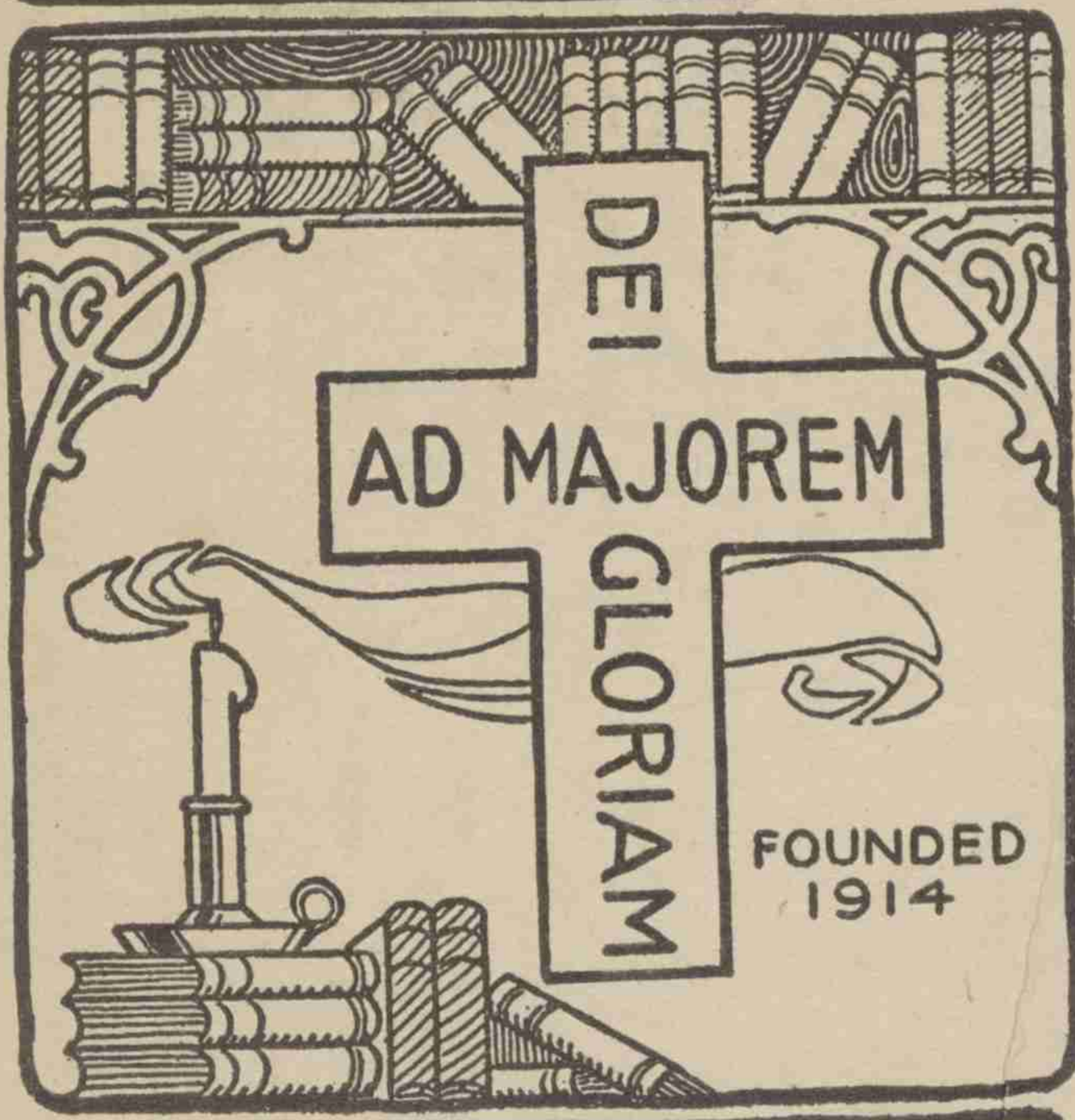
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SONGS OF ZION:

A

Supplement to the Hymn Book

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH

Sing praises to God, sing praises.—*Ps.* xlvii. 6.
There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion.
Milton.

EDITED BY

THOS. O. SUMMERS.

RICHMOND, VA.:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN EARLY,
FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.
1851.

Hymn
1851
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PREFACE.

In compiling the Hymn Book of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a number of hymns were excluded which would have been admitted, had there been room. Many of these are admirable productions, and are well adapted to do good service for the church. Having been repeatedly requested to compile a volume of such pious effusions, we have, with no small labour, prepared such a collection. It is hoped it may not be considered unworthy of the rank assigned it, as a Supplement to our Connectional Hymn Book, which has been pronounced, by competent judges, superior to any compilation extant. As that work has a sufficient fulness and variety, especially for all occasions of public worship, it must not be superseded by the present volume, which is assigned a subordinate rank. Of course, none of the hymns of the former volume are to be found in this.

Some of the hymns are original, and others have never been published in this country. A greater variety of metres will be found in this book, perhaps, than in any other—the pieces in many cases being adapted to beautiful and popular tunes. A book containing music proper for all the hymns in both collections is to be issued as soon as convenient. Considerable pains have been taken to ascertain the authors of the hymns; and their productions are presented in the form

17536

in which they were composed, except where pregnant reasons demanded an alteration. Great attention has been paid to the arrangement of the hymns, which it is hoped will prove satisfactory. As many of them could not be conveniently arranged in specific departments, they have been placed in a distinct section; and to increase the facility of finding them, they are there placed in alphabetical order. In the "Miscellany" will be found also a number of pieces which some will consider unworthy the room they occupy: we are not responsible for them, except as we have yielded to the urgent requests of many excellent friends who have desired their insertion—principally, perhaps, because of the tunes with which they are associated. Some of these we have abridged—some we have corrected; but the great mass of those doggerel songs which degrade the taste without improving the piety of the religious community, are excluded from this collection.

We trust the work will not prove "unsatisfactory" to those for whom it has been prepared, notwithstanding the verdict of Dr. Johnson in regard to "devotional poetry." It seems strange to say of this species of literature, that "the paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition." Is not the entire universe of nature, providence, and grace, spread out to the adventurous flight of the sacred muse? It is stranger still to say, that "the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction." Are not the loftiest ideas of truth and holiness invested with

the most gorgeous drapery in the "devotional poetry" of the Bible? Happily, however, it is not necessary to apologize for those who have consecrated their poetical talents to the worship of God and the edification of the church, as the dogmatism of the Leviathan of English literature on this subject is less likely to elicit admiration for its philosophy than wonder at its absurdity.

The publication of this volume may contravene to some extent the circulation of those collections, which seem to have been compiled on the principle, that neither poetry nor common sense is an essential element in a spiritual song. Should this result follow, it need not be deplored as a misfortune, especially as such works are for the most part issued for private gain—a consideration which we need not say has no place in the present undertaking. And we may be allowed to add, that whatever estimate we may place upon the good opinion of those who are capable of deciding on the merits of the work, it is a matter of small moment compared with our desire to promote the welfare of man and the glory of God, by the potent and pleasing instrumentality of the Songs of Zion. We wish they were used with greater frequency and fervour, not only in the great congregation, but also in social meetings, and in the domestic circle; and the rather, as this rational and delightful exercise is to be a leading part of our employment throughout eternity. THE EDITOR.

Charleston, S. C., May, 1851.

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HYMNS.

SECTION I.

REDEMPTION.

1 L. M. C. WESLEY.

God so loved the world—

FATHER, whose everlasting love
Thy only Son for sinners gave;
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent him down the world to save:

2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathom'd, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race:
For all thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 The world he suffer'd to redeem:
For all he hath th' atonement made:
For those that will not come to him,
The ransom of his life was paid.

5 Why then, thou universal Love,
Should any of thy grace despair?
To all, to all thy bowels move;
But straiten'd in our own we are.

6 Arise, O God! maintain thy cause!
The fulness of the Gentiles call:
Lift up the standard of the cross,
And all shall own thou diedst for all.

2 C. M. WATTS.

Christ's commission.

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

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

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

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

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

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

3 L. M. WATTS.

John i. 1, 2, 3, 14.

ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad
From everlasting was the Word:
With God he was: the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made:
By him supported all things stand:

He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 But, lo! he leaves those heavenly forms:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through his flesh the Godhead shone.

5 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

L. M. CAMPBELL.

4

Nativity of Christ.

WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill,—
When Bethleh'm's shepherds through the night
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry night,—

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptured soul.

3 Then swift to every startled eye
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits on the midnight hour.

4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While thus they struck their harps and sang.

5 O Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,

The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

6 See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn:
Behold! she binds with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair.

7 He comes, to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his hosts depart:
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

8 O Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. MONTGOMERY.

The new-born King.

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

2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light.

3 Sages! leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the Great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star.

4 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear.

5 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains.

6 11s. [Measure of the original.] S.

Adeste, fideles.

HITHER, ye faithful, adoring, triumphant,
Come, come, and your off'ring to Bethlehem bring;
Lo! He is born who is monarch of angels:
O come, let us worship the sovereign King.

2 He is the God of God, Light of Light, own him,
Though he from the womb of the Virgin doth spring;
He is the true God, not made but begotten:
O come, let us worship the sovereign King.

3 Now the glad chorus of angels is singing,
O how the great palace celestial doth ring!
Let there be glory to God in the highest:
O come, let us worship the sovereign King.

4 Jesus, because of thy birth we extol thee,
This day shall thy people their offerings bring:
Word of the Father, eternal, incarnate:
O come, let us worship the sovereign King.

7 11, 10, 11, 10.

Adeste, fideles.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethleh'm go, the Lord of life to meet:
To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour:
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
Our praise and rev'rence are an offering meet:
Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among us:
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
Let the celestial courts his praise repeat:
Unto our God be glory in the highest:
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

8 8, 7, 8, 7. CAWOOD.

The incarnation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

9

C. M.

Isa. ix. 2—7.

THE race that long in darkness pined
  Have seen a glorious light;
The people now behold the dawn,
  Who dwelt in death and night.

2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life!
  The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
  Their harvest treasures home.

3 For thou our burden hast removed;
  Th' oppressor's reign is broke:
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
  Has burst his cruel yoke.

4 To us the promised child is born;
  To us the Son is given:
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
  And all the hosts of heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
  For ever more adored—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
  The mighty God and Lord.

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

10

L. M. COLLYER.

Transfiguration of Christ.

ON Tabor's top the Saviour stands,
  His alter'd face resplendent shines;

And, while he elevates his hands,
  Lo! glory marks its gentle lines.
2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait
  Upon their suffering Prince below;
But, while they worship at his feet,
  They talk of fast-approaching wo.
3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
  To Calvary he turns his eyes,
And, with submission all serene,
  He marks the future tempest rise.
4 Then let us climb the mount of prayer,
  Where all his beaming glories shine;
And, gazing on his brightness there,
  Our woes forget in joys divine.
5 O that, on yonder heavenly hills,
  Where now the risen Saviour stands,
And peace, like softest dew, distils,
  I too may elevate my hands!

11 C. M. COWPER.

Jesus hasting to suffer.

THE Saviour! what a noble flame
  Was kindled in his breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
  He march'd before the rest!
2 Good-will to men and zeal for God
  His every thought engross:
He longs to be baptized with blood!
  He pants to reach the cross!
3 With all his sufferings full in view,
  And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew—
  'Twas love that urged him on.
4 Lord, we return thee what we can!
  Our hearts shall sound abroad
Salvation to the dying *Man*,
  And to the rising *God!*

5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

12 Six 7s. HART.

Gethsemane.

MANY woes had Christ endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient and to pains inured!
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustain'd in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!

2 There my God bore all my guilt:
This, through grace, can be believed!
But the torments which he felt
Are too vast to be conceived:
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane!

3 All my sins against my God—
All my sins against his laws—
All my sins against his blood—
All my sins against his cause:—
Sins as boundless as the sea!
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

4 Here's my claim, and here alone
None a Saviour more can need:
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
Not a work that I can plead:
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane!

13 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8. HEMANS.

Christ's agony.

HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Look'd through the lonely garden's shade
On that dread agony:

The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun set in a fearful hour,
The skies might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow Him!
That He who gave man's breath might know
The very depths of human wo.

3 He proved them all: the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All darken'd round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray:
Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away.

4 It pass'd not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread:
It pass'd not, though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead.
But there was sent Him, from on high,
A gift of strength for man to die.

5 And was his mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way?
How, but through Him, that path who trod?
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

14 L. M. STEELE.

The crucifixion.

STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise:
See from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;

The vital stream—how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
3 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,—
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love, or pain?
4 Come, blessed Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart!
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

15 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. FAWCETT.

It is finished.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
It is finish'd!—
Hear the dying Saviour cry!
2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!—
Saints, the dying words record.
3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!—
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

16 C. M. WATTS.

The offering and the priest.

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

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

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

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

5 "Father," (he cries,) "forgive their sins,
"For I myself have died;"
And then he shows his open veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

17 C. M. WATTS.

The atonement.

IN vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own:
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threat'nings of thy broken law
Impress our souls with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes our spirits dead.

3 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands,

And peace and pardon from the skies
Come down by Jesus' hands.

4 Here all the ancient types agree,—
The altar and the lamb;
And prophets in their visions see
Salvation through his name.

5 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord:
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest.

18 C. M. WATTS.

Salvation promised and accomplished.

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

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

3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men:"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines:
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies:
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

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

19

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

The Fountain of life.

HAIL, everlasting Spring!
Celestial Fountain, hail!
Thy streams salvation bring,
The waters never fail:
Still they endure, And still they flow,
For all our wo A sovereign cure.

2 Blest be *his* wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish died,
Such favours to impart:
His sacred blood Shall make us clean
From every sin—And fit for God.

3 To that dear source of love
Our souls this day would come;
And thither from above,
Lord, call the nations home;
That Jew and Greek, With rapt'rous songs,
On all their tongues, Thy praise may speak.

20

C. M. STEELE.

The dying Saviour.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

3 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine!
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall!
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

21

6, 6, 6, 6, 7, 7. MRS. SOUTHEY.

I sing of Calvary.

DOWN from the willow bough
My slumbering harp I'll take,
And bid its silent strings
To heavenly themes awake.
Peaceful let its breathings be,
Soft and soothing harmony.

2 Love, love divine, I sing:
O for a seraph's lyre,
Bathed in Siloa's stream,
And touch'd with living fire:
Lofty, pure the strain should be,
When I sing of Calvary.

3 Love, love on earth appears:
The wretched throng his way:
He beareth all their griefs,
And wipes their tears away:
Soft and sweet the strain should be,
Saviour, when I sing of thee.

4 He saw me as he pass'd,
In hopeless sorrow lie,
Condemned and doom'd to death,
And no salvation nigh.
Loud and long the strain should be,
When I sing his love to me.

5 "I die for thee," he said:
Behold the cross arise!
And lo! he bows his head,
He bows his head and dies!
Soft, my harp, thy breathings be:
Let me weep on Calvary.

6 He lives! again he lives!
I hear the voice of Love:
He comes to soothe my fears,
And draw my soul above.
Joyful now the strain shall be,
When I sing of Calvary.

22

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

Resurrection of Christ.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veil'd in midnight gloom!
O weep no more the Saviour slain:
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

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

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

4 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,

If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

7s. SCOTT.

23

Resurrection of Christ.

LO! the stone is roll'd away:
Death yields up his mighty prey:
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

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

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

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

C. M. BARBAULD.

24

Resurrection of Christ.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapp'd
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a Sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line:

Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much divine.

4 And now his conquering chariot-wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke, beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 To thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepared like thee to die,
With thee that I may live.

25 6s.

Resurrection of Christ.

SING praise: the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay!
Sing of our bonds destroy'd,
Our darkness turn'd to day!

2 Weep for your dead no more:
Friends, be of joyful cheer!
Our Star moves on before,
Our narrow path shines clear.

3 He who so patiently
The crown of thorns did wear—
He hath gone up on high:
Our hope is with him there.

4 Now is his truth reveal'd,
His majesty and might:
The grave has been unseal'd—
Christ is our life and light.

5 He who for men did weep,
Suffer, and bleed, and die—
First-fruits of them that sleep—
Christ has gone up on high.

6 His victory hath destroy'd
The shafts that once could slay:
Sing praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay.

26 L. M. STEELE.

Intercession of Christ.

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

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

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

4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

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

27 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6. C. WESLEY.

Intercession of Christ.

COMING through our great High-Priest,
We find a pardoning God:
Jesus' Spirit in our breast
Bears witness with his blood—
Speaks our Father pacified
Tow'rd every soul that Christ receives,—

Tells us, once our Surety died,
And now for ever lives.

2 Christ for ever lives to pray
For all that trust in him:
I my soul on Jesus stay,
Almighty to redeem:
He shall purify my heart,
Who in his blood forgiveness have,
All his hallowing power exert,
And to the utmost save.

3 Basis of our steadfast hope,
Saviour, thy ceaseless prayer
Sanctifies and lifts us up
To meet thee in the air:
Yes, thine interceding grace
Preserves us every moment thine,
Till we rise to see thy face,
And share the throne divine.

28 C. M. WATTS.

Christ ascending and reigning.—Ps. xlvii.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high:
His heavenly guards around
Attend him, rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains:
Let all the earth his honours sing:
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,

Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

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

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

29 C. M. FANCH & TURNER.

Angels ministering to Christ.

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

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

3 And when he stoop'd on earth to dwell,
And suffer rude disdain,
They cast their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.

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

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

6 As on the torturing cross he hung,
And darkness veil'd the sky,

Amazed, they saw that awful sight—
The Lord of glory die.

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

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

30

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

Messiah's reign.

MY heart and voice I raise
To spread Messiah's praise;
Messiah's praise let all repeat;
The universal Lord,
By whose almighty word
Creation rose in form complete.

2 A servant's form he wore,
And in his body bore
Our dreadful curse on Calvary:
He like a victim stood,
And pour'd his sacred blood
To set the guilty captives free.

3 But soon the victor rose
Triumphant o'er his foes,
And led the vanquish'd host in chains:
He threw their empire down,
His foes compell'd to own,
O'er all the great Messiah reigns.

4 With mercy's mildest grace,
He governs all our race
In wisdom, righteousness, and love:
Who to Messiah fly
Shall find redemption nigh,
And all his great salvation prove.

5 Hail, Saviour, Prince of Peace!
Thy kingdom shall increase,
Till all the world thy glory see;
And righteousness abound,
As the great deep profound,
And fill the earth with purity!

31 L. M. HEBER.

Christ's second advent.

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake,
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm:
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppress'd, and mocked by pride—
O God! is this the crucified?

5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come.

32 C. M. DOANE.

John xiv. 6.

THOU art the way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart:
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

33

L. M. WATTS.

1 *Cor.* i. 30.

BURIED in shadows of the night
We lie till Christ restores the light:
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

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

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean:
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains:
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

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

34 7s. C. WESLEY.

Prophet, Priest, and King.

CHRIST, the true anointed Seer,
Messenger from the Most High,
Thy prophetic character
To my conscience signify:
Signify thy Father's will,
By that unction from above,
Mysteries of grace reveal,
Teach my heart that God is love.

2 Thou who didst for all atone,
Dost for all incessant pray,
Make thy priestly office known,
Take my cancell'd sin away:
Let me peace with God regain,
Righteousness from thee receive;
Through thy meritorious pain,
Through thy intercession, live.

3 Sovereign, universal King,
Every faithful soul's desire,
Into me thy kingdom bring,
With thy Spirit me inspire:
From mine inbred foes release,
Here erect thy gracious throne:
King of righteousness and peace,
Reign in every heart alone.

4 O that all were taught of God,
All anointed by thy grace,
Kings and priests redeem'd with blood,
Born again to sound thy praise:
An elect, peculiar seed,
Offspring of the Deity,
Christians both in name and deed,
One, entirely one with thee!

35 8, 6, 8, 4. LYTE.

The Comforter promised.

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

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

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

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

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

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

36 L. M. WATTS.

Operations of the Holy Ghost.

ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

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

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

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

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

37 L. M. BEDDOME.

Work of the Spirit.

COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal:
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Make me delight to do thy will.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

38 L. M. BROWNE.

Work of the Spirit.

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

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

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

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

39 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Rom. viii. 11.

WHY should our mourning thoughts delight
To grovel in the dust?
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around th' expiring just?

2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his power to save?

3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with long complaints?

4 The Spirit raised my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.

5 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of victory sing;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King.

SECTION II.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

40 L. M. WATTS.

The gospel.

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

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind:
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

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

4 Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light:
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

6 May but this grace my heart renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too:
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

41 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6. NEWTON.

The great Physician.

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

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

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

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

42 8, 7. NEWTON.

Bartimeus.

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

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

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

43 C. M.

The gospel feast.

ON Sion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare,
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands
Shall in the banquet share.

2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows;

Wine on the lees, and well-refined,
In rich abundance flows.

3 See, to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given!
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven!

4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restored,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

5 But O what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven!

6 There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life, that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

44 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. BODEN.

Yet there is room.

YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and wo,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim:

He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come:
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering souls, draw near:
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will, now come:
In mercy's breast there still is room.

45 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. MONTGOMERY.

A fountain opened.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruin'd by the fall,
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to cleanse the guilty soul,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Open'd when the Saviour died.

2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty seek remission,
Here the lost a refuge find:
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live for ever:
'Tis a soul-reviving flood:
God is faithful, he will never
Break his covenant, seal'd in blood,
Sign'd, when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd, when he was glorified.

46 C. M.

The living waters.

AT Jacob's well a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer:

Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.

2 This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sigh'd;
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

3 The man, who came on earth to die,
How few appear to know!
The friend of sinners, passing by,
Is still esteem'd a foe.

4 The sinner must the stranger know,
Or soon his loss deplore:
Behold! the living waters flow:
Come—drink, and thirst no more.

47 10, 11, 10, 11. C. WESLEY.

The atonement exhibited.

ALL ye that pass by, To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace, Your surety he is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 He answer'd for all, O come at his call,
And low at his feet with astonishment fall;
Ye all may receive The peace he did leave,
Who made intercession, "My Father, forgive!"

3 For you and for me, He pray'd on the tree,
The prayer is accepted—the sinner is free:
The sinner am I, Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

4 My pardon I claim, For a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name:
His death is my plea—My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd for me.

12s. THORNBY.

48

The voice of free grace.

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

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

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

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

49 7s. BARBAULD.

The Saviour's call.

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

2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3 Ye, who toss'd on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain:
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise:

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care—
Who the stings of guilt can bear!

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

50 L. M. WATTS.

Matt. xi. 28–30.

"COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come:
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:

My yoke is easy to the neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

51 L. M. STEELE.

The call of grace.

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

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad:
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes,
Pardon and life, and endless peace:
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

52 7s. SWAIN.

Encouraging promises.

PILGRIM, burden'd with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to-day:
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.
Knock—for mercy lends an ear:
Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh:
Watch—till heavenly light appear:
Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.

2 Mourning pilgrim! what for thee
In this world can now remain?
Seek that world from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.
Sorrow shall for ever fly:
Shame shall never enter there:
Tears be wiped from every eye:
Pain in endless bliss expire.

53

Six 8s.

Peace, troubled soul.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught the rocks the notes of wo:
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,
Unburden here thy weighty load:
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
For ever love and praise the Lord.

54

10, 10, 8, 10.

Come to-day.

CHILD of sin and sorrow, Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow, Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow Help from on high:

Grieve not that love, Which from above—
Child of sin and sorrow—Would bring thee nigh.

55 S. M. DOBELL.

The accepted time.

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

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

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

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

56 11, 10, 11, 10.

Invitation to the young.

COME, youthful sinners, come, haste to the Saviour:
Come, ye young wanderers, cling to his side;
Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his favour,
Lambs of his bosom, for whom he hath died.

2 Come to his temple-gate, come in life's morning:
Give up your souls to the Guide of your youth:
How fair is grace, the young bosom adorning!
What robe so pure as the raiment of truth?

3 Can you find pleasure in pathways unholy?
Hope ye for wisdom in wandering from God?
Sorrow and shame wait the votaries of folly:
Earth has no comfort not found in his blood.

4 Has he not died for you? look to Moriah:
There see the tokens of sorrow and love.
Lives he not now for you? Jesus the Saviour
Bled and ascended to crown you above.

57

S. M.

1 *Chron.* xxviii. 9.

MY son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey:
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found,
And seek him while he's near:
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry:
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

58

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

Go, thou, in life's fair morning.

GO, thou, in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth.

Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let not worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:
Sell all thou hast, and buy it:
'Tis worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

3 Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth:
Defer not till to-morrow:
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise:
Go, place upon his altar
A morning sacrifice!

59 L. M. WATTS.

Eccl. xii. 1—7.

NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold the months come hastening on
When you shall say—*My joys are gone.*

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again:
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God: not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name!
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

60

Seek first the kingdom.

NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3 Away, each grovelling, anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's thought:
O spring to seize immortal joys,
Which your Redeemer bought.

4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good
While heaven is kept in view.

L. M. NEWTON.

61

Wheat and tares.

THOUGH, in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus, ere long, will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up:
For soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How long among the wheat they grew?

3 Oh, this will aggravate their case!
They perish'd under means of grace:
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike, when thus we meet—
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But, to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spared for various ends—
Some for the sake of praying friends:
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long:
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

7 Most awful thought! and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare!

62 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Sinner weighed and found wanting.

RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye:
Behold God's balance lifted high!
There will his justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one scale his perfect law:
Mark with what force its precepts draw:
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain?—
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!

3 Behold the hand of God appears
To trace those dreadful characters:
"*Tekel*—thy soul is wanting found,
And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace:
Let horror shake thy tottering knees:
Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail—
Christ has a weight to turn the scale:
Still does the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

6 Great God, exert thy power to save:
Deep on the heart these truths engrave:
The ponderous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

63 C. M. WATTS.

Deceitfulness of sin.

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

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

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

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

64 C. M. A. MEANS.

Evil influence.

O MAN immortal, shun the doom
To which your follies drive:

Your vices die not at the tomb—
  Their curse must long survive.

2 Uncancell'd guilt, that walks abroad,
  And smiles when sin is near,
Contagious, blights the work of God,
  And taints the atmosphere.

3 Not fouler stains do Indian dyes
  O'er virgin snow-flakes spread,
Than godless hearts, in friendship's guise,
  O'er blasted beauty shed.

4 Rash father, pause! your infant boy
  Treads closely on your heels:
Your wayward paths his steps decoy—
  Your vice his conscience steels.

5 Vain mother, spare that darling girl!
  O meet your fate *alone:*
Your prayerless life, mid fashion's whirl,
  Turns that young heart to stone.

6 Then live for heaven: no guilt entail
  Where hopes are all entomb'd:
O deepen not perdition's wail
  By ghosts your lives have doom'd.

7 Let social virtues blend their light,
  In galaxy divine,
Till, blazing in their beauties, bright
  The moral heavens shine.

65 L. M. C. WESLEY.

Isa. lvii. 20, 21.

THEY must be as the troubled sea,
  They cannot rest who know not thee,
Whose working hearts, disturbed within,
Cast up the mire of actual sin.

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2 No peace the wicked e'er can know,
While hastening to their place below;
But trouble must with sin remain,
Sad earnest of eternal pain.

66 7s.

Awake, thou that sleepest!

SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake—and o'er thy folly weep:
Raise thy spirit dark and dead:
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful, tread that path: be wise;—
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time:
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still,
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

67 7s.

I know you not.

SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late:
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.
God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

2 Mournfully, will they exclaim—
Lord! we have professed thy name:
We have eat with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word.
Vain, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity:
Sad their everlasting lot—
Christ will say, "I know you not."

68

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

Take heed, watch and pray.

GO, watch and pray, thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be:
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way:
Frail child of dust! go, watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon these must change—must pass away:
Frail child of dust! go, watch and pray.

3 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:
And can vain hope lead thee astray?
Go, weary pilgrim! watch and pray.

4 Ambition! stop thy panting breath!
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold the caverns, dark with death,
Before you open lie:
The heavenly warning now obey:
Ye sons of pride, go, watch and pray.

69 L. M. WATTS.

Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

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

3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie:
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust:
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

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

6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

70 11s.

Dangers of delay.

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

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

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

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

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

71

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The harvest is past.

WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more;
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare:
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of wo!
How suffer the night of despair!

2 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above;
When their harmony wakes in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour they love:
Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

72 S. M.

Having no hope.

CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well;
Or dream of future happiness,
While in the road to hell?

2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallow'd tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbour wrong?

3 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill;
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone
Can a good hope afford!
The pardon'd and renew'd shall see
The glory of the Lord.

73 L. M. HYDE.

My Spirit shall not always strive.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call,
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light:
Regard in time the warning kind:
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying man:
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

6 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

74

11s.

Quench not the Spirit.

WHILE mercy invites you, while Jesus is near,
Awake from your slumbers, ye sinners, and hear.
Salvation is offer'd, accept it to-day:
O quench not the Spirit, nor grieve him away.

2 The love that now urges, if once it depart,
May never return to your desolate heart.
While mercy invites you, while Jesus is near,
Awake from your slumbers, ye sinners, and hear.

75

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

Stop, poor sinner.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?
Once again I charge you, stop!
For, unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you drop
Into the burning lake.

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

3 Pale-faced death will quickly come
To drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair:
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace,)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know;
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come:
None who come shall be denied,
He says, "There still is room."

76 7s. NEWTON.

Who may abide his coming?

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared,
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee,
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee!

4 Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapt in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice,
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

SECTION III.

PENITENCE AND PRAYER.

77 C. M. NEWTON.

The prodigal son.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent:
They stopt the prodigal's career,
And forced him to repent.

2 Although he no relenting felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinch'd him sore.

3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face:
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

5 His father saw him coming back—
He saw, and ran, and smiled;
Then threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive;"—
"Enough," the father said,
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around,—
My son was dead, but lives again—
Was lost, but now is found."

8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

78 7s.

Deep regret for sin.

GOD of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs:
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs!

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent,
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent:

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain,
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain:

4 These, and every secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame, we own:
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs:
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs!

79 S. M. TOPLADY.

The unrenewed heart.

ASTONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppress'd,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!

Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue:
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise:
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

80 L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Confession.

I LEFT the God of truth and light,
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.

2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne:
Through all his bonds of love I broke,
I cast away his gifts with scorn.

3 I danced in folly's giddy maze,
And drank the sea, and chased the wind,
But falsehood lurk'd in all her ways,
Her laughter left remorse behind.

4 I dream'd of bliss in pleasure's bowers,
While pillowing roses stay'd my head;
But serpents hiss'd among the flowers:
I woke, and thorns were all my bed.

5 In riches when I sought for joy,
And placed in sordid gains my trust,
I found that gold was all alloy,
And worldly treasure fleeting dust.

6 I woo'd ambition, climb'd the pole,
And shone among the stars,—but fell,

Headlong in all my pride of soul,
Like Lucifer, from heaven to hell.

7 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty vengeance, from thy frown?
Eternal justice, from thine eye?

8 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace:
The Sun of righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.

9 My suffering, slain, and risen Lord,
In sore distress I turn to thee:
I claim acceptance on thy word:
My God, my God, forsake not me.

10 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair:
None ever perished at thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

81 S. M. COWPER.

Trembling solicitude.

MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins:
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar:
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But hark! a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar,
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way:
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

82

C. M. HEBER.

Neglected calls.

HOW long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me!
Deaf to his warning voice, I ran
Through paths of vanity.

2 He call'd me, when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill:
I pass'd from folly on to crime,
And yet he call'd me still.

3 He call'd me, in the time of dread,
When death was full in view:
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.

4 Yet could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wand'rer to the fold.

5 O thou, that every thought dost know,
And answ'rest every prayer!
Try me with sickness, want, or wo,
But snatch me from despair.

6 My struggling will by grace control,
Renew my broken vow:—
What blessed light breaks on my soul!
My God, I hear thee now.

83 C. M. STERNHOLD & HOPKINS.

The lamentation of a sinner.

O LORD, turn not thy face away
From him that lies prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinful life
Before thy mercy gate,
Which thou dost open wide to those
That do lament their sin:
O shut it not against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

2 Call me not to a strict account
How I have lived here,
For then I know, right well, O Lord,
Most vile I shall appear.
I need not to confess my life,
For surely thou canst tell
What I have been, and what I am,
Thou knowest very well.

3 Wherefore with tears I come to thee
To beg and to entreat,
Even as a child that hath done ill,
And feareth to be beat:
So come I to the throne of grace
Where mercy doth abound,
Desiring mercy for my sin
To heal my deadly wound.

4 O Lord, I need not to repeat
What I do beg or crave,
For thou dost know before I ask
The thing that I would have.
Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum,
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
O let thy mercy come.

84 S. M. WATTS.

Job ix. 2–6.

AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake:
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none, can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

85 C. M. WATTS.

Seeking God.

O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain,
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear:
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

86

S. M. BRADY & TATE.

Ps. CXXX.

FROM lowest depths of wo
To God I send my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

2 Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

3 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord:
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

4 My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

5 Let Israel trust in God—
No bounds his mercy knows:
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows:

6 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey:
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

87 7s. NEWTON.

The suit.

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

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

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

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

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear:
Print thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer:
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Show me what I have to do—
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith—
Let me die thy people's death.

88 S. M. NEWTON.

Begging the bread of life.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again

Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

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

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

89 C. M.

I will not let thee go.

AS Jacob did in days of old,
So will my soul do now—
Wrestle, and on my Jesus hold,
Nor will I let thee go.

2 I come, encouraged by thy word,
That mercy thou wilt show:
Except thou bless me, blessed Lord,
I will not let thee go.

3 I come to ask forgiveness free,
Though I have been thy foe:
Except thou grant it, Lord, to me,
I will not let thee go.

4 I come to open all my wounds,
My sorrows and my wo:
Except thy healing grace abounds,
I will not let thee go.

5 I come to tell thee all my fears
And conflicts here below:
Except thy mercy, Lord, appears,
I will not let thee go.

6 I come to ask for all thy love,
And all thou canst bestow:
Except these blessings, Lord, I prove,
I will not let thee go.

90 C. M. STEELE.

Contrition.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye—

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

91 8s. TOPLADY.

Importunate pleadings.

ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine.

Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load:
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord! and my terror shall cease:
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace—
The rock that is higher than I.
Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice,
Thy presence is fair to behold:
Attend to my sorrows and cries—
My groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests, with a roar,
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite:
Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee!
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower:
Come, succour and gladden my heart—
Let this be the day of thy power.

L. M.

92

Hoping for mercy.

WHAT mean these jealousies and fears?
As if the Lord was loth to save,
Or loved to see us drench'd in tears,
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.

2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?

Loves he the deep, despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant or a God?

3 Not all the sins which we have wrought,
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind, injurious thought—
That he's unwilling to forgive.

4 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,
And well may rebel worms surprise;
But was not thy incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice?

5 "I've found a ransom," saith the Lord;
"No humble penitent shall die:"
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try!

93 10s. DR. JOHNSON.

Divine light implored.

O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides!
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!

2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest:
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend:
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

94 8, 7. C. WESLEY.

Let there be light.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and bright thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:

The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing:
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransom'd race:
Come, thou universal Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince:
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thy all-restoring merit,
Every burden'd soul release:
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

95 C. M. COWPER.

Heal my soul.

HEAL us, Immanuel:—here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch:
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair:
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word:
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord!

3 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief;
"Lord, I believe," (with tears, he cried;)
"O help my unbelief."

4 She, too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtues stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace:
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Conceal'd amidst the gathering throng,
She would have shunn'd thy view;
And, if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee, if we may:
O send us not despairing home—
Send none unheal'd away.

96

S. M. NEWTON.

Bethesda.

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

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

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

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

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

97 C. M. WATTS.

Regeneration sought.

BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debased his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclined:
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good:
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God, renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken powers restore,
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts;
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

98 C. M. WATTS.

The new creation.

MIGHTY Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin:
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

2 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh:
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Far from the regions of the dead,
From earth, and sin, and hell,
In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

99 7s. HAMMOND.

Give me Jesus.

GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My requests vouchsafe to hear:
Much distress'd with guilt am I:
Give me Jesus, or I die.

2 Wealth and honour I disdain:
Earthly comforts all are vain:
These can never satisfy:
Give me Jesus, or I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only take away my guilt:
Mourning, at thy feet I lie:
Give me Jesus, or I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin:
I to thee for mercy fly:
Give me Jesus, or I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy mercy I would trust:
With my earnest suit comply:
Give me Jesus, or I die.

6 O my God, what shall I say?
Take, O take my sins away:
Jesus' blood to me apply:
Give me Jesus, or I die.

100 8, 7. C. WESLEY.

Pathetic pleadings.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore:
Suffering Son of man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain,

By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish
In thy days of flesh below,
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of wo:
When Thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burden'd with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

3 By thy most severe temptation,
In the dark satanic hour:
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power:
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

4 By the travail of thy spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In thy pangs, remember me!
By thy death I thee conjure,
A weak, dying soul befriend:
Make me patient to endure,
Make me faithful to the end.

101 7s. GRANT.

Litany.

SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee—
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes:
O, by all thy pains and wo,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

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

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

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

8, 7. TURNER.

102

Flying to Jesus.

JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry:
Let me know thy great salvation,
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief—
Prostrate at thy feet relenting—
Send, O send me quick relief!

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?

Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?

4 *Saved*—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above:
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

103 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4. PALMER.

Self-consecration at the cross.

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

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

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

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

104 8, 8, 8, 6.

The venture.

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

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

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

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

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

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

105 C. M. STENNETT.

The only plea.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 O let not justice frown me hence:
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:

Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt:
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

106 S. M. C. WESLEY.

At the cross.

HERE will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care,
And, "Father, Abba, Father!" cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer:
Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

107 7s.

At the cross.

TO the cross where Jesus dies,
Where my Lord resigns his breath,
Where affliction veils his eyes,
Swimming in the tears of death,—
Thither bringing all my guilt,
From avenging wrath I flee,
To the blood of sprinkling spilt—
Spilt to set the sinner free.

2 Mid convulsive agonies,
  Peace his quivering lips impart:
Pardon seal'd by broken sighs
  Issuing from a bursting heart:
Let me feel this healing power,
  Let this hardened heart of stone
Melt beneath the purple shower,
  From his body trickling down.

3 On those temples, crown'd with thorns,
  Suffering majesty appears:
Love that dying face adorns,
  Stain'd with blood and soil'd with tears:
Pierce the shadows of the heart
  With the lightning of that eye:
Smiles of peace to me impart—
  Let me feel, or I must die!

L. M.

108 *Contrition in view of the cross.*

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

2 Fast flow, my tears: yet faster flow,
  Stream copious as yon purple tide:
Who was it gave the deadly blow?
  Who urged the hand that pierced his side?
My soul, thy Victim here behold!
What pangs, what agonies untold,
While justice, arm'd with power divine,
Pours on his head what's due to thine!

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

109 7s. CONDER.

At the Lord's table.

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

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

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

110 9, 8. HEBER.

At the Lord's table.

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

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

111

L. M. PARNELL.

Supplication.

WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
O Jesus, Lord of life, on high!
And on thy servant's drooping head
The dews of blessing sweetly shed.

2 Change all my sad complaints to ease,
To cheerful notes of endless praise:
A sense of pardoning favour give,
And raise my mind and bid me live.

3 My fears of danger while I breathe,
My dread of endless hell beneath,
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort change within.

4 Be not to me a Judge severe,
For so, thy presence who can bear?
But O regard my mournful cry,
And look with mercy's gracious eye.

5 Then grant, O Lord, that I may burn
To make my Saviour some return;
And be my heart inspired to rise,
On wings of love, to yonder skies.

112

7, 7, 7, 5. HEBER.

Jesus, hear and save.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, teacher, infinite:
Jesus, hear and save!

2 Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb:
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Mighty Monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,

Captive, beaten, bound, reviled:
Jesus, hear and save!

4 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords and King of kings!
Jesus, hear and save!

5 Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty:
Hear us! help us when we cry!
Jesus, hear and save!

113 C. M. BEDDOME.

Self-denial.

AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

114 L. M. COLLYER.

Renouncing the world.

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

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

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

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

115 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. TAYLOR.

Renouncing the world.

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

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear—
Ye dearest idols, fall:
My love ye must not share—
Jesus shall have it all:
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But, ah! thou must consent, my heart!

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

4 O may I feel thy worth!
And let no idol dare,

No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare:
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

116 C. M. RYLAND.

Hinder me not.

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

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

3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command:
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
My joyful cry shall be,
"Hinder me not:" come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

117 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

The surrender.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine:
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine—
Thine entirely—
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear,
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near—
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

SECTION IV.

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

118 C. M. WATTS.

Ps. xxxiii. 1–11.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim:
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His word, with energy divine,
Those heavenly arches spread,
Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the heavens pervade.

4 He taught the swelling waves to flow
To their appointed deep:
Bade raging seas their limits know,
And still their station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand:
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs:
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

119 8s. MONTGOMERY.

Ps. xcv.

O COME let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice,

In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one spirit, one voice.
For Jehovah is King, and he reigns,
The God of all gods, on his throne:
The strength of the hills he maintains,
The ends of the earth are his own.

2 The sea is Jehovah's—he made
The tide its dominion to know:
The land is Jehovah's—he laid
Its solid foundations below.
O come let us worship and kneel
Before our Creator, our God:
The people who serve him with zeal,—
The flock whom he guides with his rod.

3 As Moses, the fathers of old
Through the sea and the wilderness led,
His wonderful works to behold,
With manna from heaven are fed:
To-day, let us hearken, to-day,
To the voice that yet speaks from above,
And all his commandments obey,
For all his commandments are love.

4 His wrath let us fear to provoke,
To dwell in his favour unite:
His service is freedom, his yoke
Is easy, his burden is light.
But O, of rebellion beware,
Rebellion that hardens the breast,
Lest God in his anger should swear
That we shall not enter his rest.

120

L. M. HOPKINS.
Ps. c.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,

Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

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

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

121

11, 8. MONTGOMERY.
Ps. c.

BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear,
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 The Lord he is God—and Jehovah alone,
Creator, and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own—
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim,
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand:
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

7s. MONTGOMERY.

122

Ps. cvii. 32–43.

LET the elders praise the Lord
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet with one accord
In his courts, on holy days.

2 God for sin will vengeance take,
Smite the earth with sore distress,
And a fruitful region make
As the howling wilderness.

3 But when mercy stays his hand,
Famine, plague, and death depart;
Yea, the rock at his command
Pours a river from its heart.

4 There the hungry dwell in peace,
Cities build, and plough the ground,
While their flocks and herds increase,
And their corn and wine abound.

5 Should they yet rebel, his arm
Lays their pride again in dust;
But the poor he shields from harm,
And in him the righteous trust.

6 Whoso wisely marks his will,
Thus evolving bliss from wo,
Shall, redeemed from every ill,
All his loving-kindness know.

7s. MONTGOMERY.

123

Ps. cxlviii.

HERALDS of creation cry,—
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high:
Heaven and earth, obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light:

He commanded—nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love:
Sun and moon, your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.

4 Earth, from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow:
Lightning, vapour, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.

5 Vales and mountains, burst in song:
Rivers, roll with praise along:
Clap your hands, ye trees, and hail
God, who comes in every gale.

6 Birds, on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at his temple door:
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks.

7 Kings, your Sovereign serve with awe:
Judges, own his righteous law:
Princes, worship him with fear:
Bow the knee, all people here.

8 Let his truth by babes be told,
And his wonders by the old:
Youths and maidens, in your prime,
Learn the lays of heaven betime.

9 High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone:
Him let all his works confess,
Him let every being bless.

124 L. M. NEEDHAM.

Creation.

LOOK up, ye saints, direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the skies:

With your glad notes his praise rehearse,
Who formed the mighty universe.

2 He spoke, and from the gloom of night
At once sprang up the cheering light:
Him discord heard, and, at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.

3 The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run:
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay,
To glide along th' ethereal way.

4 Teeming with life—air, earth, and sea
Obey th' Almighty's high decree:
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.

5 But to complete the wondrous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man,
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.

6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew,
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine.

125 L. M.

The footsteps of a God.

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

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

3 In thousand shapes and colours rise
Thy painted windows to our eyes,

While beasts and birds with labouring throats
Teach us a God in thousand notes.

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

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

126 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

All thy works praise thee.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears:
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom plann'd:
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye:
Thither his path pursue:
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

4 How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, thy fame
With rising lustre shines.

5 These lower works that swell thy praise,
High as man's thoughts can tower,
Are but a portion of thy ways,
The hiding of thy power.

6 O shouldst thou rend aside the veil,
And show thy dwelling-place,

The souls which thou hast made would fail!
'Twere death to see thy face.

7 Can none behold that face and live?
Yea, sinners may draw near:
The Lord is kind, and will forgive,
His love shall cast out fear.

8 Millions amidst his presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy, at his right hand
And pleasures evermore.

127 Six 8s. MOORE.

All things are of God.

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

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

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

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

128 L. M. WILLIAMS.

God seen in all.

MY God! all nature owns thy sway:
Thou giv'st the night and thou the day:
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

2 Or, when in paler tints array'd,
The evening slowly spreads her shade,
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can more than day's enlivening bloom
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire,
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to thee.

3 In every scene thy hands have dress'd,
In every form by thee impress'd,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the sheltering woods are spread:
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.

4 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe with change of bliss the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain!
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wondering soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favour rise.

129 L. M. MRS. OPIE.

The voice of creation.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power:
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general anthem raise.

2 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute midst Nature's loud acclaim,
Nor let my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name?
All Nature's debt is small to mine,
For Nature soon shall cease to be;
But—matchless proof of love divine—
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

130 C. M. KIRKE WHITE.

Lord of all.

THE Lord our God is Lord of all,
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall:
I hear him in the wind.

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly:
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He lives, he reigns, in every land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where across the burning sand
The blasting meteor glows.

4 He smiles, we live,—he frowns, we die,—
We hang upon his word:
He rears his red right arm on high,
And ruin bears his sword.

5 He bids his blast the fields deform—
Then, when his thunders cease,
Sits as the ruler of the storm,
And smiles the winds to peace.

131

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

Divine magnificence.

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

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

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

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

132 6, 6, 6, 6, 7, 7.
Divine honours.

ANGELS, assist to sing
The honours of your God:
Touch every tuneful string,
And sound his name abroad:
Pour the trembling noise along:
Swell the grand immortal song,

2 And ye of meaner birth,
Your joyful voices raise:
Inhabitants of earth,
Your great Redeemer praise:
Let your loud hosannas rise:
Shake the earth, and pierce the skies!

3 Let day and dusky night,
In solemn order join
His praises to recite,
And speak his power divine:
Every hill and every vale,
Echo with the sacred tale.

4 Ye winds and raging seas,
With wild, tempestuous roar,
Resound, in mightier lays,
His name from shore to shore:
Thunders, spread his name abroad:
Lightnings, flash before your God.

5 Let every creature sing
The honours of our God:
Touch every tuneful string,
And spread his praise abroad:
Pour the trembling notes along:
Swell the universal song.

133 7s. C. WESLEY.

Providence.

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

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

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

134 7s. C. WESLEY.

The Father of mercies.

MEET and right it is to praise
God, the giver of all grace,—
God, whose mercies are bestow'd
On the evil and the good:
He prevents his creature's call,
Kind and merciful to all:
Makes his sun on sinners rise,
Showers his blessings from the skies.

2 Least of all thy creatures, we
Daily thy salvation see:
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led:
Through a wilderness of cares,
Through ten thousand thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we could know, and live!

3 By our bosom foe beset,
Taken in the fowler's net,
Passion's unresisting prey,
Oft within the toils we lay:
Sleeping on the brink of sin,
Tophet gaped to take us in,
Mercy to our rescue flew,
Broke the snare, and brought us through.

4 Here, as in the lion's den,
Undevour'd we still remain,
Pass secure the watery flood,
Hanging on the arm of God:
Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire,
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesus' name.

135 7, 7, 6. REED.

God my keeper.

WHENE'ER my heart is broken,
Before my grief is spoken,
God pities my complaint;
And when he might reject me,
He kindly does protect me,
Lest all my courage faint.

2 By night his arm attends me,
And graciously defends me,
And soft is my repose:

The eyes that watch my keeping,
Are never, never sleeping,
I cannot fear my foes.

3 By day his hand shall lead me,
And heavenly manna feed me,
Through all my desert way:
His beam my path enlightens,
And more and more it brightens,
Into eternal day.

4 O thou, my God, my Saviour,
In thy celestial favour
Is my supreme delight:
The more my woes oppress me,
The more do thou possess me,
Lord, with thy heavenly might.

136 7s.

Praise for national blessings.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong:
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praise to heaven's almighty King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand,
Pour around this happy land:
Let our hearts, beneath his sway,
Hail the bright triumphant day.

3 Now to thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heavenly Friend:
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

4 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey:
Never feel a tyrant's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

137 8, 7.

National praise.

UP to thee, Almighty Father,
Ancient of eternal days,
Throned in uncreated glory,
Hear us, while our songs we raise.

2 Praise, for thy unceasing bounty,
Pour'd with an indulgent hand:
Praise, for blessings still increasing,
Crowning freedom's favour'd land.

3 While a nation's heart is leaping,
Mighty in its gushing joy,
May the song of adoration
All its grateful powers employ.

4 Thine, O Lord, shall be the kingdom,
Thine the power and glory be,
Thine through endless ages rolling,
Thine throughout eternity.

138 8, 6. H. S. WASHBURN.

Praise to our fathers' God.

LET every heart rejoice and sing,
Let choral anthems rise:
Ye reverend men and children, bring
To God your sacrifice:
For he is good: the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise,
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise:
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

2 He bids the sun to rise and set,
In heaven his power is known;
And earth, subdued to him, shall yet
Bow low before his throne:
For he is good: the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise,
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise:
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

139 6, 4. MONTGOMERY.

Praise to the God of harvest.

THE God of harvest praise,
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice:
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth:
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise,
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord:
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

140 7s. BARBAULD.

Source of blessings.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use:

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

5 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear:
Should the fig tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit:

7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store:
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall:

8 Should thy alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain—
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy:

9 Yet, to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

141 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. H. More.

The love of God.

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

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

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

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

5 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;

And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

142 7s. C. WESLEY.

Divine forbearance.

LORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell!
Still doth thy good Spirit strive,
With the chief of sinners dwell?
Yes: I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair,
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still to call thee mine I dare.

2 O the length and breadth of love!
Jesus, Saviour, can it be?
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All its depth is seen in me.
O the miracle of grace,
Tell it out, to sinners tell!
Friends, and men, and angels gaze,
I am, I am out of hell.

3 Turn aside a sight t' admire,
I the living wonder am:
See a bush that burns with fire
Unconsumed amidst the flame:
See a stone that hangs in air,
See a spark in ocean dwell,
Kept alive with death so near,
I am, I am out of hell.

143 L. M. MEDLEY.

Loving-kindness.

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

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all:
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

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

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

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

144 8, 7. KEY.

Pardoning grace.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavour,
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

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

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

145

8, 8, 6. BROWN.

Renewing grace extolled.

WHEN with my mind devoutly press'd,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
Would past offences trace;
Trembling, I make the black review,
Yet pleased behold, admiring too,
The power of changing grace.

2 This tongue with blasphemies defiled,
These feet to erring paths beguiled,
In heavenly league agree:
Who would believe such lips could praise,
Or think from dark and winding ways
I e'er should turn to thee?

3 These eyes that once abused the light
Now lift to thee their watery sight,
And weep a silent flood:
These hands are raised in ceaseless prayer,
O wash away the stains they wear,
In pure redeeming blood.

4 These ears, that once could entertain
The midnight oath, the festive strain,
Around the sinful board;
Now, deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest their joys,
And long to hear thy word.

5 Thus art thou served in every part:
Go on, bless'd Lord, to cleanse my heart,
That drossy thing refine:
That grace may nature's powers control,
And a new creature, body, soul,
Be all and wholly thine.

146 8, 7. BOWRING.

Glorying in the cross.

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

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

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

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

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

147 7, 6. HAWEIS.

Praising the Saviour.

TO thee, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings;
Rejoicing in thy favour,
Almighty King of kings.

I'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear:
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode:
Then cast my crown before thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee:
What could an angel more?

148 C. M. CENNICK.

Christ shall be our song.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee:
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let us ever hear thy voice—
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay:
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

149 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. KELLY.

Crowning the Saviour.

CROWN the Saviour, angels, crown him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown him, crown him!
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!

2 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him!
King of kings and Lord of lords!

150 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. KELLY.

Christ enthroned and worshipped.

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

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

3 King of glory, reign for ever:
Thine an everlasting crown:

Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own:
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing:
Bring, 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!"

7s. MONTGOMERY.

151

Songs of praise.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born:
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No:—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice:
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

152 *The church-triumphant's song.*

SING we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here:
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear,
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The church-triumphant's song.

4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain!
Cry the redeem'd above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save!
Henceforth, O death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O grave?

6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given!
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven!

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

153 *Worthy the Lamb.*

GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye his name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore:
Sing aloud, evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load:
Praise ye his name:
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won:
Sing his great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb!

3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless:
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting, with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

5 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

6 Then let the host above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity:
Worthy the Lamb!

SECTION V.

GRACES AND VIRTUES.

Faith.

C. M. COWPER.

154 *The gift of God.*

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

2 Faith, too, the blood-receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain,
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
That gift had been in vain.

3 Till thou thy teaching power apply,
Our hearts refuse to see,
And, weak as a distemper'd eye,
Shut out the view of thee.

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

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

L. M. WATTS.

155 *We walk by faith.*

'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night:
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies:
  She makes the pearly gates appear:
Far into distant worlds she pries,
  And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
  While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
  And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abrah'm, by divine command,
  Left his own house to walk with God:
His faith beheld the promised land,
  And fired his zeal along the road.

156 C. M. TURNER.

The power of faith.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
  And saves me from its snares:
Its aid in every duty brings,
  And softens all my cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
  And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
  And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
  The healing balm to give:
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
  And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
  Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
  Nor bids me seek in vain:

5 Shows me the precious promise seal'd
  With the Redeemer's blood,
And helps my feeble hope to rest
  Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there, unshaken, would I rest,
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

157 C. M. WATTS.

A living and dead faith.

MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead:
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love—
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power:
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace:
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God:
Jesus and his salvation came
By water and by blood.

Hope.

158 L. M. WATTS.

Aspiring to heaven.

I SEND the joys of earth away:
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now, to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes:
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll:
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

159 L. M. WATTS.

Pursuing the sovereign good.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares:
To sensual bliss, that charms us so,
Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, mine ears.

2 Here I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 Come, Heaven! and fill my vast desires:
  My soul pursues the sovereign good:
She was all made of heavenly fires,
  Nor can she live on meaner food.

C. M. COWPER.

160 *Hope tempered with fear.*

I WAS a grovelling creature once,
  And basely cleaved to earth:
I wanted spirit to renounce
  The clod that gave me birth.

2 But God has breathed upon a worm,
  And sent me from above
Wings, such as clothe an angel's form—
  The wings of joy and love.

3 With these, to Pisgah's top I fly,
  And there delighted stand,
To view, beneath a shining sky,
  The spacious, promised land.

4 The Lord of all the vast domain
  Has promised it to me:
The length and breadth of all the plain,
  As far as faith can see.

5 How glorious is my privilege,
  To thee for help I call:
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
  O save me, lest I fall!

6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
  My strength is not my own:
Then let me tremble at his word,
  And none shall cast me down.

L. M. MEDLEY.

161 *I know that my Redeemer liveth.*

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:
  What comfort this sweet sentence gives!

He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives my everlasting Head.

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

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

4 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

5 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!

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

C. M.

162 *Christ in you, the hope of glory.*

TO whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
If I depart from thee?
My guide through all this vale of wo,
And more than all to me.

2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn:
O, they could plait thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn.

3 But I have felt thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,

To whisper hope of joys above—
And can we ever part?

4 Ah, no! with thee I'll walk below,
My journey to the grave:
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
When only thou canst save?

163

C. M. WATTS.

2 *Tim.* i. 12.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name:
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Humility.

164

7s. MONTGOMERY.

Ps. cxxxi.

LORD, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be:
Strip me of my robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd:
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the prophecy were seal'd.

3 Quiet as a weaned child
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Saints! rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust:
Him, in all his ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

165 S. M. COWPER.

Dependence on grace.

BEWARE of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
But, "Grant I never may."

2 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

3 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide:
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

4 In Jesus is our store:
Grace issues from his throne:
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

Joy.

166 8, 8, 6. GUION

[Translated from the French, by Cowper.]

Bliss of adoption.

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

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

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

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

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

167 C. M. WATTS.

The happy man.

O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world of time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here,
Content and pleased to live alone,
Till Christ his life appear.

168 C. M. DR. YOUNG.

Joy a duty.

CONSUMMATE Love! the list how large
Of blessings from thy hand!
To banish sorrow and be blest
Is thy supreme command.

2 Joy is our duty, glory, health—
The sunshine of the soul:
The best encomium on the Power
Who sweetly plans the whole.

169 7s. TOPLADY.

Source of joy.

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

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

3 While I feel thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy:
Here, O may I walk with thee—
Then into thy presence die!
Let me but thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness!
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below, and heaven above.

170 Six 7s.

Source of joy.

WORLD, adieu! thou real cheat:
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes and false alarms:
Now I see, as clear as day,
How thy follies pass away.

2 Vain thy entertaining sights:
  False thy promises renew'd:
All the pomp of thy delights
  Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for heaven above,
Object of the noblest love.

3 Let not, Lord, my wandering mind
  Follow after fleeting toys,
Since in thee alone I find
  Solid and substantial joys—
Joys that, never overpast,
Through eternity shall last.

171 L. M. COWPER.

Fountain of delight.

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

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
  First wean'd my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
  The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

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

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

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

Love.

172 L. M. WATTS.

1 *Cor.* xiii. 1—3.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

173 C. M WATTS.

The principal grace.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move:
The devils know and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

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

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

174 C. M. WATTS.

Grateful love.

HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine:
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all!

175 8, 7. NEWTON.

Obligations to love.

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

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

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

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

176 8, 7. WINGROVE.

Gratitude for pardon.

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

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

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above!
While, astonish'd, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

That bless'd moment I received him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I'm much forgiven:
I'm a miracle of grace.

177 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 7. GUION.

[Translated from the French, by Cowper.]

Returns of love.

ALL are indebted much to thee,
But I far more than all,
From many a deadly snare set free,
And raised from many a fall:
Overwhelm me from above
Daily with thy boundless love.

2 What bonds of gratitude I feel,
No language can declare:
Beneath th' oppressive weight I reel—
'Tis more than I can bear:
When shall I that blessing prove,
To return thee love for love!

3 O blessedness, all bliss above,
When thy pure fires prevail!
Love only teaches what is love:
All other lessons fail—
We learn its name, but not its powers—
Experience only makes it ours.

178 L. M. STENNETT.

Complacential love.

AND will th' offended God again
Return and dwell with sinful men?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?

2 The joyful news transports my breast:
All hail! I cry, thou heavenly guest!

Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the King of glory in.

3 Enter with all thy heavenly train:
Here live, and here for ever reign:
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway:
Let love command, and I'll obey.

4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet:
To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.

179 L. M. GUION.

[Translated from the French, by Cowper.]

Cleaving to God.

O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide!
My Love! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

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

3 To me remains nor place nor time—
My country is in every clime:
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

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

5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions not remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

180 C. M. J. RYLAND.

Delight in God.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend:
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same:
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee:
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee:
I triumph and adore:
My great concern shall ever be
To love and please thee more.

181 L. M. STEELE.

Cleaving to Christ.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart:
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near in vain they call:
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, is worth them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore:
Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
Depart from thee!—'tis death—'tis more!
'Tis endless ruin! deep despair!

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie:
Here safety dwells and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine!

182 C. M. STEELE.

Delight in Christ.

YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine:
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense:
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them all
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain pleasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And think myself most bless'd.

6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine:
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

183 8s. FRANCIS.

Delight in Christ.

MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ:
To feel them incessantly mine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeem'd with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell,
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view with eternal delight
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey:
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
That pass in a moment away:
The crown that my Saviour bestows
Yon permanent sun will outshine:
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

184 C. M. SWAIN.

Brotherly love.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord

In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word:

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
When sorrows flow 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 every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

185 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Fraternal bond of love.

THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound,
In one mysterious chain.

2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree,
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works, with all his ways,
Harmoniously unite.

4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,

The saints below and saints above,
Their bliss and glory find.

5 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole:
Derive its pulse from thee the heart,
Its life from thee the soul.

186 L. M. BARBAULD.

Christian friendship.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and mortal wo:
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place,
Where God reveals his awful face:
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire:
Then shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy, because of love.

187 C. M. DWIGHT.

Zion's friends and mine.

THE giddy world, with flattering tongue,
Had charm'd my soul astray,
And lured my heedless feet to death
Along the flowery way.

2 My heart, with agonizing prayer,
Besought the Lord to save;
Unseen he seized my trembling hand
And brought me from the grave.

3 He broke the charm, which drew my feet
To darkness and the dead:
From lips profane, and tongues impure,
With quivering steps I fled.

4 Homeward I flew to find my God,
And seek his face divine,
Restored to peace, to hope, to life,
To Zion's friends, and mine.

188 6, 6, 8. WATTS.

Ps. cxxxiii.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil, through all the room,
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills,
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

189 7s. J. TAYLOR.

Benevolence.

FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow:
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye express'd:
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast:

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Heal the wounded, feed the poor:
Love, embracing all our kind:
Charity, with liberal store:
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted offering bring—
Love to thee and all mankind.

190 C. M. BARBAULD.

Charity.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;

And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's streaming eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 He from the bosom of his God
Shall present peace receive;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

191 L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The stranger and his friend.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, nay:
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread:
I gave him all—he blest it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst,
Clear from the rock—his strength was gone:
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran to raise the sufferer up:
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt, and return'd it running o'er,
I drank and never thirsted more.

4 'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof:
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof:
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest,
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

5 Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment:—he was heal'd:—
I had myself a wound conceal'd;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn:
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd him mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die:
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

7 Then, in a moment, to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise:
The tokens in his hands I knew:
My Saviour stood before mine eyes!

He spake, and my poor name he named:
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be:
Fear not: thou didst them unto me."

S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

192 *Beneficence.*

LABOURERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil:
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallow'd lore.

3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

5 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

L. M. BEDDOME.

193 *Love to enemies.*

JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conform'd to thee:
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.

2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need:

The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a holy meekness bear.

3 Let the envenom'd heart and tongue,
The hand outstretch'd to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast
But such as Jesus once express'd.

4 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive,
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.

5 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

Peace.

194 L. M. KELLY.

Peace with God.

I HEAR a voice that comes from far,
From Calvary it sounds abroad:
It soothes my soul and calms my fear,
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

2 And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice.

3 Alas, for those!—the day is near
When mercy will be heard no more:
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appear'd,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

195 L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Peace of conscience.

SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest,
Come fix thy mansion in my breast,
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here:
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope and peace divine,
O make these sacred pleasures mine:
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

4 Then should mine eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all his terrors near:
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

5 For then, beyond these lower skies
New worlds shall greet my longing eyes:
Blest worlds! where peace her throne maintains,
And everlasting glory reigns.

196 L. M. WATTS.

A pacific spirit.

THE Spirit like a peaceful dove
Flies from the realms of noise and strife:
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

2 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

Resignation.

197 C. M. COWPER.

Yielding all to God.

O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine!

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth.

6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

198 C. M. MERRICK.

Thou shalt choose our inheritance.

AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn:
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy love within us dwell,
  Thy fear our footsteps guide:
That love shall vainer loves expel,
  That fear all fears beside.

2 And, O, by error's force subdued,
  Since oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
  And grasp the specious ill,—
Not what we wish, but what we want,
  Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant—
  The ill we ask, deny.

199 C. M. GREENE.

It is the Lord.

IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
  Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
  To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
  Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
  And must be righteous still?

3 It is the Lord—who can sustain
  Beneath the heaviest load:
From whom assistance I obtain
  To tread the thorny road.

4 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
  Can from afflictions raise
Matter eternity to fill
  With ever-growing praise.

5 And can my soul with hopes like these
  Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God! take what thou please,
  To thee I all resign.

200 C. M. BEDDOME.

My times are in thy hand.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand:
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine:
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet:
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixed with gall:
Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

201 S. M. C. WESLEY.

Thy will be done.

MOST gracious God reveal
Thy will concerning me:
Whate'er I do—whate'er I feel,
I follow thy decree.

2 The counsels of thy love
Be on my heart impress'd,
It then shall at thy bidding move,
And at thy bidding rest.

3 Father, thy will be done!
To thee I all resign:

The sole disposer of thine own,
Dispose of me and mine.

4 At thy command, I go,
Or quietly attend,
Till all my rests and toils below
In rest eternal end.

202 8, 8, 6. MONTGOMERY.

Thy will be done.

FATHER, thy will, not mine be done!
So pray'd on earth thy suffering Son,
So in his name I pray:
The spirit fails, the flesh is weak,
Thy help in agony I seek,
O take this cup away!

2 If such be not thy sovereign will,
Thy wiser purpose then fulfil,
My wishes I resign:
Into thy hands my soul commend,
On thee for life or death depend:
Thy will be done, not mine.

203 C. M. STEELE.

Prayer for submission.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free:
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Sincerity and Sobriety.

204 L. M. Sir H. Wotton.

The upright man.

HOW happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will:
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame, or private breath:

3 Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

4 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend:
Whose heart, as open as the day,
Fears not to call his God his friend.

5 This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
He, having nothing, yet hath all.

205 C. M. Watts.

I hate and abhor lying.

LET those who bear the Christian name,
Their holy vows fulfil:
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear,

Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise:
They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears:
Firm to their truth; and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

206 C. M. WATTS.

Truth in the inward parts.

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

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear,
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

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

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

207 L. M. WATTS.

Not as fools, but as wise.

BEHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play—
To wear out time, and waste the day?

3 Doth vain discourse or empty mirth
Well suit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love and fools admire?

4 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher,
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire,
Then with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.

5 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promised in the skies.

Zeal.

208 C. M. NEWTON.

True zeal contrasted with false.

ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies:
While that which often bears the name
Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear:
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,

If sinners love the Saviour's name;
Nor seeks it aught beside.

5 But self, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
"Come, see what I can do!"

6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.

7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

209 C. M. FAWCETT.

Religion.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below:
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Nor reputation, food, or health
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom:
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear:

And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire:
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies!

210 L. M. WATTS.

The beatitudes.—Matt. v. 2–12.

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart:
The blood of Christ divinely flows
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war:
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness:
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Bless'd are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love:
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin:

With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife:
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Bless'd are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake:
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

211 Six 7s.

Exemplary piety.

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show,
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal:
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness,
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James's faith by works reveal:
Like young Timothy, may I
Every sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know:
Samuel's call, O may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share:
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire
All my new-born soul inspire.

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's valiant steadfast care,
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart,
Abrah'm's friendship may I prove,
Faithful to the God of love.

5 Most of all, may I pursue
That example Jesus drew:
By my life and conduct show
How he lived and walk'd below:
Day by day, through grace restored,
Imitate my blessed Lord.

212 L. M. COWPER.

The Christian.

HONOUR and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise:
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears:
No change his priestly office knows:
Unfading is the crown he wears:
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face:
His robe is of th' ethereal dye—
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honours he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth:
The King of kings himself maintains
Th' expenses of his heavenly birth.

5 The noblest creature seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above,
God gives him all he can bestow—
His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought!
Methinks from earth I see him rise:
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

SECTION VI.

TEMPTATIONS AND TRIALS.

213 L. M. FAWCETT.

As thy day, thy strength shall be.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear:
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name:
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 When call'd by Him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

5 When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue:
He'll come to set thy spirit free,
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

214 L. M. WATTS.

Trial of Abraham.

SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord:
He will restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abrah'm with obedient hand
Led forth his son, at God's command:
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

3 "Abrah'm, forbear," the angel cried,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is tried:
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."

4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays delivering power:
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

215 L. M. BARBAULD.

The Christian warfare.

AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host:
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands:
There, pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captives led.

3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage:
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round:
Beware of all: guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

5 Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield:
Put on the armour from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

6 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth and powers of hell:
The Man of Calvary triumph'd here,
Why should his faithful followers fear!

216 L. M. WATTS.

The Christian warfare.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes:
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sang the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate:
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace:
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

217 S. M. HEATH

The conflict.

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er:
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
Thy arduous work 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,
Up to his blest abode.

218 7, 8. J. Cross.

The Christian soldier.

CHRISTIAN soldier, seize thy sword,
Seek the field and take thy station!
Prince Messiah gives the word,
Captain of the saints' salvation.

2 Strong the weapons thou must wield,
Stern the warfare thou art waging:
Bind the helmet, bear the shield,
Hell's beleaguering hosts engaging.

3 Lo, the battle is begun!
Lo, Immanuel's troops in motion!
Some the prize have nearly won,
Some already seize their portion.

4 Hear ye not the victor's song?
Hear ye not the captive's crying?
Shout! Jehovah's arm is strong:
Shout! the alien foe is flying.

5 See the crimson banners wave!
Hear the chariot's rolling thunder!
Christ the conquer'd world shall save,
Cleave Apollyon's throne asunder.

6 Lo, the ransom'd marching home!
Anthems loud and palms victorious:
Satan conquer'd, death o'ercome,
Crowns secured and mansions glorious.

219

9, 5, 8. J. CROSS.

The Christian pilgrim.

A STRANGER, dejected and weary,
In exile I roam,
Through deserts all darksome and dreary,
In quest of my home:
For there is my heart and my treasure,
And there I shall rest before long,
My pain all exchanging for pleasure,
My sorrow forgetting in song.

2 The friends that I love have departed,
And left me alone:
Sore burden'd and half broken-hearted,
I sigh to be gone:
My spirit with ardent endeavour
Pursues to that heavenly shore,
Where saints shall be seraphs for ever,
And friends shall be parted no more.

3 O Jesus, if still thou dost love me,
Who for me hast died,
In pity make haste to remove me,
And seat by thy side:
To gaze on the Saviour that bought me,
Or lean on the bosom that bled,
And sing of the mercy that taught me
To live by the life thou hast shed.

220

8, 7. EDMESTON.

The Christian pilgrim.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea:
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee,
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness thou dost know:
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest wo:
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

221 L. M. COWPER.

The storm.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm:
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves: say, "Peace, be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee:
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek:
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

222

11s.

The tempest.

O ZION! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save,
With darkness surrounded, by sorrow dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the pilot who sits at the helm:
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 "O, fearful! O, faithless!" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossings I'll bring thee to land.

4 Forget thee, I will not! then cease to complain:
Engraved on my heart thou dost ever remain:
The palms of my hands while I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

5 I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones:
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain;
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is secure,
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power:
In love I correct thee—thee thus to refine,—
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

223 Six 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Christ our example in suffering.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power:
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away:
Learn from him to watch and pray.

2 See him at the judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraign'd:
See him meekly bearing all!
Love to man his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain view;
There the Lord of glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on th' accursed tree:
"It is finish'd," hear him cry:
Trust in Christ and learn to die.

4 Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid his breathless clay:
Angels kept their vigils there:
Who hath taken him away?
"Christ is risen!" he seeks the skies:
Saviour! teach us so to rise.

224 8, 6, 4. HEMANS.

Hallow this grief.

FATHER, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,

Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son,—
O, by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or, to the chasten'd, let thy might
Hallow this grief.

2 And thou, that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done,"—
By thy meek spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourn'd the chief,
Blest Saviour, if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief.

8s. C. WESLEY.

225

Joy of grief.

HOW happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above!
Indulged with a visit of pain,
Chastised by omnipotent love:
The Author of all his distress
He comes by affliction to know,
And God he in heaven shall bless
That ever he suffer'd below.

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And bear the intent of his rod,
The marks of adoption receive,
The strokes of a merciful God:
With nearer access to his throne,
My burden of folly confess,
The cause of my miseries own,
And cry for an answer of peace.

3 O Father of mercies, on me,
On me, in affliction bestow,
A power of applying to thee—
A sanctified use of my wo:

I would, in a spirit of prayer,
To all thy appointments submit,
The pledge of my happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

226 10s & 11s. NEWTON.

Begone, unbelief.

BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform:
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis *mine* to obey, 'tis *his* to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—he told me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine:
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

6 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food:
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before
long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's
song!

227 8, 8, 8. NEWTON.

Jesus, my all.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

2 When creature-comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep; but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

3 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
Against me, earth and hell combine;
But on my side is power divine:
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

228 C. M. C. WESLEY.

Jonah's gourd.

OUR joy is a created good:
How soon it fades away!
Fades—at the morning hour bestow'd—
Before the noon of day.

2 Joy, by its violent excess,
To certain ruin tends,

And all our rapturous happiness
In hasty sorrow ends.

3 In vain doth earthly bliss afford
A momentary shade:
It rises like the prophet's gourd,
And withers o'er my head.

4 But, of my Saviour's love possess'd,
No more for earth I pine:
Secure of everlasting rest
Beneath the heavenly Vine.

229 8, 8, 6. GUION.

[Translated by Cowper.]

Joy of the cross.

LONG plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear:
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear.

2 Adieu! ye vain delights of earth,
Insipid sports, and childish mirth,
I taste no sweets in you:
Unknown delights are in the cross,
All joy beside to me is dross,
And Jesus thought so too.

3 The cross! O ravishment and bliss—
How grateful e'en its anguish is:
Its bitterness, how sweet!
There every sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refined,
Taste happiness complete.

4 Jesus, avenger of our fall,
Thou faithful lover, above all
The cross has ever borne!

O tell me—life is in thy voice—
How much afflictions were thy choice,
And sloth and ease thy scorn!

5 Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which must for ever blaze!
To take the cross and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion and my praise.

230 7s. NEWTON.

Weeping Mary.

MARY to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn:
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved was gone.
For a while she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

2 Grief and sighing quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice:
Just before, she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-toss'd:
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ:
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

231 C. M. HAWEIS.

Lord, remember me.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee:
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2 When with an aching, burden'd heart,
I seek relief of thee,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart:
O Lord, remember me.

3 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
O Lord, remember me.

4 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,—
O Lord, remember me.

5 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

232 S. M. HERBERT.

O throw away thy rod.

O THROW away thy rod,
O throw away thy wrath!
My gracious Saviour and my God,
O take the gentle path!

2 Thou seest my heart's desire
Still unto thee is bent:
Still does my longing soul aspire
To an entire consent.

3 Not even a word or look
Do I approve or own,
But by the model of thy book,
Thy sacred book alone.

4 Although I fail, I weep,
Although I halt in pace,
Yet still with trembling steps I creep
Unto the throne of grace.

5 O then let wrath remove,
For love will do the deed:
Love will the conquest gain: with love
E'en stony hearts will bleed.

6 O throw away thy rod!
What though man frailties hath!
Thou art my Saviour and my God:
O throw away thy wrath!

8, 7.

233 *Guide me with thy counsel.*

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
O refresh us with thy blessing,
O refresh us with thy grace:
May thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for thy dwelling-place.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;

4 And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

C. M. six lines.

234 *My times are in thy hand.*

FATHER! I know that all my life
Is portion'd out by thee:
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
But ask thee for a patient mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watchings wise,
To meet the glad with cheerful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes—
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Searching for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where to go.

4 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied—
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
So thou be glorified.

C. M. LOGAN.

235 *Jacob's prayer.*

O GOD of Abram! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed—
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:

God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide,
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide!

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace!

5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we'll implore:
Then, with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

236 11s.

The Lord's prayer.

OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name:
Thy kingdom, all holy, on earth be the same.
O give to us daily our portion of bread:
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

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

237 L. M. STOWELL.

The mercy-seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd,
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle-wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

238

C. M.

Ps. xxiii.

THE Lord's my Shepherd: I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes:
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

239

11s. MONTGOMERY.

Ps. xxiii.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know:
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest:
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear:
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay:
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread:
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er:
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head—
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful
God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee
above:
I seek, by the path which my forefathers
trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, thy
kingdom of love.

240 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. CONDER.

Ps. xxiii.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep:
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep:
Away with every anxious fear!
I cannot want while he is near.

2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed—
Where silent waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet; and, when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

3 He leads himself the way
His faithful flock should take:
Them who his voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake;
And surely truth and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

4 Let me but feel him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shaded valley through:
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps and guard me there.

241 S. M.
Ps. xxiii.

GREEN pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow, bless'd.

2 The mountain and the vale,
Forest and field, they range:
The morning dew, the evening gale,
Bring health in every change.

3 Secure, amidst alarms,
From violence or snares,
The lambs he gathers in his arms,
And in his bosom bears.

4 The wounded and the weak
He comforts, heals, and binds:
The lost he came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when he finds.

5 Death may assail; but death
Is vanquish'd in the strife:
Their moment of departing breath
Begins eternal life.

6 Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where Jesus and his flock are one—
One Shepherd and one fold.

7 When the last trump shall sound,
And graves break up their sleep,
At his right hand may we be found,
Among the chosen sheep.

242 7, 6. MONTGOMERY.
Ps. xxvii. 1–3.

GOD is my strong salvation:
What foe have I to fear?

In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait:
His truth be thy affiance
When faint and desolate:
His might thy heart shall strengthen—
His love thy joy increase:
Mercy thy days shall lengthen:—
The Lord will give thee peace.

243 L. M. COWPER.

Peace after a storm.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

3 O let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine:
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive—
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

244 C. M. HEMANS.

Peace, be still.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bow'd;
And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But One was there, who rose and said,
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

2 And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
Pass'd through the gloomy sky:
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye;
And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous fall asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

3 Thou, that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood,
O send thy Spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood!
Thou, that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandate to fulfil,
Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, "Peace, be still!"

245 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7. MRS. DANA.

Peace, be still.

ONCE, upon the heaving ocean,
Rode a bark at evening tide,
While the waves in wild commotion
Dash'd against the vessel's side.
Jesus, sleeping on a pillow,
Heeded not the raging billow:
While the winds were all abroad,
Calmly slept the Son of God.

2 In that dark and stormy hour,
Fearful ones awaked their Lord:
Jesus, by his sovereign power,
Calm'd the tempest with a word.
On life's dark and restless ocean,
Mid the billows' wild commotion,
Trembling soul, your Lord is there:
He will make you still his care.

3 Jesus knows your silent weeping,
When before his throne you bow:
Never, never is he sleeping
Where he reigns in glory now.
If the world is dark before thee,
If the billows, rolling o'er thee,
All thy soul with terror fill—
Hear him saying, "Peace, be still!"

246 8, 7, 6. [Measure of the original.] LUTHER.

[Translated by W. M. Bunting.]

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.

A STRONG tower is the Lord our God,
To shelter and defend us:
Our shield his arm, our sword his rod,
Against our foes befriend us:

That ancient enemy—
His gathering powers we see,
His terrors and his toils,
Yet victory, with its spoils,
Not earth, but Heaven, shall send us!

2 Though wrestling with the wrath of hell,
No might of man avail us:
Our captain is Immanuel,
And angel-comrades hail us!
Still challenge ye his name?
"Christ, in the flesh who came"—
"The Lord, the Lord of hosts!"
Our cause his succour boasts;
And God shall never fail us!

3 Though earth by peopling fiends be trod,
Embattled all, yet hidden,—
And though their proud usurping god
O'er thrones and shrines have stridden,—
Nay, let them stand reveal'd,
And darken all the field,—
We fear not: fall they must!
The Word, wherein we trust,
Their triumph hath forbidden.

4 While mighty truth with us remains,
Hell's arts shall move us never;
Nor parting friendships, honours, gains,
Our love from Jesus sever:
They leave us when they part—
With him—a peaceful heart;
And when from death we rise,
Death yields us, as *he* dies,
The crown of life for ever!

SECTION VII.

DECLENSIONS AND REVIVALS.

247 L. M. KELLY.

The retrospect.

O WHERE is now that glowing love
That mark'd our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fix'd on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee:
O cast us not away, though vile:
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

248 C. M. NEWTON.

O that I were as in months past.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;

And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 My prayers are now an empty noise,
For Jesus hides his face:
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

6 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey:
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail—
O come without delay.

249 C. M. WATTS.

Inconstancy.

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night.

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so:

Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go!

6 Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross
Rather than lose thy sight.

250 L. M. BEDDOME.

Inconstancy.

THE wandering star and fleeting wind
Both represent th' unstable mind:
The morning cloud and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.

3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same,
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return—
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn—
In deep distress, then raptures feel—
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness:
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

251 C. M. WATTS.

Inconstancy.

INFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand!
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

2 But, ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

3 Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine:
Melt down my will and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

4 Seize my whole frame into thy hand:
Here all my powers I bring:
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every spring.

5 Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wandering senses rove:
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

252 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Languor.

PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shedd'st abroad—
For all thy influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love.

2 Bless'd be thy hand which, from the skies,
Brought down this plant of paradise;
And gave its heavenly glories birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.

3 But why does that celestial flower
Open and thrive and shine no more?
Where are its balmy odours fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?

4 Too plain, alas! the languor shows
Th' unkindly soil in which it grows,
Where the black frost and beating storm
Wither and rend its tender form.

5 Unchanging Sun, thy beams display
To drive the frost and storms away:
Make all thy potent virtues known
To cheer a plant so much thine own.

6 And thou, bless'd Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below,
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

253 L. M.

At anchor laid.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way!

2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail:
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.

254 S. M. WATTS.

Ingratitude deplored.

IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?—
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh:
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
  Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
  Let hourly thanks arise.

255 C. M.

Ps. cxxxvii.

OH! no, we cannot sing the song
  Form'd for Jehovah's praise:
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings
  To Zion's gladsome lays.
They bid us be in mirthful mood,
  And dry these tears, so sad;
But Judah's hearths are desolate,
  And how can we be glad?

2 Silent our harps, o'er Babel's stream,
  Are hung on willows wet;
And Zion we no more shall see—
  But can we e'er forget?
Jerusalem, thy banish'd ones
  Prove anguish and regret,
But Heaven's own curse shall rest on them
  If thee they e'er forget.

256 6, 8. RAFFLES.

Backsliding bemoaned.

COME, heavenly peace of mind,
  I sigh for thy return:
I seek, but cannot find,
  The joys for which I mourn:
Ah! where's the Saviour now,
  Whose smiles I once possess'd?
Till he return, I bow
  By heaviest grief oppress'd:
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

2 I tried each earthly charm,
In pleasure's haunts I stray'd,
I sought its soothing balm,
I ask'd the world its aid;
But ah! no balm it had
To heal a wounded breast,
And I, forlorn and sad,
Must seek another rest:
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

3 Where can the mourner go
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah! who can soothe his wo,
And give him sweet relief?
Thou, Jesus! canst impart,
By thy long-wish'd return,
Ease to this wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn:
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And I rejoice, my Lord, in thee.

257 L. M. J. WESLEY.

[From the German.]

I am oppressed, undertake for me.

MY soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, her Source, my spirit flies:
My wants I mourn, my chains I see:
O let thy presence set me free!

2 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill:
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will may mine be lost.

3 And well I know thy tender love,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove;
And well I know thou stand'st by me,
Pleased from myself to set me free.

4 Already, springing hope I feel,
God will destroy the power of hell:
God, from a land of wars and pain,
Leads me where peace and safety reign.

258 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Holy Ghost invoked.

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy godlike power be known.

2 Speak, thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise:
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 O let a holy flock await,
Numerous around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

259 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Panting for refreshing grace.

BLESS'D Jesus, Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller through desert lands,
Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring!
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this bless'd torrent near my side
Through all the desert gently glide:
Then in Immanuel's land above
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

260 8, 4.

Ps. li. 10–13.

CREATE, O God, my powers anew,
Make my whole heart sincere and true:
O cast me not in wrath away,
Nor let thy soul-enlivening ray
Still cease to shine.

2 Restore thy favour, bliss divine,
Those heavenly joys that once were mine:
Let thy good Spirit, kind and free,
Uphold and guide my steps to thee,
Thou God of love.

3 Then will I teach thy sacred ways,
With holy zeal proclaim thy praise,
Till sinners leave the dangerous road,
Forsake their sins and turn to God
With hearts sincere.

261 L. M. WATTS.

Ps. lxxxv. 6–8.

REVIVE our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice:
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

2 We wait to hear what God will say:
He'll speak, and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

262

7, 6. COWPER.

Comforts restored.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

263 7s.

Refreshing seasons.

FOUNT of everlasting love,
Rich thy streams of mercy are,
Flowing purely from above,
Beauty marks their course afar.
Lo! thy church, thy garden now
Blooms beneath the heavenly shower:
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow,
Mild yet mighty is thy power.

2 God of grace, before thy throne
Here our warmest thanks we bring:
Thine the glory, thine alone:
Loudest praise to thee we sing.
Hear, O hear, our grateful song,
Let thy Spirit still descend:
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end.

264 7s. TURNER.

Refreshing seasons.

LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes,
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne:
Here thou makest thy glories known:
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with festive songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ:
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

265

L. M. C. WESLEY.

Isa. li. 3.

THE Lord shall soon his Zion raise,
Her waste and desolate places build,
Pour out the Spirit of his grace,
And make her wilds a fruitful field.

2 The barren souls shall be restored,
The desert all renew'd shall rise,
Bloom as the garden of the Lord,
A fair terrestrial Paradise.

3 Gladness and joy shall there be found,
Thanksgiving, and the voice of praise:
The voice of melody shall sound,
And every heart be fill'd with grace.

266

8, 7, 4. KELLY.

Isa. lii. 7.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend:

All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance,
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

267 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. DODDRIDGE.

Isa. lx. 1–3.

O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high,
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh.
Cheerful in God, Arise and shine,
While rays divine Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade:
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head.
The nations round Thy form shall view,
With lustre new Divinely crowned.

3 In honour to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise, Till sovereign love
In worlds above The glory raise.

4 There on his holy hill
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies:
While round his throne, Ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres, His influence own.

268 C. M. NEEDHAM.

Luke xv. 10.

O HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,

And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan:
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

269 10, 11. C. WESLEY.

Miracles of grace.

LET all men rejoice, by Jesus restored,
We lift up our voice, and call him our Lord:
His joy is to bless us, and free us from thrall,
From all that oppress us, he rescues us all.

2 No matter how dull the scholar whom he
Takes into his school, and gives him to see,
A wonderful fashion of teaching he hath,
And wise to salvation he makes us through faith.

3 The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not stray,
His method so plain, so easy the way:
The simplest believer his promise may prove,
And drink of the river of Jesus's love.

4 Poor outcasts of men, whose souls are despised
And left with disdain, by Jesus are prized:
His gracious creation in us he makes known,
And brings us salvation and calls us his own.

SECTION VIII.

MISSIONS.

270 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

Departure of missionaries.

SOUND, sound the truth abroad!
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord has done:
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurl'd.

2 Far over sea and land,
'Tis our Lord's own command,
Bear ye his name:
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door—
Silence is shame.

3 Speed on the wings of love!
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly:
They who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear:
He will their friend appear:
He will be nigh.

4 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stay'd on his word:
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand—
Jesus, their Lord.

5 Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call
Comforts resign:
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won:
Brighter than yonder sun,
Then shall ye shine.

271 7, 6.

Departure of missionaries.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore:
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou Eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be:
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

272 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. S. F. SMITH.

Missionary's farewell.

YES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well,
Friends, connections, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy 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 loved so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean:
Let the winds my canvas swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, Farewell! Farewell!

273 L. M. MERRICK.

Prayer for Israel.

ARISE, great God, and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race:
Restore the long lost, scatter'd band,
And call them to their native land.

2 Their misery let thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal:

O God of Israel, hear our prayer,
And grant them still our love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn?
And wilt thou ne'er, appeased, return?

4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

274 7, 6. LYTE.

The salvation of Israel.

O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart:
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fetter'd heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see:
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

275 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. BURDER.

Prayer for the heathen.

RISE, Sun of glory, rise,
And chase the shades of night,
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide thy sacred light:

O chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright, millennial day.

2 Now send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word:
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

3 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And all the earth become
The temple of thy grace:
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

276 8, 8, 6. MONTGOMERY.

Light for the world.

WHAT is the world? A wildering maze,
Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare:
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

2 Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night:
One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

3 Is there a guide to show that path?
The Bible!—He alone who hath
The Bible need not stray;
Yet he who hath, and will not give
That heavenly guide to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

277 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Outpouring of the Spirit.

SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed:
Creator, Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word: that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crown'd,
Bring forth the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning-stars for joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ
When thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransom'd raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5 Lo! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

278 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

Let there be light.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight—

Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind—
O, now to all mankind
"Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight:
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

279 L. M. BEDDOME.

Thy kingdom come.

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad:
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord:
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

280 S. M. WATTS.

Ps. cxvii.

THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word:
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,—
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

281 C. M. LOGAN.

Isa. lv. 12, 13.

MESSIAH! at thy glad approach,
The howling wilds are still:
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

2 The hidden fountains, at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock:
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

3 The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale:
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies of the vale.

4 Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promised years.

5 Let Israel to the Prince of peace
The loud hosanna sing:
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

282 6s. LUTHER.

[Tranalated by Messenger.]

"*Die asche.*"

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyr's ashes, watch'd,
Shall gather'd be at last;
And from that scatter'd dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

2 Jesus hath now received
Their latest living breath,—

Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death:
Still, still, though dead they speak,
And trumpet-tongued proclaim,
To many a wakening land,
The one availing Name.

283 6, 8.

Morn of Zion's glory

MORN of Zion's glory—
Brightly thou art breaking,
Holy joys thy light is waking,
Morn of Zion's glory.
Ancient saints foretold thee,
Seraph-angels glad behold thee:
Far and wide, See them glide:
Streams of rich salvation
Flow to every nation.

2 Morn of Zion's glory—
Every human dwelling
With thy notes of joy is swelling;
Morn of Zion's glory.
Distant hills are ringing,
Echo'd voices sweet are singing:
Haste thee on Like the sun,
Paths of splendour tracing,
Heathen midnight chasing.

3 Morn of Zion's glory—
Now the night is riven:
Now the star is high in heaven,
Morn of Zion's glory.
Joyful hearts are bounding,
Hallelujahs now are sounding:
Peace with men Dwells again:
Jesus reigns for ever!
Jesus reigns for ever!

284 7, 6. HASTINGS.

The gospel banner.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Re-echo'd through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What, though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious:
Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings:
Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
Each ransom'd captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise:
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

285 7, 6.

Universal hallelujah.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then, from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

286 11s & 12s.

Universal chorus.

ZION! the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

2 Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round—
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

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

287 11, 10, 8. SAUNDERSON.

The glorious jubilee.

REJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom;

And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts are all blossoming.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.
The gospel banner, wide unfurl'd,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world;
And every creature, bond or free,
Shall hail that glorious jubilee.

288 6s.

Hallelujah! Amen!

LORD! let thy kingdom come!
Hallelujah! Amen.
Bring the lost heathen home!
Hallelujah! Amen.
O make the darkness light,
The blind receive their sight,
The day succeed the night!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Thou art their rightful King!
Hallelujah! Amen.
When shall the heathen sing
Hallelujah! Amen?
Be this the chosen hour,
Put forth thy mighty power,
On them thy Spirit shower!
Hallelujah! Amen.

3 All nations raise the song—
Hallelujah! Amen.
North, South, the note prolong—
Hallelujah! Amen.
While East and West combine
No name to praise but thine,
Lord, let that joy be mine!
Hallelujah! Amen

SECTION IX.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

289 L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The living and the dead.

WHERE are the dead? In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell!
Their perish'd forms in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment day.

2 Who are the dead? The sons of time
In every age and state and clime—
Renown'd, dishonour'd, or forgot—
The place that knew them knows them not.

3 Where are the living? On the ground
Where prayer is heard and mercy found,
Where, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes th' immortal man.

4 Who are the living? They whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death:
Of endless bliss or wo the heirs,
O what a solemn state is theirs!

5 Then, timely warn'd, let us begin
To follow Christ, and flee from sin,
Daily grow up in him our Head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

290 C. M.

Job viii. 11–21.

THE rush may rise where waters flow,
And flags beside the stream;
But soon their verdure fades and dies
Before the scorching beam.

2 So is the sinner's hope cut off;
Or if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spider's airy web,
From every breath that flies.

3 Fix'd on his house he leans: his house
And all its props decay:
He holds it fast; but while he holds,
The tottering frame gives way.

4 Fair in his garden, to the sun
His boughs with verdure smile;
And, deeply fix'd, his spreading roots,
Unshaken, stand a while.

5 But forth the sentence flies from heaven,
That sweeps him from his place,
Which then denies him for its lord,
Nor owns it knew his face.

6 Lo! this the joy of wicked men,
Who Heaven's high laws despise:
They quickly fall; and in their room,
As quickly others rise.

7 But for the just, with gracious care
God will his power employ:
He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,
And fill their hearts with joy.

291 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6. J. BURTON.

Life a winter's day.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home:
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigour soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms:
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home:
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

292 8, 8, 6.

The swiftness of time.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole:
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I must launch through boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen:
The moments swiftly pass between,
And whisper as they fly:—
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
Thou soon must gasp and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call:
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing and love as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

293 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Our fathers—where are they?

HOW swift the torrent rolls
Which bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone.

3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While the poor remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

4 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell:
No other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

5 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

294 *The leaves around me falling.* 7, 6.

THE leaves around me falling
Are preaching of decay:
The hollow winds are calling,
Come, pilgrim, come away.
The day, in night declining,
Says I too must decline:
The year its bloom resigning,
Its lot foreshadows mine.

2 The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing,—

All, all, like stars at even,
  Just gleam and shoot away,
Pass on before to heaven,
  And chide at my delay.

3 The friends gone there before me
  Are calling from on high,
And happy angels o'er me
  Tempt sweetly to the sky:
Why wait, they say, and wither
  Mid scenes of death and sin?
O rise to glory, hither,
  And find true life begin.

4 I hear the invitation,
  And fain would rise and come,
A sinner to salvation,
  An exile to his home.
But while I here must linger,
  Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
  To heaven, O Lord, and thee!

295 L. M. STEELE.

Eternity near.

ETERNITY is just at hand,
  And shall I waste my ebbing sand;
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity! tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
But O! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents, how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer:
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

4 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart:
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

C. M.

296 *Flight of time.*

SWIFT as the arrow cuts its way
Through the soft yielding air,
Or as the sun's more subtle ray,
Or lightning's sudden glare:
Or as an eagle to the prey,
Or shuttle through the loom,
So haste our fleeting lives away,
So pass we to the tomb.

2 Like airy bubbles, lo! we rise,
And dance upon life's stream;
Till soon the air that caused, destroys
Th' attenuated frame.
Down the swift stream we glide apace,
And carry death within:
Then break, and scarcely leave a trace
To show that we have been.

3 The man, the wisest of our kind,
Who length of days had seen,
To birth and death a time assign'd,
But none to life between:
Yet O what consequences close
This transient state below!
Eternal joys; or, losing those,
Interminable wo!

S. M. NEWTON.

297 *Balaam's wish.*

HOW blest the righteous are,
When they resign their breath!
No wonder Balaam wish'd to share
In such a happy death.

2 "O let me die," said he,
"The death the righteous do:
When life is ended, let me be
Found with the faithful few."

3 The force of truth, how great,
When enemies confess:
None but the righteous whom they hate
A solid hope possess.

4 But Balaam's wish was vain,
His heart was insincere:
He thirsted for unrighteous gain,
And sought a portion here.

5 May we, O Lord most high,
Warning from hence receive:
If like the righteous we would die,
To choose the life they live.

298 S. M.

Peaceful death.

O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be, like theirs, my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransom'd spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalm'd with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those,
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be, like theirs, my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

299

7's. LYTE.

Ps. xxiv. 3–6.

WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warm'd:
He whose will, to thine conform'd,
Bids his life unsullied run:
He whose words and thoughts are one:

3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope and faith unfeign'd,
Treads the path by thee ordain'd:

4 He who trusts in Christ alone—
Not in aught himself has done:
He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessing share.

300

8, 8, 8, 4. MONTGOMERY.

The pilgrim's rest.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 Now, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

4 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

301 C. M. COLLYER.

Happy death.

WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command:

2 When weeping friends surround my bed,
And close my sightless eyes:
When, shatter'd by the weight of years,
This broken body lies:

3 When every long-loved scene of life
Stands ready to depart:
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart:—

4 O thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!

5 Lay thy supporting gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And, with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed!

6 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May I resign my breath!
And, in thy fond embraces, lose
"The bitterness of death!"

302 C. M. SIGOURNEY.

The Christian's death.

AS, bow'd by sudden storms, the rose
Sinks on the garden's breast,
Down to the grave our brother goes,
In silence there to rest.
No more with us his tuneful voice
The hymn of praise shall swell:
No more his cheerful heart rejoice
When peals the Sabbath-bell.

2 Yet, if in yonder cloudless sphere,
Amid a sinless throng,
He utters in his Saviour's ear
The everlasting song,—
No more we'll mourn the absent friend,
But lift our earnest prayer,
And daily every effort bend
To rise and join him there.

303 8, 7. COLLYER.

The happy dead.

THINK, O ye who fondly languish
O'er the grave of those you love,
While your bosoms throb with anguish,
They are singing hymns above:
While your silent steps are straying
Lonely through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

2 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.
Cease, then, mourner, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love:
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

8, 7.

304 *The happy dead.*

WHY lament the Christian dying?
Why indulge in tears or gloom?
Calmly on the Lord relying,
He can greet the opening tomb:
Though for him thy soul is mourning,
Though with grief thy heart is riven—
While his flesh to dust is turning,
All his soul is fill'd with heaven.

2 Scenes seraphic, high, and glorious,
Now forbid his longer stay:
See him rise o'er death victorious—
Angels beckon him away.
Hark! the golden harps are ringing!
Sounds unearthly fill his ear:
Millions, now in heaven singing,
Greet his joyful entrance there.

L. M. MACKAY.

305 *Asleep in Jesus.*

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep—
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no wo, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

306 C. M.

1 *Thess.* iv. 13, 14.

TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep:
Their better being never ends:
Then why dejected weep?
Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is given?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heaven.

2 As Jesus died, and rose again,
Victorious from the dead,
So his disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.
The time draws nigh when, from the clouds,
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake:
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundation shake:
The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high:
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together, to their Father's house,
With joyful hearts they go,
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of wo.
A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more.

307 6, 5.

Funeral dirge.

HARK to the solemn bell,
Mournfully pealing!
What do its wailings tell,
On the ear stealing?
Seem they not thus to say,
Loved ones have pass'd away?
Ashes with ashes lay:
List to its pealing.

2 Earth is all vanity,
False as 'tis fleeting:
Grief is in all its joy,
Smiles with tears meeting:
Youth's brightest hopes decay,
Pass like morn's gems away,
Too fair on earth to stay,
Where all is fleeting.

3 When, in their lonely bed,
Loved ones are lying:
When joyful wings are spread,
To heaven flying:—
Would we to sin and pain
Call back their souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain
Sever'd in dying?

4 No, dearest Jesus, no!
To thee, their Saviour,
Let their free spirits go,
Ransom'd for ever:
Heirs of unending joy,
Theirs is the victory:
Thine let the glory be,
Now and for ever.

308 C. M. HEMANS.

Requiem.

CALM, on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while on earth thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow!

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

309 6s.

Go to thy rest, my child.

GO to thy rest, my child:
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle, and meek, and mild,
With blessings on thy head:
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

2 Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray:
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way:
Ere sin might wound thy heart,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest
In yon celestial sphere.

3 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lips and eyes so bright:
Because thy cradle care
Was such a fond delight:—
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No, angel! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

310 7, 6, 8, 6.

Gone to rest.

BROTHER, thou art gone to rest!
We will not weep for thee;
For thou art now where oft on earth
Thy spirit long'd to be.

2 Brother, thou art gone to rest!
Thine is an early tomb;
But Jesus summon'd thee away:
Thy Saviour call'd thee home.

3 Brother, thou art gone to rest!
Thy toils and cares are o'er;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering now
Shall ne'er distress thee more.

4 Brother, thou art gone to rest!
Thy sins are all forgiven;
And saints in light have welcomed thee
To share the joys of heaven.

5 Brother, thou art gone to rest!
And this shall be our prayer—
That, when we reach our journey's end,
Thy glory we may share.

311 8, 7, 6. MILMAN.

The weary are at rest.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.

From the burden of the flesh,
From care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

2 The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
And hast borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode.
Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor can doubt thy faith assail;
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail;
And then thou'rt sure to meet the good,
On earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust"—
Thus the minister hath said:
We lay the turf above thee now,
And seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away,
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

5 And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find!
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest!

312 7s. MONTGOMERY.

The summons.

"SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay:
Lingering dust, resign thy breath:
Spirit, cast thy chains away:
Dust, be thou dissolved in death:"
Thus thy guardian angel spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed:
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransom'd captive fled.

2 "Prisoner, long detain'd below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome, from a world of wo—
Welcome to a land of rest:"
Thus thy guardian angel sang,
As he bore thy soul on high,
While with hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise:
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls—
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay,
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day."

313 6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8. MONTGOMERY.

The translation.

THIS place is holy ground:
World, with thy cares away!
Silence and darkness reign around;
But, lo! the break of day:
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears!

2 'Tis not the morning light,
That wakes the lark to sing:
'Tis not a meteor of the night,
Nor track of angel's wing:
It is an uncreated beam,
Like that which shone in Jacob's dream.

3 Eternity and time
Meet for a moment here:
From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
Rested on either sphere,
Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
By death's cold hand led home to God.

4 He landed in our view,
Midst flaming hosts above,
Whose ranks stood silent, while he drew
Nigh to the throne of love,
And meekly took the lowest seat,
Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

5 Behold the bed of death,
This pale and lovely clay!
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Mark'd ye the eye's last ray?
No:—life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

6 Bury the dead—and weep
In stillness o'er the loss:
Bury the dead:—in Christ *they* sleep
Who bore on earth his cross;
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image, to the skies.

C. M. KIRKE WHITE.

314 *The resurrection of the body.*

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,

We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

C. M. WATTS.

315 *Scenes of the resurrection.*

HOW long shall Death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just?
How long the blood of martyrs slain
Lie mingled with the dust?

2 Lo! I behold the scatter'd shades:
The dawn of heaven appears:
The bright, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around:

The skies divide to make him room:
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them, clothed in white:
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

316 C. M. WATTS

Resurrection of the Christian.

MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes:
Ere long I know he shall appear,
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

2 When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him there mine eyes shall see:
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.
How long, dear Saviour! O how long
Shall this bright hour delay!
O hasten thine appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

317 L. M. WATTS.

Ps. xvi. 8–11.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart,—rejoice, my tongue,—
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high:
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

318 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7. LUTHER.

The judgment.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone:
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

319 11, 12. MILMAN.

The judgment.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones
are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders
are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the
Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his
word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with
love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked
are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in
heaven!

320 8, 8, 6.

Apprehension of judgment.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt
come
To take thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace:
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this th' accepted day:

Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face:
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

321

8, 8, 8. ROSCOMMON.

Dies iræ.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the prophets say.
The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

2 Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.
Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read
To try the living and the dead.

3 Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring:
Forget not what my ransom cost:
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

4 Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.
Thou who wast moved with Mary's grief,
And by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

5 Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.
Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

322 7s. C. WESLEY.

Come, Lord Jesus.

COME, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride:
Come, and take us to thy side!

2 Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward!
Then with all thy saints descend!
Then our earthly trials end.

3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days!
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and save thine own!

4 Now destroy the man of sin:
Now thine ancient flock bring in!
Fill'd with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransom'd world for thine!

5 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here!
Glorious in thy saints appear:
Speak the sacred number seal'd:
Speak the mystery reveal'd!

6 Take to thee thy royal power:
Reign, when sin shall be no more:
Reign, when death shall no more be:
Reign to all eternity.

323 L. M. GIBBONS.

Rising to God

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

324 S. M. KELLY.

A better country.

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

2 There sin and sorrow cease;
And, every conflict o'er,
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
Nor thirst nor hunger more.

3 There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing;

And love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.

4 We hope to join the throng,
And soon their pleasure share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransom'd there.

325 C. M. BARBAULD.

Returning to Zion.

OUR country is Immanuel's ground,
We seek that promised soil:
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears:
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin our fears.

3 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love;
And while our bodies wander here
Our souls are fix'd above.

4 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense
Our heaven is here begun.

326 7, 6.

Looking forward.

FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die,—
No longer these desiring,—
Upwards our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away:
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true we are but strangers
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go:
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing
To reach that land of love.

327 C. M. MOORE.

Heaven desired.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idler warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

2 So grant me, Lord, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To urge my course to thee:
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
My soul, as home she springs—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

328 L. M. WATTS.

Longing for heaven.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall:
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

329 C. M. WATTS.

Longing for heaven.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode:
I'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne:
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

5 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall:
With joy they shrink to nothing there
Before th' eternal All.

6 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss,
While less than nothing I could boast,
And vanity confess.

7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie:
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

330 8s. DE FLEURY.

Longing for heaven.

YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known:
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good:
While others sank down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,
He ransom'd from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong.
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay:
I struggle and pant to be free:
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb,
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name.
I want—O, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

331

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

Longing for heaven.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision,
All th' ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him:

Myriads, with supreme delight,
  Instantly adore him:
Angel trumps resound his fame:
Lutes, of lucid gold, proclaim
All the music of his name:
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
  From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
  Sing his great salvation,
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! holy! holy One.

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
  Seem, methinks, to seize us:
Join we, too, the holy lays,
  Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus—Jesus flow along.

332 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Rev. vii. 13–17.

WHAT are these in bright array?
  This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
  Tuning their triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
  Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
  New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod,
  These from great affliction came:
Now, before the throne of God,
  Seal'd with his eternal name,

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed:
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

333 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Heaven.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests and kings and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne;
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through his cross alone.

3 Kings, for harps, their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom—it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords."

4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness
And his blood that made them so.

5 Who were these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us :
Ah ! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

334 7s. RAFFLES.

Heaven.

HIGH in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love !
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy wo.

2 Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of wo they could not speak.
But, these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again !

3 Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark ! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !
Happy spirits ! ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind !

4 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose,
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows !

Every tear is wiped away,
  Sighs no more shall heave the breast:
Night is lost in endless day—
  Sorrow, in eternal rest!

335 8s.

Heaven.

WE speak of the realms of the bless'd,
  That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confess'd—
  But what must it be to be there!

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
  From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
  But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love,
  The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the First-born above—
  But what must it be to be there!

4 O Lord, in this valley of wo,
  Our spirits for heaven prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
  And feel what it is to be there!

336 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. W. B. TAPPAN.

Heaven.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
  To mourning wanderers given:
There is a joy for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast,
  'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
  By sin and sorrow driven:
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
  And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There, rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

337

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

Heaven.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but heaven!

2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love and hope and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but heaven!

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but heaven!

338

8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Heaven.

THIS world's not "all a fleeting show,
For man's *illusion* given:"
He that hath soothed a widow's wo,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

2 And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heaven.

3 He that the Christian's course has run,
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

339

8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Heaven.

THIS world is poor from shore to shore,
Its greatest treasures even:
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
And gems and crowns are vain and poor—
There's nothing rich but heaven.

2 Empires decay, and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given:
The vernal blooms in ruin lie,
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky—
There's nothing lives but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven:
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball—
There's nothing firm but heaven.

4 A stranger lonely here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven:
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom—
This earth is all a lonely tomb—
I have no home but heaven.

5 The clouds disperse, and light appears,
My sins are all forgiven:

Triumphant grace has quell'd my fears,
Roll on, thou sun—fly swift, my years—
I'm on my way to heaven.

6 Adieu, to all below, adieu,
Let life's dull chain be riven:
The charms of Christ have caught my view,
The world of light I will pursue—
To live with him in heaven.

340

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

Heaven.

O WEEP not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away,
For hopes that, like the stars decay'd,
Have left their mortal day;
For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
Amid the bowers of heaven.

2 O weep not for the joys that pass
Into the lonely grave,
As breezes sweep the wither'd grass
Along the restless wave;
For, though thy pleasures may depart,
And mournful days be given,
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
When friends rejoice in heaven.

341

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

The new song.

TEN thousand times ten thousand sung
Loud anthems round the throne,
When, lo! one solitary tongue
Began a song unknown!

A song unknown to angel-ears,
A song that told of banish'd fears
Of pardon'd sins, and dried-up tears.

2 Not one of all the heavenly host
Could these high notes attain!
But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain;
Till he who first began the song,
To sing alone not suffer'd long,
Was mingled with a countless throng.

3 And still, as hours are fleeting by,
The angels ever bear
Some newly ransom'd soul on high,
To join the chorus there;
And so the song will louder grow,
Till all redeem'd by Christ below
To that fair world of rapture go.

4 O give me, Lord, my golden harp,
And tune my broken voice,
That I may sing of troubles sharp
Exchanged for endless joys:
The song that ne'er was heard before
A sinner reach'd the heavenly shore,
But now shall sound for evermore.

342 C. M. BAXTER.

To die is gain.

CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before:
He that into Christ's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be?

3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with those triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

4 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!

C. M.

343 *Celestial prospects.*

SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wondering eyes,
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies!

2 All hail! ye fair celestial shores,
Ye lands of endless day,
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.

3 There's a delightful clearness now—
My clouds of doubt are gone:
Fled is my former darkness too—
My fears are all withdrawn.

4 Short is the passage—short the space
Between my home and me:
There! there behold the radiant place!
How near the mansions be!

5 Immortal wonders! boundless things,
In those dear worlds appear!
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

8's. COLLYER.

344 *The last conflict.*

I SOON shall accomplish my race,
And soar to the temple on high:

Dear Jesus, beholding thy face,
I cheerfully yield me to die.
Farewell, my distress and my wo—
The storms of existence are o'er:
Though fiercely the tempest may blow,
Its fury appals me no more.

2 More quickly and shorter I breathe—
The dew is o'erspreading my cheek—
I feel the approaches of death,
My heartstrings beginning to break:
A struggle or two, and 'tis done—
From earth and its anguish I fly,
The palm of the conqueror won,
I live by submitting to die.

345 11, 12. MRS. DANA.

What seraph-like music.

WHAT seraph-like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses with charm'd melody?
'Tis the song of the angels borne soft on the air:
'Tis for me they are singing—my welcome I hear.

2 At Jordan's lone river I eagerly stand,
And stretch forth my hands to yon beautiful land:
Send a convoy of angels, dear Saviour, pray:
Let me join their sweet music—away, O away!

3 Though cold are the billows and dark is the wave,
With Jesus beside me the surges I'll brave:
For the heavenly music has ravish'd me so,
I must join the loud chorus—I'll go, yes, I'll go!

346 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. MONTGOMERY.

Let me go.

LET me go, the day is breaking,
Dear companions, let me go:
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below:
Upward now I bend my way,
Part we here at break of day.

2 Let me go, I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears:
Angels wait my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears:
Friends and kindred, weep not so,
If you love me, let me go.

3 We have travell'd long together,
Hand in hand and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard—'tis hard to part:
Yet we must:—"Farewell" to you:
Answer, one and all, "Adieu."

4 'Tis not darkness gathering round me
That withdraws me from your sight:
Walls of earth no more can bound me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

5 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky:
Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die:
Would you solve the mystery?
Come up hither—come and see.

347 S. M. MONTGOMERY.

For ever with the Lord.

"FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam:
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies:
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

7 Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

8 Then, then I feel that he,—
Remember'd or forgot,—
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

348 S. M. MONTGOMERY.

For ever with the Lord.

"FOR ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.

2 Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail:
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

3 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

4 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

5 The trump of final doom
Will speak the selfsame word,
And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
"For ever with the Lord!"

6 The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound:
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.

7 Then upward as they fly,
That resurrection-word
Shall be their shout of victory,
"For ever with the Lord!"

8 That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more!—"For ever with the Lord!"
Amèn, so let it be.

SECTION X.

FAMILY AND CLOSET.

Six 8s. C. WESLEY

349 *Family prayer.*

TREMBLE, ye families profane
Where the great God is not adored,
Who take the name of Christ in vain,
But do not invocate your Lord:
Regardless of his smile or frown,
Ye pull his heaviest judgments down.

2 Before the threaten'd curse take place,
And sweep your prayerless souls to hell
Daily unite t' implore his grace,
Invite him in your tents to dwell:
Let every house his worship show,
And every heart his presence know.

7, 6.

350 *Pray without ceasing.*

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,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet 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 raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare:
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before his footstool fall:
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

351 L. M. WATTS.

Retirement.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can call me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God I find.

352 L. M. GISBORNE.

Meditation.

SAVIOUR! when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee—
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn—
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell—
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs—
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze—
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give:
To death, whose power I soon must feel—
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

353 7, 7, 7, 7, 6, 6. NEWTON.

Reading the Scriptures.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I want no more.

2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys:
Of excess there is no danger—
Though it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed:
He is meat and drink indeed!

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,

Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicine here I find:
To the promises I flee—
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield:
While the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword:
Then with ease I drive him from me—
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made—
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy, then, the miser,
Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor:
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.

7s.

354 *Holy Bible! book divine!*

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came,
Mine, to tell me what I am.

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

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

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

355

8, 8, 8. WATTS.

Ps. xix. 7–14.

I LOVE the volumes of thy word:
What light and joy these leaves afford
To souls benighted and distress'd!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw:
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste;
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

356

L. M. WATTS.

Morning.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:

2 O like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day—
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

357 L. M. HAWKESWORTH.

Morning.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night:
At once I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be:
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my gracious God, to thee.

3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
When dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade will soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet still thy strength shall me defend,
Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall fade away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes:
Thy light shall give eternal day—
Thy love, the rapture of the skies!

358 C. M. STEELE.

Morning.

LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,

Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours!

2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

3 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend:
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

359 C. M. HANNAH MORE.

Morning.

LORD, when thy day of dread account
For squander'd hours shall come,
O let not this increase th' amount,
And swell the former sum!

2 Teach me in health such good to prize,
I dying shall esteem;
And every pleasure to despise
I then shall worthless deem.

3 For all thy wondrous mercies past
My grateful voice I'll raise,
While thus I quit my bed of rest,
Creation's Lord to praise.

360 L. M. WORDSWORTH.

Noon.

LOOK up to heaven! th' industrious sun
Already half his race hath run:
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

2 Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have falter'd or transgress'd,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

3 Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

361

8, 7, 6. C. WESLEY.

Evening.

AT evening to myself I say,
Soul, where hast thou glean'd to-day
Thy labours, how bestow'd?
What hast thou rightly said or done?
What grace attain'd, or knowledge won,
In following after God?

362

7, 6, 6.

Evening.

ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day show'd, By my God,
I do bless my Saviour.

2 Leave me not, but ever love me:
Let thy peace Be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

3 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep, While I sleep,
Me with all thy power.

4 And, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise With the wise,
Counted in their number.

363 L. M. HEMANS.

Evening.

FATHER in heaven, as now the day
With all its cares hath pass'd away,
May sweetest songs of praise and prayer
To thee my spirit's offering bear.

2 O may thy mercy and thy power
Protect me through the midnight hour;
And balmy sleep and visions blest,
Smile on thy servant's bed of rest.

364 8, 4, 9. HEBER.

Evening.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

365 8, 8. HOGG.

Evening.

BLESSED be thy name for ever
Thou of life the guard and giver:
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping—
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever.

2 Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Bless'd are they thou kindly keepest:
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day

That rises from the azure sea
Like breathings of eternity:
God of life! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

366 7s. DOANE.

Evening.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away:
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall for ever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

367 7s. ST. GREGORY.

[Translated by Chandler.]

Evening.

SOURCE of light and life divine,
Thou didst cause the light to shine:
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.

2 Shade of night and morning ray
Took from thee the name of day:
Now, again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our mournful cry.

3 May we ne'er, by guilt deprest,
Lose the way to endless rest:
May no thoughts impure and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.

4 Rather, lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies:
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

5 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Praise and glory be to thee,
Now and for eternity.

368 8, 10, 9. MRS. DANA.

The setting sun.

SWEETLY the tuneful bird of night
Is singing a song in the pale moonlight:
Then let us join our grateful lays,
And gladly our evening anthem raise.
Daylight is gone, our work is done:
An emblem of rest is the setting sun.

2 Softly the pleasing serenade
Is floating along o'er hill and glade.
Borne on the gentle evening air,
How sweet is the Christian's tuneful prayer!
Daylight is gone, our work is done:
An emblem of rest is the setting sun.

3 So may we close our life's short day:
To glory and joy may we soar away:
And leave the world without a sigh,
And sing with delight when call'd to die—
Daylight is gone, our work is done:
An emblem of rest is the setting sun.

369 7, 6.

The mellow eve is gliding.

THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west:
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close:
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high:
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.

4 In golden splendour dawning,
The morrow's light shall break:
O, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

370 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Midnight.

IN a land of strange delight,
My transported spirit stray'd:
I awake where all is night,
Silence, solitude, and shade.

2 Is the dream of nature flown?
Is the universe destroyed?
Man extinct, and I alone
Breathing through the formless void?

3 No: my soul, in God rejoice:
Through the gloom his light I see,
In the silence hear his voice,
And his hand is over me.

4 When I slumber in the tomb,
He will guard my resting-place:
Fearless, in the day of doom,
May I stand before his face.

371 C. M. S.

Child's morning hymn.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me up from sleep:
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide:
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

3 O make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace:
Make me like thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

372 C. M. S.

Child's evening hymn.

THE daylight fades:
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head:
Father above,
I praise that love
Which smooths and guards my bed.

2 While thou art near,
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour:
Blest Jesus, still
From every ill
Defend me with thy power.

3 Pardon my sin,
And enter in
And sanctify my heart:
Spirit divine,
O make me thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

373 7, 6.
Sabbath Morning.

THE rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow:
It is the Sabbath morning,
Arise and pay thy vow.
Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.

2 The landscape, lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the eye of day:
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
Lord, by thy smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

3 O see those waters streaming
In crystal purity,
While earth, with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye.
Let rivers of salvation
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

374 C. M. EDMESTON.
Sabbath morning.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,

When first the soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thy hours too soon will cease,
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Holy Spirit, Source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

375 6s.

Sabbath evening.

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

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

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

376 C. M. BROWNE.

Sabbath evening.

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

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

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

377 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Sabbath in sickness.

THOUSANDS, O Lord of hosts, to-day
Within thy temple meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

2 They sing thy deeds as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays:
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

3 Behold thy prisoner, loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will:
If not, contented in thy hands
Behold thy prisoner still.

4 I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art:
O give me here a house of prayer,
Here Sabbath joys impart.

378 L. M. ZWINGLE.

[Translated by Messenger.]

Sickness.

LO! at my door gaunt death I spy:
Hear, Lord of life, thy creature's cry:
The arm that hung upon the tree,
Jesus, uplift, and rescue me.

2 Yet, if to quench my sun at noon
Be thy behest, thy will be done!
In faith and hope, earth I resign,
Secure of heaven, for I am thine!

379 L. M. ZWINGLE.

[Translated by Messenger.]

Recovery.

MY Father God, behold me whole,
Again on earth a living soul!
Let sin no more my heart annoy,
But fill it, Lord, with holy joy.

2 Though now delay'd, my hour must come,
Involved, perchance, in deeper gloom:
It matters not: rejoicing yet
I'll bear my yoke to heaven's bright gate.

380 L. M.

Be married—only in the Lord.

ART thou a pilgrim on thy way
To regions of eternal day?
O, form not then the tie most dear,
With those whose wishes centre here.

2 Within, on every side, around,
Temptations in thy path abound:
How canst thou reach the heavenly goal,
If earthly fetters clog thy soul?

3 Think of the Nazarite of Dan,
How sad the painful course he ran!

Philistia's daughters quench'd his sight,
And turn'd to weakness all his might.

4 Lord, let my heart be fix'd on thee,
And in thy saints my pleasure be:
Here let me form the ties of love,
To perfect in thy courts above.

381 L. M. MRS. DANA.

Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

I DEARLY love a little child,
And Jesus loved young children too:
He ever sweetly on them smiled,
And placed them with his chosen few.
When cradled on its mother's breast
A babe was brought to Jesus' feet,
He laid his hand upon its head,
And blessed it with a promise sweet.

2 "Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
"O suffer them to come to me!
Of such my heavenly kingdom is:
Like them may all my followers be."
Young children are the gems of earth,
The brightest jewels mothers have:
They sparkle on the throbbing breast,
But brighter shine beyond the grave.

382 11, 9. THOMPSON.

Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold—
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head.
That his arm had been thrown around me,

And that I might have seen his kind look
when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,—
In that heavenly place he is gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

383

9, 6. HEMANS.

The better land.

I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band:
Mother, O where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle
boughs?
—Not there, not there, my child!

2 Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
—Not there, not there, my child!

3 Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy:
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—'Tis there, 'tis there, my child!

SECTION XI.

VALEDICTIONS AND DOXOLOGIES.

6, 5.

384 *When shall we meet again?*

WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever?
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 for ever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no never!

4 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever:

Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

385 Six 7's.

When shall we all meet again?

WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky:
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And, in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

386 7, 7, 6. MRS. DANA.

We shall meet no more to part.

WE shall meet no more to part,
Cease thy sorrows, mourning heart,
Weary days will soon depart—
Then we may rest for ever!
When the work of life is done,
When the victor's crown is won,

Then, immortal life begun,
We no more shall sever.
We shall meet, no more to part:
Cease thy sorrows, mourning heart!
Weary days will soon depart—
Then we may rest for ever!

2 In the home of peace and bliss,
In the world where Jesus is,
When we bid adieu to this,
Then we may love for ever!
Purified from every stain,
Through the Lamb that once was slain,
Brethren, we shall meet again,
And be parted never!

387 L. M. KIRKE WHITE.

We shall meet again.

COME, Christian brethren! ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart,
One solemn hymn to God we'll raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

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

388 7, 7, 3. ADAMS.

Part in peace.

PART in peace!—Christ's life was peace:
Let us breathe our breath in him.
Part in peace!—Christ's death was peace:
Let us die our death in him.
Part in peace!—Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease,—
Part in peace!

GLORIA PATRI.

389 8, 8, 8.

GLORY to God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One:
Glory ascribe to God alone.
Glory to thee, great One in Three,
As 'twas when nature sprang from thee,
Is now, and shall for ever be.

390 7, 6.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
One God in Persons Three,
Equal in power and merit,
Eternal praises be:
To him in splendour reigning,
Be now all glory given,
As 'twas in the beginning,
So evermore in heaven.

391 S. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity.

392 C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

SECTION XII.

MISCELLANY.

393 L. M. A. MEANS.

Camp-meeting.

A TWELVEMONTH more has roll'd around,
Since we were on this tented ground:
Ten thousand scenes have mark'd the year,
Since we last met to worship here.

2 Relentless death has hurl'd his darts,
And lodged them deep in noblest hearts:
O'er old and young, in every sphere,
He's triumph'd since we worshipp'd here.

3 Yet we are spared, to Heaven be praise,
Our God has lengthen'd out our days:
We've left our homes with hearts sincere,
And met, once more, to worship here.

4 My Father's children—heirs of heaven,
Let all your hearts to prayer be given,
That God may lend a listening ear
And answer, while we worship here.

5 Come, sinners, come, your pardoning God
Now waits t' impart his cleansing blood:
O! loathe your sins, to Christ draw near,
And seek him while we worship here.

6 Ye mourners, raise your languid eyes:
Your home's beyond the starry skies!
Your Saviour smiles, renounce your fear,
And praise him while we worship here.

7 Gird all the Christian armour on,
And nobly strike, till victory's won:
Our God shall guard the front and rear
Of all who humbly worship here.

8 The Sinner's Friend we'll soon adore,
Where tents are pitch'd to strike no more:—
A glorious heaven with angels share,
And *live* and *love* and *worship* there.

394

10, 11. HUNTER.

A home in heaven.

A HOME in heaven! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven
From his home below—to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still, with our home in heaven.

3 A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead:
We wait in hope on the promise given!
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

4 Our home in heaven! O the glorious home!
And the Spirit join'd with the bride says "Come!"
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

395

11s.

Home.

AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander'd through earth, its gay pleasures to trace:
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Saviour, direct me to heaven, my home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade
away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay:
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing
charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms:
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children, at
home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies,
adieu!
While Jesus and heaven enraptured I view:
I feast on the pleasures from glory which
come,
The foretastes of heaven, sweet heaven, my
home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home?

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, triumphantly
come,
And dwell in my presence for ever at home."
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home.

396 8, 8, 8, 8, 7.

Heavenly union.

ATTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,

Who saved me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high—
Beheld my soul in ruin lie—
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And kindly said, as he pass'd by,
"With God you have no union."

3 Then I began to weep and sigh,
And look'd this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die:
I strove salvation then to buy,
But still I had no union.

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

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

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

397 C. M.

Warning to the young.

ATTEND, young friends, while I relate
The dangers you are in—
The evils that around you wait,
While you remain in sin.
Although you flourish like the rose,
While in its branches green,

Your sparkling eyes in death must close,
And never more be seen.

2 In silent shades you must lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell:
Your friends will then stand weeping round,
And bid a long farewell.
How small this world will then appear
At the tremendous hour,—
When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,
And feel his mighty power.

3 Alas! when all your days are past,
How bitterly you'll mourn:
Your golden hours are spent at last;
And never will return.
O come this moment and begin,
While life's sweet moments last,
Turn to the Lord, forsake all sin,
And he'll forgive what's past.

398 8, 8, 6. OCKUM.

The new birth.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not where to go,
O'erwhelm'd in sin, with anguish slain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink in endless wo.

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

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find:

This fearful truth renew'd my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
And whelm'd my tortured mind.

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

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

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd this way,
And felt his pity move:
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise:
All hail the Lamb who once was slain!
Unnumber'd millions, born again,
Will shout thine endless praise.

399 11, 12. HUNTER.

He died at his post.

AWAY from his home and the friends of his youth,
He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth,
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost:
Soon, alas! was his fall—but he died at his post.

2 The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's
brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardour he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was
done—
The battle was fought, and the victory won;
But he whisper'd of those whom his heart
clung to most,
"Tell my brethren for me that I died at my
post."

4 He ask'd not a stone to be sculptured with
verse:
He ask'd not that fame should his merits
rehearse;
But he ask'd as a boon, when he gave up the
ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died
at his post.

5 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell:
He has pass'd o'er the stream, and has
reach'd the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6 And can we the words of his exit forget?
O! no, they are fresh in our memory yet:
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our
post.

400 7, 9.

The holy war.

BRETHREN, hear the martial sound,
The gospel trumpet now is blowing,
Men in order, listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing!

Bounty's offered: joy and peace
To every soldier now is given:
When from toil and war they cease,
A mansion bright prepared in heaven.

2 Victory is not to the strong:
The burden's on our Captain's shoulder:
None so aged, none so young,
But may enlist, and be a soldier:
Those who cannot fight or fly,
Beneath his banner find protection:
None who on his name rely
Shall be reduced to base subjection.

3 Fear ye not—the cause is good:
Come, who will to the crown aspire?
In this cause the martyrs stood,
And shouted victory in the fire:
In this cause we'll follow on;
And soon we'll tell the wondrous story,
How by faith we gain'd the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.

4 Lo, the battle is begun!
Behold the armies now in motion!
Some the fight have almost won,
And grasp by faith their future portion!
Hark! the victors sing aloud!
Immanuel's chariot-wheels are rolling!
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's throne like lightning falling.

5 Now, ye rebels, come, enlist,
The officers are still recruiting:
Will you still in sin persist,
And spend your time in vain disputing?
All your cavilling is vain;
And if you do not sue for favour,
Down you'll sink to endless pain,
To bear the wrath of God for ever.

401 8, 7.

Opening worship.

BRETHREN, we have met to worship
And adore our God the Lord:
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word?
All is vain unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One come down:
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you
Slumbering on the brink of wo:
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers, and our mothers,
And our children sinking down:
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door;
But they have betray'd their Saviour,
And are worse than e'er before;
Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
If they will lament their wound:
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sister join'd with him:
While you see the trembling sinners,
Have you no concern for them?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found:
Pray on, sisters, and the manna
Will be shower'd all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too:
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new:
Then he'll call us home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down:
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

402 7s. SWAIN.

Come home.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear:
Foes we have, but we've a Friend—
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below:
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares:
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part;
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be:
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these:
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

403

9, 6, 8.

Mercy's free.

BY faith I view my Saviour dying,
On the tree, on the tree:
To every 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 mighty God, 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,
The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul 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 pass'd,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free!

404 7s.

Consolation.

COME, and taste, along with me,
Consolation running free
From my Father's heavenly home,
Sweeter than the honeycomb.

2 Why should Christians feast alone?
Two are better far than one:
All that come with free good-will
Make the banquet sweeter still.

3 Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more:
God gives me a goodly share,
Calling me his chosen heir.

4 Saints in glory sing aloud
To behold an heir of God,
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.

5 Now I go rejoicing home
From the banquet of perfume,
Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

405 7, 6.

Mourner comforted.

COME, my soul, and let us try,
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by—
Come, and let us reason:
What is this that casts thee down?
Who are these that grieve thee?
Speak, and let the worst be known—
Speaking may relieve thee.

2 Christ by faith I sometimes view,
And it does relieve me;
But my doubts return anew—
These are they that grieve me:
Troubled like the restless seas,
Feeble, faint, and fearful,
Plagued with fears, a sore disease,—
How can I be cheerful?

3 Think on what thy Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden—
Sweating blood from every pore
To procure thy pardon:
See him nail'd upon the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying:
Think, he suffer'd this for thee;
Therefore cease thy sighing.

406

8, 7.

Scenes of glory.

DARK and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their way;
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow
Lie the fields of endless day:
Fiends, loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go;
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

2 O young pilgrims, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigour to decay?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you:
He will lead you to his throne:—
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone:—

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll,
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole!
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command:
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest:
There shall love and joy for ever
Reign and triumph in your breast:
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
Death no more shall make you fear:
Grief or sorrow, pain or anguish,
Never shall distress you there.

407 8, 7.

Visions of heaven.

DEATH shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ shall guide me through the gloom:
Down he'll send some heavenly convoy,
To convey my spirit home:
Jordan's streams shall ne'er o'erflow me
While my Saviour's by my side:
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.

2 See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating—
Jesus, Jesus is their theme:
See, they whisper! hark! they call me—
Sister spirit, come away!
Lo, I come! earth can't contain me!
Hail, ye realms of endless day!

3 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Though by faith I now explore ye,
I'll enjoy you soon on high:
Soon I'll gain a full possession,
Faith and hope shall henceforth cease,
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean—
Love! that sweetest, brightest grace.

4 Smiling angels now surround me,
Troops resplendent fill the skies,
Glory shining all around me,
While my towering spirit flies:
Jesus, clad in dazzling splendour,
Now methinks appears in view:
Brethren, could you see my Jesus,
You would serve and love him too.

408 6, 5. MacKellar.

Draw nigh to the Holy.

DRAW nigh to the Holy,
Bend low at his throne:
There, penitent, lowly,
Thy sinfulness own.
There, there, if thou yearnest
For pardon and rest—
There, fervent and earnest,
Prefer thy request.

2 Confess thy backsliding,
Thy weakness and fears:
In Jesus confiding,
There pour out thy tears.
Think not he will scorn thee,
Though wretched thy case;
His hand will adorn thee
With garments of grace.

3 More precious than treasure,
More vast than the sea,

His love has no measure
Nor limit to thee.
His easy yoke wearing,
His pleasure abide,—
In all thy cross-bearing
He'll walk by thy side.

409 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

Social meeting.

DRAW nigh to us, Jehovah,
In our social meeting:
In this propitious hour,
O may we feel thy power,
In this social meeting.

2 Draw nigh to us, blest Jesus,
In our social meeting:
O may we find thy favour,
Thou ever-blessed Saviour,
In this social meeting.

3 Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit,
In our social meeting:
Convince and renovate us,
Anew in Christ create us,
In this social meeting.

410 7, 6.

Mourners comforted.

DROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious:
If on Jesus you believe,
You will find him precious.
See, he now is passing by,
Calling mourners to him:
Drooping souls, you need not die—
Now look up and view him.

2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden:

Still he cries, "Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden."
Though your sins like mountains high
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
All his saints adore him:
He to save the dying came,—
Prostrate bow before him:
Wandering sinners, now return:
Contrite souls, believe him:
Jesus calls you: cease to mourn:
Worship him: receive him.

4 Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,
O the wondrous story:
I was lost but now I'm found,
Glory! glory! glory!
Glory to my Saviour's name,
Saints are bound to love him:
Mourners, you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.

411 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. NEWTON.

The beggar.

ENCOURAGED by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door:
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou wouldst disdain:
But those which move thy gracious ear
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more:
Thou knowest from my very birth
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few:
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I should deserve.

5 Nor dare I to pretend
I never begg'd before;
And if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more:
Thou often hast relieved my pain,
And often I must come again.

6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a wretch as I:
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy:
O do not frown and bid me go,
Until a blessing thou bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounties to conceal
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send ten thousand more.

8 Thy ways, thou only Wise,
Our ways and thoughts transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above this earth extend:
Such pleas as mine men would not hear,
But God receives the beggar's prayer.

412 8, 7.

Bliss of heaven.

FAR above yon glorious ceiling
Of the azure-vaulted sky,
Jesus sits, his love revealing
To his splendid troops on high.
Hosts seraphic humbly bowing,
At his feet they prostrate fall:
Saints and angels all avowing
God in Christ is all in all.

2 Could we leave our foolish dreaming
Of a fancied heaven below,
And see Jesus' glory beaming,
How our souls would long to go.
We in him our rest regaining,
All its blessedness should prove:
O'er our foes victorious reigning,
Perfected in spotless love.

3 We should for his day be waiting;
When the full reward is given:
He the glorious work's completing,
And will take his church to heaven:
Pure from every stain of nature,
There in holiness to shine:
Moulded like its great Creator,
All immortal, all divine.

413 L. M.

Farewell.

FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
I have no home or stay with you:
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss,
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love:
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That we shall all soon meet above.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you:
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.

6 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you:
O turn, and find salvation near.
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

414

11s.

Farewell.

FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand
That we must be parted from this social band:
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile;

But when we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged:
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, who're listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near:
Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.

5 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken heart,
Go, hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part:
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

6 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell, all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound:
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.

415 8s.

Union.

FROM whence does the union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastens our souls with such ties,
That distance nor time can remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost:
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus's blood it did cost.

3 My friends, once so dear unto me,
Our souls so united in love,
Where Jesus is gone, we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O! why so unwilling to part?
Since there we shall soon meet again,
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

5 And then we shall see that bright day
And join with the angels above,
Set free from our prisons of clay
United in Jesus's love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
Sing loud hallelujahs, amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

C. M. SUTTON.

416 *We all shall meet in heaven.*

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one:
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds,
To joys before unknown.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given:
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern winter blast
May howl around your cot:
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot:—

3 From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain;
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows:
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.

417

8, 7.

Autumn.

HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
Learn with me your certain doom,
Learn with me your fate to-morrow,
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent, all things seem to mourn,
Life from vegetation flying,
Calls to mind the mouldering urn.

2 Lo! in yonder forest standing,
Lofty cedars how they nod,
Scenes of nature, how surprising:
Read in nature, nature's God.
While the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So our friends are yearly dropping—
We are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise,
While I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from mine eyes:
What to me is autumn's treasure,
Since I know no earthly joy,
Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
Time will health and youth destroy.

4 Former friends how oft I've sought them,
Just to cheer a troubled mind,
Now they're gone, like leaves of autumn,
Driven before the dreary wind.
When a few more days are wasted,
And a few more scenes are o'er,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall rise to fall no more.

5 Fast my sun of life's declining,
Soon 'twill set in endless night,
But my hopes, so brightly shining,
Rise to fairer worlds of light.
Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing,
Death shall burst this sullen gloom,
Then my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

418 8, 4. MEDLEY.

The gospel trumpet.

HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God,
And guides them safely on the road
To endless day.

2 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on;
And when the conquest you have won
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

3 There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move;
And this shall be our theme above
In endless day.

419

8s.

The royal proclamation.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
Joyful tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.
Jesus reigns—he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banners flying!
Hear the herald loudly crying!
Rebel sinners, royal favour
Now is offer'd by the Saviour.

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing:
Here is life, and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.

4 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
For you, he was crucified,
Conquer'd death, and rose to heaven,
Life eternal through him given.

5 For this love, let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

6 Now our hearts have caught new fire—
Brethren, raise your voices higher:
Shout, with joyful acclamation,
To the King of our salvation.

7 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation:
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.

8 Shout, with joyful acclamation!
Christ has purchased our salvation:
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory!

420

12, 11.

The family Bible.

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

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

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more:

In sorrow and sadness, I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore:
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

8s.

421 *The cordial of love.*

HOW sweet is the cordial of love!
A balm to the sorrowful soul:
It flows from the Fountain above,
And makes the disconsolate whole.

2 How happy the souls that are blest,
And sprinkled with Jesus's blood!
That lean on Immanuel's breast,
And live in communion with God!

3 This heavenly sweetness below
Is common to all that believe:
The joys of communion they know,
In bonds of affection they live.

4 While striving to gain the blest shore,
They mutual succour afford:
They look to the heaven before,
And follow their Captain the Lord.

5 Their joys that on earth are begun,
Will soon be completed above:
Their labour below will be done
When lost in the ocean of love.

6 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail with their Saviour below:
Their union will then be complete,
And sorrow they never shall know.

422

12, 11.

The Eden of love.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest:
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2 While legions of angels, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
The song of redemption shall echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
All glory, all honour, all might and dominion,
Who brought us, through grace, to the Eden of love.

3 Hail, blessed estate! Hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love."

Though prison'd in earth, yet, by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from temptation:
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

11s. A. MEANS.

423 *The preacher's farewell.*

HOW swiftly the years of our pilgrimage fly,
As weeks, months, and seasons roll silently by!
Our days are soon number'd, and death sounds our knell:
We scarce know our friends, till we bid them "farewell."

2 The righteous and wicked move swiftly along,
In crowds to the grave, both the old and the young.
The good rise to heaven,—the bad sink to hell!
They take on life's verge an eternal farewell!

3 O God! are the nations all bound for the tomb!
Must hard-hearted sinners soon meet their dread doom!
Save, save, great Redeemer!—O break the sad spell!
Forgive, and prepare them to bid earth "farewell."

4 Farewell, fellow-sinners, we're free from your blood;
Our message deliver'd, we leave you with God.
We've begg'd and persuaded, but cannot compel:
Till judgment-day, therefore, we bid you "farewell."

5 O think on the scenes which await you in
death:
The cold, clammy sweat, and the quick, pant-
ing breath,
The winding-sheet, coffin, and slow-tolling
bell:
Your last, solemn, fearful, eternal farewell!

6 To you, fellow-Christians, I turn with de-
light:
The grave cannot harm you, your prospects
are bright.
Be faithful and humble,—temptations repel:
You'll soon leave the world with a smiling
farewell.

7 Farewell, then, my brethren, in body we
part,
But one common Saviour unites us in heart:
Through grace we will conquer the world,
flesh, and hell,
And then bid this earth a triumphant farewell.

8 Farewell to its labours—farewell to its
cares,—
Its thousand misfortunes, temptations, and
snares:
We'll mount on faith's pinions, with angels
to dwell,
Where saints never hear the sad parting
farewell.

424

11, 12.

The martyr's death-song.

I HAVE fought the good fight, I have finish'd
my race,
And thee, O my Saviour, I soon shall embrace:
They may torture this body, my spirit is free,
And the billows of death shall but waft it to
thee.

2 Let thy strength, Lord, but gird me—thy
smile be but mine,
And my soul on thy faithfulness firmly recline:
The dungeon, the sword, or the stake I can
dare,
And in transports expire, if my Jesus be there.

3 Did my Lord feel the scourge? Did the
thorns pierce his brow?
In the darkness of death, on the cross did he
bow?
All this didst thou suffer, my Saviour, for me:
Then, welcome the fetters that link me to thee.

4 United in sufferings—the promise is clear,
I shall with my Jesus in glory appear:
Out of great tribulation in triumph I go,
With my robe washed in blood, and made
whiter than snow.

5 I go to my Saviour—I go to my God:
I tread the same path my Redeemer once trod:
Unworthy, my Jesus, unworthy am I,
E'en to fall in thy cause—for thy truth e'en
to die.

6 Lo! on my clear vision the seats of the blest,
Seem calmly to shine, and invite me to rest,
Then, unshaken, my soul on the promise re-
lies,—
"Though I die, I shall live—though I fall, I
shall rise."

425 11, 8, 6, 7. [Measure of the original.] DESSLER.

[Translated by J. W. Alexander.]

Ich las dich nicht.

I LEAVE thee not, thou art my Jesus ever,
Though earth rebel, And death and hell
Would from its steadfast hold my faith dis-
sever:

Hear what my love is taught,
Thou art my Jesus ever,
I leave thee not, I leave thee not!

2 I leave thee not, thy word my way shall brighten:
With thee I go, Through weal and wo,
Thy precept wise shall every burden lighten.
My Lord, on thee I hang,
Nor heed the journey's pang:
Though thorny be my lot,
Let but thy word enlighten,
I leave thee not, I leave thee not!

3 I leave thee not, e'en in the lap of pleasure;
For when I stray Without thy ray,
My richest joy must cease to be a treasure.
I shudder at the glee,
When no delight from thee
Has heartfelt peace begot:
E'en in the lap of pleasure,
I leave thee not, I leave thee not!

4 I leave thee not, my God, my Lord, my heaven,
Nor death shall rend From thee, my friend,
Who, for my soul, thyself to death hast given.
For thou didst die for me,
And love goes back to thee:
My God, my life, my heaven,
I leave thee not, I leave thee not!

426 11s.

I shall be satisfied.

IF I, in thy likeness, O Lord! may awake,
And shine a pure image of thee,
Then I shall be satisfied when I can break
The fetters of flesh, and be free!

2 I know the stain'd tablet must first be
wash'd white,
To let thy bright features be drawn:
I know I must suffer the darkness of night,
To welcome the coming of dawn:

3 But I shall be satisfied when I can cast
The shadows of nature all by,
When the cold, heavy world from my vision
has past,
To let the soul open her eye.

4 I gladly shall feel the blest morn drawing
near,
When time's dreamy fancies shall fade,
If then in thy likeness I may but appear,
And rise in thy beauty array'd.

5 To see thee in glory, O Lord! as thou art,
From this mortal, perishing clay,
The spirit immortal in peace would depart,
And joyous mount up her bright way.

6 When on thine own image, in me, thou hast
smiled,
Within thy blest mansion; and when
The arms of my Father encircle his child—
O! I shall be satisfied then!

427

11, 8, 7.

Rock of salvation.

IF life's pleasures charm thee, give them not
thy heart,
Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to
part:
His favour seek, his praises speak,
Fix here thy hope's foundation:
Serve him, and he will ever be,
The Rock of thy salvation.

2 If distress befall thee, painful though it be,
Let not grief appal thee, to thy Saviour flee:
He, ever near, thy prayers will hear,
And calm thy perturbation:
The waves of wo shall ne'er o'erflow
The Rock of thy salvation.

3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not distress,
Better comforts wait thee, Christ will freely bless:
To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be,
Thy heavenly consolation:
For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
The Rock of thy salvation.

4 Dangers may approach thee, let them not alarm,
Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from harm:
He near thee stands, with mighty hands,
To ward off each temptation:
To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his blow,
For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow:
For death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation:
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

428 Six 7s.

Social prayer.

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer:
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise—

Passing sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Antepast to that above:
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

429 L. M.

Come with us.

I LONG to see the season come,
When sinners will come flocking home,
To taste the riches of God's love,
And sing his praise in realms above.

2 Hark! hear the gospel trumpet sound,
Inviting sinners all around:
Behold your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart:
To wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.

4 A few more days, and you must go
To realms of joy or endless wo:
In worlds above, with Christ to dwell;
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.

5 Come, sinners, all now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake:
This world give o'er, leave sin behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.

6 Take your companions by the hand,
Take all your children in a band,
And give them up at Jesus' call,
He'll pardon, bless, and save you all.

430

9, 10.

I'm a pilgrim.

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.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining—
I am longing, I am longing for the sight:
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I've been wandering forlorn and weary.

3 In that country to which I am travelling,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light:
There is no sorrow, or any sighing,
Or any sin there, or any dying.

4 There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary, and the weary are at rest:
There with angels, the saints, and the Saviour,
I shall sit down for ever and ever.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I am trav'ling, I am trav'ling to that rest.

431

L. M.

A rhapsody.

I'M glad that I am born to die,
From grief and wo my soul shall fly:
Bright angels shall from glory come,
And bear the weary pilgrim home.

2 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death,
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

3 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home:
My Saviour smiles and bids me come:

Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

4 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode:
My theme through all eternity
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

11s.

432 *I am weary.*

I'M weary of straying—O fain would I rest
In that far distant land of the pure and the blest,
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations for ever are fled.

2 I'm weary of hoping—where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew:
I long for that land whose bless'd promise alone
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

3 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth—
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage—
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

4 I'm weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not stay:

I long for that land where those partings are
o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no
more.

5 I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy
love:
O when shall I rest in thy presence above?
I'm weary—but, O! never let me repine:
Thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are
mine.

11's.

433 *The Rock that is higher than I.*

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelm'd with sor-
row and care;
From the end of the earth unto thee will I
cry,—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!
Higher than I, higher than I,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan the tempter comes in like a
flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of
good,
I'll pray to the Lord who for sinners did die,—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

3 And when I have finish'd my pilgrimage
here,
Complete in Christ's righteousness I shall
appear,
In the swellings of Jordan, all dangers defy,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound
through the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth
shall arise,

Transported I'll join with the ransom'd on high,
To praise the great Rock that is higher than I!
Higher than I, higher than I,
To praise the great Rock that is higher than I.

434

8, 7. S. PIERCE.

Sweet affliction.

IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

2 Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given:
Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward,
Singing, as I wade to heaven,—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiven.

3 Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play,
Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flowerets
Look more beautiful and gay:
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

4 So in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
To reanimate and cheer:
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

5 All I meet, I find, assists me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me;
Trials never more annoy:

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

6 Bless'd there with a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, It led me
To my blessed Saviour's seat—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

435 8, 7.

Dying grace for dying hours.

IT is just at day's departing
That the sun most glorious glows,
Life and joy o'er all imparting,
As he sinketh to repose:
Thus when low the spirit bendeth
To death's host of gloomy powers,
Then his richest gift God sendeth,—
Dying grace for dying hours.

2 Then the soul, on wings upsoaring,
Triumphs o'er its last dread foe;
And, the Saviour's love adoring,
To its heavenly rest doth go:
Once so trembling, weak, and fearful,
Oft it falter'd in the race,
Now rejoicing, glad and cheerful,—
Dying hours have dying grace.

3 Fear not, then, when foes assail thee,
Fear not when the night is dark,
God's sure promise cannot fail thee,
He will guide thy trembling bark:
He who once hath died to win thee,
Will thy every want supply:
He in time will plant within thee
Grace to live and grace to die.

436 C. M.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
O, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end!
Thy joys when shall I see!

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone
Most glorious to behold:
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks
My study long have been,
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this that I should dread
To die and go from hence?

5 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

437 10's. HUNTER.

Joyfully, joyfully.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above:
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

2 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go:
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

3 Friends I have there, who have pass'd on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching that shore,
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear:
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

5 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow:
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.

6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banish'd, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

11's.

438

Feed thy sheep.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarrings cease:
Come, O come, and reign for ever,
God of love and Prince of peace:
Visit, now, poor bleeding Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep:
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—few agree:
Jesus, let us hear thee call us—
Help us, Lord, to follow thee;
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hinderance leap—

Not kept back, by force, or numbers—
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Lord in us there is no merit—
We've been sinners from our youth:
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all thy truth:
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour—
O good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

439 L. M.

The good old way.

LIFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends:
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 O good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart,
But may our actions always say,
We're marching in the good old way.

4 Though Satan may his powers employ—
Our happiness he would destroy;
Yet never fear we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

5 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
Soon all our grief in joy shall end;
Our God will wipe all tears away
When we have run the good old way.

6 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who've gone before,
Through grace divine we'll gain the day,
By marching in the good old way.

440

8, 7. C. WESLEY.

Music.

LISTED into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music alas! too long has been
Press'd to obey the devil:
Drunken or lewd or light, the lay
Flows to the soul's undoing,
Widens and strews with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin.

2 Who on the part of God will rise?
Innocent sounds recover—
Fly on the prey, and seize the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover:
Strip him of every moving strain,
Every melting measure,
Music in virtue's cause retain,
Rescue the holy pleasure.

3 Come, let us try, if Jesus' love
Will not as well inspire us:
This is the theme of those above,
This upon earth shall fire us:
Try if your hearts are tuned to sing,
Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains may bring,
Jesus's name is sweeter.

4 Jesus the soul of music is,
His is the noblest passion:
Jesus's name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation:

Jesus's name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven:
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.

5 Who have a right like us to sing,
Us whom his mercy raises?
Cheerful our hearts, for Christ is King—
Joyful are all our faces.
Who of his love doth once partake,
He evermore rejoices:
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
Joyful and never weary.
Offer the sacrifice of praise
In spirit, never ceasing,
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Worship, and thanks, and blessing.

7 Then let us in his praises join
Triumph in his salvation:
Glory ascribe to love divine,
Worship and adoration:
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer:
Only believe, and still sing on,
Heaven is ours for ever.

441 C. M.

Parting.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still
With every one remain.

3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy gracious throne
Shall joyous meet above.

4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then for ever fly,
And not one thought that we should part,
Once intercept our joy.

5 Where, void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire:
But in seraphic, heavenly strains,
Redeeming love admire.

6 And thus, through all eternity,
Upon the heavenly shore,
The great mysterious One in Three,
Jehovah, we'll adore.

442

11s.

Home.

MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints:
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home:
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease:

Though oft from thy presence in sadness I
roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this burden of flesh to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with
thee:
Though now my temptations like billows may
foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at
home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day:
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy
face:
Let light from thy presence disperse all my
gloom,
And give me, e'en now, a sweet foretaste of
home.

6 I long, gracious Lord, in thy presence to
shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
But in thy blest image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

11s.

443

Home.

MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials
are near?
Be hush'd, my dark spirit, the worst that
can come
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee
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 lie down upon roses below:
I ask not a portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesus's breast.

4 Afflictions may damp me, but cannot destroy:
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, turn diamond or gem.

5 Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close:
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One hour with my God will make up for it all.

6 A scrip on my back and a staff in my hand,
I march on, in haste, through an enemy's land:
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope and I'll cheer it with song.

444 8, 6, 7.

The cross.

MUST Simon bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,
Through which by faith the crown I see,—
To me 'tis pardon bringing:
O that's the cross for me!

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
For perfect love will dry the tear,
And cast out all tormenting fear
Which round my heart is clinging:
O that's the love for me!

3 We'll bear the consecrated cross,
Till from the cross we're free;
And then go home to wear the crown,
For there's a crown for me.
Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,
The purchase of my Saviour's love,
For me at His appearing:
O that's the crown for me!

4 The saints shall hear the midnight cry:
The Lord will then appear,
And virgins wise, with burning lamps,
Will meet him in the air;
For there's a home in heaven prepared,
A house by saints and angels shared,
Where Christ is interceding:
O that's the home for me!

445

8, 7.

The trumpet-call.

MY brethren all, on you I call,
Arise and look around you:
How many foes, bound to oppose,
Are waiting to confound you.

The trumpet calls from Zion's walls,
Shake off your sleep and slumber:
Arise and pray, we'll win the day,
Though we are few in number.

2 Now valiant prove for him you love,
Confide in his great power:
Resolve to die, but never fly,
His rock shall be your tower.
Our triumph's sure if we'll endure,
And urge the contest stronger:
The prize of life shall crown the strife,
A few more struggles longer.

3 The conflict sore will soon be o'er,
The trump of triumph sounded:
Our armour bright shall with delight
At Jesus' feet be grounded.
Then God shall give, and we receive,
The crowns of fadeless glory;
And long will dwell in heaven to tell
Love's all immortal story.

446

8, 10, 12.

A shout.

O HOW charming, O how charming,
Is the radiant band of music!
O how charming is the radiant band
Of music playing through the air!
Angelic armies tune their harps,
Enraptured spirits play their parts:
Shout, shout, the great Messiah's come to reign.

2 Gabriel descending, Gabriel descending,
Brings the joyful news, O joyful!
Brings the joyful news of our Redeemer's birth,
The great Messiah's come to earth,

Good-will to men I now proclaim,
The Saviour's born in Bethlehem:
Shout, shout, the King of glory's come to reign.

3 See his star arising, see his star arising,
In the eastern sky now rising,
See his star arising in the eastern sky,
The day-spring opening from on high:
The types and shadows flee away,
And now begins the gospel day:
Shout, shout, the King of glory's come to reign.

4 Shepherds adore him, wise men have found him,
Glory be to God, O glory!
Wise men have found him by the rising star,
And come to worship from afar:
Their golden gifts they now present,
And spices of the sweetest scent:
Shout, shout, the King of glory's come to reign.

5 Jews and Gentiles join in concert,
Praise their infant King! O praise him!
Jews and Gentiles praise their infant King,
And loud hosannas sweetly sing:
With Gabriel and the shining host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
Shout, shout, the King of glory's come to reign.

447 C. M.

The voyage.

O FOR a breeze of heavenly love,
To waft my soul away,
To the celestial world above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.

2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
My pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where angry tempests blow.

3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair—
O guide me safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.

4 Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

448 L. M.

Give me Jesus.

O GIVE me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn:
Give me, with broken heart, to see
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon the wondrous sight:
O that, with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die!

3 I'd hang around his feet, and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die;
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son!

4 Father of mercy, drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son;
And with my broken heart comply:
O save me, Jesus! or I die.

5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wilt ease me of my guilt:
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die.

449

11s.

Good news.

O HOW I have long'd for thy coming, O Lord,
And sought thee by praying and searching thy word!
With watching and fasting my soul was oppprest,
Nor would I give over until I was blest.

2 The news of thy mercy at length did appear:
According to promise, thou answer'dst my prayer;
And glory is open'd in floods on my soul—
Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.

3 See other poor sinners, who fall at thy feet,
Oppress'd by a burden enormously great:
O raise them, my Jesus, to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujah like angels above.

4 I'll sing and I'll shout, and I'll shout and I'll sing!
O God, make the nations with praises to ring,
With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,
And carry us all to the city above.

5 We'll wait for his chariot, it seems to draw near:
O come, my dear Saviour, let glory appear:
We long to be singing and shouting above,
O'erwhelm'd, like the angels, in joy and in love.

450 11s.

He is precious.

O JESUS, my Saviour! I know thou art mine!
For thee all the pleasures of earth I resign:
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best:
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.

2 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy, and my love,
None richer possess'd by the angels above:
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame:
I'm raised into rapture while praising his name.

3 Though weak and despised, by faith I now stand,
Preserved and defended by Heaven's kind hand:
By Jesus supported, I'll praise his dear name,
Regardless of danger, of praise, or of blame.

4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer:
In sweet meditation he always is near:
My constant companion, O may we not part!
All glory to Jesus, who dwells in my heart!

5 If ever I loved, sure I love thee, my Lord,
I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word:
I love all my brethren, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from wo.

6 When happy in Jesus, I regard not the proud,
Though sinners despise me for shouting so loud;

For death will soon call me, and then shall I
fly
To praise my dear Jesus in mansions on
high.

451 11s.

Love to the Saviour.

O JESUS, my Saviour! to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at
thy feet,
The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh, and blood,
To thee, my Redeemer, my Lord, and my God.

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my
Lord:
I love thee, my Saviour—I trust in thy word:
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost
know;
But how much I love thee I never can show.

3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous ac-
count!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount,
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With angels, my kindred, and Jesus, more dear.

4 O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest,
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest!
Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my
song,
Thy love doth inspire both my heart and my
tongue.

5 O who is like Jesus? he's Salem's bright
King:
He smiles, and he loves me, and helps me to
sing:
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud
and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

452 C. M.

Longing for home.

O LAND of rest! for thee I sigh:
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armour by,
And dwell in peace at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome:
This world's a wilderness of wo—
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest:
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succour on his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I should at once have quit the field
Where foes with fury foam,
But, ah! my passport was not seal'd—
I could not yet go home.

5 When, by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

453 11, 12, 13.

The banner of the cross.

O SAY can you see, by the truth's holy light,
What the fathers once hail'd, in the world's early being,

When for sin, o'er our race, hung the mantle
of night—
What God, for our weal, was in mercy de-
creeing?
The banner unfurl'd which shall conquer the
world,
When sin shall be vanquish'd—to darkness
be hurl'd:
O the cross is that banner, and long may it
wave,
Till Jesus lead captive both death and the
grave!

2 'Twas but dimly perceived through the
darkness that reign'd,
And man seem'd enchanted in slumbers
reposing;
But the prophets their message of mercy
proclaim'd,
The banner of peace though obscurely dis-
closing:
Oft it seem'd to unfold o'er the clouds as they
roll'd,
And the day brightly dawn'd by the prophets
foretold,
When the blood-stained banner in triumph
shall wave
O'er the earth, o'er the sea, over death and
the grave.

3 Now where is the foe that so vauntingly
swore,
By the gods whom he worshipp'd, that
darkness should rule us—
No home should await us where angels
adore,
But death and the grave should together
control us?

He has trembled with fear, and will flee in
despair,
Like the lion the archers have chased to his
lair;
And our banner in triumph continues to
wave,
And triumph it must over death and the
grave.

4 Thus will it be ever while Christians shall
stand
Near the cross, and remember their high
destination:
Bless'd with victory and peace, this invin-
cible band
Shall shout when the Lord has renew'd all
creation;
For conquer they must, as their cause is most
just;
And this is their motto, In God is our trust!
O their banner in glory, in triumph shall
wave,
When lost is the power of death and the
grave.

S. M. MRS. DANA.

454 *O sing to me of heaven.*

O SING to me of heaven
When I am call'd to die!
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high!

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below!

3 When the last moment comes,
O watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.

4 Then, to my ravish'd ears,
Let one sweet song be given—
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

455 11, 8.

The praise of Jesus.

O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
My foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

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

3 This is my Beloved—his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around:
The locks on his head are as grapes on the
vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd:
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence
glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer
sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death:
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath:
His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eyelids, and scatters de-
light
Through all the bright mansions on high:
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy:
He looks, and ten thousands of angels re-
joice,
And myriads wait for his word:
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

456 11s.

Why will ye die?

O TURN ye, O turn ye! for why will ye die,
When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 Now Jesus is ready your souls to receive,
And grant you a pardon, if you will believe;
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome—he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirits when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare:
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour
your heart,
And, trusting in Heaven, we never shall part:
O how can we leave you? why will you not
come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at
home.

457

7, 6.

Valiant soldier.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love!
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And 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 heavenly armour
Of faith and hope and love;
And when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And, if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend:
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request:
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

458 L. M. NEWTON.

The knell.

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul;
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepared, should I be call'd to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death:
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plunged into a world unknown.

3 Then, leaving all I loved below,
To God's tribunal I must go:
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 But could I bear to hear him say,
"Depart, accursed, far away!
With Satan, in the lowest hell,
Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell."

5 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee:
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and in me live.

6 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear:
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

459 9, 7.

Prospect of Canaan.

OUR bondage it shall end by and by—
From Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return by and by.

2 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on,
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo, Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves we'll go on.

3 Though Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on,
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply,
To a land of corn and wine we'll go on.

4 And when to Jordan's floods we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are come.

5 Then friends shall meet again, who have loved,
Our embraces shall be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

6 Then with all the happy throng we'll rejoice,
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity we'll rejoice.

6, 5.

460 *Poor, wildered, weeping heart.*

POOR, wilder'd, weeping heart,
What can relieve thee?
Come, sinful as thou art,
Christ will receive thee:
Come, though with woes opprest,
Soft is thy Saviour's breast,
There mayst thou sweetly rest,
There naught can grieve thee.

2 Come, trembling, timid soul,
Why this delaying?
Thunders, that o'er thee roll,
Fall on thee straying:
Turn from destruction's ways,
Turn to the throne of grace,
There seek thy Father's face,
Weeping and praying.

3 Hence guilty fear and doubt,
Leave me for ever:
Lord, wilt thou cast me out?
Never—O never:
From unbelief of mind:
From thoughts to sin inclined:
From flesh and hell combined,
Thou wilt deliver.

6, 3.

461 *Admonition to the young.*

REMEMBER, sinful youth,
You must die:
Who hate the way of truth,
And in your pleasures boast:
You must die!

2 Uncertain are your days,
Here below;

For God hath many ways
To bring you to your graves,
Here below.

3 And if you travel down
The broad road,
To darkness you are bound,
Eternally around,
The broad road.

4 To a dreadful judgment-day
You are bound:
Think of it as you may—
Nor can you it delay—
You are bound.

5 Then to the Saviour flee—
'Scape for life—
Lest death eternal be
Your final destiny—
'Scape for life.

462 C. M.

Return.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery.
Return, return!

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the bride say come,
O now for refuge flee.
Return, return!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home
'Tis madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return, return!

L. M.

463

Will ye also go away?

SAY now, ye lovely social band,
Who walk the road to Canaan's land:
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain,
Say, do you wish to turn again?

2 O! have ye ventured to the field
Well arm'd with helmet, sword, and shield?
And shall the world, with dread alarms,
Compel you now to ground your arms?

3 O! come, young soldiers, count the cost,
And say what pleasures have you lost;
Or what misfortune does it bring
To have Jehovah for your King?

4 O! what contentment did you find
When love of pleasure ruled your mind?
No sweet reflections lull'd your rest,
Nor conscious virtue calm'd your breast.

5 Did you not dread that awful day
That soon must sweep your joys away,
When death shall sing in mournful strain,
"Let dust return to dust again?"

6 But now your thoughts delight to soar
Where earth and time shall be no more:
They pass the grave, and mount on high
To the fair fields above the sky.

10, 7, 9.

464

The atonement.

SAW ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
O! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended—He was extended,
  Painfully nail'd to the cross:
Here he bow'd his head and died,
Thus my Lord was crucified,
  To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding—Jesus hung bleeding,
  Three dreadful hours in pain,
And the solid rocks were rent
Through creation's vast extent,
  When the Jews crucified the God-man.

4 Darkness prevailed—darkness prevailed,
  Darkness prevailed o'er the land,
And the sun refused to shine,
When his Majesty Divine
  Was derided, insulted, and slain.

5 When it was finish'd—when it was finish'd,
  And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd in spices sweet,
  And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mightySaviour—hail, mighty Saviour,
  Prince, and the author of peace!
O! he burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant, from beneath,
  He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 There interceding—there interceding,
  Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "Father, I have died,
O behold my hands and side,
  O forgive them, I pray thee forgive."

8 "I will forgive them—I will forgive them,
  When they repent and believe:
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
  And salvation they all shall receive."

465

8, 7, 11, 9, 6.

Welcome home.

SEE, Christian, see how time steals on:
Soon will sink life's setting sun:
Like the gleams of closing day,
Fade these fleeting hours away.
Then up let us toil till our toilings are o'er,
Till we shall be borne to eternity's shore:
Our final summons having come,
How sweet the Christian's welcome home.
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home.

2 See how the shades of death come nigh—
Blissful shades when Christians die:
They mark the path our Saviour trod,
Dying saints to waft to God:
Then up, fellow-Christian, let mourning be o'er:
Rejoice in the Saviour, rejoice evermore:
Our final summons having come,
How sweet the Christian's welcome home.
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home.

466

9, 8.

Revival.

SEE how the Scriptures are fulfilling:
Poor sinners are returning home:
The time that prophets were foretelling,
With signs and wonders, now is come.
The gospel trumpets now are roaring
From sea to sea, from land to land;
God's Holy Spirit is down-pouring,
And Christians joining heart and hand.

2 Ten thousand fall before Jehovah,
For mercy—mercy! loud they cry;
Then rise, all shouting hallelujah!
And glory be to God on high!
But many cry, "It's all disorder,"
And disbelieve God's holy word;
But Christians sing and shout the louder,
All glory, glory to the Lord.

3 O sinners! hear our invitation!
You are but feeble dying worms:
O fly to Jesus for salvation,
Or you must meet God's awful storms:
We warn you in the name of Jesus,
The awful Judge of quick and dead;
But if you still refuse to hear us,
Your blood shall be upon your head.

4 Now God is calling every nation,
The bond and free, the rich and poor:
These are the days of visitation;
Sweet gospel-grace will soon be o'er:
The Lord shall come, all clothed in thunder,
And lightning streaming from his eye:
O! then he'll cut his foes asunder,
And cast them where the damned lie.

467 8, 7.

The gospel ship.

SEE, the gospel ship is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore:
All who would set out for glory,
Come, and welcome, rich and poor!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
All the sailors loudly cry:
See the blissful port of glory
Open to each faithful eye!

2 Thousands she has safely landed
Far beyond this earthly shore!

Thousands now are sailing thither,
Yet there's room for thousands more.

3 Sails well fill'd with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along;
All her company rejoicing,
"Glory!" bursts from every tongue.

4 Come on board this noble vessel!
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea;
And with us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity!

8, 8, 7.

468 *See the Lord of glory dying.*

SEE the Lord of glory dying,
See him gasping, hear him crying,
See his burden'd bosom heave:
Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him,
Look how deep your sins have stung him,
Dying sinners, look and live.

2 See the rocks and mountains quaking,
Earth unto her centre shaking,
Nature's groans awake the dead:
Lo, the sun is struck with wonder,
While the legal peals of thunder
Smite the dear Redeemer's head.

3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,
Chanting through the tuneful regions,
Cease to thrill the quivering string:
Songs seraphic all suspended,
Till the mighty war was ended,
By the all-victorious King.

4 Hell, and all the powers infernal,
Vanquish'd by the King Eternal,
When he pour'd the vital flood;
By his groans, which shook creation,
Lo! we found a proclamation:
Peace and pardon by his blood.

5 Shout, ye saints, with adoration—
Fill with songs the wide creation,
  He is risen from the grave:
Shout with joyful acclamation
To the Rock of your salvation,
  Who alone has power to save.

6 Bear, with patience, tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
  Till the glorious jubilee:
He will come with bursts of thunder,
Then shall we adore and wonder,
  Singing on the highest key.

469

10, 8, 7. MRS. DANA.

Shed not a tear.

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier—
  When I am gone—when I am gone—
Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear—
  When I am gone—I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave:
Think who has died his beloved to save:
Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have—
  When I am gone—I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me—
  When I am gone—when I am gone—
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see:
  When I am gone—I am gone—
Come at the close of a bright summer's day:
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray:
Come and rejoice that I thus pass'd away—
  When I am gone—I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,
When I am gone—when I am gone—
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead—
When I am gone—I am gone—
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care:
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share:
Look up on high and believe I am there—
When I am gone—I am gone.

470 C. M.

Something new.

SINCE man, by sin, has lost his God,
He seeks creation through;
And vainly hopes for solid bliss
In trying something new.

2 The new possess'd, like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue:
The bubble now no longer takes,
The soul wants something new.

3 And could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru—
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4 But when we feel a Saviour's love,
All good in him we view:
The soul forsakes its vain delights—
In Christ finds all things new.

5 The joys the dear Redeemer brings
Will bear a strict review;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

471 6s.

Sinner, come.

SINNER, come, mid thy gloom,
All thy guilt confessing,

Trembling now, contrite bow,
Take the offer'd blessing.

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

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

4 Sinner, come, ere thy doom
Shall be seal'd for ever:
Now return, grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ the Saviour.

472 8, 7. S. F. SMITH.

Death of a sister.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees:
Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

2 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.
Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

473 7, 7, 7, 5.

Soldiers of the cross, arise.

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!
Lo, your Captain from the skies,
Holding forth the glittering prize,
Calls to victory!
Fear not, though the battle lower,
Firmly stand the trying hour,
Stand the tempest's utmost power,
Spurn his slavery.

2 Who the cause of Christ would yield?
Who would leave the battle-field?
Who would cast away his shield?
Let him basely go:
Who for Zion's King will stand?
Who will join the faithful band?
Let him come with heart and hand,
Let him face the foe.

3 By the mercies of our God,
By Immanuel's streaming blood,
When alone for us he stood,
Ne'er give up the strife:
Even to the latest breath
Hark to what your Captain saith:
Be thou faithful unto death,
Take the crown of life.

4 By the woes which rebels prove,
By the bliss of holy love,
Sinners, seek the joys above,
Sinners, turn and live!
Here is freedom worth the name:
Tyrant sin is put to shame,
Grace inspires the hallow'd flame,
God the crown will give.

474 C. M.

Hope of heaven.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before mine eye:
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly:
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind:
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

2 I view the monster Death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting:
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still in triumph sing:
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go:
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.

3 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
I hope to join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore.
My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea:
This glorious hope of endless rest
Is now transporting me.

475 8, 8, 6,

Revival blessings.

THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies grow and thrive:
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground,
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become:
The desert blossom as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And leads his people home.

3 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour, merciful and kind,
Who will them all receive:
None are too vile who will repent:
Out of one sinner legions went,
The Lord did him relieve.

4 Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on:
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

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

6 But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply:
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

7 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home:
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

8 Amen! amen! my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
When all our toils are o'er:
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

476 7, 6. S. F. SMITH.

The morning light is breaking.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears:
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Sion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way:
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:

Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home :
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord is come.

477 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6. HOYT.

The choice.

THE pearl that worldlings covet
Is not the pearl for me,
Its beauty fades as quickly
As sunshine on the sea ;
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
'Tis call'd the pearl of greatest price,
Though few its value see :
O that's the pearl for me !

2 The crown that decks the monarch
Is not the crown for me :
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee ;
But there's a crown prepared above
For all who walk in humble love,
For ever bright 'twill be :
O that's the crown for me !

3 The road that many travel
Is not the road for me :
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be.
But there's a road that leads to God,
'Tis mark'd by Christ's most precious blood :
The passage here is free :
O that's the road for me !

4 The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me :
Most surely will they perish
Unless from sin made free.

But there's a hope which trusts the Lord,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful passions flee :
O that's the hope for me.

7, 7, 7, 6.

478 *The wondrous love of Jesus.*

THE wondrous love of Jesus,
From doubts and fears it frees us,
With pitying love he sees us,
Still toiling here below :
Through tribulation driven,
We'll force our way to heaven :
Through consolation given,
Rejoicing on we'll go.

2 Companions, now distressed,
By Satan sore oppressed,
Cheer up, you'll be released,
Your Captain's gone before.
In every trying hour,
He'll save you by his power,
And bring you safe to our
Sweet rest on yonder shore.

3 O yonder is the glory,
It lies but just before you,
And there we'll tell the story
Of all-redeeming love :
There shall we—matchless favour—
Drink of that flowing river,
And ever, ever, ever,
Surround the throne above.

8, 6, 7.

479 *The pearl for me.*

THE world their fancied pearl may crave,
'Tis not the pearl for me :
'Twill lose its lustre in the grave,
'Twill perish in the sea.

But there's a pearl of price untold,
Which never can be bought with gold,
The sinking soul 'twill save—
O that's the pearl for me!

2 Let pleasure chant her siren song,
'Tis not the song for me:
To weeping it will turn ere long,
For this is Heaven's decree;
But there's a song the ransom'd sing
To Jesus, their exalted King,
With joyful heart and tongue—
O that's the song for me!

480 6, 4, 7.

The happy land.

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

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

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.

O, then, to glory run:
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye!

481 L. M.

The way to heaven.

THERE is a heaven above the skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies,
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
Yet often fear 'tis not for me.
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, O hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

2 The way is difficult and strait,
And narrow is the gospel gate:
Ten thousand dangers are therein:
Ten thousand snares to take me in.

3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
But in this way methinks I see
The track of him who died for me.

4 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still:
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe within his arms.

5 Then, O my soul, arise and sing:
Behold thy Saviour, Friend, and King!
With pleasing smiles, he now looks down,
And cries, "Press on, and take the crown.

6 "Prove faithful, then, a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

482

7, 6.

The holy city.

THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love:
An everlasting temple,
And saints array'd in white:
They serve their great Redeemer:
They dwell with him in light.

2 That is no world of trouble,
The God of peace is there,
He wipes away their sorrows,
He banishes their care:
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new,
They praise th' eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too.

3 The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendour
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In godlike majesty?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

4 Long time I was invited
To gain that heavenly rest:
Grace made no hard condition,
'Twas only to be bless'd;
But earth's bewitching pleasures
Inclined me long to stay:
I sought her dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away.

5 But now it is my purpose
The better way to find,
To serve my great Creator,
And leave my sins behind:
In guilt's seducing mazes
I will no longer roam:
I'll give my soul to Jesus,
Who brings the ransom'd home.

483 7, 6. MacKellar.

The beautiful land.

THERE is a land immortal—
The beautiful of lands:
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands.
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortal nevermore.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears:
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears.
Death like an angel seeming,
"We welcome thee!" they cry:
Their face with glory gleaming,
'Tis life for them to die.

484 7, 8.

The land of pleasure.

THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy for ever roll,
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Saviour found me,
A lamp has shone around my way.

2 My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God:
Then, like a valiant soldier,
I'll dauntless keep the happy road.
Now I must gird my sword on,
My helmet, breast-plate, and my shield,
And fight the host of Satan,
Until I gain the heavenly field.

3 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before—
O how I stand and tremble
To hear the dismal waters roar:
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there:
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair?

4 The stream shall not affright me,
Although 'tis deeper than the grave,
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.
His word has calm'd the ocean,
His lamp has cheered the gloomy vale:
O may this Friend be with me
When through the gates of death I sail.

5 Then come, thou king of terrors,
And with thy weapons lay me low:
I soon shall reach that region
Where everlasting pleasures flow.
Now, Christians, I must leave you
A few more days to suffer here:
Through grace I soon shall meet you—
My soul exults—I'm almost there.

6 Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll.
Then I shall see my Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance
And take his ransom'd people home.

485 9, 8. HUNTER.

My father-land.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stay'd,
My heart and my treasure are there:
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.
That blissful place is my father-land,
By faith its delights I explore:
Come, favour my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode:
The joys of that place no tongue can tell—
But there is the palace of God.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffer'd and worshipp'd with me:
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labours are o'er:
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.

8, 4.

486 *O how he loves!*

THERE'S a Friend above all others:
O how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's:
O how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next may grieve us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us:
O how he loves!

2 Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know him?
O how he loves!
Give thyself, e'en this day, to him:
O how he loves!
Though all earthly comforts leave thee,
Though thy sins may pain and grieve thee,
Jesus can and will relieve thee:
O how he loves!

3 All thy sins shall be forgiven:
O how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven:
O how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee:
O how he loves!

4 Let us still this love be viewing:
O how he loves!
And, though faint, keep on pursuing:
O how he loves!

He will strengthen each endeavour;
And, when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song for ever:
O how he loves!

487 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

The spiritual voyage.

THROUGH tribulation deep
The way to glory is:
This stormy course I keep
On these tempestuous seas:
By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driven,
Freighted with grace and bound to heaven.

2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er my sides break in;
But still my little ship outbraves
The blustering winds and surging waves.

3 When I, in my distress,
My anchor, hope, can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast:
Safely she then at anchor rides,
Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.

4 As, at the time of noon,
My quadrant, faith, I take,
To view my Christ, my sun,
If he the clouds should break,
I'm happy when his face I see:
I know then whereabouts I be.

5 The Bible is my chart—
By it the seas I know:
I cannot with it part—
It rocks and sands doth show:
It is a chart and compass, too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

6 I keep aloof from pride—
Those rocks I pass with care:
I studiously avoid
The whirlpool of despair:
Presumption's quicksands too I shun—
Near them I do not choose to run.

7 My vessel would be lost,
In spite of all my care,
But that the Holy Ghost
Himself vouchsafes to steer;
And I through all my voyage will
Depend upon my Steersman's skill.

8 Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
I must a gulf pass through,
Which fatal proves to most,
For all this passage go;
But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
If God himself is at the helm.

9 When through this gulf I get,
(Though rough, it is but short,)
The pilot angels meet
And bring me into port:
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe for evermore.

L. M.

488 *Will you have this Christ, or no?*

TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice:
Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with the glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Come, blooming youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound:
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
Behold, he's waiting at your door!
Make now your choice: O halt no more:
Say, sinner, say, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

3 Your sports and all your glittering toys,
Compared to our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear:
Come, go with us—your souls are dear.
Why rush in carnal pleasures on?
Why madly plunge in sorrow down?
Say, without Christ what can you do?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

4 O must we bid you all farewell,
We bound to heaven, and you to hell?
Still, God may hear us while we pray,
And change you ere that burning day:
Once more we ask you, in his name—
We know his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

489

11, 6.

The bower of prayer.

TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbours to part,
And go from my home, it affects not my heart,
Like thoughts of absenting myself for a day
From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray—
Where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower! where the vine and the poplar are spread,
And wove, with their branches, a roof o'er my head:
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in prayer!—
To my Saviour in prayer.

3 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the pine,
The ivy, the olive, the wild eglantine!
Yet sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer—
In answer to prayer.

4 'Twas under the covert of that blessed grove
That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove—
Presenting himself as the only true way
Of life and salvation, and taught me to pray—
And taught me to pray.

5 The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale,
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell
To call me to duty; and birds of the air
Sang anthems of praises, as I went to prayer—
As I went to prayer.

6 And Jesus my Saviour oft deign'd there to meet,
And bless with his presence my lonely retreat:
Oft fill'd me with rapture and peacefulness there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer—
Own language my prayer.

7 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you
adieu,
And pay my devotion in parts which are
new—
Well knowing my Saviour is found every-
where,
And can, in all places, give answer to
prayer—
Give answer to prayer.

8 Although I may never revisit your shade,
Yet oft shall I think on the vows I there
made;
And, when at a distance, my thoughts shall
repair
To the place where my Saviour first answer'd
my prayer—
First answer'd my prayer.

9 My blessed Redeemer, my hope and my all,
Will guide and direct me when on him I call;
And when I am dying, he'll be with me
there,
And take me to heaven in answer to
prayer—
In answer to prayer.

490

8, 7.

Sailor's song.

TOSS'D upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's wo:
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well!" thy constant cheer.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head—
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry;
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's rough course will soon be o'er—
Safely moor'd in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

491 C. M. HART.

Destructiveness of sin.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
Repent, thy end is nigh:
Death, at the farthest, can't be far—
O think before thou die!

2 Reflect! thou hast a soul to save:
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence:
His time there's none can tell:
He'll in a moment call thee hence—
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

492 8, 9, 8, 6. F. E. PITTS.

Victory song.

WE'RE soldiers of Immanuel,
Who fight for life and victory:
He broke the power of death and hell,
That we might gain the day.
March on! and we shall gain the victory:
March on! and we shall gain the day.

2 Our cause is good, and will be won,
The cause of life and victory;
The King of glory leads us on,
And we shall gain the day.

3 The gospel banner is unfurl'd,
The ensign of our victory:
'Twill triumph till it takes the world,
And we shall gain the day.

4 Our weapons are divinely made,
To fight for life and victory;
For conquest keen, and strong the blade,
And we shall gain the day.

5 This two-edged weapon ne'er deceives,
If wielded right for victory;
For "double are the wounds" it leaves,
And we shall gain the day.

6 Sin, earth, and hell, our ancient foes,
And foes to life and victory,
With desperation may oppose,
But we shall gain the day.

7 The hosts of heaven are on our side,
Who fight for life and victory;
And grace shall turn the battle-tide,
And we shall gain the day.

8 "Quit you like men," on God rely,
You fight for life and victory:

"Be strong," and never fear to die,
And you shall gain the day.

9 On! courage! on, ye sons of light!
You fight for life and victory;
And put the hosts of hell to flight,
And you shall gain the day.

10 The foe in wild disorder flies—
We'll surely gain the victory;
And shouts of triumph rend the skies,
And we shall gain the day.

11 On, on! ye valiant souls, fight on!
We soon shall gain the victory:
The last hard battle will be won,
And we shall gain the day.

12 A crown of glory is the prize,
A crown of life and victory,
Now glittering from the bending skies,
For all who gain the day.

493

8, 6.

Will you go?

WE'RE travelling home to heaven above,
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? will you go?
Millions have reach'd that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God;
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go? will you go?

2 We're going to walk the plains of light,
Where perfect day excludes the night:
Our sun will there no more go down,
In that blest world of great renown,
Our days of mourning past and gone.

3 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
A crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share.

4 We're going where tears will never flow,
And sorrow we no more shall know;
There, there the saints shall die no more,
But live with Christ in heaven secure,
Their God and Saviour to adore.

5 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
To raise our voice and tune the lyre:
There saints and angels sweetly sing
Hosannas to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring.

6 The way to heaven is free for all,
For Jew and Gentile, great and small.
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start.

7 The way to heaven is straight and plain:
Repent, believe, be born again:
The Saviour cries aloud to thee:
Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see.

8 O could I hear some sinner say:
I will go! I will go!
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go! let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell:
Let me go! fare you well!

7, 6, 8.

494 *We won't give up the Bible.*

WE won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth,
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth:
The lamp that sheds a glorious light
On, else, a dreary road!
The voice that speaks the Saviour's love
And leads us home to God.

2 We won't give up the Bible;
But could you force away
What is as our own life-blood dear,
We still with joy could say:
"The words which we have learn'd while young,
We'll follow all our days;
For they're engraven on our hearts,
And ye cannot erase."

3 We won't give up the Bible:
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide!
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand each treacherous art;
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll never, never part!

10, 6, 8.

495 *All is well.*

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my frame,—
Is it death, is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame—
Is it death, is it death?

If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see,—
All is well, all is well!

2 Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not
for me,—
All is well, all is well:
My sins are pardon'd, pardon'd, I am free,
All is well, all is well:
There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Jesus from mine eyes:
I soon shall mount the upper skies,—
All is well, all is well!

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye
saints in glory,—
All is well, all is well:
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well, all is well.
Bright angels are from glory come—
They're round my bed, they're in my room:
They wait to waft my spirit home,—
All is well, all is well!

4 Hark, hark! my Lord, my Lord and Mas-
ter calls me,—
All is well, all is well:
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory—
All is well, all is well!
Farewell, my friends, adieu! adieu!
I can no longer stay with you:
My glittering crown appears in view!
All is well, all is well!

5 Hail! hail! all hail! all hail, you blood-
washed throng,
Saved by grace, saved by grace!
I've come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, saved by grace!

All—all is peace and joy divine,
Heaven and glory now are mine!
O hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well! All is well!

496

10, 6, 8.

God is love.

WHAT sound is this? a song through heaven resounding,
God is love!
And now from earth I hear the song rebounding,
God is love!
Yes, while adoring hearts proclaim,
Love is his nature, love his name,
My soul in rapture cries the same,
God is love!

2 This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,
God is love!
And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story,
God is love!
In this let earth and heaven agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme for ever be,
God is love!

3 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
God is love!
And while I live, I'll seek no other treasure,
God is love!
This theme shall be my song below,
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,
God is love!

497 6, 3.

Wondrous love.

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 winged seraphs, fly,
Bear the news:
Like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity
With the news.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join his 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:

498 8, 4.

Vain world, adieu!

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore:
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The crystal stream—delightful scene!—
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand:
With steady helm and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil:
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God!

499 8, 4.

Weep not for me.

WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fetter'd soul's releasing,
Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.

Christ is mine, he cannot fail me;
Weep not for me.
Yes, though earth and hell endeavour
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever,
Weep not for me.

500

11, 5. MISS LUTTON.

Sweet prayer.

WHEN torn is thy bosom by sorrow and care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer:
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues yet sustains,
Gives vigour to hope, and puts passion in chains.

Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2 When forced from the friends we hold dearest to part,
What fond recollections yet cling to the heart:
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
O how hurtfully pleasing till hallow'd by prayer.

3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms—
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare;
But, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss:
Heaven pours its full streams through no medium but this;
And till we the seraphs' full ecstasy share,
Our chalice of bliss must be guarded by prayer.

501 6, 3. HUNTER.

Give me Jesus.

WHILE wandering to and fro,
In this wide world of wo,
Where streams of sorrow flow,
Give me Jesus—give me Jesus—give me Jesus—
You may have all this world—give me Jesus.

2 When tears o'erflow mine eye,
When pressed by grief I sigh,
Still this shall be my cry,
Give me Jesus.

3 When to the mercy-seat
I go my Lord to meet,
My heart shall still repeat,
Give me Jesus.

4 And when my faith is tried,
In him will I confide,
And all the storms outride—
Give me Jesus.

5 Though strength and friends should fail,
And foes my soul assail,
Through him I shall prevail—
Give me Jesus.

6 And when my toils are o'er,
When nearing Jordan's shore,
I'll shout as up I soar,
Give me Jesus.

7 When at the judgment-seat,
I stand at Jesus' feet,
When worlds on worlds shall meet,
Give me Jesus.

8 When heaven and earth shall flee,
When time shall cease to be,
Through all eternity,
Give me Jesus.

502

8, 7.

The pilgrim.

WHITHER go'st thou, pilgrim stranger,
Passing through this darksome vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?
I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah, hallelujah.

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Wandering o'er this waste so wide,
Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a Guide.

3 Such a Guide!—No guide attends thee,
Hence, for thee my fears arise:
If a guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

4 Yes, unseen—but still, believe me,
Such a Guide my steps attends:
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He from every harm defends.

5 Pilgrim! see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale:
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?

6 No: that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I bend,
There to plunge will be delightful—
There my pilgrimage will end.

7 While I gazed—with speed surprising,
Down the stream, she plunged from sight:
Gazing still, I saw her rising
Like an angel, clothed with light.

503 7, 6, 8.

Storms.

YE faint and weary travellers,
Who seek that peaceful shore
Where never wave of trouble rolls,
And sin torments no more,
Fond eyes of love look down on you,
While toiling here below,
As you sweep through the deep,
Where the stormy winds do blow;
Where the fight of faith must still be fought,
And the stormy winds do blow.

2 The brightest saints in glory
Your every conflict knew;
And the same right arm that rescued them
Is stretch'd to rescue you.
The cleansing stream in which they wash'd
Their garments white as snow,
Runs as clear and as near
As when it first did flow—
When His pierced side pour'd forth the tide
Which mercy gave to flow.

3 Your fierce and fiery trials
Must still terrific burn,
Till every part of sin is quench'd,
And the Star of peace return:
Then, then, ye weary travellers,
The streams of life shall flow,—
As they roll o'er the soul
The storm shall cease to blow;
And you shall bathe in seas of love,
Where the gales of Eden blow..

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THE END.

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The Invitation.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O, guilty sinner, come!

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree,
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free—
O, wretched sinner, come!

Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppress'd—
O, weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burdens at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O, needy sinner, come!

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears—
O, trembling sinner, come!

"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who will may come—
Thy Savior bids "*thee come!*"

The Acceptance.

"All that the Father giveth me, shall [illegible]

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!

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!

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

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!

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

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