thou must fill thy future lot
Far from thy fond and cherish'd friends;
But not to be by us forgot
While life its beating pulses spends.

3 We'll think of thee amid the scene
Of each returning Sabbath day;
And nowhere else with grief so keen,
Will mourn that thou art far away.

4 We'll think of thee around the board
That speaks a dying Saviour's love;
And trust our joy will be restored
In endless fellowship above.

5 Lord, let thy care *his* footsteps guard,
Thy choicest blessings fill *his* heart,
And crown *him* with thy rich reward,
Where Christian friends no more shall part

459 L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Erection of a new School-house.

A CHILDREN'S temple here we build,
And consecrate it, Lord, to thee,
In hope that with thy presence fill'd
These humble walls henceforth may be.

2 When Christ, thy holy child, was born,
He had not where to lay his head:
Though King of kings, he did not scorn
The meanness of a manger-bed.

3 And is he not to-day the same,
And deigns he not to visit there
Where two or three, in his great name,
Are met for worship, praise, and prayer?

4 Ah! yes, where simple souls are taught
To know and do his Father's will,
Or infants to his arms are brought,
He welcomes all, and blesses still.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, while we draw nigh,
Such life and power to us afford,
That each may Abba, Father cry,
And young and old call Jesus LORD.

460 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Opening a new School-house.

HALLOW'D be this humble spot,
Like the place of Jacob's bed:
God was there—he knew it not
Till heaven open'd o'er his head.

2 Not in visions of the night,
God of Jacob! on our way,
But in noon of gospel light
Here thy power and grace display.

3 Oft on embassies of love
Be descending angels sent,
And, returning, spread above
Joy o'er sinners that repent.

4 Here the children's angels see
Little ones to Jesus brought,
In thy nurture train'd for thee,
By thine admonition taught.

5 While thy ministers declare
All the counsel of thy will,
Lord, thy people's hearts prepare,
Every precept to fulfil.

6 Here, when all that live are dead,
And the born supply their place,
Age by age, may souls be led,
In this house, to seek thy face.

461 8s.

Opening a new School-room.

WITH grateful delight we survey
The work of this building complete:
We bless thee, dear Saviour, this day
We thus are permitted to meet.

2 But what will this structure avail,
Unless thy kind presence is here?
Our work will entirely fail:
No fruit unto God will appear.

3 But sweet are thy promises, Lord—
On these let us ever depend:
Thou say'st where thy name we record,
Thy presence and grace shall attend.

4 Then, thankful for all that is past,
With cheerful delight may we move;
While, gracious Redeemer, we ask
For brighter displays of thy love.

462 11,5. C. WESLEY

Thanksgiving for Christian Nurture.

O FATHER of all, The great and the small,
The old and the young,
Thanksgiving accept from a stammerer's tongue
Thy goodness we praise, Which has found us
a place—
Has planted us here,
To be mildly bro't up in thy nurture and fear.

2 Thy mercy and truth In the days of our youth
We learn to adore,
And gladly acknowledge thy wisdom and power:
Thy astonishing plan To recover lost man,
With the heavenly choir,
We are taught in the morning of life to admire.

3 Thy favour we find In the Friend of mankind
Sent down from above,
The witness and proof of thy fatherly love:
With joy we embrace Thy tenders of grace
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And accept our salvation in Jesus's name.

4 Thy mercy hath brought Salvation, unsought,
To us, and to all;
And all may be saved, if they follow the call.

We follow it here, Till the Saviour appear,
His saints to approve,
And carry us up to his kingdom above.

463 C. M. C. WESLEY

Anniversary of an Orphan Asylum.

AGAIN the kind revolving year
Has brought this happy day,
And we in God's bless'd house appear
Again our vows to pay.

2 Our watchful guardians, robed in light,
Adore the heavenly King:
Ten thousand thousand seraphs bright
Incessant praises sing.

3 They know no want, they feel no care,
Nor ever sigh as we:
Sorrow and sin are strangers there,
And all is harmony.

4 If aught can there enhance their bliss,
Or raise their raptures higher,
New joys in heaven, at sights like this,
New anthems fill the choir.

5 With what resembling care and love
Both worlds for us appear!
Our friendly guardians, those above—
Our benefactors, here.

464 C. M. C. WESLEY

For an Orphan Asylum.

FATHER of mercies, hear our prayers
For those that do us good,
Whose love for us a place prepares,
And gives the orphans food.

2 Their alms in blessings on their head
A thousand fold restore:
O feed their souls with living bread,
And let their cup run o'er!

3 For ever in thy Christ built up,
Thy bounty let them prove:
Steadfast in faith, joyful through hope,
And rooted deep in love.

4 For those who kindly founded this,
A better house prepare:
Remove them to thy heavenly bliss,
And let us meet them there.

465 C. M. MONTGOMERY

For an Orphan Asylum.

THOU Father of the fatherless,
A band of orphans see,
And from thy throne of glory bless
Our little family:—

2 A little family, who share
No human parents' love;
And yet for whom thou wilt prepare
A house and home above:—

3 A house above, if train'd up here
In wisdom's paths to go:
We travel heavenward in thy fear
From this sweet home below:—

4 This home below, where we have found
Refuge in time of need,
And meet upon its holy ground
Friends who are friends indeed:—

5 For friends indeed to us are they,
Who, for our Saviour's sake,
Have sought us out, like lambs astray,
Their bounty to partake:—

6 Thine is their bounty—theirs not less,
Though thine what each imparts,
When, to relieve the fatherless,
Thy love constrains their hearts.

466 C. M. BROWNE.

Pleading for the Orphan.

O HOW can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear?

2 The dread omnipotence of Heaven
We every hour provoke;
Yet still the mercy of our God
Withholds the avenging stroke:

3 And Christ was still the healing friend
Of poverty and pain;
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.

4 May we with humble effort take
Example from above;
And thence the active lesson learn
Of charity and love.

5 But chiefly be the labour ours
To shade the early plant—
To guard from ignorance and guilt
The infancy of want—

6 To graft the virtues, ere the bud
The canker-worm has gnaw'd,
And teach the rescued child to lisp
Its gratitude to God.

467 C. M. SIGOURNEY.

Pleading for the Orphan.

O CHRISTIAN love, be strong! be strong!
Yon helpless band to save,
Cast without kindred succour forth
On the world's stormy wave.

2 Breathe kindness o'er those lonely hearts:
O Christian love, be true!
And patient raise the smitten plants
To heaven's reviving dew.

3 For glorious will it be at last
To hear our Saviour say,
The "cup of water" in his name
Hath not been cast away.

468 C. M.

Independence Day.

WITH joy we meet, With smiles we greet
Our schoolmates bright and gay:
Be dry each tear Of sorrow here—
'Tis Independence Day.

2 'Tis freedom's sound That rings around,
And brightens every ray:
Our banner floats, With trumpet notes,
On Independence Day.

3 While thunder breaks, And music wakes
Its patriotic lay,
At temple-gate Our feet shall wait
On Independence Day.

4 O who from home Would fail to come
And join the children's lay,
When praise we bring To God our King,
On Independence Day?

5 For liberty, Great God, to thee
Our grateful thanks we pay;
For thanks, we know, To thee we owe
On Independence Day.

469 C. M.

Fourth of July.

TO Thee, the little children's Friend,
Their hymn to-day shall rise:
O from the heavenly courts descend,
And bless the sacrifice!

2 While through our land fair freedom's song
Our fathers raise to thee,
Our accents shall the notes prolong:
We children, too, are free!

3 The past with blessings from thy hand
Was richly scatter'd o'er,
As numerous as the countless sand
That spreads the ocean shore.

4 O may the future be as bright!
Nor be thy favours less
Resplendent with the glorious light
Of peace and happiness.

5 On earth prepare us for the skies;
And when our life is o'er,
Let us to purer mansions rise,
And praise thee evermore.

470 8,7.

National Praise.

UP to thee, Almighty Father,
Ancient of eternal days,
Throned in uncreated glory,
Hear us, while our songs we raise

2 Praise, for thy unceasing bounty,
Pour'd with an indulgent hand:
Praise, for blessings still increasing,
Crowning freedom's favour'd land

3 While a nation's heart is leaping,
Mighty in its gushing joy,
May the song of adoration
All its grateful powers employ.

4 Thine, O Lord, shall be the kingdom
Thine the power and glory be,
Thine through endless ages rolling,
Thine throughout eternity.

471 8,6. H. S. WASHBURN

Praise to our Fathers' God.

LET every heart rejoice and sing,
Let choral anthems rise:
Ye reverend men and children, bring
To God your sacrifice;

For he is good: the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways:
With songs and honours soundir g loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise,
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise:
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

2 He bids the sun to rise and set,
In heaven his power is known;
And earth, subdued to him, shall yet
Bow low before his throne;
For he is good: the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise,
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise:
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

172 S. M.

Temperance Ode.

MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong:
Mourn for the wine-cup's fatal reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnish'd gem—
For reason's light divine
Quench'd from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God hath bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruin'd soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turn'd to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free:
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

473

8s.

Spring.

HAIL, lovely appearance of spring!
The sternness of winter is past;
And zephyrs on soft silken wing
Succeed to the rude northern blast:
The sun has come forth in his strength
To gladden the earth with his blaze:
The earth feels his power, and at length
Sends up her loud tribute of praise.

2 The hills clap their hands to the hills,
And the valleys to valleys reply:
Swelling voices of fresh-gushing rills
Feel the gladness and echo the joy.
Charm'd nature, through all her domain,
Bids her incense and melody join
To adore and acknowledge the reign
Of him who is Sovereign divine.

3 He sends the glad season of spring—
Fills the earth with her increase—and deigns
When men in their gratitude sing
Of his goodness, to smile on their strains:
Yea, the Spirit delighteth to come
To the heart in its winter of sin,
To renew with a spring's moral bloom,
And make it all lovely within.

474 7,6.

Summer.

'TIS summer, glorious summer—
Look to the glad green earth,
How from her grateful bosom
The herb and flower spring forth!
These are her rich thanksgivings,
The incense floats above!
Father, what may we offer?—
Thy chosen flower is love.

2 'Tis summer, blessèd summer—
The lofty hills are bright:
All nature's fountains sparkle—
Shall ours have lesser light?
No! bid each spirit praise him,
Who hangs on every tree
A thousand living lyres,
Awaking harmony.

475 8,7. HORNE

Autumn.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,—

2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

3 "What though yet no losses grieve you—
Gay with health and many a grace—
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place."

4 On the Tree of Life eternal
Lord, let all our hopes be stay'd?
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

476 7,6,7,6,7,7,7.6. J. BURTON.

Winter.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home:
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigour 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.

477 8s. JANE TAYLOR.

Close of the Year.

THIS year is just going away,
The moments are finishing fast!
My heart, have you nothing to say
Concerning the things that are past?—
But, Lord, thou already hast known
Much more of my folly than I:
There is not a fault I can own
Too little for God to descry.

2 This year is just going away,
The moments are finishing fast:
Look down in thy mercy, I pray,
To pardon the sin that is past;
And as soon as another begins,
So help me to walk in thy fear,
That I may not with follies and sins
So foolishly waste a new year.

478 10,5,11. C. WESLEY.

New-year's Day.

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 labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream—Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, The moment is gone:
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through:
I have finish'd 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."

479 7s. NEWTON.

New-year's Day.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in 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 young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

180 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

New-year's Day.

A YEAR, another year, is fled,
Its issues who can tell?
Millions of voices of the dead
Reply from heaven or hell.

2 All these were living at the birth
Of the departed year:
They all have vanish'd from the earth,
We fill their places here.

3 Lost spirits from the dark abyss,
Cry mournfully, *Beware!*
Spirits in glory and in bliss
Sing joyfully, *Prepare!*

4 Thus timely warn'd, and moved with fear,
Of wrath let us beware:
For life or death, in this new year,
For earth and heaven prepare.

SECT. XI.—TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

481 L. M.

Children the Hope of the Church.

CHILDHOOD and youth, how vain they seem!
Their beauty passes like a dream,
And soon or late, the loveliest bloom
Will fade and wither in the tomb.

2 Yet in our charge with hope we trace
The features of a future race,
And, in these youthful classes, see
The seed of churches yet to be.

3 God of the church, which must remain
While generations wax and wane,
For this we toil—O deign to bless
The humble effort with success.

4 Hence fill thy courts with songs of praise,
Hence ministers and people raise,
And hence supply the failing bands
That bear thy word to heathen lands.

5 We plead thy promise, sovereign Lord,
While thus we pray with one accord:
E'en as thy promise let it be,
For, touching this, we all agree.

482 C. M. WATTS

Psalm lxxviii. 1–7.

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bid us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising grace.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs:
That generations, yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

483 S. M.

The serious Charge.

HOW serious is the charge
To train the infant mind!
'Tis God alone can give a heart
To such a work inclined.

2 May we in Christian bonds
The Christian name adorn,
By active deeds for public good,
Nor mind the sinner's scorn.

3 While wicked men unite,
Our youth to lead aside,
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,
In wisdom's path to guide.

4 Dependent, Lord, on thee,
Our humble means to bless,
We gladly join our hearts and hands,
And look for large success.

484 C. M. STRAPHAN

The delightful Task.

MERCY, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads:
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes.

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.

4 Almighty God! thine influence shed,
To aid this bless'd design:
The honour of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

485 C. M.

Teacher's Object.

ATTRACTED by love's sacred force,
Like planets to the sun,
Though different spheres may mark our course,
Our centre is but one.

2 As teachers of the young we meet,
Our object is the same:
To lead them to the Saviour's feet,
And praise his glorious name.

3 We meet to strengthen and unite
Our hearts in this employ:
O may our work be our delight,
A crown of future joy.

486 7s. EDMESTON

The Teacher's Dependence.

SAVIOUR, while thy servants meet,
To lead children to thy feet,
Be thou present with them there,
Hear their praise, and grant their prayer.

2 Thou, on earth, didst condescend
To appear the infant's Friend:
Surely, now thou art above,
Children share not less thy love.

3 We are meeting in thy sight:
Aid our counsels, guide us right,
Warm our hearts, and may we know
Sweetest feeling's warmest glow.

4 O may many a plant be found
Blooming on this sacred ground,
Whose fair fruits and flowers shall be
Earnest that it blooms for thee.

487 8,8,6. C. WESLEY.

The Source of Success.

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best-concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed:
We spend our wretched strength for naught;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be bless'd indeed.

2 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined:
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesus' love to live
The servants of mankind.

3 O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine!
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine!

488 L. M.

For the Divine Blessing.

HERE, gracious God, beneath thy feet,
Friends to the young and thee we meet
Join'd by the cord of mutual love,
Bound to our common Friend above.

2 Our hearts thy throne of grace address:
Smile on our schools, the children bless,
For Jesus' sake, who once on earth
Appear'd a child of lowly birth.

3 Bless all the plans which we devise,
May they be useful, good, and wise:

While we our humble labours bend
Thy glorious kingdom to extend.

4 May wisdom, zeal, and love inspire
Our bosoms with their purest fire:
While faith on thine own word relies,
And hope looks joyful to the skies.

5 Grant us thy presence, God of grace,
Now while we meet before thy face;
And may we feel, ere we depart,
Thy love diffused through every heart.

489 L. M. MONTGOMERY.

For the Salvation of Children.

LORD Jesus Christ, the children's Friend,
On us lift up thy gracious hands,
And from thy holy temple send
Blessings on our united bands.

3 How precious in thy Father's sight
Were children's souls, when thee he gave,
His only Son, his heart's delight,
From hell to heaven those souls to save!

3 What love to them, what love was thine,
Meek Lamb of God, when thou didst give
Thy soul, a sacrifice divine,
Dying thyself that they might live!

4 Nor less the Holy Spirit's grace,
When by his light he thee reveals,
As though they saw thee face to face,
And them as heirs of glory seals.

5 Are children's souls of such high price?
With grief and gladness may we see
How sad their loss in Paradise,
How great their gain on Calvary.

6 Our own no longer, thine they are,
In mercy bind them to thy cross:
Safe only from the tempter there,
From second death and endless loss.

L. M.

490 *For the Salvation of the Young.*

MAY we who teach the rising race
Be fill'd, O Lord, with every grace;
And may thy Spirit from above
Descend and bless our work of love.

2 Thy grace to those we teach impart·
O Lord, renew each youthful heart:
Help them from every sin to flee,
And dedicate their lives to thee.

3 May we in love to them abound,
And zealous in the work be found;
And many seals may we obtain,
To prove our labour's not in vain.

L. M.

491 *For the Salvation of the Young.*

ETERNAL Being! Source of love!
Permit us to approach thy seat:
We have an Advocate above,
And plead his merits at thy feet.

2 Us thou hast call'd to labour here,
To train the rising race for heaven:
O may we do it in thy fear,
And use the talents thou hast given.

3 What can we do without thine aid?
Therefore to thee for help we fly:
O may we never be dismay'd,
For thou canst every want supply.

4 In some thy love a work has wrought,
Which time we trust will not efface:
May all their tender minds be brought
To taste the riches of thy grace.

7s.

492 *For a Blessing on Teachers and Children.*

GOD of union, God of love!
With thy sanctifying power,

From the realms of light above,
Bless us in this solemn hour.

2 Holy Ghost, descend and bring
Heavenly peace and godly fear;
And beneath thy guardian wing
Shelter all before thee here.

3 Bless our tender charge: impart
What shall most to thee incline:
O reclaim each wandering heart,
Seal them! seal them ever thine!

4 Bless their teachers! grant to each
All our great employments need:
Show us rightly how to teach,
Not by word alone, but deed.

5 Make us faithful to the end,
While our duties we fulfil;
And the promised blessing send,
Like the dew on Hermon's hill.

493 C. M.

For a Blessing on the Seed sown.

ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground:
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

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

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But bid it yield a hundred-fold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

S. M.

494 *For a Blessing on the Seed sown.*

FATHER of mercies, hear:
On us look kindly down:
Our humble labours deign to cheer,
And with thy favour crown.

2 In youthful hearts the seed
Of sacred truth we sow:
Now, Lord, the blessing that we need
Richly do thou bestow.

3 Then, though the sower weep,
Ere long with thankful voice,
Both he who sows and they who reap
Together shall rejoice.

4 Thou dost the seed prepare,
And make it spring when sown;
And if a hundred-fold it bear,
The praise is all thy own.

7s. MONTGOMERY

495 *For a Blessing on the Schools.*

GOD o'er all supremely blest,
God, in Christ made manifest,
God, the Spirit—One in Three—
Make thy children one with thee.

2 Thou art power, and love, and light,
By that threefold cord unite
All our schools, with large increase,
In thy covenant of peace.

3 Then the living, year by year,
Shall recruit our numbers here,
And our dying friends supply
Fresh accessions to the sky.

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

496 *Showers of Blessings.*

AT once upon ten thousand flowers,
The morning sunbeams strike,

Millions of blades of grass Spring showers
  Baptize from heaven alike
2 So may the Sun of righteousness
  On our assembly shine,
And showers of consolation bless
  Our souls with peace divine.

497 S. M.

For the Conversion of Children.

CREATOR! Saviour! God!
  We raise our hearts to thee;
And, resting on thy precious blood.
  We bend our suppliant knee.
2 O deign to hear our prayer,
  And save the youthful race:
Convert the children of our care,
  By thine almighty grace.
3 Cause them to feel thy love,
  Teach them to lisp thy praise,
While strains seraphic from above
  Re-echo youthful lays.

498 8,7,4. JANE TAYLOR.

For the Babes of Sion.

THOU who didst, with love and blessing,
  Gather Sion's babes to thee,
Still a Saviour's love expressing,
  These, the babes of Sion, see:
    Bless the labours
  That would bring them up for thee.
2 Smile upon the weak endeavour,
  Vain if thou thy smile deny:
Lo! they rise—to live for ever!
  Train, O train them for the sky!
    Ne'er may Satan
  Plunder Sion's nursery.
3 Lord, with humble fervour bending,
  We thy blessing would entreat:

On the youthful heart descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet:
Still to Sion
Guide the young disciples' feet.

4 Then, when long we both have slumber'd
Side by side in common dust,
With thy ransom'd people number'd
With the assembly of the just,
Child and teacher,
Saviour! own our humble trust.

499 8,7.

For the Lambs of the Flock.

SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share,
Now these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm:
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, they're safe from harm.

2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey:
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way:
Then within thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

500 6,6,4.

From the Greek—*Clem. Alex. Pæd.*

Shepherd of tender Youth.

SHEPHERD of tender youth!
Guiding in love and truth,
Through devious ways—
Christ, our triumphant King—
We come thy name to sing—

And here our children bring
To shout thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord!
The all-subduing Word!
Healer of strife!
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art our great High Priest!
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love;
And in our mortal pain
None calls on thee in vain—
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be thus our guide!
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song!
Jesus! thou Christ of God!
By thy perennial word,
Lead us where thou hast trod—
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

501 L. M. C. WESLEY.

For the Lambs of the Flock.

AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face
For all who feel thy work begun:
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their
names,
Be mindful of thy youngest care:
Be tender of the new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 The lion, roaring for his prey,
And ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found one moment from their Guide.

4 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

502 L. M. MONTGOMERY

Love.

LOVE is the theme of saints above,
Love be the theme of saints below:
Love is of God, for God is love,
With love let every bosom glow:

2 Love, stronger than the grasp of death,
Love that rejoices o'er the grave,
Love to the Author of our breath,
Love to his Son, who came to save:

3 Love to the Spirit of all grace,
Love to the Scriptures of all truth,
Love to our whole apostate race,
Love to the aged, love to youth:

4 Love to each other—soul and mind,
And heart and hand, with full accord,
In one sweet covenant combined,
To live and die unto the Lord.

5 Christ's little flock we then shall feed,
The lambs we in our arms shall bear,
Reclaim the lost, the feeble lead,
And watch o'er all in faith and prayer.

503 8,7,4.

Brotherly Love and Unity.

O 'TIS good, when, all combining,
Brethren in the Lord are found,
Every selfish thought resigning,
All in love together bound,
With one purpose
Spreading happiness around.

2 Thus they cheer each other's labours,
Thus each other's burdens bear:
Each one's joy becomes his neighbour's,
Each his brother's grief will share:
Fellow helpers
Thus they prove, by faith and prayer.

3 Christian love the soul will nourish,
'Tis like dew on Zion's hill:
With it every grace will flourish,
With it comes the blessing still—
God's own blessing
Shall for evermore distil.

504 C. M. WATTS.

Psalm cxxxiii.

LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren who agree!
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head:
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread:

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

SECT. XII.—FAMILY AND CLOSET.

505 L. M. KEN

Morning.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and early 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 praise to the eternal King.

3 Glory to Thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

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

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

506 C. M. WATTS

Morning.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame:
My tongue shall speak his praise:
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light!
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

507 C. M. MEDIÆVAL.

Morning.

NOW that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, or deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguer'd by the foe—
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend,
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favour end.

508 C. M. WATTS.

Morning.

MY God, who mak'st the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Dost send him round the skies,—

2 When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.—

3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day,
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace;
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

509 C. M.

Morning.

AGAIN, O Lord, I ope my eyes
Thy glorious light to see,
And share the gifts so largely lent
To thankless man by thee.

2 And why has God o'er me this night
The watch so kindly kept?
And why have I so sweetly waked,
And why so sweetly slept?

3 And wherefore do I live and breathe
And wherefore have I still
The mind to know, the sense to choose,
The strength to do thy will?

4 Is it to waste another day
In folly, sin, and shame?
To give to these my heart and hand,
And spurn my Maker's claim?

5 Is it to grow unto the world,
As glides the world from me:
Be one day nearer to the grave,
And farther, Lord, from thee?

6 No! thus too many days I've spent:
To thee, then, this be given:
Teach what I owe to man below,
And to thyself in heaven.

7 O bring me to my Saviour's cross,
For mercy for the past;
And make me live the coming day
As if it were my last!

510 S. M. SCOTT

Morning

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care:
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

511 C. M. MONTGOMERY

Morning.

MY God, beneath thy watching eye
I laid me down and slept:
Thy tender mercy, ever nigh,
In peace my spirit kept.

2 Safe in thine everlasting arms,
That compass'd me around,
Body and soul from outward harms
And inward fears were found.

3 Thus, till the morn in beauty broke,
My sleep was sweet to me:
Thy voice then call'd me—I awoke,
And found myself with thee.

4 Humbly beside my couch I knelt,
And while I strove to pray,
The earnest in my heart I felt
Of blessings through the day.

5 O oft to cheer me, to and fro
By restless passions driven,
Such nights of calm from care and wo,
Such days of hope be given.

512 L. M. KEBLE.

Morning.

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

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

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

4 We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

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

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

513 C. M.

Morning.

I THANK thee, Lord, for quiet rest,
And for thy care of me:
O let me through this day be blest,
And kept from harm by thee.

2 O take my naughty heart away,
And make me clean and good:
Lord Jesus, save my soul, I pray,
And wash me in thy blood.

3 O let me love thee! kind thou art
To children such as I:
Give me a gentle, holy heart:
Be thou my Friend on high.

4 Help me to please my parents dear,
And do whate'er they tell:
Bless all my friends, both far and near,
And keep them safe and well.

514 8,8,8,8,11,11. JANE TAYLOR

Morning.

MY Father, I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest:
I thank thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distrest:
O how can a poor little creature repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day!

2 My voice would be lisping thy praise,
My heart would repay thee with love:
O teach me to walk in thy ways,
And fit me to see thee above:
For Jesus said, "Let little children come nigh;"
And he will not despise such an infant as I.

515 7s.

Morning.

AT the golden rise of day,
Humbly, God, to thee we pray:
Uncreated Source of light,
Guide our thoughts and words aright.
Holy Father, at thy call
Light upon the earth did fall:
Speak the word again, and make
Morning o'er our hearts to break.

2 Humbly though our prayer arise,
Quickly let it reach the skies:
Show thy reconciling face,
Hear from heaven, thy dwelling-place.
Holy Son, whose lowly birth
Re-illumined the dark earth,
Let the Gentiles see thy ray—
Kings, the brightness of thy day.

3 From the eternal Source in heaven
Light to us on earth be given—
Light of grace, to guard from wrath,
Light of faith, to guide our path.
Holy Spirit, let thy ray
Guide our footsteps, day by day,
While through earth's dark path we move
To eternal day above.

516 C. M. T. O. SUMMERS

Little Child's Morning Hymn.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me up from sleep:
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide:

My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

3 O make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace:
Make me like thee—
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

517 C. M. T. O. SUMMERS

Little Child's Evening Hymn.

THE daylight fades,
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head:
Father above,
I praise that love
Which smooths and guards my bed.

2 While thou art near,
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour:
Blest Jesus, still
From every ill
Defend me with thy power.

3 Pardon my sin,
And enter in
And sanctify my heart:
Spirit divine,
O make me thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

518 C. M. WATTS.

Evening.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise:
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

2 But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep:
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

519 S. M.

Evening.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear:
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest:
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possess'd.

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

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

520 L. M. WATTS

Evening.

THUS far the Lord hath 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,
And gives me strength for days to come.

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

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

521 S. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Evening.

THE sun has gone to rest,
The bee forsakes the flower,
The young bird slumbers in its nest
Within the leafy bower.

2 Where have I been this day?
Into what folly run?
Forgive me, Father, when I pray,
Through Jesus Christ, thy Son.

3 When all my days are o'er,
And in the grave I lie,
Wilt thou permit my soul to soar
To worlds beyond the sky?

522 8,7. EDMESTON.

Evening.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal:
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us:
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee:
Thou art he, who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

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

523

7s. ST. GREGORY.

[Translated by Chandler.]

Evening.

SOURCE of light and life divine!
Thou didst cause the light to shine:
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.

2 Shade of night and morning ray
Took from thee the name of day:
Now, again, the shades are nigh—
Listen to our mournful cry.

3 May we ne'er, by guilt deprest,
Lose the way to endless rest:
May no thoughts impure and vain
Draw our souls to earth again:

4 Rather, lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies:
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

5 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One—
Praise and glory be to thee,
Now and for eternity.

524

7,6.

Evening.

THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west:

So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close:
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high:
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.

4 In golden splendour dawning,
The morrow's light shall break:
O! on the last bright morning
May I in glory wake.

525 7,6,6.

Evening.

ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day show'd By my God,
I do bless my Saviour.

3 Leave me not, but ever love me:
Let thy peace Be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

3 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep, While I sleep,
Me with all thy power.

4 And, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise With the wise—
Counted in their number.

526 8,7. M. L. DUNCAN

Evening.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me—
Bless thy little lamb to-night:
Through the darkness be thou near me—
Watch my sleep till morning light.

2 All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care:

Thou hast warm'd, and clothed, and fed me—
Listen to my evening prayer:

3 Let my sins be all forgiven:
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

527 7,7,7,7,7,7. MRS. J. T. H. CROSS
Evening.

THOU, O God, my Father art!
In this world so strange and wide,
Take my little trembling heart—
'Neath thy love-wing let it hide,
'Neath thy love-wing let it stay:
Hear me, Father, hear me pray!

2 In the dark and fearful night,
When my eyes are closed in sleep,
Send from heaven thine angels bright,
Round my bed their watch to keep—
There to watch till break of day:
Hear me, Father, hear me pray!

528 L. M. KEBLE
Evening.

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

2 Abide with me from morn till eve—
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh—
For without thee I dare not die.

3 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have thee.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine.

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.

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

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

529 L. M. KEN

Evening.

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

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

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

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

5 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!

530 C. M. BROWN

Retirement.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care

And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

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

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

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

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

531 8,7,6. C. WESLEY.

Self-examination.

AT evening to myself I say—
Soul, where hast thou glean'd to-day,
Thy labours how bestow'd?
What hast thou rightly said or done?
What grace attain'd, or knowledge won,
In following after God?

532 L. M. WATTS.

Meditation.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amid 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 cling to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense—
One sovereign word can call 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.

533 C. M. WILLIAMS

Meditation.

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

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

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

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

5 When gladness wings the favour'd hour
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

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

534 8,8,8,8,8,8. C. WESLEY

Reading the Scriptures.

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy, thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be!
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me:
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day!

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue,—
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to thy church above.

535 7s. MONTGOMERY

Going to Church.

TO thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the vail I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend:
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,
Hear for Jesus intercedes.

4 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

5 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.

6 From thy house, when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
I have walk'd with God to-day.

536 C. M.

Parental Concern.

FAIN, O my child, I'd have thee know
The God whom angels love,
And teach thee feeble strains below
Akin to their's above.

2 O when thy lisping tongue shall read
Of truths divinely sweet,
Mayst thou, a little child indeed,
Sit down at Jesus' feet.

3 I'll move thine ear, I'll point thine eye;
But O, the inward part!
Great God, the Spirit, hear the sigh
That trembles through my heart:

4 Move with thy vital breath benign,
O'er all the mental wild:
Bright o'er the brooding darkness shine,
And sanctify my child.

537 8,8,7.

Family Union.

O SWEET as vernal dews that fill
The closing buds on Zion's hill,
When evening clouds draw thither—
So sweet, so heavenly 'tis to see
The members of one family
Live peacefully together.

2 The children, like the lily flowers,
On which descend the sun and showers,
Their hues of beauty blending—
The parents, like the willow boughs,
On which the lovely foliage grows,
Their friendly shade extending.

3 But leaves the greenest will decay—
And flowers the brightest fade away,
When autumn winds are sweeping;
And be the household e'er so fair,
The hand of death will soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping.

4 Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither;
And friends who parted at the tomb
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together.

538 S. M. WATTS

Psalm cxxxiii.

BLESS'D are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one—
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Bless'd is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet:
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are bless'd above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

539 C. M. WATTS

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street
There should be peace at home:
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

2 Birds in their little nests agree:
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

3 Hard names at first, and threatening words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

4 The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

5 The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool,
It burns till morning light.

6 Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove,
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

540 L. M. JANE TAYLOR

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

THE God of heaven is pleased to see
A little family agree,
And will not slight the praise they bring,
When loving children join to sing.

2 For love and kindness please him more
Than if we gave him all our store,
And children here who dwell in love
Are like his happy ones above.
3 The gentle child that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,
And would not say an angry word—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.
4 Great God forgive, whenever we
Forget thy will and disagree;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

541 L. M. SIGOURNEY

Duty to a Father.

THY father! Why with locks of snow
Are thus his sacred temples clad?
Why droops he o'er his staff so low,
With trembling limbs and visage sad?
Care hath his brow with wrinkles scarr'd,
His clustering ringlets shred away,
And time, with tyrant sceptre, marr'd
The glory of his manhood's sway.
2 How oft that palsied hand hath led
Thine infant footsteps, weak with fear.
How gently bow'd that reverend head,
Thy childhood's broken tale to hear.
And when those wayward feet have stray'd,
Mid youthful follies rashly free,
Those lips invoked at midnight shade
The pardon of thy God for thee!
3 If from his speech should dotage flow,
Or eye, or ear be dull and dead,
Then to his second childhood show
The love that smoothed thy cradle-bed.
Grieve not thy sire! for if this love
Unblest or unrequited be.
He, whom thou call'st thy Sire above,
Will bend a judge's frown on thee!

542 7s.

Duty to a Mother.

COULD I so ungrateful be
As to cause a mother pain?
She was always good to me—
Can I yield her ill again?

2 In each hour of harm or good,
'Twas her hand that all the day
Clothed me, kept me, gave me food,
Taught me how to God to pray.

3 Oft as I have sickly lain,
By my bed her watch she kept;
And when she has seen my pain,
Kindly looked on me and wept.

4 Heavenly Father, who didst give
Such a gift as this to me,
Grant me, ever as I live,
Gratitude to her and thee.

543 8s. JANE TAYLOR

Duty to Parents.

MY father, my mother, I know
I cannot your kindness repay;
But I hope, that as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.

2 You loved me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled;
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.

3 I am sorry that ever I could
Be wicked, and give you such pain:
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.

4 But, for fear that I ever should dare
From all your commands to depart,
Whenever I utter a prayer,
I'll ask for a dutiful heart.

544 7s.

Birth-Day.

HEAVENLY Father! look on me,
Now my birth-day's come once more:
Listen while I pray to thee:
Thee with all my powers adore.
2 Once I was an infant weak,
Sleeping on my mother's knee:
Then I could not walk or speak,
Yet thou didst take care of me.
3 Now I run about and talk:
Now I learn to read my book:
Through the fields I now can walk—
On the pretty flowers can look.
4 Bless me now I am a child,
Bless this birth-day, Lord, to me:
Make me good, and wise, and mild,
Make me all that I should be.

545 L. M. JANE TAYLOR.

For a sick Child.

ALMIGHTY God! I'm very ill,
But cure me, if it be thy will;
For thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.
2 Let me be patient all the day,
And mind what those who nurse me say;
And grant that all I have to take
May do me good, for Jesus' sake.

546 C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

Recovery from Sickness.

I THANK the Lord who lives on high,
Who heard an infant pray;
And heal'd me that I should not die,
And took my pains away.
2 O let me love and serve thee, too,
As long as I shall live;
And every evil thing I do,
For Jesus' sake forgive.

547 8,7. CECIL.

Dying Child to its Mother.

CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drown'd in wo:
Now thy kind caresses pain me—
Morn advances—let me go.

2 See yon orient streak appearing,
Harbinger of endless day:
Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away.

3 Lately launch'd a trembling stranger
On the world's wide boisterous flood,
Pierced with sorrows, toss'd with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

4 Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart shall rest:
Kinder arms than thine receive me—
Softer pillow than thy breast.

5 Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning to their home:
They will soon forget all anguish,
While I wait to see thee come.

6 There, my mother, pleasures centre:
Weeping, parting, care, or wo,
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—
Morn advances—let me go!

548 8,7. MRS. M. MARTIN.

Mother to her departed Child.

YOUNG and lovely! hast thou left me,
Fled thy mother's fond embrace?
Gracious God! thou hast bereft me,
Hide not from me now thy face.

2 Where look I but unto heaven,
There my treasure is removed·
Lent a little while—not given—
Yet that loan how fondly loved.

3 Hard it was the loan resigning,
Claim'd too strongly by the heart:
Hard to break the tendrils twining
Round and round that vital part.

4 Torn, abruptly torn asunder,
Scarcely time for faith and prayer,
Scarcely time my loss to ponder,
Or my heart to aught prepare.

5 Yet, my child, I do resign thee,
Now that I can think and pray,
Nor would longer here confine thee
To this prison-house of clay.

6 Borne by angels—upward winging
To thy paradise of joy,
There sweet hallelujahs singing,
Praise shall be thy blest employ.

549 L. M. MRS. DANA

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I DEARLY love a little child,
And Jesus loved young children too:
He ever sweetly on them smiled,
And placed them with his chosen few.
When, cradled on its mother's breast,
A babe was brought to Jesus' feet,
He laid his hand upon its head,
And bless'd it with a promise sweet.

2 "Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
"O suffer them to come to me!
Of such my heavenly kingdom is:
Like them may all my followers be."
Young children are the gems of earth,
The brightest jewels mothers have:
They sparkle on the throbbing breast,
But brighter shine beyond the grave.

SECT. XIII.—MISCELLANY.

550 &,7,8,7,8,8. T. O. SUMMERS.

Sabbath Morning.

SABBATH morning! Sabbath morning!
Welcome Sabbath morning bright:
Up we rise—we need no warning—
Glad to see its opening light:
Glad to see the sun adorning
With his beams this Sabbath morning.

2 Sabbath morning! Sabbath morning!
Hearts so blithe and eyes so bright!
Off to school—we need no warning—
Off to school with footsteps light:
Lessons learning, we're adorning
Our young minds this Sabbath morning.

551 3,6.

Come to Sunday-School.

COME! come! come!
Come to the Sunday-school:
The hour is past and gone:
It is our teacher's rule—
So hasten every one.

2 Come! come! come!
Come to the Sunday-school:
It is the hour of prayer:
We break our teacher's rule—
So hasten, hasten there.

3 Come! come! come!
Come to the Sunday-school:
Hark! don't you hear the bell?
I will not break the rule—
So, lingering child! farewell.

552 10,7,5.

I'll away to Sabbath-School.

WHEN the morning light drives away the night,
With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I'll away to Sabbath-school:
For 'tis there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be
At the Sabbath-school.

2 On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn
When the earth is wrapp'd in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays around the trees,
To the Sabbath-school I go:
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home
For the Sabbath-school.

3 In the class I meet with the friends I greet
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there:
In the book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth
At the Sabbath-school.

4 May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale:
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er
At the Sabbath-school.

553 C. M.

Haste to the School.

WHEN Sabbath's sacred morning light
Begins on earth to dawn,
We'll wake with eyes all sparkling bright,
And bid dull sloth begone.
Then haste to the school away,
And keep this sacred day:
Yes, haste away—yes, haste away,
And keep this sacred day.

2 The tuneful birds in concert meet,
And carol sweet their lays:
In nature's temple they repeat
Their great Creator's praise.

3 From valley, field, and mountain air,
They pour their warbling strains,
And in one chorus loud declare
That God forever reigns.

4 Then in the temple of the Lord,
That consecrated place,
We'll listen to God's holy word,
And seek his pardoning grace.

5 Then with united heart and voice,
Our song to God we'll raise,
While millions more with us rejoice,
And join in prayer and praise.

554 8,6.

Away to School.

OUR youthful hearts for learning burn—
Away, away to school:
To science now our steps we turn—
Away, away to school.
Farewell to home and all its charms,
We break from love's paternal arms,
Away to school—away to school,
Away, away to school.

2 Behold a happy band appears--
Away, away to school:
The shout of joy now fills our ears—
Away, away to school:
The voices ring, the hands they wave,
Each heart rebounds with vigour brave—
Away to school—away to school,
Away, away to school.

3 No more we walk, no more we play—
Away, away to school,
In study now we spend the day—
Away, away to school.
United in a peaceful band,
We're join'd in heart and join'd in hand
Away to school, away to school,
Away, away to school.

555 8s. MRS. MORGAN

Little Child's Prayer.

O MAKE me a very good child,
My Father in heaven, I ask:
Ne'er let me be careless or wild,
Or consider my lessons a task.

2 I'll do what my teachers direct—
My gratitude show for their care,
By treating their rules with respect,
And walking each day in thy fear.

556 7,6. MAC KELLAR

A Thanksgiving.

I THANK the Lord my Maker
For all his love to me—
For making me partaker
Of bounties rich and free—
For father and for mother,
Who give me clothes and food—
For sister and for brother,
And all the kind and good.

1 I thank the Lord my Saviour,
Who came for me to die,
To bless me with his favour,
And fit me for the sky,—
That all my sins out-blotted,
By Jesus wash'd away,
I may be found unspotted
When comes the final day.

3 I thank the Lord for giving
The Spirit of his grace,
That I may serve him living,
And dying reach the place
Where Jesus in his glory
I shall for ever see,
And tell the wondrous story
Of all he did for me.

557 C. M. WATTS.

Gratitude for daily Mercies.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3 How many children in the street
Half naked I behold,
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold!

4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

5 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,

Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

6 Are these thy favours day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

C. M.

558 *God sees, hears, and knows me.*

GOD is in heaven—can he hear
A feeble prayer like mine?
Yes, little child—thou need'st not fear:
He will attend to thine.

2 God is in heaven—can he see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that he can—he looks at thee
All day and all night long.

3 God is in heaven—would he know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, if thou said'st it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in heaven—can I go
To thank him for his care?
Not yet—but love him here below,
And thou shalt praise him there.

L. M.

559 *God cares for Me.*

WHEN I look up to yonder sky,
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
I think of One I cannot see,
But One who sees and cares for me.

2 His name is God! He gave me birth,
And every living thing on earth;
And every tree and plant that grows,
To the same hand its being owes.

3 'Tis he my daily food provides,
And all that I require besides;

And when I close my slumbering eye,
I sleep in peace, for he is nigh.

4 Then surely I should ever love
This gracious God who reigns above;
For very kind indeed is he
To love a little child like me.

560 8,8,8,7.

The precious Bible.

WHAT is it shows my soul the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And tells the danger of delay?
It is the precious Bible.

2 What teaches me I'm bound to love
The glorious God who reigns above,
And that I may his goodness prove?
It is the precious Bible.

3 What tells me that I soon must die,
And to the throne of judgment fly,
To meet the great Jehovah's eye?
It is the precious Bible.

4 O may this treasure ever be
The best of all on earth to me,
And still new beauties may I see
In this the precious Bible.

561 C. M. MORRY

My Mother's Bible.

THIS book is all that's left me now:
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree:
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd—
She, dying, gave it me.

2 Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear—

Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said—
In tones my heart would thrill:
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

3 My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear:
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!—
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I've found thee true,
My counsellor and guide!
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

562 8,6.

The Good Shepherd.

SHEPHERD, who thy flock art feeding,
Take these lambs
In thy arms,
Now for shelter pleading.

2 While the storms of life are lowering,
Night and day,
Beasts of prey
Are lurking and devouring.

3 Thee our guide and guard confessing,
Night and day,
Still we pray,
Shield us with thy blessing.

4 Shepherd, every grace combining,
Keep these lambs
In thy arms,
On thy breast reclining.

563 6,5.

God is good.

MORN amid the mountains,
Lovely solitude,
Gushing streams and fountains,
Murmur God is good.

2 Now the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood:
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo God is good.

3 Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood:
Songsters, sweetly singing,
Warble God is good.

4 Wake, and join the chorus,
Man, with soul endued:
He whose smile is o'er us,
God, our God, is good.

564 6,5.

Little Things.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

2 Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Off in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

565

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

Love.

HOW I love my tender mother!
How I love my father dear!
How I love my little brother,
And my gentle sister here!
They are all both kind and true,
And they dearly love me too.

2 Be my neighbour proud or lowly,
He shall my affection share:
Be he sinful, be he holy,
He may claim my earnest prayer:
Let me not unfeeling prove,
Nor myself too dearly love.

3 But of all affection given,
God on high demands the most:
God the Father in the heaven,
God the Son, and Holy Ghost:
Three in One, and One in Three,
Be thou all in all to me.

566

7,7,7,7,7,7. JANE TAYLOR.

The Lily of the Valley.

COME, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn:
See the lily on the bed,
Hanging down its modest head,
While it scarcely can be seen,
Folded in its leaf of green.

2 Yet we love the lily well,
For its sweet and pleasant smell;
And would rather call it ours,
Than some other gayer flowers:

Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

3 Come, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn:
Let your temper be as sweet
As the lily at your feet:
Be as gentle, be as mild:
Be a modest, simple child.

4 'Tis not beauty that we prize:
Like a summer flower it dies:
But humility will last,
Fair and sweet when beauty's past;
And the Saviour from above
Views an humble child with love.

567 8,7,8,4. J. CROSS.

Far, far from Home.

STAR of Peace, to wanderers weary,
Gleaming through the stormy gloom,
Cheer the pilgrim's vision dreary,
Far—far from home.

2 Star of Love, our spirits lighting,
Bless the desert land we roam,
Heart with kindred heart uniting,
Far—far from home.

3 Star of Faith, in thee confiding,
All our fears are overcome,
On the waves securely riding,
Far—far from home.

4 Star of Hope, to mortals wailing
O'er the dark and dismal tomb,
Shine when earth and flesh are failing,
Far—far from home.

5 Star Divine, thy beam shall guide us,
Till with joy the ransom'd come,
Where no fate shall e'er divide us,
Safe—safe at home!

568 9,8. HUNTER.

My Father-Land.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stay'd,
My heart and my treasure are there—
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.
That blissful place is my father-land.
By faith its delights I explore:
Come, favour my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell—
A pure and a peaceful abode:
The joys of that place no tongue can tell—
But there is the palace of God.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffer'd and worshipp'd 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 labours are o'er—
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

569 11s.

Home.

MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home!

2 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day
In all my afflictions, to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

3 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face:
Let light from thy presence disperse all my gloom,
And give me, e'en now, a sweet foretaste of home.

4 I long, gracious Lord, in thy presence to shine—
No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine;
But in thy blest image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

570 C. M.

Children in Heaven.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

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,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory?

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

SECT. XIV.—OPENING AND CLOSING.

571 C. M. C. WESLEY.

Opening School.

STILL let us keep the end in mind
For which we hither came,
In search of useful knowledge join'd
As followers of the Lamb.

2 Through him let us to God look up
In every step we take;
And for his constant blessing hope,
For Jesus' only sake.

3 His grace if God on us confer,
We then shall learn apace:
Live to his glory, and declare
Our heavenly Teacher's praise.

4 We in his favour shall retrieve
Our long-lost paradise:
Take of the tree of life, and live
Immortal in the skies.

572 L. M.

Imploring a Blessing.

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore:
We meet to read, and sing, and pray—
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends,
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

573 C. M.

Praying for God's Blessing.

HERE, Lord, before thy mercy-seat,
In Christ's prevailing name,
Behold a band of children meet,
Their Father's love to claim.

2 Our foolish hearts, alas! are slow
To understand thy way:
O teach us, Lord, thy will to know,
And help us to obey.

3 Kind are the friends who bring us here
To learn thy holy word;
But vain is all their toil and care,
Without thy blessing, Lord.

4 Fulfil their hopes: thy grace display
In every youthful mind;
And while they guide us in thy way,
Let them a blessing find.

574 C. M. SIGOURNEY.

Imploring God's Blessing.

ADMITTED where thy truths are taught,
While pious hearts adore:
Father in heaven! my spirit ought
Thy blessing to implore.

2 Instruct my ignorance, I pray:
My wayward passions tame:
From every folly guard my way,
From every sin reclaim.

3 With humble awe thy power I see,
Thy boundless mercy sing,
Few words become a child like me
Before so great a King.

4 Teach me thy precepts to fulfil,
To trust in him who died,
To yield submission to his will,
For all is vain beside.

575 S. M. MONTGOMERY

For Peace and Prosperity.

WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found:
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

2 God scorns not humble things:
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

3 May none who thus are taught
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

576 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

School Privileges prized.

THOU art our Shepherd, gracious God:
Thy little flock behold;
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name that we are brought
To this delightful place;
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
The children of thy grace.

3 O may our friends who meet us here,
Meet us at last above,
And they and we in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

577 C. M. C. WESLEY.

Closing School.

JESUS, we cast ourselves on thee,
On thee our works we cast:
The Alpha and Omega be
In all, the first and last.

2 If well we any thing have done,
'Tis owing to thy grace:

What therefore we with prayer begun,
We now conclude with praise.

3 We praise thee for our teachers' care,
To us poor children show'd:
If forward brought to-day we are,
It is the gift of God.

4 We praise thee for our hope to know
The wisdom from above,
And own that all our blessings flow
From thy redeeming love.

578 7s. NEWTON.

Closing School.

FOR a season call'd 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 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain:
May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given:
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth and when in heaven.

579 L. M. EDMESTON,

Closing School.

ETERNAL Father, God of grace!
Who dwellest in this holy place,
Hear us, O hear us, while we pray,
And send us not unblest away!

2 Look on us now, and bless us here:
We fain would worship in thy fear:

O be thy shadow round us spread,
O be thy Spirit on us shed.

3 Not many years our feet have run,
Yet hast thou watch'd them every one:
May all our future years be bright
With beams of heavenly love and light.

4 In life, and when we come to die,
Be thou our guardian ever nigh;
And may the pang that sets us free
Waft every spirit home to thee!

580 C. M. EDMESTON.

Closing School.

AND now another hour is past,
Of kind instruction given;
And this, perhaps, may be the last
On this side hell or heaven.

2 And is it so? How dread the thought,
And yet indeed how true!
If I could feel it as I ought,
This day, what should I do?

3 O surely prize it more and more,
And pray that God would give
A death of gain, if life be o'er,
And blessing, if I live.

581 C. M.

From School to Church.

NOW, children, to God's house repair,
And with the holy throng
O give your hearts to humble prayer,
And raise the cheerful song.

2 Praise God, whose mercies brought you here,
Whose goodness keeps you still:
Whose grace with joy your souls can cheer
Whose power subdues your will.

3 Improve the strength you here have gain'd
To do his holy will:

Improve the knowledge here attain'd,
To love and serve him still.

4 Let not the world have cause to say,
You served your God for naught:
But grow in grace from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

582 S. M. HART

Parting.

ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name,
Record his mercies, every heart—
Sing, every tongue, the same.

2 May we receive his word,
And feed thereon and grow:
Go on to seek, to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

583 6,6,6,6,8,8. NEWTON.

Parting.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow:
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

584 7,7,3. ADAMS.

Part in peace.

PART in peace!—Christ's life was peace
Let us breathe our breath in him.
Part in peace!—Christ's death was peace:
Let us die our death in him.
Part in peace!—Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease—
Part in peace!

585 7,7,7,7,7,7.

When shall we all meet again?

WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
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 hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls,
And in fancy's wide domain
There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid—
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

586 6,5.

When shall we meet again?

WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from the 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 for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill.

And fears of parting chill—
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour:
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever:
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever:
Our hearts shall then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

587 7,7,6. MRS. DANA

We shall meet to part no more.

WE shall meet no more to part—
Cease thy sorrows, mourning heart,
Weary days will soon depart—
Then we may rest for ever!
When the work of life is done,
When the victor's crown is won,
Then, immortal life begun,
We no more shall sever.
We shall meet, no more to part:
Cease thy sorrows, mourning heart!
Weary days will soon depart—
Then we may rest for ever!

2 In the home of peace and bliss,
In the world where Jesus is,
When we bid adieu to this,
Then we may love for ever!

Purified from every stain
Through the Lamb that once was slain,
Brethren, we shall meet again,
And be parted never!

588 C. M.

Meet to part no more.

HOW pleasant thus to dwell below,
In fellowship of love!
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
O that will be joyful!
To meet to part no more—
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,
And sing the everlasting song
With those who've gone before.

2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.

3 The children who have loved the Lord
Shall hail their teachers there;
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.

4 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways:
That we, with those we love, may join
In never-ending praise!

589 8,7,8,7,8,8,7,7. MONTGOMERY

"The peace of God."

PEACE that passeth understanding,
Peace to calm the bosom's strife,
Peace the winds and waves commanding,
On the stormy sea of life:
Peace the wounded spirit healing,
Peace the love of Christ revealing,

Peace, O God! *thy* peace impart:
Thou of peace the author art.

2 Peace to keep our minds for ever
In thy faith, thy fear, thy way—
Peace to keep our hearts, that never
Thought, desire, or feeling stray—
Peace to soothe in every trial,
Peace to soften self-denial,
Peace our daily cross to take,
Grant us, for our Saviour's sake.

590 8,7. NEWTON

2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

591 8,7.

Dismission.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation—
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

592 8,6. SWEETNER

Hallelujah Chorus.

SING Hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice:
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice:

Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host,—
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Until, in realms of endless light,
  Your praises shall unite.
There we to all eternity
  Shall join the angelic lays;
And sing, in perfect harmony,
  To God our Saviour's praise:
"He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God:
For us, for us the Lamb was slain."
  Praise ye the Lord! Amen.

Gloria Patri.

593 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.

594 C. M. WATTS.

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

595 S. M. WATTS

GIVE to the Father praise,
  Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
  Be equal honour done.

596 7s. C WESLEY.

SING we to our God above
  Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

597 6,6,6,6,8,8. WATTS.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise:
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, While faith adores.

598 8,8,6. MERRICK.

ALL glory to the eternal Three!—
Thee, Father—thee, O Son, and thee,
The Spirit ever blest!
That glory which, through ages past,
Unchanged has stood, and yet shall last
When time has sunk to rest.

599 8,8,8. T. O. SUMMERS.

GLORY to God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One:
Glory ascribe to God alone.
Glory to thee, great One in Three,
As 'twas when nature sprang from thee,
Is now, and shall for ever be.

600 7,6. T. O. SUMMERS.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
One God in Persons Three,
Equal in power and merit,
Eternal praises be:
To him, in splendour reigning,
Be now all glory given,
As 'twas in the beginning,
So evermore in heaven.

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