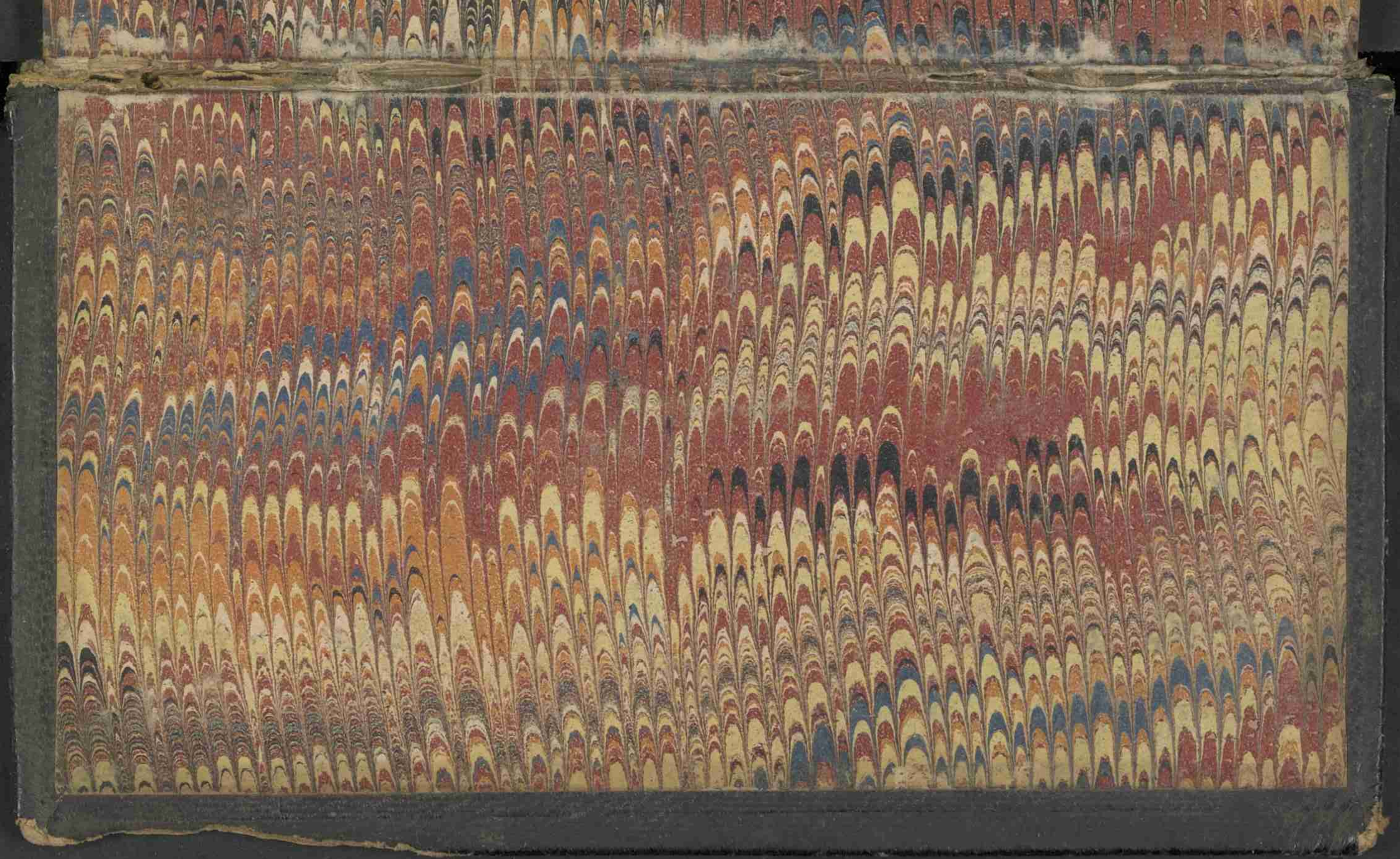
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CHURCH

HYMN BOOK;

CONSISTING OF

HYMNS AND PSALMS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

ADAPTED TO PUBLIC WORSHIP, AND MANY OTHER OCCASIONS.

BY THE REV. PAUL HENKEL.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF
THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN TENNESSEE SYNOD.

FOURTH EDITION,
ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

NEWMARKET:
PUBLISHED BY S. G. HENKEL & BR.

1857.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
S. G. HENKEL & BR.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Virginia.

D. W. BENTLEY, PRINTER.

PREFACE.

DESIRING to furnish the friends of sacred psalmody still more amply with the means through which their vocal strains are guided, in private and public worship, the contents of this work are respectfully submitted to their kind acceptance. It is true, many books of this kind have appeared before the public from time to time; and, indeed, some so well executed, that the candid worshipper might be disposed to think the publication of this edition unnecessary. But, without offering any particular apologies in its favor, let it suffice to say, that this work is not an entirely new and independent publication; but that the principal matter of its contents has been in reputable demand for a considerable length of time in the church; contained in the hymn book published in the years of 1815 and 1816, compiled by my father, the late Rev. PAUL HENKEL, entitled "CHURCH HYMNBOOK," &c.; which work contains a considerable portion of hymns composed by the deceased himself, and marked thus ‡ throughout this work. As its contents are purely evangelical, and as the hymns apportioned to the GOSPELS and EPISTLES were much admired for their simplicity and strict accordance with their respective texts, connected with many other desirable qualities, it gained an extensive circulation. But, whatever encomiums that work deserves, it can no longer be obtained, that edition being totally exhausted by its many and extensive sales. By a resolution, therefore, of the Evang. Lutheran Tennessee Synod, it was devolved upon me to prepare the present publication. This, though it varies in some respects

from that work, is founded upon the same basis, and comprises essentially the same matter. Many additional hymns are selected from other authors; so that the attentive reader will now find two or more hymns for every text throughout the ecclesiastical year. He will also perceive that this edition contains hymns for occasions which the former edition did not comprise. Hymns not so well approved were set aside, and others considered preferable were substituted. Such as were deficient in point of language, or in grammatical construction, are corrected. WATTS' psalms are not retained entire, nor in the same order: such only as were deemed to be in accordance with the spirit of this work, were selected, and placed to the subjects to which they were deemed appropriate. For the convenience of ministers and laymen, a table of texts is also added.

As the first edition served as a medium through which the devotions of many were aided—their souls comforted and cheered; so it is to be hoped the present will be a means through which the Redeemer's kingdom will be advanced; the wandering and dispersed thoughts of the worshipper collected and brought home; his heart and mind impressed with rapturous and heavenly sensations; and the feelings and passions of his spirit so tuned, that the truths and beauties of the gospel may enter without any resistance, and display in his soul their happy effects. That these, and other like happy effects—"the abundant showing forth of the praises of HIM, who brought us out of darkness into his marvelous light"—may be produced by this publication, is my sincere prayer and wish.

AMBROSE HENKEL.

NEWMARKET, *Shenandoah, Va., Aug.* 15, 1838.

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HYMNS AND PSALMS.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

BEGINNING OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1

L. M.

1 HERE, blessed Jesus, we appear,
Thy sacred word of truth to hear;
Draw from this world our minds to thee,
And faithful hearers we shall be.

2 How wretched is our state of mind!
Our hearts, how stupid, deaf, and blind;
The way of life we do not know,
Nor have we pow'r therein to go.

3 Thy grace to us, dear Lord, afford,
To hear and understand thy word;
Lo! here we wait for grace divine,
Till ev'ry heart be truly thine.

4 Without thy grace we hear in vain;
In doubts and darkness we remain,
Till thou art pleas'd that light to give,
That light in which our souls may live.

5 We pray thee, Lord, to us draw near;
Our feeble pray'r and praises hear—
According to thy promise, Lord!
We wait thy Spirit with the word.

2

L. M.

1 DEAR Jesus, here we now attend,
We pray thy blessed Spirit send!
By which the way of life is shown,
And all thy sacred truths made known.

2 Prepare our lips to sing thy praise,
And fill our minds with heav'nly grace;
Our faith increase, our love perfect,
And in the way of truth direct.

3 Cause us to sing with one accord
To thee, our holy, holy Lord!
Until we see thy glorious face,
And praise thee with eternal praise. ‡

3

C. M.

1 TO thee, O Savior, glory be!
This is the day of rest,
On which we join to worship thee,
Thee, O thou ever bless'd!

2 This is the day the Savior rose,
And set us pris'ners free;
The day which the apostles chose,
The day of rest to be.

3 On which the Christian church should meet,
To praise our gracious Lord!
To worship at his mercy-seat,
To hear and learn his word.

4 Lord, here we join thy praise to sing!
Lord, here we join to pray:
To worship thee, our Lord and King,
Our life, the truth, the way. ‡

4

C. M.

Psalm 118, 24–26.

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

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

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

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men,
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

5

L. M.

Psalm 100.

1 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:

2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

6

S. M.

Psalm 95.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

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

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

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

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand, and swear:
"You that despis'd my promis'd rest,
Shall have no portion there."

7

S. M.

1 JEHOVAH, mighty God!
With solemn awe, we join
To worship thee, the sov'reign Lord,
And make thy glories known.

2 With songs of endless praise,
The heav'ns above resound;
Seraphic songs, harmonious lays,
To thee for e'er redound.

3 The throngs, around thy throne,
On golden lyres, raise
Their holy songs, in joyful tone,
To magnify thy praise.

4 The forest and the field,
The ocean and the sky,

Their thousand thousand tributes yield,
Thy name to glorify.

5 If heavens, earth, and seas,
With all their num'rous train,
Unite to praise, in sweetest lays,
Thee, who dost ever reign;

6 Should we refuse to sing,
Our voices high to raise,
Who are thy subjects, Lord, our King,
And bound to show thy praise!

7 Aid our devotions, now,
Thou God, enthron'd in light;
Our passions move, our souls endow,
With themes to thy delight.

8 O, disengage our minds
From ev'ry worldly care,
And raise our hearts, with pure designs,
To worship in thy fear. C. H.

C. M.

8

Psalm 84, 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There, the great Monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heav'nly Dove
Descends, and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

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

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Savior and my God.

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me, like the sparrows, blest,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

9 L. M. Matth. 18, 20.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Meet in the name of Christ the Lord,
Join to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn pray'r and praise;

2 "There, in the midst of them, am I,"
The Savior saith, who reigns on high;
"To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
O may thy Spirit from above,
Fill all our hearts with heav'nly love.

9-A C. M.

For a right reception of God's word.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed upon the ground;
O let the dew of heav'n descend,
And shed its influ'nce round.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
May it take root in ev'ry heart,
And grow in faith and love!

3 Let not this life's deceitful cares,
Nor worldly wealth and joy,
Nor scorching beam, nor stormy blast
The rising plant destroy.

4 Where'er the word of life is sown,
A large increase bestow,
That all who hear thy message, Lord,
Its saving pow'r may know.

9-B S. M.

Exhortation to praise and thanksgiving.

1 ARISE and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

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

3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heav'n our thought.

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd pow'rs.

5 Arise, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Arise, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forever more.

9-C L. M.

Living bread.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

9-D C. M.

Invoking God's presence and blessing.

1 WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart:
And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourner rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthron'd in ev'ry breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In bliss beyond the skies.

9-E C. M.

A blessing on the word.

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

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heav'n, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

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

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

9-F 8, 7, 8, 7.

The Triune God glorified.

1 GLORY to th' almighty Father,
Fountain of eternal love,
Who, his wand'ring sheep to gather,
Sent a Savior from above.

2 To the Son all praise be given,
Who, with love unknown before,
Left the bright abode of heaven,
And our sin and sorrows bore.

3 Equal strains of warm devotion
Let the Spirit's praise employ;
Author of each pure emotion;
Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.

4 Thus, while our glad hearts, ascending,
Glorify Jehovah's name,
Heav'nly songs with ours are blending;
There the theme is still the same.

CONCLUSION OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

10 C. M.

1 WE humbly thank thee, gracious Lord,
Thy blessed name we praise;
We praise thee for thy holy word,
And ev'ry means of grace.

2 O, may the word which we have heard,
Fill us with holy zeal,
And may our slothful minds be stir'd
To seek and do thy will.

3 With faith and love fill ev'ry mind,
With reverence and fear,
Cause us to seek, that we may find
Thy Spirit with us here.

4 Extend to us thy gracious hands,
Bless us with heav'nly grace—
So shall we live to thy commands,
And walk in all thy ways.

5 Grant us thy blessing from above,
Dear Lord, before we part,
So shall we know that thou art love,
And feel thy grace at heart. ‡

11 L. M.

1 THY presence, everlasting God!
Wide through all nature spreads abroad:
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In ev'ry place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and pow'rs sustain;

When sep'rate, we rejoice to share
Thy counsels and thy gracious care.

3 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heav'nly grace;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

12

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

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing—
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

13

L. M.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord—
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good—
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

13-A

C. M.

1 NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who from th' impris'ning grave
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save;—

2 Through the rich merits of that blood
Which he on Calv'ry spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built;—

3 Perfect our souls in ev'ry grace,
To 'complish all his will;
And all that 's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil.

4 For the great Mediator's sake
We ev'ry blessing pray;
With glory let his name be crown'd,
Through heav'n's eternal day.

13-B

4 lines 7s.

For a general blessing.

1 NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Make us perfect in his will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

13-C

L. M.

The peace of God shall keep, &c.

1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On ev'ry soul assembled here!

13-D

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

The apostolic benediction.

MAY the grace of Christ our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

AFTER PRONOUNCING THE BLESSING.

14

L. M.

1 BLESS us, dear Lord, departing hence,
Bless us when we attend again:
Support our lives, be our defence—
Thy blessing and thy grace remain.

2 Bless us with wisdom, health, and peace;
O may thy grace to us be giv'n!
When this, our present life, shall cease,
Then let us be the heirs of heav'n.

15

C. M.

1 NOW we depart, we sing and pray,
We trust to heav'nly aid;
The Lord will keep us in his way,
And grant us all we need.

2 The Lord his blessing will renew,
To all who trust his word;
And they who seek his will to do,
Will find a gracious Lord! ‡

16

S. M.

1 ONCE more before we part,
Great God, attend our pray'r;
And seal the gospel on the heart
Of ev'ry person here.

2 And if we meet no more,
On Zion's holy ground,
O may we reach that blissful shore,
Where all thy saints are bound.

3 Where angels round thy throne,
And saints that dwelt below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

FOR THE GOSPELS AND EPISTLES
THROUGHOUT THE
ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR.

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 21, 1–9.

17 L. M.

1 COME, O thou Prince of glory, come!
O dwell with us, here make thy home;
To all the nations show thy light,
And bring the way of truth to sight.

2 To thee is known all we do need,
Thou art our comforter indeed:
We give our hearts and minds to thee;
O may thy dwelling with us be!

3 But O! thou art already here,
As thou dost in thy word declare:
We know that thou art good and kind;
Thy grace works sweetly on our mind.

4 O fill our hearts with heav'nly love!
Teach us true wisdom from above;
Our hearts and wills to thee incline,
And cause us to be wholly thine.

5 Direct our minds in all thy ways;
Our tongues employ to show thy praise—
So shall we serve thee as we ought,
In all our actions, words, and thought.

6 Grant us thy blessed Spirit's aid,
By which our feeble minds are stay'd;
Increase our hope, confirm our faith,
And make us faithful unto death.

7 With heav'nly aid our souls revive,
In faith, and truth, and love to thrive,
Till we with holy angels sing,
Hosanna to the Lord our king. ‡

18 C. M.

1 COULD we, O Savior! worthy be,
Thou Sov'reign, Lord, and King,
As to receive and welcome thee,
Who dost salvation bring.

2 All nations for thy coming wait,
And wish to know thee near;
Let Zion open ev'ry gate,
Till thou, O King! appear.

3 Thy Zion streweth forth her palms
To ornament thy way;
And we will worship thee with psalms,
And humbly sing and pray.

4 Our souls are nourish'd by thy grace;
To praise thee is our theme;
Our hearts are fill'd with thankfulness;
We bless and praise thy name.

5 How great has thy compassion been,
Thou Savior of mankind!
When all the world lay dead in sin,
And no relief could find,

6 Then didst thou, mighty Savior, come
To set us pris'ners free,
To ransom us, to take us home,
To be and dwell with thee.

7 We praise thee, O thou mighty One!
Thy mercies we adore;
To thee, O Savior, thee alone!
Be praise for evermore. ‡

EPISTLE.—Rom. 13, 11–14.

19 C. M.

1 WE are by the Apostle taught,
And in his doctrine see,
How careful ev'ry Christian ought
In all his life to be.

2 The gospel brings the truth to light,
And spreads a bright display,
And ignorance, like as the night,
Thereby is driv'n away.

3 This blessed light to us is shown,
O may it shine within,
To make our state by nature, known,
And feel the weight of sin.

4 Yet, sure salvation through the blood
Of Jesus we obtain,
And thus restor'd unto our God,
And made his own again.

5 Then, O ye Christians! pray be wise;
Exert your inmost pow'r;
Strive from the sleep of sin to rise;
Awake, and sleep no more.

6 The night is past and fully spent;
Let works of darkness cease:
The blessed light which Jesus sent
Creates establish'd peace. ‡

20 C. M.

Psalm 119, 1–8.

1 HOW bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!

2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been!

And have with fervent humble zeal
His favor sought to win!

3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

6 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill;
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learnt thy will.

8 So to thy sacred laws shall I
All due observance pay;
O then forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

GOSPEL.—Luke 21, 25-36.

21 L. M.

1 YE nations, who on earth do dwell,
Hear what the Savior doth foretell:
Great signs and wonders there shall be,
Distress and great perplexity.

2 And darkness hide the glorious sun,
And blackness shall obscure the moon,
Yea, ev'ry star will cease to shine,
And all their glit'ring rays decline.

3 The hearts of men shall fail with fear,
Who wait for things that shall appear;
The seas with great convulsions roar;
The heavens shake with all their pow'r.

4 Then shall the mighty Savior come,
In glory, power, and wisdom;
Ye faithful then look up on high,
And see your great redemption nigh.

5 O heed the Savior's parable;
Behold the fig-tree shows full well,
When she puts forth her tender bough,
The summer then is near, ye know.

6 Thus, when these noted signs ye see
With all the Savior's words agree,
Then may ye fully understand,
The Savior's kingdom is at hand.

7 Dear Lord, prepare us for the day,
May we be wise to watch and pray!
Prepare us, Lord, to stand the test,
And share the blessing with the bless'd. ‡

22

L. M.

Isaiah 24, 18-20.

1 HOW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns, and earth's foundations shake,
And all the wheels of nature break.

2 Where now, O where, shall sinners seek
For shelter in the gen'ral wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down!

3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever, O, for ever lost!

4 But saints undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Savior lives, the worlds expire;
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5 Jesus, the helpless sinner's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

EPISTLE.—Rom. 15, 4–13.

23 L. M.

1 GOD'S faithful promises are sure,
Afford us life and vital pow'r;
Our aid, our comfort, trust, and hope,
In all afflictions bear us up.

2 This is the word by which we live,
What consolations will it give!
True peace and joy the humble mind
In these bless'd promises shall find.

3 No greater blessings can be known,
No greater mercies can be shown,
Than understand that precious word,
And to rejoice in Christ the Lord.

4 O! let us then with patience wait,
God's promises are sure and great:
His gifts and graces from above,
Will fill our hearts with joy and love.

5 We bless and praise the Savior's name,
By whom this great salvation came;
With all the nations sing his praise,
And thank him for his saving grace. ‡

24

C. M.

Psalm 133.

1 O! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite,
Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring,
Descend on ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distill.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 11, 2–11.

25

L. M.

1 WHEN John in prison came to hear
How great the works of Jesus were,
Sent his disciples for to know
Their Savior Christ, and own him too.

2 When they to Christ inquiring came,
He bid them go to John again,
And show to him where they had been,
And tell the wonders they had seen.

3 The blind are made to see the light,
The dead to feel his pow'r and might,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to talk,
The lepers cleans'd, the lame to walk.

4 The poor, they hear the gospel sound,
Which heals the soul of ev'ry wound;
They learn to know the way of peace,
The way to endless happiness.

5 How happy and how bless'd are they
Who know that Jesus is the way,
They bear the cross, and are resign'd
To follow Christ with heart and mind.

6 Should we not praise the Lord, our King,
Who did salvation to us bring,
Who pities men, the fallen race,
And came to make them heirs of grace? ‡

26

L. M.

1 BEHOLD the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies; the heav'ns in mourning stood;
He rises! and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

EPISTLE.—1 Cor. 4, 1–5.

27

C. M.

1 AS faithful shepherds of the Lord
Must we accounted be,

Who minister and teach the word
With real sincerity.

2 No more the Lord himself requests
Than to be just and true,
And ever act as for the best
As far as we do know.

3 Though we are oft reproach'd and blam'd
When we do as we ought,
But O! the truth can ne'er be sham'd,
Or to dishonor brought.

4 Our thoughts and actions all are known,
To Him who judgeth right;
The Lord, who knows whate'er is done,
Brings all things to the light.

5 O let us then with patience wait!
And watch with humble pray'r,
Till God, whose ways are just and straight,
In righteousness appear. †

28 L. M.

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

2 See where the servants of the Lord,
A busy multitude, appear;
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
His heritage they toil to clear.

3 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands,
They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains,
To cultivate Emmanuel's lands.

4 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promis'd blessing down.

5 O multiply thy sowers' seed,
And fruit they ev'ry hour shall bear:
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thine everlasting truth declare!

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

GOSPEL.—John 1, 19–28.

29

C. M.

1 THE priests and Levites sent to John,
They ask'd of him to know:
Art thou the great Messiah come,
Thy pow'r on earth to show?

2 Art thou Elias? tell us plain,
What office dost thou bear?
We must report to those again,
Those who have sent us here.

3 The Jews supposed John to be
Their Savior and their Lord:
But John replied, I am not he,
I only bear record.

4 As the great prophet hath declar'd,
I am the voice that cry;
My voice is in the deserts heard:
Your Prince of life is nigh.

5 Prepare your gracious Lord to meet;
Submit unto his ways;
And truly humbled at his feet,
Obtain his pard'ning grace.

6 O! could we be like unto John,
Submissive, humble, meek,
To honor none but Christ alone,
And none but him to seek.

30

C. M.

Luke 1, 68; John 1, 29–32.

1 NOW be the God of Israel bless'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

2 Now he bedews old David's root,
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise grow,
The promis'd horn arise.

3 [John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face;
The herald which our Savior God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins:
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,
In its own glory shines.

5 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away:
I saw the Spirit o'er his head,
On his baptizing day.]

6 Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
Sink ev'ry mountain low;
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall his salvation know.

7 The heathen realms with Israel's land
Shall join in sweet accord;
And all that 's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

8 Behold the Morning-Star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit;
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet."

EPISTLE.—Phil. 4, 4–7.

31 S. M.

1 REJOICE ye in the Lord!
Ye Christians, one and all;
Rejoice ye in his sacred word,
Obey his blessed call.

2 Be ye possess'd with love,
Affectionate and kind,
Endow'd with graces from above,
And the bless'd Savior's mind.

3 The Lord himself is nigh,
Who careth for your cares;
Your ev'ry want he will supply,
And hear your humble pray'rs.

4 Our pray'rs and our request
He certainly will hear;
Each cross will serve to make us bless'd,
That here on earth we bear.

5 Eternal joy and peace,
Shall evermore be giv'n;
When we possess such life and grace,
We taste the joys of heav'n. ‡

32 C. M.

Psalm 145, 7–11.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee, for daily food;

Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD, OR THE BIRTH-DAY OF CHRIST, COMMONLY CALLED CHRISTMAS-DAY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 2, 1–14.

33

L. M.

1 LONG did both kings and prophets wait,
To see the Lord of glory great
Appear, to answer that great end,
To prove the fallen sinner's friend.

2 Of him the prophets long foretold;
The fathers wish'd him to behold;
Him all the nations did desire,
And angels wish'd him to admire.

3 Their prophecies are now fulfil'd;
The glorious myst'ry is reveal'd;
The Child is born, the Son is giv'n,
The Prince of life is come from heav'n.

4 His name is Jesus Christ the Lord,
The great and everlasting Word;
He came to execute the plan,
To save the fallen race of man.

5 He is the Lord, from heaven come,
Our human nature to assume,

Our sins to bear, his blood to shed,
And bruise and crush the serpent's head.

6 He left his glorious throne above,
And comes with pity, grace, and love:
He comes to call the sons of men,
And turn them to their God again.

7 We praise thee, O thou King of peace!
Who art our life and righteousness;
Thou virgin's Son, thou David's Star,
No creature can thy love declare.

8 All such are truly dead in sin,
Who feel themselves not mov'd within,
To join with Christians here on earth,
To show and praise the Savior's birth.

9 Let all who dwell with hosts on high,
Engage his praise to magnify;
With all the efforts they can raise,
Thus join to sing the Savior's praise. ‡

34 L. M.

1 WHILST shepherds kept their flocks by night,
An angel cloth'd with pow'r and light,
Did to the shepherds there appear,
Which fill'd their minds with dread and fear.

2 But to their comfort thus he said:
Dear shepherds, be ye not afraid,
I have a message unto you,
Exceeding joyful, great, and true.

3 This day is born in David's town,
The mighty Prince of great renown;
The Lord and Savior of mankind;
In Bethlehem ye shall him find.

4 There he is in a manger laid,
And there to human view display'd;

He, who hath all at his commands,
Is there a babe in swaddling-bands.

5 There, too, an ang'lic host appear'd,
And thus their songs of praise were heard:
All glory be to God on high!
Who brings to us salvation nigh.

6 O happy news! sent down from heav'n;
Since peace to man on earth is giv'n,
Good will from God to man shall be,
And blessings to eternity. ‡

35

L. M.

1 IMMANUEL! we sing thy praise,
Thou Prince of life! thou Spring of grace!
We worship thee with one accord,
Thou virgin's Son! thou Lord of lords!

2 We join with heav'nly hosts to be
Employ'd with those who worship thee;
Since long it hath been our request,
That thou shouldst come, O welcome Guest!

3 How often, since the world was made,
Have many for thy coming pray'd!
The fathers and the prophets were
Desirous that thou shouldst appear.

4 With ardent zeal for thee did look
That king and shepherd of thy flock,
That man who so well pleased thee,
Who worship'd thee with psaltery.

5 O may the Lord from Zion come,
To break our bands, and take us home!
May we relief by him obtain!
That Jacob may rejoice again.

6 Now, thou art come, as we have pray'd,
And in a stall and manger laid;
The world by thee is cloth'd and fed;
Thou hast not where to lay thy head.

7 Thy dwellings are of meanest kind;
Yet all the heavens, they are thine;
A human breast affords thee food,
Tho' angels worship thee, their God.

8 The seas, they bound at thy commands,
And thou art deck'd with swaddling-bands;
Thou art our God, yet deignst to be
Expos'd to want and poverty.

9 Thou art the fount of ev'ry bliss,
And yet expos'd to great distress:
All nations' help art thou alone,
Thou seekest help, but findest none.

10 We praise thee, O thou ever bless'd!
Our praises are to thee address'd;
If angels join to praise thy name,
Sure we are bound to do the same. ‡

36 L. M.

Psalm 97, 6–9.

1 THE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of Eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Savior lies:
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound:
But Zion shall his glories sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

37 C. M.

Luke 2, 8–15.

1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

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

4 The heav'nly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling-bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

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

38 L. M.

Gen. 49, 10; Dan. 9, 26; Hag. 2, 6.

1 GLORY to God! who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love;
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.

2 O what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send!
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive!

3 Messiah 's come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold:
Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke;
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.

4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expired—
The time prophetic seals requir'd;

Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince, Messiah, did atone.

5 We see the prophecies fulfil'd
In Jesus, that most wondrous Child:
His birth, his life, his death combine
To prove his character divine.

39 S. M.

Luke 1, 30, &c.; ch. 2, 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfil'd;
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the Child.

2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 "Go, humble swains." said he,
"To David's city fly;
The promis'd infant, born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie.

6 With looks and heart serene,
Go, visit Christ your King;"
And straight a flaming troop was seen:
The shepherds heard them sing,

7 "Glory to God on high!
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good will to man, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."

8 [In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:

9 "Glory to God on high!
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good will to man, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."]

EPISTLE.—Titus 2, 11–14.

40

C. M.

1 THE bless'd and saving grace of God
Doth plainly now appear;
The gospel truths are understood,
By all who wish to hear.

2 Such light and knowledge as we need,
That is on us bestow'd;
That which enlightens us indeed,
To know the living God.

3 This grace, that hath salvation brought,
It proves the saving means;
And thereby we are likewise taught,
To mortify our sins.

4 Ungodliness and worldly lust,
They must be crucified;
And ev'ry base affection must
By Christians be denied.

5 A holy, godly life to live,
Must be our care and aim,
And for each blessing we receive,
To praise the Savior's name.

6 This saving grace affords us hope
And knowledge, love and pow'r;
And we with confidence look up
To Jesus evermore.

41 C. M.

Psalm 98.

1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

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

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

4 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell,
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

5 Blest be the Lord who sent his Son,
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

6 He honor'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

7 Behold him rising from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his merit there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

8 Soon shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sov'reign voice
Shall call, and break up ev'ry tomb,
And bid his saints rejoice.

9 O may I then with joy appear,
Before the Judge's face,

And with the bless'd assemblies there
Sing his redeeming grace.

[*From the German of Dr. M. Luther*,—By J. S.]

41-A

L. M.

A juvenile hymn, for Christmas.

1 "I COME from th' lofty heav'ns to-day;—
I bring a new melodious lay;
A rich melodious lay I bring,
And this the tale I tell, I sing:

2 "Lo! from a chosen maid this morn,
A lovely Babe for you is born;
That Babe so soft, so mild, shall be
Your joy, your sweet felicity.

3 "He is the Lord, our God on high!
His bounty shall your need supply,
His own heart's blood your ransom pay,
And wash each stain of guilt away.

4 "He brings you all the bliss profound
His Father, God, diffuses round,
That with us now and evermore,
Ye may the realms of light explore.

5 "Now mark the sign with fond desire,—
The manger and the mean attire;
Lo! there you find the Infant lain,
Whose hands the universe sustain.

6 "Come all and let us joyful be;
Come with the shepherds in and see
What God's unbounded love has done,
To bless us with his own dear Son."

7 Attend, my heart! behold yon shed!—
Who fills that rude, that lowly bed?

What babe is that so sweet, so fair?
Jesus, the lovely Babe, is there!

8 Welcome, illustrious Guest sublime!
Thou hast not scorn'd a world of crime,
But come in banishment to me:—
How shall I pay my thanks to thee?

9 Alas! Creator, Lord of all!
Art thou the inmate of a stall!
And hast thou lain thy lovely head
Where menial beasts are nightly fed?

10 Had this wide world far wider bound,
Of gems and gold a rich compound,
It were too poor, to small to be,
A narrow cradle bed for thee.

11 The swathing-band, the bri'ry hay,
Thy purple these, thy silk array;
On these, great Monarch! thou canst shine,
Rich as upon thy throne divine.

12 Thus wouldst thou teach my soul to see
This worthless world's reality;
How pow'r, and fame, and fortune's store,
Beneath thy splendor shine no more.

13 O Jesus! lovely Babe divine!
Thy cradle be this heart of mine;
There make a pure, soft shrine for thee,
That I may ne'er forgetful be:—

14 That gladness may forever string
My chainless soul to leap and sing,
The luscious tones with bliss that brim,
The charming songs of Susannim.

15 Glory and praise to God Supreme!
Glad hosts of angels seize the theme;
With joy they peal the anthem new!—
"He gave his own dear Son for you!"

SECOND CHRISTMAS.

GOSPEL.—Luke 2, 15–20.

42 C. M.

1 O MIGHTY God, thou virgin's Son,
Jesus, my Lord and King!
Thou art my Savior, thou alone,
Who dost salvation bring.

2 Not any who on earth do dwell,
Not kings of might and pow'r,
Nor angels who do far excel,
Could save us evermore.

3 Such as the fallen angels are,
Such was our wretched case;
Condemn'd to horror and despair,
And infinite disgrace.

4 The covenant that Adam broke,
Has caus'd our wretched state:
And thus we feel the heavy yoke
Of sin and all its weight.

5 But O, thy mercy and thy love,
And grace for us design'd,
Will evermore effectual prove,
To change the carnal mind.

43 L. M.
John 1.

1 JESUS, thou everlasting Word!
Almighty God and sov'reign Lord,
Who art from all eternity,
All things were made and form'd by thee.

2 Thou art the Lord of earth and heav'n,
By thee, eternal life is giv'n:

Thou art the great and shining light
Which brings the way of truth to sight.

3 Jesus, the glorious Son of God,
Took on himself our flesh and blood,
When he was born the virgin's Son,
To make the sons of men his own.

4 That mighty Word is come to view,
Which men nor angels never knew;
Till in the flesh it was reveal'd,
And all the prophecies fulfil'd.

5 That blessed Word to me reveal,
My Lord! and let me taste and feel
That pow'rful Word, and light divine,
With life and grace in me to shine. ‡

EPISTLE.—Titus 3, 4–7.

44 L. M.

1 WHEN Jesus did from heav'n descend,
He came to be the sinner's friend;
Was mov'd with pity, love, and grace,
To save the human fallen race.

2 It was the kindness of our God,
A precious gift on us bestow'd,
To let us know that Jesus is
Our life, our way, and righteousness.

3 A doctrine of the greatest worth:
The Son of God appear'd on earth,
When he assum'd our flesh and blood,
And sacrific'd himself to God.

4 Was it the angels' great delight
To view that wondrous glorious light,
The Son of God in flesh array'd,
For which both kings and prophets pray'd?

5 How highly thankful then ought we,
To him, our gracious Savior, be!

Who is our life and righteousness,
Our everlasting joy and peace. ‡

45

C. M.

1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Gospel.—Luke 2, 33–40.

46

L. M.

1 O THOU from all eternity!
Who didst descend to come and be
An infant brought before the Lord,
As was directed in his word.

2 Thy presence caus'd thy saints rejoice:
They with thanksgiving rais'd their voice,
To see the Lord, whom they had sought,
Into the holy temple brought.

3 That which is to the world unknown,
To ev'ry seeking soul is shown;
They who do humbly seek their God,
Shall have such grace on them bestow'd.

4 God's counsels, they are truly great;
Yet such as humbly on him wait,
To such the Lord will still unfold,
As he to Simeon did of old.

5 Their Lord and Savior they shall find:
They see him with the eye of mind;
Their hearts with faith and hopes are fill'd;
Thus is their Lord to them reveal'd.

6 But sorrow mingles with their joys,
And otherwise their mind employs:
As was the virgin Mary's case,
Tho' she embrac'd the King of Peace.

7 Her darling Son, was Christ indeed,
Who came to crush the serpent's head:
But O, the tooth that pierc'd his heel!
What sorrows it caus'd her to feel.

8 As Simeon there had prophesied,
Her dearest Son was crucified;
The sight thereof it was a dart,
A sword that pierc'd her tender heart.

9 Thus we rejoice, and mourn again;
Our joys and hopes are ofttimes slain;
But still our faith and hope increase,
Till we depart this world in peace. ‡

47

C. M.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,

And hope to meet our Savior here:
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When, fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy child!

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried;
"Behold thy servant dies!
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 "This is the Light prepar'd to shine
Upon the Gentile lands;
Thine Israel's glory and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

5 [Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

EPISTLE.—Gal. 4, 1–7.

48 L. M.

1 WE cannot be the heirs of grace,
By merits of self-righteousness;
In all we do, we cannot find
That which subdues the carnal mind.

2 Though train'd and tutor'd by the law,
We still remain in fear and awe;
All we can think, or say, or do,
Cannot create the heart anew.

3 It cannot make a foe a child,
Nor yet to God be reconcil'd;

That poison which remains within,
Will keep the mind enslav'd to sin.

4 But God had laid a better plan
To save the helpless race of man;
It was his only blessed Son
Could save, and none but him alone.

5 Thus when the time was all complete,
The time the Lord himself had set,
The Savior came, and shed his blood,
And died to make us heirs of God. ‡

49 L. M.

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is giv'n,
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
He gives instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4 Their daily wants his hands supply:
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heav'n above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

5 If I've the honor, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee Abba, Father, too.

6 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness on my face.

CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST, AND NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 2, 21.

50 C. M.

1 DIDST thou, O Savior! condescend
To take a human birth?
Thou art our great and dearest friend
That ever was on earth.

2 To make atonements for our guilt,
As justice did demand,
When circumcis'd, thy blood was spilt,
And shed by human hand.

3 At the first shedding of thy blood
Salvation then began;
When thou, who art the mighty God,
Wast circumcis'd as man.

4 Sweet is the sound of thy bless'd name
Where'er it is applied:
Thou art thyself become the same
What thy name signified.

5 Thy blood became the saving means
For all the human race;
To cleanse them from their countless sins,
And make them heirs of grace.

6 What great, what condescending love,
Did the dear Savior show,
When he left all the heav'ns above,
To save us here below. ‡

51 C. M.

1 THE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace:
"I will the God of Abrah'm be,
And of his num'rous race."

2 He said—and with a bloody seal,
Confirm'd the words he spoke;

Long did the sons of Abrah'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke.

3 Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed;
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.

4 The God of Abrah'm claims our praise;
His promises endure;
And Christ, the Lord, in gentler ways,
Makes the salvation sure.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 13, 6–8.

52 L. M.

1 THE Christian church should well partake
The parable, the Savior spake,
To show the Jews their wretched state,
And what would shortly be their fate.

2 Such fig-trees which in vineyards grow,
And carefully attended to,
Ought in due time their fruit to yield,
Like stores of corn from a good field.

3 Such was the Jewish nation's case,
Whilst they had all the means of grace,
Like as the fig-tree on good ground,
So did God's grace to them abound.

4 But when their fruits were truly sought,
And their works proven which they wrought,
All was corrupted, base and mean;
Their best devotions were but sin.

5 And as the Master gave command,
Let not that barren fig-tree stand,
His orders were to cut it down,
Why should it cumber so much ground?

6 This to the Jews was well appli'd;
Their horrid crimes for vengeance cried;
Then God had threaten'd in his word,
To cut them off by fire and sword.

7 But Jesus' merit intercedes,
And, like as the vine-dresser, pleads:
O spare them but another year!
The stroke of justice, Lord, forbear.

8 I will reproof and warnings give,
And show them how their souls may live;
But if they still despise thy grace,
Then let strict justice take its place.

9 Our church in truth 's a vineyard too,
As all her ordinances show;
And we are plac'd therein to be,
And there to grow like as the tree.

10 But if our duties we neglect,
What better then can we expect?
If we neglect and still refuse,
We perish like the stubborn Jews.

53 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground:
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year.

3 When justice gave the word
To cut the fig-tree down,

The pity of our Lord,
Cried, "Let it still alone:"
The Father mild, inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace;
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow-ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

54 C. M.

1 GRANT us, O Lord, we humbly pray,
The coming year to spend,
The year which we begin this day,
In thee, our God, to end.

2 Our will, our hearts, and minds renew,
As time renews each year—
May all we think, or say, or do,
Be done with holy fear.

3 In mercy, Lord, we pray forgive
The evils we have done;
And may we to thy glory live,
The year that 's now begun.

4 Through all the year that now is gone,
The Lord prov'd always kind;
The love which God to us has shown,
Is more than we can mind.

5 How many of our fellow-men,
Last year were call'd away,

And we permitted to remain
To see the present day.

6 O may the year we now commence,
Thus prove a year of grace;
And if we should be called hence,
May we depart in peace. ‡

55 L. M.

1 GOD of our lives! thy constant care
With blessings crowns each op'ning year;
These lives, so frail, dost thou prolong,
And wake anew our annual song.

2 How many precious souls are fled
To the dark regions of the dead,
Since, from this day, the changing sun
Through his last yearly course has run!

3 We yet survive: but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
I shall retain my vital breath,
Thus far at least in league with death?

4 That breath is thine, eternal God!
'Tis thine to fix the soul's abode:
We hold our lives from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

5 To thee we all our pow'rs resign;
Make us and own us still as thine:
Then shall we smile secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

6 Thy children, eager to be gone,
Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,
And land them on that blooming shore,
Where years and death are known no more.

56 L. M.

1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;

The op'ning year thy mercy shows:
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, at night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

57 C. M.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern!

4 Now a new scene of time begins:
Set out afresh for heav'n,
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely giv'n.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

EPISTLE.—Gal. 3, 23–29.

58 C. M.

1 THE way of life remain'd conceal'd
To all the human race,
Until the Savior was reveal'd,
Who purchas'd pard'ning grace.

2 The moral law was never giv'n
To be the saving means,
To fit us for the courts of heav'n,
Or cleanse us from our sins.

3 The law can never work that love
That forms the mind anew,
But judge, condemn, and still reprove,
In all we think or do.

4 But when that true and living faith
Is to the heart applied,
Then, as the great Apostle saith,
We shall be justified.

5 All male and female, Jew and Greek,
And ev'ry bond and free,
And all who for salvation seek,
The heirs of grace shall be.

6 We 're made the heirs of grace indeed,
In Christ we 're circumcis'd,
With Abraham and all his seed;
For which we are baptiz'd.

C. M.
Psalm 98.

59 TO our Almighty Maker, God;
New honors be address'd;

His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 To Abrah'm first he spoke the word,
And taught his num'rous race;
The Gentiles own him sov'reign Lord,
And learn to trust his grace.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And spread the honor of his name
In melody and songs.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER NEW-YEAR.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 3, 13–17.

60

C. M.

1 WHEN Jesus unto Jordan came,
And was baptiz'd by John,
There it was prov'd he was the same
Who should for sin atone.

2 He was baptiz'd, but not as they
Who are of sinful race:
He had no sin to wash away
To make him heir of grace.

3 Repentance sure he needed not,
His life was pure indeed;
And he had neither stain nor spot,
Of which he need be freed.

4 Why then did he thereto attend,
And why was he baptiz'd?
It was to answer that great end,
For which it was devis'd:

5 This was the ordinance alone,
Intended to ordain
That great High Priest, who should atone
For all the guilt of men. ‡

61

C. M.

Psalm 110.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sov'reign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore:
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.

4 Melchisedek, that wondrous priest,
That king of high degree,
That holy man who Abrah'm blest,
Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus our Priest, for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

EPISTLE.—1 Peter 4, 12–19.

62

C. M.

1 WHEN times of troubles are at hand,
The best that we can do,
Is to obey the Lord's command,
And prove his promise true.

2 As gold is in the furnace tried,
And cleans'd from filth and dross,

So we are purg'd and purified
By bearing Jesus' cross.

3 We can't expect the crown to wear,
Which Christ in heav'n will give,
If we refuse the cross to bear,
Whilst here on earth we live.

4 We must submit our cause to God,
And yield to do his will;
He lets us feel his chast'ning rod,
But grants his blessing still.

5 To be reproach'd for Jesus' sake,
Proves him to be our Lord;
His cross and suff'rings to partake,
Will have a great reward.

6 Then let us look beyond the grave,
Where all our suff'rings cease;
Great are the treasures we shall have
In everlasting peace.

63

C. M.
1 Cor. 16, 13.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A fol'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine!

THE EPIPHANY, OR MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 2, 1–12.

64 L. M.

1 O KING of glory, David's son!
Why hast thou come and left thy throne?
The curse and cross of man to bear,
Brought thee, O Prince of glory, here.

2 Thy place of birth was Bethlehem;
The place was held in low esteem,
A place where none a king would seek,
None, but the humble and the meek.

3 But yet thy glory was made known,
And to the distant nations shown;
A strange, a glorious shining star,
Brought those who sought thee, from afar.

4 The nations who desir'd to see
Thy face, are come to worship thee;
Though they are heathens, yet they bring
Rich off'rings unto thee, their King.

5 But greater treasures than they brought,
Such they in thee, their Savior, sought:
Thy love to know, thy grace to gain,
Rewards them fully for their pain.

6 O happy where it is the case,
That sinners seek for saving grace;
Such treasures they with thee shall find,
Which prove their joy and peace of mind.

7 Though mighty kings and haughty foes
The progress of thy word oppose,
Thy light shall shine from shore to shore,
Thy sun shall rise and set no more.

8 Thy kingdom, and its righteousness,
Affords eternal life and peace:
My off'ring I to thee will bring,
Grant me thy treasures, O my King! ‡

65 L. M.
Rev. 22, 16.

1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near
The Savior's throne of shining bliss,
O tell how mean your glories are,
How faint and few, compar'd with his!

2 We sing the bright and Morning-Star,
Jesus the spring of light and love:
See, how its rays, diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above!

3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad,
Point out the puzzled Christian's way:
Still, as he goes, he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day.

4 [Thus, when the Eastern magi brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears;
Directs them to the Babe they sought,
And guides their steps and calms their fears.]

5 When shall we reach the heav'nly place,
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine?
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine?

EPISTLE.—Isa. 60, 1–6.

66

L. M.

1 ARISE, and shine, thy light is come,
O Zion! now thy Lord appears,
That gracious Light dispels the gloom
Of all thy doubts, thy dreads, and fears.

2 Though darkness covers all thy land,
And ignorance doth veil thine eyes,
Yet at the mighty Lord's command
That light shall to all nations rise.

3 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Shall the bless'd Savior's name be spread;
And such as knew him ne'er before
Shall own him as their King and head.

4 Glad off'rings shall all nations bring,
And worship at his gracious throne,
Adore their Lord and sov'reign King,
And make his grace to sinners known.

5 Remotest nations on the earth
Shall hear and feel the gospel word:
Those of renown and nobler birth
Shall humbly bow to Christ, their Lord.

6 Poor straying souls shall find their God,
And know their sins to be forgiv'n;
And sanctified through Jesus' blood,
They shall be made the heirs of heav'n.

67

L. M.

1 O THOU, whose beams serenely bright,
Can chase the darkness of my soul,
And pour a flood of purest light,
Where now the shades of midnight roll:

2 Ah! why so long should horror shroud
This mourning breast with deep despair?

Break through the dark and envious cloud,
Arise, arise, O Morning-Star!

3 Through a long night of griefs and fears,
With gloom and sorrow compass'd round,
I drop my uncomplaining tears,
Nor yet the radiant dawn have found;

4 Still tow'rds the chambers of the day,
With eyes intent, expecting there,
With patient hope, thy promis'd ray,
I long for thee, sweet Morning-Star.

5 Increasing clouds announce thee nigh,
Slumber my weary eyes invades;
Death spreads his horrors o'er the sky,
And thickens all the gather'd shades.

6 I yield, I bow my drooping head,
Resign, at length, my anxious care;
I sink awhile among the dead,
To wake and hail my Morning-Star.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 2, 42–52.

68 C. M.

1 WHEN Jesus in the temple stay'd,
When he was but a youth,
And there his Father's will obey'd,
To hear and teach the truth,

2 He was by his dear mother sought,
Who felt herself forlorn!
She sought him, but she found him not,
Which gave her cause to mourn.

3 She sought him first among the friends,
And hop'd him there to see;
But Jesus not always attends
Where he is thought to be.

4 But when, like Mary, we pursue
To seek him where he is,
Like Mary, we shall find him too,
And know his offices.

5 He came to do his Father's will,
And make salvation known;
The plan and order to reveal
In which it must be done.

6 Could I, like Mary, feel distress'd
When absent from his face,
My soul could never be at rest
Till I could see his grace.

7 Then, like as Mary, I should find
My comforts all renew'd:
Faith, hope, and joy, and peace of mind,
And union with my God. ‡

69 L. M.
Psalm 42, 1–5.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling springs,
So longs my soul, O King of kings,
Thy face in near approach to see,—
So thirsts, great Source of Life, for thee.

2 With ardent zeal, with strong desires,
To thee, to thee my soul aspires;
When shall I reach thy blest abode?
When meet the presence of my God?

3 God of my strength, attend my cry,
Say why, my great Preserver, why
Excluded from thy sight I go,
And bend beneath a weight of woe?

4 Why thus, my soul, with care oppress'd?
And whence the woes that fill my breast?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy steadfast hope repose.

5 To him my thanks shall still be paid,
My sure defence, my constant aid;
His name my zeal shall ever raise
And dictate to my lips his praise.

EPISTLE.—Rom. 12, 1–6.

70

C. M.

1 TO be a holy sacrifice,
Is what each Christian ought,
As the Apostle testifies,
In action, word, and thought.

2 The pow'r and faculties of mind,
And all the soul desires,
Must be to have the will resign'd
To all the Lord requires.

3 Each member of the body should
Thus have its rule and guide,
To act and do the best it could,
Be evermore employ'd.

4 The heart must be within renew'd,
Endow'd with heav'nly grace,
Conform'd unto the living God
And all his righteous ways.

5 The world with all its great esteem,
True Christians won't pursue;
To serve the Lord, is all their aim,
As well as they can do.

6 Such Christians, humble, low, and meek,
Will find establish'd rest:
They find such treasures as they seek,
Which make them truly blest. ‡

71

S. M.

1 LO, what a pleasing sight
Are brethren that agree!

How blest are all, whose hearts unite
In bonds of piety!

2 From those celestial springs,
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

3 All in their stations move,
And each performs his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.

4 Form'd for the purest joys,
By one desire possess'd,
One aim the zeal of all employs,
To make each other bless'd.

5 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet;
While praise devout, and mingled pray'rs,
Make their communion sweet.

6 'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above;
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

GOSPEL.—John 2, 1–11.

72

L. M.

1 TO such is bless'd their marriage-day,
Who humbly to their Savior pray,
To be with them, and to attend,
To be their guest, their Lord, and friend.

2 God, who ordain'd our marriage state,
Provides for us in ev'ry fate:
To him is known all we do need;
Our wants he will supply indeed.

3 Should he appear to hide his face,
Yet, the rich bounties of his grace
Are ever present, ever near,
Tho' they do not always appear.

4 The truth of this we may be taught:
The miracles that Jesus wrought
In Cana-town of Galilee,
Sufficient proof thereof may be.

5 His counsels and his deep decrees,
No eye of human creature sees;
His wondrous ways are best reveal'd,
Where his dear promise is fulfil'd.

6 O let us then by faith endure!
Till all our trials shall be o'er;
Then by experience we shall know
What Jesus for his friends will do.

73 C. M.
Phil. 4, 19, 20.

1 MY God, how cheering is the sound!
How pleasant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleasure bound!
Where God hath fix'd his seat!

2 What wants shall not our God supply
From his redundant stores?
What streams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours!

3 From Christ, the ever-living Spring,
These ample blessings flow:
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart has lov'd us so.

4 Now to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory giv'n,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heav'n.

EPISTLE.—Rom. 12, 7–16.

74

L. M.

1 O PRECIOUS gift from God above!
To be possess'd with Christian love;
The greatest joy the soul can find,
That is to have the Savior's mind.

2 Such Christians are to all a friend,
To others' needs they will attend;
They live not for themselves alone,
But feel for those who grieve and mourn.

3 Their hearts with kind affections flow,
And they are kind to friend and foe;
They help in ev'ry time of need,
And prove to all a friend indeed.

4 They teach, admonish, and advise,
Without deception or disguise:
They are sincere in all they do;
In all their dealings, just and true.

5 They have the cause of God at heart,
They strive to act the Christian part;
And ev'ry office they do bear,
They execute with holy fear.

6 O blessed souls, in such a state!
Who their bless'd Savior imitate;
How bless'd and happy will they be
With Christ to all eternity.

75

C. M.

Psalm 119.

1 INSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.

2 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,

To keep thy perfect laws, I will
Devote my zealous heart.

3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

5 From those vain objects turn my eyes,
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively pow'r and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

6 Confirm the promise which thou mad'st,
And give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws,
Is awfully afraid.

7 The foul disgrace I justly fear,
In mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
Are full of grace and love.

8 Thou know'st how after thy commands
My longing heart does pant;
O then make haste to raise me up,
And promis'd succor grant.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 8, 1–13.

76 L. M.

1 THE leper in his painful case
Trusts to the Savior's pow'r and grace;
He soon was made to feel and know
What Jesus by his word could do.

2 The pain and anguish he did feel,
Which none on all the earth could heal,
Was soon remov'd and done away,
Soon as to Jesus he did pray.

3 When my whole state of mind I view,
I find I am a leper too;
A leper of the vilest kind,
And no relief or cure I find.

4 I am defil'd in ev'ry part,
And pain and anguish fill my heart;
My very soul is fill'd with sin,
And I must cry, unclean! unclean!

5 But as my Savior passes by,
Then, like the leper, I will cry:
Lord! thou canst cure me, if thou wilt,
O! cleanse my soul from sin and guilt.

6 My great Physician Christ shall be
To cleanse my soul, and set me free,
And I shall know his love and pow'r,
And praise and thank him evermore. ‡

77 C. M.

1 WHEN the poor leper's case I read,
My own describ'd I feel;
Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but Christ can heal.

2 What anguish did my soul endure,
Till hope and patience ceas'd!
The more I strove myself to cure,
The more the plague increas'd.

3 While thus I lay distress'd, I saw
The Savior passing by;
To him, though fill'd with shame and awe,
I rais'd my mournful cry.

4 Lord, thou canst heal me, if thou wilt,
Oh, pity to me show;
Oh, cleanse my leprous soul from guilt;
My filthy heart renew.

5 He heard, and with a gracious look
Pronounc'd the healing word:
"I will—be clean," and while he spoke
I felt my health restor'd.

6 Come, sinners, seize the present hour,
The Savior's grace to prove;
He can relieve, for he is pow'r—
He will, for he is love.

EPISTLE.—Rom. 12, 17–21.

78 C. M.

1 O be at peace with ev'ry man
Each faithful soul desires,
For which they do the best they can,
Like as saint Paul requires.

2 Their aim is not revenge to seek,
Nor yet in malice live;
But like their Savior, humble, meek,
They freely will forgive.

3 To wrath and spite they give no place,
But keep their Lord in view;
They pray for his renewing grace,
To bear his image too.

4 Their charity to all extends;
They feel for others' grief;
They pity foes, as well as friends,
And pray for their relief.

5 They help in ev'ry time of need;
And with a lib'ral hand,

The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
As Jesus gave command.

6 O may the Lord impress my mind
With love and Christian faith;
To be affectionate and kind,
As the Apostle saith. I

79 C. M.
Psalm 35.

1 BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David shows;
Behold his kind compassion move
For his afflicted foes.

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns;
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother, dead!
And fasting, mortified his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Savior prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Israel's King,
Blest and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 8, 23–27.

80 C. M.

1 WHEN the distress'd disciples were
On raging billows toss'd,
Their minds were fill'd with dread and fear;
They gave themselves for lost.

2 But O, how soon the seas obey'd!
When Jesus spake on board;
How soon her blasts and storms were laid
At his commanding word.

3 When troubles, like the swelling wave,
Oppress our feeble mind,
Yet when we cry, O Savior, save!
Deliv'rance we shall find.

4 Should we be driv'n by wind and tide,
And beaten from the cape,
The Lord will evermore provide
A way for our escape.

5 Our faith, however weak it is,
We shall not quite despair;
The Lord who gave his promises,
Will always hear our pray'r.

6 Dear Lord, since thy dear church below
Is like a ship on sea,
Which oft is driven to and fro,
In much perplexity,

7 Calm thou her mind in all alarm,
And aid her weak effort,
Conduct her safe thro' ev'ry storm,
To reach the happy port. ‡

81 C. M.

Psalm 107.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rule the boist'rous sea,

The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt that dang'rous way.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves!
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 [Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tot'ring drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flut'ring breath;
And hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence thro' the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storms allay'd:
Now to their eyes the port appears:
There let their vows be paid.

7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

EPISTLE.—Rom. 13, 8–10.

82

L. M.

1 IT is a duty Christians owe,
To love and serve their fellow-men;

No better service do we know,
Our peace of conscience to maintain.

2 God's perfect law is not obey'd,
Nor yet the least command fulfil'd;
The best that can be done or said,
Leaves men but failing creatures still.

3 But O, the soul! from God inspir'd
With grace divine and heav'nly love,
Hath all whate'er the law requir'd,
Completed by the Hand above.

4 That law is written in the heart;
Which acts and moves by love and grace:
The mind is bound in ev'ry part
To God, and all his righteous ways.

5 This law exceeds all other laws;
No better heav'n to man could give;
This law is love, and moves and draws
The mind to God, in him to live. ‡

83 L. M.

Matth. 22, 37-40.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command:
"Let all thy inward pow'r unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With utmost vigor and delight.

2 Then shall thy neighbor next in place,
Share thine affection and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law 's fulfil'd by love.

4 But O! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 13, 24–30.

84 L. M.

1 YE Christian men, pray notice well!
Our Savior in the parable
Does clearly prove and plainly show,
What Satan in the church can do.

2 The church is to a field compar'd,
Well cultivated and prepar'd:
And where the gospel truth is b'liev'd,
There is the gospel seed receiv'd.

3 But when the watchmen fall to sleep,
And they neglect their guard to keep,
The enemy soon interferes,
And sows the field with seeds of tares.

4 Such ever was the church's case:
The formal Christian, void of grace,
Is like the tares among the wheat;
When rightly prov'd, is but a cheat.

5 But lest the wheat be pluck'd up too,
The tares among the wheat must grow;
There to remain till harvest day,
Till they are search'd, and cast away.

6 This parable will show us plain,
That saints and sinners will remain,
As members of his church and state,
Till Jesus comes to separate.

7 How careful then ought we attend!
To watch and pray unto the end;
Till all our trials shall be past,
Lest we should prove but tares at last.

85 L. M.

Matth. 13, 37–42.

1 THOUGH in the earthly church below,
The wheat and tares together grow,

Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

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 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 But tho' 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.

EPISTLE.—Col. 3, 12–17.

86 S. M.

1 IN unity and peace,
O, may I ever live!
And not in strife or bitterness,
But bear, and e'er forgive.

2 May I of Jesus learn!
A meek and humble mind;
And may it be my chief concern
To be for ever kind.

3 May I with patience bear,
What may be laid on me;
Not in presumption nor despair,
In neither let me be.

4 The workings of thy love,
And pow'r of grace divine,

Can fit me for thy courts above,
And seal me ever thine.

5 O may the gospel word,
With all the means of grace,
Fit me to love thee, O my Lord!
To serve thee all my days. ‡

87

L. M.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

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

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

4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight:
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life divinely bright.

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

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 17, 1–9.

88

C. M.

1 WHEN Christ was on the mount reveal'd
In his disciples' view,

Their hearts with dread and fear were fill'd,
With joy, and wonder too.

2 Their feeble eyes could scarce behold
The brightness of his face;
The sun with all his glory could
Dart no such glorious rays.

3 To prove that Jesus was the Lord,
Elias did appear,
And Moses bore the same record,
Conversing with him there.

4 A gracious voice from heaven came:
"This is mine only Son!"
Give praise and honor to his name,
And make his glories known.

5 Should we not wish with him to dwell,
And view him evermore?
Like the disciples, hear and feel
His glory, love, and pow'r?

6 Can such a sight of Christ below
Transport our souls with love?
Far greater joys will he bestow,
In the bright world above.

89 L. M.
Matth. 17, 4.

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

2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.

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

4 On Tabor, thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

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

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

EPISTLE.—2 Peter 1, 16–21.

90 C. M.

1 GOD'S word of prophecies is giv'n,
His counsels to reveal;
More firm and sure than earth or heav'n,
They stand, and never fail.

2 This word is like the morning-star,
Just glaring through the skies!
First shows its dawning from afar,
Until the sun arise.

3 More piercing than the purest light,
It casts a heav'nly ray;
Dispels the pow'rs of darkest night,
And turns it into day.

4 As all the prophets prophesied,
Inspir'd from God above,
All are fulfil'd and verified,
As circumstances prove.

5 As Moses in his day declar'd,
And all the fathers show'd,
The Lord of life has now appear'd,
To make us sons of God.

6 May I unto this light give heed!
Since none but this alone
Can be the light of life I need,
To make the Lord my own. ‡

91

L. M.

1 WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'n.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive pow'rs;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right;
Displays thy love and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye favor'd lands, who have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving pow'r,
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguish'd grace adore.

SEPTUAGESIMA, OR THE THIRD SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 20, 1–16.

92

L. M.

1 IN parables the Lord doth show,
What gospel ministers must do—
How to perform their duty well,
We find here in this parable.

2 The church, a vineyard of the Lord:
Those whom he sends to teach his word,
They labor in his vineyard here;
They have the charge, the trust, and care.

3 God, to erect his church on earth—
The vineyard of the greatest worth—
Thus did his lab'rers early send,
That sacred vineyard to attend.

4 And, as the passage plainly shows,
The call was first unto the Jews,
When priests and Levites taught and show'd
The law and ordinance of God.

5 They minister'd as they were taught;
But otherwise they labor'd not,
Till they did first with him agree,
And know what their reward should be.

6 Those who have not the cause at heart,
Do with reluctance act their part;
And as a penny for the day,
Yea all such hirelings teach and pray.

7 Not only unto Jacob's race
Did God reveal his plan of grace;
But after many years were past,
The Gentiles too were call'd at last.

8 The call they did with joy embrace,
To be instructed with such grace;
In such a call to serve the Lord,
Was unto them a great reward.

9 They ask'd not, what shall we receive
As a support on which we live?
They trust the word and promises,
And act their part with willingness.

10 They teach, admonish, and reprove,
And all they do is out of love;
They act with fervency and zeal,
And God rewards their labors well.

93

C. M.

Isa. 55, 1, 2.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

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

6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin:

7 Come, naked, and adorn your souls,
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labors of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]

8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins!

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

EPISTLE.—1 Cor. 9, 24, to ch. 10, 5.

94

L. M.

1 SUPPORTED by especial grace,
And by superior pow'r upheld,
The faithful Christian runs his race,
To gain the viet'ry and the field.

2 But O, how foolish and unwise
Could it be truly said to be!
For those who fain would gain the prize,
And yet not strive for mastery.

3 To gain the never-fading crown,
Each reigning sin must be subdu'd;
The haughty spirit must come down,
And yield unto the ways of God.

4 The soul with carnal mind beset,
Can never speed in holiness;
But still oppress'd with ev'ry weight
Of sin, and burdens of distress.

5 All candidates for glory must
Be watching unto constant pray'r—
To crucify their pride and lust,
If they desire the crown to wear.

6 May I be wise to act my part,
And evermore be on my guard,
To watch and pray with all my heart,
And wait the coming of my Lord. ‡

95

C. M.

Phil. 3, 12–21.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;

A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Bless'd Savior, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We lay our laurels down.

SEXAGESIMA, OR THE SECOND SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

GOSPEL.—Luke 8, 4–15.

96

C. M.

1 A SOWER that goes forth to sow,
Far diff'rent soils he finds;
Such is the case with preachers too,
They preach to diff'rent minds.

2 Some minds are like the troaden way,
That can't receive the grain;
Tho' they attend to hear and pray,
They hear the word in vain.

3 With such does Satan act his part,
Like birds of prey, devour;
He takes the word soon from their heart,
That it can have no pow'r.

4 And some are like the stony soil,
Which soon shoots forth its blade:
First they believe and hear awhile;
But soon they shrink and fade.

5 At first it is a joyful news,
The gospel truth to hear;
But O, it answers not their views,
The Savior's cross to bear.

6 Some are just like that kind of ground,
All fill'd with thorns and brier;
Their hearts with carnal cares abound—
The world is their desire.

7 Though they are made to hear and feel
The need of saving grace;
Yet to support their haughty will,
They keep their sinful place.

8 Great God, how cautious should we be!
To keep still on our guard;
To watch and pray, to search and see
That we may be prepar'd. ‡

97

C. M.

1 A SOWER is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round—
Ye sons of men on earth below,
Ye are the gospel ground.

2 The seed that finds a stony soil,
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil:
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.

3 The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.

4 The beaten path and highway side
Receive the word in vain;
The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.

5 But where the word of grace and pow'r
Has found a happy field,

How plenteous is the golden store
The deep wrought furrows yield?

6 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preserving grace;
Let the same hand that gives the seed,
Provide a fruitful place.

EPISTLE.—2 Cor. 11, 19, to ch. 12, 9.

98

L. M.

1 THE faithful servants of the Lord,
Who teach the plain and simple word,
Are always tempted, always tried,
Distress'd and vex'd on ev'ry side.

2 Such was the first apostles' fate,
As sacred writings do relate;
And all their faithful partners meet
The like reward and equal treat.

3 Ofttimes they falsely are accus'd,
And therefore slander'd and abus'd,
When they endeavor to discharge
Their office to the world at large.

4 The gospel is the purest light,
It brings the sacred truth to sight:
But where the truth its beauty shows,
There Satan's kingdom will oppose.

5 The servants of the Savior are
Expos'd to danger, dread, and fear;
Continual conflicts, war, and strife,
Attend the course of all their life.

6 Expos'd to wants of ev'ry kind,
Distress'd in body and in mind—
Esteem'd as men of meanest worth,
As the offscourings of the earth.

7 Ofttimes as pilgrims here they roam,
No certain stay, or place of home;

The chief reward they hope to have,
Is that which is beyond the grave. ‡

99 L. M.
2 Cor. 12, 7, 9, 10.

1 LET me but hear my Savior say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But, if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

5 So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY, OR THE SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

GOSPEL.—Luke 18, 31–43.

100 L. M.

1 A CERTAIN beggar, poor and blind,
A needy creature, as we find,
Whose heart was fill'd with woe and grief,
Cried to the Savior for relief.

2 He cried, O blessed David's Son!
My mournful case to thee is known;
O pity me, grant me my sight!
Restore to me that wanted light.

3 Though he was blind, yet he could hear
And know that his dear Lord was near:
He cried and pray'd, and would not cease,
Till he had vented his distress.

4 When once our blindness we do feel,
Our grief no longer can conceal;
Then, like the beggar, we shall cry
To Jesus, ere he passes by.

5 Are we rebuk'd, we cry the more,
Till Jesus manifests his pow'r—
Yea, in his gospel we shall know,
That we are heard, and answer'd too.

6 Then, like the beggar, we shall be;
Once we were blind, but now we see
Our darkness turned into day,
And follow Jesus in his way. ‡

101

8, 7, 8, 7.
Mark 10, 48.

1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Savior bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Tho' by begging us'd to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around:
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Savior I have found!

6 Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me!
Surely they would hasten to him—
He would cause them all to see."

EPISTLE.—1 Cor. 13, 1–13.

102 L. M.

1 COULD I with tongues of angels speak,
With all the eloquence of men,
And not the love of God partake,
All my profession would be vain.

2 I should be like the sounding brass,
Or like the tinkling of a bell;
And should I for an angel pass,
It would not save my soul from hell.

3 Had I the gifts of prophecy,
And all the mysteries reveal'd,
Yet in my sins I 'd be to die,
Unless my heart with love were fill'd.

4 Had I such faith as could remove
The greatest mountains from their place;
Yet all in vain, till Christian love
Is wrought in me by saving grace.

5 If all my goods, the poor to feed,
With my consent, were freely giv'n,
But without charity indeed,
I never should be fit for heav'n.

6 My body given for to burn,
To make atonements for my sin—
I should be like a varnish'd urn,
That which hath naught but filth within.

7 O, may that precious gift of God!
True charity, that grace divine—
In all my heart be shed abroad;
And seal me, Lord, for ever thine.

103

C. M.

1 Cor. 13, 1–3.

1 DID I possess the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs
Would be but sounding brass.

2 Tho' thou shouldst give me heav'nly skill,
Each myst'ry to explain,
Had I no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

3 Had I so strong a faith, my God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could do me real good,
That did not work by love.

4 Oh, grant me then this one request,
And I 'll be satisfied,
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

THE FIRST DAY OF LENT, COMMONLY CALLED ASH-WEDNESDAY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 6, 16–21.

104

C. M.

1 NOT in deception or disguise
Must Christians fast or pray;
But take their blessed Lord's advice,
Which is a diff'rent way.

2 The hearts with godly sorrow fill'd,
Need never make a show;
Their state of mind will be reveal'd,
In all they act and do.

3 They who are well convinc'd of sin,
Will feel a deep distress;
Yet differ not from other men,
In their external dress.

4 Their fasting, pray'r, and abstinence,
Are fervent and sincere;
They will not act with mere pretence,
Sad countenance to wear.

5 God will not pay a true regard,
To such a borrow'd face;
Nor grant the future great reward
To those who mock his grace.

6 The Lord is not to be deceiv'd;
All things are in his view:
Our pray'rs by him are not receiv'd,
Unless our hearts be true.

105 C. M.

John 4, 24; Ps. 139, 23, 24.

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

2 Nothing but truth before his throne,
With honor 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.

EPISTLE.—Joel 2, 12–17.

106 C. M.

1 TURN ye to me, thus saith the Lord,
Ye who have gone astray—
Your cries and mournings shall be heard,
And not be cast away.

2 Will ye from sin and vice depart,
By fasting and with pray'r,
Rend not your garments, but your heart,
And for my grace prepare.

3 I will return to you again,
When ye return to me:
Your earnest pray'rs are not in vain,
And never more shall be.

4 The Lord is gracious, good, and kind,
To those who seek his face!
With a sincere and humble mind,
Shall find his pard'ning grace.

5 Our horrid crimes, how have they swell'd!
To heaven they are grown;
God's threat'nings are at last fulfil'd,
And bring his judgments down.

6 Well we deserve to feel the rod:
Our punishments are due;
But O! we have a gracious God,
Who will forgive them too.

7 Come, let us in his presence meet,
And bow beneath his throne;
Confess with sorrow and regret,
The follies we have done.

107

C. M.

Jer. 3, 22; Hos. 14, 4.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh, take the wand'rer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r
How glorious, how divine!
That can to bliss and life restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Savior, I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT, CALLED INVOCAVIT.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 4, 1–11.

108

C. M.

1 HOW great was our dear Lord's distress;
His trials, how severe,
When in a howling wilderness,
He strove with Satan there.

2 That foe assaults him with disdain:
Thou art here left alone,
To suffer hunger, thirst, and pain—
Would God forsake his Son?

3 Now, to supply thy present need,
Art thou the Son of God,
Command these stones that they be bread,
Supply thyself with food.

4 May we reply as Jesus did,
When we are tempted too!
This is the means by which we rid
Ourselves of such a foe.

5 Man does not live by bread alone,
But by that sacred word,
By which all things are made and done,
As order'd by the Lord.

6 In various ways the tempter tried,
To cause the Savior's fall;
But was defeated and defied,
And miss'd his aim in all.

7 Christ conquer'd, and he gain'd the day;
In all, he overcame;
To him we look, to him we pray,
And we shall do the same.

8 To his dear word and promises
We ever have recourse;
In him always have we success,
To banish Satan's force.

109 L. M.

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

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

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r:

The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; let me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the fol'wers of the Lamb.

EPISTLE.—2 Cor. 6, 1-10.

110 C. M.

1 SHOULD we receive that grace in vain,
That precious gift of God?
And serve our former lusts again,
And slight the Savior's blood?

2 Should we refuse to watch and pray,
And lose what we have gain'd?
That would be casting Christ away,
And all his love disdain'd.

3 The Lord was pleas'd our pray'rs to hear,
In the accepted hour;
Now is the time to persevere,
And use the Savior's pow'r.

4 As faithful servants of the Lord,
Ourselves we must approve—
Attend unto his precious word,
With pure unfeigned love.

5 To bear assaults on ev'ry hand,
And yet not be dismay'd:
Confirm'd in Christ by faith to stand,
Supported by his aid.

111 S. M.

2 Cor. 6, 2.

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

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

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And ev'ry 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.

5 At length around thy throne,
They shall thy face behold;
While thro' eternity they 'll strive
Their raptures to unfold.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT, CALLED REMINISCERE.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 15, 21–28.

112 L. M.

1 PRAY'R will at last an answer gain;
Sure none shall seek the Lord in vain?
Tho' Jesus may at first delay,
None shall be empty sent away.

2 A certain passage we do read,
Proves it to be the case indeed:
A heathen woman fill'd with grief,
Did come to Jesus for relief.

3 With fervent pray'r, his help she sought;
Truly, at first he answer'd not;
And in his turn he signified,
That she should ever be denied.

4 He first concealed what he meant,
By saying, I am only sent,

To grant relief and help to those
Of Jacob's race, whom God hath chose.

5 But still a more distressing word
Was then express'd by Christ the Lord:
I ought not take the children's bread,
And give to dogs, that they be fed.

6 Yet all this drove her not away,
But caus'd her with more warmth to pray:
Have mercy, Lord, O pity me!
My trust for help is all in thee.

7 She own'd she was not Israel's seed,
But could be call'd a dog indeed;
But that would not take children's bread,
Though dogs should with the crumbs be fed.

8 The Savior then was forc'd to yield,
And with those words his mind reveal'd:
O, woman! thou must have relief,
Undoubted great is thy belief.

9 Here may we learn, here may we know,
What faith with humble pray'r can do;
Should we, who are of Christian race,
Not persevere to gain such grace?

113 C. M

1 OH, what amazing words of grace,
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring;
Here love, eternal love abounds,
A deep celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And living joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

114, 115 SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

EPISTLE.—1 Thess. 4, 1–7.

114

C. M.

1 THE truth which Christians once receiv'd,
They never more should slight;
The promises they once believ'd
Should e'er be kept in sight.

2 The Savior must be still in view,
His life to imitate;
To serve the Lord in all they do,
And humbly on him wait.

3 In Christian virtues to abound,
Should be their constant aim;
And all their actions should redound
To show the Savior's fame.

4 Engag'd with zeal on ev'ry hand,
All vices to oppose!
And evermore prepar'd to stand,
To conquer all such foes.

5 All base desires, all lusts, and pride,
By faith must be subdu'd,
Until the soul be sanctified,
And the whole mind renew'd.

6 Whilst such in faith and love increase,
They find establish'd rest;
They will enjoy eternal peace,
And be for ever blest.

115

L. M.

Titus 2, 10–13.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine!

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God,

When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
Whilst we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT, CALLED OCULI.

GOSPEL.—Luke 11, 14-28.

116 L. M.

1 A PALACE is the sinner's heart,
Which Satan guards in ev'ry part;
And with his forces dwells therein,
And keeps the soul enslav'd to sin.

2 There he without control resides,
And there against attack provides;
He governs there, and feareth none,
And holds the castle as his own.

3 Poor man obeys him as his chief,
Because of pride and unbelief;
Like slaves and servants on him wait,
And seldom feel their slavish state.

4 But when the Savior claims the heart,
That cruel tyrant must depart;
When Jesus speaks, and gives command,
That prince of darkness can't withstand.

5 The force of his restraining grace,
Will cause that lord to leave his place;
Some outward changes may be seen,
But yet, some idol lurks within.

6 Altho' he wanders for a while,
Himself he cannot reconcile,
He has not fully quit his home,
But soon he means again to come.

7 Where Jesus does not fully reign,
He surely will return again,
With vice and envy sevenfold,
Audacious, impudent, and bold.

8 His palace he no more forsakes,
In spite of all reproofs and checks;
The force of men and angels join'd,
Can ne'er renew that harden'd mind.

9 That sinner's case was bad before,
But now 'tis worse, and still much more,
Because he cannot be renew'd,
And ever hates the ways of God.

10 O horrid, wretched, awful state!
My God, let it not be my fate;
May the good Spirit gain my heart,
To dwell in me, and ne'er depart.

117 S. M.

2 Peter 2, 22.

1 YE, who in former days,
Were found at Zion's gate;
Who walk'd awhile in wisdom's ways,
And told your happy state;

2 But now to sin draw back,
And love again to stray,
The narrow path of life forsake,
And choose the beaten way;

3 Think not your names above
Are written with the saints;
The promise of eternal love
Is his who never faints.

4 Your transient joy and peace
Your deeper doom have seal'd,

Unless you wake to righteousness,
Ere judgment is reveal'd.

EPISTLE.—Eph. 5, 1–9.

118 L. M.

1 YE who profess the Lord to love,
Let all your lives and actions prove,
With pure desires and ardent zeal,
Attach'd to Christ to do his will.

2 Walk ye in love, as Christians ought;
Remember, ye were dearly bought,
And ransom'd with the greatest price,
When Jesus died our sacrifice.

3 A sacrifice of sweetest smell,
As pleas'd the righteous Father well;
When his dear precious blood was spilt,
It then aton'd for all our guilt.

4 Amazing love, beyond degree!
No greater love could ever be;
O Christians, take this love in view!
And learn what sov'reign love can do.

5 This love renews the soul within,
And makes the mind averse to sin;
All works of darkness are denied,
Reprov'd, condemn'd, and mortified. †

119 L. M.

Psalm 141, 2–5.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words, like ointment, shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them press'd with grief,
I 'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT, CALLED LÆTARE.

GOSPEL.—John 6, 1–15.

120 L. M.

1 GRANT us, dear Lord, our daily bread,—
Thus do we pray in time of need;
To him, our precious Lord, we cry,
Who daily doth our wants supply.

2 Where nothing laid in store we see,
Where thousands faint and hungry be,
Yet may we trust and firmly b'lieve,
He finds a way for us to live.

3 When Jesus in the wilderness
Beheld his fol'wers in distress,
Fatigu'd and hungry, weak and faint,
He pitied them to see their want.

4 And how to help them he well knew,
Altho' he ask'd, what shall we do?
Our faith must always first be tried,
Before our wants are all supplied.

5 He then commands them to prepare,
And trust his providence and care;
Without a table being set,
The feast for them was soon complete.

6 When Jesus grants us his increase,
Then we partake the greater bliss:

Two little fish, five loaves of bread,
Some thousands of his fol'wers fed.

7 If here we follow Christ indeed,
He will support us as we need;
And when this present life is past,
We 'll feast with him in heav'n at last.

121

L. M.

John 6, 35-48.

1 JESUS, thou art the living bread,
By which our needy souls are fed:
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.

2 Without this bread I starve and die;
No other can my need supply:
But this will suit my wretched case,
Abroad, at home, in ev'ry place.

3 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,
Who ask for bread at mercy's door;
This living food descends from heav'n,
As manna to the Jews was giv'n.

4 This precious food my heart revives;
What strength, what nourishment it gives!
O let me evermore be fed
With this divine, celestial bread!

EPISTLE.—Gal. 4, 21-31.

122

C. M.

1 AS the Galatians vainly dream'd,
The case can never be:
Man is not by the law redeem'd,
Nor yet by works made free.

2 Not by the deeds of any law
Can any man be sav'd,
But always kept in fear and awe,
And yet remain deprav'd.

3 The carnal mind will e'er remain
At enmity with God,
Until the soul is born again,
And cleans'd by Jesus' blood.

4 It was by covenant of grace,
That God in Christ had made,
He justifies the fallen race;
For which the Savior bled.

5 O, why should we be so unwise,
To trust to what we do?
To rush on such an enterprise,
That cannot bear us through.

123 C. M.

1 HARK! how from Sinai's mount proceeds
The trumpet's awful blast;
While yet the heart with anguish bleeds,
And sinks in woe at last.

2 Behold, the sinner's fearless soul,
Which love could ne'er arrest,
With trembling hears the thunder roll,
And death approaching fast.

3 But lo!—what sounds of heav'nly peace,
Amid the storm I hear,
When howling winds a moment cease,
And love succeeds to fear!

4 Now, on the hill of Calvary,
Where Jesus once was slain,
Sweet peace, and love, and sympathy,
There all unbroken reign.

5 Whene'er the tempest's vengeful voice,
And guilt my soul appal,
I then in Jesus will rejoice,
And mercy's gentle call.

6 And when by care and woe oppress'd,
Or storms of sorrow fall,

I'll flee to him, and find a rest—
Enjoy in him my all.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT, CALLED JUDICA.

GOSPEL.—John 8, 46–59.

124

C. M.

1 WHEN Jesus taught the Jews of old
The way of righteousness,
They rose in anger, fierce and bold,
And scorn'd him to his face.

2 The prince of darkness gets enrag'd
To see the truth succeed;
And all his subjects are engag'd
To join with him, their head.

3 The gospel truth conveys a dart,
Tho' Satan should oppose!
And ofttimes it does reach the heart
Of those who are its foes.

4 But those who do not wish to b'lieve,
Will vent and spit their spite—
Much rather than the truth receive,
Be blinded with the light.

5 And thus the case is ever so:
All such who teach the truth,
In all they seek, or say, or do,
They feel the serpent's tooth.

6 The soul that is not born of God,
Will never love his ways;
But ever slight the Savior's blood,
And all the means of grace.

7 How awful must their cases be,
Who wilfully refuse
And scorn the Lord, who bought them free,
As did the stubborn Jews.

125

S. M.

Psalm 83.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold, what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

4 The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap;
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex thy sheep.

5 "Come, let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground,
Till not the name of saints remain,
Nor mem'ry shall be found."

6 Awake, almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them, like forests, to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

7 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

8 Then shall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word:
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the Sov'reign Lord.

EPISTLE.—Heb. 9, 11–15.

126 S. M.

1 JESUS, the great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made,
Will make his people truly blest,
Who own him for their head.

2 The priests ordain'd of old,
They answer'd to their times;
But all their off'rings never could
Atone for all their crimes.

3 But Christ the Savior brings
Off'rings of greater worth
Than types and shadows of those things
That only held him forth.

4 Not blood of calves or goats
Did Jesus sacrifice;
To cleanse the soul from sin and spots,
Must be of greater price.

5 Jesus by his own blood,
Went in that holy place,
And sacrific'd himself to God,
To save all Adam's race.

6 He ever reigns above,
And for us intercedes;
There manifests his tender love,
And there our causes pleads.

127 C. M.

Heb. 7 and 9.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt off'rings brought,
To purge themselves from sin;

Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one off'ring takes away,
For ever, all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran thro' sev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy day.

5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ by his own pow'rful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.]

7 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Zion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT, CALLED PALM SUNDAY, OR SUNDAY BEFORE EASTER.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 21, 1–9.

128 C. M.

ZION, receive thy glorious King!
Behold, he comes to thee:
Thy songs of thanks and praises sing;
He comes to set thee free.

2 Behold, he comes from heav'n above,
To thee he doth descend;
He comes with pity, grace, and love,
As brother, lord, and friend.

3 Yes, true! he comes in meanest state,
To dwell awhile below;
And yet, the work is wondrous great
For him on earth to do.

4 He comes to save all Adam's race,
By shedding of his blood:
He comes to make them heirs of grace,
And also sons of God.

5 His grace divine, and Spirit's aid,
Tho' we are prone to ill,
Can soon effect the change we need,
And sanctify our will.

6 Grant us, O Lord! that we receive
The Savior in our heart;
That we may ever with him live,
And never with him part. ‡

129 C. M.

Matth. 21, 9; Luke 19, 38–40.

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

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

3 Blest he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n;
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be giv'n.

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

EPISTLE.—Phil. 2, 5-11.

130 L. M.

1 WE should possess the Savior's mind;
Like him, be humble, meek, and kind;
Esteem the world as filth and dross,
And be resign'd to bear the cross.

2 All pow'r and glory is his own,
But yet, he left his heav'nly throne—
He came, and gave himself to be
Expos'd to pain and misery.

3 On Calvary he groan'd and bled,
Until he bow'd his sacred head!
He died in sorrow, grief, and pain,
But by his pow'r he rose again.

4 He hath ascended up on high!
He reigns above, beyond the sky;
And ev'ry knee to him shall bow,
In heav'n above, and earth below.

5 Immortal honors there he claims!
His name exceeds all other names:
None such on earth, or yet in heav'n,
As that which God to him has giv'n.

6 Not men or angels e'er can raise,
Such notes as fully sound his praise;
Yet, let us join with them to sing
The praises of the Lord our King. ‡

131 L. M.

Rev. 5, 12.

1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,

When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

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

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

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

5 Immortal honors must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn:
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, Amen.

MAUNDY-THURSDAY, OR THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.

GOSPEL.—John 13, 1–15.

132 C. M.

1 TO show how humble Christians ought
To one another be,
Christ with his own example taught,
As plainly we may see.

2 Though he was Lord and Master great,
Who giveth all commands,
He wash'd his own disciples' feet,
With his own blessed hands.

3 When thus their Master with them dealt,
And prov'd his love to them,
How must their haughty hearts have felt,
To meet with such esteem.

4 May they who worldly honor seek,
Learn what it is to be
Like Jesus, humble, truly meek,
From self-applauses free.

5 Such facts as these should have effect,
To bring the haughty low;
The proudest heart should feel a check,
And deeply humbled too.

6 Thus Peter's mind was much impress'd,
He thought himself too mean;
But also felt himself distress'd,
To have no part with him.

7 "Till thou art wash'd thou hast no part
With me," the Savior said;
Then Peter cried, "with all my heart!
Wash thou my hands and head."

8 Christ did not hereby institute
This as an ordinance,
Which Christians e'er should execute,
His kingdom to advance.

9 No: this example was design'd
To show us mortals here,
That we be humble, meek, and kind—
Each other's burdens bear.

133 C. M.

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

2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy;

To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

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

5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued,
While humble pray'r and holy faith
His fainting strength renew'd.

6 In the last hours of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

EPISTLE.—1 Cor. 11, 23–32.

134 C. M.

1 THE time of Jesus being at hand
To leave this world below;
Gave his disciples this command:
"This shall ye mind and do.

2 This blessed bread which I do break,
This cup, this blessed wine,
My body and my blood partake,
An ordinance divine.

3 This ordinance I do ordain,
To prove my sacred will;

This institution shall contain
My pledges and my seal.

4 Take ye this bread, and eat," he saith,
"And drink this cup likewise;
And by so doing show my death
And precious sacrifice." ‡

135 L. M.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin:
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine:
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn;
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt!
When for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave himself a sacrifice.]

6 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

7 [Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

GOOD-FRIDAY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 26 and 27; Mark 14 and 15; Luke 22 and 23; John 18 and 19.

136

L. M.

1 YE wretched sons of men draw near,
The cries and groans of Jesus hear;
Come, see the blessed Lamb of God,
There shedding of his precious blood.

2 Behold him wounded, scourg'd, and bruis'd,
There mock'd and slander'd, and abus'd;
O hear his cries upon the tree:
"Why hath my God forsaken me?"

3 His pain, his anguish, and distress,
No heart can feel, no tongue express;
When all the pow'rs of hell broke in,
And Christ bore all the weight of sin.

4 When Jesus to the cross was nail'd,
The sun was all in darkness veil'd;
The rocks were rent when Jesus cried!
The earth was shaken when he died.

5 The heavens their black curtains drew,
Such mournful scenes they could not view;
It was too much for human eye,
To see the King of Glory die.

6 How dark and awful was the day,
When Jesus died to take away
Our curse and punishment and pain,
For which he died and rose again. ‡

137

C. M.

1 O LET me look to Golgotha,
And my dear Savior see,
Who on the cross doth weep and pray,
Who bleeds and dies for me.

2 O may that blood my Jesus spilt,
When he for me was slain,
Cause me to know and feel my guilt!
My guilt of deepest stain.

3 He died for me, that I should live,
And in his latest breath
He pray'd the Father to forgive,
And sav'd my soul from death.

4 This precious truth to me reveal'd,
My doubts shall soon remove;
And, having thus my pardon seal'd,
My soul is mov'd with love.

5 The law with all its pow'r and force
Cannot effectual be,
To free my soul from sin and curse,
Or work a change in me.

6 But when I can believe it true,
What Christ for me hath done,
My heart must feel and soften too,
For follies, weep and mourn.

7 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God!
Come, venture near, and try;
The merits of the Savior's blood
Will bring salvation nigh.

138 C. M.

1 WHEN Jesus on the cross I see,
My soul is mov'd within,
To think my Lord has died for me,
To free my soul from sin.

2 Should such a creature as I am,
My Lord's compassion move?
Astonishing that I should claim
The merits of his love.

3 Sure, it would melt my harden'd heart,
And humble me the more,

Could I but know and feel in part,
The pains my Savior bore.

4 My proud, my stout, and selfish will,
No longer could abide;
My vile affections prone to ill,
Would soon be crucified.

5 Was all the force of learning join'd
To make me know and feel
My dark and wretched state of mind,
Yet all could not avail. ‡

139 L. M.

1 WHAT caus'd a deep and mournful sound?
What caus'd the earthquakes cleave the ground,
Both heav'n and earth set in amaze,
The glorious sun to hide his face?

2 No wonder why the earth doth shake,
The seas convuls'd and mountains quake,
And nature shrinking with surprise,
Since Christ, the mighty Savior, dies!

3 His blood is streaming from the tree,
It is my Savior, O 'tis he;
My only Savior, O my God!
There shedding his atoning blood.

4 For me there on the cross he hangs,
For me he feels such horrid pangs;
For me he yields his fleeting breath,
For me he dies that painful death. ‡

140 C. M.

1 THUS saith the Ruler of the skies:
"Awake, my dreadful sword;
Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,
My fellow," saith the Lord.

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And, armed, down she flies;

Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head, and dies.

3 But, oh! the wisdom, and the grace,
That join with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.

4 A person so divine was he,
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his life away,
And take the same again.

5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let ev'ry nation sing,
And angels sound, with endless joy,
The Savior and the King.

141 L. M.

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

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

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

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise):
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

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

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

142 C. M.

1 BEHOLD the loving Son of God!
Stretch'd out upon the tree;
Behold him shed his precious blood,
And die for you and me.

2 Why is his body rack'd with pains,
And wrung with keenest smart?
Why flows the blood out of his veins?
Why torn with grief his heart?

3 All righteousness did he fulfil,
No sin did e'er he know;
He never thought nor acted ill:
Why was he wounded so?

4 Alas! I know the reason why:
Our num'rous sins he bore;
This caus'd his bitter agony,
This wounded him so sore.

5 But hence our confidence begins;
For we may boldly say,
That thus, by bearing all our sins,
He took them all away.

6 Our God is fully reconcil'd,
His justice satisfied;
Each sinner now may be his child,
Since Jesus bled and died.

7 Come, then, each needy sinner, come,
If you 'll accept he 'll give;
But suffer him to lead you home:
Whoever will, may live.

143 C. M.

Psalm 69, 14–21, 26, 29, 32.

1 NOW let our lips, with holy fear
And mournful pleasure, sing
The suff'rings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heav'nly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3 "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
Nor hide thy shining face;
Why should thy fav'rite look like one
Forsaken of thy grace?

4 With rage they persecute the Man
That groans beneath thy wound,
While for a sacrifice I pour
My life upon the ground.

5 They tread my honor to the dust,
And laugh when I complain;
Their sharp insulting slanders add
Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 All my reproach is known to thee,
The scandal and the shame;
Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
And lies defil'd my name.

7 I look'd for pity, but in vain:
My kindred are my grief:
I ask my friends for comfort round,
But meet with no relief.

8 With vinegar they mock my thirst;
They give me gall for food:
And, sporting with my dying groans,
They triumph in my blood.

9 Shine into my distressed soul,
Let thy compassions save;

And though my flesh sink down to death,
Redeem it from the grave.

10 I shall arise to praise thy name,
Shall reign in worlds unknown;
And thy salvation, O my God,
Shall seat me on thy throne."

EPISTLE.—Isa. 53.

144

C. M.

1 WHO hath believ'd thy sacred word?
The message of thy Son?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord!
And make his office known.

2 The Jews despis'd his person here,
Esteem'd him vile and mean,
For in the form he did appear,
No comeliness was seen.

3 A man of sorrow, pain, and grief,
He was on earth below;
In him the Jews had no belief,
But odious in their view.

4 They turn'd their eyes away from him,
And treated him with scorn;
He suffer'd pain and grief for them;
Their sorrows he hath borne.

5 The Lord in justice pleas'd to bruise
Him, though his only Son;
He suffer'd for the stubborn Jews,
And nations yet unknown.

6 Like wand'ring sheep, we ran astray,
And left the fold of God;
Each wand'ring in the crooked way,
And in the downward road.

7 But all our sins on him were laid,
We by his wounds are heal'd;

God's vengeance on the Shepherd's head,
Is our redemption seal'd.

8 Ten thousand captive souls enslav'd
And doom'd to endless pain,
Are from their graves and prisons sav'd,
And brought to God again.

9 His joyful soul shall ever see
The purchase of his blood!
Great numbers justified shall be,
And reconcil'd to God.

10 His honor, life, and ev'ry breath
For sinners then he gave;
Was like the wicked in his death,
And took with them his grave.

11 But God shall raise his honor high,
And give him great reward:
He who for sinners once did die,
Now reigns as sov'reign Lord. ‡

145 L. M.

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

2 Father, forbid that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

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

FEAST OF EASTER.

GOSPEL.—Mark 16, 1–8.

146 C. M.

1 TO Jesus Christ, our living Head,
Be everlasting praise;
Who now is raised from the dead,
With power, life, and grace.

2 He suffer'd, died, and rose again;
Though death and hell oppose,
He shall for ever live and reign,
In spite of all his foes.

3 The force of men and devils join'd,
With all their art and scheme,
They could not keep that Lord confin'd
Who quells and conquers them.

4 He bleeds no more upon the tree,
No more to shed his blood;
He needs no more for sinners be
The bleeding Lamb of God.

5 Once for us all he bled and died,
But was from death restor'd;
He rose, that we be justified,
And holy to the Lord.

6 O cruel death! where is thy sting?
Where is thy pow'r, O grave?
All glory to the Lord our King,
Who died our souls to save.

147 S. M.
Luke 24, 34.

1 "THE Lord is ris'n indeed,"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, we beheld the Savior bleed,
And saw him living too.

2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
Then Justice asks no more;

Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who stood oppos'd before.

3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
Then is his work perform'd;
The captive surely now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarm'd.

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

5 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord,
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

148

4 lines 7's.
1 Cor. 15, 56.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day!
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth, reply.

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

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

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

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

6 What, though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parent's fall;
Second life let us receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection—thou.

149

C. M.

Psalm 2.

1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

2 The Lord, who sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks, with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3 "I call him my eternal Son,
And raise him from the dead;
I make my holy hill his throne,
And wide his kingdom spread.

4 Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
The utmost heathen lands;
The rod of iron shall destroy
The rebel who withstands."

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heav'nly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne,
For if he frown, ye die;
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

EPISTLE.—1 Cor. 5, 6–8.

150

L. M.

1 THE feast of Easter was enjoin'd
To keep our Savior Christ in mind;
He was our great Passover slain,
Who once was dead, but lives again.

2 That Paschal Lamb the Jews did eat,
Prefigur'd Christ our Lord complete:
The whole of what it typified,
Was all complete, when Jesus died.

3 We also have a Paschal Lamb,
Since Christ, our great Passover, came;
He died to be our sacrifice,
And rose that we should also rise.

4 Let us agree with one accord,
To keep this feast unto the Lord!
But not in malice or deceit,
For such the Lord will ever hate.

5 To purge the heart from base desires;
The keeping of this feast requires—
To love the Lord our living Head,
Is feasting on unleaven'd bread.

151

C. M.

1 LO, the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land!
The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er;
Nor pour'd the wrath divine!
He saw the blood on ev'ry door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3 Thus the appointed lamb must bleed,
To break th' Egyptian yoke;
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

5 Jesus our true Passo'er was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

[*From "Jesus meine Zuversicht,"*—By J. S.]

151-A 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.

1 JESUS lives, my trust secure,
I shall live with him in heaven;
Though I die, this truth is sure,—
Need my heart with fear be riven?
Jesus lives, this body too
Bursts the grave and breathes anew.

2 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
I shall see his exaltation,
When my mould'ring dust he gives
To its sweet reanimation.
Why should mortal terrors grieve?
Will the head its members leave?

3 By the bonds of vital Faith,
I am twin'd with him forever;
He explor'd the realms of death,
All its ghastly chains to sever.
Me the pow'rs of death must bind,
Ere eternal life I find.

4 Wrought of earth, I know I must
O'er to earth this frame deliver,
But new life shall warm my dust,
Kindled up to praise the Giver;
By his side and free from fears,
I shall live through endless years.

5 Chain'd no more in mortal coil,
Bless'd with life still brighter glowing,
Toss'd no more from toil to toil,
Sweeter bliss still o'er me flowing,
Finisher and Savior fair
I shall see thee always there.

6 Then shall I in purer light,
Comprehend thy love transcendent,
And with swelling heart recite
Freedom and the joys attendant,
Rescu'd from mortality,
Breathing grateful songs to thee.

7 Let these mortal members die,
Flesh nor blood can see fruition,
Low these earthly atoms lie,
Yet I shall not see perdition;
I shall moulder, sink away,
Yet awake to endless day.

8 Be inspir'd with hope and joy,
Jesus owns you all his members;
Christians let no griefs annoy,
Christ will light your lifeless embers,
When his voice with potent swell,
Breaks the gloom where shadows dwell.

9 From these dungeon walls of clay,
See yon brighter worlds supernal,
Thither lo! he points your way,
From the grave to life eternal;
There around, above, below,
Not a tear of grief shall flow.

10 Rise then, joyful Christians, rise,
Lift your thoughts from earth to heaven;
Yea, e'en here beneath the skies,
Be your lives to Jesus given;
Let us, Savior, love to be
Ever growing like to thee.

EASTER MONDAY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 24, 13–35.

152 C. M.

1 WHY should we fear the pow'rs of hell?
Why should we be afraid?
Since Jesus conquer'd when he fell,
And rose, our Lord and Head.

2 His tortures and his dying pain,
His sorrows and his grief,
Have bursted the infernal chain,
And purchas'd our relief.

3 Death is in vict'ry swallow'd up,
Our freedom is obtain'd;
And Christ, who is our life and hope,
Hath full redemption gain'd.

4 Now he has left his silent tomb,
And prov'd his mighty pow'r;
We shall enjoy the life to come,
With him for evermore.

5 Come, let us thank him for his love,
With all we can afford;
With saints on earth and hosts above,
Praise him our mighty Lord.

153 L. M.

1 THIS is for us a happy day,
Come, let us join to sing and pray,

And him, our blessed Lord, adore,
Who lives and reigns for evermore.

2 Glad halleluiahs let us sing,
To Jesus, our great Lord and King!
In spite of all that did oppose,
He rose, and conquer'd all his foes.

3 The cross, the nail, and bloody spear,
He never more shall need to fear;
His death destroy'd the pow'rs of death,
And all the force of hell beneath.

4 The happy news the angels brought,
To those who Jesus early sought,
It is to us the very same:
With them we join to praise his name.

5 As Jesus from the grave did rise,
So shall we too be rais'd likewise;
Our bodies raised from the tomb,
Will fit them for the life to come.

6 There, like bless'd angels we shall be;
With them the face of Jesus see:
We shall enjoy him as he is,
In full fruition, life, and peace.

EPISTLE.—Acts 10, 34–41.

154 C. M.

1 O BLESSED truth the gospel shows,
On which may be relied,
As Peter taught the partial Jews,
All doubts are laid aside.

2 No pref'rence unto man is giv'n,
Because of birth and name;
But all the nations under heav'n,
Have equal right and claim.

3 All those who humbly fear the Lord,
And seek his righteousness,
All those who trust unto his word,
Have endless life and peace.

4 This doctrine through the promis'd land
First to the Jews was shown;
And by the Savior's great command,
Made to all nations known.

5 The Jews had crucified and slain
Jesus upon the tree;
But O, he rose, and lives again,
To all eternity.

6 O happy news, sent far abroad!
As prophesied before:
All may be reconcil'd to God,
And live for evermore. ‡

155 C. M.

1 WITH eye impartial, heav'n's high King
Surveys each human tribe;
No earthly pomp his eyes can charm,
Nor wealth his favor bribe.

2 The rich and poor, of equal clay,
His pow'rful hand did frame;
All souls are his, and him alike
Their common Parent claim.

3 Ye sons of men of high degree,
Your great Superior own;
Praise him for all his gifts, and pay
Your homage at his throne.

4 Trust in the Lord, ye humble poor,
And banish ev'ry fear:
The God you serve will ne'er forsake
The man of heart sincere.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, CALLED QUASIMODOGENITI.

GOSPEL.—John 20, 19–31.

156

C. M.

1 WHEN the disciples refuge sought,
To shun the stubborn Jews;
When they had neither hope nor thought,
They heard a welcome news.

2 Their doors were bolted, bar'd, and lock'd,
To guard them in their fears;
The Savior neither call'd nor knock'd,
But suddenly appears.

3 My peace be unto you, he said:
My peace to you is giv'n;
You need not doubt nor be afraid,
I am your Lord from heav'n.

4 That they might be convinc'd and know,
And fully satisfied,
His wounded hands to them did show,
Likewise his pierced side.

5 Thus with all saints it is the case,
When Jesus is withdrawn;
When he appears to hide his face,
Then all our joys are gone.

6 Like the disciples, they feel sad,
Like them, they feel distress'd;
A view of Jesus makes them glad,
And soothes their minds to rest. ‡

157

8 lines 8's.
Psalm 73, 25.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs
Have lost all their sweetness with me;
The midsummer's sun shines but dim,

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

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

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

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

EPISTLE.—1 John 5, 4–10.

158 L. M.

1 THE soul renew'd by grace divine,
Born of the Spirit from above,
Will conquer Satan, world, and sin,
And ever grow in faith and love.

2 By faith in Jesus Christ the Lord,
The crown and vict'ry may be gain'd;

The soul is stay'd upon the word,
And everlasting life obtain'd.

3 Jesus, the blessed Son of God,
The everlasting truth hath seal'd;
He came by water and with blood,
Himself as God and man reveal'd.

4 In heaven three do bear record:
The Father, Spirit, and the Son;
The Son is the eternal Word,
And all these blessed three are one.

5 And three there are on earth below:
The Spirit, water, and the blood;
These bare record, and witness too,
That Jesus is the Son of God.

6 All these records, as one agree,
And we do know that they are sure;
The testimonies of those three
Do seal our peace for evermore.

159 S. M.

1 John 5, 6.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Savior's name;
Jesus th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 [My Savior's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water, and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We know his witness good.

9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he died for me,
And seal'd my Savior's love.

10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart:
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, CALLED MISERICORDIAS.

GOSPEL.—John 10, 12–16.

160 L. M.

1 JESUS the great and mighty Lord,
Will evermore defend and guard
His feeble flock on earth below,
Will keep and bear them safely through.

2 He loves them with a tender love,
And ever so to them will prove;

His love is great, beyond degree:
He died for them, to set them free.

3 He is their Shepherd, Lord, and Friend!
To all their cries he will attend;
He feeds them with his word of grace,
And will preserve them all their days.

4 He knows his sheep, they hear his voice,
He is their Shepherd and their choice;
He knows his flock, he calls their names,
He guards and feeds his tender lambs.

5 But mark! this passage plainly shows,
This flock here mention'd was the Jews;
And as the Savior died for all,
The Gentiles too receiv'd a call.

6 And Christ the Savior well foreknew,
That they would b'lieve his doctrine too;
He called them another fold,
Besides the Jews, the flock of old.

7 It was to them a joyful news,
To share the gospel with the Jews;
Therefore with them they freely join'd,
And were with them one heart and mind. ‡

161

S. M.
Psalm 23, 1–3.

1 WHILE my Redeemer 's near,
My Shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

4 Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
Beneficence divine!

5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

6 Unworthy as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

EPISTLE.—1 Peter 2, 21–25.

162 C. M.

1 THAT great example Jesus set,
As the Apostle saith,
Must ev'ry Christian imitate,
To prove his living faith.

2 The Christian man is call'd thereto,
In Jesus' steps to tread;
To suffer with his Lord below,
As members with the head.

3 Like Jesus, humble, meek, and mild,
Let all his fol'wers be;
To all their fates be reconcil'd,
And bear with injury.

4 He was expos'd to scorn and pain,
Revil'd, and mock'd, and beat;
Yet he reviled not again,
Nor yet aveng'd the treat.

5 His life with willingness did yield,
And died, our lives to save;
And by his wounds, our wounds are heal'd,
And ransom'd from the grave.

6 Like sheep that wander from the fold,
We left the ways of God;
But the great Bishop of the soul,
Redeem'd us by his blood.

7 O Christians then, let us partake,
And suffer with our Lord,
And bear the cross for Jesus' sake,
And wait the great reward. ‡

163 C. M.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace,
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;
Yet with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'rers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before mine eyes?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love my enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And in my Savior's name
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, CALLED JUBILATE.

GOSPEL.—John 16, 16–23.

164 C. M.

1 WHEN Christ let his disciples know,
That he should soon depart,
And leave them to this world below,
It griev'd them to their heart.

2 To them he also testified,
What sorrows they would have;
That they should see him crucified,
And laid into the grave.

3 Sure, that was more distressing still,
Such words as these to hear;
And much contrary to their will,
That Christ such things should bear.

4 They hop'd a great and better thing,
When first with him they join'd;
They hop'd that he would be their king,
And govern to their mind.

5 God's counsels were to them unknown;
They knew not his decree,
That Jesus should for sin atone,
By dying on the tree.

6 When we first join with Jesus too,
Our hearts are overjoy'd;
When we have him no more in view,
Then is our peace destroy'd.

7 Like the disciples we do mourn,
When Jesus disappears;
Like them we find reproach and scorn,
And many doubts and fears.

8 But our great consolation is,
He will return again—
If we but trust his promises,
Our peace shall still remain. ‡

165

L. M.

1 O GOD, my Sun, thy blissful rays
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enlivening beams depart!

2 Scarce through the shades, a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes!
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise?

3 O let me not despairing mourn,
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky:
My glorious Sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

4 O for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray,
Beneath the Sun's refulgent eye.

EPISTLE.—1 Peter 2, 11–20.

166

L. M.

1 HOW bless'd are they who always strive
To keep their souls to God alive!
Who keep their minds with God arrang'd,
And live to ev'ry vice estrang'd.

2 They war with Satan, world, and flesh,
And e'er renew their strength afresh;
They honor God in all they do,
And always good examples show.

3 Although they bear reproach and blame,
They glorify their Savior's name;
They treat their enemies with love,
Which is their method to reprove.

4 Whate'er their state of life may be,
They keep their hearts from envy free:

From all revenge they will abstain,
To shame the ignorance of men.

5 This makes their state of mind complete,
When they with patience can submit
To all the precepts of the Lord,
His ordinance and blessed word. ‡

167

L. M.

James 2, 18.

1 IN vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death,
When they indulge some sinful view,
In all they say, in all they do.

2 The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word;
Commits his works to God alone,
And seeks his will before his own.

3 A barren tree that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root:
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree!"

4 Never did men by faith divine
To selfishness or sloth incline:
The Christian works with all his pow'r,
And grieves that he can work no more.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, CALLED CANTATE.

GOSPEL.—John 16, 5–15.

168

C. M.

1 O PRECIOUS word the Savior spake,
To his disciples dear:
Though you, my friends, I must forsake,
You need not doubt nor fear.

2 To my bless'd Father I ascend,
And leave you here below;

I will remain your greatest friend,
And you shall find it true.

3 For that ye now lament and grieve,
It answers for your good;
The Holy Ghost shall you receive,
The Comforter from God.

4 Your souls shall be with grace endow'd,
Your hearts abound with joy,
Your fears shall vanish like a cloud
That with the winds does fly.

5 He shall reprove the world of sin,
Because of unbelief;
Which evermore the cause has been,
That men find no relief.

6 By faith in Jesus, man is sav'd!
Restor'd to God again;
But unbelief keeps man enslav'd,
And rivets Satan's chain.

7 My innocence and righteousness
He shall sufficient prove:
When he shall make the world confess,
That I do reign above.

8 The prince of darkness is condemn'd,
With all his art and pow'r;
And man is greatly to be blam'd
To serve him any more. ‡

169 L. M.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide:
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

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

3 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and love thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from thee may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to righteousness, the road
That we must take, to dwell with God;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

EPISTLE.—James 1, 16–21.

170

C. M.

1 FROM God above, the God of heav'n,
Is ev'ry gift bestow'd;
And all we need from him is giv'n,
Salvation, life, and food.

2 The God, our Father, and our Light,
He changes never more;
Whose ways are holy, just, and right,
Whose promises are sure.

3 His Spirit and the gospel-word
Create the mind anew;
The Savior's image is restor'd!
His mercies brought to view.

4 And thus renew'd and born again,
And made the heirs of grace,
We will for evermore abstain
From sin and sinners' ways.

5 And swift to hear, and slow to speak,
Not subject unto wrath,
Are they who keep their souls awake,
By constant pray'r and faith.

6 Lord, may it be my chief concern,
To live as Christians ought;
And may I ever live and learn
The lessons I am taught.

171

C. M.

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends;
Convinc'd that ev'ry perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And pow'r, and wisdom too:
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchas'd grace;
His blood's availing plea
Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine:
The praise of ev'ry virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The pow'r on thee to call;
In whom we are, and move, and live,
Our God is ALL in ALL.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, CALLED ROGATE.

GOSPEL.—John 16, 23–30.

172

L. M.

1 GREAT comforts does the Savior give,
To those who in his word believe;
He says, the Father will indeed
Grant to his saints all they do need.

2 He bids us ask by faithful pray'r,
And solemnly he doth declare,
Whate'er you ask him in my name,
Ye shall be sure to have the same!

3 God's word and promise never fail,
All faithful pray'rs, they must prevail;
God's promises are not in vain,
Whate'er we need, we shall obtain.

4 God ever bows his gracious ear,
The pray'rs of faithful souls to hear;
Their times of troubles will be past,
And all their wants reliev'd at last.

5 When the disciples were distress'd,
With many doubts and fears oppress'd,
The Savior bid them bear and wait,
And patiently endure their fate.

6 To their great comforts they should find,
That God was gracious, good, and kind;
And they should find he was their friend,
Who made them happy in the end.

7 We join to pray in Jesus' name,
For God will be to us the same;
Such as he was in former days,
Which we shall witness to his praise. ‡

173 C. M.

Matth. 6, 6.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night:
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may thy piercing eye survey
My solemn homage paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry evening's shade.

3 Oh let thy own celestial fire,
The incense still inflame;

While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

EPISTLE.—James 1, 22-27.

174 L. M.

1 NOT only hearers of the word
Can e'er be pleasing to the Lord!
But such who seek and strive to do
All things as well as they do know.

2 How greatly doth that man deceive
Himself, who may suppose or b'lieve
To be an heir of saving grace,
Whilst Christian duties he delays.

3 Just like a simple man that would
His visage in a glass behold!
But soon his visage is forgot,
As though he had beheld it not.

4 Sure, such religion all is vain,
Whilst men enslav'd to sin remain;—
That soul in grace can ne'er succeed
That will not serve the Lord indeed.

5 But bless'd and happy is the man,
Who searches well the gospel plan,
That perfect law of liberty,
That sets the soul from vices free. ‡

175 C. M.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living Head:—

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

4 Faith must obey our Father's will,
As well as trust his grace:
A pard'ning God requires us still
To perfect holiness.

ASCENSION-DAY.

GOSPEL.—Mark 16, 14–20.

176 C. M.

1 WHEN Jesus' time had fully come
To leave this world below,
Then he return'd to heav'n, his home!
Where he is worship'd now.

2 His work on earth is all complete;
His suff'rings have an end;
In heav'n he took his place and seat,
And reigns at God's right hand.

3 The hosts of heaven praise his name,
And of his wonders sing;
Then let us join to do the same,
And worship him our King.

4 To him are endless praises due,
From all that live and move;
Yet men or angels cannot show
The greatness of his love.

5 We shall more fully sing his praise,
When we get near his throne—
And love and thank him all our days,
For all that he has done.

177

L. M.
Psalm 24, 7.

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

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

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

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

178

C. M.
Luke 24, 50, 51.

1 IT is the voice of love divine,
That strikes the list'ning ear,
That soothes his mourning fol'wers' grief,
And wipes the falling tear.

2 "Because I leave this world," he cries,
"Your weeping eyes o'erflow;
But though I seek my native skies,
My heart remains below.

3 My Spirit shall descend, and rest
Upon each faithful head,
Till I, your Lord, return to call
My servants from the dead."

4 He said—and lifting up his hands,
Pronounc'd his parting pray'r;
When lo, a bright descending cloud
Convey'd him through the air.

5 With solemn awe his fol'wers view'd
The splendor of the scene,
While the unfolding gates of light
Receiv'd the Savior in.

6 Burning with holy zeal, they spread,
Through distant lands, his word:
And we, like them, with faith and joy
Expect our risen Lord.

179 L. M.

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

2 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd,
To save us rebels,—yes, 'tis he!
How bright, how lovely, how admir'd!

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

4 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store,
Nature and art, with all their pow'rs,
Would still confess the off'rer poor.

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

EPISTLE.—Acts 1, 1–11.

180 C. M.

1 JESUS our Lord to heav'n is gone,
And sits at God's right hand!

Where angels him their Sov'reign own,
And are at his command.

2 Lo! he ascends with pow'r and might,
To heav'n, from whence he came—
And there he reigns in glorious light,
And angels praise his name.

3 For that he once himself abas'd,
And died to set us free;
He is by all in heaven prais'd,
And will for ever be.

4 Once more on earth he is to come,
To judge the human race,
And take his ransom'd people home,
To know his pow'r and grace.

181 C. M.

1 OH for a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him rising thro' the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

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

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Isra'l stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd 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 Abrah'm's God is known;
While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION-DAY.

GOSPEL.—John 15, 26, to ch. 16, 4.

182 C. M.

1 CHRIST'S servants should not be afraid
Their duties to perform;
The promises the Lord hath made,
Will guard them in the storm.

2 They should not think it hard or strange,
To bear the Savior's cross;
For Satan seeks to have revenge
On those who cause his loss.

3 When Satan, sin, and world combine,
Their labors to oppose,
Yet Jesus by his pow'r divine,
Will baffle all such foes.

4 Though griefs and sorrows them await,
And trials of their faith,
To some it proves their lot and fate,
To feel the stroke of death.

5 All this should never more indeed
Fright feeble saints away;
God giveth strength as they do need,
According to the day.

6 Supported by that mighty hand,
Such servants may endure
To persevere, and firmly stand,
In spite of Satan's pow'r.

183 C. M.
Psalm 119, 117.

1 LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear,
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

2 Let but thy own almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape, secure from harm,
Amid the dreadful storm.

3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
Till all my toils shall cease;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

EPISTLE.—1 Peter 4, 8–11.

184 C. M.

1 BE sober, watching unto pray'r,
Ye who would serve the Lord,
Since faithful Christians' duties are,
To walk the narrow road.

2 Let fervent charity abound,
That grace from God above;
For where that precious gift is found,
It covers faults with love.

3 If charity possess the mind,
It proves itself indeed;
Such are affectionate and kind
To all that are in need.

4 Such ne'er begrudge what they can do,
But help on ev'ry side;
And thus to help each other through,
True Christians are employ'd.

5 As faithful stewards of the Lord,
Each occupies his place,

Applies the oracles and word
With all the means of grace. ‡

185 L. M.

1 BLEST is the man, whose breast can move,
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He in the time of gen'ral grief
Shall find the Lord hath mercy too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With sacred blessings on his head,
When drouth, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

WHITSUNDAY.

GOSPEL.—John 14, 23–31.

186 C. M.

1 HOW bless'd are they who love the Lord,
And seek his will to do;
They have his promise and his word,
That he will love them too.

2 The Holy Spirit shall reveal
The gracious will of God;
And thus their hearts shall know and feel
The worth of Jesus' blood.

3 That which the world cannot receive,
The peace of God within,

Is the reward to all who b'lieve;
And they will conquer sin.

4 The Holy Ghost, with heav'nly grace,
And blessings from above,
Will make such hearts his dwelling place,
And fill the soul with love.

5 He will for ever there abide,
To all their wants attend,
To be their counsel and their guide,
Their safeguard and their friend.

6 O happy, where such grace divine
Can have its real abode;
O may such treasures too be mine!
Those precious gifts of God. ‡

187 L. M.

1 O COMFORTER of God, come down,
And cause our hearts to be thine own;
Thy heav'nly light in us to shine,
Would fill our hearts with grace divine.

2 Thou blessed gift from God above,
Thou heav'nly light and fire of love,
O let thy pow'r and grace be felt,
And cause our harden'd hearts to melt.

3 Our sinful state to us reveal,
And godly sorrow let us feel;
Thy sacred gifts to us impart,
And write thy laws upon each heart.

4 O, fill our souls with heav'nly grace,
Till we thy sacred love embrace;
Thy work begun in us, renew,
And finish our salvation too.

5 Grant us a true and living faith,
And make us faithful unto death;
Help us escape the snares of sin,
And grant us joy and peace within.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
The Son, our life and righteousness;
O Holy Ghost, thy gifts be giv'n,
And fit us for the courts of heav'n. ‡

188 L. M.

1 JESUS, we on thy word depend,
Spoken by thee while present here,
The Father in thy name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

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

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

4 He only can the words apply
Through which we endless life possess,
And deal to each his legacy,
His Lord's unutterable peace.

5 That peace of God, that peace of thine,
O may he now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with pow'r divine,
And make an end of fear and sin.

6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The hight and depth of Deity,
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change, and make us all like thee!

EPISTLE.—Acts 2, 1–13.

189 L. M.

1 COME, O thou blessed Comforter!
Thy precious gifts on us confer;

Thy glorious light to us reveal,
And cause each heart thy love to feel.

2 May we like the disciples be,
Who earnestly did wait on thee,
Until thy promises were giv'n,
Thy gifts on them sent down from heav'n.

3 May we, like them, be fill'd with joy,
Like them, our efforts all employ,
To sing thy praise, and show thy love,
Thy wonders and thy blessings prove.

4 Thy heav'nly aid and quick'ning pow'rs,
Can warm these frozen hearts of ours,
Likewise afford us life and heat,
To conquer ev'ry foe we meet.

5 To have thy love is life indeed!
Thy gifts and grace are all we need,
To make us happy in thy ways,
To fit us, Lord, to sing thy praise. ‡

190 L. M.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And set like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Were by these heav'nly arms subdu'd,
The heathens saw thy glory, Lord!
And, wond'ring, bless'd thy gracious word.

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When all shall feel thy saving pow'r,
And the whole race of man confess
The beauty of thy holiness!

WHITSUN-MONDAY.

GOSPEL.—John 3, 16–21.

191 L. M.

1 GOD lov'd the world beyond degree;
Sure, no such other love can be;
He sent his Son, who died, and sav'd
The whole of man to sin enslav'd.

2 He bore the curse to make us blest;
On him doth our salvation rest;
When all our sins on him were laid,
His death for all atonement made.

3 His death has purchas'd life and grace,
For all the lost of Adam's race;
No other sacrifice could pay
For sin, and take our guilt away.

4 They who on him, the Savior, b'lieve,
Shall never perish, but shall live;
The Savior came not to condemn
The sons of men, but ransom them.

5 Come, helpless sinners, take a view,
Come, see what Christ has done for you;
Believe in him, and trust his pow'r,
And he will save you evermore. ‡

192 L. M.

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

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

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

4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse his grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

EPISTLE.—Acts 10, 42–48.

193 C. M.

1 COME, blessed Spirit, from above,
And visit us below;
Cause us to taste and feel thy love—
In thee to live and grow.

2 No gift but thine our soul inspires,
To love thee as we would;
Nor work in us such pure desires,
To serve thee as we should.

3 Thy gifts alone can cheer the mind,
And cause our fears depart;
Without that, we are deaf and blind,
And of a stubborn heart.

4 By nature we are prone to ill:
Perverse are all our ways—
And we have neither strength nor will
To live unto thy praise.

5 But when thy blessings are bestow'd,
These wants are all supplied!
And we partake the grace of God,
Till we are sanctified.

6 Thus we are made the truth to hear,
And trust unto thy word,
And with a godly, holy fear,
To worship thee, our Lord. ‡

194

L. M.

John 14, 16, 17.

1 DEAR Lord! and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious Guest!
Favor astonishing, divine!

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here—
Great spring of comfort, life, and light?

3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart!
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.

4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice?

5 Whene'er to call the Savior mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than pow'r divine
Which animates these strong desires?

6 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

7 And, when my cheerful hope can say,
"I love my God, and taste his grace,"
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heav'nly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

TRINITY-SUNDAY.

GOSPEL.—John 3, 1–15.

195 C. M.

1 HOW bless'd are they who take delight
To visit Christ the Lord!
As Nicodemus came by night,
To hear the gospel word.

2 The Lord will open to their view,
The things of greatest worth—
That which before they never knew,
The new and heav'nly birth.

3 Christ solemnly declares 'tis true,
This truth will e'er remain:
God's kingdom ye can never view,
Till ye are born again!

4 The water and the Spirit are
The means which Christ directs;
And as the Savior doth declare,
These must have their effects.

5 But how this gracious work is wrought,
Is more than man can know!
And far beyond the reach of thought,
What heav'nly grace can do.

6 The Spirit worketh as he please;
And they who will submit,
Shall find that God's appointed ways
Will make the work complete. ‡

196 C. M.

John 3, 5–7.

1 SINNERS! this solemn truth regard!
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ the Savior hath declar'd,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain:
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 By nature we are all deprav'd;
The heart 's defil'd by sin;
Without thy grace we can't be sav'd,
"Ye must be born again."

4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain:
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."

5 The water and the Spirit are
The means—the Savior 's plain—
To put on Christ our garment bright,
"Ye must be born again."

6 This glorious robe of grace divine
May dying sinners claim,
And live secure in Christ the vine,
"O all that 's born again."

7 Spirit of life! thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
And witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart
"That we are born again."

197 L. M.

Num. 21, 8, 9.

1 WHEN Isra'l's grieving tribes complain'd,
With fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
A serpent straight the prophet made
Of molten brass, to view display'd.

2 Around the fainting crowds attend,
To heav'n their mournful sighs ascend;
They hope, they look, while from the pole
Descends a pow'r that makes them whole.

3 But, O, what healing to the heart
Doth our Redeemer's cross impart!

What life, by faith, our souls receive!
What pleasures do his sorrows give!

4 Still may I view the Savior's cross,
And other objects count but loss;
Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,
Enraptur'd with his sacrifice!

5 Jesus the Savior! balmy name!
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim;
By thy atonement set me free,
My life, my hope, is all from thee.

198 C. M.
John 3, 14–16.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
And live," the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Savior hung;
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

EPISTLE.—Rom. 11, 33–36.

199 L. M.

1 O HEIGHT and depth of boundless love,
Not men below, nor saints above,

Can search the great Creator's ways,
Or know the riches of his grace.

2 Not angels' search, nor human skill,
Can ever comprehend his will;
His judgments, counsels, and his mind,
The wisest creature cannot find.

3 Yet, God was pleased to unfold
The things that were conceal'd of old,
When he divulg'd that glorious plan,
Which was, to save the race of man.

4 At first, unto the Jews alone,
This was by types and shadows shown;
Then by his prophets and his word,
To show the counsels of the Lord.

5 But O, this was not understood,
That man should be redeem'd with blood;
This was to Jews and Greeks conceal'd,
Till all was in the fact reveal'd.

6 The Jews had long salvation sought,
In their own works which they had wrought;
And thus refus'd the gospel call,
Which prov'd their stumble and their fall.

7 The Heathens heard the gospel voice;
It fill'd their souls with greatest joys,
When this great myst'ry came to view,
That Jesus died to save them too.

8 O, height and depth of love divine!
Who could foresee that great design?
The Lord himself from heav'n came down,
And died to make the world his own.

200 C. M.

Rom. 1, 30; ch. 5, 8, 9; 1 Peter 3, 22.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glories shine!
How high thy wonders rise!

Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

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

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Our souls are fill'd with awe divine,
To see what God performs.

4 When sinners break the Father's law,
The dying Son atones;
Oh the dear myst'ries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

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

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 16, 19–31.

201 L. M.

1 A WORLDLING, wretched, vile, and base,
Not subject to restraining grace,
But yielded to his lusts and pride,
And set all fear of God aside.

2 Though he had riches laid in store,
Yet no compassion on the poor!
A beggar in a helpless state,
Found no assistance at his gate.

3 The worldling spent his precious days
In luxury, in sports and plays—
While the poor beggar lay distress'd,
With poverty and sores oppress'd.

4 But to them both it proved strange,
To meet with such a sudden change:
The worldling sent to endless pain,
The beggar plac'd with Christ to reign.

5 This is the sinner's awful case:
They who neglect the time of grace,
They cry for help, but O! too late,
When once they share their lot and fate.

6 The worldling pray'd to get relief,
To mitigate his pain and grief;
But father Abrah'm could not grant
That cooling drop which he did want.

7 If we seek heaven here on earth,
We lose the heav'n of greater worth:
To bear the cross with Jesus here,
Entitles us to glory there.

8 Dear Savior, make us truly wise,
All sinful pleasures to despise—
The greatest evil we can do,
That is to choose our heav'n below. ‡

202 L. M.

Luke 6, 25.

1 IN what confusion earth appears!
God's dearest children bath'd in tears;
While they who heav'n itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
And ere I censure, view the end:
That end, how diff'rent! who can tell
The wide extremes of heav'n and hell?

3 See the red flames around him twine,
Who did in gold and purple shine!

Nor can his tongue one drop obtain,
T' allay the scorching of his pain.

4 While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abrah'm's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

5 Jesus, my Lord, let me appear
The meanest of thy servants here;
So that at length I may but taste
The blessings of thy marriage feast.

EPISTLE.—1 John 4, 16–21.

203 C. M.

1 O MAY I know the grace of God!
And taste his love divine;
His love which he hath shed abroad,
Which makes the Savior mine.

2 To dwell in God, and God in me,
Would perfect me in love:
How bless'd and happy would I be
In him to live and move.

3 No slavish fear torments the heart,
Where love can dwell and reign;
The pow'rs of darkness must depart,
The soul is freed from pain.

4 We love him who hath lov'd us first,
Who bought us with his blood,
Who made us bless'd when we were curs'd,
And enemies to God.

5 To love the Lord, thus we were bound,
Our fellow-men likewise;
Or our profession will be found
But vanity and lies.

6 Lord! make me faithful and sincere;
Make me to watch and pray,

That I may never need to fear
Of being cast away.

204

C. M.
1 Cor. 13, 8.

1 HAPPY the heart, where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But devils 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.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 14, 16-24.

205

C. M.

1 YE sons of men, come, one and all!
Come to the Gospel feast;
Obey your blessed Savior's call;
O come, and be his guest!

2 We bear his message unto you,
Commission'd by the Lord:
His promises, come prove them true;
And trust unto his word.

3 All things for you are ready now;
And precious is the treat!

And all you need he will bestow,
To make your joys complete.

4 We pray that you may all draw near,
And to the call attend;
They who refuse our call to hear,
Despise the Lord, their friend.

5 Nothing pertaining to this life,
Should cause you to delay;
Not land, nor oxen, nor a wife,
Keep you from Christ away.

6 Be ye not like the stubborn Jews,
Who all his calls disdain'd;
Because they did his grace refuse,
His curse on them remain'd.

7 He calleth not the Jews alone,
But all who will receive;
Come! poor and needy ev'ry one,
Come ye to him, and live.

8 But come ye now, make no delay!
O come with speed and haste,
Lest he should in displeasure say,
My feast ye shall not taste. ‡

206 C. M.

1 THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board:
Not all the boasted joys of earth
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n;
And the rich blood, which Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heav'n.

3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace will find you room.

4 Thousands of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And thousands more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That thousands more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready; enter in,
Nor weak excuses frame:
Come, take your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

EPISTLE.—1 John 3, 13–18.

207 C. M.

1 O CHRISTIAN brethren, marvel not!
What, if the world hate you?
This is the Christian's share and lot,
Whilst here on earth below.

2 The world will ever love its ways,
Those of unrighteousness!
The carnal mind can ne'er embrace
The ways of life and peace.

3 Those who have pass'd from death to life,
Must needs expect to find
Continual war and constant strife,
With those of carnal mind.

4 The soul remains with sin defil'd,
Whilst in a carnal state,
And never will be reconcil'd
To bear the Christian's fate.

5 Where there is not a living faith,
The mind is not renew'd;
And still remains in sin and death,
And enmity with God.

208

S. M.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 15, 1-10.

209

C. M.

1 JESUS poor sinners will receive,
And make them welcome too;
He calls on them: O come and live!
I am a friend to you.

2 He eats and drinks, and treats with them,
On gracious terms of peace;
And they who firmly b'lieve on him,
Shall know his pard'ning grace.

3 He seeks them as poor wand'ring sheep,
Who err and go astray;
And by his providence will keep
Them in the righteous way.

4 He calls them with a loving voice,
And wishes them to come;
And angels too with him rejoice
To see them turning home.

5 He seeks the lost, till they are found;
He saves and sets them free;
In him do pure desires abound,
Their happiness to see.

6 O why should sinners dread or fear
On Jesus to attend?
Who calls on them to bring them near
To him, their Lord and friend. ‡

210 C. M.

Luke 15, 3, 4.

1 WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold
Has lost a straying sheep,
Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's steep.

2 But O the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wand'rer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.

3 Homeward he hastes, to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete:
The neighbors hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.

4 Yet how much greater is the joy,
When grace one sinner turns;

When the poor wretch with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

6 Well-pleas'd the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his sheep.

7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"A wand'ring sheep 's return'd," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

EPISTLE.—1 Peter 5, 6–11.

211 C. M.

1 CAST all your cares upon the Lord,
Who careth still for you;
Your pray'rs shall evermore be heard;
Yes, heard and answer'd too.

2 O! watch and pray in all your lives;
Resist the devil's pow'r!
Who, like a roaring lion, strives,
God's children to devour.

3 O! be ye steadfast, strong in hope;
Preserve a living faith!
That will support and bear you up,
Against the pow'rs of death.

4 Should we refuse the cross to bear,
To show the Savior's name?
Our faithful brethren ev'rywhere,
Do ever bear the same.

5 And after suff'ring here awhile,
The sorrows ye may meet,

All our afflictions, pain, and toil,
Will make our joys complete.

6 The God of love, of peace, and grace,
Your great and mighty friend!
Establish you in all his ways,
Until your warfare end. ‡

212

C. M.

1 Peter 5, 8.

1 WHEN night descends in sable guise,
And spreads her gloom around,
To close the weary trav'ler's eyes,
And rest him on the ground,

2 Amidst the dreary desert wide,
The wand'rer faints to hear,
The wild alarm on ev'ry side,
Which spreads some danger near:

3 So in this wilderness of life,
Whene'er afflictions come,
We sink, as in a night of grief,
Far from our shelt'ring home.

4 The tempter's, like a lion's roar,
Sounds through the vale abroad;
Then let us watch, and evermore
Depend upon our God.

5 From ev'ry other help afar,
And left without a friend,
God is a helper ever near,
And faithful to the end.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 6, 36–42.

213

L. M.

1 WE must be merciful and kind,
If we possess the Savior's mind;

In enmity we dare not live,
But freely pardon and forgive.

2 The soul with spite and wrath oppress'd,
Can ne'er attain to peace and rest!
But slavish fear, and guilt, and pain,
Must ever on that heart remain.

3 Dare we a right to heaven claim,
Though we profess the Christian name,
Whilst we still lack the nobler part,
The love of God to rule the heart?

4 To love our friends, and them alone,
That would be next to loving none;
To love a friend, but not a foe,
Such love hath ev'ry heathen too.

5 But O it is a diff'rent case
With those who are the sons of grace!
Not eye for eye, nor tooth for tooth,
Say those who love the word of truth.

6 What ill in other men I see,
The very same I find in me;
For when I search myself within,
I find the best I do is sin.

L. M.

214 Rom. 14, 17, 19; 1 Cor. 10, 32.

1 NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue;
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

EPISTLE.—Rom. 8, 18-23.

215 L. M.

1 THE Christian suff'rings here below,
Do not deserve to be compar'd
Unto the joys God will bestow,
To those who trust unto his word.

2 On this sure promise they may build;
They never need to doubt or fear;
Such glories are in them reveal'd,
Which will repay their suff'rings here.

3 Happy will be the time indeed,
For which the whole creation wait;
When ev'ry creature shall be freed
From its oppress'd and mournful state.

4 In Adam's fall the whole was made
Subject to vanity and sin;
The curse on all the earth was laid,
And all that is contain'd therein.

5 All creatures may be said to groan,
And labor in distress and pain;
All living creatures, sun, and moon,
They feel the curse of guilt and stain.

6 But when the blessed sons of God,
In all their glory, come to view,
When heav'n and earth shall be renew'd,
All creatures are redeemed too. ‡

216 L. M.

1 "O ZION! when I think of thee,
I wish for pinions like a dove;
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.

2 "An exile here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh;

Thither the ransom'd nations come,
And see the Savior eye to eye.

3 "While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends,
Are like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

4 "But yet we shall behold the day
When Zion's children shall return;
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

5 "The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the exile's portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet."

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 5, 1–11.

217 L. M.

1 AS Peter fished all the night,
And toil'd until the morning light;
His labors they were all for nought,
He drew his net, but nothing caught.

2 Such is the case with teachers too:
All they can teach, or say, or do,
That cannot cause the world to b'lieve,
Or yet the gospel truth receive.

3 Except the Lord their labors bless,
Their labors are without success;
Their gospel-net is cast in vain,
And they have nothing for their pain.

4 When Jesus manages the case,
And clothes the word with pow'r and grace,
Then sinners will be made to hear,
To find, and know the Savior near.

5 At his commanding word we cast
Our net, and hope to catch at last!
We preach to men the gospel-word,
And for the blessing trust the Lord.

6 O, make us faithful, Lord, we pray!
That, like true fishermen, we may
In all our office act our part,
And seek thy cause with all our heart. ‡

218

L. M.

John 21, 6.

1 NOW while the gospel-net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord! the effort own;
For num'rous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much favor'd hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led;
O clothe thy word with sov'reign pow'r
To break the rocks, and raise the dead!

3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.

4 O hear our pray'r, and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and praise thee in our room.

EPISTLE.—1 Peter 3, 8–15.

219

C. M.

1 HAPPY are they and truly bless'd,
Who have the Savior's mind;
Whose hearts are with his love possess'd,
Which makes them meek and kind.

2 They follow Jesus in his way,
And bear with each assault;

Like Jesus, for their foes they pray,
And pardon ev'ry fault.

3 Such counsels as the Lord doth give,
They ardently pursue;
And by his precepts seek to live,
In all they say or do.

4 In all their lives they keep a guard,
And flee from ev'ry ill;
Their constant pray'rs are to the Lord:
"Teach us to know thy will."

5 To live in peace is their desire,
True happiness to see;
They guard their tongues, as needs require;
From vain discourses free.

6 The Lord to such is ever near,
He guards them with his eyes;
And when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries.

C. M.

Psalm 119, 11th Part.
Verse 5, 33.

220

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To seek his statutes still:
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Verse 29.

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

Verse 37, 36.

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

Verse 133.

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

Verse 176.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Verse 35.

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

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 5, 20–26.

221 L. M.

1 OUR righteousness must far exceed
That of the Pharisee indeed;
It must be of a diff'rent kind,
Such as renews the heart and mind.

2 To sing and pray, and make a show,
Is what the hypocrite can do;
He seems to act the Christian part;
May yet not have Christ's cause at heart.

3 Where grace divine reigns not within,
The mind is still attach'd to sin;
Its best devotion 's dead and cold,
As was the Pharisee's of old.

4 But diff'rent is the b'liever's state,
He will not live at such a rate;
His case unto himself is known:
He pleads no merits of his own.

5 He pleads not for self-righteousness,
But all he pleads is pard'ning grace;
What he believes, he shall partake,
And that alone for Jesus' sake.

6 He has a faith which works by love;
And all in him will live and move
In Christ his Savior and his God,
Who hath redeem'd him with his blood.

7 Here is the Christian set to view:
Lord grant that I may be such too;
Grant me that righteousness I need,
Which does the Pharisee's exceed. ‡

222 S. M.

1 IF secret fraud should dwell
Within this heart of mine,
Purge out, O God! that cursed leav'n,
And make me wholly thine.

2 If any rival there
Dares to usurp the throne,
Oh, tear th' infernal traitor thence,
And reign thyself alone.

3 Is any lust conceal'd,
Bring it to open view;
Search, search, dear Lord! my inmost soul,
And all its pow'rs renew.

EPISTLE.—Rom. 6, 3–11.

223 C. M.

1 ARE we baptiz'd in Christ our Lord,
And buried in his death,
We are from death to life restor'd,
And live in him by faith.

2 Is Jesus raised from the dead
By his almighty pow'r,

As members of that living head,
We live to sin no more.

3 We live, but not to sin enslav'd,
As once it was our case;
From Satan's power we are sav'd,
By Jesus and his grace.

4 Our base affections crucified,
And nail'd unto the tree;
And Christ will ever be enjoy'd,
Our life and liberty.

5 We are from day to day renew'd,
And made in grace to grow
Into the image of our God,
And are his children too.

6 Do we thus imitate him here,
Whilst here on earth we live,
What glories will the Savior there,
Unto his servants give! ‡

224 C. M.
Col. 3, 1.

1 ATTEND, ye children of your God,
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents, so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Savior's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There, by his Father's side he sits
Enthron'd, divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your Brother still,
And your Forerunner there.

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

THE SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Mark 8, 1–9.

225

C. M.

1 DEAR Savior, bounteous are thy hands,
Thy mercies are unknown:
Thy mighty word, thy great commands,
Can bring thy blessings down.

2 O Lord, how wondrous are thy ways,
Thy counsels none can know:
Thy love, thy mercy, and thy grace,
Provides for all below.

3 Not as the eyes of men do see,
Or human mind perceives;
But all the world is fed by thee,
And ev'ry creature lives.

4 Some thousands once had follow'd thee
Into the wilderness;
Thou hadst compassion them to see,
Faint, hungry, and distress'd.

5 But all their wants were soon suppli'd
At thy commanding word—
They ate, and all were satisfi'd,
Gave praise to thee, their Lord.

6 O happy they, who on thee wait!
And to thy calls attend;
What joy and comforts will they meet,
With thee, their Lord and friend! ‡

226

C. M.

Psalm 34.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all, who are distress'd,

From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

4 Oh, make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints! and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make ye his service your delight,—
Your wants shall be his care.

6 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supplied.

EPISTLE.—Rom. 6, 19–23.

227 S. M.

1 SHOULD we our members yield,
To act unrighteousness,
Who have the will of God reveal'd,
And his dear name profess?

2 Yet once it was our case,
We were to sin enslav'd—
But by a wondrous act of grace,
Renew'd again and sav'd.

3 We dare not yield to sin,
Though grace to us abounds—
Lest we enslave ourselves again,
And mock the Savior's wounds.

4 How much could we be blam'd,
To nourish such a root,

Whose growth would make us feel asham'd,
When once it shows its fruit?

5 Reward of sin is death,
Of body and of soul;
But ev'ry true believer hath
That which can make him whole.

6 Life is the gift of God,
For Jesus' sake 'tis giv'n:
The shedding of the Savior's blood,
Will make us heirs of heav'n. ‡

228 S. M.

Rom. 6, 1, 2, 6.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucifi'd,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ hath made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

THE EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 7, 15–23.

229 C. M.

1 BEWARE, the Savior gave command,
And watch ye unto pray'r,
That ye be wise and understand
The teachers ye may hear.

2 Our Lord declares that such shall come,
Who show a pious face;
That they would come, and would presume
To take the Savior's place.

3 They would appear like lambs without,
But rav'nous wolves within!
They teach, and pray, and act devout;
Yet all they do is sin.

4 Their doctrine is deceit and fraud,
And of a dang'rous kind;
They do not teach the truth of God,
But please the carnal mind.

5 The truth in Jesus they deny,
It answers not their end;
Their pride and lusts to crucify,
Is not what they intend.

6 As grapes on thorns have never grown,
Or figs from thistles shoot;
Just so, false doctrines ne'er were known,
Produce the Spirit's fruit.

7 The good or evil tree we know,
When of its fruit we taste;
Thus we may prove the doctrine too,
To see its fruit at last.

8 Not ev'ry one that sayeth Lord,
Shall enter into heav'n—
But they who love and keep the word,
To them it shall be giv'n. ‡

230 L. M.

Psalm 50.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns:
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name,
With lips of falsehood and deceit,

A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbors wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
By night they practice ev'ry sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6 O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes;
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

EPISTLE.—ROM. 8, 12–17.

231 L. M.

1 SHOULD we be debtors to the flesh,
We who embrace the gospel cause,
Or should it be our aim or wish,
To be subject to carnal laws;

2 If so we live, we surely die,
We cannot be from bondage freed—
Because we cannot crucify
The flesh with ev'ry evil deed.

3 The gospel makes the soul alive,
And all our vital pow'rs renew'd;
We shall succeed whene'er we strive,
To have our evil lusts subdu'd.

4 If we be made the sons of God,
And by his blessed Spirit led!

We walk the strait and narrow road,
Assisted by his heav'nly aid.

5 No bondage, dread, or slavish fear
Will God's dear children need to feel:
Whate'er the gospel doth declare,
His blessed Spirit will reveal.

6 This Spirit beareth sure record,
By which assurance will be giv'n—
His witness with the gospel-word,
Proves we are made the heirs of heav'n.

7 If thus we be the heirs of grace,
What happy creatures we shall be!
To dwell with Jesus, and embrace
His love to all eternity.

232 L. M.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down,
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day:
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,
And break the chain of reigning sin;
Our wild imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

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

THE NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 16, 1–9.

233

L. M.

1 WHAT stew'rd accused by his lord,
Soon heard that solemn fatal word:
Come, quickly give account to me,
Thou canst no longer steward be.

2 Show thy account, and state thy case,
Thou shalt no longer keep that place;
My goods to thee I can't intrust,
Since I do hear thou art unjust.

3 On earth as stewards we are plac'd,
Not to neglect, destroy, or waste
The gifts and graces God doth give,
But to improve them while we live.

4 Before the Lord we must appear,
To answer for our stew'rdship here;
We must account to God alone,
For all that we on earth have done.

5 Then let us seek and strive to know,
And humbly ask what we shall do,
To fit us for the time to come,
When we must seek another home.

6 The text directs you very plain,
How to this home you may attain;
Pray, notice well, and understand
The great Jehovah's just command.

7 If you have riches less or more,
And therewith help the helpless poor—
Then may you ever hope to speed,
And find a home, when you shall need. ‡

234

C. M.

Matth. 24, 44.

1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent!—thy end is nigh!

Death, at the farthest, can't be far—
Oh, 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 dread 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 to hell!

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume:
But, ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the gospel calls;—to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you:
Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

EPISTLE.—1 Cor. 10, 6–13.

235 C. M.

1 GREAT God, should we thy grace abuse?
Thy love and pow'r disown!
As did the disobedient Jews,
Who brought thy judgments down.

2 Thy bounteous hand on them bestow'd
Their wants, and them supplied;
Yet they provoked thee, their God,
Until they were destroy'd.

3 Thy mercies long with sinners bear,
Thy blessings them pursue;
But thy strict judgments ev'rywhere,
Must punish vices too.

4 God did not spare his chosen race,
Though long he prov'd their friend;

When long they had abus'd his grace,
They perish'd in the end.

5 Should we, like them, suppose we stand,
And therefore live secure,
Our house is built upon the sand,
And our destruction sure.

6 Then let us ever watch and pray,
Be always on our guard,
Lest, like the Jews, we run astray,
And thus forsake the Lord. ‡

236 L. M.

Psalm 78, ver. 32, &c.

1 GREAT God, how oft did Isra'l prove
By turns thine anger, and thy love!
There in a glass our hearts may see,
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain:
A tedious march through unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd, and sought the Lord again:
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise
As flat'ring words, or solemn lies;
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant, and his love.

6 Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abrah'm lov'd them still,
And led them by his holy hill.

THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 19, 41–18.

237

C. M.

1 WHEN Christ Jerusalem beheld,
As he approached near,
His heart her doleful state bewail'd,
His eyes, they flow'd with tears.

2 He look'd on her with deep distress,
And strove to be her friend;
But O, her height of wickedness,
Brought on her fatal end.

3 Didst thou but know in this thy day,
That which would work thy peace!
Before thy help is done away,
And will for ever cease.

4 But now these things are hid from thee,
And from thine eyes conceal'd;
The time is near when thou must see
God's threat'nings all fulfil'd.

5 Justice and judgment must take place;
Thy sins have brought them down:
Long ye abus'd the means of grace,
Which ye held as your own.

6 Thy foes, they shall thee compass round;
And fill thy streets with fear!
Thy walls laid level with the ground,
And thou brought to despair.

7 Such woes as never were on earth;
In ev'ry part shall rage;

Great famine, wars, and cruel death
Shall sweep thee off the stage.

8 The Jews, they shar'd their awful fate;
And thus were made to know,
That vice destroy'd their church and state,
And prov'd their overthrow.

9 Long have we heard thy warnings, Lord!
But we regard it not;
Just so, according to thy word,
Their fate must be our lot. ‡

238 C. M.

1 "UNHAPPY city! hadst thou known—
Then were thy peace secure;
But now the day of grace is gone,
And thy destruction sure."

2 Thus to the Jews the Savior calls,
As near their gates he stood;
His eyes beheld their guilty walls,
And wept a sacred flood.

3 And can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Savior see?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groan'd and died for me?

4 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

EPISTLE.—1 Cor. 12, 1–11.

239 L. M.

1 WHERE'ER the gospel truth is taught,
The way of life to light is brought—
The ignorant are made to know
Their Savior, and to serve him too.

2 The greatest gift on man bestow'd,
That is to know the living God,
And Jesus Christ, his only Son,
And what he hath for sinners done.

3 Jesus, who for our sins aton'd,
Will be confess'd and freely own'd!
The gifts he doth for us provide,
Are by the Holy Ghost applied.

4 What changes in the heart take place,
When sinners feel the work of grace!
They feel the pow'rful gospel-word,
And know that Jesus is their Lord.

5 The pow'rs of darkness are dispell'd!
The soul with light and life is fill'd—
Enabled by a heav'nly pow'r,
To love their Savior evermore.

6 Though diff'rent gifts the Spirit give,
And these from him alone proceed,
Yet, still, sufficient grace is giv'n,
To fit each seeking soul for heav'n. ‡

240 C. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influ'nce prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for mov'd by thee
Thy prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth (thyself the key!)
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Water, with heav'nly dew, thy word,
In this appointed hour;
Attend it with thy presence, Lord,
And bid it come with pow'r.

4 Open the heart of them that hear,
To make the Savior room;

Now let us find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 18, 9–14.

241 C. M.

1 THE publican and Pharisee,
Describ'd by Christ, our Lord,
They differ in a great degree,
In sentiment and word.

2 They both went to the house of pray'r,
The house for pray'r design'd;
Express'd what their affections were,
Which bore upon their mind.

3 The Pharisee, one of that class,
Who judg'd himself secure,
Thought all inspections he could pass,
Because his works were pure.

4 All that the publican could plead,
That merited no claim;
He saw his wants, he felt his need,
His soul was fill'd with shame.

5 He durst not even lift his eyes,
But smote upon his breast:
Have mercy, Lord, on me, he cries,
A sinner much oppress'd.

6 Would we not feel such like distress,
If we our case could see?
And strip'd of all self-righteousness,
To Jesus we would flee.

7 And though corrupted, vile, and base,
Condemn'd on ev'ry side,
Yet through the Savior's love and grace,
We shall be justified.

242

L. M.

1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The publican and Pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows:
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
While on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

EPISTLE.—1 Cor. 15, 1-10.

243

L. M.

1 IT would be preaching Christ in vain,
Should not the dead be rais'd again;
In vain our exercise of faith,
As Paul, the great apostle, saith.

2 In vain the gospel we receive,
If, after death, we should not live;
With bodies rais'd and glorifi'd,
Is perfect happiness enjoy'd.

3 If Jesus be the Son of God,
Then shall our bodies be renew'd;
If we do own him as our Lord,
Why should we not believe his word?

4 His promises to us are made:
"I will be sure to raise the dead—

All faithful Christians then shall be
Prepar'd to live and dwell with me."

5 That Jesus from the grave arose,
In spite of all that did oppose,
Sufficiently that fact does prove;
Therefore our doubts are all remov'd.

6 We praise the Lord, that now we have
Such living hope beyond the grave;
True, here we bear the Savior's cross,
But there he makes up all our loss. †

244

C. M.

1 Peter 1, 3–5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord:
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our many sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Savior rose,
So all his fol'wers must.

4 There 's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Gospel.—Mark 7, 31–37.

245

L. M.

1 A WRETCHED man, both dumb and deaf,
Brought to our Lord to get relief,

Was made to know the Savior's pow'r,
When he receiv'd immediate cure.

2 The Savior us'd but simple means,
Such as the haughty world disdains,
When he first took him from the throng,
To make him hear, and loosed his tongue.

3 The cure the Savior on him wrought,
Was not as carnal reason taught;
To cure this man, the Savior made
No boast, nor show'd a great parade.

4 His Ephphatha, his sigh and look,
Through all the pow'rs of darkness broke;
It burst and loosed Satan's chain,
The man could hear and speak again.

5 Are we not also deaf and dumb,
And wretched creatures, from the womb?
We cannot speak the Savior's praise,
Until we hear his word of grace.

6 When we are taken from the crowd,
And with his light and grace endow'd,
Then by experience we shall know
Jesus, that great Physician, too.

7 Then, of his wonders we can tell,
And testify that all is well;
The pow'r of Jesus does appear,
The dumb, they speak, the deaf, they hear. ‡

246 C. M.

1 JESUS, since thou art still to-day
As yesterday the same:
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name.

2 Since still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

3 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord! mine ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in pray'r.

4 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long)
My voice I cannot raise;
But O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

EPISTLE.—2 Cor. 3, 4-9.

247 C. M.

1 ALL faithful teachers well do know,
Experience shows them plain,
Whatever they can say or do,
They are but feeble men.

2 It is the work of God alone,
By which they are prepar'd;
To such he makes his counsels known,
Contain'd in his sure word.

3 By them the word of truth is taught;
And all who will believe,
From death unto that life are brought,
Which Christ himself will give.

4 God's law is written in the mind,
Not on the stone engrav'd;
It makes the will to God resign'd,
No more to sin enslav'd.

5 The letter of the law can kill,
And sink the rebel low;
But cannot change the stubborn will,
Nor yet the mind renew.

6 The law like unto Moses' face,
Does cast a fearful ray;
But O! the glorious word of grace,
Can drive our fears away.

7 O may such glory be reveal'd,
And with influence shine,
Till all our hearts be truly fill'd
With love and grace divine.

248 L. M.

1 THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But, 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been!
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

THE THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 10, 23-37.

249 C. M.

1 THE duty first on us enjoin'd,
That is, to love the Lord,
With all our hearts, and all our mind,
And all we can afford.

2 The next command is full as great;
To love our neighbor too—
Of like importance, and of weight;
As all the scriptures show.

3 If we love God with all our heart,
Then sure it must succeed;
We ne'er neglect to act our part,
To those who are in need.

4 All acts of mercy God respects
Far more than sacrifice:
For such are they which he directs,
And will e'er highly prize.

5 That soul can never be impress'd
With love and grace divine,
Who will not feel for the distress'd,
To bear them on his mind.

6 Where words and actions don't agree,
Profession is in vain;
For love to God there cannot be,
Where there is none to men.

7 All such religion is but mock,
A tree without a root,
Where it consists of only talk,
And not of genuine fruit.

250 C. M.

Luke 10, 29–37.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-pow'rful from above,
To form, in our desiring souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That gen'rous pleasure know;
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies;

And, 'mid th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Savior flew
To raise us from the ground;
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for ev'ry wound.

EPISTLE.—Gal. 3, 15–22.

251 L. M.

1 THE promise made to Abraham,
And unto all his promis'd race,
It was complete when Jesus came,
And seal'd the covenant of grace.

2 That which was long before determ'n'd,
That all the law should be fulfil'd,
This was to Abraham confirm'd,
The promise ratified and seal'd.

3 Whate'er the law could teach or give,
That would be labor all in vain,
To rescue, ransom, or retrieve
The wretched state of fallen men.

4 The law just like the teacher's rod,
Can scourge and let us feel the smart;
But never work that love to God,
Which can renew and change the heart.

5 But this effectual change we need,
Is wrought by a superior hand;
To be of Abrah'm's genuine seed,
Entitled to that heav'nly land.

6 Jesus, who was before ordain'd,
According to the promis'd word,
Our lost salvation hath regain'd,
And everlasting life restor'd.

7 O let us praise the Savior's name,
Who lov'd us to the last degree—

Whose death entitles us to claim,
His love to all eternity. ‡

252

C. M.

1 HOW long beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd, the precept to obey,
But toil'd, without success.

2 Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

3 To see the law by Christ fulfil'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice,
Will change a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

THE FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 17, 11–19.

253

L. M.

1 THE lepers with their sores oppress'd,
With one accord, our Lord address'd—
Their voices rais'd, exclaiming thus:
"Jesus, good Master, pity us."

2 How soon are diff'rent minds agreed,
When they alike feel what they need;
The thankful and unthankful too,
In such a case alike they do.

3 Their pray'rs alike in one were join'd,
Each hop'd a cure with Christ to find:
And as they hop'd, and as they b'liev'd,
They all were heard, and each reliev'd.

4 Then all alike should thankful be,
And with one heart and mind agree,

To glorify their Lord alone,
For such great mercies he had shown.

5 But how unthankful, vile, and base,
Is greatest part of human race:
One only thankful out of ten;
Which shows what evil dwells in men.

6 The Savior's mercy thus forgot,
And all his bounties set at naught,
Become a crime and horrid vice,
Which God will evermore despise.

7 The worst of leprosy is sin!
Corrupts and mars the soul within;
Intolerable to endure;
Which none but Christ himself can cure.

8 Those who by faith to him applied,
They dare not say they were denied;
Their pray'rs and cries were always heard,
And all their soul's complaints were cur'd.

9 But O, when such forget their God,
And the effects of Jesus' blood,
They scandalize his holy word;
Shame and disgrace is their reward. ‡

254 L. M.
John 1, 46.

1 JESUS, dear name, how sweet the sound,
Replete with balm for ev'ry wound!
His word declares, his grace is free;
Come, needy sinner, come and see.

2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to our world to bleed and die:
Jesus, the God, hung on the tree;
Come, careless sinner, come and see.

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart
Till death had done its dreadful part:
Yet his dear love still burns to thee;
Come, anxious sinner, come and see.

4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean;
His blood at once avail'd for me;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

5 The garment of his shining grace,
His glorious robe of righteousness;
In this array thou bright shall be;
Come, naked sinner, come and see.

6 No tongue can tell what glories shine,
In our Immanuel, all divine;
O that in sweetest melody
Each heart may sing, "he died for me."

EPISTLE.—Gal. 5, 16–24.

255 C. M.

1 STRANGE is the faithful Christian's life;
What doth he feel within?
A constant war, continual strife,
To crush the pow'r of sin.

2 He seeks the will of God to do;
And should he watch and pray,
Yet his own will is working too,
And leads his mind astray.

3 What oppositions does he feel!
Doth not the thing he should;
Contrary to his mind and will,
Doth not that which he would.

4 The flesh against the Spirit lusts;
The will is captive led;
Until the soul renews the trust,
In Christ the living head.

5 Thus shall he overcome at last!
In vain he shall not strive;
For Jesus has his promise pass'd,
To keep his faith alive.

6 Influenc'd by the Spirit's pow'r,
His lusts shall be subdu'd;
And he shall be enslav'd no more,
Nor break his peace with God.

7 Dear Lord, with hopes on thee relied,
I know I shall succeed:
Till all my lusts are crucified,
And I be fully freed.

256 L. M.

Rom. 7, 15.

1 HOW sad and awful is my state!
The very thing I do, I hate!
When I to God draw near in pray'r,
I feel the conflict even there!

2 I mourn, because I cannot mourn;
I hate my sin, yet cannot turn;
I grieve, because I cannot grieve;
I hear the truth, but can't believe.

3 Where shall so great a sinner run?
I see I 'm ruin'd and undone;
Dear Lord, in pity now draw near,
And banish ev'ry rising fear.

4 Thy blood, dear Lord, which thou hast spilt,
Can make this stony heart to melt;
Thy blood can make me clean within—
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.

5 'Tis on th' atonement of that blood,
I now approach to thee, my God;
This is my hope, this is my claim,
Jesus has died and wash'd me clean.

THE FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

257

Gospel.—Matth. 6, 24–34.

C. M.

1 THEY, who that sacred office bear,
Who act in Jesus' stead,

It should be their delight and care,
To be like Christ their head.

2 They should not seek for wealth on earth,
Or what its charms afford—
But act for things of greater worth,
The kingdom of their Lord:

3 The Christian church on earth to build,
As Jesus gave command,
And to his wise disposals yield,
And trust his bounteous hand.

4 For their support the Lord provides,
Who ev'ry creature feeds;
And all that they may want besides,
He gives them as they need.

5 His ways to mankind are unknown,
But full of love and grace!
Commit thy way to him alone,
And trust unto his ways.

6 His servants he will ne'er forsake!
They need not be afraid;
Whene'er his cause they undertake,
He gives them pow'r and aid.

7 Let no such anxious thoughts arise:
What shall we eat or wear?
The Lord, who all your wants supplies,
Will make your wants his care.

8 In all afflictions and distress,
He bears them safely through;
He is their light, their life, and peace,
Whilst they act here below.

258 C. M.

Matth. 6, 33.

1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardor fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heav'nly 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 grov'ling anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's aim;
We spring to seize immortal joys,
In the Redeemer's name.

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

EPISTLE.—Gal. 5, 25, to ch. 6, 10.

259

L. M.

1 WHAT evil can such teachers do,
Who only boast to make a show!
They aim at nothing that is good,
As Paul to the Galatians show'd.

2 They lay a burden on the flock,
But will not join to bear the yoke;
They seek their gain in others' loss,
To screen them from the Savior's cross.

3 Their aim is not the Savior's cause,
They glory in their own applause—
They seek the world with its esteem:
The cross is foolishness with them.

4 But O, it is a diff'rent case,
With those who teach the plan of grace;
Their carnal lusts are crucified,
And they are by the world denied.

5 They teach the truth, God's holy word,
The word of life, the sure record;
They show that Jesus' blood alone,
Could for the sins of man atone.

6 No ordinance could e'er avail;
Their best endeavors ever fail;
When they have done all they can do,
They cannot form the mind anew.

7 But diff'rent is the gospel pow'r;
God's image lost, it can restore—
Poor fallen man condemn'd to pain,
In Jesus is renew'd again. ‡

260 C. M.

1 HOW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so 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 ev'ry bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heav'n who finds
His bosom glow with love.

THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

261 L. M.

Gospel.—Luke 7, 11–17.

1 O BLESSED word, our Lord express'd,
To the poor widow much distress'd—

When thus he saw her weep, and mourn
The death and loss of her dear son.

2 Weep not, poor widow! said our Lord:
O! what a heart-consoling word!
A word of comfort evermore,
By which the Savior prov'd his pow'r.

3 It calm'd her sorrows, eas'd her pain,
When Christ restor'd her son again:
What more could she on earth request;
To set her troubled heart at rest?

4 What we esteem of greatest worth,
And do prefer to all on earth;
Is often soon remov'd from hence,
And we bewail the consequence.

5 But all must answer for our good,
Though 'tis a cross to flesh and blood;
Our deepest sorrows, tears, and cries,
Can work the greatest weight of joys.

6 For all our sorrows, woes, and grief,
The Savior brings about relief;
All his corrections, in the end
Prove him to be our greatest friend. ‡

262 C. M.

Mark 5, 39; 1 Thess. 4, 13.

1 WHY flow these torrents of distress?
(The gentle Savior cries,)
Why are my sleeping saints survey'd
With unbelieving eyes?

2 Death's feeble arms shall never boast,
A friend of Christ is slain;
Nor o'er their meaner part in dust,
A lasting pow'r retain.

3 I come, on wings of love, I come,
The slumb'rers to awake;
My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
And all its bonds shall break.

4 Touch'd by my hand, in smiles they rise,
They rise, to sleep no more;
But rob'd with light, and crown'd with joy,
To endless day they soar.

5 Jesus, our faith receives thy word;
And though fond nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their sleep.

6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,
With them to rest and praise;
So let thy much-lov'd presence cheer
These separating days.

EPISTLE.—Ephes. 3, 13-21.

263 C. M.

1 SHOULD we not glory in the cause
Of Christ our sov'reign Lord?
Who will be, as he ever was,
Our great and sure reward.

2 The Christian man should never faint,
Though he should feel the smart;
It is the cross that makes the saint,
And purifies the heart.

3 This was saint Paul's sincere desire;
For this he humbly pray'd;
O! may the Lord your minds inspire
With grace, as ye may need.

4 The Lord endow you from above!
Give you to understand
The height and depth of saving love,
And bounties of his hand.

5 Far more than we can think or know,
Or any wise believe,
Will Christ on humble souls bestow,
Who seek in him to live.

264 L. M.

Ephes. 3, 16, &c.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ, his Son.

THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Luke 14, 1–11.

265 C. M.

1 THE Savior's love will ne'er grow faint,
Toward the sons of men;
His gracious ear hears their complaint;
Their cries are not in vain.

2 He prov'd himself the sov'reign Lord,
And gave the world to know,
What wonders his commanding word,
In ev'ry case can do.

3 He pitied man, that helpless worm,
Thus lying in his blood;
What acts of love does he perform,
To make him know his God!

4 What would my Savior do for me,
If I would state my case?
Could I expect that I would be
An object of his grace?

5 How many would be my complaints,
Could I but know in part
My chief diseases and my wants,
And evils of my heart?

6 At all events I will presume
To venture near his throne,
Since Jesus bids all sinners come
And learn what he has done.

266

L. M.

Luke 6, 19.

1 YE mourning sinners, here disclose
Your deep complaints, your various woes;
Approach—'tis Jesus, he can heal
The pain which mourning sinners feel.

2 Dear Lord, extend thy healing hand;
Diseases fly at thy command;
O, let thy sov'reign touch impart
Life, strength, and health to ev'ry heart.

3 Then shall the sick, the blind, the lame,
Adore their great Physician's name;
Then dying souls shall bless their God,
And spread his wondrous praise abroad.

EPISTLE.—Ephes. 4, 1–6.

267

C. M.

1 THE best instruction we can give,
As teachers of the word,
Is thus, to show how we should live
To serve and praise the Lord.

2 We may enjoy that peace of mind,
Which Christians truly ought,
When we endure, and are resign'd
To bear our fate and lot.

3 His gifts bestow'd, we should improve,
Such as he 's pleas'd to give;

In grace to grow, in faith and love,
And holiness to live.

4 When we obey that blessed call,
Which we have from above,
Then Christ becomes our all in all,
And we shall walk in love.

5 Where all these virtues do abound,
There heav'n 's on earth begun;
In them the greatest treasure 's found,
That is beneath the sun.

268

S. M.
Gal. 3, 28.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let discord—child of hell!
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 22, 34–46.

269

C. M.

1 WHAT do ye think of Christ indeed?
Who do ye say is he?

To judge this matter, take ye heed,
And search the truth, and see.

2 We call him David's Son 'tis true,
As written in the word—
But it must be remember'd too,
That David calls him Lord:

3 The Lord whom David freely own'd,
To be his sov'reign head;
With whom his soul had ever found
Such grace as he did need.

4 Who is he then in my esteem?
My soul what dost thou feel?
Wilt thou not ask that grace from him,
To learn and do his will?

5 He is the pearl of greater price!
And those who love him best,
Shall be with greatest hopes and joys,
For evermore possess'd.

6 What think ye then, ye sons of men,
Should he not be our King?
Should we not wish with him to reign,
And e'er his praise to sing? ‡

270 8 lines 8's.
Matth. 22, 42; John 20, 28.

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

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

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

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

EPISTLE.—1 Cor. 1, 4–9.

271 S. M.

1 "O the Corinthian church,
Saint Paul these words address'd:
"I thank my God, ye are enrich'd
In all that makes you bless'd."

2 "I thank my God always,"
Repeatedly he said,
"That God hath granted you such grace,
For which I humbly pray'd."

3 He labor'd not in vain,
When he taught them the word;
O happy when the work shows plain,
That it is of the Lord.

4 This grace to them confirm'd,
That Jesus was their friend,
And that he fully was determin'd
To guard them to the end.

5 Then let us watch and pray,
And keep to Jesus near,
That when he comes in that great day,
We may with joy appear.

272

C. M.

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He 'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

THE NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 9, 1–8.

273

L. M.

1 JESUS, Physician of the soul,
Each raging evil can control;
He looks on man's distressed case,
And shows his pow'r, his love, and grace.

2 He knows the anguish such endure,
Which none but he himself can cure;
None but his sacred pow'r divine,
Can ease such souls who mourn and pine.

3 The head is sick, the heart is faint,
They can't describe their own complaint;
Such kind of mis'ry they do feel,
Which they themselves cannot reveal.

4 Great pain and anguish fills the heart;
They feel distress'd in ev'ry part;
A shaking palsy fills the head,
And they are helpless as the dead.

5 These are the great effects of sin;
Defile the whole of man within;
The cause of all that great distress,—
The cause of all unhappiness.

6 When they are to the Savior brought,
They soon will find the help they sought;
For all their sorrows, pain, and grief,
The Savior gives them sure relief.

7 He bids them neither doubt nor fear,
By pray'r and confidence draw near;
Their guilt and crimes he will forgive,
Cure their complaints, and make them live.

8 Come, then, ye sin-sick, needy, poor,
With thankful hearts receive the cure;
His blood will cleanse you of your stain,
And make you heirs of grace again. ‡

274 C. M.

1 THOU great Physician of the soul,
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

2 Help me to state my whole complaint;
But where shall I begin?
Nor words, nor thoughts can fully paint
That worst distemper—sin.

3 It lies not in a single part,
But through my soul is spread;
And all th' affections of my heart
By sin are captive led.

4 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultuous in my breast;

Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.

5 Thou great Physician, hear my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Let not a trembling sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee.

EPISTLE.—Ephes. 4, 22–28.

275 C. M.

1 SHOULD they who have been dearly bought,
With such a precious price,
Who were to light, from darkness brought,
Yet still be slaves to vice?

2 Let those their hearts and members yield,
Who are yet deaf and blind,
Who never had the truth reveal'd
By an enlighten'd mind.

3 But it should never be the case,
With those who see the light,
To run in ev'ry dang'rous place,
As if they walk'd by night.

4 In such a way they never learn
To know their gracious Lord;
Their chief delight and their concern
Should be to trust his word.

5 To crucify their lust and pride,
The old man with his deed,
Their vile desires to lay aside,
They daily stand in need.

6 Then will those vices be subdu'd,
And all such foes suppress'd;
Then is the inward man renew'd,
And made in God to rest.

276 C. M.

1 JESUS, my life, thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and death, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Savior, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode:
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.

THE TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 22, 1–14.

277 L. M.

1 COME, ye who are the bidden guests,
Come, and partake the Savior's feast—
We call on you and all, to come,
Pray don't refuse or stay at home.

2 Act not like as the Jews once did,
When they were to the gospel bid,
When they despis'd the calls of God,
And trampled on the Savior's blood.

3 They slew the servants of the Lord;
Brought on themselves the just reward;
God's judgments they could not avoid,
Their church and city were destroy'd.

4 Yet God continu'd still his call,
His messengers were sent to all;
The nations all of ev'ry land,
Were made to hear his great command.

5 Ye vagrant, wand'ring souls, draw near,
Obey the blessed call ye hear;
Come, and receive what Christ will give!
Come, and your dying souls shall live.

6 Ye sinners, all of ev'ry kind!
Why would you wish to stay behind?
Are ye oppress'd and griev'd with sin,
Yet Jesus waits to take you in.

278 L. M.

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

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

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

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

5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel;

Yield to his love's redeeming pow'r,
And fight against your God no more.

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

7 This is the time; no more delay!
The invitation is to-day!
Come in this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all!

EPISTLE.—Ephes. 5, 15–21.

279 C. M.

1 THE Christian life should ever be
Attended with due care,
That others too might learn and see
What faithful Christians are.

2 The Christian should not act unwise;
But search, that he may know
The way to gain the heav'nly prize,
Which Jesus will bestow.

3 What God on Christians hath bestow'd,
Should never be abus'd;
But, as the precious gifts of God,
Be well applied and us'd.

4 But Christians e'er should be employ'd
To learn the Savior's ways;
And may each soul be edified,
By singing of his praise.

5 To thank the Lord, and praise his name,
Their hearts should be inclin'd;
And all their object and their theme,
To learn the Savior's mind.

280 C. M.

Psalm 1.

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before a storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread;
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

THE TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

281 GOSPEL.—John 4, 47–54.

C. M.

1 WHEN we our gracious Lord entreat,
And on his word rely,

Though disappointments first we meet,
His grace is ever nigh.

2 Should he at first seem to refuse,
Yet he will grant relief,
Though he reproves, and doth accuse
Our doubts and unbelief.

3 Our faith and practice must be tried,
To make us search the ground;
Although at first we are denied,
Yet sure relief is found.

4 Then shall we find his promise true;
Then will his pow'r be known;
And we shall know what Christ can do,
When we find what is done.

5 This will produce that living faith,
Which will effectual prove,
To ground our hope in life and death,
In Jesus and his love.

6 Now, since I evidently see
My Savior's grace reveal'd,
I am assur'd he e'er will be
My life, my guard, and shield.

C. M.

282

John 4, 46–49.

1 JESUS, great Healer of mankind,
Who dost our sorrows bear,
Let an afflicted parent find
An answer to his pray'r.

2 I look for help in thee alone,
To thee for succor fly;
Come down and heal my darling son,
Now at the point to die.

3 Jesus, if thou pronounce the word,
The gracious answer give,
My dying child shall be restor'd,
And to thy glory live.

4 Oh, save the parent, in the son,
Restore him, Lord, to me;
My heart the miracle shall own,
And give him back to thee.

EPISTLE.—Ephes. 6, 10–17.

283 C. M.

1 BE strong, ye brethren, in the Lord!
Ye children of the light;
And be ye evermore prepar'd,
Your enemies to fight.

2 Put on the armor of your God,
The victory to gain;
We wrestle not with flesh and blood—
The feeble sons of men.

3 But we must have a constant war,
Whilst we dwell here below,
With gods and princes of the air,
And all of Satan's crew.

4 O! let us ever watch and pray,
And guard on ev'ry hand,
Be ready for the evil day,
And able to withstand.

5 Be sure to stand, and never yield;
Move not in any wise,
But stand your ground, and gain the field,
Likewise the heav'nly prize.

6 The only weapons we can have,
To fight our greatest foes,
Are they which the Almighty gave,
For Christian men to use.

7 His holy word, and living faith,
And the bless'd Spirit's aid,
Are weapons, which the Christian hath,
To make his foes afraid.

284 L. M.

Ephes 6, 13–17.

1 JESUS, my King, proclaims the war:
"Awake," the pow'rs of hell are near!
"To arms, to arms!" I hear him cry,
"'Tis yours to conquer or to die."

2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around,
Make haste to gird my armor on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
The word of God the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast;
Through troops of foes he 'll lead me on
To vict'ry and the victor's crown.

THE TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 18, 23–35.

285 L. M.

1 WHEN man's account to light is brought,
Each wicked deed, each word and thought;
When in his conscience such appear,
His mind is fill'd with dread and fear.

2 The soul that is convinc'd of sin,
Will feel a deep distress within;
Finds neither comfort, peace, nor rest,
But feels a hell within his breast.

3 His sins are numberless and great,
Ten thousand talents is their weight;
The sinner sinks beneath the load;
In deep distress he cries to God.

4 "Spare me, O righteous God, I pray!
Until this dreadful debt I pay;
I will exert what pow'r I have,
Do all I can my soul to save."

5 But efforts of the human race
Could never merit saving grace;
God laid a better, diff'rent plan,
To save the fallen race of man.

6 He sent his own beloved Son,
Since none could save but he alone;
His death a full atonement made,
By which our awful debt was paid.

7 And thus redeem'd, and thus set free,
How highly thankful should we be!
Like Jesus, willing to forgive
All injuries we may receive.

8 We can't expect to be forgiv'n,
Nor yet partake the joys of heav'n,
Unless we act the Christian part,
Forgive all men with all our heart.

286 L. M.
Luke 7, 47.

1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'Tis the right gift of love divine;
'Tis full, out-meas'ring ev'ry crime;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change, by changing time.

3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,

The seas of sov'reign grace expand,
The seas of sov'reign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heav'n
What grateful honors should we show!
Where much transgression is forgiv'n,
Let love in equal ardor glow.

5 By this inspir'd, let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd;
Let truth and goodness, pray'r and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

EPISTLE.—Phil. 1, 3–11.

287 L. M.

1 GREAT comforts it must needs afford
To those who preach the gospel word,
When circumstances show them plain,
That they have labor'd not in vain.

2 To find their labors have been bless'd,
Is what has been their souls' request;
It fills their heart with thankful pray'r,
With love to God, and holy fear.

3 They bear their flock upon their mind,
And feel with love to them inclin'd;
Their love they daily do enlarge,
To all their flock and all their charge.

4 Their hearts with thanks and praise abound,
To see their feeble efforts crown'd;
Their joys they cannot well express,
To find their labors have success.

5 They pray to God with all their heart,
That God in mercy would impart
His grace divine, to carry on
His glorious work in saints begun.

6 The flock redeem'd with Jesus' blood,
Becomes united to their God;
In him they live, in him they grow,
And show his praise in all they do.

7 Here gospel ministers are taught,
How they in all their office ought
To teach their flock, to watch, and pray
That Christ may keep them in his way.

8 May we, who labor in that call,
Have such like care for one and all;
Be zealous in this noble cause,
As Paul, the great apostle, was.

288 L. M.
Phil. 4, 1.

1 MY brethren, from my heart belov'd,
Whose welfare fills my daily care,
My present joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear.

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteousness;
Adorn the gospel with your lives,
And practice what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure meditate the hour,
When he, descending from the skies,
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
In his all-glorious image rise.

4 Glory in his dear, honor'd name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.

5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not yours, but you;
O may he at the Lord's right hand,
Himself and all his people view!

THE TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 22, 15–22.

289 C. M.

1 HERODIANS and Pharisees,
Join in with one accord,
And, as united enemies,
Seek to destroy our Lord.

2 Though they applaud him to his face,
And seem to take his part,
They, like a false and viper race,
Hate him with all their heart.

3 Where Satan governs all the mind,
And rules the inward man,
There are the pow'rs of darkness join'd
To do what harm they can.

4 All Christians must be on their guard,
And watch on ev'ry hand;
They must be tempted, like our Lord,
By Satan and his band.

5 But Christ, their great and mighty head,
Who all their danger knows,
Will disappoint what snares are laid
By them, their crafty foes. ‡

290 C. M.
Psalm 52.

1 WHY should the mighty make their boast,
And heav'nly grace despise?
In their own arm they put their trust,
And fill their mouth with lies.

2 But God in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive them from his face;
No more shall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.

3 But like a cultur'd olive grow,
Drest in immortal green,

Thy children, blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are seen.

4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
Thy saints shall rest secure;
And all who trust thy holy word,
Shall find salvation sure.

EPISTLE.—Phil. 3, 17–21.

291 C. M.

1 SAINT Paul advises, "follow me!"
Ye, who would serve the Lord,
And mark the lives of those you see
Conforming to the word.

2 Mark those who hate the Savior's cross,
Of which you have been warn'd;
They are his enemies, alas!
Whose mercies they have scorn'd.

3 When men do yield to flesh and blood,
And live as they incline,
Their bellies then become their god,
And they become like swine.

4 Vice may be judg'd to be a friend,
To those of vicious taste;
But sure destruction in the end,
Proves their reward at last.

5 But souls possess'd with heav'nly love,
On diff'rent objects view;
Their objects are in heav'n above,
And conversation too.

6 They shall rejoice, when Christ shall come
His glory to display;
To raise their bodies from the tomb,
On his appointed day.

7 When these vile bodies shall be chang'd,
And fashion'd as his own,

Then shall they justly be arrang'd
To make his power known.

8 O happy state for all the saints!
For all their suff'rings here,
They shall have ample recompense,
When Jesus shall appear. ‡

292 C. M.

1 WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities pursue,
How slow th' advances which I make!
With heav'n itself in view.

2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal;
Great God! my love inflame;
Religion without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.

3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
May I with fervor strive;
And all those pow'rs employ for thee,
Which I from thee derive!

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 9, 18–26.

293 C. M.

1 THAT blessed gospel we are taught,
Can prove the Savior's pow'r;
The miracles that Jesus wrought,
Were never wrought before.

2 A ruler's daughter, as we read,
A lifeless corpse had lain;
But Jesus, who can raise the dead,
Rais'd her to life again.

3 Princes and rulers of this earth,
Who raise their honors high,

Like others of the meanest birth,
They all are born to die.

4 These things are scarcely e'er bethought,
Or ever cause a tear,
Until the greatest part are brought
To lie upon the bier.

5 When troubles, sorrows, and distress,
Beset the greatest men,
Then they will seek the Savior's face,
To be reliev'd again.

6 Distress will make us seek the Lord,
If ne'er we did before,
And search the counsels of his word,
His love, his grace, and pow'r.

7 But O, his love to man is great,
His gifts are ne'er withheld;
He aids us all, in ev'ry state,
Who to his precepts yield.

294 C. M.

1 HEAL us, Immanuel, here we stand,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand;
Blest Savior, we are such.

2 Remember him who once appli'd,
With trembling for relief:
"Lord, I believe," with tears, he cried,
"O help my unbelief."

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

4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee, if we may;
Oh, send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

EPISTLE.—Col. 1, 9–14.

295

L. M.

1 HOW thankful the apostles were,
Whene'er such happy news they heard
That God had heard their humble pray'r,
And bless'd their preaching of the word.

2 This was their main and chief delight,
The Savior's church on earth to build;
For this they labor'd day and night,
To have this glorious work fulfil'd.

3 They spar'd no labor, toil, or pain,
To make the gospel myst'ries known;
They strove to show their fellow-men,
What Christ for fallen man had done.

4 When Christ his dear disciples sent,
The way of life was plainly taught;
And this caus'd many to repent,
When messages of peace were brought.

5 When men are made the truth to b'lieve,
By hearing what the gospel saith,
Their souls are made in Christ to live,
And grow in love, and hope, and faith.

6 When thus their hearts are made to feel,
And know the mercies of their God,
Their minds are fill'd with fervent zeal,
To walk the strait and narrow road. ‡

296

L. M.

1 DEAR Savior, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And lur'd by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear,

Think that the seal of love divine,—
The sign of cov'nant grace,—they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the pray'rs and tears,
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wand'rers to thy fold restore.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 24, 15–28.

297

L. M.

1 A PLACE where wicked deeds abound,
Where scarce a righteous soul is found,
There punishment for sin is due,
And must be executed too.

2 Jerusalem, that noted place,
Found it to be her awful case:
Where judgments with their threat'nings meet,
Destruction soon is made complete.

3 It was the blessed Savior's charge,
Where vices sway their pow'r at large:
Who then is wise, these things to see,
Then let him to the mountains flee.

4 The axe, which to the root is laid,
As John, the faithful prophet, said,
Will cut that wicked nation down,
Without the least of mercy shown.

5 The Jews, by aggravating crimes,
Brought on themselves such fatal times,
Times of distress, and woe, and grief;
But not a time to find relief.

6 False christs arose in ev'ry part;
And with deceptions, schemes, and art,
Were many simple souls decoy'd,
And in their sins at last destroy'd.

7 Just like a carcass on the ground,
To which the eagles flock around,
The doctrines of such teachers are,
To silly souls a trap and snare.

8 Their doctrines would have such effect,
As to deceive the Lord's elect,
Were not their hope in Jesus stay'd,
And they upheld by heav'nly aid.

9 What evil, sin on earth can do,
From this sad passage we may know;
Lord! make us wise to meditate,
And flee before it be too late. ‡

298 L. M.

Psalm 79.

1 BEHOLD, O God, what cruel foes,
Thy peaceful heritage invade;
Thy holy temple stands defil'd,
In dust thy sacred walls are laid.

2 Wide o'er the valleys, drench'd in blood,
Thy people fall'n, in death remain;
The fowls of heav'n their flesh devour,
And savage beasts divide the slain.

3 Th' insulting foes, with impious rage,
Reproach thy children to their face:
"Where is your God of boasted pow'r,
And where the promise of his grace?"

4 Deep from the prison's horrid glooms,
Oh hear the mournful captives sigh,
And let thy sov'reign pow'r reprieve,
The trembling souls condemn'd to die.

5 Let those, who dar'd insult thy reign,
Return dismay'd with endless shame,

While heathens, who thy grace despise,
Shall from thy vengeance learn thy name.

6 So shall thy children, freed from death,
Eternal songs of honor raise,
And ev'ry future age shall tell,
Thy sov'reign pow'r and pard'ning grace.

EPISTLE.—1 Thess. 4, 13–18.

299 C. M.

1 HIS is the doctrine Christians need
To know and firmly b'lieve,
That Jesus Christ will raise the dead,
And cause them all to live.

2 This will support and bear them up,
In trouble, war, and strife;
For this affords a living hope
Of everlasting life.

3 Has Jesus died and ris'n again,
Then it must needs be true,
That these, our hopes, are not in vain!
We all shall be rais'd too.

4 The Lord from heaven shall appear,
With ang'lic hosts around;
And all the dead his voice shall hear,
Wak'd by the trumpet sound.

5 Then shall our bodies be renew'd
And fitted to embrace
The glorious presence of our God,
And to behold his face.

6 How happy will the righteous be,
When quicken'd from the dust;
From all distress and labor free,
And number'd with the just.

7 What glorious views beyond the grave!
Are by this doctrine giv'n;

What comforts faithful souls can have!
Who seek the joys of heav'n. ‡

300

C. M.
Rom. 8, 11.

1 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 Savior die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his pow'r 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 Awake, my soul! and like the sun
Burst through each sable cloud:
And thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,
Tune forth thy songs aloud.

5 The Spirit rais'd my Savior up,
When he had bled for me;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.

6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of vict'ry sing;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever living King.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 25, 31–46.

301

C. M.

1 WHEN angels shall their trumpets sound,
Descending in the skies,

To wake the nations under ground,
And cause them all to rise;

2 Then shall the righteous Judge descend,
And seated on his throne,
To which all nations must attend,
To show what they have done;

3 Then shall the pow'rs of heaven shake,
Vanish, and flee away,
And all the wicked fear and quake,
To see that awful day.

4 How dreadful will his coming be,
To those who slight his grace!
How joyful for the just to see
The glories of his face!

5 How suddenly will he appear,
Here on this earth below!
When none had judg'd his coming near,
Or that it could be so.

6 As lightning starting from the east,
And darts a sudden ray,
And quickly flashes to the west,
So is the Savior's day.

7 Then let us be still on our guard,
As Jesus gave command,
That we may truly be prepar'd
Before our Lord to stand.

302 C. M.

Matth. 25, 34.

1 ATTEND, my ear; my heart rejoice,
While Jesus from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hosts,
Makes his last sentence known.

2 When sinners cursed from his face,
To raging flames are driv'n,
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heav'n:

3 "Bless'd of my Father, all draw near,
Receive the great reward;
And rise with raptures to possess
The kingdom, love prepar'd.

4 Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
His sov'reign purpose wrought,
And rear'd those palaces divine,
To which you now are brought.

5 There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
Protected by my pow'r;
While sin and death, and pains and cares,
Shall vex your souls no more."

6 Come, dear majestic Savior! come,
This Jubilee proclaim!
And teach us language fit to praise
So great, so dear a name.

EPISTLE.—2 Thess. 1, 3–10.

303 C. M.

1 O HAPPY where such grace is found,
That works true love to God;
Where souls with charity abound,
Which shows itself abroad.

2 This proves the glory of the cause,
For which the church contends;
Defends the doctrine of the cross,
On which our hope depends.

3 This hope still bids us to endure,
And patiently to wait,
Till God reveals his love and pow'r,
To change our mournful state.

4 Those tribulations and distress,
For Jesus' sake we bear;
They are sure tokens of his grace,
His providence, and care.

5 When Christ the Lord shall be reveal'd,
With all the ang'lic host,
His promises will be fulfil'd,
And none of them be lost.

6 He will reward his suff'ring saints
For all their toil and pain:
Where not a foe, or least complaint,
Shall trouble them again. ‡

304 C. M.

John 16, 33.

1 YE that would after Jesus press,
Must fix this firm and sure,
That tribulation, more or less,
You must and shall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wise decree;
Satan the weakest saint will tempt:
Nor is the strongest free.

3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within:
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.

4 Glad frames too often lift us up;
And then how proud we grow!
Till sad desertion makes us droop;
And down we sink as low.

5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wand'ring heart;
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.

6 But let not all this terrify:
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong:
His promises are true;

We shall be conqu'rors all ere long,
And more than conqu'rors too.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GOSPEL.—Matth. 25, 1–13.

305

C. M.

1 WHEN Christ, descending from the skies,
As Bridegroom shall appear,
With solemn sound of midnight cries,
To call professors near;

2 That sound will strike an awful damp,
And show the awful case
Of those who only have the lamp,
Without the oil of grace.

3 The foolish virgins shall awake,
And seek for a supply;
But all in vain they undertake,
To borrow or to buy.

4 Then shall they see that those were wise,
Whom they despis'd when here;
And now unto their great surprise,
They see them happy there.

5 The wise will then be truly blest,
There to be glorified;
But sad distress shall seize the rest,
Whose entrance is denied.

6 In vain they shall attempt to plead:
Lord, with thy saints we bow'd;
Oft in thy presence we have pray'd,
And sung thy praise aloud.

7 The Lord shall answer from his throne:
Depart ye wicked crew;
I never knew, nor cannot own,
Such hypocrites as you.

8 O may my worship be sincere,
Sincere with all my heart,
That I may never need to fear,
To hear the word—depart! ‡

306

4 lines 6's and 2 lines 8's.
Matth. 25, 6.

1 YE virgin souls arise!
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heav'nly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord—

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend:
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye—that have here receiv'd
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit liv'd,
And thirsted for his love,
Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above those angel pow'rs
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found,
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine!

EPISTLE.—2 Peter 3, 3–13.

307 C. M.

1 LET wilful sinners boast and say:
The Lord will never come,
We need not fear a future day,
Or wait a fearful doom.

2 The things whereof we have been told,
That they should come to pass,
Are now just as they were of old,
And will for ever last.

3 For since the fathers fell asleep,
The world has tak'n no change;
Should God our crimes in mem'ry keep,
That would be very strange.

4 Just so it was before the flood:
Though men had long been warn'd,
They still despis'd the threats of God,
And liv'd quite unconcern'd.

5 When long they had despis'd his grace,
At last they found it true;
When suddenly a change took place,
Which prov'd their overthrow.

6 The righteous judgments of the Lord,
At his appointed times,
Prove daring sinners' just reward
For all their guilt and crimes. ‡

308

S. M.
Rev. 20, 11.

1 HOW will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heav'n before the Judge,
Astonish'd shrink away!

2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

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

4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Savior bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

(End of the Ecclesiastical Year.)

THE WORD OF GOD.

309

L. M.
The word of God a precious gift.

1 A PRECIOUS gift on man bestow'd,
Is to possess the word of God;
The sure infallible record
Which shows the counsels of the Lord;

2 The book which has to man reveal'd
That which was to the world conceal'd;
This book reveals the glorious plan
By which God sav'd the race of man.

3 Of all the treasures here on earth,
This book is of the greatest worth;
From age to age it handeth down,
As much as need to man be known.

4 The Bible is a light divine!
It makes a world of darkness shine;
And ev'ry chapter, line, and page,
Can cast a light on ev'ry age.

5 Bless'd are the rays this light doth give,
And bless'd are they who do receive
This blessed light, this blessed heat,
Which makes our hopes and joys complete. ‡

L. M.

310 *The word of God is spirit, life, and the means of grace.*

1 BY nature man is dark and blind,
The way to life he cannot find;
For since by sin he is defil'd,
He knows not God as reconcil'd.

2 He once an image had divine,
Which was a light in him to shine;
A law by which he walk'd with God
High in salvation's blissful road.

3 No gospel he had need to know;
For he had neither sin nor woe:
The gospel only is design'd
For fallen creatures, poor and blind.

4 Creation wide reveals no plan,
To save the fallen race of man;
Which could procure a righteousness,
That would restore lost happiness.

5 The gospel myst'ry was enshrin'd
For ever in Jehovah's mind;
It was to burning seraphs seal'd,
Until in time it was reveal'd.

6 The Holy Ghost, the mystic Dove,
The Father sent from heav'n above,
Who did some holy men inspire,
To write his word, bright lamp of fire.

7 Sure word of God, celestial guide,
Revealing truths by wonders tried;
Such as will make the simple wise,
And lead them on to paradise.

8 This holy word, immortal seed,
Did from the Lord himself proceed:
'Tis spirit, life, the means of grace,
To regen'rate the fallen race.

9 O blessed word, worth more than gold;
For unto man it does unfold
Life,—immortality,—and love
From God, and joys in worlds above.

10 Sure word of God, a light divine,
Which in our darken'd souls does shine,
Till bright the day-dawn shall arise;
The brilliant Morning-star likewise.

11 O blessed word like honey sweet,
Our souls' delight, our heav'nly treat:
In death, when fears are wont to rise,
It shows our mansions in the skies.

12 Lord, may thy blessed gospel sound
Joyful, to earth's remotest bound;
May nations find salvation nigh,
Eternal bliss in realms on high. D. H.

311 L. M.

The Scriptures inspired.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word:

His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirm'd the messages they brought:
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure:
This is thy word, and must endure.

C. M.

312 *The word contains exhaustless riches.*

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

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

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

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

5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near:
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there.

313 C. M.

Instruction from Scripture.

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

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

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

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

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

6 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

314 C. M.

Thy word is a lamp to my feet.
Psalm 119, 105.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n!

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

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

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

315 C. M.

The excellence of the Bible.

1 GREAT God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars, which in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n;
But thy good word informs my soul,
How I may get to heav'n.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

5 Lord! make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 For here I learn how Jesus died,
To save my soul from hell;

Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

316 C. M.

The holy Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace,
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Savior's face,
Almost in ev'ry page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes this pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
No danger dwells therein.

5 This is the Judge who ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

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317 L. M.

God supreme and self-sufficient.

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

2 The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.

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

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

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Meas'ring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

318 L. M.

The incomprehensibility of God.

1 GOD is a name my soul adores,
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,
Confess the Infinite unknown.

2 From thy great self thy being springs;
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

3 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bids the waves roar, and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

5 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face!

6 Who can behold the glorious light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

319 L. M.

Unity of God.

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

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possess'd;
By none control'd in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.

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

4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
Fountain of peace, and joy, and love!

Thy favor only makes us blest;
Without thee, all would nothing prove.

5 Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
And to thy glory we would live.

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

320 L. M.

The divine perfections.

1 GREAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips, in songs of honor bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

2 Earth, and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord!

3 His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he command, who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.

4 Who shall pretend to teach him skill?
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.

5 His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.

6 The beamings of his piercing sight,
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.

7 Th' eternal law before him stands,
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre, or the sword.

8 His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and died,
T' engage his justice on our side.

9 Each of his words demands my faith,
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.

10 Oh, tell me, with a gentle voice,
"Thou art my God," and I 'll rejoice;
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honors of thy name.

C. M.

321 *God eternal and unchangeable.*

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heav'n was made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time all open lie,
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to thy view:
To thee there 's nothing old appears;
Great God! there 's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;

While thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

322 C. M.

God almighty.

1 'TWAS God who hurl'd the rolling spheres,
And stretch'd the boundless skies;
Who form'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

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

3 He darts along the burning skies;
Loud thunders round him roar:
All heav'n attends him, as he flies;
All hell proclaims his pow'r.

4 He scatters nations with his breath;
The scatter'd nations fly:
Blue pestilence and wasting death,
Confess the Godhead nigh.

5 Ye worlds, with ev'ry living thing,
Fulfil his high command:
Mortals, pay homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

323 C. M.

God omnipresent and omniscient.

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

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

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

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclos'd on ev'ry side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice could break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

8 If wing'd with beams of morning light
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
The flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r,
From which I cannot flee.

C. M.

324 *The wisdom of God in his works.*
Psalm 111.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' Eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he 's the wisest of our race,
That best obeys thy will.

S. M.

325 *God's mercy great and eternal.*
Psalm 103.

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

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,

His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

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

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

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the fields,
It withers in an hour.

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

326 L. M.

The mercies of God.

1 GREAT are the mercies of our God,
Far more than men or angels know;
To show what God on man bestow'd,
Is more than all the world can do.

2 To save the wretched sons of men,
The Lord has made his counsels known;

To make them heirs of grace again,
He sent his dear beloved Son;

3 Who gave himself, who bled, and died,
And bore for man that heavy load,
Till all demands were satisfied,
And man was reconcil'd to God.

4 We were pluck'd up, like burning brands
Out of a fierce consuming fire,
And plac'd into the Savior's hands,
To be his own, his own entire.

5 No greater mercy can be found,
No greater proof of tender love;
What praises to our God redound,
Who sent his Son from heav'n above! ‡

327 L. M.

The glory of God.

1 YE sons of men, in sacred lays,
Attempt the great Creator's praise;
But who an equal song can frame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 He sits enthron'd amidst the spheres,
And glory like a garment wears;
While boundless wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Command our awe, transcend our praise.

3 Before his throne a shining band
Of cherubs and of seraphs stand;
Ethereal spirits, who in flight
Outstrip the rapid speed of light.

4 To God all nature owes its birth;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth,
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.

5 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;

His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

6 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Let us his high perfections sing:
O let his praise employ our tongue,
Whilst list'ning worlds applaud the song!

C. M.

God is love.

328 1 John 4, 8.

1 AMID the splendors of thy state,
My God, thy *love* appears,
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2 Nature through all her ample round
Thy boundless *pow'r* proclaims,
And, in melodious accent, speaks
The goodness of thy names.

3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite;
But the sweet charms of sov'reign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.

4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Sion sings in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.

5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,
Thy love supremely shines.

6 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heav'n above,
The joyful, the transporting news,
That God, the Lord, is *Love!*

THE WORKS OF GOD.

329 L. M.

On the creation.

1 LORD, when I view thy mighty pow'r,
Thy wisdom and thy wondrous ways,
I stand amaz'd; yet evermore
I fain would show thy love and praise.

2 Mine eyes behold where'er I look,
More wonders than I can relate;
To read the whole of nature's book,
It shows that thou art wondrous great.

3 Who set the sun to run his route?
Who fix'd and caus'd the change of moon?
Who brings both day and night about?
By thy almighty hand 'tis done.

4 Who sends the late and early rain?
Who brings the winds from south and north?
Who warms the frozen earth again,
That all her seeds and plants come forth?

5 It is thy great almighty word,
Which causes all these things to be:
They show thou art the sov'reign Lord,
And all the praise is due to thee.

6 Lord, I am thy creation too,
Created for the noblest end,
And with astonishment I view,
That thou to man shouldst condescend,

7 To grant thy blessings from above,
And make us heirs of endless grace:
Astonishing what wondrous love,
That God to man would show such grace.

8 All glory, honor, praise, and pow'r,
Be to our great almighty King,

Who lives and reigns for evermore;
To him eternal praises sing. ‡

C. M.

330 *God's love displayed in creation.*

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise:
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage!
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

6 And while in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see,
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee!

L. M.

331 *The works of God displayed in the firmament.*

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty Hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine—
The hand that made us is divine.

332 C. M.

Creation and providence.

1 I SING th' almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

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

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

4 Lord! how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye;

If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

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

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

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

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

333 L. M.

The riches of divine goodness.

1 LET the high heav'ns your songs invite;
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets, roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

2 Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruits and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

3 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns:
That band remotest nations joins;
And on each wave his goodness shines.

4 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made!

5 Thither my soul, with raptures soar;
There in the land of praise adore!
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

C. M.

334 *The creation of the world.*

Gen. 1.

1 "NOW let a spacious world arise,"
Said the Creator Lord;
At once th' obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sov'reign word.

2 Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land;
He call'd the light, the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants, a flow'ry birth,
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold the sun appears;
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame;
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.

8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth:

And grazing beasts of various form,
Rose from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was form'd of equal clay,
Though sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bless'd.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye,
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

C. M.

335 *Praise to God from all creatures.*

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay;
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honor shine,
And wheels of nature, roll;
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

L. M.

336 *The glory of God in creation and providence.* Psalm 104.

1 MY soul, thy great Creator, praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundation by his hand
Is pois'd, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheers the valleys as they go;
There gentle herds their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE I.

9 God from his cloudy cistern pours
On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs:
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man of various pow'r,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a pleasing juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
His gifts proclaim his love divine.

12 His bounteous hands our table spread,
He fills our cheerful stores with bread;
While food our vital strength imparts,
Let daily praise inspire our hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the stately cedar stands
Rais'd in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

14 To craggy hills, ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies;

17 Then man to daily labor goes:
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

18 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
While ev'ry land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.

19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

20 There ships divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
The huge leviathan resides,
And fearless sports amid the tides.

PAUSE III.

21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word;
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

22 While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.

23 But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign:
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;

A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

25 Thy works, the wonders of thy might,
Are honor'd with thy own delight:
How awful are thy glorious ways!
Thou, Lord, art dreadful in thy praise.

26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expires in endless joy.

28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory buried with their dust,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal halleluiahs sing.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

C. M.

337 *God's providence directs all things for the best.*

1 COMMIT thy way unto the Lord,
Who led thee through the past;
He will, according to his word,
Deliver thee at last.

2 The great, the wise, the mighty God,
Has all things in his view:
Although the heav'ns are his abode,
Yet he looks on us too.

3 The Lord who number'd all our days,
Knows how to make us blest;
He who has pointed out our ways,
Works all things for the best.

4 We need not fear, we need not doubt,
The Lord is still our friend;
His wondrous ways will bring about
His blessings in the end.

5 God, who has made the earth and seas,
When he gave his commands,
May deal with us as him doth please,
Are we but in his hands.

6 His mighty hand which doth provide
For all that live and move,
Will ever with his grace abide,
And guard us by his love.

7 His providence is over all;
He gives us all we need;
Whate'er may pass or us befall,
Is for our good indeed.

L. M.

338 *God's providence everywhere.*

1 GREAT God, thy providence and care,
I see and find them ev'rywhere;
Whene'er my Lord, I look to thee,
Thy hand of providence I see.

2 Why should I doubt, or grieve, or moan?
Since all I am to thee is known;
And as thy mercies have decreed,
Thy hand shall give me as I need.

3 For all my troubles, woes, and grief,
Thy providence points out relief;
Although I cannot understand
The dealings of thy bounteous hand.

4 Thy providence directs and guides,
And for each creature's wants provides:

For meanest creatures on the earth,
Like as for those of noblest birth.

5 Why should I not on thee depend?
A creature made for that great end,
To be an object of thy love,
To live and dwell with thee above. ‡

339 C. M.

Book of divine providence.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before the Lord!
Whate'er his pow'rful hand has form'd,
He governs with a word.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There 's not a sparrow or a worm
O'erlook'd in his decrees,
He raises monarchs to the throne,
Or sinks with equal ease.

4 If light attend the course I go,
'Tis he provides the rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Trusting his wisdom and his love,
I would not wish to know,
What in the book of his decrees
Awaits me here below.

6 Be this alone my fervent pray'r:
Whate'er my lot shall be,
Or joys, or sorrows, may they form
My soul for heav'n and thee!

340 C. M.

God's ways incomprehensible.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,

He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

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

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

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

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

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

C. M.

341 *The providence of God in air, earth, and sea; or, the blessing of rain.* Ps. 65.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and ev'ning shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine;

When clouds distill in fruitful show'rs,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

L. M.

342 *The divine nature, providence, and grace.*
Psalm 147.

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

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His sov'reign wisdom knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is the Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

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

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;

The beasts with food his hands supply,
And feeds the ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force?
The vig'rous man, the warlike horse,
The sprightly wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

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

343 L. M.

God's condescension to human affairs.

1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod;
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

3 God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to the earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.

4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour,
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try,
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow worm.

7 Oh! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

PRAISE TO GOD.

L. M.

344 *Praise to God for his boundless love.*

1 LET all in heav'n their praises bring,
All things on earth and in the seas,
Unite and worship him our King,
And show the wonders of his grace.

2 The brightest angels near his throne,
With all the happy hosts above,
Delight to make his glories known,
And show the greatness of his love.

3 But O, his love is greater still,
Than men or angels can conceive;
None are so wise as to reveal
His boundless love by which we live.

4 Immensely great and numberless
Are the bless'd bounties of his hands,
The vilest sinners must confess,
Though they abuse his just commands.

5 Should we not love and praise that God,
On whom the hosts of heav'n attend?
Yet condescends to our abode,
And visits us like as a friend.

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

345 *Praise to the Lord for his blessings.*

1 LET us join to praise our Maker,
Let us worship him our King;

And with angels be partaker,
And glad songs of praises sing.
See the wonders he has wrought!
O, his grace exceeds our thought.

2 Praise the Father who esteem'd us,
Who is ever kind and good;
Praise the Son who hath redeem'd us,
By the shedding of his blood:
By his blessed Spirit's aid,
Heirs of heaven we are made.

3 Let us join with ev'ry nation,
And with all who praise the Lord;
Thank the Lord for our salvation,
And the knowledge of his word:
For the word of life and peace,
That of joy and happiness.

4 Praise the Lord for ev'ry blessing,
Which we constantly receive:
Grace and love are never missing;
Let us praise him while we live:
Worthless creatures as we are,
Yet the objects of his care.

5 Numberless are all his blessings,
More than we can ever know;
Should we join to sing his praises,
Here with all on earth below,
All would fail to speak his worth,
Or to set his praises forth.

6 Praises be to God for ever;
Praise him all ye hosts above!
Grace and mercy faileth never
With our God, the God of love.
Glory, honor, praise, and pow'r,
Be to God for evermore.

4 lines 6's and 2 lines 8's.

346 *Praise to God for salvation, life, and food.*

1 COME let us praise our God!
Like as the angels do,
And show his love abroad
To all on earth below:
Our joyful songs to God we raise,
And humbly join to sing his praise.

2 The mercies of our Lord
Are endless, great, and good;
To us they e'er afford,
Salvation, life, and food:
His promises are ever sure,
And will endure for evermore.

3 God shows his love and grace,
And makes his counsels known;
To save the fallen race,
He sent his only Son;
Who bled and died upon the tree,
To ransom us and set us free.

4 His Spirit from above,
For Jesus' sake is giv'n!
Who fills our hearts with love,
And fits our souls for heav'n!
His blessed gifts are then applied,
And we shall then be sanctified.

5 What more should God bestow
Upon the human race,
While they live here below,
Than to enjoy his grace?
Such grace as will cause man to be
Felicitous eternally.

347 S. M.

Heavenly joy on earth.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

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

3 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

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

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

8 The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

L. M.

348 *Praise to God from all nations.* Psalm 117.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

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

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In ev'ry land begin the song;
To ev'ry land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

L. M.

349 *Praise for temporal blessings; or, common and spiritual mercies.* Psalm 68.

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food,
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;

He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He helps the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide diff'rence that remains
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above;
There shall they taste his special love.

350 L. M.

A song of praise to God.

1 TO God the universal King,
Let all mankind their tribute bring;
All that have breath your voices raise,
In songs of never-ceasing praise.

2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heav'ns stretch'd o'er our head,
A large and solemn temple frame
To celebrate its Builder's fame.

3 Here the bright sun, that rules the day,
As through the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sov'reignty of God.

4 When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,

The moon and stars adopt the song,
And through the night their praise prolong.

5 The list'ning earth with rapture hears
Th' harmonious music of the spheres;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.

6 But man, endow'd with nobler pow'rs,
His God in nobler strains adores;
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

L. M.

351 *Praise to God as the Creator and Preserver.*

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

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

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

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

C. M.

352 *Praise to God for preservation and redemption.*

1 YE humble souls! approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move:
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, "his only Son,"
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord! we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

S. M.

353 *Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.* Psalm 103.

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

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie

Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

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

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave:
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

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

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known:
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

354 C. M.

God's goodness and grace.

1 INDULGENT Father! how divine,
How bright thy bounties are!
Through nature's ample round they shine,
Thy goodness to declare.

2 But in the nobler work of grace,
What sweeter mercy smiles
In my benign Redeemer's face,
And ev'ry fear beguiles!

3 Such wonders, Lord, while I survey,
To thee my thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or ev'ning veils the skies.

4 When glim'ring life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune my breath;
The sweet remembrance of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death.

5 But oh! how blest my song shall rise,
When freed from feeble clay,
And all thy glories meet mine eyes
In one eternal day.

6 Not seraphs, who resound thy name
Through yon ethereal plains,
Shall glow with a diviner flame,
Or raise sublimer strains.

[*From the German of Gellert*,—By J. S.]

354-A

9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8.

The benevolence of God.

1 HOW good our God in ev'ry blessing!
Can he be rational who denies?
Who with a harden'd heart suppressing,
Withholds that tribute due the skies?
No;—be my endless, great employment
To muse upon that boundless love;
He still remembers my enjoyments,
Adore, my heart! thy friend above.

2 Who form'd and wondrously defends me?
That God who needs no gifts of mine.
Who with long-suff'ring love attends me?
E'en He whose counsels I decline.
Whose soothing voice each doubt represses?
Whose smiles my powers of soul recall?
Who with success abundant blesses?
Does not his arm achieve it all?

3 See, O my soul! yon life unbounded,
For which thou hast been bless'd to be,
Where thou with splendor all surrounded,
Th' Eternal as he is shalt see;
Thou hast a right to that fruition;
Through God's own kindness it is thine;
Lo! Christ has borne a world's perdition,
To gain for thee that bliss divine.

4 Shall I not praise that God and fear him?
Shall I not understand his grace?
When He would call shall I not hear him,
With joy the path he shows me trace?
His law inspires my heart to labor,
His Word sustains it evermore;
E'en as myself I 'd love my neighbor,
My God o'er all the world adore.

5 This is his will,—this my thanksgiving,
His bright perfections thus I see;
While thus within his law I 'm living,
His image in my breast shall be.
Each toil of life becomes endearing,
While e'er his love inspires my soul;
And though from weakness often erring,
I still am free from sin's control.

6 Thy mercy, Lord! thy love appealing
Before mine eyes forever be,
With sweet composure o'er me stealing,
To consecrate my life to thee.
O let them soothe each transient sorrow,
And fill my heart with happiness,
Beguile the sting which Death would borrow,
And make me dread his terrors less!

355 S. M.

Universal praise. Psalm 148.

1 LET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;

By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs of snow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above,
His honors be express'd;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I.

7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye wat'ry worlds below;
And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky,
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear,
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show;
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him who drest you so.

12 By all the earth-born race,
His honors be express'd;
But saints, who know his heav'nly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sov'reign hand,
Whence all your honors spring.

14 Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and with'ring age,
Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise:
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints who dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

THE TRINITY.

C. M.

356 *The doctrine and use of the Trinity.*
Ephes. 2, 18.

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

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;

Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory giv'n,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heav'n.

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

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One gen'ral song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heav'n combine
In harmony and praise.

L. M.

357 *A song of praise to the ever-blessed Trinity.*

1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God!
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

C. M.

358 *To the Trinity.*

1 O HOLY Father, God of love!
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining pow'r we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Lord Jesus, thine we wish to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Savior's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be with Christ in God.

CHRIST.

L. M.

359 *The deity and humanity of Christ.*
John 1, 3, 14; Col. 1, 16; Ephes. 3, 9, 10.

1 ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word:
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms;
The Word descends and dwells in clay;

That he may hold converse with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

5 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!

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

360 L. M.

God the Son equal with the Father.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sov'reign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.

3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And, smiling, sit at thy right hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.

4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

5 Yet there is one, of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one;
Though they are known by diff'rent names,
The FATHER GOD, and GOD the SON.

7 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be ador'd;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

361 C. M.

The divinity of Christ.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Word!
The Father's equal Son;
By heav'n's obedient hosts ador'd,
Ere time its course begun.

2 The first creation has display'd
Thine energy divine;
For not a single thing was made
By other hands than thine.

3 But ransom'd sinners, with delight,
Sublimer facts survey,—
The all-creating Word unites
Himself to dust and clay.

4 Creation's Author now assumes
A creature's humble form:
A man of grief and woe becomes,
And trod on like a worm.

5 The Lord of glory bears the shame
To vile transgressors due;
Justice the Prince of life condemns
To die in anguish too.

6 God over all, for ever blest,
The righteous curse endures;
And thus, to souls with sin distress'd,
Eternal bliss insures.

7 What wonders in thy person meet,
My Savior, all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.

S. M.

362 *Christ's intercession.* Heb. 7, 25.

1 WELL, the Redeemer 's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
Nor burning wrath comes down;
If justice call for sinner's blood,
The Savior shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing,
Jesus the priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high:
"Hosanna to the God of grace,
That lays his thunder by.

6 On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above;"
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

6 lines 7's.

363 *Christ the Rock of Ages.* Isa. 26, 4.

1 ROCK of Ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labor of my hands,
Can fulfil thy law's demands:

Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

364 L. M.

Christ our Friend.

1 POOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,
I have a rich almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Savior, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood;
And, by his pow'r, my foes control'd:
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 But, ah! my inmost spirit mourns;
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns:
I've been a faithless friend to him.

4 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey;
And often Satan's lies believe
Sooner than all my Friend can say.

5 Sure, were I not most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite!

And were not he the God of grace,
He 'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

L. M.

365 *Christ our High Priest and King; and Christ coming to judgment.* Rev. 1, 5–7.

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

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting pow'r confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold! on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Now he displays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

C. M.

366 *Christ the Vine.* John 15, 1–5.

1 JESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine,
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit:
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigor from thy root.

3 I can do nothing without thee;
My strength is wholly thine;
Wither'd and barren should I be,
If sever'd from the vine.

4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop;
The plant which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

5 Each moment, water'd by thy care,
And fenc'd with pow'r divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

366-A C. M.

Christ the Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come,)

No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

C. M.

367 *Christ the Fountain.* Psalm 36, 9.

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

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

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

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

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

L. M.

368 *Jesus the Way.* John 14, 6.

1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I plac'd my hopes upon:
His track I see—and I 'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view;—

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I 'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;

My grief, my burthen, long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sin'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, for I 'm the way."

5 Lo glad I come, and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love do I receive.

6 I 'll tell to all poor sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I 'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

369 C. M.

Christ the Door. John 10, 9; Hos. 2, 15.

1 AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.

2 Behold the portal wide display'd,
The buildings strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door;
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All trav'ling through one bounteous gate,
To one eternal home!

370 L. M.

Christ the Ark. 1 Peter 3, 20, 21.

1 THE deluge at th' Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell!

Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close pursuing wave!
Nor could their mightiest tow'rs defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.

3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry
Of millions in the last despair,
Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky!

4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him through.

5 So I may sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall,
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd
Beyond this trembling earthly ball.

6 My soul in Christ securely waits,
Nor can she leave that safe retreat;
Till the wide flood, which buries earth,
Shall waft her to a heav'nly seat.

7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne
Seals endless life to ransom'd souls.

371 L. M.

Christ the Bridegroom. Ephes. 5, 25.

1 JESUS, the heav'nly lover, gave
His life my wretched soul to save:
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.

2 Rebellious I against him strove,
Till melted and constrain'd by love;
With sin and self I freely part,
The heav'nly Bridegroom wins my heart.

3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse:
My debts he pays, and sets me free,
And makes his riches o'er to me.

4 My filthy rags are laid aside,
He clothes me as becomes his bride;
Himself bestows my wedding-dress,
The robe of perfect righteousness.

5 Lost in astonishment, I see,
Jesus, thy boundless love to me;
With angels I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise thee more.

6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,
O keep me, Savior, near thy side;
I fain would give thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my Lord depart.

6 lines 8's.

372 *Christ our Kinsman.* Ruth 3, 4, 9.

1 JESUS, we claim thee for our own,
Our kinsman near allied in blood;
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
The Son of man, the Son of God:
And lo, we lay us at thy feet,
Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.

2 Partaker of my flesh below,
To thee, O Jesus, I apply;
Thou wilt thy poor relations know,
Thou never canst thyself deny:
Exclude me from thy guardian care,
Or slight a sinful beggar's pray'r.

3 Thee, Savior, at my greatest need
I trust my faithful friend to prove;
Now o'er thy meanest servant spread
The skirt of thy redeeming love:
Under thy wings of mercy take,
And save me for thy merit's sake.

4 Hast thou not undertook my cause,
Lord over all, to worms allied?
Answer me from that bleeding cross,
Demand thy dearly-ransom'd bride;
And let my soul, betroth'd to thee,
Thine wholly, thine for ever be!

C. M.

373 *Jesus the Messenger of the Covenant.*

Matth. 3, 1.

1 JESUS, commission'd from above,
Descends to men below,
And shows from whence the springs of love,
In endless currents flow.

2 He, whom the boundless heav'n adores,
Whom angels long to see,
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
Ambassador to me!

3 To me a worm, a sinful clod,
A rebel all forlorn;
A foe, a traitor to my God,
And of a traitor born;

4 To me, who never sought his grace,
Who mock'd his sacred word;
Who never knew, or lov'd his face,
And all his will abhor'd;

5 To me who could not even praise,
When his kind heart I knew;
But sought a thousand devious ways,
Rather than keep the true;

6 Yet this redeeming angel came,
So vile a worm to bless;
He took with gladness all my blame,
And gave his righteousness.

7 O! that my languid heart might glow
With ardor all divine;
And for more love than seraphs know,
Like burning seraphs shine.

C. M.

374 *Christ the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.* Heb. 7.

1 THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are now 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'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

L. M.

375 *Christ the Physician.* Jer. 8, 22.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! in nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in ev'ry part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sov'reign balm be found?
And is no kind Physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

4 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heav'nly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

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

S. M.

376 *The impotent man cured.* John 5, 2–9.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year a sinful soul
Had waited for a cure.

2 The voice of one unknown,
Advancing where he lay,
Bespoke him in a gentle tone,
And thus it seem'd to say:

3 "Poor, sinful, dying soul,
Why linger here and die?
Only consent to be made whole,
You need no longer lie.

4 The Savior passing by,
Well knows your sinking state,
And while the Savior is so nigh,
The sinner need not wait."

5 That voice dispell'd the charm,
His fatal slumbers broke;
He saw his sins with fresh alarm,
And fear'd the vengeful stroke.

6 Unable to endure,
He call'd for aid divine—
The great Physician wrought the cure;
That guilty soul was mine.

C. M.

377 *Christ adored by the heavenly host.*

1 O THE delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs, rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise,
Through ev'ry heav'nly street;
And lay their highest honors down,
Submissive at his feet.

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

5 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head!

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

L. M.

378 *Characters of Christ borrowed from inanimate things in Scripture.*

1 GO worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colors not her own.

3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.

4 Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough
Is David's root and offspring too.

5 Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields;
Or if the lily he assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.

6 Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine!

7 Is he the head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.

8 Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

9 Is he a fire? He 'll purge my dross;
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.

10 Is he a rock? How firm he proves,
The Rock of Ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

11 Is he a way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk, with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

12 Is he a door? I 'll enter in:
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise, divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.

13 Is he design'd a corner stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I 'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

14 Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;
And still to his most holy place
Whene'er I pray I 'll turn my face.

15 Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.

16 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears,
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

379 L. M.

The offices of Christ, from several scriptures.

1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r,
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But Oh! what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!

My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears to me.

3 The "Angel of the cov'nant" stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great salvation known.

4 Great Prophet! let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

5 My bright Example, and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way.

6 I love my Shepherd; he shall keep
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

7 My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

8 Jesus, my great High Priest, has died,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now he pleads before the throne.

9 My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.

10 My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and the sword, I sing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

11 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The "Captain of salvation" leads;

March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

12 Should death, and hell, and pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

380 C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glim'ring day.

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

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

4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.

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

7 Yes we will praise thee, dearest Lord;
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna, round the spacious earth,
To thine adored name!

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

L. M.

381 *Loving-kindness.* Isa. 63, 7.

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

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how great!

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

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, Oh, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

C. M.

382 *A new song to the Lamb that was slain.* Rev. 5, 6, 8, 9–12.

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

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

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

4 Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open ev'ry seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in his hand the sov'reign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell!

6 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessing paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

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

8 The worlds of nature and of grace,
Are put beneath thy pow'r;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

383 L. M.

Christ's sufferings and glory.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;

How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

3 Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
He came t' atone Almighty wrath;
Jesus, the God, was born to die.

4 Hell, and its lions, roar'd around;
His precious blood the monster spilt;
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.

5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' Almighty captive pris'ner lay:
Th' Almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face!

7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

384 C. M.

Redemption by price and power.

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood;

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl,
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

C. M.

385 *Access to the throne of grace by a mediator.* 1 Tim. 2, 5.

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

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calm'd his frowning face;
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace!

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.

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

C. M.

386 *Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the creation.* Rev. 5, 11.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

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

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

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

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

386-A

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

Excellency of Christ.

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

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heav'nly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,

I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

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

C. M.

386-B *Christ's first and second coming.*

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue!
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations,—"Jesus reigns,"
God's own almighty Son;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains! sink, ye valleys! rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes,—he comes to bless
The nations, as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread,
To see their Judge appear!

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

386-C *Christ the Lamb enthroned and worshipped.*

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

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,
Destin'd to behold thy face.

4 Savior! hasten thine appearing;
Bring—Oh! bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we 'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

HOLY SPIRIT.

C. M.

387 *The operations of the Holy Spirit.*

1 COME, Holy Ghost! Creator, come,
Inspire the souls of thine;
Till ev'ry heart which thou hast made,
Be fill'd with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Thy gifts are manifold,—thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heav'nly speech impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within,
That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death reviv'd,
And thee with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both deriv'd.

388 C. M.

Breathings after the Holy Spirit.

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

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate,—

Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

6 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

C. M.

389 *The Comforter.* John 14, 16–18.

1 O HOLY GHOST, eternal God,
Descending from above,
Thou fill'st the soul through Jesus' blood,
With faith, and hope, and love.

2 Thou comfortest the heavy heart,
By sin and grief oppress'd:
Thou to the dead dost life impart,
And to the weary rest.

3 Thy sweet communion charms the soul,
And gives true peace and joy,
Which Satan's pow'r can ne'er control,
Nor all his wiles destroy.

4 Let no false comfort lift us up
To confidence that 's vain:
Nor let their faith and courage droop,
Who love the Lamb once slain.

5 Breathe comfort where distress abounds;
O make our conscience clean;
And heal with balm from Jesus' wounds,
The fest'ring sore of sin.

6 Vanquish our lusts; our pride remove;
Take out the heart of stone:
Show us the Father's boundless love,
And merits of the Son.

S. M.

390 *To the blessed Spirit.* John 14, 26.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;

Dispel the sorrows from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts
With visitations sweet;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

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

4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wand'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

5 Show us the sinner's friend,
That rules the courts of bliss;
The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of peace.

6 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
T' illuminate the soul;
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

390-A 7, 7, 7, 7.

Influences of the Spirit.

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

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me;
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

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

THE LAW OF GOD.

L. M.

391 *The Ten Commandments of God.*
Exodus 20, 1–17.

1 THE great command Jehovah gave:
No other gods but only me
Shall ye my chosen people have;
Your only trust in me shall be.

2 No graven image shall ye make,
Nor to such helpless creatures bow;
Nor them for your salvation take,
As the blind savage nations do.

3 Ye shall not take my name in vain,
I am your just and holy Lord;
Unpunish'd ye cannot remain
Who thus profane my sacred word.

4 Remember well the Sabbath-day,
It is the day I have ordain'd
For men to spend in such a way,
That saving knowledge may be gain'd.

5 Honor thy parents with delight,
And help and succor them always;
For that is lawful, just, and right:
Thou shalt be blest with length of days.

6 Thy fellow-man thou shalt not kill,
For Satan was a murd'rer first;
All murd'rers do the devil's will,
And, like the devils, shall be curs'd.

7 Thou shalt not steal, nor yet defraud
Thy fellow-men of what they claim;
'Tis breaking of the law of God,
And brings on man both guilt and shame.

8 Adultery, that horrid act!
Commit thou not that shameful deed;
They who are guilty of such fact,
Their ways unto destruction lead.

9 False evidence thou shalt not bear,
For that could cost thy neighbor's life;
In ev'ry cause the truth declare,
To settle all debates and strife.

10 Thy neighbor's wife, nor what he hath,
Thou shalt not covet, seek, or crave;
But trust the Lord, in life and death,
And be content with what you have.

11 Great God, to thee I humbly pray:
Fill us with holy fear and awe;
Make us afraid to disobey
Or break thy just and holy law. ‡

C. M.

392 *Conviction of sin by the Law.*
Rom. 7, 8, 9, 14, 24.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,
But, since the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and flight,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 I 'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the pow'r of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath
For some kind pow'r to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

393 S. M.

The Law is spiritual. Rom. 7, 14.

1 THE law of God is just,
A strict and holy way;
And he that would escape the curse,
Must all the law obey.

2 Not one vain thought must rise,
Not one unclean desire;
He must be holy, just, and wise,
Who keeps the law entire.

3 If in one point he fail
In thought, or word, or deed,
The curses of the law prevail,
And rest upon his head.

4 Now let me bring my heart,
And with the law compare,
And ask,—if I in ev'ry part
Have paid obedience there?

5 I tremble and retreat;
Behold, O God!—I 'm vile:
Guilty, I fall before thy feet,
And own my nature's soil.

6 Lord, I have broke thy law:
I now lament my sin;

Still I offend in all I do,
I 'm carnal and unclean.

7 And does the curse still rest
Upon my guilty head?
No: Jesus—let his name be blest!—
Hath borne it in my stead.

394 4 lines 6's and 2 lines 8's.
Types of Christ. Heb. 4, 2.

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

2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once appli'd with pow'r,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

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

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

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free:
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea—

Describ'd the guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by the Savior's death discharg'd.

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

S. M.

395 *Moses and Christ, or sin against the Law and Gospel.* John 1, 17.

1 THE law by Moses came;
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God,
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The Sov'reign and the Head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

C. M.

396 *Justification by faith, not by works.* Rom. 3, 19–28.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;

Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we trust!
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

S. M.

397 *The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.*

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

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

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

4 Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armor of defense.

5 We learn Christ crucified,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.

6 We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

FALL AND DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

L. M.

398 *The fallen state of man.* Gen. 3.

1 THE fall of man, how deep and great!
How sad and wretched is his state;
God's image in his soul effac'd!
To all reproach and shame abas'd.

2 Subject to Satan and his pow'r,
Can love and serve his God no more;
The drifts and studies of his mind,
Are of the base and vilest kind.

3 Poor, helpless creature in his blood!
Yet lives at enmity with God;
To God and all his ways estrang'd,
Until his heart by grace is chang'd.

4 The head is sick, the heart is faint,
Incurable is the complaint;
The wisest angels from above,
This sad disease cannot remove.

5 Jesus, physician of the soul,
Can only make such patients whole;
Such medicine as he doth give,
Can make the dying soul to live.

6 His precious blood, for sinners shed,
Is the bless'd balm of Gilead!

A medicine of greater worth
Than all in heav'n, or all on earth.

7 Ye sick and fainting souls, draw nigh,
To him alone for help apply;
Such wounds and bruises as ye feel,
Will Christ, your great Physician, heal.

8 His love and grace to you abound;
How sweet his invitations sound:
Come unto me, ye helpless poor,
Your health and life I will restore. ‡

L. M.

399 *The fall and recovery of man; or, Christ and Satan at enmity.*

Gen. 3, 1, 15, 17; Gal. 4, 4; Col. 2, 15.

1 DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam our head, our father, fell;
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning: Death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worse reward:
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
"Let everlasting hatred be
Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 The woman's seed shall be my Son;
He shall destroy what thou hast done;
Shall break thy head, and only feel
Thy malice raging at his heel."

5 He spake, and bid four thousand years
Roll on: at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo! by the sons of hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,

He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.

C. M.

400 *Corrupt nature from Adam.*

1 Cor. 15, 21, 22.

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

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
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 pow'rs restore,
Inspire us with a heav'nly 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.

L. M.

401 *Original and actual sin confessed.*

Psalm 51.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we 're defil'd in ev'ry part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy.

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

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease:
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

L. M.

402 *The first and second Adam.*

Rom. 5, 12, &c.

1 DEEP in the dust, before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

2 Adam, the sinner: at his fall,
Death, like a conqu'ror, seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honors of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

5 By the rebellion of one man,
Through all the seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now,
Are all his seed made righteous too.

6 Where sin did reign and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

402-A L. M.

The fall and its remedy.

1 OUR nature fell in Adam's fall,
One common sin infects us all;
From sire to son the bane descends,
And over all the curse impends.

2 Corruption creeps through all our pow'rs,
And withers all life's heav'nly flow'rs;
In guilt we draw our earliest breath,
And reap its fruit of woe and death.

3 From hearts deprav'd, to evil prone,
Flow thoughts and deeds of sin alone;
God's image lost, the darken'd soul
Nor seeks nor finds its heav'nly goal.

4 But Christ, the second Adam, came
To bear our sin, and woe, and shame,
To be our life, and by his grace
To new-create our fallen race.

5 Thanks, Savior! that new life is ours,
That grace has chang'd our broken pow'rs;
O, still that saving grace extend,
To make us steadfast to the end. M. L.

THE GOSPEL, OR SALVATION THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

L. M.

On redemption.

403 1 Cor. 1, 30; 1 Tim. 3, 16.

1 O WONDROUS love, and myst'ry great!
On which all men should meditate:
Jesus, the blessed Lamb of God,
Came to redeem us with his blood.

2 The sons of men were doom'd to be
Condemn'd, to all eternity;
Not men nor angels could restore,
Or ransom man, from Satan's pow'r.

3 Had all the hosts of heav'n conspir'd
To do what justice had requir'd,
Their efforts all would never do,
The race of Adam fell too low.

4 Yea, far beyond the reach of all
Did Adam with his children fall;
By none on earth, nor yet in heav'n,
Could sure relief to them be giv'n.

5 None else but Christ, both God and man,
Could e'er complete that glorious plan;
Jesus, the Lamb, alone could be
The ransom that could set them free.

6 Perfect obedience he did yield,
Till law and prophets were fulfil'd;
And all demands were satisfi'd,
When Christ the mighty Savior died. ‡

C. M.

404 *Christ died to save the lost.* Rom. 5, 6.

1 WHEN Christ the blessed Savior died,
And yielded up his ghost,
"My suff'rings now are past," he cried,
"I die to save the lost."

2 A pardon for our guilt he gain'd,
When Christ for us was slain;
Yet other blessings were obtain'd,
When Jesus rose again;

3 When he ascended up to God,
And took his seat above:
From whence his Spirit is bestow'd,
Who sheds abroad his love;

4 Who works in us that living faith,
That faith which can destroy
The pow'rs of Satan, sin, and death,
And fill our hearts with joy.

5 By Jesus' suff'rings we are sav'd,
And fitted for that place,
Where happiness abounds indeed,
Before the Savior's face. ‡

405 C. M.

Christ our righteousness. Jer. 23, 6.

1 HAD not the blessed Son of God,
Once condescended thus,
To come on earth and shed his blood,
Who could have ransom'd us?

2 No sacrifice could e'er be made,
That could atone for sin;
None but the blood the Savior shed,
Could make our conscience clean.

3 We never could have been restor'd,
Into a state of bliss,
Had it not been that Christ, our Lord,
Became our righteousness.

4 In this sad state we must have lain,
To all eternity,
Had we not been reclaim'd again,
By Christ who set us free. ‡

406 C. M.

Redemption by Christ. Rom. 3, 24.

1 WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebel'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Desc ·nding from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living pow'r, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign!
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honor shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

407 L. M.

The power of the Gospel.

1 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 sov'reign 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 rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
Our lusts its wondrous pow'r 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 esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

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

L. M.

408 *The Apostles' commission; or, the Gospel attested by miracles.*

Matth. 28, 18, &c.; Mark 16, 15, &c.

1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be sav'd that trusts my word;
He shall be damn'd that wont believe.

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

3 Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead,
Go, cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

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

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

409

4 lines 6's and 2 lines 8's.

The jubilee.

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

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

3 Ye, who have sold for naught,
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

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

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

L. M.

410 *Christ's invitation to sinners; or, humility and pride.* Matth. 11, 28–30.

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

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

3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

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

C. M.

411 *Christ's commission.* John 3, 16, 17.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tributes 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 th' almighty Savior'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.

S. M.

412 *The blessedness of Gospel times; or, the revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles.*
Isa. 5, 2, 7–10; Matth. 13, 16, 17.

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

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

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

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:

Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

C. M.

412-A

Joy for salvation.

1 SALVATION, O the joyful sound!
'Tis music to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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

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

L. M.

412-B

Life, the day of grace and hope.
Eccl. 9, 4–6, 10.

1 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 giv'n
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n:
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 mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love is 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.

412-C L. M.

1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and pow'rs, and kingdoms, be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign!

3 Oh let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Savior reigns!

412-D 8 lines 7's.

Triumphs of the Gospel.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are!
Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day,
Promis'd day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends!
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!

Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn!
Watchman! let thy wand'ring cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

FAITH.

413 C. M.
The Apostles' Creed.

1 I B'LIEVE in one almighty God,
The Father of us all;
Who gives us life, and health, and food,
And hears us when we call.

2 The heav'ns by his almighty hand,
And earth and seas were made;
He governs all with his command,
On which all things are stay'd.

3 I b'lieve in Jesus Christ, my Lord,
The Father's only Son;
Who is the great eternal Word,
And with the Father one;

4 Who is from all eternity
The author of all bliss;
Who is, and was, and e'er shall be
God, as the Father is.

5 Conceived by the Holy Ghost,
And born the Virgin's Son,

As testified th' angelic host,
Who made his birth first known.

6 He died, and in the grave he lay,
But did not there remain,
And on his own appointed day
He liv'd and rose again.

7 At God's right hand he reigns, our head;
Once more he is to come,
To judge the living and the dead,
And give each one his doom.

8 In God the Holy Ghost I b'lieve,
Like as in God the Son;
All glory to these Three I give,
Which blessed Three are One.

9 The Holy Ghost his gifts imparts,
Both heav'nly and divine;
Unites all true believers' hearts,
With Christ their Lord to join.

10 I also hold this doctrine forth,
It is my faith and creed:
There is one Christian church on earth,
The church of Christ indeed.

11 And in this Christian church below,
I find my safest place:
God's word and ordinances too,
And all the means of grace.

12 A pardon for my sins I have,
And number'd with the just;
And I shall live beyond the grave,
When raised from the dust.

414 C. M.

True and living faith.

1 O LORD! a true and living faith,
Do thou on me bestow,
To conquer Satan, sin, and death,
And ev'ry other foe.

2 A faith which is the gift of God,
Which none but Christ can give;
Which makes the heart the Lord's abode,
Therein to move and live.

3 By faith, the grace of God 's embrac'd,
The Savior is receiv'd,
All confidence in him is plac'd,
The victory achiev'd.

4 Such faith as works true confidence,
Will make the soul admire
And taste the blessings from above,
Such as she should desire.

5 This faith which works true confidence,
Will cast out slavish fear:
Then shall that work of grace commence,
And we learn what we are. ‡

415 L. M.

Faith is a shining light.

1 HEAR what the great Apostle saith:
Have ye that true and living faith?
O try yourselves, and search the ground,
If living faith in you be found;

2 A faith which is a shining light,
Which banishes the pow'rs of night;
Creates the inward man anew,
Restores the Savior's image too.

3 By living faith grace is applied,
The soul is truly sanctified;
Such souls possess the Savior's mind;
Like him, are truly meek and kind.

4 This faith will work a living hope,
And cheer the mind, and build it up;
The soul is thus endow'd with pow'r
To love the Lord for evermore.

5 My God, create such faith in me!
Confirm my confidence in thee;

Establish thou my wav'ring heart,
Till I shall see thee as thou art. ‡

C. M.

416 *Faith of things unseen.* Heb. 11, 3–10.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty Word;
Abrah'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' Eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

L. M.

417 *Faith comes by hearing.* Rom. 10, 17.

1 FAITH comes by hearing God's record
Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord,—
The happy means which heav'n hath blest,
To bring us to the gospel-rest.

2 The joyful sound is news of grace,
Redemption of a fallen race,
Through Jesus' righteousness divine,
Which bright from faith to faith doth shine.

3 The promise of immortal bliss
We have in Christ, our righteousness:
By this our righteousness is bought;
Faith pleads our right, but buys it not.

4 True faith receives the offer'd good,
And promise seal'd with Jesus' blood:

Faith gives no title to the bliss,
But takes the Savior's righteousness.

5 In the Redeemer, as my head,
The cov'nant is established:
In him the promises are *yea*,
In him *Amen*, and not in me.

418 C. M.

The power of faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all my cares;

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

3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r
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.

S. M.

419 *Faith, its author and preciousness.*
Ephes. 2, 8.

1 FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd!
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God!

2 Jesus it owns a King,—
An all-atoning Priest:
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me!

L. M.

420 *The struggle between faith and unbelief.*
Mark 9, 24.

1 JESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
In thee, believing, we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.

2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name;

And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispers'd by op'ning light.

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

Hoping and longing.

421 Num. 13, 30; Deut. 3, 25.

1 COME, Lord! and help me to rejoice,
In hope that I shall hear thy voice,
Shall one day see my God;
Shall cease from all my sins and strife,
Handle and taste the word of life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.

2 I shall not always make my moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknown;
But I shall live to prove
Thy people's rest and saints' delight,
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of thy redeeming love.

3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruit of paradise
In endless plenty grow:

4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With ev'ry blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

C. M.

421-A *Prayer for strong faith.*

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain,
Beneath the chast'ning rod,

But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmov'd, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heav'nly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

REPENTANCE.

422 S. M.

Repentance to God.

1 MY soul, to God return,
And seek his gracious face;
Well I deserve to sigh and mourn,
Who have abus'd his grace.

2 I liv'd quite unconcern'd,
Without a serious thought;
Though oft I was reprov'd and warn'd,
Yet I obeyed not.

3 How could it ever be!
That God should e'er forgive;
Astonishing it is to me,
That I am spar'd to live:

4 The blood of Jesus cried:
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal;
For such I bled, for such I died,
To keep them out of hell. ‡

423 C. M.

Imploring divine mercy. Eccl. 9, 5.

1 REBUKE me not in anger, Lord!
Nor cast me quite away,
Nor let me have my just reward;
Have mercy, Lord, I pray!

2 In mercy hear thou my complaint,
O hear my mournful pray'r:
My heart is weak, my soul is faint,
And fill'd with dread and fear.

3 In death no man rememb'reth thee,
Nor thanks thee in the grave:
In mercy, Lord, deliver me,
And from destruction save.

4 My sorrows, and distress of mind,
Are numberless and great;
No peace or comfort can I find,
In this my dismal state.

5 My life is worn with grief and pain,
And all my strength is gone:
O Lord, revive my soul again,
And make thy mercies known.

6 O comfort me in my distress;
On thee, my God, I call:
Be thou my life and righteousness,
My Savior and my all. ‡

424 L. M.

Sorrow for sin.

1 O THAT my heart could melt with woe!
And feel true sorrow for my sin,
Repentance would like rivers flow;
Then could I hope for peace within.

2 My sins have caus'd my dearest Lord
To groan and die upon the tree;
Yet he assures me in his word,
He groan'd, he bled, and died for me.

3 O these are pow'rful cords of love,
By which my helpless soul is drawn,
To seek thy grace from heav'n above,
Thro' which thy mercies are made known.

4 My heart inclin'd into the way
That leads the soul to endless pain;
I ever should have run astray,
Had I not been reclaim'd again.

5 Thy grace, thy mercy, love, and pow'r,
At length on my hard heart prevail'd,
Or I had been for evermore,
To everlasting ruin seal'd.

6 Thy blessed Spirit interpos'd,
And by his light my soul was brought
To know the grace I had refus'd,
And frequently had set at naught.

7 I see and feel my sinful state,
And with sincerity I mourn;
But as thy promises are great,
To thee, my God, I will return. ‡

425 C. M.

Imploring the mercies of God.

1 O GRACIOUS Savior, pity me!
My soul is fill'd with grief;
To whom or whither can I flee,
To find or get relief?

2 My sins lie heavy on my heart,
And vex my troubled soul;
My only hope and trust thou art,
My sorrows to control.

3 When on my case I meditate,
And see how sin prevails,

And I do feel my helpless state,
My heart 's distress'd, and fails.

4 Though I am weak, and faint, and poor,
Thy mercies still abound;
Thy grace affords a bounteous store,
Where life and peace are found.

5 Thy sacred word does fully prove,
That dying sinners may
Obtain a pardon from above;
For which, my God, I pray. ‡

L. M.

426 *Delay of repentance.* Heb. 3, 7, 8.

1 YE careless souls, will ye delay,
And trifle precious time away?
Why will ye spend your days of grace
In vanity and idleness?

2 Why will ye forfeit future joys
For sake of mean and empty toys?
And slight that which would make you blest,
And place your souls in peaceful rest?

3 Will ye abuse what God doth give?
The precious time wherein ye live,
The time wherein ye may secure
Your happiness for evermore.

4 Who would neglect to gain the prize,
When all at hand before one's eyes,
And yet neglect and still delay,
Until the prize be tak'n away?

5 Such is the case with careless souls,
They act the part of stupid fools;
They forfeit life, they forfeit heav'n,
That freely would to them be giv'n.

6 To-day, while ye do hear his voice,
Let his great offers be your choice;
Let your repentance be sincere,
To call on God, while he is near.

7 Delays are dang'rous, you well know;
Your heart and conscience tell you so;
Much better you had watch and pray,
Than trifle precious time away. ‡

L. M.

427 *A penitent pleading for pardon.* Psalm 51, first part.

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

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

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

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

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

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

L. M.

428 *Repentance, and faith in the blood of Christ.* Psalm 51, third part.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,

Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise,
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I 'll lead them to my Savior's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

C. M.

429 *The repenting prodigal.* Luke 15, 13.

1 BEHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
Have wasted his estate;
He begs a share amongst the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

2 "I die with hunger here," he cries;
"I starve in foreign lands;
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

3 I 'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before his face:
Father, I 've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his Father's love;
The Father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
The Father gives command,
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

7 A day of feasting I ordain;
Let mirth and joy abound;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found."

C. M.

430 *Resolve.* Esther 4, 16.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

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

3 Prostrate I 'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess,

I'll tell him I 'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolv'd to try:
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

430-A C. M.

Sense of ingratitude.

1 DEAR Savior, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low, at thy feet, asham'd, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd
From Jesus to depart;

3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest;
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfi'd, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wand'ring soul restores;
He bids the mourner freely take
The pardon he implores.

5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

6 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Is thy forgiving grace.

JUSTIFICATION.

C. M.

431 *Jesus justifies.*

1 WHY should my heart feel so dismay'd,
And harbor such distress?
My debt of sin the Savior paid,
Who is my righteousness.

2 Though Satan with his tempests toss
My soul into dismay,
I look to Jesus on the cross,
To drive my fears away.

3 I need not dread the tempter's force,
Nor all that he can do,
Since I have refuge and recourse,
A place of safety too.

4 I must confess I ought to be
Disown'd by thee, my God;
But Christ my Savior died for me,
And bought me with his blood.

5 His merits I do humbly claim,
Thereon my soul relies;
Not sin nor Satan can condemn,
When Jesus justifies.

6 From ev'ry guilt and ev'ry stain
His blood can make me clean;
For Christ, who died and rose again,
Subdues the pow'r of sin. ‡

S. M.

432 *Pleading Christ's righteousness.*

1 JESUS my righteousness!
My life and future joy;
My source and fount of ev'ry bliss,
My hope that never dies.

2 I was condemn'd to die,
With all the sinful race;

But thou didst cast a pit'ing eye,
And purchase pard'ning grace.
3 Thy death, and that alone,
Could all-sufficient be,
To gain a pardon, or atone,
Or gain relief for me.
4 No righteousness of mine,
Or all that in me lay,
Could satisfy the law divine,
Or bear my sins away.
5 All off'rings were in vain,
That ever could be brought,
Without effects they must remain,
And were esteem'd as naught.
6 All would be filth and dross,
Except the Savior's blood:
That which he shed upon the cross
To make us sons of God.
7 That righteousness I plead,
For which my Jesus died;
No other righteousness I need
To make me justified. ‡

C. M.

433 *Spiritual apparel; namely, the robe of righteousness, and garments of salvation.*
Isa. 61, 19.

1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.
3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Savior wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine,
How white the garments are!
5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope and ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

L. M.

434 *The value of Christ and his righteousness.* Phil. 3, 7–9.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
2 Now, for the love I bare his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss:
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!
4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

L. M.

435 *Repentance and free pardon; or, justification and sanctification.* Psalm 32.

1 BLEST is the man, forever blest,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Savior's blood.

2 Blest is the man, to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.
3 From guilt his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

435-A 8, 7, 8, 7.

Christ the Paschal Lamb.

1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
2 Adam's sons are now forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood!
Open'd is the gate of heaven—
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
3 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
4 There for sinners thou art pleading—
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
5 Glory, honor, pow'r, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
6 When we join th' angelic spirits,
In their sweetest, noblest lays,
We will sing our Savior's merits—
Gladly chant Immanuel's praise.

SANCTIFICATION.

436 C. M.

Desiring true holiness.

1 THOUGH dead in sin I once had lain,
And void of life divine,
I was by grace restor'd again,
And Jesus now is mine.

2 His grace has made my soul alive;
His blessings from above
Cause me in faith and hope to thrive,
And daily grow in love.

3 True holiness my heart desires,
And holy I must be;
A holy heart the Lord requires,
His face in heav'n to see.

4 Though I had all my sins forgiv'n,
But yet to vice a slave,
And could possess the courts of heav'n,
What comforts could I have?

5 Were I invited to a feast,
And welcom'd to the place,
Half naked, ragged, meanly dress'd,
How could I show my face?

6 Such is the case with sinners too:
Should they with angels dwell,
Their just and holy God to view,
'Twould prove to them a hell.

7 Grant me, dear Lord, thy Spirit's pow'r,
To make me pure in heart,
That I be able to endure
To see thee as thou art. ‡

437 L. M.

True holiness my aim shall be.

1 O HOLY Father, gracious Lord!
Grant me thy heav'nly grace divine;

Convey thy Spirit with the word,
And seal thy blessings ever mine.

2 Thy Spirit's gifts on me bestow'd,
With all thy promises applied,
Unite my soul to thee, my God,
And make me truly sanctified.

3 To live and dwell where thou dost reign,
And see thee fully as thou art:
This happiness we 'll not attain,
Without a pure and holy heart.

4 To crucify my base desires,
With ev'ry lust and ev'ry vice,
Such as true holiness requires,
Would place my soul in paradise.

5 As I am made these truths to see,
And know them as they truly are,
True holiness my aim shall be,
My constant study, search, and care. ‡

438 C. M.

Longing for a heart freed from sin.

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

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

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

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

439 L. M.

Christ all in all.

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpow'r me by thy grace:
I would be by myself abhor'd;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ, my Lord!

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in my sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all!

440 C. M.

Pleasure in the ways of Christ.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heav'n on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we, in hymns below.

3 Thee, in thy glorious realms, they praise,
And bow before thy throne!
We, in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he who in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

S. M.

440-A *Indwelling influences of the Spirit.*

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

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

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the pow'r by which we act,—
His be the glory too.

PRAYER.

C. M.

441 *On the Lord's Prayer.* Matth. 6, 9–13.

1 O LORD, our mighty Father! thou
Who art in heav'n above,
View us, thy children here below,
With pity, grace, and love.

2 O may thy great and glorious name,
To all the world be known;
Thy sacred word, thy pow'r and fame,
Be to all nations shown.

3 Thy kingdom come, and let us know
The pow'r of saving grace;
Increase the Christian church below,
In peace and righteousness.

4 Thy holy will be done on earth,
As it is done in heav'n:
Let all who are of human birth,
Obey thy counsels giv'n.

5 Give unto us our daily bread,
And all we need besides:
By thee is ev'ry creature fed,
Thy hand for all provides.

6 Forgive us all our sins, we pray;
Our hearts with grace renew;
Grant that with all our hearts we may
Forgive our debtors too.

7 Guard us in each distressing hour,
When Satan, world, and sin,
Attack us with their art and pow'r,
And strive to take us in.

8 From all such evils as these are,
Deliver us, O Lord!
And when temptations we must bear,
Thy aid to us afford.

9 Thine is the kingdom, and the pow'r,
And majesty divine:
All praise and glory evermore,
And honors, all are thine. ‡

442 L. M.

Ask, and ye shall receive. Matth. 7, 7.

1 THE Lord who recommendeth pray'r,
Will always hear us when we pray;
His eyes behold us ev'rywhere;
He knows all we do, think, or say.

2 Ask ye by faith, the Lord will give;
For this ye have the Savior's word;
Seek ye the Lord, your souls shall live,
And taste the goodness of your Lord.

3 Seek ye by pray'r, and ye shall find
Access unto the throne of grace;
Ye shall partake the Savior's mind,
Who is your life and righteousness.

4 With fervent pray'r knock at the gate,
Which opens to eternal life;

And persevere in ev'ry fate,
Through oppositions, war, and strife.

5 Your fervent pray'rs are not in vain,
They surely will at last prevail;
Should God awhile from you refrain,
Yet his sure word shall never fail.

6 O! let us pray for what we need,
And ask alone for Jesus' sake;
Then shall we evermore succeed,
And all we need we shall partake. ‡

443 C. M.

Pray without ceasing. 1 Thess. 5, 17.

1 TO pray, and never more to cease,
Is what our case requires;
Our souls enjoy a constant peace,
While we feel such desires.

2 By faithful pray'r we may draw near
To God, who bids us pray;
We need not doubt, we need not fear,
That we be turn'd away.

3 By pray'r we have an intercourse
With God, who reigns above;
Our pray'rs, when from a proper source,
Increase both faith and love.

4 Our wants before the Lord are laid;
We plead the Savior's blood;
Who prays for us, and when he 's pray'd,
His pray'rs are heard with God.

5 Though all our wants to him are known,
And all our faults he sees,
Yet still we should confess and own
Them humbly on our knees.

6 O Lord! do thou enable us,
Whilst we live here below,
With never-ceasing prayer, thus
Thy heav'nly will to do. ‡

444 L. M.

Social prayer.

1 WHEREVER faithful souls are join'd,
To worship God with heart and mind,
His promise is, that he is there
To hear and answer all their pray'r.

2 Lord, here we join on thee to wait!
And hope to find thy mercy-seat;
Lo! here, we hope and trust, thou art
To strengthen ev'ry wailing heart.

3 Thy promise is, where two or three
Unite to make their pray'rs to thee,
Whate'er they ask, request, or plead,
Thou wilt give them as they may need.

4 We join to pray with one accord,
And 'wait thy blessing, gracious Lord!
Thy grace and promise here renew,
And bring salvation to our view.

5 Our confidence in thee increase,
That we may have establish'd peace;
O may we feel thy presence near!
And know that thou dost hear our pray'r. ‡

445 C. M.

Watching unto prayer. Ephes. 6, 18.

1 YE who profess to love the Lord,
Be wise to watch and pray;
Remember, Satan stands prepar'd
To steal your minds away.

2 O see that ye live circumspect!
And not as the unwise;
Your chief concerns do not neglect,
Lest Satan gain your prize.

3 O watch ye unto constant pray'r,
Be fervently employ'd:
Ye are in danger ev'rywhere
To have your peace destroy'd.

4 The world is evermore engag'd
Your fancies to allure;
And Satan always is enrag'd
To execute his pow'r.

5 Then, let us watch and pray, and strive
To walk the narrow road,
And seek to keep our souls alive
To serve the living God. ‡

446

S. M.

Growing in grace.

1 BE ye not indolent,
Who would be heirs of grace;
Ye must not make yourselves content,
Till ye have run your race.

2 Ye are to watch and pray,
To pray, and never cease;
To grow in grace from day to day,
And gain true holiness.

3 Your sins must be subdu'd,
With all your carnal lusts;
Ye cannot serve the living God,
And grovel in the dust.

4 It would be all in vain,
And mocking of the word,
Should you embrace the world again,
And turn from Christ your Lord.

5 Should ye in vain receive
The blessed gospel light,
And suffer Satan to deceive,
To lead you in the night!

6 Yield not to Satan's pow'r,
Since Jesus set you free;
But watch and pray for evermore,
And gain the victory. ‡

447 C. M.

Prayer for divine guidance.

1 O GOD of Jacob, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led!

2 To thee our humble vows we raise,
To thee address our pray'r,
And in thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.

3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O! spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our fathers' lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 To thee, as to our cov'nant God,
We 'll our whole selves resign,
And thankful own that all we are,
And all we have, is thine.

447-A C. M.

Habitual devotion.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Pow'r!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because bestow'd by thee.

4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The low'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart will rest on thee!

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

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448 L. M.

The Christian life.

1 HAPPY the soul where grace resides!
Where wisdom governs, rules, and guides;
It regulates the course of life,
In all afflictions, war, and strife.

2 The souls that know the Savior's name,
Toil not for wealth or empty fame;
Content with raiment, health, and food,
They seek a closer walk with God.

3 The greatest comforts such can find,
Is to possess the Savior's mind;
The world with all its great esteem,
Is like as filth and dross to them.

4 The greatest object in their view,
Is their bless'd Father's will to do:
To love and serve their fellow-men,
And do them all the good they can.

5 How highly would my soul be bless'd,
To be with such a mind possess'd!

To spend my life and all my days,
Thus walking in my Savior's ways. ‡

C. M.

449 *Desiring to walk in the ways of God.*

1 TO thee, my God, I humbly bow;
All praise shall be to thee:
How great, how good and kind art thou!
How gracious unto me!

2 My life, my health, and all I am,
Thy mercies have bestow'd;
The greatest blessings I can claim,
Is thee, my gracious God.

3 What wonders thou for me hast wrought,
Are more than I can trace;
I was to light from darkness brought,
And made to know thy ways.

4 May I for ever walk therein!
Confirm my heart by faith;
And may I never yield to sin,
Until the hour of death.

5 May I with constant, fervent zeal
In all things persevere,
My hopes and comforts never fail,
Whilst I must travel here. ‡

C. M.

450 *Imitation of Christ.* Mark 8, 34.

1 TAKE up your cross, and follow me!
Saith Christ our blessed Lord,
If my disciples ye would be,
And have the great reward.

2 See that ye mortify your pride,
And be of humble mind;
Your lusts must all be crucified
To which you are inclin'd.

3 To be oppos'd to ev'ry ill,
Is the true Christian's state;

Such only do the Savior's will,
Who share his lot and fate.

4 To follow Jesus in his way,
Wherever it may lead,
Through good and evil, as it may,
Such follow him indeed.

5 To follow Christ, and him alone,
Our governor and head,
Entitles us to wear the crown,
As the Apostle said.

6 The greatest bliss on earth below,
Or in the heav'ns above,
Is Jesus and his cross to know,
To taste and feel his love.

L. M.

451 *Bearing the cross.* Matth. 10, 34.

1 TO bear the blessed Savior's cross,
And follow him in all his ways,
To be content with gain or loss,
Requires the aid of heav'nly grace.

2 First it is pleasing news to hear:
Ye weary souls, come unto me,
Your minds I will refresh and cheer,
And of your burdens set you free.

3 But when the Savior's cause requires
To walk the straight and narrow road,
This proves a cross to their desires,
To those who hate the ways of God.

4 But they who truly love the Lord,
It is their aim and full design,
To look to God, and trust his word,
And never murmur nor repine.

5 They imitate their glorious Head,
And cleave to him, their mighty friend:
Oft Satan makes them feel afraid,
Yet they endure unto the end.

6 May I be truly one of those
That follow Jesus evermore;
Though world and Satan still oppose,
May I not yield unto their pow'r. ‡

452 C. M.

Brotherly love.

1 IF we profess to love the Lord,
But not our brother too,
We do but mock his holy word,
As vain professors do.

2 Should we have wealth laid up in store,
And with a harden'd heart
Refuse to lend the helpless poor,
Or give them any part;

3 The love of God can't be possess'd,
Or yet in such abide,
Who do not feel for the distress'd,
But turn from them aside.

4 We dare not turn away our eyes
From such as need relief,
Nor yet refuse to hear their cries,
And not partake their grief.

5 We must be merciful and kind
To all the human race;
We must possess the Savior's mind,
Would we be heirs of grace.

6 Dear Father, send thy blessing down,
And grant thy heav'nly aid,
That we may imitate thy Son,
Our King, our Lord, and Head. ‡

453 L. M.

Christian love.

1 IT is a gift from God above,
And the effects of saving grace,
To be possess'd with Christian love,
To love the Lord and all his ways.

2 But where such love to God is found,
It will to fellow-men extend;
With cords of love such hearts are bound,
To help the poor, and be their friend.

3 To love the God whom we can't see,
And yet not love our fellow-men,
Such love as this can never be,
And such profession is but vain.

4 They who are truly born of God,
Their blessed Savior's mind they feel;
They have their hearts by grace renew'd,
And love to do their Maker's will. ‡

454 L. M.

Spiritual warfare. Ephes. 6, 11-17.

1 O MAY my soul increase and grow
In virtue, love, and zeal likewise,
Until I conquer ev'ry foe
Of those who daily in me rise.

2 My unbelief, my pride, and lust,
My merits and self-righteousness,
My worthless props, to which I trust,
How oft do they destroy my peace!

3 They cause in me a war and strife;
They strive to bring me down, to yield;
They strive to take my crown of life,
And fain would slay me in the field.

4 But, Lord, supported by thy hand,
I shall be able to endure,
Against all such attacks to stand,
And banish Satan and his pow'r.

5 Grant me, my Lord, that living faith,
By which I stand forever fast;
And though I fight the pow'rs of death,
Yet I shall conquer all at last. ‡

L. M.

455 *The weapons of a spiritual warfare.*

1 THROUGH all the changes of my life,
I have a constant war and strife;
The pow'r of Satan, world, and sin,
They strive without, and war within.

2 I daily feel their fierce attack;
Their force and scheme by which they act,
Would soon prove more than I could bear,
Were I not kept by sov'reign care.

3 My soul, arise against these foes!
Their force and their assaults oppose;
In ev'ry combat I shall stand,
Supported by superior hand.

4 Jesus, my captain, prince, and head,
Shall furnish me with all I need;
His grace, his promise, and his word,
Will be my helmet, shield, and sword.

5 With these bless'd weapons I can fight,
And put mine enemies to flight;
They shall at last be forc'd to yield,
And I shall gain and keep the field. ‡

C. M.

456 *Flesh and Spirit.* Rom. 7, 19–20.

1 WHAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin,
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign:
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkness struggles with the light,
Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and Spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin forever cease.

C. M.

457 *Complaint under temptations of the devil.* Psalm 13.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face!
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
Which chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See, how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield;
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
If I become his prey!
Behold, the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.

6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace
Where all my hopes have hung!
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And vict'ry shall be sung.

C. M.

458 *Resignation of heart.*

1 MY son, give unto me thy heart!
Delight thou in my ways:
I will receive thee as thou art,
And fit thee for my praise.

2 Dear Lord, I give my heart to thee;
To thee I will resign;
Create a holy heart in me,
And let it be like thine.

3 Dear Father, let me be thine own!
And make me wise to know
The duties of a faithful son,
Who seeks thy will to do.

4 Subdue in me my base desires,
Since they disturb my peace;
And let me, as thy will requires,
Seek for true holiness.

5 To whom, but thee, should I submit
With all my heart and mind?
When truly humbled at thy feet,
The greatest rest I find.

6 To none but thee, my gracious Lord,
I trust myself to give;
But I will yield unto thy word,
By which my soul can live. ‡

C. M.

459 *Submission to afflictive providences.* Job 1, 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,

Are but short favors borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace,—all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we 'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

460 C. M.

Crosses and afflictions.

1 WHAT crosses and afflictions meet,
Whilst we on earth abide!
With Satan and the world beset,
And vex'd on ev'ry side.

2 Our toils and labors of this life,
Are great and numberless;
Our disappointments, frets, and strife,
Do ever mar our peace.

3 When we suppose we do possess
The things that work our joys,
They prove the cause of our distress,
And are but trifling toys.

4 The world is but a vale of tears,
A scene of constant woe:
We live in constant dread and fears,
While we live here below.

5 With anxious cares our minds are fill'd,
For life, and health, and food:
To such despairing thoughts we yield,
When we should trust to God.

6 Such frail and feeble creatures we,
We seek, but never find
Such treasures as we hope should be
Real peace and joy of mind.

7 O mighty Savior, gracious Lord!
Bestow on us the pow'r,
That we may trust unto thy word,
And doubt and fear no more. ‡

461 L. M.

God our hope in affliction.

1 WHY should my soul feel so dismay'd,
Or yield to doubts and slavish fear?
Whate'er my God on me hath laid,
He will enable me to bear.

2 I shall not sink beneath the load,
Or perish in the dreadful storm:
My hope and trust is in my God;
Who is it then can do me harm?

3 Though many doubts and fears arise,
Like as a fierce destructive blast,
And overwhelm me with surprise,
They must be hush'd and laid at last.

4 Afflictions, like a burning lake,
May fill my soul with fear and pain,
My trust and confidence to shake;
Yet shall my trust in God remain.

5 To God, the mighty Lord, I call,
When floods of troubles do prevail,
And humbly to his feet I fall;
Whose help to me shall never fail.

6 Am I by all my friends forgot,
And left unto myself alone,
My blessed Lord forgets me not;
Who lets me know I am his own.

7 Almighty Savior, I am thine,
I give myself, my all, to thee:
O make me willing to resign,
To all that thou dost lay on me. ‡

C. M.

462 *Prayer and faith of persecuted saints.*
Psalm 35, 1–9.

1 NOW plead my cause, almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

2 Draw out thy spear, and stop their way,
Lift thy avenging rod:
But to my soul in mercy say,
"I am thy Savior God."

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slip'ry be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath:
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death.

6 They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable,
Against the Lord on high.

7 But if thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew,
By thy surprising grace.

463 C. M.

Union with God.

1 O MAY my soul with thee unite!
And be thou, Savior, mine;
Be thou alone my soul's delight,
And make me ever thine.

2 Cause me to taste and feel thy love,
And know thee as thou art;
Thou art my riches from above,
The treasure of my heart.

3 Be thou my rock on which I build
My tow'r and safe abode;
To thee I will submit and yield,
And pray to thee, my God.

4 It is my fainting soul's desire,
Thy mercies to embrace;
May I obtain what I admire:
Thy love and pard'ning grace.

5 Could I possess thy blessed mind,
How happy should I be!
What joys and comforts would I find,
To be espous'd to thee!

6 United by such heav'nly ties,
Would prove my greatest bliss,
And perfectly complete my joys,
And set my soul at peace.

464 C. M.

Thirsting for divine grace.

1 MY soul doth thirst for grace divine,
And ne'er can be at rest,
Till, Jesus, I am fully thine,
And with thy Spirit blest.

2 O what is all the world to me,
Without thy gifts of love?
I cannot find a friend but thee,
In earth or heav'n above.

3 To thee, my Lord, I can commit
My wants and my concern;
To thee I humbly will submit,
Thy sacred will to learn.

4 My soul delights in thee to live,
In thee to live and die;
The treasures thou dost ever give,
Will ever satisfy. ‡

465 C. M.

God's presence is light in darkness.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am his."

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord!

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I 'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

466 C. M.

Self denial.

1 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,
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

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

L. M.

467 *Not ashamed of Christ.* Matth. 8, 38.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

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

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain!

And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

L. M.

468 *Love, the chief of graces.* 1 Cor. 13.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use;
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n 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 work of love can e'er fulfil.

L. M.

469 *Duties to God and man; or, the qualifications of a Christian.* Psalm 15.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the things they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbor's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honor'd in his eyes.

4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

470 C. M.

Liberality rewarded. Acts 20, 35.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast,
To all the sons of need;
So, God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well establish'd mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;

Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

L. M.

470-A

Few saved; or, the almost Christian, the hypocrite, and apostate.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross;"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more;
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

BAPTISM.

C. M.

471

Christian Baptism. Gal. 3, 26–29.

1 GOD did to father Abrah'm say:
I am a God to thee,
And I will bless thy race, and they
Shall be a seed for me.

2 Thus Abrah'm b'liev'd the promise true,
And gave his sons to God:
As water seals the promise now,
It then was seal'd with blood.

3 That covenant which God had made,
With Abrah'm and his seed,

To those who his commands obey'd,
He was their God indeed.

4 His offspring then were circumcis'd,
Though none but just the male;
But male and female are baptiz'd,
Since baptism is the seal.

5 And all the nations, as they are,
The heathens and the Jews,
May claim an equal right and share,
As the Apostle shows.

6 The genuine seed of Abraham,
Are they who, like him, b'lieve:
Like him, the promises they claim;
Like him, the seal receive.

7 Then as the water is applied,
And God his gifts imparts,
The creature then is sanctified,
And circumcis'd at heart.

L. M.

472 *Believers buried with Christ in Baptism.*
Rom. 6, 3, &c.

1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord;
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

473 L. M.

Circumcision and baptism.

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

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
Nor does forbid their infant race.

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

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

INFANT BAPTISM.

474 C. M.

1 BEHOLD, what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings, he extends
The riches of his grace!

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers giv'n;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

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

4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to thee,

Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

5 Kindly receive this tender branch;
And form his soul for God;
Baptize him with thy Spirit, Lord,
And wash him with thy blood.

6 Thus to their parents and their seed
Let thy salvation come;
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

475 C. M.

1 SHEPHERD, who lead'st with tender care,
The feeble of thy fold,—
Who dost regard the weakest there,
And all their steps uphold;

2 This little, helpless lamb receive,
In mercy, to thy breast;
And let parental fondness leave
It safely there to rest.

3 Surround it with thy guardian love,
Through all life's dang'rous way;
Ne'er let it from thy pastures rove,
Nor be the lion's prey.

4 In thine eternal, heav'nly home,
Oh, let it find a place,
And be, when life and toils are done,
A trophy of thy grace.

C. M.

476 *Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles.*

Gen. 17, 7; Rom. 15, 8; Mark 10, 14.

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

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

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

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out his children's name.

C. M.

477 *Children devoted to God.*

Gen. 17, 7–10; Acts 16, 14, 15, 33.

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I 'll be a God to thee;
I 'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abrah'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truths embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

C. M.

478 *Baptism of one infant only.*

1 O BLESSED Comforter, draw near!
Bestow thy grace divine;

We dedicate this infant here,
To be for ever thine.

2 And as this water is applied,
So let thy grace be giv'n,
By which it may be sanctified,
And made an heir of heav'n. ‡

479 C. M.

Where several infants are baptized.

1 THOU Comforter, we pray, draw near,
Bestow thy gifts divine;
We dedicate these infants here,
May they be wholly thine.

2 As water is to them applied,
So may thy grace be giv'n,
By which they may be sanctified,
And made the heirs of heav'n. ‡

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

480 L. M.

1 CHRIST gave this solemn, great command:
Ye shall go forth in ev'ry land;
You, my apostles, I do charge,
To preach my gospel-word at large.

2 Disciple nations unto me;
Baptizing them, that they may be
Such heirs and subjects of my grace,
As serve me in true holiness.

3 Teach them, that they observe and do
All things I have commanded you;
Declare to them, they shall be blest,
If they comply with my request.

4 Ye who intend to be baptiz'd,
Be ye admonish'd and advis'd;
With all your heart repent and b'lieve:
The seal of pard'ning grace receive.

5 Ye must resolve with all your heart,
To act the faithful Christian's part;
Renounce the devil, world, and sin,
And mortify your lusts within.

6 Be ye baptiz'd in Jesus' name,
And be ye never more asham'd
To own and follow Christ your Lord,
And be obedient to his word. ‡

481 C. M.

Mark 16, 16.

1 "PROCLAIM," said Christ, "God's won-
To all the sons of men; [drous grace
He who believes and is baptiz'd,
Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in his word,
This day have publicly declar'd,
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they go on,
And run the Christian race,
And in the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

4 And when the awful message comes,
To call their souls away,
May they be found prepar'd to live
In realms of endless day.

AFTER BAPTISM IS ADMINISTERED.

482 C. M.

1 IN duty we are bound to praise
The Lord, who hath bestow'd
His word, and all the means of grace,
To make us heirs of God.

2 The treasures Christ to us has will'd,
For which he bled and died,
Are by his ordinances seal'd,
Confirm'd and ratified. ‡

483 L. M.

1 THE Lord grant you that living faith,
That may preserve you unto death;
O be ye faithful, never yield,
But keep your ground, and gain the field.

2 Remember this throughout your days:
You are to walk in Jesus' ways;
Trust ye in him, he will defend
Your cause, until your warfare end. ‡

CATECHISING.

BEFORE CATECHISING OR SCHOOL.

484 L. M.

1 HAPPY the youth that soon begin
To shun and flee the way of sin;
If they receive instruction well,
They will avoid the way to hell.

2 They shall escape a thousand snares,
If they devote their tender years
To serve the Lord with heart and mind,
And are to all his will resign'd.

3 If they who are yet in their youth,
Do love to hear and learn the truth,
With ease their souls may be refin'd,
And true religion fill their mind.

4 It is by one and all confess'd,
That all such youth are truly blest;
They shall in all succeeding days,
Be bless'd in all their lives and ways. ‡

485

C. M.

1 HOW precious is God's holy word!
That word of life and peace,
Which shows the way unto the Lord,
The way of happiness.

2 How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who wish the truth to know;
Who seek to find the righteous way,
And strive therein to go.

3 Lord, in thy presence we appear,
Here at thy throne we stand;
Make us thy word of truth to hear,
And live to thy command.

4 O! mighty Shepherd of thy sheep,
Who seekest those that stray,
Thy blessed word and staff can keep
Us in thy righteous way.

5 Teach us the way of life and truth,
The way of righteousness;
Direct, O Lord! the wand'ring youth,
The way of life and peace. ‡

486

L. M.

1 APPROACH, dear youth, unto the Lord,
To hear and learn his holy word:
That sacred word, which God has giv'n,
That word which shows the way to heav'n.

2 Attend and hear, O! precious youth,
O! hear and learn the word of truth;
O! learn to fear and love your God,
Who sav'd you with the Savior's blood.

3 Pray, that the Lord may govern you,
In all you wish, think, say, or do;
And let it be your care and aim,
To glorify his holy name.

4 Youth is the choicest time, we know,
That God affords to men below:
Improve the time, O pray be wise,
Secure the great and heav'nly prize.

5 Look on us, Lord, assembled here;
With light and life, and love, draw near;
Afford us grace, with one accord,
To hear and understand thy word.

6 Grant us thy Holy Spirit's aid,
To grow in thee, our living head;
Let all thy graces be applied,
Till we be truly sanctified. ‡

487 L. M.

1 WE are instructed by the Lord,
When we are taught his holy word:
The way of life is then reveal'd
To those who to his precepts yield.

2 We pray to thee, O Father! kind,
Fill us with the dear Savior's mind;
O make us willing to obey,
And follow Jesus in his way.

3 O may we serve him with delight,
Be meek and humble in his sight;
So shall we have our souls possess'd
With all that makes us truly bless'd. ‡

488 L. M.

1 SHOULD it not be our chief concern,
To take the charge of rising youth,
That they be taught to know and learn
The doctrine of the gospel truth?

2 If these our duties we neglect,
And not instruct the rising race,
What can or may we then expect,
But citizens corrupt and base?

3 How carefully all parents ought
Devote their children unto God,
And see that they be truly taught
To walk the straight and heav'nly road!

4 Our Savior and our God to know,
Is everlasting life and peace;
What better then can parents do,
Than truly to provide for this?

5 This charge the great Jehovah gave,
When he by Moses gave his laws;
The same advice by Paul we have;
As needful now, as then it was.

6 What can such wicked parents plead!
This needful duty to refuse;
Our youth the same instructions need,
As did the youth of ancient Jews.

7 Why should we slight that great command,
And never teach our youth the word,
Which would give them to understand
The will and counsels of the Lord! ‡

489 C. M.

1 GOD hath commanded in his word,
To teach the tender youth,
In the discipline of the Lord,
And knowledge of the truth.

2 Therefore the Christian school is taught,
That rising youth may know
And learn, what ev'ry Christian ought
In all his life to do.

3 It is a pleasing thing to see,
Where virtue is impress'd,
And youth are taught the righteous way,
The way that makes them bless'd.

4 All pious parents do rejoice,
When Christian knowledge grows,

And when their children take advice;
Such as the Lord bestows.

5 Dear children, take advice, and learn;
Obey the Lord's command;
And let it be your chief concern;
His word to understand.

6 God's blessing then will rest on you,
And blessed shall you be;
You shall be blest in all you do:
Blest to eternity. ‡

490 C. M.

1 O HAPPY youth that fear the Lord;
And walk in all his ways;
Who take delight to learn his word;
And serve him all their days.

2 In such the Lord will take delight;
He takes them for his own,
And they are pleasing in his sight,
In Jesus, his dear Son.

3 The Lord in mercy hears their pray'r;
When it comes from the heart;
He keeps them ever in his care,
And ne'er from them will part.

4 Bless'd are the children who despise
To walk the sinful road;
The Lord will make them truly wise;
To learn the word of God.

5 The Lord will keep them in his hand;
And help them when they need:
He gives them grace to understand
The lessons which they read.

6 The blessed Jesus is their friend;
And leads them in his way;
When they do learn, he will attend,
And hear them when they pray. ‡

490-A

S. M.

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

2 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r!
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

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

490-B

L. M.

1 THOU great Instructor, lest I stray,
Oh teach my erring feet thy way!
Thy truth, with ever fresh delight,
Shall guide my doubtful steps aright.

2 How oft my heart's affections yield,
And wander o'er the world's wide field!
My roving passions, Lord, reclaim;
Unite them all to fear thy name.

3 Then, to my God, my heart and tongue,
With all their pow'rs, shall raise the song;
On earth thy glories I 'll declare,
Till heav'n th' immortal notes shall hear.

L. M.

490-C

The books of nature and of Scripture compared; or, glory of the Gospel.

Psalm 19.

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord;
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines:
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

AFTER CATECHISING OR SCHOOL.

491 C. M.

1 WE praise thee, Jesus, gracious Lord,
Great Prophet, Priest, and King;
We praise thee for thy blessed word;
Thy praise we join to sing.

2 How bless'd are we, who know our God,
Who by his word are taught
To know that Jesus shed his blood,
And hath us dearly bought.

3 We join to praise his holy name;
All praise to him be giv'n:
To die for us on earth he came,
And made us heirs of heav'n.

4 O may we ever keep in mind,
What Christ for us has done:
For mercies great of ev'ry kind,
Jesus to us has shown.

5 His word—it teaches us the way,
The way to life and peace;
When humbly we to him do pray,
He grants us pard'ning grace.

6 Our life, our health, and all we have,
Our blessed Lord does give;
He came our precious souls to save,
And died that we should live.

7 Since God to us so kind does prove,
We praise him all our days;
For none but he deserves our love,
And none but he our praise.

8 The Lord will help us all our days,
In grace and love to grow:
We 'll strive to walk in all his ways,
As well as we do know.

9 We are in his almighty hands,
Who does for us provide;
And those who walk in his commands,
Have all their wants supplied.

10 The Lord to us is good and kind;
If we his word obey,
O then, we shall be sure to find
The things for which we pray.

11 For Jesus' sake God will forgive,
The evils we have done,
Teach us a holy life to live;
Like Jesus, his dear Son.

12 We pray thee, Lord, keep us from sin,
And ev'ry sinful way;
O may we never walk therein,
Like sheep that go astray.

13 For, sinful ways—they lead to hell,
The place of endless pain;
Where wicked men and devils dwell,
And ever shall remain. ‡

492 C. M.

1 HAPPY the child, whose tender years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we give up our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r that 's offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'Tis easy work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.

4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
It will preserve our fol'wing years,
And make our virtue strong.

5 To thee, almighty God! to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back, and see
That our whole lives were thine.

6 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we 're prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

493 S. M.

1 JESUS, our heav'nly guide,
We pray thee with us stay:
Do not thy sceptre from us hide,
Lest we should go astray.

2 Ev'ning of time is come;
Direct us in the road
That leads to our eternal home,
Up to the throne of God.

3 In these last evil days,
Let not thy word divine,
Withdraw its holy lucid rays,
But in us brilliant shine.

4 Pure, to the end, O Lord,
May we always preserve
Thy holy sacraments and word,
And them with care observe.

5 That we in quiet rest,
Our future days may spend;
May we with godliness be blest,
Our lives in peace to end.

6 Till we thy throne surround
In heav'n with shining throngs,—
Thy praise from golden harps shall sound,
In sweet harmonious songs. D. H.

494 C. M.

1 THE labors of our teachers bless;
Impress them on our mind;
To their endeavors grant success;
Let us thy blessing find.

2 Lord, grant us knowledge, zeal, and love;
Our little faith increase;
And make us wise, that we may prove
The things that work our peace. ‡

495 C. M.

1 THY heav'nly blessing, Jesus, grant,
To these, the present youth;
Give them such light and grace they want,
To understand the truth.

2 Engage their hearts with fervent zeal,
To serve thee all their days;
And cause their hearts and minds to feel
The workings of thy grace. ‡

495-A C. M.

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

2 When heav'n, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

3 Lord, what is man! that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind!
Or what his race! that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind.

CONFIRMATION.

BEFORE CONFIRMATION.

496 L. M.

1 O JESUS, faithful Shepherd, Lord!
We pray, thy heav'nly grace afford;
Thou art the life, the truth, and way;
Thou seekest those that go astray.

2 Look on the flock presented here,
Who at thy throne of grace appear;
They are the purchase of thy blood,
And dedicated unto God.

3 Thy mercy kept them all their days,
Though they have walk'd in sinful ways:
The way wherein great numbers go,
The way that leads to endless woe.

4 Their hearts should be with grief oppress'd,
And godly sorrow fill each breast;
Sure they would mourn, could they but see
How they have err'd and stray'd from thee.

5 O let thy grace and love be felt,
And cause their stony hearts to melt;
Make deep impressions on their mind,
To make them humble and resign'd.

6 Show mercy, Lord, to them, we pray,
Grant light and life, in which they may
Return to thee, their Lord, again,
And faithful until death remain. ‡

497 C. M.

1 MY Lord and Savior, govern me,
In all whate'er I do;
In whom should I depend, but thee,
While I am here below!

2 By thee my soul was dearly bought,
And thus became thy claim;
In all my life I humbly ought
To prove that such I am.

3 But unto thee, O Lord, are known—
In vain I strive to hide—
The many evils I have done,
Since I set thee aside.

4 All my engagements were in vain;
My solemn vow I broke,
And I became enslav'd again,
To bear the tempter's yoke.

5 To whom or whither can I flee,
To be again restor'd?
Who can afford such grace to me,
But Jesus, thou, my Lord?

6 Thy promises are my recourse,
To have my strength renew'd;

To conquer sin and Satan's force,
I trust to thee, my God. ‡

AFTER CONFIRMATION.

498 C. M.

1 THE grace of God be with you hence,
And heav'nly aid afford,
To be your shield and sure defence,
To serve your blessed Lord.

2 Like faithful soldiers act your part,
And never yield to sin;
But seek the Lord with all your heart,
The precious prize to win.

3 Remember well the covenant,
Which you have here renew'd:
To bear the cross, be ye content;
Your sins must be subdu'd.

4 O keep in view the great reward;
Look to the life to come,
Which you shall have when Christ your Lord
Shall come to take you home.

5 Lord, grant us grace, with confidence
To bear our crosses here,
That, when thou callest us from hence,
We may with joy appear. ‡

CONFESSION OF SIN.

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499 C. M.

1 ALAS! can such a wretch be sav'd,
Such as I e'er have been?
My life is unto vice enslav'd,
And all I do is sin.

2 My covenant with God I broke,
My claim to heav'n is gone,
And sin and guilt, a heavy yoke,
Bear all my comforts down.

3 Lord, were I driven from thy face,
For e'er to take my flight
Beyond the reach of pard'ning grace,
Thy judgments would be right.

4 Not men nor angels can relieve
My mind, with guilt oppress'd;
Not heav'n itself relief can give,
Nor ease my troubled breast.

5 My sins increase still more and more,
Although distress'd I feel;
I do not yet possess that pow'r
That sanctifies my will.

6 I truly see my wants, indeed;
But yet I do not find
Such godly sorrow as I need,
To work an humble mind.

7 But thou, my God, hast pow'r, I know,
This blessing to impart,
Which can create my mind anew,
And work a change of heart.

500 C. M.

1 HAVE mercy, gracious Lord, forgive!
Are not thy mercies free?
May not a dying sinner live,
Who truly turns to thee?

2 My sins are great, I must confess,
Far more than I can know;
But O! thy love and pard'ning grace,
Are great and boundless too.

3 O! cleanse me from my sin and guilt,
And make my conscience clean;

My heart with godly sorrow melt,
To mourn for ev'ry sin.

4 Great God, I must confess with shame,
I can't deny, but own,
Corrupted, vile, and base I am,
As I to thee am known.

5 Yet, save my soul from deep despair,
According to thy word;
To thee I make my feeble pray'r,
To thee, my gracious Lord. ‡

501 C. M.

1 WOE unto me! how oft I have
Transgress'd and gone astray;
To Satan I have been a slave,
And lov'd the sinful way.

2 My God was ever kind to me,
And great has been his love:
How could I so unthankful be,
So disobedient prove.

3 My conscience testifies to me,
According to thy word,
That, in strict justice, I should be
Accursed from my Lord.

4 O gracious Lord! I well do know
That wretched is my case;
But whither can I flee or go,
To reach redeeming grace?

5 Not man nor angel can relieve
My mind, with guilt oppress'd;
Not heav'n itself such comforts give,
To set my heart at rest.

6 O blessed Jesus, unto thee,
To thee will I attend;
To thee, my refuge, Lord! I flee;
Thou art my Lord and friend.

7 Thy suff'rings and thy dying groans,
Thy blood which freely stream'd,
For all my sin and guilt atones,
By which I was redeem'd. ‡

502

C. M.
Zech. 12, 10.

1 ALAS! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

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

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

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

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

502-A

8 lines 7's.
The only refuge.

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

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

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

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

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BEFORE COMMUNION.

503 L. M.

1 COME to the feast of heav'nly wine,
O man! and make this blessing thine;
Your Lord himself invites to sup,
And share the blessings of the cup.

2 Praise ye the Savior, ye that eat,
Since he affords to you this treat;

Ye are with his rich bounties fed;
And Jesus is your living bread.

3 Ye helpless, poor, and needy, come!
O come! for you there yet is room;
O come! and you shall surely find
Refreshments for the weary mind.

4 O sinners, this is welcome news,
O pray, be wise, and don't refuse;
Come, venture, you shall find it true:
This table, yea, is set for you.

5 Dear Lord, if sin can be a plea,
Then there is grace in store for me;
Through mercy I shall find a place,
And with the rest be sav'd by grace.

6 I come, O Savior, as I am!
Thy merits I do humbly claim;
Thy promise gives me free access
To everlasting life and peace.

504 C. M.

1 THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were press'd to fill the cup.

2 Oh, bless the Savior, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them;
Ye trembling souls, appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Savior, this is welcome news;
Then I may venture too.

5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

505 C. M.

1 Cor. 11, 23–26; Isa. 53, 4–10.

1 O WONDROUS love, beyond degree!
Which none can e'er conceive;
My blessed Savior calls on me:
Come unto me and live.

2 Here is his gracious table set,
With all my soul doth need;
He bids me here partake and eat,
And on his bounties feed.

3 This feast consists of heav'nly food,
As Jesus testified;
It is his body and his blood:
For us he bled and died.

4 His flesh was bruis'd, his blood was spilt;
With love to man it stream'd,
And made atonement for our guilt,
By which we were redeem'd.

5 Here take the pledges of his love,
Which the bless'd Savior gave
To draw our minds on things above,
Which there we are to have. ‡

506 L. M.

1 CHRIST Jesus, our eternal friend,
Did us from Satan's pow'r defend;
And shed his blood, that we should be
From death, and hell, and sin set free.

2 He gives his body with the bread,
With wine, his blood, which he has shed,
That we remember evermore,
That we were sav'd from Satan's pow'r.

3 Let him who wishes to appear
Before the table, be aware
That scourg'd and chasten'd he shall be,
If he partake unworthily.

4 And O my soul! in me arise,
And praise thy God for these supplies,
For sacrificing his dear Son
For all the sins which thou hast done.

5 Thou shalt with confidence believe,
To cure the sick, he this doth give;
Inviting those oppress'd by sin,
Who plainly see how vile they 've been.

6 Ye poor and needy, come to me,
Ye from your sins reliev'd shall be:
Physicians for the sick provide;
The healthy can without abide.

7 But if ye on your works depend,
Why should I die, your dearest friend,
And set this table for your rest,
If your good works could make you blest?

8 If this sincerely you believe,
And with your lips assent you give,
O then you 'll be a worthy guest,
And then your soul shall be at rest.

9 And then let goodly works appear,
And show your neighbor fruits sincere;
And let your love to him be known,
As Christ, your Lord, to you has shown.

S. A. H.

507

6 lines 8's.

1 IN that sad memorable night,
When Jesus was for us betray'd,
He left his death-recording rite:
He took and bless'd and brake the bread,
And gave his own their last bequest,
And thus his love's intent express'd:

2 "Take, eat, this is my body, giv'n
To purchase life and peace for you,
Pardon, and holiness, and heav'n:
Do this, my dying love to show;
Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, my friends, remember me."

3 He took into his hands the cup,
To crown the sacramental feast,
And, full of kind concern, look'd up,
And gave to them what he had blest:
"And drink ye all of this," he saith,
"In solemn mem'ry of my death."

4 "This is my blood, which seals the new
Eternal cov'nant of my grace;
My blood so freely shed for you,
For you, and all the sinful race:
My blood, that speaks your sins forgiv'n,
And justifies your claim to heav'n."

DURING THE TIME OF COMMUNION.

508 L. M.

1 COME, all ye weary sinners, come,
Come, hasten in, fill up this room;
Here is a feast prepar'd by love;
Come, taste the blessing from above.

2 Here is a Lamb, for you 'tis slain,
Who died in sorrow, grief, and pain;
Who did not spare his precious blood,
But freely spilt it for your good.

3 Remember that for you he died,
Your great salvation to provide,
To save your souls from endless pain,
And bring you home to God again.

4 Though you have erred from his way,
Like wand'ring sheep have gone astray,
By him ye shall be made to know
The way in which ye ought to go.

5 O! helpless creatures, poor, and blind,
The Lord is gracious, good, and kind;
Your sins he freely will forgive,
And cause your dying souls to live.

6 O! eat and drink with thankfulness,
Partake the bounties of his grace;
Receive what he doth freely give,
Who died for you, that you should live.

7 Your off'rings now with gladness bring;
Praise him, the great eternal King:
Show forth his mercies, make them known,
And live, that you may die his own.

8 Here, call his mercies all to mind;
His mercies all of ev'ry kind,
Are numberless and very great,
Far more than mortals can relate;

9 Ye, who were once condemn'd to hell,
Where fallen angels are to dwell:
The place where fear and darkness reign,
The place of endless dread and pain.

10 But Jesus now has set you free;
And by his grace you 're made to be
Here at this feast a welcome guest,
To share his blessings with the blest.

11 O blessed message from above,
To you from God, the God of love;
Who pities you, for Jesus' sake,
And now invites you to partake.

12 O come ye, then, partake the feast,
O come, and be the Savior's guest;
Though bread and wine appears but giv'n,
'Tis life itself come down from heav'n.

13 Oh! sinners, now on you I call;
Oh! sinners, I invite you all;
Oh! sinners, now repent and b'lieve;
Oh! sinners, come to Christ and live.

11 The feast is now for you prepar'd;
The Lord has in his word declar'd,
That sinners of the vilest kind,
In Jesus may salvation find.

12 The great Redeemer died for you;
Partake the feast, and prove it true;
Come sinners, now accept the call,
And live for him, who died for all.

509

L. M.

1 O JESUS! thou my precious friend,
Here at thy table I attend;
Here, Lord, I come with sin oppress'd,
Yet I desire to be thy guest.

2 Thy table, for poor sinners spread,
Affords to them that living bread;
That bread which hungry souls do need,
And is their staff of life indeed.

3 Jesus this feast himself ordain'd;
Great are the blessings here obtain'd;
The choicest and the richest food,
Is his dear body and his blood.

4 O, how distressing was the sight!
Behold the Savior, in the night,
(The night in which he was betray'd,
The night he in the garden pray'd—

5 His body broke, his blood there spilt,
To take away your sin and guilt,)
There institutes, with reverence,
This supper, as an ordinance.

6 When Jesus in the garden lay,
Did to his heav'nly Father pray:
O Father! look with pitying eye,
And let this cruel cup pass by.

7 But O! thy righteous will alone,
That only, O! that must be done;

To drink this cup, this is the plan,
To save the fallen race of man.

8 Thus he did willingly submit,
And yielded to his cruel fate;
Then on the cross he shed his blood,
And died the Paschal Lamb of God.

9 The lamb for the Passover slain,
Could neither cleanse from sin nor stain;
It only show'd the Lamb to come,
The Lamb that did for sin atone.

10 When on the cross the Savior died,
Strict justice then was satisfied;
The law then lost its sting and pow'r,
And death could injure us no more.

11 Thus did the Lord salvation bring,
The Lord, who is our glorious King;
By him eternal life is giv'n,
And we are made the heirs of heav'n.

12 We praise the Lord, our gracious Lord,
For ev'ry promise in his word;
By which we hear, and see, and know,
What wonders Christ our Lord can do.

13 We praise him for his precious love,
That love which we here taste and prove,
Such love as to the world 's unknown,
The love God hath to sinners shown.

14 What greater things will come to view,
When Jesus we shall fully know,
And live with him in perfect love,
And praise him in the heav'ns above! ‡

510 C. M.

1 LORD! here I am to do thy will;
Incline my heart to thee;
O! may I willingly fulfil
What thou commandest me:

2 To eat this bread and drink this cup,
As thy bless'd orders are,
To work in me a living hope,
Humility, and fear.

3 Here I commemorate thy death,
Partake this bread and wine;
Cause me to eat and drink by faith,
And make thy blessings mine.

4 Lord, here I view thy love and grace;
Astonishing to me,
That I, a wretch of human race,
Should e'er accepted be.

5 Should such a creature as I am,
Be made a welcome guest?
Dare I such mercies ever claim,
To share among the rest?

6 Can I be worthy of such grace?
A creature so defil'd;
Can this consist with righteousness,
That I should be a child?

7 Yes, boundless mercy did provide,
That sinners should be free;
When Christ the Lord for sinners died,
He also died for me.

8 His word and blessed ordinance,
Do fully show and prove,
That I with thanks and reverence,
Should taste and know his love.

9 O! may my soul be mov'd within,
While I partake this feast;
May he, who saves me from my sin,
Make me a worthy guest!

511 C. M.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For ev'ry humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—

3 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

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

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

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

512 C. M.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place!

2 I that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Savior takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 "Eat, O my friends," the Savior cries,
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too."

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had;
What will it be above?

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heav'n,
Join all your praising pow'rs;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Savior is like ours.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I 'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

513 C. M.

1 COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise;
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the God, who fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell:
Who rose, and at his chariot wheels
Drag'd all the pow'rs of hell:

3 Jesus, the God, invites us here,
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.

4 The Lord! how glorious is his face,
How kind his smiles appear;

And, oh! what melting words he says
To ev'ry humble ear!

5 "For you, the children of my love,
It was for you I died:
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And look into my side.

6 These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,
When I came down to free your souls
From misery and chains.

7 Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
And plung'd it in my heart;
Infinite pangs for you I bore,
And most tormenting smart.

8 When hell, and all its spiteful pow'rs,
Stood dreadful in my way,
To rescue those dear lives of yours,
I gave my own away.

9 But while I bled, and groan'd, and died,
I ruin'd Satan's throne;
High on my cross I hung, and spied
The monster tumbling down.

10 Now you must triumph at my feast,
And taste my flesh, my blood,
And live eternal ages bless'd,
For 'tis immortal food."

11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favors so divine?
We would devote our hearts away,
To be for ever thine.

12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

514 S. M.

1 WE sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds;
To nourish dying worms.

2 The banquet that we eat,
Is made of heav'nly things;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

3 In vain had Adam sought
And search'd his garden round,
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all that happy ground.

4 Th' angelic host above,
Can never taste this food:
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Savior's blood.

5 On us th' almighty Lord,
Bestows this matchless grace;
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.

6 Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King;
This blood will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.

7 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ:
Through the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'st.

RETURN OF PRAISE AFTER COMMUNION.

515 C. M.

1 WE praise the blessed Lamb of God,
Who for us freely died,

Who shed for us his precious blood,
Salvation to provide.

2 His love and grace can't be express'd,
By all the hosts of heav'n;
His mercies, O! they make us bless'd,
Which now to us were giv'n.

3 Dear Jesus, we adore thy name,
Who art our Lord and King;
By thee alone salvation came,
And hence thy praise we sing. ‡

516 C. M.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder dies away.

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

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

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

ORDINATION.

ORDAINING OF PASTORS OR DEACONS.

C. M.

517 John 21, 15–17; 1 Tim 3, 1–13; Tit 1, 7–9.

1 GO ye, my servants, go ye forth,
This was the Savior's charge;
Preach ye my gospel o'er the earth,
And to the world at large.

2 Make known to all the sons of men,
The charge which I have giv'n:
This doctrine unto all explain,
Which shows the way to heav'n.

3 My Spirit shall attend the word,
As ye do make it known,
And prove that I am Christ, the Lord,
The Father's only Son.

4 As Moses and the prophets said,
Long as they prophesied,
Complete redemption I have made,
When I for sinners died.

5 Teach all the nations ev'rywhere,
The aged and the youth;
My counsels and my will declare,
And spread the gospel truth.

6 Bring life and peace into their sight,
Which they knew not before;
Turn them from darkness unto light,
From Satan and his pow'r.

7 This bless'd and sacred word of God,
Will give the troubled rest;
When publish'd to the world abroad,
It makes all nations blest.

8 O may that word of truth divine,
With all its bright displays,

In all our hearts, with glory shine,
And make us heirs of grace. ‡

518 L. M.

Matth. 28, 18–20.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house,
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we share,
These pledges of our Savior's care.

2 The Savior, when to heav'n he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honor'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors, from hence, and teachers rise.

4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ, their graces live;
While guarded by his potent hand
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring, whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

519 L. M.

Acts 20, 17–35.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sev'nfold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:

Enable with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blinded sight.

3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face,
With the abundance of thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of both, to be but one;
That through the ages all along,
This still may be our endless song.

520 L. M.

1 WITH heav'nly pow'r, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace:
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send,
O love him, save him to the end:
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty pow'r exert,
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

520-A L. M.

1 DEAR Lord, be with thy Spirit near,
While we ordain this brother here;
May zeal and knowledge, love and grace,
Prepare and fit him for that place.

2 Be thou his help when he shall need,
His conduct bless, his labors speed;

O may he be of greatest worth,
To aid and build thy church on earth.

3 With heav'nly pow'r, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure. ‡

ORDAINING OF ELDERS OR CHURCH WARDENS.

521 L. M.
Acts 6, 2–7; Tit. 1, 5.

1 THE great Apostle gave command:
Let ev'ry church in order stand;
Good regulations must be made,
And be by all the church obey'd.

2 To answer this so good effect,
Saint Paul himself thus did direct,
To order deacons ev'rywhere,
Who should that sacred office bear.

3 Let such who act the faithful part,
And have the cause of Christ at heart,
And such as are of good repute,
That needful office execute.

4 Is it their aim in all they do,
To raise the Savior's church below,
Their faithful labors will be blest,
And Jesus' kingdom be increas'd.

5 Dear Lord, be with thy Spirit near,
While we ordain these brethren here;
May zeal and knowledge, love and grace,
Prepare and fit them for that place.

6 Be thou their counsel when they need,
Their conduct bless, their labors speed;
O may they be of greatest worth,
To aid and build thy church on earth. ‡

522 L. M.

1 FAIR Zion's King, we suppliant bow,
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
Her holy officers are thine,
With all the gifts thy love employs.

2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice,
Of such whose gen'rous, prudent zeal,
Shall make thy favor'd ways rejoice.

3 Happy in Jesus, their own Lord,
May they his sacred table spread,
The table of their pastor fill,
And fill the holy poor with bread.

4 When pastor, saints, and poor they serve,
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd;
While patience, sympathy, and joy,
Adorn, and through their lives abound.

5 By purest love to Christ, and truth,
O may they win a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee.

6 And when the work to them assign'd,
The work of love, is fully done,
Call them from serving tables here,
To sit around thy glorious throne.

DEDICATION.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF A CHURCH.

523 L. M.
Isa. 28, 16, 17: 1 Peter 2, 6.

1 TO-DAY we lay the corner-stone,
To rear our sacred walls upon,
A house for God, who 's pledg'd to be,
Where he is sought by two or three.

2 Where I record my name, says he,
And where my children honor me,
There I will come to own and bless
My ordinances with success.

3 But Jesus is the corner-stone,
For us to build our hopes upon;
On him the edifice may rise
Sublime in light, beyond the skies.

4 When storms and tempests round prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis he our trembling souls shall hide,
On him securely we abide.

5 Dear Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

6 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

7 God of the churches! thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

524 L. M.

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Regard our temples as his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our house of pray'r in peace,

That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill the worshippers with dread.

4 These walls we to thy honor raise:
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here!

CONSECRATING OF A CHURCH.

525 C. M.
1 Kings 9, 3.

1 WE praise the Lord, whose love is great;
His mercies we embrace;
We enter now his temple gate,
And thank him for his grace.

2 This house, for sacred use design'd,
We dedicate to God;
Here may the Lord of glory find,
A dwelling and abode.

3 Here we approach thy sacred courts,
With reverence and fear;
Here we, as thy dear word exhorts,
Will worship thee with pray'r.

4 May this thy sanctuary be;
Here with thy Spirit dwell:
To us and our posterity,
The way to heav'n reveal.

5 Here, Savior, show thy gospel light,
And send thy blessings down;
Bring thy life-giving word to sight,
And make salvation known.

6 Here let thy blessed word be taught
To us, and to our youth;

May thousands to that light be brought,
Wherein they learn the truth.

7 Here let us hear the gospel sound;
Attend thy word with grace;
Call many sinners, wand'ring round,
To come, and fill this place. ‡

526 L. M.

Deut. 12, 5–11.

1 WITH reverence and holy fear,
Let Christian worshippers draw near,
And consecrate this house, to be
The Lord's abode and sanctu'ry.

2 Here let them meet, to hear and pray,
And seek the Lord, our life and way;
O! may it be a place to find
A Salem for the seeking mind.

3 Here may they build each other up,
In charity, and faith, and hope;
Until they taste, and feel, and know
That Jesus dwells with saints below.

4 Here may the gospel glory shine,
And fill each soul with grace divine;
God's holy word and means of grace,
Be always us'd within this place.

5 Since Jesus is the great High Priest,
Who always makes his people blest,
When they approach within the veil,
What joys and comforts shall they feel!

6 What glories shall they there behold!
More precious than the choicest gold;
A glimpse of the bless'd Savior's throne,
A heav'n on earth for them begun. ‡

CONSECRATING OF A CHURCH WHEN REBUILT.

527 L. M.

1 LET Zion sing her songs of praise,
And to the Lord glad off'rings bring,
And ev'ry note of music raise,
To God her Savior and her King.

2 This house, which desolate had lain,
By the almighty hand of God
Is now rebuilt and rais'd again,
And to its former state renew'd.

3 Let thanks and praise be to the Lord,
Whose acts of mercy here are pass'd;
This house of pray'r 's again restor'd,
And holy worship 's now replac'd.

4 Here may the Lord with glory dwell,
And all his former work renew,
And here make known his gracious will,
And grant us grace to serve him too.

5 Here may his blessed word increase,
And with its former glory shine;
May thousands learn the way of peace,
And feel the work of grace divine!

6 The Lord with grace and mercy crown
His Zion with his aid and pow'r!
And raise her walls when they are down,
And build his church for evermore. ‡

SYNOD.

MEETING OF A SYNOD.

528 C. M.
Acts 15, 4–6.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, condescend!
Thy presence let us feel;

Do thou thyself, O Lord, attend!
Thy will in us reveal.

2 Important is the cause for which
We are assembled now;
Thy light and blessed word can teach
That which we ought to do:

3 To build the church of Christ, our Lord,
The kingdom of his grace;
To spread the knowledge of his word,
In ev'ry land and place.

4 O be our counsellor and guide!
May all that we conclude,
And ev'ry case that we decide,
Prove truly wise and good.

5 We should be truly wise indeed,
Endow'd with heav'nly bliss,
Or we may never hope to speed
In such a work as this.

6 Therefore, we join in humble pray'r,
That we may understand
To build the Savior's kingdom here,
The cause we have in hand. ‡

528-A L. M.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds!
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What tender love! what holy fear!
How does the gen'rous flame within,
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire:
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heav'n of joy, a heav'n of love.

529

6 lines 8's.

1 THOU fount of ev'ry good requir'd,
Thou source of wisdom! depth of skill,
Thou who hast now our hearts inspir'd
To seek the counsels of thy will,
Oh! let our schemes thy impress bear,
Matur'd with heav'nly art and care.

2 To thy omniscient sight alone,
Past, present, future, all are seen;
Omnipotence alone hath known
What to His glory most has been;
And what is now, and what will be,
Is only known, oh God! to thee.

3 Therefore to thee we turn the eye,
The longing look, the earnest pray'r,
Imploring wisdom from on high,
Casting on thee our ev'ry care;
The honor of thy cause maintain,
Nor let us ask thy help in vain.

4 Behold thy willing servants stand,
And wait thy gracious influence, Lord!
United as a brother band,
We look to thee with one accord,
Fully agreed in thy great name
To make thy glory our sole aim.

530

L. M.

Luke 15, 4–7.

1 JESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold!
See, Lord, with yearning bowels see,
Poor souls that cannot find thy fold,
Till sought and gather'd in by thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want:
With no kind Shepherd near, to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art;
Collect thy flock, and give them food
And pastors after thine own heart.

4 In ev'ry messenger reveal
The grace they preach divinely free;
That each may by thy Spirit tell:
"He died for all, who died for me."

5 A double portion from above,
Of thy all-quick'ning light impart;
Shed forth thy universal love
In ev'ry faithful pastor's heart.

6 Thine only glory let them seek,
O let their hearts with love o'erflow;
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below.

FOR THE CLOSE OF A SYNOD.

531 C. M.

1 LET thanks and praises be to God,
For what we have enjoy'd;
His blessings were on us bestow'd,
Whilst we were thus employ'd,

2 In couns'ling on the needful plan,
To build his church below,
And show the will of God to man,
As faithful teachers do.

3 We praise the Lord, who gave us grace
To call on him for aid;
His presence rested on this place,
For which we humbly pray'd.

4 We trust we labor'd not in vain,
In all that we have done;
'Twas to instruct our fellow-men,
And make the Savior known.

5 Lord, we thy servants now depart,
Each one to take his charge;
With the desire upon our heart,
Thy kingdom to enlarge. ‡

532 S. M.

1 AND let our bodies part,
To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are!

2 Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite;
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And fol'wing our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go.

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

5 O let our heart and mind
Continu'lly ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end;

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

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

8 To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,

And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.

L. M.

533 *Prayer for ministers.*

1 FATHER of mercies! bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest pray'r;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!

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

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine:
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

C. M.

534 *Decrease of the church lamented.*

1 UNTO thy Zion, Lord, return,
And pardon all her crimes:
Well we deserve to weep and mourn,
In these distressing times.

2 Lord, hast thou hid thy gracious face
From thy dear church below?

Who is an object of disgrace,
Deserving to be so.

3 We are like as the parched lands,
And as the barren field,
Where all the force of lab'ring hands
But thorns and briers yield.

4 Thy gospel-word is much despis'd,
And held in mere disdain;
The world and Satan have devis'd
To make thy gospel vain.

5 How few and feeble are thy saints,
How full of doubts and fears!
The world our best devotion taints,
And mingles with our pray'rs.

6 And when we join to sing and pray,
And wait on thee, our Lord,
Then Satan draws our minds away,
When we should hear thy word.

7 Return, dear Lord, with mighty pow'r,
Thy gospel work revive;
Thy dying church to life restore,
In thee to grow and thrive.

535 L. M.

Hope of the church's revival.

1 THE Lord will build his church again,
And in his holy temple reign,
And let his waiting people see
Her increase and prosperity.

2 Though Zion's walls are broken down,
The Lord still claims her as his own;
Not all the pow'rs of hell below
Can cause her final overthrow.

3 Should God appear to hide his face,
As if he would withdraw his grace,
Yet he beholds with pitying eye,
And hears his people when they cry.

4 God will return to their relief,
Remove their sorrows and their grief:
They who his precious absence mourn,
Shall be rejoic'd at his return.

5 They who are griev'd when they behold
The church declining, dead, and cold,
Shall find that God will still revive
His work, to keep his church alive.

6 His wisdom and his providence,
Will ever prove her sure defence;
His promis'd aid, his promis'd pow'r,
Will guard his church for evermore.

7 Remember us, O gracious Lord,
Who wait thy promises and word:
O cause thy gospel light to shine,
That many thousands may be thine. †

TABLE HYMNS.

BEFORE MEAT.

536 L. M.
Psalm 140.

1 GREAT God! from whom all blessings flow,
To all thy creatures here below,
Thou hearest us, Lord, when we cry,
And freely dost our wants supply.

2 We pray thee, Lord, to bless this food,
Prepar'd for our own temp'ral good,
That we thereby refresh'd may be,
And render all our praise to thee. †

537 C. M.
Psalm 145, 15, 16.

1 THE Lord, who knoweth all we need,
Supplieth all our wants;

His bounteous hands all creatures feed,
And all we need he grants.

2 The Lord abounds with tender love,
To all the human race;
He sends his blessings from above,
And shows on earth his grace.

3 Kind Lord, be with thy blessings near,
And bless what thou dost give;
Bless this our food, prepared here,
That which we now receive. ‡

538 L. M.

1 LORD! thou dost give what creatures need,
Do also us, thy children, feed;
The bread of life poor sinners give,
On which their hungry souls may live.

2 Let these, thy gifts, be sanctified,
And let them be to us applied,
That strength our bodies may receive,
And we unto thy glory live.

3 Until at length we feast above,
In climes celestial, blissful love,
With holy men, with angels bright;
When faith and hope shall end in sight. D. H.

AFTER MEAT.

539 C. M.
Psalm 136, 1.

1 THANKS unto thee, O Lord, we give,
For what we have enjoy'd;
The daily food on which we live,
Thou daily dost provide.

2 Thy bounteous hand our table spread,
And furnish'd us with food,
By which we are refresh'd and fed;
Thanks be to thee, our God. ‡

540

C. M.
Psalm 147, 9–11.

1 THE Lord who doth my wants supply,
And ever proves my aid,
Who hears the ravens when they cry,
And gives them daily feed;

2 He gives me food and raiment too,
And all I need besides;
And while I live on earth below,
My God for me provides. ‡

541

L. M.
Acts 14, 17.

1 LORD! we return our praise to thee,
O! that we could but thankful be:
The blessings of thy bounteous hand,
Supply the wants of ev'ry land.

2 By thee, O Lord, our living Head,
Our mortal bodies now are fed;
Thy mercy, Lord, thy love and grace,
Shall ever be our songs of praise. ‡

542

L. M.

1 THESE gifts, which from thy bounty flow,
Teach us thy goodness, Lord, to know:
O may thy gifts not be denied;
Do thou henceforth for us provide.

2 We praise and thank thee for thy care,
Which did for us these gifts prepare:
For ever sanctify us, Lord,
With the sweet manna of thy word. D. H.

MORNING HYMNS.

543 C. M.

1 NOW from my bed of sleep I rise,
My voice to God I raise;
This is my morning sacrifice,
To sing my Maker's praise.

2 His blessed angels kept my guard,
While sleeping here I lay;
And by the mercies of the Lord,
I see another day.

3 The night is fled, and darkness gone,
And I awake to see
The day approach with heav'nly dawn,
And blessings unto me.

4 While many of my fellow-men
Lay on their dying bed,
And thus oppress'd with mortal pain,
Are number'd with the dead.

5 But I was spar'd, and truly blest:
What grace to me was shown!
I lay secure, in peace and rest,
To see the rising sun. †

544 L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, my mind, awake!
And with th' angelic host partake;
And join with them thy voice, to raise
And sing the great Creator's praise.

2 O may the Lord my soul inspire,
And fill my heart with pure desire;
And may my songs of praise and love
Reach far beyond the skies above!

3 I praise my Lord, who safely kept
And guarded me, while thus I slept,

That I am spar'd again to rise,
And view his blessings with mine eyes.

4 Had not my God protected me,
A wretched creature I would be!
I might have wak'd in endless pain,
Where I should seek relief in vain.

5 But O, what off'rings can I bring
To thee, my gracious Lord and King!
Thou hast the ways and means prepar'd
By which I am, through mercy, spar'd.

6 Thy blessings compass me around;
Thy grace on ev'ry side is found:
My chief concern it e'er should be,
My God! to praise and worship thee. ‡

545 S. M.

1 MY soul shall worship thee,
My sov'reign Lord on high!
I 'wake another day to see,
Which cheers the waken'd eye.

2 The birds that mount the air,
They chirp their morning praise,
And should I not likewise prepare
To show my Savior's grace?

3 The morning light appears,
And darkness flies away;
The heart of ev'ry creature cheers,
To meet the rising day.

4 Jesus, my rising Sun,
My soul desires to view
Thy dawning in my heart begun!
My darkness banish'd too.

5 O cause thy light to shine,
With all its life and pow'r,
That, in this darken'd heart of mine,
Be light for evermore. ‡

546

C. M.

1 O LORD! who reign'st above the skies;
At thy commanding word,
The sun doth ev'ry morning rise,
And spread his light abroad.

2 He runs his course from east to west,
And never makes a stay;
His travels make all nations bless'd,
By forming night and day.

3 He gives a gracious light and heat
To all that moves below;
His offices, perform'd complete,
Will cause all plants to grow.

4 May I, like the obedient sun,
My daily task fulfil;
Like him, my stage of duty run,
And do my Maker's will.

5 Jesus, my Sun of Righteousness,
O may I feel thee near,
And trust thy faithful promises,
Till thou thyself appear!

547

C. M.

1 O LET me praise my Savior's love,
Whose gifts are ever new;
Who sends his blessings from above,
Like as the morning dew.

2 O let me, then, with joy appear,
And worship at his throne;
With songs of praise his love declare,
And show what he has done.

3 He guarded me through all the night,
And ev'ry fatal hour;
Once more I am restor'd to light,
By his almighty pow'r.

4 May I be in his gracious hands,
An object of his care;
And may I yield to his commands,
With reverence and fear.

5 Dear Lord, I give myself to thee,
And pray for grace divine,
That I may live and die to be
Thine, and for ever thine.

548 C. M.

1 NOW I awake to praise my Lord,
Who kept me safe this night;
Who brought me, by his angels' guard,
To see the morning light.

2 And now I leave my bed of rest,
And to my Maker pray:
I pray that he may make me bless'd,
In all I do this day.

3 O may I truly thankful be
To God, the God of love:
For daily he bestows on me
His blessings from above.

4 Teach me, O Lord, to do thy will,
Thy just commands t' obey;
To do, and speak, and wish no ill,
Lest I should go astray.

5 O heav'nly Father! I am thine,
Bought with the Savior's blood:
My heart and will to thee incline—
To thee, my gracious God.

6 Lord, be thou with me all this day,
Teach me to do thy will;
Grant me thy grace, that so I may
Thy just commands fulfil.

7 Now I commit myself to thee;
To thee, my God, I pray;
Defend, direct, and govern me,
And ever with me stay. ‡

549 C. M.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thy hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun;
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

550 C. M.

1 MY God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose:
His angels watch'd me while I slept,
Or I had never rose.

2 Now for the mercies of the night
My humble thanks I 'll pay;
And unto God I 'll dedicate
The first-fruits of the day.

3 In pressing dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I 'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

4 My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death must be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

551 L. M.

1 THE sun now rises shining bright;
We gladly rise to view the light:
From Satan's pow'r God did defend
Us, when he did his angels send.

2 Hence, Lord, thy blessed name we praise;
Keep us from sin in all our ways:
To thee we now do humbly pray,
Let angels guard us all this day.

3 Incline our hearts to thee, O Lord,
That we may love thy blessed word,
And do thy will, keep thee in view,
In all that we intend to do.

4 The work thou hast for us design'd,
O let it prosper! may we find
That all our works throughout our days,
Shall all redound unto thy praise. D. H.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

[*May be used for opening divine service.*]

552 L. M.

Heb. 4, 9.

1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there 's a nobler rest above;

To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

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

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
Obscures the lustre of thy throne.

4 Around thy throne, grant we may meet,
And give us but the lowest seat;
We 'll shout thy praise, and join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

553 L. M.

Psalm 92.

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

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

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

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd, or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

553-A S. M.

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

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

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

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

553-B L. M.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now let our noblest passions rise,
With ardor, to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let thy waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then when our sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd we shall spend
A sabbath which will never end.

553-C

C. M.

Public worship on the Sabbath.

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

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord! how fair!
Where willing vot'ries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent pray'r,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! Oh! deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel—
With pure devotion glow.

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

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

553-D

6 lines 7's.

The Sabbath in the sanctuary.

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

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,

Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord! a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners—comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

MORNING HYMN FOR THE SICK.

554 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 I PRAISE my God, the night is gone;
I see approaching morning dawn:
Arise, my soul, and sing
The praises of the Lord above,
Who, by his might and constant love,
The morning light doth bring.

2 As I retir'd to take my rest,
I was with pains and sickness press'd;
I ponder'd in my mind:
O shall I see to-morrow's sun?
Or shall my veins have ceas'd to run—
My soul in God enshrin'd?

3 I thank my God, who heard my cries,
And bade the sun o'er me arise;
And now I 'll praise his name:
Afflicted as I am, I pray,
His will be done throughout this day
By me, a mortal frame.

4 And if I never gain my strength—
The strings of life should break at length,
I 'll murmur not, my God.
I 'll bear this heavy yoke to-day,
And, just as long as thou shalt say,
Endure this chast'ning rod.

5 God, with his angels' bright array,
Will comfort me throughout this day,
And keep me in his care;
And thus consol'd while I am here,
To see my end I will not fear,
Nor sink with sad despair.

6 To Christ, my Lord, I 'll flee for aid,
Whose will I wish to be obey'd
By me, who am his own.
And, if I 'm doom'd to die this day,
I 'm willing, ready to obey—
T' appear before his throne.

7 I am, O Lord, thy ransom'd child;
With thee, O Lord, I 'm reconcil'd:
This sickness, Lord, this pain,
Shall never turn my trust from thee:
Thy coming, Lord, I long to see,
With thee for e'er to reign. S. A. H.

EVENING HYMNS.

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555 C. M.

1 MY thankful tribute I will pay,
And offer songs of praise
To God, who guarded me this day,
And let me know his grace.

2 Since by his mercy, love, and pow'r,
I liv'd this day to spend,

And I can witness this once more,
That God has prov'd my friend;

3 My ev'ning sacrifice shall be,
The praise and thanks I owe;
And as my God enables me,
I 'll love and serve him too.

4 For all thy blessings from above,
That are on me bestow'd,
My soul shall make returns of love
To thee, my gracious God.

5 O pardon thou, for Jesus' sake,
The evils I have done;
Since no amendment I can make,
Will for my sin atone.

6 O guard me safely through the night,
And let me rest in peace,
Until I see the morning light,
And thank thee for thy grace. ‡

556 L. M.

1 THIS day is spent, the night is come,
And I am nearer to my home;
That home which will for evermore
Remain, when this my home is o'er.

2 O, has it been my wish and care,
For that long home still to prepare?
Has not my precious time run waste,
Just as the day that now is past?

3 Now, when I lay these things to heart,
And view myself in ev'ry part—
When I research myself and see,
What guilt may then be charg'd on me!

4 Hadst thou not spar'd me through thy grace,
O what would be my present case?
My soul would with this day have fled,
Into the regions of the dead.

5 O may it be thy gracious will,
To keep me in thy favor still;
Grant me this night to rest in peace,
Secur'd in Christ, my righteousness.

6 To thee, O gracious Lord, I pray,
Let all my sins be done away!
I plead the merits of thy Son,
For all the evils I have done.

7 And should I die before I 'wake,
Unto thyself my spirit take;
My body in the grave to rest,
Until I rise with all thy blest. ‡

557 C. M.

1 DEAR Lord, accept my ev'ning song,
Such as my soul can raise;
Receive the off'rings of my tongue,
And help me sing thy praise.

2 Through grace and mercy I was spar'd,
To close another day:
O may I duly be prepar'd,
My tribute now to pay.

3 What can I offer thee, my Lord,
To recompense thy love?
Yea, all I have, or could afford,
Would not sufficient prove.

4 Thy mercies are beyond degree,
They cannot be express'd;
Thy blessings still bestow'd on me,
Can only make me blest.

5 What numbers of the human race,
This ev'ning weep and mourn!
The evils which with some took place,
Are scarcely to be borne.

6 What accidents of grief and woe
Were many made to share!

To trace this vale of tears below,
We find such ev'rywhere.

7 Why was it not my lot and fate,
Like such, to feel the rod?
Who kept me in a better state,
But thou, my gracious God?

8 How greatly should this humble me,
That such a worm as I,
An object of thy grace should be,
Such mercies to enjoy!

9 I praise thee, O! my Lord and King,
Thy goodness I adore;
My soul shall of thy mercies sing,
And thank thee evermore. ‡

558 C. M.

1 LORD, I prepare to take repose,
Since much fatigued I am;
May I in peace mine eyelids close,
And rest in Jesus' name!

2 The notice of thy watchful eye,
Can keep my life secure;
Enclos'd within thy veil to lie,
Defends from Satan's pow'r.

3 Through all the changes of this day,
Thy love to me was shown;
Thy countless blessings, ev'ry way,
On me were shower'd down.

4 Unworthy as I am indeed,
Thy gifts were not withheld;
In ev'ry time of want and need,
Thy succor never fail'd.

5 My labors for this day I close,
And cast my cares away;
I lay me down to take repose,
Until another day.

6 But first, my off'ring I will bring
To thee, my Lord and God,
And praise and thank thee, O my King,
For all thy hand bestow'd. ‡

559 C. M.

1 UNTO the Lord, my gracious God,
I offer humble praise;
Whose mercies are to me renew'd,
Which I enjoy always.

2 How great his love to me has been!
Beyond the reach of mind;
Though I have spent this day in sin,
His mercies still I find.

3 This day is gone, and spent, and past,
And will return no more:
Thus to eternity I haste,
With ev'ry fleeting hour.

4 With ev'ry closing of the day,
And setting of the sun,
My precious moments fly away,
My choicest minutes run.

5 Could I but know how vile I am,
And feel my wretched state,
My soul would fill with fear and shame,
With sorrow and regret.

6 O, wretched is my state indeed,
I must confess and own;
And what can I, poor sinner, plead,
In all that I have done?

7 For Jesus' sake, my sins forgive!
Cause me in peace to sleep;
In thy protection me receive,
And safely there do keep. ‡

560 L. M.

1 PRAISE thou, my soul, the Lord on high,
For daily strength and new supply;
For keeping me this day from ill,
For sending me his blessing still.

2 Forgive what I this day have done;
Cause me my follies to bemoan;
Defend me by thy mighty arm,
And keep me all this night from harm.

3 Let me with sweet and calm repose,
Now lying down, mine eyelids close;
Let me awake to praise thy name,
And always sing thy glorious fame.

4 O keep my soul from dread and fear;
No pow'rs of darkness enter here;
But cause thy light of grace to shine,
Into this darken'd heart of mine. ‡

561 C. M.

1 TO thee, great Lord, my heav'nly King,
My pray'r and praise shall be,
My soul shall of thy mercies sing,
Which thou hast shown to me.

2 From all the dangers of this day,
Thou, Lord, hast kept me free;
Thou art my only trust and stay,
And thankful I should be.

3 Now, Lord, this day is past and gone,
And darkness covers me;
Now I should think on what I 've done,
And what my case may be.

4 Have I to thee obedient been,
And serv'd thee all this day?
Have I this day avoided sin?
Have I not gone astray?

5 Could I but know how vile I am,
And my transgression see,
Thy mercies, Lord, I durst not claim,
Nor lift mine eyes to thee.

6 How oft in thought, and word, and deed,
Have I offended thee!
Yet I my Savior's merits plead,
Which have aton'd for me.

7 Therefore, O Lord! I pray to thee,
Forgive what I have done:
My gracious Lord will pardon me,
For Jesus' sake alone.

8 And now I lay me down to sleep,
To take my needful rest;
I pray the Lord my life to keep,
As he may think it best. ‡

562 C. M.

1 DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song,
Like holy incense rise:
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him, who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,

And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Savior's breast.

563 C. M.

1 O LORD! thy holy angels send,
To guard us whilst we rest;
From Satan's wiles our lives defend;
May us no harm molest.

2 Beneath thy shadow we repose,
That we may sweetly sleep;
May we in peace our eyelids close,
Whilst heav'nly guards us keep.

3 Lord, I lie down to take my rest,
Let troubles flee from me,
And with thy care may I be blest;
May I repose on thee.

4 May I again from slumbers wake,
To praise thy blessed name;
Aurora's golden beams partake:
Thy love and care proclaim. D. H.

564 L. M.

1 O JESUS, I will take repose,
And in thine arms mine eyelids close:
My bed shall be thy oversight;
Thy mercy be my couch this night.

2 My pillow soft shall be thy breast,
Where sleep I shall enjoy, and rest;
My dreams be sweet delights that flow
From thy bless'd word to saints below.

3 Oft as my heart doth palpitate,
Thy loveliness I contemplate:

Jesus, my soul shall thee embrace,
And dwell on wonders of thy grace.

4 Oft as I think upon thy name,
Methinks I should aloud proclaim:
O Jesus, Jesus! thou art mine,
And I shall be forever thine. D. H.

LORD'S DAY EVENING.

565 C. M.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet, how slow devotion burns,—
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love—
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,—
The sabbath ne'er shall end:

4 Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

EVENING HYMN FOR THE SICK.

566 6 lines 8's.

1 I AM, O Lord! with pains oppress'd;
And now I 'll take my needful rest:
With Jesus I will fall asleep,
Who on the sick his watch doth keep:
I also think of thee, my God,
And threat'ning death, that awful rod.

2 My bed is like the grave, design'd
For me; they both engage my mind:

But if the Lord be found with me,
And I with him united be,
O then will I in him repose,
And in his care mine eyelids close.

3 As I am cover'd in my bed,
Just so 'twill be when I am dead;
I shall be cover'd o'er with ground:
But if the Lord with me is found,
I rest in him, if in my bed,
Or if I 'm one among the dead.

4 Just as the flame, the lamp's array,
Before I sleep, is blown away,
Just so, when all my days are spent,
My soul shall leave this earthly tent:
But Christ, my Lord, shall never flee,
Though death before mine eyes I see.

5 Undress'd, I think, just so I 'll be,
When death at last shall call on me;
Uncloth'd I 'll be, and borne away,
And plac'd within a vault of clay.
Ye earthly robes! I 'll leave you here;
And, cloth'd in God, I 'll there appear.

6 Just as my chamber 's clos'd at night,
And all the doors secur'd aright,
That I may sleep in peace and rest,
And none perchance my sleep molest;
Just so, the Lord will close mine eyes,
And let me sleep in him likewise.

7 As with the rising sun I 'll rise,
And leave my bed of rest likewise:
Just so, upon that glorious day,
Shall I arise, when Christ shall say:
"Arise, ye blest! attend my call!
Enjoy that rest prepar'd for all."

8 These happy thoughts engage my mind;
With these content, my rest I find;
My heart shall never stray from thee;

O Christ! in thee my trust shall be:
O happy sleep! refulgent night!
When Christ is here, that shining light.

S. A. H.

CLOSE OF THE WEEK.

567 C. M.

1 BEGONE, my worldly cares, away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight;
Let me begin th' ensuing day,
Before I end this night.

2 Yes, let the work of pray'r and praise
Employ my heart and tongue;
Begin, my soul:—thy sabbath days
Can never be too long.

3 Let the past mercies of the week
Excite a grateful frame;
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.

4 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heav'n ascend;
I long to welcome in the morn,
With thee the day to spend.

SICKNESS.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

568 L. M.

1 JESUS, the patient's surest friend,
Will ever to his case attend;
He was, in all, like man distress'd,
And bore the curse to make us bless'd.

2 In all afflictions we must bear,
We are the objects of his care;

Though we are made to feel the rod,
It is to draw us nearer God.

3 Sure, we have reason to believe,
He knows the time when to relieve—
When to remove distress and pain,
And to restore our health again.

4 He guards us with his watchful eye,
While we do live, and when we die;
His word and promises are sure,
Nor can they fail for evermore.

5 If thus the sons of God we be,
We must not seek from him to flee;
When his afflicting hand we feel,
We must submit unto his will.

6 What, though we suffer for awhile,
Distress, and grief, and pain, and toil;
Since ev'ry rod and ev'ry smart
Is to subdue the harden'd heart.

7 Then, ye distress'd, be not afraid,
Nor let your minds be so dismay'd;
Christ, your physician, makes you whole,
Can cure the body and the soul. ‡

569 C. M.

1 COMMIT your way unto the Lord,
In troubles and distress;
And let his promise be your guard,
Your trust, your hope, and peace.

2 All your complaints to him are known,
And open to his view;
And ev'ry sigh and ev'ry groan
He hears, and answers too.

3 His ways and dealings all are just,
Though not as men request;
Yet, all his dispensations must
Then answer for the best.

4 Though pain and sickness bear you down,
Like as a heavy load,
Yet all may serve to gain the crown,
Bestow'd on you from God.

5 Here view the footsteps of his love,
And tokens of his grace:
Those he relieves, he must reprove,
That they may learn his ways.

6 And, shouldst thou pass the vale of death,
The Lord will be thy friend;
And, breathing of thy latest breath,
Thy life in peace shalt end. ‡

570 C. M.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I 'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty 's lost.

5 I 'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.

6 But if my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,

Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I 'll declare thy love.

571 L. M.

1 WHOM man forsakes thou wilt not leave;
Ready the outcasts to receive:
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in nowise cast me out:
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure:
I want,—do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I stoop;
O lift the abject sinner up!

4 Lord, I am blind,—be thou my sight:
Lord, I am weak,—be thou my might!
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee!

572 L. M.

John 5, 4; ch. 9, 7; 2 Kings 5, 10.

1 WHEN dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly;
Thine arm, almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves, and pains invade.

2 To all the various helps of art,
Kindly thy healing pow'r impart:
Bethesda's bath refus'd to save,
Unless an angel bless'd the wave.

3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant which spreads the plains,
But teems with health, when heav'n ordains.

4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At heav'n's command, restor'd the blind;

And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

5 But grant me nobler favors still,
Grant me to know and do thy will;
Purge my foul soul from ev'ry stain,
And save me from eternal pain.

6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue?
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in pray'r,
And pour the horrors of despair.

7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed:
His blood procures for human race
Admittance to the throne of grace.

9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.

10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.

11 O! if I trust thy sov'reign skill,
And bow submissive to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

DISTRESS IN A LINGERING DISEASE.

573 C. M.

1 A HELPLESS creature here I lie,
A mere abject to men;
Though day and night for help I cry,
My troubles still remain.

2 No prospect of relief I see,
From these my heavy chains;
An act of wonder it would be,
To free me of my pains:

3 With pains confin'd unto my bed,
(The only place I have,)
Perhaps till number'd with the dead,
And shrouded in the grave.

4 But what impatience do I feel!
When I should be at rest
To know this is my Maker's will,
And serves to make me bless'd.

5 My troubles are increas'd the more,
Of greater weight they are,
When I must feel the tempter's pow'r,
Who would have me despair;

6 Who tells me I need not to pray,
Nor trust unto the Lord—
That I am but a castaway,
That cannot be restor'd.

7 Should Christ afflict his people thus?
This is the tempter's cry;
Should he who ever loved us,
With such afflictions try?

8 But O, my Savior, bear me through;
Still keep my faith alive;
Help me to keep the prize in view,
Till I in heav'n arrive.

574 C. M.

1 LORD, I am pain'd, but I resign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Dark are thy ways of providence,
While they, who love thee, groan:

Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thine heavy rod.

4 These mournful groans and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease,
Whilst ev'ry groan my Father hears,
And ev'ry tear he sees.

5 Is not some smiling hour at hand,
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

FOR SUCH AS ARE EXPIRING.

575 C. M.

1 MY warfare now will soon be o'er,
My strugglings will be past;
And I shall pant and groan no more,
But be reliev'd at last.

2 I soon shall breathe my latest breath,
And see an end to pain;
I therefore will submit to death,
For I shall live again.

3 Sure I can never be deceiv'd
By him who died for me;
By him I was from death repriev'd,
And set at liberty.

4 Not all the pow'rs of sin and death
Against me can prevail;
Nor all the force from hell beneath,
Shall cause his word to fail.

5 My Savior bears me safely through,
And brings me to that place,
Where all his glories I shall view,
And ever see his face.

6 Why should I fear to go from hence,
This present life to end?
I have establish'd confidence
That Jesus is my friend.

7 My troubles and my sorrows cease,
And I shall be at rest;
My soul shall enter into peace,
And be with Jesus blest.

8 My soul desires to leave this clay,
And find a better home,—
Awaits that bless'd and happy day,
To see my Savior come. ‡

576 C. M.

1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;

To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. Amen.

577

C. M.

1 Sam. 15, 32.

1 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 ev'ry long-lov'd 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!"

578

L. M.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away:

Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

579 C. M.

Job 19, 25–27.

1 GREAT God! I own the sentence just,
And nature must decay:
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives—
My God, my Savior, comes.

3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He 'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

THANKSGIVING AFTER SICKNESS.

580 C. M.

1 ETERNAL praises to my Lord,
My soul desires to give,

Since he again my health restor'd,
And I am spar'd to live.

2 My feeble body lay oppress'd;
My soul was fill'd with grief;
I was on ev'ry side distress'd,
And hopeless of relief.

3 My life approach'd the brink of death;
Just on the verge I lay:
I nearly breath'd my latest breath,
Which almost fled away.

4 But God has still prolong'd my days,
Vouchsaf'd my life to save;
And I will live unto his praise,
Whilst life and breath I have.

5 His mercies I will ne'er forget,
But thankful will I be:
The mercies of my God are great,
Which he has shown to me.

6 When all the help of man had fail'd
To ease me of my pain—
When death itself almost prevail'd,
The Lord help'd me again.

7 The wonders thou, my God, hast wrought,
My soul shall e'er adore;
Till I can praise thee as I ought,
And thank thee evermore. ‡

581 C. M.

1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves our song:
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

3 When he but speaks the healing word,
Then no disease withstands:
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly, as he commands.

4 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore,
And cast our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

5 To him I cried, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just:
Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave—
Thy pow'r is all my trust!"

6 He heard, and sav'd my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears:
Now to his praise I 'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.

582 L. M.

1 MY God, since thou hast rais'd me up,
Thee I 'll extol with thankful voice!
Restor'd by thy almighty pow'r,
With fear before thee I 'll rejoice.

2 With troubles worn, with pain oppress'd,
To thee I cried, and thou didst save:
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.

3 Wherefore, ye saints, rejoice with me,
With me sing praises to the Lord:
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.

4 His anger is but short; his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay:
Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day!

5 Then what I vow'd in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give;

And strive that, in my grateful verse,
His praises may for ever live.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The blest and undivided Three,
The one sole Giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be!

ON A FAST-DAY IN TIME OF PLAGUE, OR OTHER RAVAGES OF DEATH.

583 L. M.

1 O HARK unto the sounding bell!
What doth each stroke of tolling tell?
'Tis news to each attentive ear,
Some one is fitted for the bier.

2 Since death is licens'd here to rage,
Without respect to any age,
The hoary head, and youth in bloom,
Depart to their eternal home.

3 Death, with an uncontrolled force,
Will take his way, and have his course:
Infectious air and pestilence
Are not repuls'd by man's defence.

4 They who had thought the world their own,
Are with the meanest class cut down:
Both kings and princes have to die,
And lay their pow'rs and honors by.

5 This is our just reward indeed:
What can we say, what can we plead?
Were we not warn'd, and warn'd again?
But all we heard, we heard in vain.

6 But now we feel, we learn to fear,
God's threaten'd punishments are here:
What can we do, but plead and pray,
That God may turn his wrath away?

584 C. M.
Heb. 12, 1–11.

1 HAVE mercy, Lord! on us, we pray;
Thy grace to us reveal:
O turn thy plagues from us away,
Though we deserve them well.

2 Thy punishments are justly due,
And answer to our crimes;
And we are made to feel them too,
In these distressing times.

3 Lord, what destruction death has made!
How has it swept our towns!
What numbers number'd with the dead,
In neighb'ring places round!

4 Death visits us in all our homes,
And there makes his abode;
And hurries mortals to their tombs,
Who sink beneath his load.

5 Well may we sorrow, weep, and mourn,
And pray with all our heart,
That God in mercy may return,
And bid our plagues depart. ‡

585 L. M.
Psalm 91.

1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r
Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:
I, that am form'd of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare—
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood
(From birds of prey that seek their blood)
Under her feathers; so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life—his wings are spread,
To shield them with a healthful shade.

6 If vapors, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand, died;
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

8 So, when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are bless'd.

10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire—
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE DELIVERY FROM THE PLAGUE, OR OTHER MORTAL DISEASES.

586 C. M.
Isa. 38, 17–22.

1 ETERNAL praises to the Lord,
Come let us join to give:

By his protection and his guard,
We yet are spar'd to live.

2 Whilst many of our fellow-men
Were quickly call'd away;
When in distress, and grief, and pain,
They drop'd their house of clay;

3 By grace, it is our happy lot
To have respite of days:
It is God's will that we should not
Depart without his grace.

4 May we be wise, and ne'er forget
The troubles we were in—
With sickness, pain, and death beset—
A just reward for sin.

5 But he has turn'd his gracious hand,
And laid his vengeance by—
Still calls on this, our guilty land:
Turn ye! why will ye die?

6 Then let us thank and praise our God,
By whom we have been spar'd;
And bear with his correcting rod,
Till we are well prepar'd.

587 C. M.

Phil. 2, 25–30; Psalm 30.

1 THANKS be to God, who heard our pray'r,
When we had fears and doubt;
When fierce diseases ev'rywhere,
Compass'd our land about;

2 When death, that cruel tyrant, made
Poor mortals feel his pow'r;
Who to another world have fled,
And will return no more.

3 How melancholy was the sound,
To hear the dying groan:
Can no relief nor help be found,
Till we are fled and gone?

4 And must our troubled spirits fly
To God, who first them gave?
Our bodies only made to die,
And moulder in the grave?

5 Great God! how mournful was the scene,
Where'er this was the case;
But great thy mercies e'er have been,
To those who trust thy grace.

6 Thanks be to God, that we are spar'd
To see the present day:
O make us ready, gracious Lord,
Till we be call'd away. ‡

DEATH.

DEATH IN GENERAL.

588 C. M.

1 TRUE Christians need not fear to die,
Or to depart from here;
Since death bears them to God on high,
Where their great treasures are.

2 No pain, or groan, or dying strife,
Should fright their souls away;
Since they shall find a better life,
Soon as they leave this clay.

3 Let me depart, my Lord to meet,
And stretch my feeble hands,
And grasp the joys that are complete,
In yonder happy lands.

4 Then let me bow my dying head
Into the arms of death,
And rest in Christ, my dying bed,
And breathe my latest breath. ‡

589 C. M.
Phil. 1, 21–25.

1 TO live in Christ is life indeed,
And so to die is gain;
Since by his death my soul is freed
From sin and endless pain.

2 My soul desires with him to be,
And see him as he is:
That grace which he bestows on me
Confirms that I am his.

3 I harbor neither doubt nor fear
That I shall be deceiv'd;
That I shall see my Savior there,
In whom I here believ'd.

4 Though here I bear the cross awhile,
And suffer with my Lord,
For all my labor, pain, and toil,
He will be my reward.

5 When he shall raise me from the dust,
And fashion me anew,
I 'll be permitted, with the just,
His face in heav'n to view. ‡

590 L. M.

1 YE careless sons of men, be wise!
Here view the corpse before your eyes;
The soul has left the house of clay,
And somewhere else she has her stay.

2 The world of spirits is her home,
There to remain till Christ shall come
To raise the body from the dust:
That of the wicked and the just.

3 The body laid into the tomb,
Has its remote and silent home,
Where darkness and destruction reign,
Till it is rais'd to life again. ‡

4 But O, the soul that never dies!
Which, when the body shall arise,
Shall meet and join her former mate,
And share with it her destin'd fate.

5 How happy shall that moment be,
When we shall meet the Lord, and see
That, by his merits and his grace,
We 've found a better home and place!

6 But O, how gloomy is the thought!
To think that sinners must be brought
To stand and hear the Savior say:
"Depart from me, ye curs'd, away."

7 Ye living, then, come take a view,
Remember, ye are mortals too;
Seek ye the Lord, and watch and pray;
Be ready for your dying day. ‡

591 C. M.
2 Tim. 4, 7, 8.

1 NOW my departure is at hand—
From hence I must remove,
To join the bless'd celestial band,
In the bright realms above.

2 My warfare and contests are o'er,
And I can welcome death:
In spite of sin and Satan's pow'r,
I fought and kept the faith.

3 And thus I 've finish'd this my course,
And pass'd quite safely through:
My Lord, who conquers ev'ry force,
Made me to conquer too.

4 My conflicts and debates are past,
And my salvation 's seal'd:
My victories are gain'd at last,
Now as I quit the field.

5 The crown of life, laid up for me
And all who love the Lord,

For all my suff'rings here, shall be
A gracious, great reward. ‡

592 C. M.

1 OUR days on earth are sad and few,
Distress'd on ev'ry side:
In all our lives we find it true—
This cannot be denied.

2 The age of threescore years and ten,
An age that few do live:
But sorrow, trouble, grief, and pain,
Are all that age can give.

3 Why should it be our chief concern,
To grasp at shadows here?
Much greater lessons could we learn,
To make us happy there.

4 We know that we are born to die,
Were all the world our own.
How swift our precious moments fly!
How quickly are we gone!

5 May God be pleas'd to grant us grace,
And make us wise to know,
That we may seek a better place
Than all this world below. ‡

593 C. M.

1 JESUS, my hope and confidence!
My Savior, life, and peace!
I know that thou art my defence—
Thy love will never cease.

2 The long and tedious night of death,
Can't cause me to despair:
My hope, my trust, my living faith,
Removes all doubts and fear.

3 Jesus, my Lord, forever lives,
And I shall live likewise;

Yes, I shall be where Jesus is,
And see him with mine eyes.

4 Why should I doubt or feel afraid,
Since Jesus is my friend?
Like members with a living head,
With him I shall ascend.

5 Like him, I shall be glorified,
And worship at his throne,
And live for him who for me died,
And wholly be his own;

6 Though I must lay this body down,
To mingle with the clay,
Till waken'd by the trumpet's sound,
In that great solemn day.

7 Then I shall be restor'd again,
And like the angels shine;
No more expos'd to death or pain,
Immortal and divine.

594 C. M.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs!
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly:
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We 'll rise above the sky.

595

C. M.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast;
A fleeting hour of time:
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain:
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show—
Some dig for golden ore:
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I resign my earthly hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

596

L. M.

1 THAT awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

2 Death calls my friends, my neighbors, hence,
And none resist the fatal dart:
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to strike my heart?

3 Think, O my soul! how much depends
On the short period of to-day:
Shall time, which heav'n in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away?

4 Thy remnant minutes strive to use;
Awake, rouse ev'ry active pow'r;
And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little, this important hour!

5 Lord of my life! inspire my heart
With heav'nly ardor, grace divine;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength, and life, and death are thine.

6 O teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve;
And, while my days are short'ning still,
Prepare me for the joys above!

596-A L. M.

1 THE grave is now a favor'd spot,
To saints who sleep, in Jesus bless'd;
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest:

2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;
At rest as in a peaceful bed;
Secure from all the dreadful storms,
Which round this sinful world are spread.

3 Thrice happy souls, who 're gone before
To that inheritance divine!
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

596-B

C. M.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 Our wasting lives are short'ning still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

4 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

5 Yet while a world of joy or woe
Depends on ev'ry breath,
Thoughtless and unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.

6 Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

DEATH OF FRIENDS AND RELATIONS.

597

C. M.

1 MUST friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn;
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our helper and our friend;

Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be wean'd from earthly joys;
Let hope our grief dispel:
The dead in Jesus shall arise,
In endless bliss to dwell.

598 C. M.

1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!

2 But down to earth, alas! in vain
We bend our weeping eyes:
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upwards learn to rise.

3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray;
And guides us from the darksome tomb,
To realms of endless day.

4 To those bright courts when hope ascends,
She calms the swelling woe;
In hope we meet our happy friends,
And tears forget to flow.

5 Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies;
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

DEATH OF A PARENT.

599 L. M.

1 THOUGH nature's voice you must obey,
Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,
That hand, which takes your joys away,
That sov'reign hand can heal your woe.

2 And, while your mournful thoughts deplore
The parent gone, remov'd the friend,
With hearts resign'd, his grace adore,
On whom your nobler hopes depend.

3 Does he not bid his children come
Thro' death's dark shades to realms of light?
Yet, when he calls them to their home,
Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?

4 His word—here let your souls rely—
Immortal consolation gives:
Your heav'nly Father cannot die,
Th' eternal Friend for ever lives.

5 O, be that best of friends your trust;
On his almighty arm recline:
He, when your comforts sink in dust,
Can give you comforts more divine.

AT THE FUNERAL OF A YOUNG PERSON.

599-A C. M.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r,—"I too must die!"—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 Let this vain world delude no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!

It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

BURIAL OF AN INFANT.

600 C. M.

1 YE Christian parents, dry your tears,
O why should they be shed!
This may console your cares and fears,
Jesus will raise the dead.

2 Your infants laid into the earth,
Which grieves you to the heart:
A short time they survive their birth,
Until they must depart.

3 Your tender branches torn away,
To wither in their bloom;
But look ye forward to the day,
When Christ the Lord shall come.

4 Then shall your children be restor'd,
And never die again;
But live and dwell with Christ, the Lord,
And freed from death and pain.

5 Then shall their bodies be renew'd,
And like the Savior's shine;
Consisting not of flesh and blood,
But heav'nly and divine.

6 How happy will your meeting be,
Before the Savior's face!
Where your dear children you shall see,
In heav'n, that happy place.

601 C. M.

1 AS fade the lovely blooming flow'rs,
And with the winds do fly,
Just so are they who live but hours,
They 're only born to die.

2 It is beyond the greatest art,
To move this load of care;
It wounds the tender parents' heart,
Which nature has to bear.

3 O let the gospel then be nigh,
It is the strongest aid;
Such consolations never die,
That Christ shall raise the dead. ‡

602 C. M.

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flow'r,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

3 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo! stern winter flies;
And, dress'd in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

5 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears
Religion points on high—
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF A MINISTER.

603 C. M.

1 FAR from affliction, toil, and care,
The happy soul is fled:
The breathless clay shall slumber here,
Among the silent dead.

2 The gospel was his joy and song,
E'en to his latest breath:
The truth he had proclaim'd so long
Was his support in death.

3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere:
His soul was ripen'd for that bliss,
While yet he sojourn'd here.

4 The church's loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear;
Since we shall see his face no more,
Till Jesus shall appear.

5 But we are hasting to the tomb:
O may we ready stand!
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand.

AT THE INTERRING OF THE CORPSE.

604 L. M.

1 HERE we commit unto the dust,
This body in the grave to rest;
We place it here, awhile to stay,
Here for to moulder and decay.

2 Not here forever to remain;
For Christ will raise the dead again,
In that great day when he shall come,
To fix and settle all our doom.

3 In judgment we must all appear,
And show how we did live whilst here:

Our just reward we shall receive,
Such as the righteous Judge shall give.

4 O man! be wise, learn what thou art,
Be wise, and act the prudent part;
Thou canst not always here remain;
Thou must return to dust again.

5 Our days, how soon they pass away!
In this vain world, how short our stay!
When all our pains and toils are past,
Then death will bear us off at last.

6 Why should we, then, for earthly toys,
Exchange a life of endless joys?
Should we so blind and careless be,
To trifle with eternity?

7 O Lord! in mercy, grant us grace;
Teach us to number all our days,
And in thy service each to spend,
Until this mortal life shall end.

605 C. M.
Gen. 3, 19.

1 THIS body in the grave is laid,
Here to return to dust:
As God to father Adam said,
That all our bodies must;

2 Not here for ever to remain,
For Christ himself shall come,
And call the dead to live again,
And raise them from the tomb.

3 The graves must all give up their dead,
And ev'ry other place;
God's great commands must be obey'd,
And all the dead must rise.

4 All must appear before their Lord,
And their just sentence hear;

Likewise receive their just reward,
Such as their actions were.

5 May we be wise while here we live:
O may we seek and try,
And take advice, as Christ doth give,
To live, and learn to die.

6 How swift our precious moments pass;
How soon our days are fled;
Prepar'd or unprepar'd, alas!
We 're number'd with the dead.

7 O careless man, be wise, and think
What will become of thee,
Who now art standing on the brink
Of vast eternity. ‡

606 S. M.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love:

We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs;
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

607 C. M.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord then shall we fly,
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground—
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

RESURRECTION.

608 C. M.

1 THE winter past,— reviving flow'rs
Anew shall paint the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

2 Shall man depart this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return?
No second spring of life revive
The ashes of the urn?

3 "Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the insect's wing?
And oh—shall man awake no more,
The Savior's name to sing?

4 Cease—all ye vain desponding fears;
When Christ from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heav'n with praises rang.

5 The trump shall sound;—the gates of death
Shall make his children way;
From the cold tomb the slumb'rers spring,
And shine in endless day."

609 C. M.

1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Lo! I behold the scatter'd shades
The dawn of heav'n appears:
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I hear the voice, "ye dead arise,"
And lo! the graves obey;

And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And bow before him there.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

610 L. M.

1 NO, I'll repine at death no more;
But, calm and cheerful, will resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust;
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning! through the skies,
And usher in that glorious day:
Come quickly, Lord! cut short the hours;
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay!

4 Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.

611 L. M.

1 THE saints, who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty pow'r shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.

2 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring

From beds of dust, and sleeping clay,
To realms of everlasting day!

3 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heav'nly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.

GENERAL JUDGMENT.

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612 L. M.

1 REMEMBER, man, that awful day,
When all in judgment must appear,
When none can screen or flee away,
But stand, their sentence there to hear.

2 When all the nations of the earth,
Yea, all that are of Adam's race,
From east and west, and south and north,
Are call'd before their Judge's face.

3 Impartial judgment then shall pass,
Without indulgence or regard;
And ev'ry rank and ev'ry class,
Receive its just and due reward.

4 There no respect to man is paid,
But all must stand the solemn test:
The beggar and the crowned head,
Must be for ever curs'd or bless'd.

5 Those sins and vices here conceal'd,
And hidden from the eyes of men,
Shall be to public view reveal'd,
With ev'ry blot, and guilt, and stain.

6 What dread will seize the guilty mind,
And what a burning hell within!

What horrors will those wretches find,
Who liv'd and died in wilful sin!

7 Our minds impress'd with such a thought,
Should fill our hearts with holy fear;
And this should never be forgot,
In judgment we must all appear. ‡

613 S. M.

1 MUST I in judgment stand?
Before my Lord appear;
Shall I appear at his right hand?
Or sentenc'd to despair?

2 Will then my Savior say:
"Come, join the heav'nly hosts?"
Or must I then be driv'n away,
To the infernal coasts?

3 O what will be my state,
When I from hence shall flee?
O matters of the greatest weight,
To launch eternity!

4 It strikes an awful gloom,
Far more than I can tell,
When I think on the life to come,
And where I am to dwell.

5 To hear the trumpet sound,
And see the flaming skies,
And my great Judge in glory crown'd,
What fears will then arise!

6 O how shall I appear,
In that tremendous day?
When I my Judge's voice shall hear
Say, "Come," or "go away!"

7 O Savior! hear my pray'r;
Such witness grant to me:
Make me assur'd, when I appear,
That I shall go with thee. ‡

501

614

L. M.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe;
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll:
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Savior's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

615

C. M.

Psalm 51.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell shall know and fear,
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God,
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And seal'd it with his blood.

6 Their faith and works brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess,
My sentence of reward is right,
And heav'n adore my grace."

616 L. M.

1 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 But an eternity there is
Of endless woe, or endless bliss;
And swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.

3 What countless millions of mankind,
Have left this fleeting world behind!
They 're gone! but where? ah, pause and see,
Gone to a long eternity.

4 Sinner! canst thou for ever dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell?
And is death nothing, then, to thee,
Death, and a dread eternity?

617 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

"Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit."

1 THE trumpet sounds!—the day is come:
Jesus the Lord revealing
To men their day of final doom,
Their fate forever sealing.
He comes! the Son of man is here,
Borne on the clouds, see him appear,
Array'd in robes of Judgment.

2 Earth's fleeting schemes of error fail,
But firm the truth of ages;
Now right divides with even scale,
And sin receives its wages.
Repentance has no longer space,
Art and deception have no place;
'Twere vain to seek false witness.

3 Here on the brink of endless fate,
Each takes his sev'ral station;
All who have liv'd, both small and great,
Since first the world's creation.
Each by th' Omniscient seen, they stand,
For justice from th' Almighty's hand,
All wait the solemn sentence.

4 He speaks!—the list'ning skies are still,
All eyes on Jesus centre;
While awe and dread their bosoms fill,
"Come ye, your kingdom enter,"
He says to those who mercy sought;
But unto those who priz'd it not,
"Depart from me, ye cursed."

5 O Lord, with what resistless might
Thy doom of Justice sounded!
The sinners who refus'd thy right,
Sink down to hell confounded;
Where meets them deep unmingled woe!
Ah, who can ever save them now?
All hope is gone forever.

6 But lo, the saints around, on high,
Cloth'd with the light of heaven;
Their Savior leads them through the sky,
What bursts of joy are given:
For now they see with raptur'd eyes,
That faith and love receiv'd the prize,
Through grace, rich, free, abounding.

7 And see! they take the mansions bright,
Where God prepar'd their dwelling:

Like angels now, and to their sight
  Onward their joys are swelling.
They saw in part—now all is clear,
No care, no sorrow enter here,
  To break their bliss unceasing.

8 Oh, Jesus, from thy judgment-bar
  Would I reflection borrow,
To nerve me 'gainst o'erwhelming cares
  From wants of earthly sorrow.
To teach my mind above to mount,
While mindful of my last account,
  I search thy truth for guidance.

HEAVEN AND FUTURE HAPPINESS.

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618 C. M.

1 HOW greatly will my soul rejoice!
  How happy will I be,
When I shall hear my Savior's voice
  Say, "Come ye unto me."

2 "O come, ye blessed, and possess,
  Your kingdom is prepar'd:
For all your troubles and distress,
  You have a great reward."

3 With joy I shall to Jesus go,
  My Savior, Lord, and Friend;
And all my sorrows here below,
  For evermore shall end.

4 There I shall dwell at his right hand;
  And freed from ev'ry pain,
Remov'd from danger, I shall stand,
  And ne'er distress'd again.

5 There I shall eat that living bread,
And shall forever live;
Drink of the fount and living head,
Which Christ my Lord shall give.

6 I shall be blest in Jesus' blood;
That blood which freely stream'd,
By which I have access to God,
And know myself redeem'd.

7 My soul with joy is entertain'd,
In Jesus' kingdom here;
But greater treasures will be gain'd,
When I shall enter there. ‡

619 L. M.

1 EXCEEDING great is the reward,
To those who strive to serve the Lord;
Who persevere, and still endure,
To war with sin and Satan's pow'r.

2 By self-experience they do know,
What sorrows they must undergo,
Till they obtain and gain the field,
Till ev'ry foe to them must yield.

3 How blest are they who run this course,
In spite of Satan and his force;
They gain the vict'ry and the prize,
And enter in eternal joys.

4 Their suff'rings, conflicts, war, and strife,
Will fit them for a better life:
A happiness they never knew,
Shall then be open to their view.

5 In yonder world shall be reveal'd,
The life of God, in Christ conceal'd;
Such glories as no one can paint,
Shall be reveal'd in ev'ry saint.

6 All acts of love the Christian wrought,
Such as the world regarded not,

The Lord will cause then to appear,
And show that such had serv'd him here.

7 Eye hath not seen, nor ear yet heard,
What treasures Jesus has prepar'd
For those who love him with their heart;
With him they have their lot and part.

8 With him they shall in glory dwell,
Where happiness shall never fail;
Where war and strife shall be no more,
But peace for ever shall endure.

9 In that great day they shall arise,
And meet their Savior in the skies;
Their bodies chang'd and glorifi'd,
They meet the Lamb, and are his bride. ‡

620 L. M.

1 TO bear the cross a few days more,
Will fit us for that happy day,
When all our suff'rings heretofore,
Shall be forever done away.

2 The virtuous strive to serve the Lord,
And seek his blessed will to do;
In yonder world is their reward,
For all their suff'rings here below.

3 Ofttimes they feel their souls enjoy'd,
When they have heav'nly things in view;
But soon their pleasures are destroy'd:
No joys are perfect here below.

4 We are but man, and oft we fail:
What changes in this life take place!
When Satan, world, and flesh prevail,
How soon it mars and breaks our peace!

5 With pain and sickness here oppress'd—
All such like evils interpose;
Our minds are griev'd, our hearts distress'd,
When we must war with such like foes.

6 No constant happiness is found,
As long as we on earth abide,
When sin besets us all around,
And we are tried on ev'ry side.

7 Lo! here we seek, but there we find,
Where we in glory shall appear,
And perfect peace shall fill the mind,
And banish ev'ry doubt and fear. ‡

621 C. M.

2 Tim. 4, 7, 8.

1 GOD hath laid up in heav'n for me,
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

2 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I 'll spend a long eternity
In never-ceasing praise.

4 Dear Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

5 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Haste, for my spirit longs to be
With thee, my Lord and God.

622 C. M.

1 ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruit that never fails,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day:
There God, the sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

623 C. M.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,

And view the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

624 C. M.
1 Cor. 2, 9.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepar'd,
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But fol'wers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life;
There all their names are found:
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

624-A C. M.
2 Cor. 4, 18.

1 OH, could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,

In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

624-B C. M.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel at death dismay?
I 've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, prophets, martyrs there,
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee.
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

HELL AND FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

625 L. M.

Mark 9, 48.

1 HELL!—'tis a word of dreadful sound;
It chills the heart and shocks the ear;
It spreads a sickly damp around,
And makes the guilty quake with fear.

2 Far from the utmost verge of day,
Its frightful, gloomy region lies;
Fierce flames amidst the darkness play,
And thick sulphureous vapors rise.

3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
With constant torture gnaws the heart,
And woe and wrath, in ev'ry form,
Inflame the wounds, increase the smart.

4 The wretches rave, o'erwhelm'd with woe,
And bite their everlasting chains;
But with their rage their torments grow,
Resentment but augments their pains.

5 Sad world indeed! what heart can bear,
Hopeless, in all these pains to lie;
Rack'd with vexation, grief, despair,
And, ever dying, never die!

6 Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,
Who seeks thy pard'ning, cleansing blood;
O let me in thy kingdom dwell,
To praise my Savior and my God.

626 S. M.

Matth. 25, 41.

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

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,

And, through the num'rous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel-angels first prepar'd,
Where mercy never came."

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

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

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

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Savior bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

627 L. M.

1 WITH holy fear, and humble song,
The dreadful God, our souls adore:
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his pow'r.

2 Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3 Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dipt in the blood of damned souls.

4 There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands:
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.

5 There guilty ghosts, of Adam's race,
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Savior's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Savior's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

IMMORTALITY.

[*From the German of Cramer*,—By J. S.]

627-A 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8.

PART I.

1 DID Jehovah but design me
For a moment's dream of time?
To these per'shing joys confine me,
Bar'd from yon eternal clime?
Is this musing mind a breath,
Lost in all victorious death,—
Frail as dust and vapor flying,
When these mortal pow'rs are dying?

2 Soon this frame will be a plunder,
Crumbling for the worms below:
Must I, as it sinks asunder,
All to mould'ring darkness go!
All of conscious life bereft,
At my utmost limit left,
Born to quench each warm sensation
Deep in drear annihilation?

3 Is not life a path allow'd me,
Up to life beyond the sky?

Why has God with thought endow'd me,
If the pow'rs of thought must die?
Happy, were I made to be,
Like the brute, from reason free;
Playful midst the sweets before me,
Thoughtless of the doom that 's o'er me.

4 No,—reviler! scorn and error
Ne'er shall steal my trust away;
Rescu'd, rais'd from mortal terror,
I shall triumph o'er decay.
No;—my soul is not a breath,
Not the passive prey of death;
From my Maker I enjoy it,
Storms of fate can ne'er destroy it!

PART II.

5 Spirit!—that 's my name imperial,—
Clay is but my cumbrous pall,
But the seed of life eternal,
Slumb'ring for the trumpet's call.
As the glad maternal earth,
Warms the genial seed to birth,
So this frame, to dust descending,
Shrines the germ of life unending.

6 Not for momentary being,
Curs'd with consciousness in vain;
Not for joys forever fleeing,
Not for throbs of guilt and pain;
God has made our soul for bliss,
Harmoniz'd our pow'rs for this,
Wing'd each godlike aspiration,
O'er the bourne of desolation.

7 This warm thirst of life eternal,
This impatience here to stay,
Longing for a home supernal,
Blissful regions far away,
These, my God, sure tokens be,
Tokens that I rise to thee;

Burst the coils I strive to sever,
Wing me there and live forever.

8 Deep remorse for deeds unholy!
Sweet repose the righteous know!
Joys that cheer the meek and lowly,
Stealing down unseen below!
Vouch ye too this truth to me,
When the glow of death I see,
When these limbs to worms are given,
That my soul shall soar to heaven.

9 I shall live,—yea, live forever!
Immortality is sure.
Let me strive these bonds to sever,
Bursting from this dream impure.
Well I may, to virtue true,
Silently her path pursue,
Moving on with firm persistance,
Live e'en here for yon existence.

10 Let thy word, O God, restore me,
When my feeble feet may roam;
Keep the joyful thought before me,—
"Yonder is my native home!
Void of sorrow, void of pain,
There delight and glory reign,
There before the throne suspended,
Wreath and crown of conflicts ended."

OF ANGELS.

L. M.

628 *The ministry of angels.* Luke 1, 26.

1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light,
The King of glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 "Go," saith the Lord, "my Gabriel, go,
Salute the Virgin's fruitful womb!
Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
Sing and proclaim, the Savior 's come."

3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heav'nly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord!
At thy command they go and come,
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

L. M.

629 *Angels ministering to Christ and saints.*

1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord, thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance, or of love.

3 His orders run through all the hosts,
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard our native coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In traveling the heav'nly road.

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise, and come,

Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

630 C. M.

1 THE majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold;
The servants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold.

2 But, mighty God! thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.

3 Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.

4 And when oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies;
Behold, a heav'nly form appears,
T' allay his agonies.

5 Now to the hands of Christ our King,
Are all their legions giv'n;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heav'n.

6 Pleasure and praise run through their host,
To see a sinner turn;
That Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.

7 But there 's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

8 Oh! could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found;
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

OF CIVIL OFFICERS.

631 L. M.
Titus 3, 1, 2.

1 SINCE God has thus ordain'd it so,
That civil magistrates should be
To rule and govern men below,
As in his sacred word we see;

2 Since such like office I do bear
To execute those civil laws,
May I be wise, just, and sincere,
To judge aright in ev'ry cause.

3 The Lord grant me an upright heart,
And with his blessed Spirit guide,
To act the just, impartial part,
In all whate'er I must decide.

4 From none but thee, my God, indeed,
Such precious gifts I can obtain,
Nor gain the knowledge that I need
To judge between my fellow-men.

5 For this I pray and humbly ask,
My God, endow me with thy grace!
And qualify me for the task,
To do my office in my place. ‡

632 L. M.
Psalm 101.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I 'll take my counsel from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside:
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 No sons of slander, rage, and strife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 I 'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honor, wealth, and trust:
The men that work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flat'ring or malicious lies;
Nor, while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spar'd.

7 The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have pow'r, shall be suppress'd.

L. M.

633 *Prayer for the President, Congress, Magistrates, &c.*

1 GREAT Lord of all, thy matchless pow'r
Archangels in the heav'ns adore;
With them our Sov'reign thee we own;
And bow the knee before thy throne.

2 Let dove-eyed peace with odor'd wing,
On us her grateful blessings fling;
Freedom spread beauteous as the morn,
And plenty fill her ample horn.

3 Pour on our Chief thy mercies down,
His days with heav'nly wisdom crown;
Resolve his heart, where'er he goes,
"To launch the stream that duty shows."

4 And o'er our Capitol diffuse,
From hills divine, thy welcome dews,
While Congress, in one patriot band,
Prove the firm fortress of our land.

5 Our Magistrates with grace sustain,
Nor let them bear the sword in vain;
Long as they fill their awful seat,
Be vice seen dying at their feet.

6 Forever from the western sky,
Bid the "destroying angel" fly!
With grateful songs our hearts inspire,
And round us blaze a wall of fire.

634 L. M.
Christian liberty.

1 ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind,
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring by destructive flame.

2 Bold arrogance! to snatch from heav'n
Dominion not to mortals giv'n;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

3 Jesus! thy gentle law of love
Does no such cruelties approve;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what persuasion yields.

4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,
It draws the willing soul along;
And conquests to thy church acquires,
By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

5 O happy, who are thus compel'd
To the rich feast, by Jesus held!
May we this blessing know, and prize
The light which liberty supplies.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE IMPRISONED.

635 L. M.

1 LORD, how distressed is my mind,
To be within these walls confin'd;
What griefs and sorrows do I feel!
In this, my dark and loathsome cell.

2 While looking through this iron grate,
With horrors I do meditate
On what my fate may be at last,
When my confinement here is past.

3 I have despis'd thy holy laws,
Until it prov'd to be the cause
Of these, my troubles and distress—
Of shame, reproaches, and disgrace.

4 And while I feel this just rebuke,
Enable me to bear the stroke,
And what my punishment may be,
Which my offences bring on me.

5 O may this, my imprisonment,
Cause me sincerely to repent!
May thy afflicting rod and smart,
Work godly sorrow in my heart.

6 For these, the crimes that I have done,
My suff'rings here cannot atone;
Not anything but Jesus' blood,
Can gain for me the grace of God.

7 A change of heart and living faith,
Fits me for either life or death:
By this I may be well prepar'd
To live or die, and meet my Lord. ‡

FOR THOSE WHO ARE TO BE EXECUTED.

636 C. M.

1 I NOW must die the shameful death,
For crimes that I have done;

I soon must breathe my latest breath—
Be laid into the tomb.

2 O Lord! my Savior, in thy blood
My sins are wash'd away:
In thee I 'm reconcil'd to God;
Why should I be dismay'd?

3 Grant me a true and living faith,
In this, my fatal hour,
When I must feel the stroke of death,
With all its weight and pow'r.

4 O may my trust in thee not fail,
But ever firmly stand;
That passing through the gloomy vale,
I reach the happy land.

5 And when this present life is o'er,
Then take me to thy home,
Where I shall be distress'd no more,
And death can never come.

6 May angels bear my soul away,
To where my Savior reigns,
Where neither death nor Satan may
Afflict my soul again. ‡

A FAST-DAY IN TIME OF WAR.

637 C. M.
Jer. 15, 1–7.

1 SHOW mercy, Lord, reveal thy pow'r:
Turn thy afflicting hand;
That much desired peace restore
To this, our wretched land.

2 We have offended thee, our God:
Our crimes are very great;
Sedition, war, and shedding blood,
Deserve to be our fate.

3 Long have thine offers been denied;
In vain thy calls have been;

Well we deserve to be destroy'd,
And perish in our sin.

4 Our enemies with all their hosts,
Invade us ev'rywhere!
They trouble us in all our coasts,
And fill our land with fear.

5 What numbers of our fellow-men
Become a prey to death,
When in the field of battle slain,
And there resign their breath.

6 Whilst others are swept off the stage,
By various sad complaints,
Which in our guilty camps do rage,
And hurry them from hence.

7 What sorrows, troubles, griefs, and woes,
In ev'ry place abound!
What numbers of our cruel foes
Do compass us around!

8 We grieve to see the great distress,
The present times have made;
Poor widows, helpless, fatherless,
Without support or aid.

9 Have mercy, gracious God, we pray;
Lord, hear the cries we make;
O! cast us not from thee away;
Spare us, for Jesus' sake. ‡

638 C. M.

1 Pet. 4, 12–19.

1 O HOLY Father, righteous God!
Our souls are fill'd with fear;
Thy punishments, thy scourge, and rod,
Have now approached near.

2 Distressed and alarm'd we stand,
To see our awful state;
Thy jndgments on our guilty land,
Is what we must await.

3 Thy punishments are very just,
O Lord, we must confess;
We should be humbled to the dust,
Who have abus'd thy grace.

4 How long have we abus'd thy word,
And run the sinful course!
Well we deserve to feel the sword,
With all its weight and force.

5 In many ways have we been warn'd
To turn from these our ways;
But all thy mercies we have spurn'd,
And slighted all thy grace.

6 But O, the time is come at last,
When we must feel the shock;
God's righteous sentence now is pass'd,
And justice strikes the stroke.

7 O, whither can such creatures flee?
Such as we are indeed!
But unto thee, O Lord! to thee,
Whose promises we plead.

AN OFFICER OR SOLDIER LEAVING HOME.

639 C. M.

1 I'M call'd to camp, to leave my home,
My friends, and neighbors too;
And there await my fate and doom,
As many others do.

2 I march into the martial field,
And there to risk my life,
Where men their bloody weapons wield
For battle, war, and strife.

3 They, who to me are near and dear,
They weep, they grieve, and mourn;
They live in dread, and doubt, and fear,
That I might ne'er return.

4 Should this not fill a human breast,
And bear upon the mind?
I cannot help but feel distress'd,
For those I leave behind.

5 But so it is, I must submit,
Whate'er my lot may be:
To bear the trials I must meet,
My Jesus strengthen me!

6 The sad effects of war I feel,
For sin, my just reward;
Yet, if it be my Maker's will,
My life may still be spar'd.

7 Lord, be with all of mine, I pray,
And all of my concern;
And make us wise, from day to day,
Thy righteous will to learn.

640 L. M.

For an officer in camp.

1 THOU sov'reign, great, almighty God!
From none but thee, my Lord, alone,
My soul can be with grace endow'd
To know thy will that should be done.

2 May I with reverence and fear,
As I am by thy precepts taught,
Perform the office I do bear,
Be true and faithful as I ought.

3 Give me to know and understand
The charge committed to my trust;
And when I have to give command,
May it be naught but what is just.

4 My duty I shall best fulfil,
And best defend my country's cause,
When first I shall have learn'd thy will,
And live according to thy laws.

5 As faithful heroes were of old,
Such as the Lord himself had chose,

Submissive, humble, stout, and bold,
Who banish'd great and mighty foes:

6 Like such as they, pray let me be
Possess'd with such a godly mind;
A faithful servant unto thee,
And to thy blessed will resign'd.

7 O make me wise to keep in view
Thy holy will and righteous ways,
That in my office I may do
All to thy honor and thy praise. ‡

641 C. M.

For a soldier in camp.

1 BE thou my safeguard, O my God!
My refuge, tow'r, and shield;
The tents of war are my abode,
Set in this martial field.

2 Am I protected by the Lord,
Amidst the loud alarm,
And wreathings of the bloody sword,
My life is kept from harm.

3 Should thousands drop on ev'ry side,
And strangle in their gore,
Yet thou, my God, canst still provide,
That I may be secure.

4 Make thine almighty arm my trust;
Let me on thee depend,
Whilst I 'm in duty bound, and must
My country's cause defend.

5 Make me resign'd unto my fate,
And patiently to bear
With all the trials I may meet,
And hardships of a war.

6 For Jesus' sake my sins forgive:
Cause me thy love to know;
Teach me a Christian life to live,
As Christian soldiers do.

7 I trust unto thy providence,
Thy promises I plead:
My life is safe in thy defence,
In ev'ry time of need.

8 And should it be my lot and fate,
Here to resign my breath,
May I be in that happy state,
To die with living faith. ‡

THANKSGIVING FOR A SAFE RETURN FROM CAMP.

642 C. M.

1 PRAISE be unto my gracious Lord,
Who heard my humble mourn,
Whose providence was my safeguard,
And caus'd my safe return.

2 Beset with dangers all around,
And threats of overthrow;
But still a way for me was found,
That brought me safely through.

3 Whilst numbers of my fellow-men
Were hasten'd to their tombs,
And never will return again
To their respective homes.

4 This proves the cause of great distress,
To those they left behind:
Their main support for temp'ral bliss,
No more on earth they find.

5 What better, Lord, am I than they!
Why was it not my case
To die abroad, and stay away
From this my home and place?

6 I was preserv'd by thy own care,
But O! I know not why;
For I am vile as others are,
Like them, deserve to die.

7 My God, how thankful should I be,
For all thy hand has wrought;
Great are thy mercies unto me,
But I deserve them not.

8 I therefore praise thee so much more;
All praise to thee I give:
I will engage my utmost pow'r,
And thank thee while I live. ‡

THANKSGIVING FOR THE RESTORATION OF PEACE.

643 L. M.
Exod. 15, 1–7; Psalm 98.

1 COME, let us praise God's holy name,
And thank him for his love and grace,
Who to our help and rescue came,
And put an end to our distress.

2 How greatly were we terrifi'd,
When we began to feel the rod!
Death threaten'd us on ev'ry side,
With the just punishments of God.

3 We were distress'd on ev'ry hand,
Involv'd in all the depth of woes,
When it appear'd our guilty land
Should be destroy'd by cruel foes.

4 But thanks be to our gracious Lord,
Who freely will our sins forgive;
Who gave us not our just reward,
But spares us rebels, still to live.

5 God has restor'd our peace again;
O may it never more depart:
May we a greater peace obtain,—
The peace of God within our heart. ‡

644 C. M.

2 Cor. 1, 3–6; Psalm 118.

1 LET hearty thanks and praise be paid,
By all who join'd to pray,
When ardent pray'r to God was made,
To turn his wrath away.

2 We were deliver'd by the Lord,
When we were much distress'd;
Our feeble cries and pray'rs were heard,
And we have peace and rest.

3 Distress came on us like a flood,
And great was our alarm;
But through the mercies of our God,
Our lives were kept from harm.

4 To God alone shall be our praise,
To him, and none besides;
His love, his mercy, and his grace,
For all we need, provides.

5 Then, let us join his praise to sing,
As Christians ought to do;
And worship him, our Lord and King,
Who guards us here below. ‡

644-A 4 lines 7's.

1 PEACE! the welcome sound proclaim;
Dwell with rapture on the theme:
Loud, still louder swell the strain;
Peace on earth! good will to men!

2 Breezes! whisp'ring soft and low,
Gently murmur as ye blow;
Now, when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.

3 Ocean's billows far and wide,
Rolling in majestic pride!
Loud, still louder swell the strain:
Peace on earth! good will to men!

4 Vocal songsters of the grove,
Sweetly chant in notes of love:
Now, when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.

5 Mortals, who these blessings feel!
Christians, who before him kneel!
Loud, still louder swell the strain:
Peace on earth! good will to men!

PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

644-B L. M.

1 GREAT Maker of unnumber'd worlds,
And whom unnumber'd worlds adore,
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy pow'r,—

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assign'd by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense the repentant sigh.

4 O may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

644-C C. M.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display;

Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Great God, and is our country spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are!
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "Forbear."

4 What land so favor'd of the skies!
Where greater cause for praise!
And yet our crimes increasing rise,
And still thy wrath delays!

5 Exchang'd, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame!
And impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indiff'rence down
To everlasting fire.

7 O turn us, turn us, gracious Lord,
By thy almighty grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

8 Then, should grim, frowning ills invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never failing aid,
If God, our God is near.

644-D L. M.

1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword;
Oh! whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and helpless grief.

3 On thee, our guardian God, we call;
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliv'rance there,
And must we perish in despair?

4 Rais'd by thy word, to thee we run;
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here.

5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas?

6 No, thou wilt hear, for thou hast said,
"I 'll hear," "I 'll help," "Be not dismay'd;"
Then, O! make bare thy mighty hand,
And save us and our guilty land.

JOURNEYING HYMNS.

FOR MARINERS.

645 L. M.

1 LORD! I commit myself to thee,
And all I am, unto thy care;
In towns or cities, land or sea,
Thou canst preserve me ev'rywhere.

2 My life is ev'rywhere secure,
While I remain in thy bless'd hands;
Not death, nor all of Satan's pow'r,
Can change thy great and just commands.

3 Since now it prov'd to be my lot,
Thus on the troubled seas to sail,
And on the swelling waves to float,
Here toss'd and driv'n with wind and gale:

4 When waves like mighty mountains roll,
When driven by a dreadful storm,
Their furies thou canst soon control,
And guard and keep my life from harm.

5 Whate'er thy providence decrees,
My Lord, my soul with patience waits:
To deal with me as thou mayst please,
Will prove to me the best of fates.

6 Should here my body find its grave,
If so, my Lord, thou see it best,
I pray my precious soul to save,
And take her to thy place of rest.

7 But shouldst thou, Lord, deliver me,
And please to land me safe on shore,
My hearty thanks and praise shall be
To thee, my God, for evermore. ‡

646 C. M.

1 LORD! for the just thou dost provide;
Thou art their sure defence;
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 Tho' they through foreign lands should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there.

3 Thy goodness sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes ev'ry country please;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas.

4 When waves on waves to heav'n uprear'd,
Defi'd the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;

5 To thee I rais'd my humble pray'r
To snatch me from the grave;

I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save.

6 Thou gav'st the word—the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And ev'ry wave was still.

7 For this, my life in ev'ry state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

FOR A TRAVELER LEAVING HOME.

647 L. M.

1 I TRAVEL into distant lands,
There to discharge my trust and call;
Commit myself into thy hands,
To thee, my God, who governs all.

2 All my concerns to thee are known,
And what my occupations are;
May all in thy bless'd name be done
With caution, love, and holy fear.

3 Be with me, Lord, from day to day,
Defend and guard my life from harm:
Grant grace and wisdom, that I may
My duty and my call perform.

4 Take charge of all I leave behind,
And let thy grace with them reside;
As thou art gracious, good, and kind,
For all their wants and needs provide.

5 Great dangers compass me around,
Where'er I go, in ev'ry place;
No place of safety here is found,
Whilst I am here to run my race.

6 Whilst I remain on earth below,
My life is but a pilgrimage:

I have to wander to and fro;
This world affords no certain stage.

7 But I shall find a constant home,
Where I shall be forever blest,
When Christ, my blessed Lord, shall come,
And take me home, with him to rest. ‡

648 C. M.

In time of being in a strange place.

1 I SOJOURN as a stranger here,
My calling to attend;
My Jesus, be thou ever near,
My guard, my shield, and friend.

2 A stranger here in distant land,
Of no friends here I know;
Yet, led by thy unerring hand,
I shall pass safely through.

3 If thou, my Lord, art still with me,
My journey will be blest;
The more I place my trust in thee,
The more I feel at rest.

4 Thou, Lord, dost see in ev'ry place;
In ev'ry place thou art;
In ev'ry land they find thy grace,
Who seek thee with their heart.

5 Thy providence points out their way,
Wherein they e'er shall speed;
They find thy hand from day to day,
As they may want or need.

6 Dear Lord, my case to thee is known,
And what is for my good;
Teach me the way of sin to shun,
At home, or when abroad. ‡

THANKSGIVING AFTER A JOURNEY.

649 C. M.

1 I THANK God, my journey now is o'er,
My travels now are past,

And safely I arriv'd once more,
To see my home at last.

2 What praises to my God are due!
What tribute can I pay
To God, who brought me safely through,
Whilst I have been away?

3 Supported by God's heav'nly grace,
And kept from danger free,
I was conducted to the place
Where I had need to be.

4 I thank my Lord for the success
His hand on me bestow'd;
My office I discharg'd in peace,
For which I praise my God.

5 Thus, through his mercy, I was spar'd,
My journey safe to end:
All praises be to thee, my Lord,
Who art my constant friend. ‡

AFFLICTIONS.

C. M.

650 *The hope of heaven our support under trials on earth.*

1 WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

651 C. M.

Christ our hope in affliction. Matt. 12, 20.

1 BE thou, my troubled soul, at peace,
And let thy sorrows end;
Remember Christ, thy Savior, is
Thy brother and thy friend.

2 Should Satan, sin, and world upbraid,
Thy doubts and fears to raise;
Let not their threats make thee afraid,
Or doubt of pard'ning grace.

3 He knows thy wants and thy complaints,
Should he awhile forbear;
Remember that the greatest saints
Had many doubts and fears.

4 Should God appear from thee to hide,
And all thy pray'rs disdain,
Yet shall his love to thee abide,
And show his face again.

5 The bruised reed he will not break,
The broken heart he heals:
He pities such, for Jesus' sake,
And for their sorrows feels.

6 He will not quench the smoking flax,
But as his promise saith:
The troubled mind will he not vex,
But help the weak in faith.

7 Were all the pow'rs of darkness join'd,
To take thy peace away,
In Christ the feeble saint shall find,
Such faith as gains the day.

C. M.

652 *Mercy to sufferers.*

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our sinking days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And, their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
"They sought his aid in vain."

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

L. M.

653 *Comforts under sorrows and pains.*

1 NOW let the Lord, my Savior, smile,
And show my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

2 But oh! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Jesus frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still, while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still, on his heart, he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows, and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name:
I 'd rather have it there impress'd,
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

654 C. M.

In time of storm.

1 GREAT God, defend us in this storm:
What blasts and thunders roar!
Since thou canst keep my life from harm
In this tremendous hour.

2 Alarming thus to view the skies,
Which gloomy aspects wear;
The fearful lightning darts and flies,
And dazzles all the air.

3 Dear Lord, this casts my spirits down,
When thus it is the case,
To hear such threats and see such frowns,
In this alarmed place.

4 Much more my soul should feel afraid,
Yea, I should quite despair,

Were not my hopes on Jesus stay'd,
Who guards me ev'rywhere.

5 If Satan with his storms prevail,
And try his art and pow'r,
Let not my trust in Jesus fail,
Nor give up evermore. ‡

655 L. M.

After the storm is over.

1 THE Lord be prais'd, the storm is past!
That fearful and alarming blast:
That cloud of horror, black as night,
Is fled, and we enjoy the light.

2 A welcome change! for just before,
We heard the fearful thunder roar;
Despair beset us all around,
To hear and feel that awful sound.

3 The Lord was pleas'd to hear our cry,
And let his judgments pass us by;
He look'd on us in our distress,
And caus'd our dreads and fears to cease.

4 We join to sing our Savior's praise,
Who has preserv'd us all our days:
In ev'ry dark and trying hour,
He guards against the tempter's pow'r. ‡

656 C. M.

In time of continual drouth.

1 LORD, look on this, our panting earth!
Behold our dying grain;
Our land 's oppress'd with cruel dearth,
And groans for want of rain.

2 Our land is like the barren sand
Beneath the burning sky;
And all her products with'ring stand,
And ev'ry plant must die.

3 All living creatures feel distress'd,
And all their comfort fails;

The whole of nature is oppress'd,
Because thy wrath prevails.

4 Thy judgments, Lord, would still be just,
If thou shouldst never grant
A single rain to lay the dust,
That could revive a plant.

5 Our minds are fill'd with dread and fear,
And conscious of our guilt;
The curses we deserve to bear,
They will and must be felt.

6 O, we should feel a heavy hand,
A thing we never knew,
Should drouth continue in our land,
Till famine would ensue:

7 With us it soon may be the case
As elsewhere it hath been;
Our wretched land in ev'ry place
Is fill'd and stain'd with sin.

8 Have mercy, Lord, we humbly pray!
Send us a gracious rain;
O turn thy fearful threats away!
Revive our hopes again.

657 C. M.

Thanksgiving after a drouth.

1 SHOULD we not thank and praise our God,
Who heard our humble cry,
Who has withdrawn his chast'ning rod,
And laid his threat'nings by?

2 The blessed rain the Lord hath sent,
Reviv'd our scorching earth,
And put an end to our complaint
And fears of fatal dearth.

3 Due praise to God let us return,
For the refreshing rain:
We who, like as our earth, did mourn,
Are now reviv'd again.

4 Eternal praise to God we give,
In whose bless'd hands we are;
Who still provides for us to live,
Unworthy as we are.

5 Had heav'n the rain from us withheld,
What would our case have been?
A curse had rested on our fields—
Our just reward for sin.

6 Thanks be to God, it was his will
In mercy us to spare,
And we enjoy his blessings still,
Unworthy as we are. ‡

THE SEASONS.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH, OR HARVEST HYMNS.

658 C. M.
Matth. 5, 43–48.

1 COME, let us join to praise our God,
Who is our friend indeed;
Who gives us life, and health, and food,
And all whate'er we need.

2 His blessings have endow'd our fields,
And caus'd each plant to grow;
And full supplies to us they yield,
And all that lives below.

3 The early and the latter rain,
The Lord was pleas'd to send;
Our barns and stores are fill'd again,
By him who is our friend.

4 Our God remembers us in love,
And daily we receive
His gifts and blessings from above,
By which we move and live.

5 The labors of our hands are blest,
Our wants are all suppli'd;
Whate'er doth answer for our best,
The Lord will still provide.

6 We also have his holy word,
And all the means of grace;
Should we not worship him, our Lord,
And sing his endless praise?

7 With joy and wonder we do see,
What God for us has done;
Our songs of praise shall ever be
To God, our God alone. ‡

659 L. M.
Heb. 13, 14–16.

1 ONCE more our harvesting is o'er,
A fresh supply laid up in store;
The Lord was pleas'd to bless our earth,
And fill our souls with joy and mirth.

2 Just such as was our wish and hope,
The Lord preserv'd and bless'd our crop;
And through the mercies of the Lord,
We had another crop to hoard.

3 God gave the late and early rain,
We therefore labor'd not in vain;
Had he not sent his blessings down,
In vain our fields would have been sown.

4 By the rich bounties of our God,
We still obtain supply and food:
The air and heat, and gentle show'rs,
Make all those blessings to be ours.

5 Such blessings make us truly blest,
While they are by us here possess'd:
O! let us render thanks and praise
To God, for all such acts of grace. ‡

659-A L. M.

1 LORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Savior and our King.

2 Let ev'ry sacred temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let ev'ry peaceful, private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight,
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

660 C. M.

Psalm 147, 7–9, 13–18.

1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat;
He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honors high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;

The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high,
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch who dares his God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

661 L. M.

Psalm 55, 11.

1 ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee Sov'reign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness, when to veil the skies.

3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

662 C. M.

Spring. Psalm 65.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers, rais'd on high,
Pour out, at his command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills on ev'ry side,
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in beauteous pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

663 L. M.

Summer. Matth. 13, 39.

1 THE summer harvest spreads the field;
Mark, how the whit'ning hills are turn'd;
Behold them to the reapers yield;
The wheat is sav'd—the tares are burnd.

2 Thus the great Judge, with glory crown'd,
Descends to reap the ripen'd earth;
Angelic guards attend him down,
The same who sang his humble birth.

3 In sounds of glory hear him speak,
"Go, search around the flaming world;
Haste—call my saints to rise, and take
The seats from which their foes were hurl'd.

4 Go, burn the chaff in endless fire,
In flames unquench'd, consume each tare;
Sinners must feel my holy ire,
And sink in guilt—to deep despair."

5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth:
Angels obey the awful voice;
They save the wheat, they burn the chaff:
All heav'n approves the sov'reign choice.

664 L. M.

Autumn. Jer. 8, 20.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes make the rolling year;
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May ev'ry season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favor crown'd our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd,
No blasting winds our path assail'd.

3 Our harvest months have o'er us roll'd,
And fill'd our fields with waving gold;
Our table spread, our garners stor'd:
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?

4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace:
Time of decision, awful hour!
Around it let no tempest low'r.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heav'n to rise and shine;

Then shall our happy souls above,
Reap the full harvest of thy love!

665

C. M.

Winter. Job 38, 29, 30.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, when mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad;
Confin'd in cold, inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
The soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness, cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heav'nly plains.

6 Great source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore;
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter chills no more.

THE STAGES OF LIFE.

BIRTH-DAY.

666

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

1 GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise;

Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days:
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth
And all my blessings came:
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O let me live!
To thee my ev'ry breath,
In thanks and praises give:
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My soul and all its pow'rs,
Thine, wholly thine shall be;
All, all my happy hours,
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heav'n;
In Christ a creature new,
Eternally forgiv'n:
I wait thy righteous will to prove,
All sanctifi'd by perfect love.

6 Then when the work is done,
The work of faith with pow'r,
Receive thy favor'd son,
In death's triumphant hour:
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptur'd soul away.

CRADLE HYMNS.

667

C. M.

Luke 2, 12, 16.

1 MY child, lie still to rest and sleep,
God's angels are with thee,
Who to thy bed and cradle keep;
Your safeguard they will be.

2 God is your Father, good, and kind,
Your life and breath he gave;
Jesus, who was of humble mind,
Died for your soul to save.

3 Yes, Jesus was an infant too,
When born in Bethlehem;
The shepherds, they were glad to view
That Infant when he came.

4 He in a stall and manger lay,
Where cows and oxen fed;
He rested on the rugged hay,
Not on a downy bed.

5 All babes should thankful be indeed,
That on this earth they've got
Such beds and cradles as they need:
But Jesus had them not.

6 He was a truly lovely child,
Delightful to behold!
His countenance was meek and mild,
More choice than finest gold.

7 He came to make all infants bless'd,
To teach them all his ways;
Dear child, lie still, and sleep, and rest,
Till thou canst sing his praise. ‡

668

8, 7, 8, 7.

1 HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;

Heav'nly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

2 Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide,
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well suppli'd.

3 How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

4 Soft and easy is thy cradle,—
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

5 Blessed Babe! what glorious features,
Spotless, fair, divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures,
How could angels bear the sight!

6 Was there nothing but a manger,
Wicked sinners could afford,
To receive the heav'nly stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

7 Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song may sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

8 Yet, to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

9 See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
There they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

10 See the lovely Babe a dressing,
Lovely Infant! how he smil'd!

When he wept, his mother's blessings
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

11 Lo! he slumbers in a manger,
Where the horned oxen fed!
Peace, my darling, here 's no danger,
Here 's no ox about thy bed.

12 'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans, and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

13 May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days!
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise.

14 I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I must desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

669 C. M.

1 THOU Lord, from whom all blessings flow,
Thy blessings fill each land;
All they who seek thy will to do,
Will find thy bounteous hand.

2 All states of life are blest by thee,
By thee, our sov'reign Lord;
Such must the state of marriage be,
According to thy word.

3 It was by thy command ordain'd,
Confirm'd and ratifi'd;
And for a great and noble end,
Both blest and sanctifi'd.

4 We join this couple in thy name;
Bless them, O gracious God;

And let thy blessings rest on them,
Which are from thee bestow'd.

5 Be thou their counsel and their guide;
Direct them in thy ways;
And strengthen them on ev'ry side,
In peace to spend their days.

OLD AGE.

670 C. M.

1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
Before the rising age,
And leave a savor of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
Oh may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand hath press'd me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;

At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These wither'd limbs with thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

DOXOLOGIES.

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671 S. M.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

672 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

673 C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

674 C. M.

ALL glory to th' Eternal Three,
And undivided One;
To Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Co-equal honors done.

675 L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

676 L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

677 6 lines 8's.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

678 4 lines 7's.

GLORY to the Father's name,
Jesus' excellence proclaim,
Sing the blessed Spirit's praise,
Angels swell the notes we raise.

679 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
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