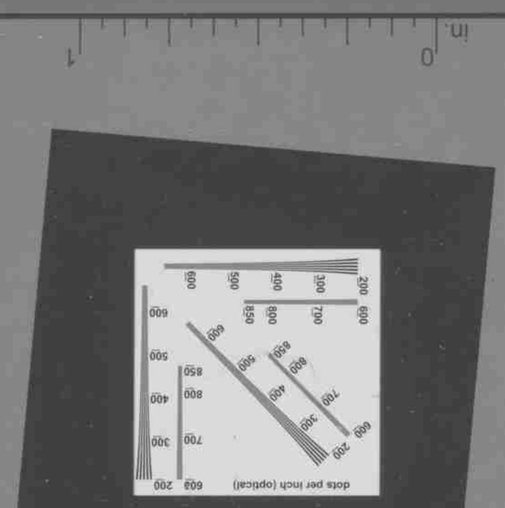
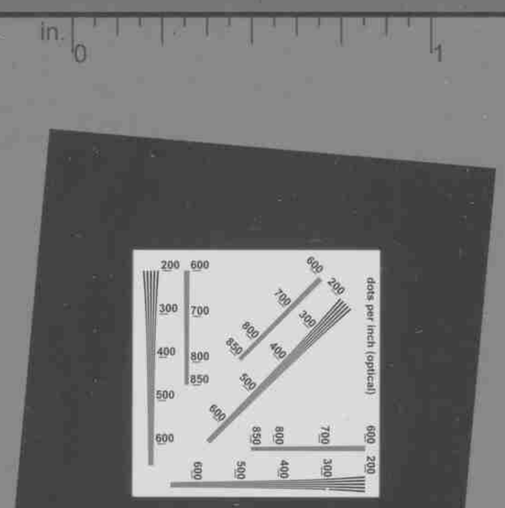
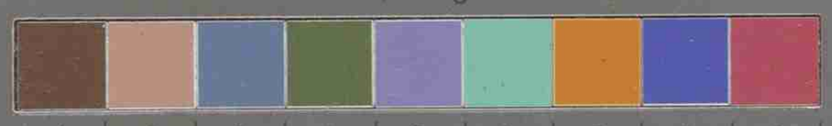




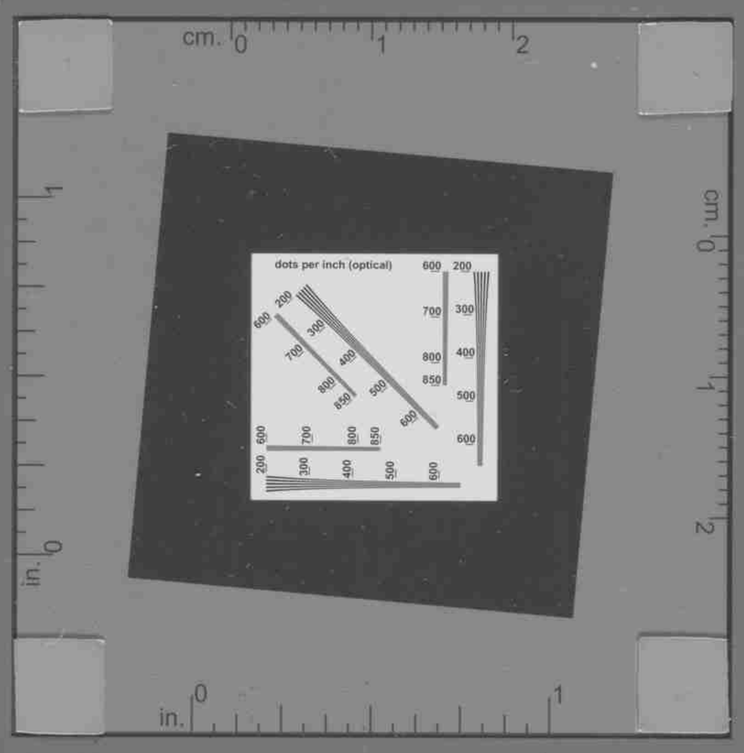
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L* =	39.12	65.43	49.87	44.26	55.56	70.82	63.51	39.92	52.24
a* =	13.24	18.11	-4.34	-13.80	9.82	-33.43	34.26	11.81	48.55
b* =	15.07	18.72	-22.29	22.85	-24.49	-0.35	59.60	-46.07	18.51



	10	11 (A)	12	13	14	15
L* =	97.06	92.02	87.34	82.14	72.06	62.15
a* =	-0.40	-0.60	-0.75	-1.06	-1.19	-1.07
b* =	1.13	0.23	0.21	0.43	0.28	0.19
Density =	0.04	0.09	0.15	0.22	0.36	0.51



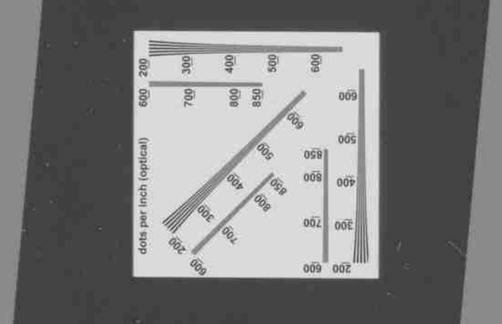


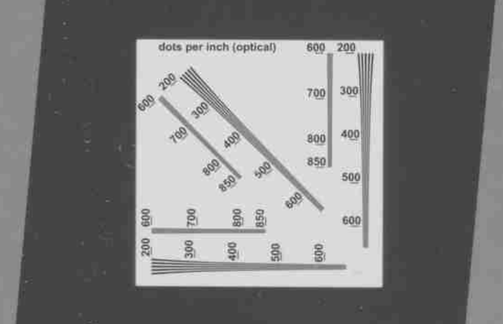
	16 (M)	17	18 (B)	19	20	21
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a* =	-0.16	-0.18	0.54	-0.05	-0.81	-0.23
b* =	0.01	-0.04	0.60	0.73	0.19	0.49
Density =	0.75	0.98	1.24	1.67	2.04	2.42



	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
L* =	31.41	72.46	72.95	29.37	54.91	43.96	82.74	52.79	50.87
a* =	20.98	-24.45	16.83	13.06	-38.91	52.00	3.45	50.88	-27.17
b* =	-19.43	55.93	68.80	-49.49	30.77	30.01	81.29	-12.72	-29.46

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Don Williams

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HYMN

Colored M. E. Ch

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HYMN BOOK

OF THE

Colored M. E. Church in America.

JACKSON, TENN.:
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE C. M. E. CHURCH.
REV. AGENT.
1889.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1891,

BY I. H. ANDERSON,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington

PREFACE.

Dear Brethren: The General Conference of 1886 requested Bishop Holsey to bring out a Hymn Book suitable for general purpose in our churches. The movement was delayed, there being some misunderstanding as to what the General Conference meant. But after consultation with the bishops, it was agreed that the bishop proceed with the work. We have long felt the need of a cheap Hymn Book among us—not cheap as to doctrinal and poetic merit—but cheap as for the price paid by those for whose use the book has its existence.

As to the collection of hymns, they are sound in their doctrinal teachings. They are Wesleyan and Methodistic. They breathe the spirit of elevated piety and true devotion. The power of song is great. It not only inspires the pious heart, but teaches and thrills the soul with the enchanting melodies of heaven.

Methodists of all countries have been noted for their songs. "The Wesleyan Hymns" are thrilling the hearts of the nations, and in verse and meter the Wesleys still talk to the heathen and preach the doctrine of the cross to the world.

We hope to see this Hymn Book in all churches, congregations, Sunday-schools, and families. Let the pastorate remember that their duty is not done until this collection of hymns is placed in every church, congregation, Sunday-school, and family composing our expanding Connection. Our people should be taught congregational singing. Nothing can be substituted in its place. Our people are famous in the art of congregational singing, which should always be encouraged, but for the last few years there is a noted falling off in this respect. Many of our congregations have permitted themselvess to drift into a stiff and dead formalism in their singing that is damaging to piety and detrimental to the growth in grace so necessary to a hearty and whole-soul Christianity. Whether we have organs or not, let every pastor teach his people the art and beauty of congregational singing.

Affectionately your chief pastors,

W. H. MILES,
J. A. BEEBE,
L. H. HOLSEY,
ISAAC LANE.

January 16, 1891.

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HYMN BOOK.

PART I

FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SECTION I.

BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

1 S. M.

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

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

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

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

Isaac Watts.

2 C. M.

1 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.

Charles Wesley.

3 6s & 4s.

1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!

Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 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 Thee
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley.

4 C. M.

1 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom one in three we know;
By all thy heav'nly host adored,
By all thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son, adore;
Spirit of truth and holiness,
We praise thee evermore.

4 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord
(Our heavenly song shall be)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

Charles Wesley.

5 5s & 6s. D.

1 Ye servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh;
His presence we have.
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus, our King.

3 Then let us adore,
And give him his right,
All glory and power,
And wisdom, and might;
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

Charles Wesley.

6 7s.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give.

2 One, inc[illegible]icably three,
One, in simplest unity:
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us thy lisping creatures hear.

3 Thee while man, the earth-born, sings,
Angels shrink within their wings;
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

4 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heav'nly presence blessed!
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity!

5 Fain with them our souls would vie;
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Fall, o'erwhelmed with love, or soar;
Shout, or silently adore!

Charles Wesley.

7 S. M.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave:
He who redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rers rest:
The Lord hath judgment for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

Isaac Watts.

8 S. M.

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

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

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

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

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

James Montgomery.

9 S. M.

1 My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

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

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

Isaac Watts.

10 L. M.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Lord;
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of Hosts, they ever sing.

3 Th' apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee:
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.

John Gambold.

11 L. M.

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

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

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

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

Thomas Blacklock.

12 L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

Isaac Watts.

13 L. M.

1 Our God ascends his lofty throne,
Arrayed in majesty unknown:
His luster all the temple filis,
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills.

2 The holy, holy, holy Lord
Is by the seraphim adored;
And, while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces and their feet.

3 And can a sinful worm endure
The presence of a God so pure?
Or these polluted lips proclaim
The honors of so grand a name?

4 O for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch my lips, to fire my soul,
To purge the sordid dross away,
And into crystal turn my clay.

Philip Doddridge.

14 5s & 6s. D.

1 O worship the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor,
And girded with praise.

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

3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills
In the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

Robert Gran.

15 S. M.

1 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;

His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

16 L. M.

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

17 L. M.

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But O the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short, our tunes; our words, be few!
A solemn rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

18 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

19 C. M.

1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

Isaac Watts.

20 L. M. D.

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

2 Soon as the ev'ning 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,
Forever singing as they shine:
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison.

21 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

Henry Kirke White.

22 H. M.

1 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 forever 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.

Charles Wesley.

23 C. M.

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

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

3 Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ:
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

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

5 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe;
We love and we adore:
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

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

Isaac Watts.

24 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

William Cowper.

25 L. M.

1 God of my life, whose gracious power
Through various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art!
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known:
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

Charles Wesley.

26 L. M.

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

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed,
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.

Isaac Watts.

27 L. M.

1 Eternal depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, displayed,
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race:
O God! what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace?

3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive:
All thy delight in us fulfill;
Lo! all we are to thee we give.

4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign:
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal th' abode forever thine!

5 O King of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far;
Yea, e'en our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.

6 Still, Lord, thy saving health display
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal;
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

28 L. M.

1 PARENT of good! thy bounteous hand
Incessant benefits distills;
And all in air or sea or land
With plenteous food and gladness fills.

2 Each ev'ning shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace:
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace!

3 To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath, we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

4 Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.
Ernest Lange. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

29 11, 12, 10.

1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessèd Trinity!

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

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

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!
Reginald Heber.

30 C. M.

1 Jesus, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

Charles Wesley.

31 L. M.

1 O God, thou bottomless abyss,
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense, what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Unfathomable depths thou art!
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart:
With love embrace and cover me!

3 While thee, all infinite, I set,
By faith, before my ravished eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight:
O'erpowered, I sink, I faint, I die.

4 Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine
When earth and heaven are fled away.

5 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word:
It lives, and moves, and is from thee!

Ernest Lange. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

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y *John Wesley.*

SECTION II.

MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

32 C. M.

1 Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 He comes the pris'ners 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,
The 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.

Philip Doddridge.

33 C. M.

1 Joy to the world—the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

34 L. M.

1 Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still:
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim:
Ask, and receive in Jesus' name.

3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;

Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity!

Samuel Ecking.

35 L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

36 L. M.

1 When, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It is my guide, my light, my all:
It bids my dark forebodings cease,
And through life's storm and danger's thrall,
It leads me to the port of peace.

4 Thus, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White.

37 C. M.

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

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

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

Thomas Haweis.

38 C. M.

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

2 In heaven the rapt'rous 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 rolled:
The theme, the song, the joy, was new;
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

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

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

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

Samuel Medley.

39 C. M.

1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

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

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

4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
And thus addressed their song:

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

Nahum Tate.

40 7s. D.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;

With th' angelic hosts proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head;
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Re-instate us in thy love.

Charles Wesley.

41 S. M.

1 FATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son.

2 The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.

3 Jesus, the holy child,
Doth by his birth declare
That God and man are reconciled,
And one in him we are.

4 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end:
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares himself our Friend.

5 His kingdom from above
He doth to us impart,
And pure benevolence and love
O'erflow the faithful heart.

6 Changed in a moment, we
The sweet attraction find,
With open arms of charity
Embracing all mankind.

Charles Wesley.

42 L. M.

1 Ye that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of griefs, condemned for you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue!

2 See there, his temples crowned with thorn!
His bleeding hands extended wide!
His streaming feet transfixed and torn!
The fountain gushing from his side!

3 Where is the King of glory now,
The everlasting Son of God?
Th' Immortal hangs his languid brow;
Th' Almighty faints beneath his load!

4 The earth could to her center quake,
Convulsed while her Creator died:
O let my inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucified!

5 At thy last gasp the graves displayed
Their horrors to the upper skies:
O that my soul might burst the shade,
And, quickened by thy death, arise!

6 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part:
O rend with thine expiring breath
The harder marble of my heart!

Charles Wesley.

43 C. M.

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

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

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

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

John Morrison.

44 C. M.

1 Salvation, O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears:
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts.

45 8s, 7s, & 4.

1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
He who sung creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

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

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

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence:
Mercy calls you; break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

James Montgomery

46 L. M.

1 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.

2 Too much to thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for thee;
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Grav'n on my heart forever be.

3 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from thee, my God;
And love, with softest pity joined,
For those that trample on thy blood.

4 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs
O'erflow my eyes and heave my breast,
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.
Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by *John Wesley*

47 L. M.

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

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

3 Power and dominion are his due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charged with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustained amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore our sin and curse and pain.
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say: "Amen!"
Isaac Watts.

48 L. M.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake my tongue:
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

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

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

4 O may I reach the happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

Isaac Watts.

49 C. M.

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed 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 veil 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?

Samuel Wesley, Sr.

50 7s. 6 l.

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

2 Could my tears forever 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.

Augustus Montague Toplady.

51 L. M.

1 O Love Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitt'rest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whisp'ring: "Thou art near!"

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf,
Shall softly tell us: "Thou art near!"

4 On thee we fling our burd'ning woe,
O Love divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

52 C. M.

1 Out of the depths to thee I cry,
Incarnate Son of God:
The paths of our humanity,
Thy fainting footsteps trod.

2 Thou Man of grief, who once apart
Didst all our sorrows bear:
The trembling hand, the fainting heart,
The agony, and prayer!

3 Is this the consecrated dower
Thy chosen ones obtain,
To know thy resurrection power
Through fellowship of pain?

4 Then, O my soul, in silence wait;
Faint not, O falt'ring feet;
Press onward to the blest estate,
In righteousness complete.

5 Let faith transcend the passing hour,
The transient pain and strife,
Upraised by an immortal power,
The power of endless life

Elizabeth Eunice Marcy.

53 7s. D.

1 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow:
Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

2 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shiv'ring rock, and rending veil,
Eden promised, ere he died,
To the felon at his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow:
Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

3 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry,
Ghost giv'n up in agony,
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead,
Crucified, we know thee now:
Son of man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

4 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?

By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow:
Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Henry Hart Milman.

54 7s, 6s. D.

1 Jesus drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone,
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan.
Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes;
Nature in convulsion lies;
Earth's profoundest center quakes:
The King of glory dies!

2 O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too:
Look on him ye pierced, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

3 Weep o'er your desire and hope
With tears of humblest love!
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthroned above!
Lives our Head to die no more,
Power is all to Jesus given,
Worshiped as he was before,
Th' immortal King of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

55 S. M.

1 Our sins on Christ were laid:
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans and tears and blood.

2 To save a world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found:
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

John Fawcett.

56 L. M.

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

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richest blood.

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

4 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.

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

6 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

Isaac Watts.

57 L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 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.

Isaac Watts.

58 L. M.

1 'Tis finished! The Messiah dies,
Cut off for sins, but not his own!
Accomplished is the sacrifice;
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finished! All the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made:
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent; in Christ alone
The living way to heav'n is seen
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

4 The types and figures are fulfilled;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are sealed:
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

5 Death, hell, and sin, are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And lo! I plead th' atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim thy heaven.

Charles Wesley.

59 C. M.

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

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there 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 ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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

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

William Cowper.

60 S. M.

1 Called 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 opened by the soldier's spear
In my Redeemer's side!

Charles Wesley.

61 L. M.

1 While in the agonies of death,
The Saviour yields his latest breath,
We too will mount on Calv'ry's height,
And contemplate the wond'rous sight!

2 O Lamb of God, by faith we see
How all our hopes are fixed on thee:
Thy cross we see ordained by Heaven
For man to look and be forgiven.

3 By this thy saints to glory come;
By this they brave the martyr's doom;
In this the surest proof we find
Of God's vast love to lost mankind.

4 O banner of the cross, unfurled
To shine with glory through the world,
O may we ever cleave to thee,
And thou shalt our salvation be!

From the Latin. Tr. by *John Chandler.*

62 S. M.

1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

Isaac Watts.

63 L. M.

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

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

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

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

William Bingham Tappan.

64 L. M.

1 By faith I to the fountain fly,
Opened for all mankind and me,
To purge my sins of deepest dye,
My life and heart's impurity.

2 From Christ, the smitten Rock, it flows—
The purple and the crystal stream—
Pardon and holiness bestows;
And both I gain through faith in him.

Charles Wesley.

65 L. M.

1 O THOU whose off'ring on the tree
The legal off'rings all foreshowed,
Borrowed their whole effect from thee,
And drew their virtue from thy blood.

2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain
Could never for one sin atone:
To purge the guilty off'rer's stain—
Thine was the work, and thine alone.

3 Vain in themselves their duties were,
Their services could never please,
Till joined with thine, and made to share
The merits of thy righteousness.

4 Forward they cast a faithful look
On thy approaching sacrifice;
And thence their pleasing savor took,
And rose accepted in the skies.

5 These feeble types and shadows old
Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfilled:
We in thy sacrifice behold
The substance of those rites revealed.

6 Thy meritorious suff'rings past,
We see by faith to us brought back;
And on thy grand oblation cast,
Its saving benefits partake.

Charles Wesley.

66 L. M.

1 Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiv'n!
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow, Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp, to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside:
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies,
And glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

67 L. M.

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

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

68 L. M.

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

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

3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right—
Receive the King of Glory in!"

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

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

6 "Who is the King of Glory? Who?"
"The, Lord, of glorious power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blessed."

Charles Wesley.

69 C. M.

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

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

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

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

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

Philip Doddridge.

70 C. M.

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

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

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

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

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts.

71 7s.

1 Earth, rejoice, our Lord is King!
Sons of men, his praises sing;
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus our Messiah reigns!

2 Angels and archangels join,
All triumphantly combine;
All in Jesus' praise agree,
Carrying on his victory.

3 Though the sons of night blaspheme,
More there are with us than them:
God with us, we cannot fear;
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here!

4 Lo! to faith's enlightened sight
All the mountain flames with light:
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,
Circling us with hosts of fire.

Charles Wesley.

72 8s, 7s. D.

1 Hark, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

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.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

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!"
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

Thomas Kelly.

73 L. M. 6 l.

1 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears:
My name is graven on his hands,
And him the Father always hears;
While low at Jesus' cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

2 This instant now I may receive
The answer of his pow'rful prayer;
This instant now by him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
And soon my spirit, in his hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.

Charles Wesley.

74 S. M.

1 JESUS, the Conqu'ror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad!

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The vict'ry of his cross.

Charles Wesley.

75 C. M.

1 THE Sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more:
Adore the Scatt'rer of your fears;
Your rising Sun adore.

2 The saints, when he resigned his breath,
Unclosed their sleeping eyes:
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod:
He dies and suffers as a man;
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal
Forbid an early rise
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

Samuel Wesley. Jr.

76 C. P. M.

1 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 blessed indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name!

3 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will;
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

4 O let our love and faith abound;
O let our lives, to all around,
With purest luster shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heav'nly light divine.

Charles Wesley.

77 C. M.

1 With glorious clouds encompassed round.
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design:
What meant, thou suffering Son of man,
Thy streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Might view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see?
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity? *Charles Wesley.*

78 7s.

1 Hail the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene·
Take the King of Glory in!"

Circled round with angel pow'rs,
3 Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqu'ror over death and sin—
Take the King of Glory in!

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below.

Charles Wesley.

79 7s.

1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to day!"
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens! thou earth, reply!

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

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

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save:
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head,
Made like him, like him we rise—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Charles Wesley.

80 C. M.

1 How great the wisdom, power, and grace
Which in redemption shine!
The heav'nly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Before his feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave;
And with ten thousand thousand tongues
Proclaim his power to save.

3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The suff'rings which he bore;
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

4 O let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew:
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too!
Benjamin Beddome.

81 H. M.

1 Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
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 O unexampled Love!
O all-redeeming Grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

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.

Charles Wesley.

82 C. M.

1 Behold where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found:
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood:
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life:
He labored for their good.

5 In the last hours of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed and said:
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

6 Be Christ our Pattern and our Guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

William Enfield.

83 C. M.

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

84 C. M.

1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore:
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.

Isaac Watts.

85 8s, 7s. D.

1 Hail, thou once despisèd 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 favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

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

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

John Bakewell.

86 C. M.

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

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

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

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The myst'ry of his love.

6 To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly.

87 C. M.

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

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
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 ev'ry kindred, ev'ry 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.

Edward Perronet.

88 C. M.

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

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

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

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

Isaac Watts.

89 8s, 7s. D.

1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pard'ning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my soul be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wand'rer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless,
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis Scott Key.

90 L. M.

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

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

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, O how good!

Samuel Medley.

91 S. M.

1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

3 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

4 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom with pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Isaac Watts.

92 C. M.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

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

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

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their la ting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

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

Isaac Watts

93 C. M.

1 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.

All my capacious pow'rs 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 for all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, lab'ring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge.

94 L. M.

1 Of Him who did salvation bring
I could forever think and sing:
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis giv'n!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

Bernard of Clairvaux.
Tr. by *Anthony Wilhelm Boehm.*

95 L. M.

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

2 'Twas he who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood:
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting pow'r confessed—
Let ev'ry tongue his glory sing!

Isaac Watts.

96 C. M.

1 JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of ev'ry contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,

To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by *Edward Caswall.*

97

C. M.

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

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

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

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

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;

But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

John Newton

98 S. M.

1 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 wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly 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 heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge.

99 L. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 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.

3 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.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same.
What joy the blest assurance gives!
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Samuel Medley.

100 S. M.

1 "THE Lord is ris'n indeed:"
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed:"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him has ris'n the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed:"
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly.

101 8s, 7s, & 4.

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down!

Charles Wesley.

102 H. M.

1 Rejoice! the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fall,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound: "Rejoice!"

Charles Wesley.

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Charles Wesley.

SECTION III.

OFFICES OF THE HOLY GHOST.

103 C. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life 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 disordered 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.

Charles Wesley.

104 C. M.

1 GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty pow'r
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction show'r;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
Darkness and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
Exulting then we feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

Thomas Haweis.

105 L. M.

1 On all the earth thy Spirit show'r,
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpow'r,
And to thy scepter all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let it, Lord, in ev'ry place
Its richest energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient seers thou didst inspire;
To us perform the promise due—
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

Henry More.

106 C. M.

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

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

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

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

William Cowper.

107 S. M.

1 Spirit of faith, come down;
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:

2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see
Who did for ev'ry sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

3 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word.

4 Then, only then, we feel
Our int'rest in his blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

5 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith de-cend, and show
The virtue of his name.

6 The grace which all may find,
The saving pow'r, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in ev'ry heart.

7 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;

8 The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

Charles Wesley.

108 L. P. M.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning fire,
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Now to my soul thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 Humble and teachable and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue

...e anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

3 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole heart aspire!
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire!

4 My will be swallowed up in thee!
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face!
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

Charles Wesley.

109 C. M.

1 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious pow'r;
Come, Holy Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an off'ring be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind with rushing sound,
With pentecostal grace;

And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

5 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy Church on earth become
Blest as thy Church above.

Andrew Read.

110 S. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
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.

Benjamin Beddome.

111 C. M.

1 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 int'rest to discern;
From ev'ry sin, without, within,
Incline my heart to turn.

8 Fly to my aid when I'm afraid,
Or plunged in deep distress;
My foes subdue, and bring me through
This howling wilderness.

Benjamin Beddome.

112 C. M.

1 Sovereign of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 "My Father, God!" how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heav'n
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwav'ring I believe:
Thou know'st I "Abba, Father," cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

Philip Doddridge

113 L. M.

1 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heav'n.

2 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

Charles Wesley.

114 L. M.

1 O FOR that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old,
Which bid their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold!

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abrah'm's breast, and sealed him thine;
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine;

3 That Spirit which from age to age
Proclaimed thy love and taught thy ways,
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work, thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

William H. Bathurst.

115 7s.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Andrew Reed.

116 S. M.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power!

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And with the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse ev'ry mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray and praise and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide:
O Spirit of adoption, *now*
May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery.

117 L. M.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all the fullness of thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give pow'r and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath!

4 Baptize the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till ev'ry kindred call him Lord.

5 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall his salvation see:
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's suff'rings crowned thro' thee!

James Montgomery.

118 L. M. 6 1.

1 CREATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit ev'ry waiting mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

2 O Source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!
Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.

Rabanus Maurus. Tr. by *John Dryden.*

119 S. M.

1 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 finished 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.

Charles Wesley.

120 C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these 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 forever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee.
And thine to us so great?

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

Isaac Watts.

121 7s. D.

1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly: "Wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly: "Wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Trusting that our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus blood,
Whisper softly: "Wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Marcus M. Wells.

122 L. M.

1 JESUS, we on the words depend,
Spoken by thee when present here:
"The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, e'en us, fulfill;
And give the Spirit of thy grace
To teach us all thy perfect will.

3 That heav'nly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible, impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.

4 That peace of God, that peace of thine,
O might he now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin!

Charles Wesley.

SECTION IV.

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

1. The Church.

123 S. M.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest 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 If e'er to bless her sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let ev'ry joy this heart forsake,
And ev'ry grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Timothy Dwight.

124 C. M.

1 THE Lord of Glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires—
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Isaac Watts.

125 L. M.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 As in the ancient days, appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;

Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

5 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

Charles Wesley.

126 7s.

1 God of love, that hear'st the prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us in the prosp'rous hour,
From the flatt'ring tempter's power;
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between:
Keep us humble and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

4 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know, or seek, beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

Charles Wesley.

127 S. M.

1 HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The pow'rs of hell surround.

2 Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

3 See, on the mountain top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood.

4 His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh;
He bore the cross for all.

5 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

6 All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heav'n,
Are all in Jesus' name.

Charles Wesley.

128 L. M.

1 AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light,
The great Deliv'rer calls, Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from ev'ry sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

Charles Wesley.

129 H. M.

1 One sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine;
One only watch-word, love;
From diff'rent temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our Sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;
Thou who didst raise him from the dead,
Unite thy people in their Head.

3 Head of thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her unity renew;
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

George Robinson.

130 L. M.

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

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And grateful isles of ev'ry sea.

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

4 Soon shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord:
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

Isaac Watts.

131 L. M.

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

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

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

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

132 L. M.

1 God, in his earthly temple, lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits ev'ry house
That pay their night and morning vows,
But makes a more delightful stay
Where Churches meet to praise and pray.

3 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one newborn or nourished there.
Isaac Watts.

133 S. M.

1 Angels your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible:

2 From thrones of glory driv'n,
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air and darken heav'n
And rule this lower world.

3 But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all thy powers defy?

4 By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And, conqu'ring them thro' Jesus' blood,
We on to conquer go.

5 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize:

6 "Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory;
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

Charles Wesley.

134 S. M.

1 URGE on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands:
The heav'nly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands.

2 See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies!
Satan, the world, and sin tread down
And take the glorious prize!

3 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain;
Yet O disdain to fear!

4 "Courage!" your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew;
"Toil ye shall have; yet all despise;
I have o'ercome for you."

5 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror:
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war.

6 This is the victory:
Before our faith they fall:
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all!

Charles Wesley.

135 S. M.

1 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise:
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well—

3 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows—
And make a fair report.

4 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eye,
And rites adorned with gold.

5 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

Isaac Watts.

136 C. M.

1 Blest are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope;
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defense,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

Isaac Watts.

137 L. M.

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

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

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

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

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Isaac Watts.

138 L. M.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace:
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the
road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing
strength,
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts.

139 L. M.

1 Let Zion in her King rejoice,
Though Satan rage, and kingdoms rise:
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melts, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works his hand hath wrought!
What desolations he hath made!

3 From sea to sea, through all their shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear;
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame:
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name:

5 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
Exalted over all the lands;
I will be known and feared abroad;
For still my throne in Zion stands."

6 O Lord of hosts almighty King!
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall rest secure and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

140 L. M.

1 Draw near, O Son of God, draw near!
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy Church vouchsafe t' appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy luster glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy Church below.

4 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove,
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And filled with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Their hearts from things of earth remove;
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear!
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.

Charles Wesley.

2. The Ministry.

141 C. M.

1 Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give:
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego;
For souls which must forever live
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Philip Doddridge.

142 L. M.

1 "Go preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word;
He shall be damned who won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end:
All pow'r is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

Isaac Watts.

143 S. M.

1 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 laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of pow'r,
As workers with their God.

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

Charles Wesley.

144 L. M.

1 Comfort, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, "Prepare!
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there!"

3 The Lord your God shall quickly come:
Sinners, repent, the call obey;
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.

4 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain:
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crookèd be straight, and rugged plain.

5 The glory of the Lord displayed
Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

Charles Wesley.

145 S. M.

1 And let our bodies part,
To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart,
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go!

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labors end!

5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

6 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

Charles Wesley.

146 C. M.

1 Jesus, the name high over all
In hell or earth or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners giv'n!
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heav'n.

3 Jesus the pris'ners' fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Pow'r 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,
"Beho'd, behold the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley.

147 S. M.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

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

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

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heav'nly 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 ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts.

148 L. M.

1 We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant—so *he* came—
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell and earth and sin,
Nourish the lambs and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman; take thy stand
Upon the tower amidst the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

4 Come as an angel; hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

James Montgomery.

149 S. M.

1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!

2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming pow'r,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

Charles Wesley.

150 L. M.

1 High on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys;
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleased their toils to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move;
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labor of his love.

3 See, where the servants of their God,
A busy multitude, appear:
For Jesus day and night employed,
His heritage they toil to clear.

4 Their love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands;

They spend their sweat and blood and
pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

5 O multiply thy sowers' seed,
And fruit we ev'ry hour shall bear:
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thine everlasting truth declare!
A. G. Spangenberg. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

151 C. M.

1 How rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favors, how divine!
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine!

2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare;
How mean, when set against those joys
Thy poorest servants share!

3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay;
And the weak sons of mortal race
Th' immortal gifts convey.

4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the vict'ry gives:
Quickly they molder back to earth,
Yet still thy gospel lives.

5 Such wonders power divine effects;
Such trophies God can raise;
His hand from crumbling dust erects
His monuments of praise.
Philip Doddridge.

3. Baptism.

152 L. M.

1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 Father, in these reveal thy Son—
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

3 Jesus, with us thou always art;
Effectual make the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

4 Eternal Spirit, come from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

Charles Wesley.

153 L. M.

1 God of eternal truth and love,
Thine own great ordinance approve;
This child into thy kingdom take,
And give him all thine image back.

2 Father, if such thy sovereign will,
Annex thy hall'wing Spirit's seal;
The seed of endless life impart,
Take for thine own this infant's heart.

3 Answer on him thy wisdom's end;
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
Unto this favored child be given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Charles Wesley. (Alt.)

154 C. M.

1 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 cov'nant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father giv'n;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

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.

Isaac Watts.

155 C. M.

1 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.

Philip Doddridge.

156 C. M.

1 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.

Isaac Watts.

157 H. M.

1 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.

Charles Wesley.

4. The Lord's Supper.

158 C. M.

1 The King of heav'n 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.

Philip Doddridge.

159 C. M.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh—

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame
Our sinful hearts to share!
O mem'ry, leave no other name
But his recorded there!

Gerard Thomas Noel.

160 C. M.

1 That doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat:
"For me, he died for me!"

3 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing "Hosanna to the Lamb!"
The Lamb that died for me!"

Joseph Hart.

161 S. M.

1 Let all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our ev'ry want supplies,
And still we by his death are blessed,
And share his sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ
His suff'rings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord;

4 As though we ev'ry one
Beneath his cross had stood,
And seen him heave and heard him groan,
And felt his gushing blood.

5 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

Charles Wesley.

162 7s.

1 JESUS, all redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word,
In thine ordinance appear,
Come and meet thy foll'wers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoined
Let us now our Saviour find,
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare;
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!

4 All the pow'r of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls forever thine.

Charles Wesley.

163 C. M.

1 THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good:
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own blood the seal.

Isaac Watts.

164 S. M.

1 O WHAT a taste is this
Which now in Christ we know,
An earnest of our glorious bliss,
Our heav'n begun below!

2 When he the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer!
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.

3 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransomed sons of men,
With all his hosts adore.

4 Let earth and heaven be joined,
His glories to display,
And hymn the Saviour of mankind
In one eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

165 C. M.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 The body, broken for my sake.
My bread from heav'n shall be:
Thy testamental cup I take.
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When thuo shalt in thy kingdom come
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery.

166 L. M.

1 Author of our salvation, thee
With lowly, thankful heart, we praise
Author of this great mystery,
Figure and means of saving grace.

2 The sacred, true effectual sign,
Thy body and thy blood it shows;
The glorious instrument divine,
Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.

3 We see the blood that seals our peace;
Thy pard'ning mercy we receive;
The bread doth visibly express
The strength through which our spirits live.

4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
And eat the bread so freely giv'n,
Till borne on eagles wings we fly,
And banquet with our Lord in heav'n.

Charles Wesley.

5. The Sabbath.

167 S. M.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day 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.

Isaac Watts.

168 C. M.

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

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

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

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

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

Harriet Auber.

169 7s.

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

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

3 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heav'n our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

170 C. M.

1 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 blest 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 displayed
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.

Samuel Francis Smith.

171 C. M.

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

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

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

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

Charles Wesley.

172 L. M.

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

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heav'nly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Joseph Stennett.

173. L. M.

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

4 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

174 H. M.

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

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

J. Hayword.

175 C. M.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav5n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

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

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

Isaac Watts.

176 7s

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

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

3 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heav'n our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Samuel Francis Smith.

177 L. M.

1 My op'ning eyes with rapture see
The dawn of this returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing:
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

James Hutton.

178 H. M.

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

2 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 ransomed 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 ransomed sinners, home.

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

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 ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
  The news of heav'nly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
  Before your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

179 7s. D.

1 Sinner, 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 ransomed 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,
Wooed 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?

Charles Wesley.

180 L. M.

1 Thine earthly Sabbaths,Lord,we live;
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No signs 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 woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Philip Dodridge.

SECTION V.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

181 L. M.

1 Come, O ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored;
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:

2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence;

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiv'n;
The sighs that waft your souls to heav'n;

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress;
Th' unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder: "Why such love to me?"

5 Th' o'erwhelming pow'r of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heav'n of love.

Charles Wesley.

182 L. M.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let ev'ry 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 oppressed,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest,
Ye poor and maimed 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 offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace!

Charles Wesley.

133 L. M.

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

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

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

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

5. Admit him, ere his anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne're return
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.
Joseph Grigg.

184 8s. 7s. & 4.

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

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free beauty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry 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 glimm'ring 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 finished!"
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, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heav'n
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

Joseph Hart.

185 S. M.

1 The Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill,
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands,
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offered grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

Isaac Watts.

186 C. M.

1 The Saviour calls, let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound;
Ye doubtful souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,
And can you yet delay?

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

Anne Steele.

187 C. M.

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

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come.
O stay not back, though fear alarms,
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye happy souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

Anne Steele.

188 S. M.

1 What majesty and grace
Through all the gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his throne on high,
The mighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The debt that sinners owed,
Upon the cross he pays;
Then through the clouds ascends to God
Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There our High Priest appears
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

5 Great Sovereign, we adore
Thy justice and thy grace,
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

Samuel Stennett.

189 C. M.

1 Let ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry 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.

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

Isaac Watts.

190 C. M.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:
2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
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 scepter 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 forever 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.

Edmund Jones.

191 L. M.

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

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

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

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

William Bengo Collyer.

192 11s, 10s.

1 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 Heav'n 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 Heav'n 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.

Thomas Moore.

193 S. M.

1 To-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in her 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 wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty pow'r,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,

Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should do
In sudden, endless night.

Philip Doddridge.

194 L. M.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is giv'n;
But soon, ah soon, approaching night
Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heav'n
2 While God invites, how blest the day
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away.
While yet a pard'ning God is found.
3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer.

Timothy Dwight.

195 L. M.

1 Arise, my tend'rest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt, my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus name;
The father wounded through the Son,
The world abused, the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night,
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears forever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My spirit yearns o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

Philip Doddridge.

196 C. M.

1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the ev'ning sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is ev'ry one
Thy real worshiper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee:
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desp'rate state explain,
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

Charles Wesley.

197 C. M.

1 What is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found:

2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
That keeps two worlds at strife:
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heav'n stoops to give it life.

3 God, to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-belovèd Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.

4 The Holy Spirit sealed the plan,
And pledged the blood divine
To ransom ev'ry soul of man—
That price was paid for mine.

5 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

6 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

James Montgomery.

198 C. M.

1 Come, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise;
To him, with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of evr'y sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heav'nly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

199 C. M.

1 Repent, the voice celestial cries,
No longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 The summons goes through all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear;
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear.

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

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th'appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

Philip Doddridge.

200 C. M.

1 Sinners, the voice of God regard,
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's detstructive way.

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

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

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal woe.

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

6 Bow to the scepter of his word,
Renouncing ev'ry sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

John Fawcett.

201 C. M.

1 Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
the great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's pow'r;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear!

4 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

5 Ready thou art the blood t'apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry;
"I suffered this for you."

Charles Wesley.

202 7s.

1 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 ev'ning'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.

Thomas Scott.

SECTION VI.

PENITENTIAL EXERCISES.

203 L. M.

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

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

3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

204 C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

John Newton.

205 C. M.

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this beieve,
I now should feel thy pow'r!
Now my poor soul thou wouldst re-
trieve,
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 quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

Charles Wesley.

206 S. M.

1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands;
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heav'n commands:

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and sea obey:
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

4 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on:
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

5 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

6 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

7 Thou ev'rywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy ev'ry act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by *J. Wesley*

207 S. M.

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid ev'ry string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heav'nly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee;
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

Augustus M. Toplady. Alt. by *B. W. Noel.*

208 L. M.

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

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

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

209 S. M.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of pentitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee!

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome.

210 C. M.

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

2 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!

How low my hopes of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God, thy sovereign aid impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die .

Isaac Watts.

211 C. M.

1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight
And stopped my wild career.

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

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

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

5 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.

John Newton.

212 L. M.

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
To thee a sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

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

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

4 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Isaac Watts.

213 L. M.

1 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 ev'ry part.

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

4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

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 pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

Isaac Watts.

214 S. M.

1 And wilt thou yet be found?
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art:
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord!
Lift up a helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace;
I know thou canst pronounce the word
And bid the tempest cease!

5 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore ,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

Charles Wesley.

215 S. M.

1 O Jesus! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan;
Let me again behold thy face,
Call home thy banished one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Again thy love reveal;
Restore that inward heav'n;
O grant me once again to feel,
Through faith, my sins forgiven!

4 Thy utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul,
"In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Charles Wesley.

216 S. M. D.

1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burdened and sick and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursèd thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying pow'r display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

Charles Wesley.

217 S. M.

1 Thou seest my feebleness,
Jesus, be thou my pow'r,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tow'r.

2 Give me to trust in thee;
Be thou my sure abode:
My horn and rock and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to thee alone,
Now, therefore, I commend:
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end!

Charles Wesley.

218 C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heav'nly ray
Lights up the dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst

219 S. M.

1 O MY offended God,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on thy blood,
And done despite to thee;

2 If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep,
Into thy arms of mercy take,
And there forever keep.

3 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim:
All, all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesus' name.

4 Thou hast obtained the grace
That all may turn and live;
And lo! thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive.

Charles Wesley.

220 C. M.

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

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

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry 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.

William Cowper.

221 C. M.

1 I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing pow'r,
Pow'r to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in that pow'rful day,
Thy fullness I require.

4 My vehement soul cries out, oppressed,
Impatient to be freed!
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert?
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy pow'r,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

Charles Wesley.

222 C. M.

1 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 his relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest 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.

Isaac Watts.

223 C. M.

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

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!

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

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

Isaac Watts.

224 M. C.

1 Jesus, if still thou art to-day,
As yesterday, the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name!

2 If still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders showed.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat:
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome and vile and self-abhorred,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

Charles Wesley.

225 C. M.

1 When, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear?

2 If yet, while pardon may be found
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought:

3 When, thou, O Lord, shall stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear?

4 O may my broken, contrite heart
Timely my sins lament,
And early with repentant tears
Eternal woe prevent!

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight!

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thine only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

Joseph Addison.

226 L. M.

1 O FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt!
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed;
And that blest something much I need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine
Joseph Hart.

227 L. M.

1 Lord, I despair myself to heal:
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give:
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, are thine.

3 With simple faith on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord; my sickness cure;
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy, impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!
Charles Wesley.

228 S. M.

1 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 compelled,
And own thee Conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring 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 heav'nly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

Charles Wesley.

229 L. M.

1 Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy?
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve
Must take the path thyself hast showed;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

6 What have I then wherein to trust;
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my ev'ry boast;
My glory swallowed up in shame.

7 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just—but O, thy Son hath died!

Charles Wesley.

230 C. M.

1 God is in this and ev'ry place:
But O how dark and void
To me! 'Tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

Charles Wesley.

231 L. M.

1 FATHER, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

2 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

3 To thee my last distress I bring;
The heightened fear of death I find;
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.

4 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee:
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

Charles Wesley.

232 L. M.

1 JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee:
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul:
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Fall'n, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.

3 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love:
I give up ev'ry plea beside,
"Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died."

Charles Wesley.

233 S. M.

1 O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice omnipotent,
The rock in sunder cleave;

2 Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Saviour and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.

4 Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

5 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee.

6 O might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient power!
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more!

Charles Wesley.

234 7s. D.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
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 staid,
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
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!

Charles Wesley.

235 C. M.

1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
  Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
  A life concealed in him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
  My heart's extreme desire,
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
  And in his arms expire!

3 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
  Thou pard'ning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
  My sins and troubles end.

4 Nothing I ask or want beside,
  Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
  And live and die forgiv'n.

Charles Wesley.

236 L. M.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fullness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near;
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be giv'n,
Of all thou hast in earth or heav'n.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

Charles Wesley.

237 C. M.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies:
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed
No blood but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sin forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

Samuel Stennett.

238 L. M.

1 Saviour, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base desires I wronged thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.

2 I knew not that the Lord was gone;
In my own froward will went on;
I lived to the desires of men,
And thou hast all my wand'rings seen.

3 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

4 For this I at thy footstool wait,
Till thou my peace again create—
Fruit of thy gracious lips—restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more!

Charles Wesley.

239 7s.

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

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

3 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.

Charles Wesley.

240 L. M.

1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n 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 mourned 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, blest 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!"

John Cennick.

241 C. M.

1 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone;
Be justified by grace.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an off'ring made
For ev'ry soul of man.

3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light,
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.

4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiv'n;
Anticipate your heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

Charles Wesley.

242 L. M. 61.

1 Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

6 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath thy weighty hand;
Faint, to revive—and fall, to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
I stand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Charles Wesley.

SECTION VII.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

1. Justification and the New Birth.

243 C. M.

1 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 honors 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 canceled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for *me*.

5 He speaks, and, list'ning 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 loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

Charles Wesley.

244 L. M.

1 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let ev'ry act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

4 Each foll'wing minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

245 L. M.

1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me, t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For *me*, e'en for *my* soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
For ALL a full atonement made.
Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

246 6s, 4s.

1 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 ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer.

247 C. M.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns 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 conq'ror through.

Isaac Watts.

248 5s, 6s, 9s.

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

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

3 'Twas a heav'n 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 suffered and died
To redeem a poor rebel like me.

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

6 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 possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Charles Wesley.

249 7s.

1 Sons of God, exultant rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
See, the prodigal is come:
Welcome now the wand'rer home!

2 Strive in joy, with angels strive;
He was dead, but now's alive!
Loud repeat the glorious sound,
He was lost, but now is found!

3 Now the gracious Father smiles,
Now the Saviour boasts his spoils;
Now the Spirit grieves no more;
Sing, ye heavens; and earth, adore!

Charles Wesley.

250 S. M.

1 O blessèd souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care:
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

Isaac Watts.

251 S. M.

1 How can a sinner know
His sins on earth for'giv'n?
How can my gracious Saviour show,
My name inscribed in heav'n?

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,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

Charles Wesley.

252 S. M.

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

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

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

Isaac Watts.

253 L. M.

1 Author of faith, eternal word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same;

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save;
Save us, a present Saviour thou!
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is giv'n;
Into himself he all receives—
Pardon and holiness and heav'n.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heav'nly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
Th' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

Charles Wesley.

254 S. M.

1 Behold! what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
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 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

Isaac Watts.

255 S. M.

1 We by his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestowed.

2 His Spirit us he gave,
Who dwells in us, we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

3 Our nature's turned, our mind
Transformed in all its pow'rs;
And both the witnesses are joined,
The Spirit of God with ours.

4 Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.

5 His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

Charles Wesley. (Alt.)

256 L. M.

1 Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

Isaac Watts.

257 C. M.

1 O 'tis delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name;
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast—
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
And sound from ev'ry joyful string
Through all the realms of bliss.

4 Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

5 Swift I ascend the heav'nly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come!

6 Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let sin and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot, wheels,
And death must yield to love.

Isaac Watts.

258 L. M.

1 How can it be, thou heav'nly King
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown!

2 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

3 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

4 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
To thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

259 L. M.

1 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 heav'nly 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 filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise—

Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n are one.

Charles Wesley.

260 8s & 7s. D.

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

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

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;

Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.
James Allen. Alt. by *Walter Shirley.*

261 C. M.

1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found—and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine!

5 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.
John Newton

262 H. M.

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

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

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

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

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning 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.

Charles Wesley.

263 7s.

1 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 delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned 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!

William Cowper.

264 7s.

1 Jesus is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is;
By his death to life restored,
Mis'ry we exchange for bliss—

2 Bliss to carnal minds unknown:
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shown,
Glorious and unspeakable.

3 Christ our Brother and our Friend
Shows us his eternal love:
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.

4 Let us walk with him in white,
For our bridal day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there!

Charles Wesley.

2. Sanctification.

265 C. M.

1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

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

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

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

Charles Wesley.

266 L. M.

1 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

2 O take this heart of stone away!
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own;
In me no longer let it stay;
O take away this heart of stone!

3 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove!
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

267 L. M.

1 Holy, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye;
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpow'r me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorred·
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord!

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is *all* in *all*.

Charles Wesley.

268 C. M.

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

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

3 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 ev'ry thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Charles Wesley.

269 C. M.

1 JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from ev'ry boast,
From ev'ry wish set free:
Let all I am in thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be giv'n;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heav'n.

Charles Wesley.

270 C. M.

1 I WOULD be thine, thou know's I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good,
I want, and thee alone.

2 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be given:
Nothing besides my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

3 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End.

4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God!

Charles Wesley.

271 C. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

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

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

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

Charles Wesley.

272 C. M.

1 When Christ doth in my heart appear,
And love erects its throne,
I then enjoy salvation here,
And heav'n on earth begun.

2 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

3 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.

4 Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
And die to make it known:
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

Charles Wesley.

273 7s.

1 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art;
Live thyself into my heart.

2 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.

Charles Wesley.

274 C. M.

1 Come, O my God, the promise seal;
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in:
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeemed from sin.

3 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour, thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

4 'Tis done: thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

Charles Wesley.

275 C. M.

1 O for a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore!

2 Come, holy Spirit, still my heart
With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart:
O make that blessing mine!

3 Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heav'nly air.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace,
That vict'ry make me win;
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heav'n within.

Author Unknown.

276 C. M.

1 Come, Lord, and claim me for thine own!
Saviour, thy right assert!
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart!

2 The day of thy great pow'r I feel,
And pant for liberty;
I loathe myself, deny my will,
And give up all for thee.

3 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

4 Thy love the conquest more than gains:
To all I shall proclaim,
Jesus, the King, the Conqu'ror reigns;
Bow down to Jesus' name.

5 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And ev'ry foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

Charles Wesley.

277 L. M.

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

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
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 stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the pow'r;
My heart from ev'ry sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

278 C. M.

1 MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,

Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me?
Spirit of health and life and pow'r,
And perfect liberty!

4 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

Charles Wesley.

279 L M.

1 Come, O thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known;
The mind which was in thee impart;
Thy constant mind in us be shown.

2 O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know—
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless woe.

3 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease;
With thy meek spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait:
O let our eyes behold thee near!
Hasten to make our heav'n complete,
Appear, our glorious God, appear.

Charles Wesley.

280 H. M.

1 Ye ransomed sinners, hear,
The pris'ners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise;
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

Charles Wesley.

281 C. M.

1 O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Chri-t shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home;
O would'st thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

5 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

Charles Wesley.

282 C. M.

1 LET him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up ev'ry thankful song,
And ev'ry loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;

The Christian lives to Christ alone
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfill our hearts' desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire!

4 Our souls and bodies we resign:
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

283 C. P. M.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and, from the mountain top,
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn and wine and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With ev'ry bless-ing blessed:
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness!

Charles Wesley.

284 S. M.

1 The thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do;
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew.

2 My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
Forever cease from sin.

3 That blessèd law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!

4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

5 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly ev'ry moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

Charles Wesley.

285 S. M.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

John Keble.

286 7s.

1 When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?—

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by thy light;
Only mighty in thy might?

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

Charles Wesley.

3. Duties and Trials

287 C. M.

1 Once more we come before our God,
Once more his blessings ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a ta-k!

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

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

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

Joseph Hart

288 L. M.

1 Thy presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we he

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remov
And fix our hearts and hopes above:
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacre l word apply
With sovereign power and energy,
And may we, in thy faith and fear
Reduce to practice what w[illegible]ear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

John Fawcett.

289 C. M.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge.

290 C. M.

1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!

Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants; for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th. heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise,
With hands of faith and wings of love
To fly and take the prize.

Isaac Watts.

291 L. M.

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

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let ev'ning 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 heav'n depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Joseph Grigg.

292 C. M.

1 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 ev'ry 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 honor 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.

Philip Doddridge.

293 C. M.

1 Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care;
Labor is rest and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek:
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my ev'ry hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heav'n in thee!

Charles Wesley.

294 11s.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition — in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;

For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no*, *never*, NO, NEVER FORSAKE."

George Keith.

295 C. M.

1 WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well:
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threat'ning skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquilize each fear.
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed,
Saviour, be near to aid;
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed:
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail:
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

Charlotte Elliott.

296 S. M. D.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Tune ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
To praise the Saviour's name:
Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising pow'r;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

2 Tell, in seraphic strains,
What he has done for you;
How he has taken off your chains,
And formed your hearts anew:
His faithfulness proclaim
While life to you is given;
Join hands and hearts to praise his name,
Till we all meet in heaven.

William Hammond.

297 C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer 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 flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of vict'ry, through the skies
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

298 10s, 11s.

1 Though troubles assail, And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, And foes all unite,

Yet one thing secures us, Whatever be tide,
The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn Or store-house, 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 tossed
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 Abrah'm 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.

John Newton.

299 S. M.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heav'nly Father's throne
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

300 S. M. D.

1 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 fulfill:
O may it all my pow'rs 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 forever die.

Charles Wesley.

301 S. M. D.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise!
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty pow'r,
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 pow'rs 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 conqu'rors home.
Charles Wesley.

302 C. M.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev'ry one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
Thomas Shepherd. (Alt.)

303 L. M.

1 "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
Nor think, till death, to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles William Everest.

304 7s.

1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet:
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

William Cowper.

305 C. M. D.

1 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 wand'ring 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!

Charles Wesley.

306 C. P. M.

1 Be it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning ev'ry 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.

Charles Wesley.

307 C. M.

1 My God, my portion and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heav'n 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 glitt'ring 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 called 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.

Isaac Watts.

308 C. M.

1 How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

Isaac Watts.

309 C. M.

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

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name:
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

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

6 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.

Tate and Brady.

310 L. M.

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

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence, I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

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

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

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.
Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

311 L. M.

1 When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Their father's God before them moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along th' astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Return the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosp'rous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou long-suff'ring, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!
Walter Scott

312 L. M.

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

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

3 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

Benjamin Beddome.

313 S. M.

1 Gracious Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now: "Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole."

2 Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy pow'r!

3 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared
And ready may I be;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

5 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:

6 "Come back! this is the way!
Come back! and walk therein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin!

Charles Wesley.

314 S. M.

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord in rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge.

315 C. M.

1 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.

John Newton.

316 C. P. M.

1 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 blessèd, 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.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see:
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

6 The Father, shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravished spirits fill,
And God be all in all.

Charles Wesley.

317 S. M. D.

1 Away! my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heav'nly light appears.
A messenger divine:
Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;

My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

2 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will Divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.
Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and pow'r,
Engage to make me blest.

Charles Wesley.

318 7s. D.

1 Lord of earth, thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned,—
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his pow'r:
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?

2 Lord of heav'n, beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Severed friends shall meet again:
O that world is passing fair!
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heav'n but thee?

3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest;

I was lost; thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wand'ring child:
O if once thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heav'n to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

Robert Grant.

319 S. M.

1 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 Counselor 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 enlightened 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.

Charles Wesley.

320 8s, 7s. D.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish, ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heav'n are still my own.

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

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

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

Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in ev'ry 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 heav'n, canst thou repine?

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

Henry Francis Lyte.

321 C. M.

1 Cheered with thy converse, Lord, I trace
The desert with delight;
Through all the gloom one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.

2 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.

3 I ask not Enoch's rapt'rous flight
To realms of heav'nly day;
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds,
To bear this flesh away.

4 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load;
And hail the sharpest pangs of death,
That break its way to God.

Philip Doddridge.

322 C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-pow'rful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That gen'rous pleasure know;
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And midst th' embraces of thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And gave the richest of his blood,
A balm for ev'ry wound.

Philip Doddridge.

323 L. M.

1 AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3 From him, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to his abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

Isaac Watts

324 6s & 4s.

1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heav'n;

All that thou sendest me,
In mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Sarah Flower Adams

325 8s, 7s. D.

1 Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it.
Mount of 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,
Wand'ring 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 constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring 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.

Robert Robinson.

326 C. M.

1 In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosp'rous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heav'n.

4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

Author Unknown.

327 C. M.

1 When musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;

3 It is that heav'n-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight:

4 It is that hope with ardor glows,
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

Gerard Thomas Noel.

328 S. M. D.

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

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

2 Let those refuse to sing
  Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly King
  May speak their joys abroad.
The God that rules on high,
  That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
  And calms the roaring seas—

3 This awful God is ours,
  Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
  To carry us above.
There we shall see his face,
  And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
  Drink endless pleasures in.

4 Yea, and before we rise
  To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
  Should constant joys create.
The men of grace have found
  Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
  From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
  A thousand sacred sweets;
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
  Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
  And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts.

329 C. M.

1 Which of the petty kings of earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth
With all the heav'nly pow'rs?

2 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide,
With watchful care their charge defend
And evil turn aside.

3 Their instrumental aid, unknown,
They day and night supply;
And, free from fear, we lay us down,
Though Satan's host be nigh.

4 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there.

Charles Wesley.

330 S. M.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly ev'ry day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

George Heath.

331 S. M.

1 Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do, in any thing,
To do it as for thee—

2 To scorn the senses' away,
While still to thee I tend:
In all I do be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done t' obey thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

5 Thee, then, my God and King,
In all things may I see,
And what I do, in any thing,
May it be done for thee!

George Herbert.

332 L. M.

1 O thou, who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work and speak and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley.

333 8s. D.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs
Have all lost their sweetness to me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

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

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

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
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.

John Newton.

334 L. M.

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heav'nly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not:
The Master praises—what are men?

2 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not: the prize you seek
Is near—a kingdom and a crown.

Horatius Bonar.

335 C. M.

1 Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties, how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum,
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered,
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

Philip Doddridge.

336 C. M.

1 Sing, O ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress
Like shadows are all fled.

March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge.

337 L. M.

1 Beset with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treach'rous 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.

Philip Doddridge.

338 C. M.

1 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 renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be joined 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!

John Fawcett.

339 C. M.

1 O THOU, whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here.

2 O may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

James Edmeston.

340 7s.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King
As we journey, let us sing:
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick.

341 7s.

1 Son of God, thy blessing grant;
Still supply our ev'ry want;
Tree of life, thy influence shed;
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tend'rest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee and die;
Weak as helpless infancy,
O confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustained by thee I fall:
Send the help for which I call.
Weaker than a bruisèd reed
Help I ev'ry moment need

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

Charles Wesley

342 8s, 7s, & 4.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful 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 Deliv'rer,
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.

William Williams.

343 S. M.

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

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

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just:
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n!

Isaac Watts.

344 C. M.

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live:
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by his door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter.

345 C. M.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

346 8s, 7s, D.

1 Hark, the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away?"

Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying:
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Daniel March.

347 L. M.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts.

348 S. M.

1 "I THE good fight have fought,"
O when shall I declare!
The vict'ry by my Saviour got
I long with Paul to share.

2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

3 This blessèd word be mine,
Just as the port is gained,
"Kept by the pow'r of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained."

4 Th' apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was giv'n,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heav'n.

Charles Wesley.

349 S. M.

1 Sow in the morning seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strewn:

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 Then, when the final end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heav'n sing, "Harvest Home!"

James Montgomery.

350 S. M.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

Isaac Watts.

351 C. M. D.

1 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes

Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise;
They flourish in perpetual bloom,
Fruit ev'ry 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 purest white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear:
Adorned by their redeemer's grace,
They close pursue the Lamb,
And ev'ry shining front displays
Th' unutterable name.

3 They drink the vivifying stream,
They pluck the 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 suff'rings 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.

Charles Wesley.

352 C. M.

1 God of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have mercy found with thee
Through the atoning blood—

2 The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The Comforter divine.

3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict Observer see;
And thou, by rev'rent love, unite
My child-like heart to thee.

4 Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesus' feet abide;
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

Charles Wesley.

353 C. M.

1 My span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.

2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above
Whence true contentment springs!

3 Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,
In ev'ry trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heav'n above,
But shall not enter there.

4 The sighing ones that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breath ensnare.

6 Courage, my soul! on God rely,
Deliv'rance soon will come:
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

Frances Maria Cowper.

354 7s.

1 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 planned,
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.

Josiah Conder.

SECTION VIII.

DEATH AND THE FUTURE STATE.

355 S. M.

1 And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

3 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be!

4 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise;
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies!

5 How shall I leave my tomb,
With triumph, or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

6 Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away
To meet its sentence there?

7 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?

8 I must from God be driv'n,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heav'n,
Or else—depart to hell.

Charles Wesley.

356 C. M.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As days and months increase,
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

Isaac Watts.

357 C. M.

1 HARK! from the tomb a doleful sound!
Mine 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 tow'rs;
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 pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

Isaac Watts.

358 C. M. D.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain:
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowr's;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
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.

Isaac Watts.

359 C. M.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous 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, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

8 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett.

360 C. M.

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

2 Jesus, thou Source of all my joys,
Thou Ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 What! to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly!

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

Isaac Watts.

361 L. M.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heav'n and earth combine to say:
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Anna Laetitia Barbauld.

362 7s.

1 HARK! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.

2 Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

3 Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head has gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace had opened Mercy's door.

4 Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiv'n;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed, and made meet for heav'n.

Charles Wesley.

363 C. M.

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead!

Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins released,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Isaac Watts.

364 C. M.

1 Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to thy narrow house beneath!
Soul, to thy place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bow'rs,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But O, a brighter home than ours,
In heav'n is now thine own.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.

365 C. P. M.

1 And am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live?
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay:
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

5 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way,
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

Charles Wesley.

366 S. M. D.

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last;
Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;

Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

2 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.
With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

3 O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face,
Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

Charles Wesley.

367 S. M. D.

1 "SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

2 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A vet'ran, slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

3 It was a two-edged blade,
Of heav'nly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.
'Twas death to sin; 'twas life
To all who mourned for sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

4 Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quelled the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

5 At midnight came the cry:
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Left it's encumb'ring clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

6 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
  Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
  Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery.

368 L. M.

1 The morning flow'rs display their sweets,
  And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
  As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,
  Parched 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 colors 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 luster brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
  Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
  If heav'n must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,
  If firm the word of God remains.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

369 C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-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 bow'rs than Eden's bloom
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain or woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 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 labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Francis Baker. Alt. by *James Boden.*

370 C. M.

1 Why do you mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

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

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

4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence, he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

Isaac Watts.

371 S. M.

1 And must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mold'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
Be heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!

Isaac Watts.

372 C. M.

1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But ev'ry soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square;
Thy gates are all of Orient pearl:
O God, if I were there!

5 Right through thy streets with pleasing sound.
The flood of life doth flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

6 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

7 O mother, dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

Francis Baker. Alt. by *David Dickson.*

373 C. M. D.

1 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 Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what are all my suff'rings 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.

Charles Wesley.

374 11s.

1 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 pleasures flow o'er
the bright plains.
And the noontide of glory eternally
reigns;

4 Where th' saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported
to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceas-
ingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast
of the soul!

William Augustus Muhlenberg.

375 C. M. D.

1 How happy ev'ry child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiv'n!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heav'n;
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heav'n prepared for me.

2 "A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
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."

Charles Wesley.

376 C. M. D.

1 O WHAT a blessèd hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

2 O would he more of heav'n bestow!
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
To all eternity! *Charles Wesley.*

377 C. M.

1 PURE are all 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 forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

378 7s. D.

1 WHAT are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun;
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'rers in his righteous cause,
Foll'wers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er,
They have all their suff'rings passed,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

379 S. M.

1 We know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay,

2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heav'nly fabric stands.

3 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.

4 O let us put on thee
In perfect holiness!
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

5 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest giv'n;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heav'n!

Charles Wesley.

380 C. M.

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

3 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, foll'wing their incarnate God
Possess the promised rest.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern giv'n;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heav'n.

Isaac Watts.

381 C. M.

1 What though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young—
The watchful eye, in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue—

3 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

4 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My Church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

5 Through ev'ry scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

Philip Doddridge.

382 7s.

1 Lo! the pris'ner is released,
Lightened of her fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
She is gathered into God!

2 Lo! the pain of life is past,
All her warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suff'ring are no more.

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life!

4 Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds her God, and sits, and sings,
Triumphantly in paradise.

Charles Wesley.

383 C. M.

1 When blooming youth is snatched 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, impressed
With awful pow'r—I too must die—
Sink deep in ev'ry 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 ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

Anne Steele.

384 6s. D.

1 Go to thy rest, fair 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 blighting land,
Where flow'rs so quickly fade.

2 Before thy heart could learn
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way;
Ere sin could 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 lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight;
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heav'nward flight detain?
No, angel! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

385 C. M.

1 And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For ev'ry vain and idle thought
And ev'ry word I say?

2 Yes, ev'ry 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 behavior here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful pow'r 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.

Charles Wesley.

386 L. M.

1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapor flies?
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 Death spreads his with'ring, wint'ry 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 withered 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.

Anne Steele.

387 L. M.

1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

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

3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in
ha-te,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

4 Jesus can make a dying-bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts.

388 C. M.

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

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

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

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

6 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!

Isaac Watts.

389 C. M.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame:
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast;
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

Isaac Watts.

390 L. M.

1 He comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound:
See the almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all ye people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

Charles Wesley.

391 L. M.

1 The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heav'n and earth shall pass away!
What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—

2 When, shriv'ling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heav'ns together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay!
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heav'n and earth shall pass away!

Sir Walter Scott.

392 C. M. P.

1 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 heav'nly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my 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 shall 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 t' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

393 L. M.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay.

394 C. M. D.

1 Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained 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 heav'n, 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 crossed 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 heav'nly 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 crowned.
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heav'n!

Charles Wesley.

395 S. M.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death?

5 Thou God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
For evermore undone.

James Montgomery.

396 S. M.

1 Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, waysore feet,
Rest from all labor now,

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Through these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here:
'Twill then be raised in pow'r;
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heav'nly flow'r.

Horatius Bonar.

SECTION IX.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

397 1. Missions.

C. M.

1 Daughter of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,"
And, "Keep not back, O north."

4 They come! they come! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery.

398

L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 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 ev'ry morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms, of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

Isaac Watts.

399 C. M.

1 Great God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till ev'ry tribe and ev'ry soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temple's of thy praise.

Thomas Gibbons.

400 S. M.

1 Almighty God of love,
Set up th' attracting sign,
And summon whom thou dost approve
For messengers divine.

2 From favored Abrah'm's seed
The new apostles choose,
In isles and continents to spread
The dead-reviving news.

3 O send thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home!
From east, and west, and south, and north,
Let all the wand'rers come:

4 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the mystery fulfilled,
The family complete!

Charles Wesley.

401 7s. D.

1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory beaming star.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray
  Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day,
  Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
  Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
  Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
  Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
  See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
  For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
  Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease;
  Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
  Lo! the Son of God is come.

John Bowring.

402 7s. D.

1 See how great a flame aspires,
  Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
  Sets the kingdom on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came;
  Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
  All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
  Small and feeble was his day:

Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its wid'ning way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath giv'n the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified,
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a show'r
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

Charles Wesley.

403 C. M.

1 The nations call! from sea to sea
Extends the thrilling cry,
"Come over, Christians, if there be,
And help us, ere we die!"

2 Our hearts, O Lord, the summons feel;
Let hand with heart combine,
And answer to the world's appeal
By giving "that is thine."

3 Say to thy gifted servants: "Speed!
Behold the world your field!"
Say to the gold: "The Lord hath need,"
Till hoarded treasures yield.

4 Say to the slumb'ring soul: "Awake!
Ere wanes thy noon away;
Lo! soon I come th' account to take,
Ye stewards of a day."

5 Saviour, forgive; ashamed we lie;
Thy gracious will we know;
Behold, while we delay, they die!
Bid, bid us send or go.

Anne Gilbert.

404 7s, 6s. D.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and st[one].

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 learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature.
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber

405 7s.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his pow'r shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber.

406 S. M. D.

1 Lord, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand
The seed shall surely grow:
The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race
Who to thy glory live.

2 Now, then, the ceaseless show'r
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting pow'r
Thy ministers attend.
On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

Charles Wesley.

407 7s. D.

1 Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound
From the depths unto the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks: 'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heav'ns have passed away!
Then the end—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is ALL IN ALL.

James Montgomery.

408 7s. D.

1 Go, ye messengers of God!
Like the beams of morning fly!
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner cross on high!
Where th' aspirant minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

2 Go! to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile
And th' oppressed forever weep!

O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heav'n;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiv'n!

3 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast:
Circumnavigate the ball,
Visit ev'ry soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all:
Jesus' love is full and free.

Joshua Marsden.

409 11s, 10s.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold:
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flow'rs are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;

Loud from the mountain tops echoes are
ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in
song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the
ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and com-
motion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the
sky.

Thomas Hastings.

410 C. M.

1 Behold, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house we'll go."

3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land:
The King who reigns in Zion's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His scepter shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts, encount'ring hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Michael Bruce

411 L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land by ev'ry 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.

Isaac Watts.

2. The Bible.

412 L. M.

1 THE heavn's declare thy glory, Lord;
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day, thy pow'r confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on ev'ry land.

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

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

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

Isaac Watts.

413 C. M.

1 Father of all, in whom alone,
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee
(We search with trembling awe!),
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear:
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

Charles Wesley.

414 C. M.

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

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

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

John Fawcett.

415 L. M.

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

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessèd truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort, stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts.

416 C. M.

1 The counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heav'nly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our num'rous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied;
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find!

Samuel Stennett.

417 C. M.

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

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

3 Here the 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 heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

Anne Steele.

418 S. M.

1 Jesus, the word bestow,
The true immortal seed;
Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our land o'erspread;

2 Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

3 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse thy grace through ev'ry part
And sanctify the whole.

4 Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love;
And fill with all thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

Charles Wesley.

3. Erection of Churches.

419 C. M.

1 Behold the sure Foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood!
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own word, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts.

420 7s.

1 On this stone, now laid with prayer,
Let thy Church rise, strong and fair;
Ever, Lord, thy name be known,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

2 Let thy holy Child, who came
Man from error to reclaim,
And for sinners to atone,
Bless, with thee, this corner-stone.

3 May thy spirit here give rest
To the heart by sin oppressed,
And the seeds of truth be sown,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

4 Open wide, O God, thy door,
For the outcast and the poor,
Who can call no house their own,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

John Pierpont.

421 L. M.

1 Behold thy temple, God of grace,
The house that we have reared for thee;
Regard it as thy resting-place,
And fill it with thy majesty.

2 When from its altar shall arise
Joint supplication to thy name,
Deign to accept the sacrifice,
Thyself our answ'ring God proclaim.

3 And when from hence the voice of praise
Shall lift its triumphs to thy throne,
Show thy acceptance of our lays,
By making all thy glory known,

4 When here thy ministers shall stand,
To speak what thou shalt bid them say,
Maintain thy cause with thine own hand,
And give thy truth a winning way.

5 Now, therefore, O our God, arise!
In this thy resting-place appear;
And let thy people's longing eyes
Behold thee fix thy dwelling here.

Phœbe Palmer.

422 S. M.

1 Great is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his Churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand,
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Sion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

Isaac Watts.

423 L. M.

1 And will the great, eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temple for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 These walls we to thy honor raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

4 And in the great, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here!

Philip Doddridge.

424 L. M.

1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rang,
"The morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our off'ring stands,
A humbler temple, "made with hands."

Nathaniel P. Willis.

425 7s.

1 Lord of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heav'nly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest!

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

James Montgomery.

426 6s, 4s.

1 Come, O thou God of grace,
Dwell in this holy place,
E'en now descend!
This temple, reared to thee,
O may it ever be
Filled with thy majesty,
Till time shall end!

2 Be in each song of praise,
Which here thy people raise
With hearts aflame!

Let ev'ry anthem rise
Like incense to the skies,
A joyful sacrifice,
To thy blest name!

3 Speak, O eternal Lord,
Out of thy living word,
O give success!
Do thou the truth impart
Unto each waiting heart;
Source of all strength thou art,
Thy gospel bless!

4 To the great One and Three
Glory and praises be
In love now given!
Glad songs to thee we sing,
Glad hearts to thee we bring,
Till we our God and King
Shall praise in heav'n!

William Edwin Evans.

4. Education of Youth.

427 C. M.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wint'ry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtues crowned,
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Reginald Heber.

428 C. M.

1 While we with fear and hope survey
This youthful, blooming throng,
And little know th' 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 th' 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!

Anne Gilbert.

429 C. M.

1 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 best design;
The honor of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

Joseph Straphan.

430 C. M.

1 O how can they look up to heav'n,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear?

2 The dread omnipotence of Heav'n
We ev'ry hour provoke!

Yet still the mercy of our God
Withholds th' 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!

Simon Browne.

431 8s, 7s, & 4.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Blessèd Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

5. The Seasons.

432 C. M.

1 Remark, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on—
And that important day.
When all that mortal life hath done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift-advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concern to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
To give the year to thee.

Philip Doddridge.

433 S. M.

1 Our few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears
When past, but as a day—

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within!

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit our stay,
With diligence may we pursue
The true and living way.

Benjamin Beddome.

434 7s. D.

1 While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2 As the 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!

John Newton.

435 S. M.

1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear—

2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and pow'r,
Thou shalt from heav'n come down—

4 Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

5 O may we all be found,
Obedient to his word:
Attentive to the trumpet's sound
And looking for our Lord!

6 O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

Charles Wesley.

436 C. M. D.

1 Sing to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs:
His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care:
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are:
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To seek thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated pow'rs
A sacrifice to thee;
Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiv'n,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heav'n.

Charles Wesley.

437 S. M.

1 O Lord, in mercy spare
The herbage of the field;
And, under thy paternal care,
May it abundance yield.

2 Restrain the burning ray,
And grant refreshing rains;
Restore the verdure from decay,
And drench the parchèd plains.

3 Then we our praise will show
To our preserver, God;
Our songs of melody shall flow,
And spread his name abroad.

Benjamin Beddome.

438 C. M.

1 Good is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high
Pour out at his command;
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The various months thy goodness crown;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

439 C. M.

1 Let me alone another year,
In honor of thy Son,
Who doth my Advocate appear
Before thy gracious throne.

2 Thou hast vouchsafed a longer space,
And spared the barren tree,
Because for me my Saviour prays,
And pleads his death for me.

3 Time to repent thou dost bestow;
But O the pow'r impart!
And let my eyes with tears o'erflow,
And break my stubborn heart.

4 Forgiveness on my conscience seal;
Bestow thy promised rest;
With purest love thy servant fill,
And number with the blest!

Charles Wesley.

440 L. M.

1 Eternal Source of ev'ry joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With op'ning light and ev'ning shade.

3 Here in the house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known
Around thy board, around our own.

4 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

Philip Doddridge.

441 C. M.

1 Come, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord;

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' pow'r,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind:
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial Host
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

Charles Wesley.

442 C. M.

1 And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Awake, my soul! with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

3 Behold, another year begins!
Set out afresh for heav'n;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely giv'n.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Simon Browne.

443 7s.

1 See the corn again in ear,
How the fields and valleys smile!
Harvest now is drawing near
To repay the farmer's toil.

2 Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food;

In thy mercy is our hope:
We have sinned, but thou art good.

3 Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours:
He in season still affords
Kindly heat and gentle show'rs.

4 By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrowed lands;
And when harvest-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.

John Newton.

6. National Solemnities.

444 6s, 4s.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

John S. Dwight.

445 8s, 7s.

1 Dread Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliv'rance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

Thomas Cotterill.

446 L. M.

1 O righteous God, thou Judge supreme,
We tremble at thy dreadful name!
And all our crying guilt we own,
In dust and tears before thy throne.

2 Justly might this polluted land
Prove all the vengeance of thy hand;
And, bathed in heaven, thy sword might come,
To drink our blood, and seal our doom.

3 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
Whose souls are filled with pious fear?
O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they lie!

4 Behold their tears, attend their moan;
Nor turn away their secret groan:
With these we join our humble prayer,
Our nation shield, our country spare.

Philip Doddridge.

447 C. M.

1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of ev'ry clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most!

2 O guard our shores from ev'ry foe!
With peace our borders bless,
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Here may religion shed her light
On days of rest and toil;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native soil.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend!

John R. Wreford.

448 7s. D.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky.

2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;
These to thee, O God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow,
And for these our souls now raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna Laetitia Barbauld.

449 L. M.

1 Great God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dang'rous way.

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

4 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our guardian be;
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee!

Alfred A. Woodhull. (Alt.)

450 6s, 4s.

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our Fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel Francis Smith.

330

451 S. M.

1 Through all the lofty sky,
Through all th' inferior ground,
Th' Almighty Maker shines confessed,
And pours his blessings round.

2 Each year the teeming earth
With flowers and fruits is crowned;
And grass and herbs and harvests grow,
And send their joys around.

3 The world of waters yields
A rich supply of food,
And distant lands their treasures send
Upon the rolling flood.

4 To serve and bless our land
The elements conspire;
And mercies mix themselves with earth,
With ocean, air, and fire.

5 O that the sons of men
To God their songs would raise,
And celebrate his pow'r and love
In never-ceasing praise!

Thomas Gibbons.

452 7s. D.

1 Swell the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to our heav'nly King.
Blessings from his lib'ral hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.
Nathan Strong. (Alt.)

7. On a Voyage.

453 7s. D.

1 Lord, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the wat'ry way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.
Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined:
Ev'ry anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

2 Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.
Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heav'nly shore.
Charles Wesley.

454 L. M.

1 While o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord, the prosp'rous gale;
And on their hearts, where'er they go,
O let thy heav'nly breezes blow.

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond thine eye:
The wand'rer's prayer thou bend'st to hear,
And faith exults to know thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
O hide them safe in Jesus' ark;
When in the tempting port they ride,
O keep them safe at Jesus' side.

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heav'nly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

George Burgess.

455 L. M.

1 Lord of the wide, extensive main,
Whose pow'r the wind, the sea, controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heav'n sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls;

2 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

3 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine;
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thine immensity.

4 Thy wisdom here we learn t' adore;
Thine everlasting truth we prove;
Amazing heights of boundless power;
Unfathomable depths of love.

Charles Wesley.

456 C. M.

1 How are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by thy dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be:
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Joseph Addison.

PART II.

FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SECTION I.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

457 L. M.

1 SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word:
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, thou heav'nly Guest,
Delight in what thyself hast giv'n:
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heav'n.

3 Smell the sweet odor of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
And rest in thy redeeming love.

4 O let us on thy fullness feed!
And eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood
Jesus, thy blood is drink indeed,
Jesus, thy flesh is angels' food.

Charles Wesley.

458 7s. D.

1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all with one accord
Glory to our common Lord:

Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days:
Antedate the joys above;
Celebrate the feast of love,

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God.
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land;
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesus' witnesses.

3 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
We with him are crucified:
Christ hath burst the bands of death
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe:
Christ is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wishes fly;
Sits at God's right hand above;
There with him we reign in love!

Charles Wesley

459 S. M.

1 Like Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found—

2 O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode.
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe shalt thou abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And ev'ry longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

William Augustus Muhlenberg.

460 S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, [illegible]
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett.

461 C. M.

1 God of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through thee we now together came
In singleness of heart:
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind:
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jesus joined,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul;
No pow'r can make us twain;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

5 Our life is hid with Christ in God!
Our life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
On all his members here.

6 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

Charles Wesley.

462 C. M.

1 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through ev'ry bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain.

463 C. M.

1 All praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through ev'ry vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel,
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

5 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

Charles Wesley.

464 C. M.

1 Our God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee;
None who are truly born of God,
Can live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

Thomas Cotterill.

465 C. M.

1 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 ev'ry 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 pow'r,
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 one of 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.

Charles Wesley.

466 C. M

1 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 ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend 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 distill.

Isaac Watts.

467 7s. D.

1 People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found:
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest:
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Ev'ry idol I resign.

James Montgomery.

468 C. M.

1 Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 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.

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

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

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heav'n a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

Charles Wesley.

469 S. M.

1 Jesus, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely giv'n;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heav'n.

5 Present we know thou art,
But O thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let ev'ry bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

6 O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley

470

1 Witness, ye
Before th
To him we
A vow w

2 That long a
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3 We trust n
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471

1 Our souls,
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SECTION II.

PRAYER.

470 C. M.

1 Witness, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak:
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

Benjamin Beddome.

471 C. M. D.

1 Our souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.
Our hearts have burned while Jesus spoke,
And glowed with sacred fire,
He stopped, and talked, and fed, and blessed,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fixed,
With Christ to live and die.
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through;
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown in view.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heav'ns are big with rain;
We wait to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain:
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour the mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God!

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown—
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own—
May we, a little band of love,
We, sinners saved by grace,
From glory into glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

William Edward Miller.

472 11s.

1 Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to the 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 heaven,
my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children
of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love
cannot cease:
Though oft from thy presence in sadness
I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I
stay,
O give me submission, and strength as
my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I
come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

4 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy
grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of
thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at thy
throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of
home.

5 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to
shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;

And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

David Denham.

473 10s, 11s.

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

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

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

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;

And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll
cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell
why.

5 But this I do find: We two are so joined
He'll not live in glory and leave me be-
hind;
So this is the race I'm running through
grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my
Lord's face. *John Gambold.*

474 C. M.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
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 watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heav'n 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.

James Montgomery.

475 L. M.

1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress;
In ev'ry case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Joseph Hart.

476 7s.

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

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;

Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith, and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond.

477 C. M.

1 Our Father, God, who art in heav'n,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heav'n and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

2 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;

And thine the kingdom, thine the pow'r,
And glory, ever be.

Adoniram Judson.

478 C. M.

1 See, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled nere,
But O thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say:
"The Holy Ghost receive."

Charles Wesley.

479 S. M.

1 The praying spirit breathe,
The watching pow'r impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart.

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my re-cue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

Charles Wesley.

480 7s.

1 Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy:
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free:
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now!
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast helped in ev'ry need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No; I must maintain my hold:
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

John Newton

481 S. M.

1 Our heav'nly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now
Thy name be hallowed far and near;
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love.
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's pow'r,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall forever be
Glory and pow'r divine;
The scepter, throne, and majesty,
Of heav'n and earth, are thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son;
Through him we come to thee, and say,
"All for his sake be done."

James Montgomery

482 S. M.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

2 Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will;
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

5 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Charles Wesley

483 C. M.

1 My God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
The purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold! for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

Charles Wesley.

484 L. M.

1 What various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

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

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

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

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be:
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."
William Cowper.

485 L. M.

1 From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

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

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

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.
Hugh Stowell.

486 8s, 7s.

1 Saviour, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

3 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Ev'ry plant looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen.

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

487 S. M.

1 Come to the morning prayer,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;

Sweet is that shelter from the heat
When smites the sun by day.

3 At ev'ning shut thy door,
Round the home altar pray;
And finding there the house of God
With prayer thus close the day.

4 And when night veils our eyes,
O it is sweet to say,
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray."
James Montgomery.

488 L. M. D.

1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air:
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of
prayer!"

William W. Walford.

489 C. M.

1 Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day:
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The pow'r to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of ev'ry heart:
"I will not let thee go;

5 "I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee."

6 Then let me, on the mountain top,
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

Charles Wesley.

490 8s, 7s. D.

1 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love;
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted:
To my Lord my all I owe.

2 See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine;
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around;
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word;
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of ev'ry station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

Benjamin Francis.

PART III.

FOR DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

SECTION I.

THE FAMILY.

491 C. M.

1 Awake, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread
In my defenseless sleep:
Let him have all my waking hours
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As rising now, I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright Sun of righteousness, arise;
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark, bewildered soul
To everlasting day.

Philip Doddridge.

492 C. M.

1 O God, who madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this thy family,
And help us when we pray!

2 For wild the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
To view the rocky shore!

3 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.

4 Then, mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew!
And when thy sorrows visit us,
O send thy patience too!

Reginald Heber.

493 L. M.

1 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 hast kept,
And hast refreshed 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 pow'rs, 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 heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

494 L. M.

1 How do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored:
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led:
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But, lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels kee
Yea, he himself becomes my guard
He smooths my bed, and gives m
sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone!
What can the Rock of Ages move
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love!

Charles Wesley.

495 C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee I will 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 ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts.

496 S. M.

1 We lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy Orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe!

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Of Jesus' blood, like ev'ning dew,
Wash all its stains away!

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit—One in Three—
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

497 L. M.

1 All praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
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 vig'rous 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 heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

498 5s, 6s, 9s.

1 COME away to the skies My Beloved
arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born:
On this festival day, Come ex ting
away,
And with singing to Sion return

2 We have laid up our love And our t as
ure above,
Though our bodies continu below
The redeemed of our Lord, V e rem
ber his word,
And with singing to paradi go.

Charle Wesle

499 7s. 6l.

1 GENTLE stranger, fearless co e,
To our quiet, happy home:
Bud of being, beauteous flow r,
Sprung to birth this smiling hour,
While upon thy form we gaze,
Grateful thoughts to heav'n w rais

2 Saviour, from thy heav'nly th one
Smile upon this little one;
Let thy Spirit be its guide,
Let its wants be well supplied;
Cleanse it by their precious blood,
Fit it for thy high abode.

Author Unkn wn

500 7s. 6 l.

1 WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest has gone,
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay,
God recalls the gracious loan,
God hath taken him away,
From my bosom to his own:
Surely what he wills is best!
Happy in his will, I rest.

3 Faith cries out, it is the Lord!
Let him do as seems him good;
Be thy holy name adored,
Take the gift awhile bestowed;
Take the child no longer mine,
Thine he is, forever thine.

Charles Wesley.

501 7s.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

5 Let us, then, with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

Charles Wesley.

502 C. M.

1 Now from the altar of our hearts
Let warmest thanks arise:
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.

2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.

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

4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

John Mason.

503 S. M.

1 The day is past and gone,
The ev'ning 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 possessed.

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 our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest
The bosom of thy love!

John Leland.

504 L. M.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning 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.

Isaac Watts.

505 C. M.

1 Since Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage-feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding-guest!

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

John Berridge.

506 C. M.

1 Thou, Lord, hast blessed my going out,
O bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare;
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
By giving thee my heart!

Charles Wesley.

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er, never more
n thy ways depart!
give my wand'rings o'er,
thee my heart!

Cha'les Wesley.

SECTION II.

THE CLOSET.

507 C. M. D.

1 While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the pow'r of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen Maria Williams.

508 L. M.

1 My God, I now from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take:
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

2 Blest angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high;
You, joyful, hymn the Ever-blest,
Before the throne, and never rest.

3 I with your choir celestial join,
In off'ring up a hymn divine:
With you in heav'n I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

4 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Thomas Ken.

509 L. M.

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

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

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

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

5 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from thy bounteous store;
Be ev'ry 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 heav'n above.

John Keble.

510 L. M.

1 O Thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

2 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

3 Then with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

Philip Doddridge.

511 L. M.

1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

Charles Wesley.

512 C. M.

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

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished 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 ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercies shall adore.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

513 C. M.

1 Father, into thy hands alone
I have my all restored;
My all thy property I own,
The steward of the Lord.

2 Hereafter none can take away
My life, my goods, or fame;
Ready at thy command to lay
Them down I always am.

3 Confiding in thy only love,
Through Him who died for me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.

4 Determined all thy will t'obey,
Thy blessings I restore;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore.

Charles Wesley.

514 L. M. 6 l.

1 In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart!
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

Charles Wesley.

515 S M.

1 Equip me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my ev'ry thought;
My whole of sin remove:
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

4 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread:
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

5 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

Charles Wesley.

516 L. M.

1 Jesus, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear:
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Pow'rful the wounded soul to heal.

3 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh!
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone;
And grief and fear and care shall fly
As clouds before the midday sun.

4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace!"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still!"
Thy pow'r my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.

Charles Wesley.

517 C. P. M.

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from ev'ry anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design
From ev'ry creature-love!
Blessed with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

5 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

6 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

I come—thy servant, Lord, replies—
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heav'nly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

John Wesley.

518 L. M.

1 God of my life, through all my days,
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my
rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing
breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the pow'rs of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall
break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music in the skies.

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo through the heav'nly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

Philip Doddridge.

519 L. M.

1 O God, my God, my all thou art!
Ere shines the dawn of rising day
Thy sov'erign light within my heart,
Thy all-enliv'ning pow'r display.

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

4 In blessing thee with grateful songs,
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands, I'll pay.
From the Spanish. Tr by *John Wesley.*

520 C. M. D.

1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan rages still
His most successful war.
The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
William Cowper.

521 C. M.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From ev'ry cumb'ring 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 heav'n:
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv n.

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.

Phœbe Hinsdale Brown.

522 7s, 6s, 7, 8.

1 Lo! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessèd will—
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part;
Serve with careful Martha's hands
And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil:
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile;
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward:
Ev'ry work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

Charles Wesley

523 7s, 8s, 6s.

1 Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease. fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper! angels say:
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath:
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings, I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

Alexander Pope.

524

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Miscellaneous.

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1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

Refrain.

Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from ev'ry snare;
If temptations 'round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

Lydia Baxter.

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1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love!
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

Refrain.

I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams;
I love to tell the story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Kate Hankey.

526 7s. D.

1 Mary to the Saviour's tomb
Hastened at the early dawn,
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she ling'ring stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had ris'n from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make.
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

John Newton.

527

1 What wondrous love is this!
O my soul!
That caused the Lord of bliss,
To send this precious peace
To my soul.

2 When I was sinking down,
Sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown
For my soul.

3 Ye wingèd seraphs fly,
Bear the news;
Like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity
With the news.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join the praise:
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string,
In his praise.

5 To God, and to the Lamb,
I will sing:
Who is the great I AM,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing.

6 And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on·
I'll sing, and joyful be,
And through eternity
I'll sing on.

Author Unknown.

528

1 Thou my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with thee.

Refrain.

Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with thee.

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.

Refrain.

Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

Refrain.

Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee,
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord with thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

529

1 I AM thine, O Lord; I have heard thy voice,
And it told thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to thee.

Refrain.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in thine.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer and with thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

530

1 Our Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned;
But soon he'll come in glory,
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming by and by.

Refrain.

O the crowning day is coming,
Is coming by and by,
When our Lord shall come in power
And glory from on high;
O the glorious sight will gladden,
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
by and by.

2 The heavens shall glow with splendor,
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array:
The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle ev'ry eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by
and by.

3 Our pain shall then be over,
We'll sin and sigh no more;
Behind us all of sorrow,
And naught but joy before,
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming by
and by

4 Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way.
By gath'ring in the lost ones,
For whom the Lord did die;
For the crowning day is coming by
and by.

El. Nathan.

531

1 O THINK of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Refrain.

Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there;
Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there.

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
O think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from all sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

D. W. C. Huntington.

532 L. M. 61.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness:
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In ev'ry high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Edward Mote.

533

1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill the soul's request.

Refrain.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary;
There is rest for you:

On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But, in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

Samuel Young Harmer.

534 8s, 7s. D.

1 We shall sleep, but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn!
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn!
From the deepest caves of ocean,
From the desert and the plain,
From the valley and the mountain,
Countless throngs shall rise again.

Refrain.

We shall sleep, but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn!
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn!

2 When we see a precious blossom,
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom;
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flow'r we cherished so.

3 We shall sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave:
Blessèd be the Lord that taketh,
Blessèd be the Lord that gave.
In the bright eternal city
Death can never, never come!
In his own good time he'll call us,
From our rest, to home, sweet hon e.

Mary A. Kidder.

535

1 O WHAT ship is this that wil take us all home?
O glory! Hallelujal !
'Tis the old ship of Zion, H allelujah!
'Tis the old ship of Zion, Hallelujah!

2 Come along, come along, and let us go home!
O glory! Hallelujah!
Our home is over Jordan, Hallelujah!
Our home is over Jordan, Hallelujah!

3 Do you think she will be able to take us all home?
O glory! Hallelujah!
No doubt she will be able, Hallelujah!
No doubt she will be able, Hallelujah!

4 She has landed many thousands, and
can land as many more!
O glory! Hallelujah!
She has landed them in heaven, Halle-
lujah!
She has landed them in heaven, Halle-
lujah!

Author Unknown.

536

1 By faith I view my Saviour dying
On the tree, on the tree;
To ev'ry nation he is crying:
"Look to me, look to me."
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear;
Hark, hark, what precious words I hear:
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 Jesus, the Lord of life, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free:
Soon as I in his name believed,
His pard'ning grace my soul received,
And was from sin and death retrieved:
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
Ye ministers of God, declare it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free:
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad.
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Richard Jukes.

537

1 SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

Refrain.

Ev'ry day, ev'ry hour,
Let me feel thy cleansing power;
May thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

Fanny J. Crosby.

538

11s.

1 MY home is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials appear?

Be hushed, my dark spirit: the worst
that can come,
But shortens thy journey, and hastens
thee home

Refrain.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven,
my home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like
this;
I look for a city which hands have not
piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled

3 The thorn and the thistle around me
may grow,
I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever on Jesus' breast.

4 Afflictions may try me—they cannot de-
stroy;
One vision of home turns them all into
joy;
And the bitterest tears that flow from
mine eyes
But sweeten my hope of that home in
the skies.

5 Let trouble and danger my progress op-
pose,
They can only make heav'n more bright
at the close:

Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One moment in glory will make up for all.

Author Unknown.

539

1 Around the throne of God in heav'n,
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiv'n,
A holy, happy band,
Singing: "Glory, glory, glory be to God on high!"

What brought them to that world above,
That heav'n so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there,
Singing: "Glory," etc.

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," etc.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing: "Glory," etc.

Anne Shepherd Houlditch.

540

7s.

1 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

Mary Masters.

541

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

Refrain.

O come, angel band, come and around me stand,
O bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home,
O bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks
The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heav'nly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O bear my longing heart to him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory

Jefferson Hascall.

542

1 My heav'nly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain, nor death can enter there:
Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine;
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

Refrain.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more,
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high:
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heav'nly mansion stands for me.

William Hunter.

543

1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

Refrain.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!

2 Of that city, to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
O, my longing heart, my longing heart
is there;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

Mary Palmer Dana.

544

1 SAY, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore?

Refrain.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Forever, evermore!

2 By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more.

3 Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesus lives and reigns forever,
On Canaan's happy shore.

Author Unknown.

545

1 I saw a wayworn trav'ler
In tattered garments clad,
And, struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad:
His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed:
"Deliverance will come!"

Refrain.

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall wear.

2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home;
Still shouting as he journeyed:
"Deliverance will come!"

3 The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watch-word being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed:
"Deliverance will come!"

4 I saw him in the ev'ning,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:

He saw the golden city,
  His everlasting home,
And shouted loud: "Hosanna!
  Deliverance will come!"

5 While gazing on that city,
  Just o'er that narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
  Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
  Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph—
  Deliverance has come.

6 I heard the song of triumph
  They sang upon that shore,
Saying, "Jesus has redeemed us,
  To suffer never more."
Then, casting his eyes backward
  On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud: "Hosanna!
  Deliverance has come!"

John B. Matthias.

546

1 I AM coming to the cross;
  I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
  I shall full salvation find.

Refrain.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvalry;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me:
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be,
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied,
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am ev'ry whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

William McDonald.

547

1 In some way or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way,
And yet, in *his own* way,
"The Lord will provide."

2 At some time or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time,
And yet, in *his own* time
"The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer:
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook.

548

1 JESUS, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Refrain.

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

Fanny J. Crosby.

549

1 O SOMETIMES the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.

Refrain

O then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I;
O then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

2 O sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessèd shadow, how sweet!

3 O near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

E. Johnson.

550

1 I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed for hame-bringing an' my Father's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see
The gowden gates of heaven an' my ain countrie.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony
tinted, fresh, and gay;
The birdies warble blithely, for my Fa-
ther made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will as
naething be to me
When I hear the angels singing in my
ain countrie.

2 I've his gude word of promise, that some
gladsome day the King,
To his ain royal palace his banished
hame will bring;
Wi' een, an' wi' hearts running owre we
shall see
The King in his beauty, in our ain
countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows
hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be
remembered mair;
For his bluid hath made me white, an'
his hand shall dry mine ee,
When he brings me hame at last to my
ain countrie.

3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie
to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Sav-
iour's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom witless,
worthless lambs like me,
An' he carries them himsel', to his ain
countrie.

He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll
surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour
I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready
aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain
countrie.

4 So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my
hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side
the gowden gate,
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens
noo to me,
That we may a'gang in gladness to our
ain countrie.
I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary
aftenwhiles,
For the langed for hame-bring'ng, an'
my Father's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do
see,
The gowden gates of heaven, an' my
ain countrie

Mary Lee Demarest.

551

1 The mistakes of my life have been many,
But the sins of my heart have been
more;
And I scarcely can see for my weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door.

Refrain.

I know I am sinful and unworthy,
And now I feel it more and more,
But Jesus invites me to come in, come in;
I will enter the open door.

2 I am lowest of those who would love him;
I am weakest of those who would pray,
But I come to him as he has bidden,
And I know he'll not say me nay.

3 My mistakes his free grace now will cover,
And my sins he will wash all away;
And the feet that now stumble and falter,
Soon may enter the gate of day

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is weary with sin;
Though I scarcely can see for my weeping,
Yet the Saviour will let me in.

Urania Locke Bailey

552

1 How lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.

Refrain.

There's a balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole,
There's power enough in Jesus
To cure a sin-sick soul.

2 Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous pow'r to save.

3 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin,
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within.

4 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.

6 Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

John Newton.

553

1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Refrain.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know:
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessèd Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow:
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait:
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st No:
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

James Nicholson.

554

1 THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

Refrain.

In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the ble-t,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days

S. Fillmore Bennett.

555

1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing
Thou art scatt'ring full and free,
Showers, the thirsty and refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me.
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Sav our,
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor.
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me.
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of pow'r to me.
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless—
Magnify them all in me.
Even me.

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me.
Even me.

Elizabeth Codner.

556

1 I NEED thee ev'ry hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

Refrain.

I need thee, O need thee;
Ev'ry hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Sav'our!
I come to thee.

2 I need thee ev'ry hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their pow'r
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee ev'ry hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee ev'ry hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need thee ev'ry hour,
Most holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.

Annie Sherwood Hawks.

557

1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry:
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Refrain.

Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heav'n but thee?

Fannie J. Crosby.

558

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer.
"This of mine
His wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"

"They were shed for one who had gone
astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him
back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent
and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a
thorn."

5 But all through the mountains, thunder-
riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heav'n:
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the
throne:
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back his
own!"

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

559

1 SAY, where is thy refuge, my brother,
And what is thy prospect to-day?
Why toil for the wealth that will perish?
The treasures that rust and decay?
O think of thy soul, that forever
Must live on eternity's shore,
When thou in the dust art forgotten,
When pleasures can charm thee no
more.

Refrain.

'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful
the cost,
To gain the whole world, if thy soul
should be lost!

2 The master is calling thee, brother,
In tones of compassion and love,
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,
And lay up thy treasures above:
O kneel at thy cross where he suffered,
To ransom thy soul from the grave;
The arm of his mercy will hold thee,
The arm that is mighty to save.

3 The summer is waning, my brother,
Repent, ere the season is past:
God's goodness to thee is extended,
As long as the day-beam shall last:
Then slight not the warning repeated
With all the bright moments that roll,
Nor say, when the harvest is ended,
That no one hath cared for thy soul.

Fannie J. Crosby.

560

1 JESUS, gracious One, calleth now to thee,
"Come, O sinner, come!".
Calls so tenderly, calls so lovingly,
"Now, O sinner, come."
Words of peace and blessing,
Christ's own love confessing.

Refrain.

Hear the sweet voice of Jesus,
Full, full of love;
Calling tenderly, calling lovingly,
"Come, O sinner, come."

2 Still he waits for thee, pleading patiently,
"Come, O come to me!"

"Heavy-laden one, I thy grief have borne,
Come and rest in me."
Words with love o'erflowing,
Life and bliss bestowing.

3 Weary, sin sick soul, called so graciously,
Canst thou dare refuse?
Mercy offered thee, freely, tenderly,
Wilt thou still abuse?
Come, for time is flying,
Haste, thy lamp is dying.

Mrs. S. A. Collins.

561

1 SWEETLY, Lord, have we heard thee calling,
Come, follow me!
And we see where thy foot-prints falling,
Lead us to thee.

Refrain.

Foot-prints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow;
We will follow the steps of Jesus where'er they go.

2 Though they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains,
Seeking his sheep;
Or along by Siloam's fountains,
Helping the weak.

3 If they lead through the temple holy,
Preaching the word;
Or 'n homes of the poor and lowly,
Serving the Lord.

[illegible] dear Lord, in thy pathway
keeping,
We follow thee,
Through the gloom of that place of weeping,
Gethsemane;

5 If the way and its sorrows bearing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing
Our cross of pain—

6 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heav'n's golden streets.

7 Then at last, when on high he sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at his throne.

Mary B. C. Slade.

562

1 We praise thee, O God, for the Son of
thy love;
For Jesus who died, and is now gone
above.

Refrain.

Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and hath cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

William Paton Mackay.

563

1 Are you staying, safely staying
In the tender Shepherd's peaceful fold?
No, I'm straying, sadly straying,
On the lonely mountains, dark and cold.

Refrain.

On your ear his loving tones are falling,
For he seeks you, wheresoe'er you roam.
Hear him calling, sweetly calling,
As he bids his wand'ring sheep come home.

2 Are you hearing, gladly hearing,
How he bids his folded flock rejoice?
No, I'm fearing, sadly fearing,
I have followed far the stranger's voice.

3 Are you roaming, longer roaming,
In the cold, dark night of doubt and sin?
No, I'm coming, quickly coming!
Open door, make haste to let me in.

Mary B. C. Slade.

564 C. M. D.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thy weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light:
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all the day be bright!"

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

565

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly!
Those hours of toil and danger.

Refrain.

For O we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let ev'ry lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
Forever, O forever!

David Nelson.

566

1 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown,
Till the light of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of heav'n are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Frances Laughton Mace.

567

1 When shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
  Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
  Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
  Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
  Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
  Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
  Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
  Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
  Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
  Never—no, never!

Alaric Alexander Watts, &
Samuel Francis Smith.

568

1 Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,
  Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as we come:
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."

Soon with our pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits we go:
Pilgrims and strangers no more shall we
roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed
on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the
shore;
Singing, to cheer us through death's
chilling gloom:
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,
Harps of the blessèd, your voices we
hear;
Rings with the harmony heaven's high
dome:
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."

3 Death with his weapon may soon lay us
low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the
blow,
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home:
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his scepter be
gone;
Over the plains of blest Canaan we'll
roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, with Christ at home.

William Hunter.

569 S. M. D.

1 I was a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wand'ring one.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wand'ring sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold;
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wand'ring sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heav'nly Father's voice;
I love, I love his home.

Horatius Bonar.

570 S. M. D.

1 "ALL things are ready," come,
Come to the supper spread;
Come, rich and poor, come, old and young,
Come, and be richly fed.
"All things are ready," come,
The invitation's giv'n,
Through him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heav'n.

2 "All things are ready," come,
The door is open wide;
O feast upon the love of God,
For Christ, his Son, has died.
"All things are ready," come,
To-morrow may not be;
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee.

Albert Midlane.

571

1 TOGETHER let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Together let us sweetly die,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

Refrain.

O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
O Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2 If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

3 Part of my friends the prize have won,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
And I'm resolved to follow on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

4 Then come with me, belovèd friend,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
While higher still our joys shall rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

John Newland Mapit.

572

1 It may be far, it may be near;
There is a hope, there is a fear;
But in the future, waiting, I
Shall Jesus see, yes, by and by.

Refrain.

By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by;
But in the future, waiting, I
Shall Jesus see, yes, by and by.

2 Impatient soul, and murm'ring heart,
Thy murm'ring cease and bear thy part
Of pain and labor on life's road,
For soon 'twill lead thee to thy God,

Refrain.

By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by;
There's pain and labor on life's road,
But soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.

3 Yes "by and by" will soon be now
And God shall wipe each tear-stained brow;
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne;
To living fountains lead his own.

Refrain.

By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by;
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne:
To living fountains lead his own.

4 O verdant fields! O shining shore!
The Lamb of God spreads wide the door;
Ah, golden city, surely I
Shall see thy glories by and by.

Refrain.

By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by;
Ah, golden city! surely I
Shall see thy glories "by and by."

Author Unknown.

573

1 The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From 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 heav'n!

Henry Hart Milman.

574

1 LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

Refrain.

Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Saviour!
Is sufficient for me,
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 O that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,
Yes, my name's written there.

Mary A. Kidder.

575

1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen his kind looks when he said:
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiv'n;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

Jemima Luke.

576 7s, 6s. D.

1 WORK for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work mid springing flowers;

Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

2 Work for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work for the night is coming
When man works no more.

3 Work for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing;
Work for daylight flies:
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning
When man's work is o'er.

Annie L. Walker.

577

1 We're trav'ling home to heav'n above,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?

In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conq'ror's palms our hands shall
bear,
And all the joys of heav'n we'll share,
Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heav'nly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heav'nly arches ring,
Will you go?

4 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
Thy troubled conscience he'll relieve,
Come, believe.

5 The way to heav'n is straight and plain,
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee.
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,
Come to me."

6 O could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go,
I'll start this moment on my way,
Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
With Jesus Christ I mean to dwell,
Let me go! fare you well!"
Richard Jukes.

578 7s, 6s.

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

2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er;
And, if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give;
And all his valiant soldiers
Shall ever with him live.

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

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heav'nly armor
Of faith and hope and love;
And when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

John Leland.

579

1 We speak of the land of the blest,
A country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?

Refrain.

To be there, to be there,
O what must it be to be there?
To be there, to be there,
O what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessèd above,
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

5 Do thou, Lord, mid-t pleasure or woe,
For heav'n our spirits prepare,
Then shortly we also shall *know*,
And *feel* what it is to be there!

Elizabeth Mills.

580

1 There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

Refrain.

O depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of ev'ry tribe and nation.

3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven.

Lydia Baxter.

581

1 I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on that glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 O that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams
Its bright jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The king of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crown in his hands.

4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again!

Ellen Huntington Gates.

582

1 I HAVE read of a beautiful city,
Far away in the kingdom of God;
I have read how its walls are of jasper,
How its streets are all golden and broad;

In the midst of the street is life's river,
Clear as crystal and pure to behold;
But not half of that city's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

Refrain.

Not half has ever been told;
Not half has ever been told;
Not half has of that city's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

2 I have read of bright mansions in heaven,
Which the Saviour has gone to prepare;
And the saints who on earth have been faithful,
Rest forever with Christ over there;
There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow,
The inhabitants never grow old;
But not half of the wonderful story
To mortals has ever been told.

3 I have read of white robes for the righteous,
Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
When our Father shall bid them "Come, enter,
And my glory eternally share;"
How the righteous are evermore blessèd
As they walk through the streets of pure gold;
But not half of the wonderful story
To mortals has ever been told.

4 I have read of a Christ so forgiving,
That vile sinners may ask and receive
Peace and pardon for every transgression,
If, when asking, they only believe.
I have read how he'll guide and protect us,
If for safety we enter his fold;
But not half of his goodness and mercy
To mortals has ever been told.

John Burch Atchison.

583

1 Peyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

Refrain.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.

Horatius Bonar.

584

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee:
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven.

585

1 MASTER, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh;
"Carest thou not that we perish?"
How can'st thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threat-
'ning
A grave in the angry deep?

Refrain.

"The winds and the waves shall obey
my will,
Peace, be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm tossed
sea,
Or demons or men or whatever it be,
No water can swallow the ship where
lies
The Master of ocean and earth and skies:
They all shall sweetly obey my will;
Peace, be still! peace, be still!"

2 Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart troubled;
O waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul!
And I perish, I perish, dear Master!
O hasten, and take control!

3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;

Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast:
Linger, O blessèd Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore.

Mary A. Baker.

586

1 Fade, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine;
Break ev'ry tender tie,
Jesus is mine;
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine;
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine;
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

Jane Catherine Bonar.

587

1 I was once far away from the Saviour,
And as vile as a sinner could be;
I wondered if Christ, the Redeemer,
Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see,
And the thought filled my heart with
sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me

3 And then, in that dark, lonely hour,
A voice whispered sweetly to me,
Saying: "Christ, the Redeemer, has pow-
er,
To save a poor sinner like me."

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried: "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like
me."

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And O what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a poor sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

Charles J. Butler.

588

1 BLESSÈD assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

Refrain.

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Fanny J. Crosby.

589

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;

Go with pure mind and feeling,
Put earthly thoughts away,
And in God's presence kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition,
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit lifts above,
Will reach his throne in glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The privilege thus giv'n us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Then when thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And turn thee, in thy gladness,
To him who gave thee all.

Jane Cross Simpson.

590 C. M.

1 Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear:

Speak gently, let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

2 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of time are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones;
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O win them back again!

5 Speak gently; 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

G. W. Langford.

591

1 He leadeth me! O blessèd thought!
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

Refrain.

He leadeth me, leadeth me,
He leadeth me;
By his own hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes, mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes, where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine:
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me!

Joseph Henry Gilmore.

592 8s, 7s, & 4.

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee!
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home!—'tis sure I love thee!
Can I, can I say "Farewell?"
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me!
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessèd Saviour –
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Samuel Francis Smith

593

1 I HEAR thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to thee:
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Chorus.

I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and heav'n above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the pow'r of sin,

5 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness!

Lewis Hartsough.

594

1 Up to the bountiful Giver of life,
Gathering home! gathering home!
Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife,
The dear ones are gathering home.

Refrain.

Gathering home! gathering home!
Never to sorrow more, never to roam,
Gathering home! gathering home!
God's children are gathering home.

2 Up to the city where falleth no night,—
Gathering home! gathering home!
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light,
The dear ones are gathering home.

3 Up to the beautiful mansions above,
Gathering home! gathering home!
Safe in the arms of his infinite love,
The dear ones are gathering home.
Marianna B. Slade

595

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

Refrain.

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

2 God be with you till we meet again,
Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

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

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.
J. E. Rankin.

596

1 HARK! the voice of Jesus crying:
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying:
"Here am I; send me, send me?"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thou-ands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in his sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus
You can say he died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms.
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heav'n,
Off'ring life and peace to all—
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heav'n demands:
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

5 If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand
Will be found among your jewels
When you reach the better land

6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth:
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

597

1 THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
O the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

Refrain.

Going by, going by;
O the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

2 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by.
O the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by.
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

598

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus.

Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the
shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's
chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor
ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for
the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit
often grieves,
When our weeping's over, he will bid
us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

599

1 Go bury thy sorrow,
The world has its share:
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly,
When curtained by night;
Go tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief;
Go gather the sunshine
He sheds on the way;
He'll lighten thy burden,
Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing a weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go cómfort them, go;
Go, bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go, give them the sunshine—
Tell Jesus the rest.

600

1 Rejoice and be glad!
The Redeemer has come!
Go look on his cradle, his cross, and his tomb.

Chorus.

Sound his praises, tell the story
Of him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad!
It is sunshine at last!
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

3 Rejoice and be glad!
For the blood hath been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad!
Now the pardon is free!
The just for the unjust has died on the tree.

5 Rejoice and be glad!
For the Lamb that was slain
D'er death is triumphant and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad!
For our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad!
For he cometh again;
He cometh in glory, the lamb that was slain.

Chorus.

Sound his praises, the story,
Of him who was slain.
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He cometh again.

601

1 O WHAT shall I do to be saved?
The gathering storm I behold,
Exposed to the wrath of my God;
Is there no sheltering fold?
Is there no sheltering fold?

Chorus.

"I am the door; by Me if any man enter in,
He shall be saved, he shall be saved;"
"I am the door; by me if any man enter in,
He shall be saved."

2 O what shall I do to be saved?
No light, no hope can I see,
No help in myself can I find;

Is there no mercy for me?
Is there no mercy for me?

3 O what shall I do to be saved?
So vile, so burdened with sin,
O how to the fold may I come?
How may I enter therein?
How may I enter therein?

4 I enter the wide open door,
In Christ I *now* have believed;
I'm cleansed from my sins by his blood;
I trust, and *now* I am saved,
I trust, and *now* I am saved.

602

1 ARE you coming home, ye wand'rers,
Whom Jesus died to win,
All foot-sore, lame, and weary,
Your garments stained with sin;
Will you seek the blood of Jesus
To wash your garments white;
Will you trust his precious promise,
Are you coming home to-night?

Chorus.

Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to Jesus,
Out of darkness into light?
Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to-night?
To your loving heav'nly Father,
Are you coming home to-night?

2 Are you coming home, ye lost ones?
Behold your Lord doth wait;

Come, then, no longer linger,
Come, ere it be too late;
Will you come and let him save you?
O trust his love and might;
Will you come while he is calling?
Are you coming home to-night?

3 Are you coming home, ye guilty,
Who bear the load of sin?
Outside you've long been standing,
Come, now, and venture in;
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,
And dare to trust him quite;
"Come unto me," saith Jesus;
Are you coming home to-night?

603

1 NOTHING, either great or small—
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus died and paid it all,
Long, long ago.

Chorus.

"It is finished!" yes, indeed,
Finished every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need,
Tell me, is it not?

2 When he, from his lofty throne,
Stooped to do and die,
Every thing was fully done;
Harken to his cry!

3 Weary, working, burdened one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done
Long, long ago.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
By a simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing—
"Doing" ends in death.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down—
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
Graciously complete.

604

1 WHY do you wait, dear brother,
O why do you tarry so long?
Your Saviour is waiting to give you
A place in his sanctified throng.

Chorus.

Why not? why not?
Why not come to him now?
Why not? why not?
Why not come to him now?

2 What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus,
There's no other way but his way.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?
O why not accept his salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin.

4 Why do you wait, dear brother,
The harvest is passing away,
Your Saviour is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay.

605

1 When he cometh, when he cometh
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

Chorus.

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for his crown.

2 He will gather, he will gather
The gems for his kingdom:
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

606 L. M. 6 l.

1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along,
These wondrous gath'rings day by day,
What means this strange commotion, pray?
In accents hushed the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

2 Who is this Jesus? why should he
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has he skill
To charm the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

3 Jesus! 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe,
And burdened ones where'er he came
Brought out their sick and deaf and lame
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

4 Again he comes! from place to place
His holy footsteps we can trace;
He pauses at our threshold— nay
He enters, condescends to stay;
Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come;
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wand'rers from a father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace!
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

6 But if you still his call refuse
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn;
"Too late, too late!" will be your cry:
Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*

607

1 I've reach'd the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

Chorus.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on the highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home for evermore.

2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with his hand,
For this is heav'n's border land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees,
And flow'rs that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of heav'n's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.

608

1 When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Chorus.

It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—O the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to his cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.

609

1 Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Re-enforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

Chorus.

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to heaven:
"By thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling
Courage almost gone.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over ev'ry foe.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

610

1 I AM SO glad that our Father in heav'n
Tells of his love in the book he has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see:
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

Chorus.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget him and wander away,
Still he doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 O if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great king,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"O what a wonder that Jesus loves me."

611

1 In thy cleft, O Rock of Ages,
Hide thou me;
When the fitful tempest rages,
Hide thou me;
Where no mortal arm can sever
From my heart thy love forever,
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in thee.

2 From the snare of sinful pleasure,
Hide thou me;
Thou my soul's eternal treasure,
Hide thou me;
When the world its pow'r is wielding,
And my heart is almost yielding,
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in thee.

3 In the lonely night of sorrow,
Hide thou me;
Till in glory dawns the morrow,
Hide thou me;
In the sight of Jordan's billow,
Let thy bosom be my pillow,
Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages,
Safe in thee.

612

1 Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand!
See o'er the foaming billows fair haven's land,
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.

Chorus.

Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar;
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no more!
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.

2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;
Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore,

613

1 "Go work in my vineyard;" there's plenty to do,
The harvest is great, and the lab'rers are few;

There's weeding and fencing and clearing of roots,
And plowing and sowing and gath'ring the fruits;
There are foxes to take, there are wolves to destroy:
All ages and ranks I can fully employ;
I've sheep to be tended, and lambs to be fed;
The lost must be gathered, the weary ones led.

Chorus.

Go work, go work, go work in my vineyard;
There's plenty to do;
Go work, go work. The harvest is great,
And the lab'rers are few.

2 "Go work in my vineyard;" I claim thee as mine;
With blood did I buy thee, and all that is thine—
Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest pow'rs,
Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours.
I willingly yielded my kingdom for thee,
The songs of archangels—to hang on the tree,
In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,
I paid thy full ransom: my purchase I claim.

3 "Go work in my vineyard:" O work
while 'tis day!
The bright hours of sunshine are hast-
'ning away,
And night's gloomy shadows are gath-
ering fast;
Then the time for our labor shall ever
be past.
Begin in the morning and toil all the day;
Thy strength I'll supply, and thy wages
I'll pay;
And blessèd, thrice blessèd the diligent
few
Who'll finish the labor I've given them
to do.

614

1 Down life's dark vale we wan ler
Till Jesus comes;
We watch and wait and wonder,
Till Jesus comes.

Chorus.

All joy his loved ones bringing,
When Jesus comes;
All praise through heaven ringing,
When Jesus comes;
All beauty bright and vernal,
When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal,
When Jesus comes.

2 O let my lamp be burning
When Jesus comes;
For him my soul be yearning,
When Jesus comes.

3 No more heart-pang- nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes.

4 All doubts and fears will vanish
When Jesus comes;
All gloom his face will banish,
When Jesus comes.

5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
O how his arms will rest me,
When Jesus comes.

615

1 WHAT can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Refrain.

O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know:
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my cleansing this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my pardon this my plea.
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

5 Now by this I'll overcome,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Now by this I'll reach my home,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

6 Glory! glory! thus I sing,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
All my praise for this I bring,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

616

1 O WHAT shall I do to be saved
From the sorrows that burden my soul;
Like the waves in the storm
When the winds are at war,
Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll.
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O what shall I do to be saved?

4 O what shall I do to be saved,
When the pleasures of youth are all
fled?
And the friends I have loved,
From the earth are removed,
And I weep o'er the graves of the
dead—

What shall I do? what shall I do?
O what shall I do to be saved?

3 O what shall I do to be saved?
When sickness my strength shall subdue?
Or the world in a day,
Like a cloud roll away,
And eternity opens to view?
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O what shall I do to be saved?

4 O Lord, look in mercy on me,
Come, O come and speak peace to my soul;
Unto whom shall I flee,
Dearest Lord, but to thee?
Thou canst make my poor, broken heart whole;
That will I do! that will I do!
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

617

1 Simply trusting ev'ry day
Trusting [illegible] my way;
[illegible] when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Chorus.

Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;

While he leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past:
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

618

1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong;
They are weak, but he is strong.

Chorus.

Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so!

2 Jesus, from his throne on high,
Came into this world to die;
That I might from sin be free,
Bled and died upon the tree.

3 Jesus loves me!—he who died
Heaven's gate to open wide!
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.

4 Jesus, take this heart of mine;
Make it pure and wholly thine;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for thee.

619

1 When Jesus comes to reward his servants,
Whether it be noon or night,
Faithful to him will he find us watching,
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?

Refrain.

O can we say we are ready, brother?
Ready for the soul's bright home?
Say will he find you and me still watching?
Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

2 If at the dawn of the early morning,
He shall call us one by one,
When to the Lord we restore our talents,
Will he answer thee: "Well done?"

3 Have we been true to the trust he left us?
Do we seek to do our best?
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
We shall have a glorious rest.

4 Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching,
In his glory they shall share;
If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,
Will he find us watching there?

620

1 Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Chorus.

Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

621

1 When Jesus laid his crown aside,
He came to save me;
When on the cross he bled and died,
He came to save me.

Chorus.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad that Jesus came,
And grace is free;
I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad that Jesus came;
He came to save me.

2 In my poor heart he deigns to dwell,
He came to save me;
O praise his name, I know it well,
He came to save me.

3 With gentle hands he leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me;
To him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

622

1 Will you come? will you come with your
poor, broken heart?
Burdened and sin-oppressed?
Lay it down at the feet of your Saviour
and Lord.

Refrain.

Jesus will give,
O, happy rest, sweet happy rest!
Jesus will give you rest, happy rest.
O why won't you come in simple, trusting faith?
Jesus will give you rest.

2 Will you come? will you come? there is mercy for you,
Balm for your aching breast!
Only come as you are, and believe on his name.

3 Will you come? will you come? you have nothing to pay.
Jesus, who loves best,
By his death on the cross purchased life for your soul.

4 Will you come? will you come? how he pleads for you now!
Fly to his loving breast,
And whatever your sin or your sorrow may be.

623

1 How oft in holy converse,
With Christ my Lord alone,
I seem to hear the millions
That sing around his throne.

Chorus.

Hallelujah, Amen! Hallelujah, Amen!
Hallelujah, Amen! Amen! Amen!

2 They passed through toils and trials,
And though the strife was long,
They share the victor's conquest,
And sing the victor's song.

3 My soul takes up the chorus,
And pressing on my way,
Communing still with Jesus,
I sing from day to day.

4 Through grace I soon shall conquer,
And reach my home on high,
And through eternal ages,
I'll shout beyond the sky.

5 One day as I was walking
Along the heav'nly road,
My Saviour spoke unto me,
And filled my heart with love.

6 He chose me for his watchman,
To blow the trump of God,
And if the Lord will help me,
I'll blow wherever I go.

7 Sometimes I am discouraged,
And think my work in vain;
But the Holy Spirit,
Revives my soul again.

624

1 O COME, all ye scattered race,
And the Saviour's love embrace,
You may see his smiling face, yet with care;
He is on the giving hand,
Will you come at his command?
And will you with the angels stand, over there?

Chorus.

Over there, over there,
There's a land of pure delight, over there;
We will lay our burden down,
And at Jesus' side sit down,
And we'll wear a starry crown, over there.

2 We are going through this land,
As a missionary band,
To lead sinners by the hand, to Christ's care;
That salvation he may give,
And they may turn to him and live,
In that pretty world of light, over there.

3 O consider our stand,
When he took us by the hand,
From the dreadful bar of sand, to his care;
And he placed us on the Rock,
And he owns us for his flock,
And we are marching to his fold, over there.

4 Yes he went to Calvary,
And they nailed him to the tree,
That poor sinners such as we, he might spare
From the bitter pangs of death.
He did with his dying breath
Seal an everlasting rest. over there.

5 By the Saviour's loving hand,
Gospel flows from land to land,
Through the missionary band, in his care;
And they feel the precious truth,
While the harvest is so great,
And new joys he will create, over there.

6 God has placed us in the field,
To the foe we will not yield,
On our tower we will stand, in repair;
Wave salvation's banner high,
Hold it up until we die,
And go home to live with God, over there.

625

1 Give me the wings of faith to rise,
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Chorus.

Many are the friends who are waiting to-day,
Happy on the golden strand,
Many are the voices calling us away,
To join their glorious band:
Calling us away, calling us away,
Calling to the better land;
Calling us away, calling us away,
Calling to a better land.

2 Once they were mourners here below.
And poured out cries and tears;

They wrest.ed hard, as we do now
With sins and doubts and fears

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

626

1 On the m.ountain of vision, what a glory
we behold;
A hundred years of victory are tingeing
earth with gold;
Ar.d the glorious time is coming which
the prophets long foretold;
The truth is marching on.

Chorus.

G.ory, glo.y, hallelujah, etc.

2 For the glory of the Master, Wesley
taught beyond the sea,
And preached the great salvation which
delivers you and me;
And a million voices shout it, "Redemp-
tion full and free,"
S.lvation's rolling on.

3 From the cabin on the prairie, from the
vaulted city dome,
From the dark and briny ocean, where
our sailor brothers roam,
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy
harvest home,
Salvation's rolling on.

4 A hundred years of marching, and a
hundred years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time
will not be long
When he shall claim the heathen, and
overthrow the wrong.
Our God is marching on.

5 And when the war is over, with the
saints for evermore,
On the blissful heights of glory, we will
shout the battle o'er;
And in the golden city, we will join the
Conqueror,
Forever marching on.

627

1 Down at the cross where the Saviour
died,
Down, where for cleansing from sin I
cried;
There to my heart was the blood ap-
plied,
Glory to his name.

Chorus.

Glory to his name, glory to his name,
There to my heart was the blood ap-
plied;
Glory to his name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within;
There at the cross where he took me in,
Glory to his name.

3 O precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to his name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Plung in to-day, and be made complete,
Glory to his name.

628

1 At the feast of Belshazzar and a thousand of his lords,
While they drank from golden vessels, as the Book of Truth records;
In the night, as they reveled in the royal palace hall,
They were seized with consternation –
'twas the Hand upon the wall.

Chorus.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall:
'Tis the hand of God on the wall:
Shall the record be "Found wanting,"
Or shall it be "Found trusting,"
While that hand is writing on the wall?

2 See the brave captive, Daniel, as he stood before the throng,
And rebuked the haughty monarch for his mighty deeds of wrong;
As he read out the writing—'twas the doom of one and all,
For the kingdom now was finished—
said the Hand upon the wall.

3 See the faith, zeal, and courage, what would dare to do the right,
Which the Spirit gave to Daniel—this the secret of his might.
In his home in Judea, or a captive in the hall,
He understood the writing of his God upon the wall.

4 So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand that's writing now;
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus—to his royal mandates bow;
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,
When the sinner's condemnation will be written on the wall.

623

1 Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus.
Are you grieving over joys departed?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

Chorus.

Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
He is a Friend that's well known;
You have no other such a friend or brother,
Tell it to Jesus alone.

2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;

Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

3 Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 Are you troubled at the thought of dying?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

630

1 On the happy golden shore
Where the faithful part no more,
When the storms of life are o'er
Meet me there;
When the night dissolves away into pure and perfect day
I am going home to stay,
Meet me there.

Chorus.

Meet me there, meet me there,
Where the tree of life is blooming
Meet me there;
When the storms of life are o'er,
On the happy golden shore
Where the faithful part no more
Meet me there.

2 Here our fondest hopes are vain;
Dearest links are rent in twain;
But in heav'n no throb of pain,
Meet me there;
By the river sparkling bright,
In the city of delight,
Where our faith is lost in sight,
Meet me there.

3 Where the harps of angels ring,
And the blest forever sing
In the palace of the King,
Meet me there;
Where in sweet communion blend
Heart with heart and friend with friend,
In a world that ne'er shall end,
Meet me there.

631 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all bles-ings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

632 L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, by all in heav'n.

Isaac Watts.

633 C. M.

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.

Isaac Watts.

534 C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

635 S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

Isaac Watts.

636 S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

637 8s, 7s. D.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heav'nly 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.

Robert Hawker.

638 8s, 7s. D.

May the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton.

639 7s.

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley.

640 8s, 7s, & 4.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee!
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

William Goode.

641 7s, 6s, & 8.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join with the celestial host,
Who praise thee evermore!
Live by earth and heaven adored,
The Three in One, the One in Three;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

Charles Wesley.

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THE RITUAL, THE GENERAL RULES,

AND

ARTICLES OF RELIGION

OF THE

C M. E. CHURCH IN AMERICA.

THE RITUAL.

SECTION I.

The Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper.

The elder shall read one or more of these sentences, during the reading of which the stewards shall take up the collection for the poor:

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Matt. v. 16.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. Matt. vi. 19, 20.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets. Matt. vii. 12.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Matt. vii. 21.

Zaccheus stood, and said unto the Lord, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold. Luke xix. 8.

He which soweth sparingly shall reap also ringly; and he which soweth bountifully ll reap also bountifully. Every man as he poseth in his heart, so let him give; not dgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth heerful giver. 2 Cor. ix. 6, 7.

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do d unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith. Gal. vi. 10.

Godliness with contentment is great gain; for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. 1 Tim. vi. 6, 7.

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life. 1 Tim. vi. 17, 18, 19,

God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have showed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister. Heb. vi. 10.

To do good, and to communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. Heb. xiii. 16.

Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his

SECTION I.

THE RITUAL.

C. M. E. CHURCH IN AMERICA.

OF THE

ARTICLES OF RELIGION

AND

THE RITUAL, THE GENERAL RULES,

your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways, draw near with faith, and take this holy sacrament to your comfort, and make your humble confession to Almighty God, meekly kneeling upon your knees.

Then shall this general confession be made by the minister, in the name of all those who are minded to receive the holy communion, both he and all the people kneeling humbly upon their knees and saying,

Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men, we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, which we from time to time most grievously have committed, by thought, word, and deed, against thy Divine Majesty, provoking most justly thy wrath and indignation against us. We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings: the remembrance of them is grievous unto us. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father: for thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake forgive us all that is past, and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please thee in newness of life, to the honor and glory of thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the elder say,

O Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who of thy great mercy hast promised forgiveness of sins to all them that with hearty repentance and true faith turn to thee: have mercy upon us; pardon and deliver us from all our sins, confirm and strengthen us in all goodness, and bring us to everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The Collect.

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid: cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name, through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the elder say,

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, holy Father, almighty, everlasting God.

Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord most high. *Amen.*

Then shall the elder say,

We do not presume to come to this thy table, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness, but in thy manifold and great mercies. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table. But thou art the same Lord, whose property is always to have mercy: Grant us, therefore, gracious Lord, so to eat the flesh of thy dear Son Jesus Christ, and to drink his blood, that our sinful souls and bodies may be made clean by his death, and washed through his most precious blood, and that we may evermore dwell in him, and he in us. *Amen.*

***Then** the elder shall say the prayer of consecration, as followeth:*

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who of thy tender mercy didst give thine only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the cross for

our redemption; who made there (by his oblation of himself once offered) a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world; and did institute, and in his holy Gospel command us to continue, a perpetual memory of that his precious death until his coming again: hear us, O merciful Father, we most humbly beseech thee, and grant that we, receiving these thy creatures of bread and wine, according to thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ's holy institution, in remembrance of his death and passion, may be partakers of his most blessed body and blood: who in the same night that he was betrayed took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, saying, Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you: do this in remembrance of me. Likewise after supper he took the cup; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of this; for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins: do this, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of me. *Amen.*

Then shall the minister first receive the communion in both kinds himself, and then proceed to deliver the same to the other ministers in like manner, if any be present. Then shall he say the Lord's Prayer, the people still kneeling and repeating after him every petition.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. *Amen.*

Then a hymn may be sung, and the communicants shall be invited to the table. The minister shall deliver both kinds to the people into their hands. When he delivereth the bread he shall say,

The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for *thee*, preserve *thy soul* and *body* unto everlasting life. Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for *thee*, and feed on him in *thy heart* by faith with thanksgiving.

And the minister that delivereth the cup shall say,

The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for *thee*, preserve *thy soul* and *body* unto everlasting life. Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for *thee*, and be thankful.

When all have communicated, the minister shall return to the Lord's table, and place upon it what remaineth of the consecrated elements, covering the same with a fair linen cloth.

The minister may then say as followeth:

O Lord and Heavenly Father, we thy humble servants desire thy fatherly goodness mercifully to accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, most humbly beseeching thee to grant that, by the merits and death of thy Son Jesus Christ, and through faith in his blood, we and thy whole Church may obtain remission of our sins, and all other benefits of his passion. And here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto thee; humbly beseeching thee that all we who are partakers of this holy communion may be filled with thy grace and heavenly benediction. And although we be unworthy, through our manifold sins, to offer unto thee any sacrifice, yet we beseech thee to accept this our bounden duty and service;

not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offenses, through Jesus Christ our Lord: by whom, and with whom, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory be unto thee, O Father Almighty, world without end. *Amen.*

Then may be said,

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ: O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sitteth at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy: thou only art the Lord: thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. *Amen.*

Then the elder, if he see it expedient, may put up an extemporaneous prayer; and afterward shall let the people depart with this blessing:

May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be among you, and remain with you always. *Amen.*

If the elder be straitened for time, he may omit any part of the service except the prayer of consecration.

If the consecrated bread or wine be all spent before all have communicated, the elder may consecrate more, by repeating the prayer of consecration.

Let those who have scruples concerning the receiving of the communion kneeling, be permitted to receive it either standing or sitting; but no person shall be admitted to the Lord's Supper among us who is guilty of any practice for which we would exclude a member of our Church.

SECTION II.

The Ministration of Baptism to Infants.

The minister, coming to the font, which is to be filled with pure water, shall use the following, or some other suitable exhortation.

Dearly beloved, forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin, and that our Saviour Christ saith, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God: I beseech you to call upon God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that of his bounteous mercy he will grant to *this child* that which by nature *he* cannot have: that *he* may be baptized with water and the Holy Ghost, and received into Christ's holy Church, and be made *a lively member* of the same.

Then shall the minister say,

Let us pray.

Almighty and everlasting God, we beseech thee for thine infinite mercies, that thou wilt look upon *this child:* wash *him* and sanctify *him* with the Holy Ghost; that *he*, being delivered from thy wrath, may be received into the ark of Christ's Church, and being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in love, may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally *he* may come to the land of everlasting life, there to reign with

thee, world without end, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O merciful God, grant that the old Adam in *this child* may be so buried, that the new man may be raised up in *him*. *Amen.*

Grant that all carnal affections may die in *him*, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in *him*. *Amen.*

Grant that *he* may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh. *Amen.*

Grant that whosoever is dedicated to thee by our office and ministry may also be endued with heavenly virtures, and everlastingly rewarded through thy mercy, O blessed Lord God, who dost live and govern all things, world without end. *Amen.*

Almighty, ever-living God, whose most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ, for the forgiveness of our sins, did shed out of his most precious side both water and blood, and gave commandment to his disciples that they should go teach all nations, and baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: regard, we beseech thee, the supplications of thy congregation; and grant that *this child* now to be baptized, may receive the fullness of thy grace, and ever remain in the number of thy faithful and elect children, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the people stand up; and the minister shall say,

Hear the words of the Gospel, written by St. Mark, in the tenth chapter, at the thirteenth verse.

They brought young children to Christ, that he should touch them. And his disciples rebuked them that brought them; but when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and

said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

Then the minister, addressing the parents, or others presenting the child, shall say,

In causing *this child* to be brought by baptism into the Church of Christ, it is your duty to teach *him* to renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that *he* may not follow or be led by them; to believe all the articles of the Christian faith; and to obediently keep God's holy will and commandments all the days of *his* life.

Then the minister shall take the child into his hands, if convenient, and say to the friends of the child,

Name this child.

And then, naming it after them, he shall sprinkle or pour water upon it (or, if desired, immerse it in water), saying,

N., I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

The minister may, at his discretion, lay hands on the subject, accompanying the act with a suitable invocation, and then, all kneeling, close with extemporaneous devotions and the Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. *Amen.*

SECTION III.

The Ministration of Baptism to such as are of Riper Years.

The minister, coming to the font, which is to be filled with pure water, shall use the following, or some other suitable exhortation:

Dearly beloved, forasmuch as all men are conceived and born in sin (and that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and they that are in the flesh cannot please God, but live in sin, committing many actual transgressions), and that our Saviour Christ saith, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God: I beseech you to call upon God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that of his bounteous goodness he will grant to *these persons* that which by nature *they* cannot have: that *they* may be baptized with water and the Holy Ghost, and received into Christ's holy Church, and be made lively *members* of the same.

Then shall the minister say,

Almighty and immortal God, the aid of all that need, the helper of all that flee to thee for succor, the life of them that believe, and the resurrection of the dead: we call upon thee for *these persons* now to be baptized. Receive *them*, O Lord, as thou hast promised by thy well-beloved Son, saying, Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: so give now unto us that ask; let us that seek find; open the gate unto us that knock; that *these persons* may enjoy the everlasting benediction of thy heavenly washing, and may come to the eternal kingdom which thou hast promised by Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the people stand up, and the minister shall say,

Hear the words of the Gospel, written by St. John, in the third chapter, beginning at the first verse:

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

Then the minister shall speak to the persons to be baptized on this wise:

Well-beloved, who *are* come hither, desiring to receive holy baptism, *ye have* heard how the congregation hath prayed that our Lord Jesus Christ would vouchsafe to receive *you*, and bless *you*, to release *you* of *your* sins, to give *you* the kingdom of heaven, and everlasting life. And our Lord Jesus Christ hath promised in his holy word to grant all those things that we have prayed for; which promise he for his part will most surely keep and perform.

Wherefore after this promise made by Christ, *ye* must also faithfully, for *your* part, promise in the presence of this whole congregation, that *ye will* renounce the devil and all his works, and constantly believe God's holy word, and obediently keep his commandments.

Then shall the minister demand of each of the persons to be baptized, severally:

Ques. Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow or be led by them?

Ans. I renounce them all.

Ques. Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth? and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son, our Lord? and that he was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary? that he suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried? that he rose again the third day? that he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty, and from thence shall come again, at the end of the world, to judge the quick and the dead?

And dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, the Church of God, the communion of saints, the remission of sins, the resurrection of the body, and everlasting life after death?

Ans. All this I steadfastly believe.

Ques. Wilt thou be baptized in this faith?

Ans. This is my desire.

Ques. Wilt thou then obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of thy life?

Ans. I will endeavor so to do, God being my helper.

Then shall the minister say,

O merciful God, grant that the old Adam *in these persons* may be so buried, that the new man may be raised up in *them*. *Amen.*

Grant that all carnal affections may die in *them*, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in *them*. *Amen.*

Grant that *they* may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh. *Amen.*

Grant that *they*, being here dedicated to thee by our office and ministry, may also be endued with heavenly virtues, and everlastingly rewarded, through thy mercy, O blessed Lord God, who dost live and govern all things, world without end. *Amen.*

Almighty, ever-living God, whose most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ, for the forgiveness of our sins, did shed out of his most precious side both water and blood; and gave commandment to his disciples, that they should go teach all nations, and baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: regard, we beseech thee, the supplications of this congregation; and grant that the *persons* now to be baptized may receive the fullness of thy grace, and ever remain in the number of thy faithful and elect children, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the minister take each person to be baptized by the right hand; and placing him conveniently by the font, according to his discretion, shall ask th name; and then shall sprinkle or pour water upo. him (or if he shall desire it shall immerse him in water), saying,

N., I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

The minister may, at his discretion, lay hands on the

subject, accompanying the act with a suitable invocation.

SECTION IV.

Form of the Reception and Recognition of Church-members.

The minister shall cause the candidates to be placed conveniently before the congregation, and after baptizing any who may not have been previously baptized, he shall say:

Brethren, the Church is of God, and will be preserved to the end of time, for the promotion of his worship and the due administration of his word and ordinances—the maintenance of Christian fellowship and discipline—the edification of believers, and the conversion of the world. All, of every age and station, stand in need of the means of grace which it alone supplies; and it invites all alike to become fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God. But as none who have arrived at years of discretion can remain within its pales, or be admitted to its communion, without assuming its obligations, it is my duty to demand of these persons present whether they are resolved to assume the same.

Then shall the minister address the candidates, as follows:

Dearly beloved, you profess to have a desire to flee from the wrath to come and to be saved from your sins; you seek the fellowship of the people of God, to assist you in working out your salvation; I therefore demand of you:

Do you solemnly, in the presence of God and this congregation, ratify and confirm the promise and vow of repentance, faith, and

obedience, contained in the baptismal covenant?

Ans. I do, God being my helper.

Will you be subject to the discipline of the Church, attend upon its ordinances, and support its institutions?

Ans. I will endeavor so to do, by the help of God.

The minister shall then say to the candidates:

We rejoice to recognize you as members of the Church of Christ, and bid you welcome to all its privileges; and in token of our brotherly love, we give you the right hand of fellowship, and pray that you may be both numbered with his people here, and with his saints in glory everlasting.

The minister shall then say to the congregation:

Brethren, I commend to your love and care these persons whom we this day recognize as members of the Church of Christ. Do all in your power to increase their faith, confirm their hope, and perfect them in love.

Then may follow a hymn suitable to the occasion, and the minister shall say:

Let us pray.

Almighty God, we thank thee for founding thy Church, and promising that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. We bless thee for calling us to the fellowship of thy people, and for numbering us with the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. We especially praise thy name for enabling these thy servants to avouch the Lord to be their God. Help them to perform the promise and vow which they have made, to renounce the devil, the world, and the flesh; to believe the record which thou hast given of thy Son; and to walk in all thy commandments and ordi-

nances blameless, to the end of their lives. May their communion with thy people be sanctified to their growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, being nourished and knit together, increasing with the increase of God. May thy people do them good, and may they prove a blessing to thy people. And grant, O Lord, that all who are here members of thy militant Church, through thy mercy, the merit of thy Son, and the grace of thy Spirit, may finally be made members of thy triumphant Church in heaven. *Amen.*

Almighty and everlasting God, Heavenly Father, we give thee humble thanks, for that thou hast vouchsafed to call us to the knowledge of thy grace, and faith in thee: increase this knowledge and confirm this faith in us evermore. Give thy Holy Spirit to these persons, that they, being born again, may be made heirs of everlasting salvation, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, now and forever. *Amen.*

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. *Amen.*

SECTION V.

The form of Solemnization of Matrimony.

At the day and time appointed for the solemnization of matrimony, the persons to be married (having been qualified according to law) standing together, the man on the right hand and the woman on the left, the minister shall say:

Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the presence of these witnesses, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is an honorable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is between Christ and his Church; which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with his presence, and first miracle that he wrought in Cana of Galilee, and is commended of St. Paul to be honorable among all men; and therefore is not by any to be enterprised, or taken in hand unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and in the fear of God.

Into which holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined. Therefore if any can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

And also speaking unto the persons that are to be married, he shall say,

I require and charge you both (as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed), that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it; for be ye well assured, that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful.

If no impediment be alleged, then shall the minister say unto the man,

M., Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her, in sickness and in health; and, for-

aking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

The man shall answer,

I will.

Then shall the minister say unto the woman,

N., Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, serve him, love, honor, and keep him, in sickness and in health: and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

The woman shall answer,

I will.

When the parties so desire, the man shall give unto the woman a ring; and the minister taking the ring shall deliver it unto the man, to put it upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand; and the man, holding the ring there, and taught by the minister, shall say,

With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow: in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Then shall the minister say,

Let us pray.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. *Amen.*

O eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, Giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life, send thy blessing

upon these thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in thy name; that as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant between them made, and may ever remain in perfect love and peace together, and live according to thy laws through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then shall the minister join their right hands together, and say,

Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

Forasmuch as *M.* and *N.* have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have pledged their faith either to other, and have declared the same by joining hands, I pronounce that they are man and wife together, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

And the minister shall add this blessing:

God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep you; the Lord mercifully with his favor look upon you; and so fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace, that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. *Amen.*

SECTION VI.

The Order of the Burial of the Dead.

The minister, meeting the corpse, and going before it, shall say,

I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. John xi. 25, 26.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another. Job xix. 25–27.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord. 1 Tim. vi. 7; Job i. 21.

After they are come into the church or house, shall be read Psalm xc.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years

and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

Then shall follow the Lesson, 1 *Cor. xv.* 20–58, *or the following abridgment.*

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain; it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast,

unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

Here may follow a suitable hymn, a sermon, or exhortation, and an extemporary prayer.

At the grave, when the corpse is laid in the earth, the minister shall say,

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succor, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased?

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts: shut not thy merciful ears to our prayers, but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from thee.

Then the minister may say,

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased *brother*, we therefore commit *his* body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed, and made like unto his own glorious body,

according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.

Then shall be said,

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors.

A suitable hymn may here be sung, and then shall the minister say,

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. *Amen.*

The Collect.

O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth and believeth in him, shall not die eternally: we meekly beseech thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that when we shall depart this life we may rest in him; and at the general resurrection on the last day may be found acceptable in thy sight, and receive that blessing which thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear thee, saying, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Grant this, we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ our Meditator and Redeemer. *Amen.*

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. *Amen.*

THE GENERAL RULES.

THE General Rules of "The United Societies" organized by Mr. Wesley in 1739, are as follows:

There is only one condition previously required of those who desire admission into these Societies, a "desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins." But wherever this is really fixed in the soul, it will be shown by its fruits. It is therefore expected of all who continue therein, that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation.

First, by doing no harm, by avoiding evil of every kind, especially that which is most generally practiced: such as—

The taking of the name of God in vain;

The profaning the day of the Lord, either by doing ordinary work therein, or by buying or selling;

Drunkenness, or drinking spirituous liquors, unless in cases of necessity.

Fighting, quarreling, brawling, brother *going to law* with brother; returning evil for evil, or railing for railing; the *using many words* in buying or selling.

The *buying or selling goods that have not paid the duty;*

The *giving or taking things on usury*—i. e., unlawful interest;

Uncharitable or *unprofitable* conversation, particularly speaking evil of magistrates or of ministers;

Doing to others as we would not they should do unto us;

Doing what we know is not for the glory of God: as,

The *putting on of gold and costly apparel;*

The *taking such diversions* as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus;

The *singing* those *songs* or *reading* those *books*, which do not tend to the knowledge or love of God;

Softness or needless self-indulgence;

Laying up treasure upon earth;

Borrowing without a probability of paying, or taking up goods without a probability of paying for them;

It is expected of all who continue in these societies, that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation,

Secondly, by doing good, by being in every kind merciful after their power, as they have opportunity, doing good of every possible sort, and, as far as possible, to all men:

To their bodies of the ability which God giveth, by giving food to the hungry, by clothing the naked, by visiting or helping them that are sick or in prison;

To their souls, by instructing, reproving, or exhorting all we have any intercourse with; trampling under foot that enthusiastic doctrine, that "we are not to do good unless *our hearts be free* to it."

By doing good, especially to them that are of the household of faith, or groaning so to be; employing them preferably to others, buying one of another, helping each other in business; and so much the more because the world will love its own, and them *only*.

By all possible *diligence* and *frugality*, that the gospel be not blamed.

By running with patience the race which is set before them, *denying themselves, and taking up their cross daily;* submitting to bear the reproach of Christ, to be as the filth and offscouring of the world, and looking that

men should say *all manner of evil of them falsely for the Lord's sake.*

It is expected of all who desire to continue in these Societies, that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation,

Thirdly, by attending upon all the ordinances of God; such are,

The public worship of God;

The ministry of the word, either read or expounded;

The Supper of the Lord;

Family and private prayer;

Searching the Scriptures; and

Fasting, or abstinence.

These are the General Rules of our Societies; all which we are taught of God to observe, even in his written word, which is the only rule, and the sufficient rule, both of our faith and practice. And all these we know his Spirit writes on truly awakened hearts. If there be any among us who observe them not, who habitually break any of them, let it be known unto them who watch over that soul, as they who must give an account. We will admonish him of the error of his ways: we will bear with him for a season; but if then he repent not, he hath no more place among us: we have delivered our own souls.

ARTICLES OF RELIGION.

I. *Of Faith in the Holy Trinity.*

THERE is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body or parts, of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness; the maker and preserver of all things, both visible and invisible. And in unity of this Godhead, there are

three persons of one substance, power, and eternity—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

II. *Of the Word, or Son of God, who was made very Man.*

The Son, who is the Word of the Father, the very and eternal God, of one substance with the Father, took man's nature in the womb of the blessed Virgin; so that two whole and perfect natures—that is to say, the Godhead and manhood—were joined together in one person, never to be divided, whereof is one Christ, very God and very man, who truly suffered, was crucified, dead and buried, to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a sacrifice, not only for original guilt, but also for actual sins of men.

III. *Of the Resurrection of Christ.*

Christ did truly rise again from the dead, and took again his body, with all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature, wherewith he ascended into heaven, and there sitteth until he return to judge all men at the last day

IV. *Of the Holy Ghost.*

The Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, is of one substance, majesty, and glory, with the Father and the Son, very and eternal God.

V. *The Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for Salvation.*

The Holy Scriptures contain all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be

thought requisite or necessary to salvation. In the name of the Holy Scriptures, we do understand those canonical books of the Old and New Testament, of whose authority was never any doubt in the Church.

The Names of the Canonical Books.

Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, The First Book of Samuel, The Second Book of Samuel, The First Book of Kings, the Second Book of Kings, The First Book of Chronicles, The Second Book of Chronicles, The Book of Ezra, The Book of Nehemiah, The Book of Esther, The Book of Job, The Psalms, The Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher, Cantica, or Songs of Solomon, Four Prophets the greater, Twelve Prophets the less.

All the books of the New Testament, as they are commonly received, we do receive and account canonical.

VI. *Of the Old Testament.*

The Old Testament is not contrary to the New; for both in the Old and New Testament everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ, who is the only Mediator between God and man, being God and man. Wherefore they are not to be heard who feign that the old fathers did look only for transitory promises. Although the law given from God by Moses, as touching ceremonies and rites, doth not bind Christians, nor ought the civil precepts thereof of necessity to be received in any Commonwealth, yet, notwithstanding, no Christian whatsoever is free from the obedience of the commandments which are called moral.

VII. *Of Original or Birth Sin.*

Original sin standeth not in the following

of Adam (as the Pelagians do vainly talk), but it is the corruption of the nature of every man, that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam, whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and of his own nature inclined to evil, and that continually.

VIII. *Of Free Will.*

The condition of man after the fall of Adam is such, that he cannot turn and prepare himself, by his own natural strength and works, to faith, and calling upon God; wherefore we have no power to do good works, pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good will, and working with us, when we have that good will.

IX. *Of the Justification of Man.*

We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by faith, and not for our own works or deservings: wherefore, that we are justified by faith only, is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort.

X. *Of Good Works.*

Although good works, which are the fruits of faith, and follow after justification, cannot put away our sins, and endure the severity of God's judgments; yet are they pleasing and acceptable to God in Christ, and spring out of a true and lively faith, insomuch that by them a lively faith may be as evidently known as a tree is discerned by its fruit.

XI. *Of Works of Supererogation.*

Voluntary works, besides over and above God's commandments, which are called works of supererogation, cannot be taught

without arrogancy and impiety. For by them men do declare that they do not only render unto God as much as they are bound to do, but that they do more for his sake than of bounden duty is required: whereas Christ saith plainly, When ye have done all that is commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants.

XII. *Of Sin after Justification.*

Not every sin willingly committed after justification, is the sin against the Holy Ghost, and unpardonable. Wherefore, the grant of repentance is not to be denied to such as fall into sin after justification: after we have received the Holy Ghost, we may depart from grace given, and fall into sin, and, by the grace of God, rise again and amend our lives. And, therefore, they are to be condemned who say they can no more sin as long as they live here; or deny the place of forgiveness to such as truly repent.

XIII. *Of the Church.*

The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly administered, according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same.

XIV. *Of Purgatory.*

The Romish doctrine concerning purgatory, pardon, worshiping, and adoration, as well of images as of relics, and also invocation of saints, is a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warrant of Scripture, but repugnant to the word of God.

XV. *Of speaking in the Congregation in such a tongue as the people understand.*

It is a thing plainly repugnant to the word of God, and the custom of the primitive Church, to have public prayer in the church, or to minister the sacraments, in a tongue not understood by the people.

XVI. *Of the Sacraments.*

Sacraments, ordained of Christ, are not only badges or tokens of Christian men's profession: but rather they are certain signs of grace, and God's good-will toward us, by the which he doth work invisibly in us, and doth not only quicken, but also strengthen and confirm our faith in him.

There are two sacraments ordained of Christ our Lord in the Gospel; that is to say, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord.

Those five, commonly called sacraments—that is to say, Confirmation, Penance, Orders, Matrimony, and Extreme Unction—are not to be counted for sacraments of the Gospel, being such as have partly grown out of the *corrupt* following of the apostles, and partly are states of life allowed in the Scriptures, but yet have not the like nature of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, because they have not any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God.

The sacraments were not ordained of Christ to be gazed upon, or to be carried about: but that we should duly use them. And in such only as worthily receive the same, they have a wholesome effect or operation; but they that receive them unworthily purchase to themselves condemnation, as St. Paul saith, 1 Cor. xi. 29.

XVII. *Of Baptism.*

Baptism is not only a sign of profession, and mark of difference, whereby Christians

are distinguished from others that are not baptized; but it is also a sign of regeneration, or the new birth. The baptism of young children is to be retained in the Church.

XVIII. *Of the Lord's Supper.*

The Supper of the Lord is not only a sign of the love that Christians ought to have among themselves one to another, but rather is a sacrament of our redemption by Christ's death: insomuch that, to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ; and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ.

Transubstantiation, or the change of the substance of bread and wine in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by Holy Writ, but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions.

The body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the Supper, only after a heavenly and spiritual manner. And the means whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper, is faith.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshiped.

XIX. *Of Both Kinds.*

The cup of the Lord is not to be denied to the lay people; for both the parts of the Lord's Supper, by Christ's ordinance and commandments, ought to be administered to all Christians alike.

XX. *Of the One Oblation of Christ, finished upon the Cross.*

The offering of Christ once made is that

perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual; and there is none other satisfaction for sin but that alone. Wherefore the sacrifice of masses, in the which it is commonly said that the priest doth offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt; is a blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit.

XXI. *Of the Marriage of Ministers.*

The ministers of Christ are not commanded by God's law either to vow the estate of single life, or to abstain from marriage: therefore it is lawful for them, as for all other Christians, to marry at their own discretion, as they shall judge the same to serve best to godliness.

XXII. *Of the Rites and Ceremonies of Churches.*

It is not necessary that rites and ceremonies should in all places be the same, or exactly alike; for they have been always different, and may be changed according to the diversity of countries, times, and men's manners, so that nothing be ordained against God's word. Whosoever, through his private judgment, willingly and purposely doth openly break the rites and ceremonies of the Church to which he belongs, which are not repugnant to the word of God, and are ordained and approved by common authority, ought to be rebuked openly, that others may fear to do the like, as one that offendeth against the common order of the Church, and woundeth the consciences of weak brethren.

Every particular Church may ordain, change, or abolish rites and ceremonies, so that all things may be done to edification.

XXIII. *Of the Rulers of the United States of America.*

The President, the Congress, the general assemblies, the governors, and the councils of state, *as the delegates of the people*, are the rulers of the United States of America, according to the division of power made to them by the Constitution of the United States, and by the Constitution of their respective States. And the said States are a sovereign and independent nation, and ought not to be subject to any foreign jurisdiction.*

XXIV. *Of Christian Men's Goods.*

The riches and goods of Christians are not common, as touching the right, title, and possession of the same, as some do falsely boast. Notwithstanding, every man ought, of such things as he possesseth, liberally to give alms to the poor according to his ability.

XXV. *Of a Christian Man's Oath.*

As we confess that vain and rash swearing is forbidden Christian men by our Lord Jesus Christ and James his apostle, so we judge that the Christian religion doth not prohibit, but that a man may swear when the magistrate requireth, in a cause of faith and charity, so it be done according to the prophet's teaching, in justice, judgment, and truth.

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* As far as it respects civil affairs, we believe it the duty of Christians, and especially all Christian ministers, to be subject to the supreme authority of the country where they may reside, and to use all laudable means to enjoin obedience to the powers that be; and, therefore, it is expected that all our preachers and people, who may be under any foreign government, will behave themselves as peaceable and orderly subjects.

8.78	-32.59	35.43	10.25	47.36	-0.90	-0.92	-1.12	-1.12	-1.05	-1.10	800	500	-1.29	-0.23	-1.09	0.04	0.45	0.32	22.13	-22.92	19.51	13.42	-38
-24.31	-0.48	57.84	-44.77	16.93	1.90	1.46	0.97	0.56	-0.04	-0.01	850	550	-0.10	-0.48	0.07	0.09	0.25	-0.47	-19.02	56.08	67.85	-47.69	32
r					Density →	0.05	0.09	0.16	0.22	0.36	0.52		0.75	0.98	1.24	1.64	1.96	2.38	All values are batch averages				

Don Williams
