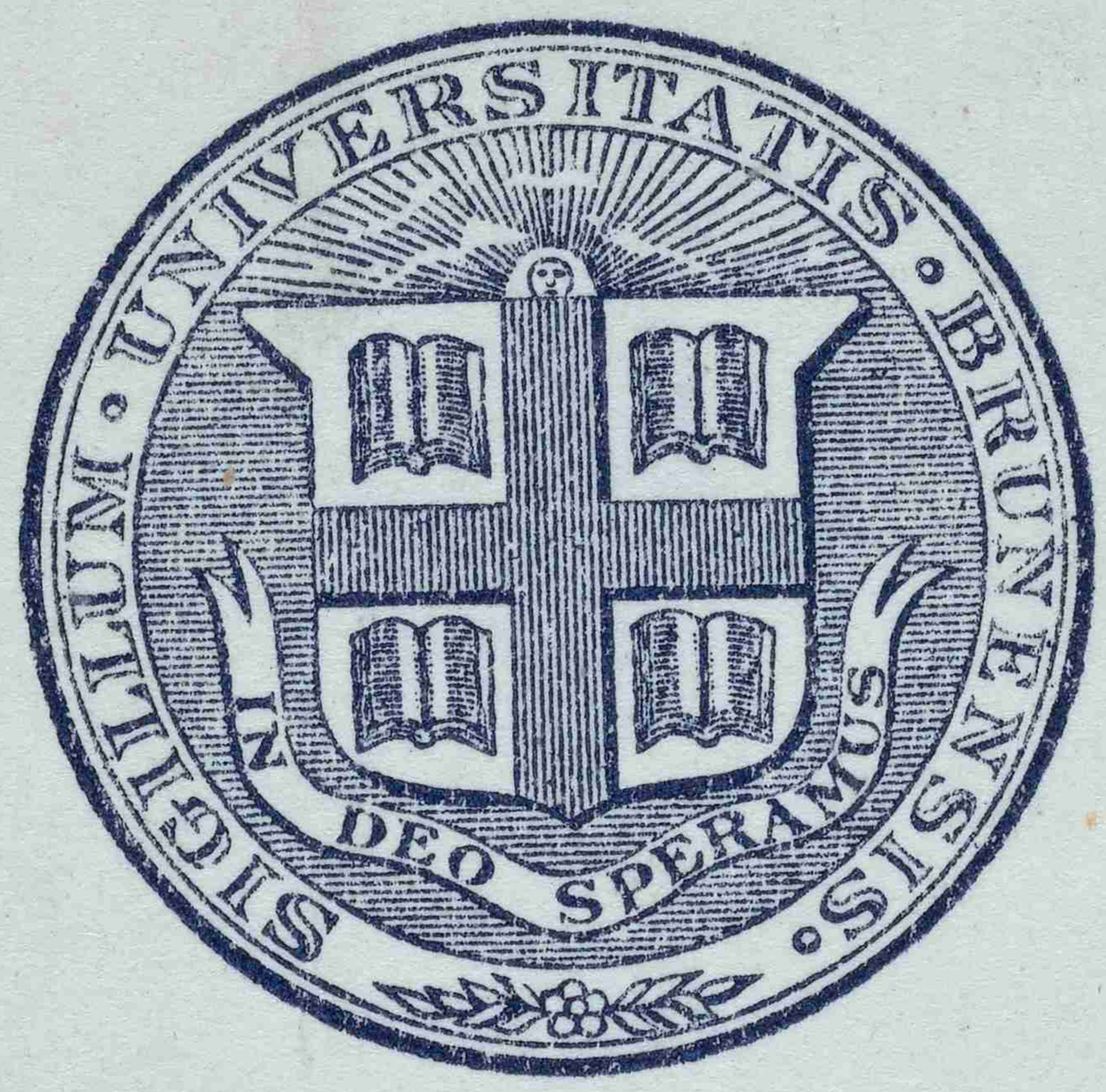
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THE

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HYMN BOOK:

A SELECTION OF

STANDARD EVANGELICAL HYMNS,

FOR

PRAYER AND CONFERENCE MEETINGS,

REVIVALS,

AND

FAMILY AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

BALTIMORE:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN F. WEISHAMPEL, JR.,
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NOTE.

IT IS nearly a century and a half since the pre-eminently excellent DR. ISAAC WATTS first published his paraphrases of the entire Book of Psalms, his three books of Hymns, and his Divine Songs for Children, comprising altogether about seven hundred and fifty pieces—all prepared for devotional use—and also his most admirable volume of Lyric Poems. It may well be questioned whether any other human productions since that period have been so generally useful in advancing the Redeemer's kingdom. More than one-third of the Hymns in this selection have been taken from DR. WATTS, and they are mostly copied from DR. RIPPON'S Standard English edition, avoiding a great many modern alterations.

Many of the Hymns have been abridged, with a view to giving a greater variety, as well as for the reason that *short exercises*—affording opportunity for the largest number to participate—are generally most desirable in Prayer and Conference meetings, as well as in Family Devotion. Missionary Hymns, and a few for other special occasions, are also inserted.

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A number of *verses* through the book, which are frequently used extemporaneously between prayers, &c., are designated by the first word being placed in SMALL CAPITALS.

THE
PRAYER-MEETING
HYMN BOOK.

AWAKENING AND INVITING.

1 COME, HUMBLE SINNER.

C. M. *E. Jones.*

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

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

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

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

5 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

2

SINNERS ENTREATED.

8s, 7s, 4. *Hart.*

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

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

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

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

5 View him prostrate in the garden,
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him—
Hear him cry before he dies:
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

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

---

3 APPEAL TO THE SINNER.

L. M.

1 Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown—
Heedless against thy God to fly?

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams—
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold.

---

4 ROOM FOR ALL.

4 6s, 2 8s.

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

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor and blind and lame;

All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul, there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear;
Let whosoever will now come,
In mercy's arms there still is room!

5

SEEKING PARDON.

L. M. *Watts.*

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 power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound—
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 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.

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

---

6 LET THE WICKED FORSAKE HIS WAY.

C. M. *Fawcett.*

1 Sinners, the voice of God regard:
'T is mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

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

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

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

5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;

He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through the Redeemer's blood.

7

DO NOT DELAY.

L. M.

1 Hasten, O sinner, *to be wise,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O, hasten, *mercy to implore,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O, hasten, sinner, *to be blest,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

4 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless state!
O let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late!

8

INVITATION.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

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

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

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

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

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

---

9 STOP, POOR SINNER.

7s & 6s. *Newton.*

1 Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you further go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
Be entreated now to stop,
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into the burning lake!

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?

Can you stand in that dread day.
When the judgment he'll proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

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

---

10 THE FOUNTAIN.

C. M. *Cowper*

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

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

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

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

5 And when my lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save!

---

11 REDEMPTION.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful gleam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

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

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O, FOR this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

---

12 PENITENCE.

C. M. *Watts.*

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

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When 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 in tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'T is all that I can do!

---

13 ANXIETY.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 That awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, *Depart!*

3 O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;

Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands!

---

14 THE HOLY SPIRIT ENTREATED.

L. M.

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

2 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with thy calm repose.

3 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land!

---

15 THE PENITENT.

C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes!

2 O, let not justice frown me hence!
Stay, stay the vengeful storm!
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

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

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

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

---

16 THE CONTRITE HEART.

C. M. *Cowper.*

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God! is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

4 O, make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break—
And heal it, if it be.

17 JESUS WEPT.

S. M. *Beddome.*

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears!
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee!

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

---

18 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

L. M. *Steele.*

1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid—
The work exceeds all nature's power.

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

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

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health and bliss, abundant flow;

'T is only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe!

---

19 CHRIST DIED FOR US.

L. M. *Watts.*

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

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

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

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

---

20 THE BACKSLIDER'S PRAYER.

7, 6, 8.

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

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me through thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life and happiness and love
Smile in thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

21

THE GOSPEL.
6s & 8s. *Toplady*

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

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

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

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

---

22 UNREST.

S. M. *Montgomery.*

1 O, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun:
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

23

MY LOAD OF SIN.

L. M.

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

2 Rest for my soul I long to find,
Saviour of all! if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

24

REPENT!

C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 "Repent!" the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

3 Amazing love! that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep and love and praise.

25

TO THE MOURNER.

P. M.

1 Drooping souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious;
If on Christ you do believe,
You will find him precious.

2 Jesus now is passing by,
Calls the mourner to him:
He has died for you and me;
Now look up and view him.

3 From his hands, his feet his side,
Runs a healing fountain;
See the consolation tide,
Boundless as the ocean.

4 See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying!

5 Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden:
Jesus calls, "Come unto me,
Weary, heavy-laden."

6 Though your sins like mountains high
Rise and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
"All shall be forgiven."

26

ROCK OF AGES.

7s. *Toplady.*

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
All for sin could not atone:
Thou canst save, and thou alone:
Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

27

REMEMBER ME.

C. M.

1 Jesus, thou art the sinner's Friend:
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me!

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary,
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me.

4 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer-God.
I pray, remember me!

---

28 SALVATION.

L. M *Watts.*

1 What shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
'Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell
As saves rebellious souls from hell.

---

29 EFFICACY OF CHRIST'S BLOOD.

P. M. *C. Wesley.*

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

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

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
Forgive him, O forgive! they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

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

---

30 SELF DENIAL.

C. M. *Beddome.*

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 honor, riches, friends.

3 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

---

31 THE PRODIGAL SON.

C. M. *Newton.*

1 Afflictions, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And forced him to repent.

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

3 "What have I gained by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear;
My Father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

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

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

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

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

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

---

32 ASTONISHING GRACE.

7s. *C. Wesley.*

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?

Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me the chief of sinners spare?

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

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

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

---

33 SALVATION.

C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 Salvation! O melodious sound
To wretched, dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends and fires and chains:
Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!

3 But may a poor bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

34 LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

C. M.

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

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

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

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly, from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart.
Thy new best name of love.

---

35 THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

P. M.

1 HEAR the royal proclamation
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature:

Chorus. Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heav'n and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour. *Chorus.*

3 Turn unto the Lord most holy;
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost forever;
O, now turn to God the Saviour. *Cho.*

4 Here is wine and milk and honey;
Come and purchase without money;
Mercy flowing like a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain." *Cho.*

5 Now our hearts have caught new fire
Brethren, raise your voices higher;
Shout with joyful acclamation
To the King of our salvation. *Cho.*

6 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion. *Cho.*

7 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory. *Cho.*

---

36 FREE GRACE. P. M. *Thornby.*

1 THE voice of free grace
Cries, Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race
Christ has opened a fountain;

For sin and transgression
And every pollution,
His blood flows most freely—
Come, bathe in this ocean.

Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
By whom we find pardon;
We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan

2 This fountain from guilt
Procures our exemption:
The blood that was spilt
Is the price of redemption:
Though your sins were increased
As high as a mountain,
His blood flows to cleanse you—
O, come to this fountain! *Cho.*

3 Blessed Jesus, ride on—
Thy kingdom is glorious!
Over sin, death and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious.
Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation. *Cho.*

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands,
We'll praise him evermore;
We'll range the bless'd fields,
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujah,
Forever and ever! *Cho.*

37 PENITENTIAL TRUST IN GOD.

P. M. *Newton.*

Begone, Unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, and his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

Determined to save, he watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?

Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—he told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?

Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

---

38 THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

S. M. *Doddridge.*

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

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

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

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

---

39 THE HOLY SPIRIT INVITED.

S. M. *Beddome.*

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

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

THE SOLEMN DAY.

40 [*This hymn is often extended by the singer.*]

1 O, THERE will be mourning,
Mourning, mourning, mourning,
O, there will be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ.

Parents and children there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part,
Brothers and sisters there will part,
Will part to meet no more!

2 O, there will be glory,
Glory, glory, glory,
O, there will be glory
At the judgment seat of Christ.

Saints and angels there will *meet*,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

COME TO JESUS.

41

1 Come to Jesus, trembling mourner,
Come to Jesus, trembling mourner,

Come to Jesus, just now,
Just now, just now,
Come to Jesus, just now.

2 Do not tarry till you're better,
Do not tarry till you're better.
Come to Jesus, just now, &c.

3 Cease, poor mourner, cease your weeping,
Give your soul to Jesus' keeping, &c.

4 Now believe him, now believe him,
In your bosom now receive him, &c.

---

42 THE HAPPY LAND.

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye!

43 HAPPY DAY.

1 COME all who would to glory go,
And leave this world of sin below,
Forsake your sins without delay,
Believe, and you shall win the day.

Chorus: Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 O, do not longer tarry here,
And live in sin and dark despair;
There is for you a better way,
In which you all may win the day. *Ch.*

3 And if your conflicts are severe,
And you have many trials here,
You only need to watch and pray,
And onward press to win the day. *Ch.*

4 In glory now the Saviour waits,
And opens wide the pearly gates;
He stands and beckons you away;
Go on, and you will win the day. *Ch.*

5 And when you reach the realms above,
Where all is harmony and love,
Then you shall join the heavenly lay,
And sing and shout, "I've won the day."
Ch.

44 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

P. M.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, — here tell
your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying.
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

---

45 WILL YOU GO?

1 We're travelling home to heaven above,
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go? will you go?
Millions have reach'd that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God;
And millions more are on the road.
Will you go? will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go? will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go? will you go?
A crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear;
And all the joys of heaven we'll share
Will you go? will you go?

3 Come O backsliders! come away!
Will you go? will you go?

Return again to Christ and say,
I will go ! I will go !
The Lord will thy backslidings heal,
His love again he will reveal,
And pardon on thy conscience seal ;
Will you go ? will you go ?

4 O ! could I hear some sinner say,
I will go ! I will go !
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go ! let me go !
My old companions fare you well.
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell;
Let me go ! fare you well !

---

46 EXHORTATION.

8s & 7s.

1 Brethren, we have met to worship,
And adore the Lord our God ;
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word ?
All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down ;
Brethren, pray, and heavenly manna
Will be showered all around.

2 Brethren, see poor sinners around you,
Slumbering on the brink of woe !
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to let them go ?
See our fathers and our mothers,
And our children sinking down ;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

3 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new:
Then he'll call us home to heaven—
At his table we'll sit down:
Christ will gird himself and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

---

47 LONGING FOR A PLACE WITH GOD.

8, 8, 6.

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

48 THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

C. M. *Steele.*

1 The Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

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

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

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

---

49 PARDONING LOVE.

C. M. *Steele.*

1 How oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home!

3 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

50 GOD'S LOVING KINDNESS.

L. M.

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

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

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

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

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

---

51 FINISHED REDEMPTION.

8, 7, 4.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

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

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

---

52 THE BETTER PART.

L. M. *Doddridge.*

1 Beset with cares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For pleasures none can take away.

---

53 O, TURN YE !

11s.

O, TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die ?
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh ;
Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home !

How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;

Come wretched, come starving, come just as
you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe!
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome, he bids you come
home!

Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

---

54 POWER OF THE CROSS.

C. M. *Newton.*

1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 O, never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt;
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid—
I die that thou mayst live."

6 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its darkest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

55

REPENTANCE.

C. M. *C. Wesley.*

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death!

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

56

RELIGION.

7s.

'TIS Religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis Religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity:
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

57 JUST AS I AM.

L. M.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

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

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

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

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

---

58 THE HARD HEART.

L. M.

1 O for a glance of heavenly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 Eternal Spirit mighty God,
Apply within the Saviour's blood!
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

59

FAITH.

6, 6, 4.

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

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

60

SALVATION.

C. M. *Watts.*

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

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

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

61 THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

C. M. *Stennett.*

1 Yonder—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.

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

3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And, with the amazed Centurion cry:
"This is the Son of God!"

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

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

---

62 A STRONG APPEAL.

L. M.

1 To-day, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice:
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest?

Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound:
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

5 Leave all your sports and glitt'ring toys,
Come share with us eternal joys;
Or must we leave you bound to hell?
Then, dearest friends, a long farewell!

---

63 DOUBTING SINNER CALLED.

P. M. *Newton.*

1 Sinner, hear the Saviour's call;
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry:
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears!

2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face.
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?

3 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
What throngs the throne surround;
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found.
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he says "there still is room,"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come!

---

64 COME.

C. M. *Steele.*

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

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there still is room—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet,
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

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

---

65 THE PENITENT YIELDS.

S. M. *Wesley.*

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

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
Freely to yield all other bliss,
All other good below.

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

66

DO YOU REMEMBER?

P. M.

Do you remember the look that I gave,
Long, long ago, long, long ago?
When there was none who could pity and save,
Long, long ago, long ago?
Then you were wretched and ruined and bound;
Chains of destruction encompassed you round;
You sought a Saviour, but none could be found;
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the tears that I shed,
Long, long ago, long, long ago?
And that sad time when I suffered and bled,
Long, long ago, long ago?
How I was mock'd and endured much disdain,
And hanged on the cross upon Calvary's plain,
And died to redeem you from error and pain,
Long, long ago, long ago?

Will you not love for the love I have shown,
Long, long ago, long, long ago?
Have I not sought to secure you my own,
Long, long ago, long ago?
All your life long have I called you to come,
Yet you are heedless and blind, deaf and dumb;
While I've prepared you a mansion, a home—
Long, long ago, long ago.

Must I forsake you, and let you go on?
No, Saviour, no—no, Saviour, no!
Until your day of salvation is gone?
No, Saviour, no,—Saviour, no.
Will you in sin and rebellion remain?
Will you pursue the broad road down to pain?
Are you determined hell's torments to gain?
No, Saviour, no—Saviour, no.

Will you repent and believe what I say?
Yes, Saviour, yes—yes, Saviour, yes!
And will you come while it's called to-day?
Yes, Saviour, yes—Saviour, yes.
Will you no longer against me rebel?
Cease to do evil, and learn to do well?
Then you shall soon of my happiness tell.
Yes, Saviour, yes—Saviour, yes.

---

67 PLEADING THE PROMISE.

C. M. *Newton.*

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

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

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

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

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

---

68 THE AWAKENED SINNER.

P. M. *Occum.*

1 Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not where to go:
O'erwhelmed in sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe.

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell,
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near:
I strove indeed, but strove in vain:
"The sinner must be born again,"
Still sounded in my ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head;
I no relief could find:
This fearful truth increased my pain:
"The sinner must be born again!"
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain:
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way,
And felt his pity move:
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love!

---

69 A LAST WARNING.

L. M. *Hyde.*

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

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

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

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

5 God's Spirit shall not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man:
Ye who persist his love to grieve
May never hear his voice again!

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

70

REDEEMING LOVE.

7s. *Watts.*

1 NOW BEGIN the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love!

2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

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

71 CHRISTIAN JOY.

C. M. *C. Wesley.*

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 JESUS! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis health and life and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

---

72 THE PROMISED LAND.

C. M. *S. Stennett.*

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, no poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay—
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away!

---

73 THE CHRISTIAN'S FIRST LOVE.

6s & 9s.

1 O HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

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

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me! I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me!

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

---

74 THANKFULNESS.

8, 7. *Robinson.*

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

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

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!

Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above!

---

75 CHRIST LONGED FOR.

8s. *Newton.*

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in Him
December's as pleasant as May.

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

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

76 CHRIST OUR STRENGTH.

C. M *Watts.*

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

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

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

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

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

---

77 TROUBLES.

C. M *Steele.*

1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I'll tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust:
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

---

78 THE CHRISTIAN IN DISTRESS.

S. M.

1 Shall I be saved or lost?
O Lord, I am in tears—
Such bitter grief my sorrows cost
That I have cause for fears.

2 I know my sins so well,
And how I daily fall,
It often seems that death and hell
May be mine after all!

3 O God, relieve my heart,
And make me free of doubt;
I wish to choose the better part,
And would not be cast out.—

4 But oh, my flesh is weak,
My passions rage like fire—
They do not let me act or speak
The love I so admire.

5 I see my utmost sin;—
My Lord, *thou knowst* my case—
So grant me strength and grace within,
To win the christian race!

79 ALL IS VANITY.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 How vain are all things here below !
How false and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God !

4 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

---

80 PRAYER FOR FERVOR.

C. M. *Watts.*

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

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 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?

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

---

81 BLESSING GOD.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 Bless, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that roam abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot!

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

---

82 ADOPTION.

S. M. *Watts.*

1 Behold what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call us sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne:
Our faith shall Abba, Father cry
And thou the kindred own.

---

83 DELIGHTS OF WORSHIP.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone!
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love!

84 THE PILGRIM'S STORY.

P. M.

1 I have sought round this verdant earth,
For unfading joy;
I have tried every source of mirth,
But all, all will cloy.
Lord, Lord, bestow on me
Grace to set my spirit free—
Thine, thine the praise shall be,
Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered through mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress:
I have not found a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless.
Cold, cheerless unbelief
Filled my laboring soul with grief;
What, what can give relief?
What can give peace?

3 I then turned to the gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
I trusted thy holy word,
That taught me to pray.
Here, here I now find rest,
Here my weary soul is blest,
Hope, hope of endless rest,
Eternal day!

4 O come, then, ye weary ones,
Who no comfort know,
And at the Redeemer's throne,
In penitence bow:
Guilt, guilt shall then remove,
Light shall cheer you from above:
Come, come and taste his love,
Come, come away.

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How great we must be made;
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Light shall cheer you from above:
Come, come and taste his love,
Come, come away.

85 THE CHRISTIAN'S REFLECTIONS.

S. M. *C. Wesley.*

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify:
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

---

86 JOYFULLY! JOYFULLY!

10s.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home!"

Soon will my pilgrimage end here below,
Home to that land of delight will I go,
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

Friends I have there who have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;

Singing to cheer me through death's chilling
gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!"

Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear—
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome:
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!"

Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow:
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home!

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home!

---

87 A REVIVAL HYMN.

1 COME on, my fellow pilgrims, come, *Repeat.*
O glory, hallelujah!
We're on our way to Zion,
Hallelujah! *Repeat.*

2 We have some trials here below;
By and by we'll go and leave them.

3 We'll bear with all our sufferings here.
There's a better day coming.

4 A few more beating winds and rains—
Then the winter will be over.

5 Let winds blow high, let winds blow low,
We're making for the harbor.

6 We have some friends before us gone,
By and by we'll go and meet them.

7 We'll meet around our Father's throne,
And be with him forever.

8 Farewell, vain world, we're going home,
We soon shall meet our Saviour.

9 O what a happy day 'twill be,
When we all meet in Heaven.

10 O, how it lifts my soul to think
Of meeting in the kingdom.

11 There, through a long eternity,
We'll praise our Redeemer.

12 O, who will come and go with me?
My home is over Jordan!

---

88 CHRIST OUR PHYSICIAN.
7s & 6s.

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

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

3 At length, this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!—
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him—
For sin my eyes had sealed—
Then bade me look unto him:
I looked, and I was healed.

4 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death,
Come then, to this Physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
'T is only, Look and live.

---

89 THE LAND OF PLEASURE.

P. M.

1 There is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy forever roll;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Saviour found me,
A light has shone along my way.

2 My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God;
Then, like a valiant soldier,
I'll dauntless keep the happy road.
Now I must gird my sword on,
My helmet, breastplate, and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan,
Until I gain the heavenly field.

90 LONGING FOR JESUS.

7s & 6s.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
His faithful word has promised
A righteous crown to give,
And all his valiant soldiers
With him shall ever live.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die—
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid them all adieu;
And, O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith and hope and love;
Then when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

91 TITLE TO HEAVEN.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

---

92 THE JOYFUL PILGRIMS.

7s. *Cennick.*

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing,
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise—
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod—
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed, go on!

5 Lord, obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

---

93 GLORY TO CHRIST.

C. M. *Duncan.*

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

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall !
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

94 THE POOR WAYFARING MAN.

L. M *Montgomery.*

1 A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I know not why.

2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all—he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then,
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from a rock; his strength was gone,
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped and returned it running o'er—
I drank, and never thirsted more!

4 Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

5 In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn:
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
My flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

6 Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger started from disguise:
The tokens in his hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst it unto me."

---

95 CHRIST THE REFUGE.

7s.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high!—
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!

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

96 PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

8, 7, 4.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will turn to desolation,
Unless thou return again;
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee!

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die; &c.

3 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain; &c.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares;
&c.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh; &c.

---

97 A PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

C. M. *Watts.*

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-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

---

98 THE GREAT MEETING.

What a meeting, what a meeting that will be,
What a meeting, what a meeting that will be,
What a meeting that will be,
When our Father's face we'll see,
And we all meet around God's bright throne!

The Apostles, the Apostles will be there,
Repeat.
Free from sorrow toil and care, &c.

All Christians, all Christians will be there,
Repeat.
And their crowns of glory wear, &c.

Our Brethren, our brethren will be there,
Repeat.
Whom we here did meet in prayer, &c.

Our Sisters, our sisters will be there, *Repeat.*
Who did all our labors share, &c.

And Jesus will be there, will be there, *Repeat.*
Who all our sins did bear, &c.

And I too, and I too will be there, *Repeat.*
If I'm only faithful here, &c.

---

99 I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

11s. *Muhlenburg.*

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are followed by gloom and beclouded with fear.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies!

100 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

11s.

How FIRM a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;

And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs shall they still in my bosom be
borne.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I will never, no *never*, no *never forsake!*" *

---

101 JESUS PRECIOUS.

C. M. *Doddridge.*

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

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

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

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

---

* Agreeable to Doddridge's translation of Heb. 13: 5.

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

---

102 THE BIBLE.

1 MY BIBLE leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb.
Sing on, pray on, ye followers of Immanuel;
Sing on, pray on, ye followers of the Lamb!

2 Religion makes me happy, &c.

3 King Jesus is my Captain, &c.

4 I long to see my Saviour, &c.

5 Then farewell, sin and sorrow, &c.

---

103 KING OF SAINTS.

C. M. *Steele.*

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;

You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

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

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

---

104 HOLY FORTITUDE.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

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

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

105 RELIANCE ON GOD.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

---

106 PRAISE OF CHRIST.

P. M. *Watts.*

1 Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth!

2 But O, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

---

107 DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.

C.M.

1 From all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
Wherever thou hast trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
When dangerous is the road,
I'm happy if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

4 And when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
O may I yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

5 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
Then an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

---

108 THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 Awake our souls! away our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

3 The mighty God whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

---

109 CHRIST'S PRESENCE IN DEATH.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 JESUS can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

---

110 GRACE.

S. M.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the world shall hear.

2 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

5 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

111

ENCOURAGEMENT.

C. M.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly 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 thy aspiring eye.

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

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

112

THE SCRIPTURES.

C. M. *Steele.*

1 Father of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

---

113 GOD OUR PORTION.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thy arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint!
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

114 SINCERITY.

C. M. *Watts.*

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

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With 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 a 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.

---

115 CHRISTIAN JOY.

C. M. *C. Wesley.*

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place:
I seek a place in heaven—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I'll repair ;
While in the world, by hope and love,
My heart and soul are there :
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

3 O, would he more of heaven bestow,
And let this vessel break !
And let my ransomed spirit go,
To find the God I seek ;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bled and died for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity."

---

116 CHRIST THE WAY.

L. M. *Cennick.*

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

2 The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go : for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, *I am the way!*"

5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am.
My sinful self to thee I give:
Nothing but love shall I receive.

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

---

117 THE LOVELY SONNET.

P. M.

1 When for th' eternal world we steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise:
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home.

2 With cheerful heart, her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore,
The tree of life, the pastures green,
The pearly gates, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm almost home.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
Each moment all her powers expand;
With steady helm and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil:

With holy joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.

---

118 NEW YEAR HYMN.

P. M.

1 Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!

2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

3 O that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
I have fought my way through,
I've finished the work thou didst give me to do.

4 O that each, from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down at my throne."

---

119 CHRISTIAN REJOICING.

P. M.

1. How precious is the Name!
Brethren sing, brethren sing,
How precious is the Name!
Brethren sing.
How precious is the name
Of Christ, the paschal Lamb,
Who bore our guilt and shame
On the tree.

2 I've given all for Christ—
He's my all, he's my all;
I've given all for Christ,
And my spirit cannot rest,
Unless he's in my breast,
Reigning there, reigning there.

3 His easy yoke I'll bear,
With delight, with delight;
His easy yoke I'll bear,
And his cross I will not fear:
His name I will declare,
Evermore, evermore.

4 And when we all get home,
We will sing, we will sing;
And when we all get home,
Around our Father's throne,
And myriads join the theme,
We'll sing on, we'll sing on!

---

120 GUIDE ME.

8. 7: 4.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven
Feed me, till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

---

121 CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run—
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

---

122 THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

C. M. *Steele.*

1 Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A *real* prize attracts my view
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The Pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, and pleasure meet.

4 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

---

123 CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT.

P. M. *S. Siegfried.*

How lovely the place where the Saviour appears,
To those who believe in his word!
His presence disperses my sorrows and fears,
And bids me rejoice in the Lord.

A day in his courts than a thousand beside
Is better and lovelier far;
My soul hates the tents where the wicked reside,
And all their delights I abhor.

Lord, give me a place with the humblest of saints,
For low at thy feet I would lie;
I know that thou hearest my feeblest complaints;
Thou hearest the young ravens cry.

Give strength to the souls that now wait upon thee;
O come in thy chariot of love!
From all earth's bewilderments help us to flee,
And set all our affections above.

124 A BLESSING ASKED.

7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

---

125 PRAYER.

C. M. *Montgomery.*

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed—
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays."

3 Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

4 Prayer is not made on earth alone—
The holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

5 O thou, by whom we come to God—
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod—
Lord, teach us how to pray!

---

126 PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

L. M. *Hart.*

1 Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

2 The christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And shall we in dead silence lie,
While Christ is waiting for our prayer?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high;
Arise, and try thy interest there!

4 If pains afflict or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, or sins distress,
The remedy's before thee—PRAY.

5 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not—his merits must prevail!
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done!

127 PRAYER MEETING.

L. M.

1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid the little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
O, send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

---

128 PRAYER.

L. M. *Cowper.*

1 What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

---

129 THE REQUEST.

C. M.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

---

130 THE PILGRIM.

P. M.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing!
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

Of that city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying. *Chor.*

There the glory is ever shining,
O my longing heart, my longing heart is there!
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered, forlorn and weary.
Chor.

Father, mother, and sister, brother,
If you will not journey with me, I must go;
For since your vain hope you still will cherish,
Should I too linger, and with you perish?
Chor.

131 SPIRITUAL JOY.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 From thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity,
In pleasure and in praise.

---

132 PROVIDENCE.

C. M. *Cowper.*

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

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

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

133 GOD'S FAITHFULNESS.

C. M. *Watts.*

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

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

3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

---

134 LOVE TO THE BRETHREN.

S. M. *Fawcett.*

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear:
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain

But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way:
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

---

135 THE SPIRITUAL PILGRIM.

8, 8, 6. *J. C. W.*

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and thought,
From wordly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

3 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

136 RISE, MY SOUL.

7, 6.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place!
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!

---

137 THE SPIRITUAL VOYAGE.

4 6s, 2 8s.

1 Jesus! at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the dying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Still Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

---

138 THE REDEEMER'S MESSAGE.

C. M.

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

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

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name!

---

139 NOT AFRAID OF DEATH.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Death cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid,
And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

---

140 JEHOVAH.

S. M. *Watts.*

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

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

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

---

141 CHRIST'S DYING LOVE.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

3 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

---

142 TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

S. M. *Watts.*

1 And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie moldering 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 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

143 HUMBLE WORSHIP.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Father, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

3 The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

144 WATCHFULNESS.

C. M. *Steele.*

1 Alas! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah! how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

145 THE CROSS.

L. M. *Watts.*

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

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

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

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my love, my life, my all.

---

146 THE BROAD ROAD.

L. M. *Watts.*

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 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

3 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

147 INVOCATION.

C. M. *Newton.*

1 Dear Shepherd of thy people, here,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

---

148 SOCIAL WORSHIP.

S. M. *Stennett.*

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

149 AMAZING GRACE.

C. M. *Newton.*

1 Amazing grace—how sweet the sound!—
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

---

150 SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Our days, alas! our mortal days,
Howshort and wretched too;
"Evil and few"* the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

3 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll
And glory never dies.

---

*Gen. 47 : 9.

151 PAST SEASONS RECALLED.

C. M. *Cowper.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

152 THE MERCY-SEAT.

L. M. *Stowell.*

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all the earth most sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

---

153 THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

C. M. *Montgomery.*

1 Jerusalem, my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

154

THE SAME.

C. M.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant scenes
My study long have been;
Such radiant light, by human sight
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

5 Reach down, reach down thy arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone;
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 Then we shall meet, and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love in every heart,
Shall tune the song—free grace.

8 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

---

155 SOLDIERS, ARISE!

7s & 6s. *J.B.W.*

1 Soldiers of the cross, arise!
Lo! your leader from the skies,
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.
Seize your armor—gird it on;
Now the battle will be won;
See! the strife will soon be done;
Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on, to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God our strength and shield is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

156 GOD'S WORD.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

---

157 PRAYER ANSWERED BY CROSSES.

L. M. *Newton.*

1 I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith and love, and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 I hoped that in some favored hour,
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

3 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

4 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.—

5 These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayst seek thy all in me."

---

158 GRATITUDE.

C. M. *Addison.*

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

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

159 WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

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

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

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

---

160 THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

L. M. *Watts.*

Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

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

Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there!

---

161 THE WORD OF GOD.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage:
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

---

162 EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

L. M. *Watts.*

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

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

163 A LIVING FAITH.

C. M. *Watts.*

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

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

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

---

164 SAFETY IN GOD.

S. M. *Watts.*

1 When overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift my eyes.

2 O, lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

165 MY ALL IN ALL.

S. M. *Watts.*

1 My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

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

---

166 FAITH IN CHRIST.

S. M. *Watts.*

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

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

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

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

167 BROTHERLY LOVE.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Lo! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety.

2 When streams of love from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

---

168 OUR INCONSTANCY.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Why is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude upon my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.

3 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

4 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

169 GOD'S PRESENCE.

C. M. *Watts.*

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 opening heavens 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,
To embrace my dearest Lord.

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

---

170 DEATH.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Why should we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

4 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly
At the great rising-day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

---

171 CONVERSION.

C. M. *Watts*

1 When God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

172 THE RIGHTEOUS MAN.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 Happy the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves to employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine with kindest beams
On every work his hands begin.

---

173 THANKS TO GOD.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

174 THE HOUSE OF GOD.

P. M. *Watts*

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

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

---

175 MY SHEPHERD.

S. M. *Steele.*

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 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

176 THE LORD'S MERCY.

S. M. *Watts.*

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

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

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

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

---

177 ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF MERCY.

S. M. *Watts.*

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 gives thee strength again.

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

---

178 THE LORD OUR GOD.

L. M. *Watts.*

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

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

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

179 THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

L. M.

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 death, 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,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

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---

180 THE SAVIOUR.

4 6s, 2 8s. *Stennett.*

1 Come, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died.
What he endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes,
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home,
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

---

181 HEAVENLY JOY ON EARTH.

S. M. *Watts.*

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 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God,
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak his praise abroad.

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

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

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182 GREATNESS OF GOD.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Long as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

---

183 THE MESSIAH.

C. M. *Watts.*

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

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

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

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

---

184 LOVE TO GOD.

C. M. *Watts.*

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 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.

---

185 CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King.

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love!

---

186 THE MILLENIUM.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes?
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode,
Men the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

---

187 OUR FRAILTY.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

---

188 OUR DANGER.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!

2 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

3 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

4 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

---

189 GOD ETERNAL.

C. M. *Watts.*

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

2 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;

Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

3 Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

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

---

190 THE LORD'S DAY.

S. M. *Watts.*

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

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

3 One day amid the place
Where 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 everlasting bliss!

191 A SABBATH HYMN.

L. M. *Watts.*

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!

---

192 GOD MY DELIGHT.

S. M. *Watts.*

1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine,
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Nor travelers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 To thee I lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

5 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

6 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

---

193 TRUST IN GOD

C. M. *Tate.*

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 distrest,
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 O, 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 you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

---

194 PRAISE THE LORD.

C. M. *Watts.*

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 power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

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

---

195 NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

C. M. *Watts.*

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

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

---

196 PERFECT LOVE.

C. M. *Wesley.*

1 Blest be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside:
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When sin and death are done away,
And we shall part no more.

---

197 LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 O that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

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

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

198 JOY AT CONVERSION.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

---

199 PRIVATE WORSHIP.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 My God permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can call me thence;
I would obey the voice divine
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity begone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God I find

200 EXCELLENCY OF GOD'S WORD.

S. M. *Watts.*

1 Behold the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven !

---

201 WATCH AND PRAY.

C. M. *Heath.*

1 My soul, be on thy guard ;
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray :
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down ;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God,
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

---

202 HOLY CONTENTMENT.

C. M. *Beddome.*

1 My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though all the world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

---

203 SABBATH DAY.

C. M. *Watts.*

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

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

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;

My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

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

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

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

---

204 LOV'ST THOU ME?

7s. *Cowper.*

1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord,
'Tis the Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

5 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love's so weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
O for grace to love thee more.

---

205 COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

S. M. *Watts.*

1 Blest are the sons of peaee,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

206 THE WORD.
C. M.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

---

207 FUNERAL HYMN.
L. M. *Watts.*

1 Through every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode,
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

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

3 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;
An empty tale ; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

---

208 RELIGION.

C. M. *Fawcett.*

1 Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth
Or aught the world bestows
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom:
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the early tomb.

4 Oh, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

---

209 UNION OF SAINTS.

8s. *Baldwin.*

1 From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
As distance and time can't remove.

2 My brethren are dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;

Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder bright mansions above.

3 Why then so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Emmanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

4 O then we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above;
Set free from these prisons of clay
United in Jesus's love.

5 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see
Singing, hallelujah! amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

---

210 HOLINESS.

L. M. *Watts.*

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

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

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

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

211 GOD OUR PRESERVER.

P. M. *Watts.*

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

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

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

---

212 THE RESOLVE.

S. M. *Watts.*

1 Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light ;
I'll seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God;
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thy angry rod.

4 But I with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord,
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

5 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

---

213 THE HARVEST.

L. M. *Newton.*

1 This is the field—the world below,
Where wheat and tares together grow;
Where oft we see, in mingled band,
Sinners and saints together stand;
But soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 We seem as one, when thus we meet,
And bow before the mercy seat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise;
And soon the reaping time, &c.

3 Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every one a wheat or tare?—
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare;
For soon the reaping time, &c.

214 THE HEAVENLY REST.

P. M.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found alone—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals
Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There, Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

---

215 WATCHFULNESS.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guide them, Lord,
From every 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 wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

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

---

216 DEATH AND GLORY.

C. M. *Watts.*

2 There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my waiting spirit stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall,
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he by his almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

---

217 MEDITATION ON DEATH.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 My soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

3 Then we should see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

---

218 RISING TO GOD.

L. M.

1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting vail, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers unto life we come,
And dying, is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

---

219 EARTH AND HEAVEN.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Lord, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply!
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

3 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the way,
And reach at Zion's hill.

4 There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of our feet.

5 Eternal glory to the King
That brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

---

220 COVENANT WITH GOD.

L. M. *Doddridge.*

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice,
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and he is mine:
He drew me and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

221 SELF EXAMINATION.

7s. *Newton*

1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 When I turn mine eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild,
Filled with unbelief and sin—
Can I deem myself a child?

4 If I pray, or hear, or read.
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will—
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

6 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray!
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

222 THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

C. M. *Watts*

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

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

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

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

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

---

223 TIMES IN GOD'S HAND.

7s. *Ryland.*

1 Sovereign Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand—
All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief;

3 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly friend.

4 O thou Gracious, Wise and Just,
In thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.

5 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

---

224 A PRAYER FOR SERIOUSNESS.

8, 8, 6.

1 Thou God of glorious majesty!
To thee—against myself—to thee,
A sinful worm, I cry—
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell!

3 Be this my one great business here—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thy utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

4 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

---

225 APOSTACY.

C. M. *Newton.*

1 When any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured,
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels joined
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest
And bid my fear depart;
No love but thine can make me blessed,
And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stirred—
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No!

---

226 THE LAST JUDGMENT.

C. M. *Watts.*

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 Throned on a cloud our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

3 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know, and fear
His justice, and their doom.

4 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And sealed it with his blood:

5 Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess
My sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace."

---

227 DEATH AND HEAVENLY HAPPINESS.

C. M.

1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die!
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;—
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I travel my appointed years,
Till my deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus done for me!—
Before my raptured eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

---

228 RIGHTEOUS OLD AGE. *Watts.*
C. M.

1 My God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

3 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

---

229 THE PRAYERFUL YOUTH. *Fawcett.*
S. M.

1 With humble heart and tongue.
My God, to thee I pray;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.

2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace,
Betimes on me bestow.

3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare

4 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts enploy;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

6 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

---

230 FOR COMMUNION.

C.M.

1 How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon bought with blood
Is food for dying souls.

3 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in,
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

---

231 PRAYER IN AFFLICTION.

L. M.

1 When torn is the bosom by sorrow and care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It eases, and softens, subdues yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope and puts passion in chains,
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
There is nothing like prayer;
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2 When called from the friends we hold dearest to part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart;
Past scenes and past converse, past pleasures are there;
O how sad! yet how pleasing, when hallowed by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, &c.

3 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
Heaven pours its full streams through no medium but this;
And till we the seraphim's ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, &c.

232

THE SABBATH.

C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

233

GOD OUR REFUGE.

L.M.

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

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;

Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

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

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

---

234 FILIAL SUBMISSION.

C. M. *Steele.*

1 And can my heart aspire so high,
To say "My Father, God?"
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father,"—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

---

235 NEW YEAR'S DAY.

L. M.

1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by 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 depressed,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

---

236 GOING TO CHURCH.

C.M.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or health remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell!
There God my Saviour reigns.

---

237 THE GOSPEL SHIP.

8s, 7s.

1 Lo! the gospel ship is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore,
All who wish to sail for glory,
Come and welcome, rich and poor.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
All her sailors loudly cry;
While the blissful port of glory
Opens to each faithful eye.

2 Thousands she has safely landed,
Far beyond this mortal shore :
Thousands still are sailing in her,
Yet there 's room for thousands more.
Glory, &c.

3 Richly laden with provisions—
Want her sailors never know ;
Gospel grace and every blessing
From her noble Pilot flow.
Glory, &c.

4 Sails well filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly waft the ship along,
All her company rejoicing ;
"Glory !" bursts from every tongue.
Glory, &c.

5 Do not fear the ship will founder,
Though the foaming billows roar ;
Jesus Christ will safely guide her
To her destined, happy shore.
Glory, &c.

---

238 ZION.

8. 7.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode ;
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See ! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,

Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove ;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud of fire appear !
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near ;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am ;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name :
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show !
Solid joys, and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

---

239 NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.

C. M.

1 This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
There's nothing true but heaven !

2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but heaven.

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way;
There's nothing calm but heaven!

---

240 COMMENCEMENT OF WORSHIP.

7s.

1 Safely through another week.
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

---

241 CONFIDENCE.

C. M.

1 Whilst thee I seek. protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
This heart will rest on thee.

---

242 THE LORD'S GARDEN.

8, 8, 6.

1 The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 The glorious time is coming on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
I taste and see the pardon free
For all mankind as well as me;
Who come to Christ may live.

3 Come brethren dear, who know the Lord
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' way go on:
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there;
When we arrive at home.

4 Amen! amen! my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there:
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

243 THE DEPARTING SAINT.

8s & 7s.

1 Happy soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning hours below,
Go, by angel guards attended,
To thy waiting Saviour go.

2 Anxious to receive thy spirit,
Lo, Immanuel dwells above,
Pleads the value of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion;
Let no fear alarm thy breast;
God shall bring thee full salvation,
God shall give thee endless rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

---

244 PAST HAPPINESS.

C. M.

1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O, make my soul thy care:
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me thy mercy share.

---

245 THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

S. M. *Dwight.*

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King:
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

246 THE ACTIVE CHRISTIAN.

S. M. *Doddridge*

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that favorite servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

---

247 LOVE TO CHRIST.

C. M. *Doddridge*

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

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:

Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

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

4 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

5 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord:
But O! when I shall soar
Far from these scenes of mortal joy,
I'll learn to love thee more.

6 Then shall my soul with pleasure trace
The wonders of thy love:
Then shall I see thy glorious face
In endless joy above.

---

248 THE EVERLASTING SONG.

C. M.

1 Earth has engrossed my love too long!
'Tis time I lift my eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits—
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delight
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;

And move and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.

4 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you!

5 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
O, for some heavenly notes to bear
My passion to the skies!

---

249 PETITION TO GOD.

L. M.

1 My righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succor from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.

2 Let judgment not against me pass,
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

4 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
And God forever hide his love?

5 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show,
Which is the way my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

6 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

---

250 DESPONDING.

S. M.

1 I would, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavor oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus make it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Though wooed by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve,
My help must come from thee.

6 But if indeed I would,
Though I can nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good
For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
Till thy appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou hast begun?
And with a will afford me strength
In all thy ways to run?

---

251 THE CONVERT'S DECLARATION.

7s. *Montgomery.*

1 People of the living God,
I have sought the world around;
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me to thy rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

252 ASPIRATIONS.

C. M. *Cennick.*

1 When, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a vail between?

2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

---

253 DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Keep silence, all created things;
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:

He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave *to be*.

3 Chained to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the Eternal pen.

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

5 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise:

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

---

254 PRAISE YE THE LORD!

C. M. *Watts.*

1 With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the raven's 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 wintry 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 his rattling hail,
The wretch that dares this 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 sovereign Lord !

BAPTISM.

---

255 FOLLOWING CHRIST.

8s & 7s. *Fellows.*

1 Jesus, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on;
We would follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

---

256 NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

L. M. *Gregg.*

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

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

3 Ashamed 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.

4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

257

BAPTISM.

L. M. *Watts*

1 Do we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised 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
Within our mortal flesh again ;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

258

HINDER ME NOT.

C. M. *Ryland.*

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

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

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

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

---

259 A BAPTISMAL HYMN.

L. M. *J. Stennett.*

1 The great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save,
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath its wave.

2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness," he meekly said;
Why should we then neglect his will,
Or be ashamed, or be afraid?

3 With thee into the watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie interred by such a friend.

4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
To let us see the light again,
So, on the resurrection day,
The bands of death proved weak and vain.

5 Thus when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide;
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise in triumph at thy side.

---

260 FOLLOWING CHRIST.

C. M.

1 Dear Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

4 Dear Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

---

261 BURIED WITH CHRIST.

L. M.

1 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died, and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

2 Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood!
How plain he marked the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood.

262 AT THE WATER SIDE.

C. M. *Beddome*

1 How great, how solemn is the work
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.

2 O may we feel, as once we felt,
When pained and grieved at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Relieved our every smart.

3 Awake, our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake, fortitude and joy;
Vain world, begone; let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

4 Whilst thee, our Saviour, and our God,
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.

5 Instruct our minds, our will subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

---

263 BEFORE BAPTISM.

C. M. *Cook.*

1 Jesus, we own thy sovereign sway,
For thou art good and just;
Help us thy precepts to obey,
And in thy name to trust.

2 Taught by thy Spirit and thy word,
We in thy truth confide,
Regardless of a frowning world,
Who oft thy saints deride.

3 Wast thou in Jordan's flood baptized,
Our great exalted Head !
O, may we follow, though despised,
And in thy footsteps tread.

4 Buried beneath the yielding wave,
O Jesus, we would be ;
And rising from the liquid grave,
Would live, O Lord, to thee.

5 Thus when the great archangel's voice
Shall wake our sleeping dust,
Released from death, we'll then rejoice.
And dwell among the just.

---

264 SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL.

7s & 6s. *S. F. Smith*

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears ;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour.
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answersbrings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

---

265 ENCOURAGEMENT.

L. M.

1 Behold the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire;

The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blessed labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King!

5 Let us improve the heavenly gale,
Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail,
Till north and south, and east and west,
Shall as America be blest.

266

THE JUBILEE.

L. M.

1 How many years has man been driven
Far off from happiness and heaven?
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wandering church, to roam no more?

2 Six thousand years are nearly past
Since Adam from thy sight was cast;
And ever since, his fallen race
From age to to age are void of grace.

3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyred Lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep the glorious jubilee?

4 Hasten it, Lord, in every land;
Send thou thy angels, and command;

"Go sound deliverance; loudly blow
Salvation to the saints below."

5 We want to have the day appear,
The promised great Sabbatic year,
When, far from grief and sin and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

6 Till then we shall not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
And this our daily prayer shall be:
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee!

---

267 SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

8. 7. 4.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the year around.

268 THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 Great God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands
And heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

---

269 PRAISE THE LORD.

C. M.

1 O all ye nations, praise the Lord.
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land,
Proclaim his grace abroad;
Forever firm his truth shall stand,
Praise ye the faithful God.

270 THE MISSIONARIES' FAREWELL. *

C. M.

1 Kindred and friends and native land,
How shall we say farewell?
How, when our swelling sails expand,
How will our bosoms swell!

2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights
And tender ties we know;
But love more strong than death unites
To Him who bids us go.

3 Thus, when, our every passion moved,
The gushing tear-drop starts,
The cause of Jesus, more beloved,
Shall glow within our hearts.

4 The sighs we breathe for precious souls,
Where he is yet unknown,
Might waft us to the distant poles,
Or to the burning zone.

5 With warm desire our bosoms swell,
Our glowing powers expand;
Farewell, then we can say, farewell,
Our friends and native land.

---

* THIS hymn is credited to William Ward, and was composed to be sung by several missionaries on board ship and the people on shore, while the sails were hoisting, at his departure from Plymouth, Eng., for India, 1799.

271 PRAISE TO GOD.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

---

272 GOD'S PROMISE.

C. M.

1 Father, is not thy promise pledged
To thy exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth,
Thy word of life shall run?

2 "Ask, and I give the heathen lands
For thy inheritance,
And to the world's remotest shores,
Thy empire shall advance."

3 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues,
Beneath th' expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption, given?

4 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored!
And earth with all thy millions shout
Hosanna to thy Lord!

273 MISSIONARY HYMN.

7 & 6. *Heber.*

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The light of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

274 PITY THE NATIONS.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come:
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

2 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

---

275 WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

7s. *Bowring.*

1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See yon glory-beaming star.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes: it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher still that star ascends.
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman; tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

---

276 GOSPEL MESSENGERS.

S. M. *Watts.*

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

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

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

4 How blessed are our eyes,
To see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

277 PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

C. M. *Ward.*

1 Great God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

---

278 THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

8s, 7s & 4. *S. F. Smith.*

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well:
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you?
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell:
Happy home, indeed I love thee;
Can I, can I say "Farewell?"
Can I leave thee?
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely, native land, farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor:
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds my canvass swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go from hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell.

---

279 DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

L. M.

1 Ye christian heroes, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire;
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

FAMILY AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

---

280 A MORNING HYMN.

L. M. *Watts*

1 God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;

2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold compared with this.

281 A MORNING HYMN.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 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.

---

282 MORNING VOWS.

L. M. *Ken.*

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part.
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

283 MORNING PRAYER.

C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning, I will send
My prayer to reach thine ear;
Thou art my Father and my Friend,
My help forever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
Near thee, in perfect peace;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.

3 So shall I pass all dangers safe,
And tread the tempter down;
From sinful troubles gain relief,
And reach a heavenly crown.

---

284 MORNING PRAISE.

S. M. *Scott.*

1 SEE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way:
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing;
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee,
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

285

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

12s & 11s. AIR: "OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high!
I still view the chair of my father and mother,
The seats of their offspring, as ranged on each hand,
And that richest book which excels every other,
The family Bible, which lay on the stand;

The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at even would yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety at night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand;

The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.

Yet how can I doubt my Redeemer's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
O, let me, with patience, receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

---

286 THE SABBATH.

L. M. *Stennett.*

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

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

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

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

---

287 SABBATH MORNING.

C. M. *Watts.*

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

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

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

---

288 SOLEMN REFLECTIONS.

S. M.

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O, may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near !

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

---

289 THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 God of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly 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 power and truth proclaim
To the surviving 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;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

---

290 YOUTH.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 Now in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God;
Behold the years come hastening on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."

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

---

291 INSTRUCTION FOR YOUTH.

C. M. *Watts.*

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 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

---

292 TO THE YOUNG.

C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my face,
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like that in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

293 SONG FOR MORNING OR EVENING.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

---

294 RETROSPECTION.

L. M. *Fawcett.*

1 Thus far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?

Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

5 'Tis even so thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall
That Jesus may be All in All.

---

295 EVENING HYMN.

L. M. *Watts.*

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things,
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

---

296 FOR EVENING.

C. M. *Watts.*

1 Dread Sovereign, let my evening song,
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But, O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

3 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul!
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll!

4 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

5 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

---

297 EVENING HYMN.

L. M. *Ken.*

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close—
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No power of darkness me molest.

---

298 FOR EVENING.

L. M.

1 Great God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope my eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

299 PRAYER AT EVENING.

C. M. *Mrs. Brown.*

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Many hymns in other parts of this book will be recognized as Sabbath School favorites, but it has been thought advisable to place a few popular pieces under this separate heading.

300 THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

P. M.

1 The Sunday School, that blessed place
O, I would rather stay
Within its walls, a child of grace,
Than spend my hours in play.
The Sunday School, the Sunday School,
O, 'tis the place I love,
For there I learn the golden rule,
Which leads to joys above.

2 'Tis there I learned that Jesus died
For sinners such as I;
O, what has all the world beside,
That I should prize so high?
The Sunday School, &c.

3 Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given
To Him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.
The Sunday School, &c.

4 And welcome then the Sunday School,
We'll read and sing and pray,
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.
The Sunday School, &c.

301

"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

P. M.

1 I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heav'n to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O, send a shining angel,
And bear me to the sky!

4 O, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night!

302

"O COME, LET US SING."

P. M.

1 O come, let us sing
To the God of Salvation,
To Jesus, our King,
Who hath brought consolation;
Who in his own body,
Hath opened a fountain,
To cleanse all our sins,
Though as high as a mountain.

Chor. Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who hath brought us a pardon;
We will praise him again,
When we've passed over Jordan!

2 Though our hearts are depraved,
Though with sin we are burden'd,
Our souls may be sav'd,
And our sins may be pardoned;
And Jesus, our Saviour,
Hath promised to bless us,
And free us forever
From those that oppress us.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 The hour may be nigh,
When our bosoms faint heaving,
Shall breathe their last sigh,
In the peace of believing;
And thou, from our pillow
All darkness dispelling,
Wilt calm the rude billow
Of Jordan's proud swelling.
Hallelujah, &c.

303 "WE'LL NOT GIVE UP THE BIBLE."

P. M.

1 We'll not give up the Bible—
God's holy book of truth,
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth—
The lamp which sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road—
The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God.
We'll not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth.

2 We'll not give up the Bible,
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined souls
From being sent to hell,
And it alone can tell us how
We can have hopes of heaven,
That through the Saviour's precious blood.
Our sins may be forgiven.
We'll not give up the Bible, &c.

---

304 PRAYER IN SCHOOL.

AIR: OLD HUNDRED.

1 Assembled in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read and sing and pray,
Be with us then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
O may we worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar,
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

---

305 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

P. M.

Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name;
May thy kingdom all holy on earth be the same;
O give to us daily our portion of bread—
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion that pardons each foe.
Save us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory, forever, amen.

---

306 SABBATH MORNING.

P. M.

[*Suitable also for Family worship.*]

1 Awake! awake! Your bed forsake!
To God your praises pay;
The morning sun is clear and bright—
How precious is the sacred light!
With songs of love, Praise God above,
It is the Sabbath day,
It is the Sabbath day!

2 Before the morn Awaked the dawn,
The blessed Saviour rose;
He conquered death, and left the grave,
While soft across the placid wave,

The morning star Shone forth afar,
And vanquished all his foes,
And vanquished all his foes.

3 The angels bright, From worlds of light,
To greet his rising came;
The Prince of life with joy they view,
While heav'n its glories o'er him threw;
Then haste to fly Above the sky,
Their raptures to proclaim,
Their raptures to proclaim!

---

307 THE SABBATH.

L. M.

1 This day belongs to God alone;
He chooses Sunday for his own;
And we must neither work nor play,
Because it is God's holy day.

2 'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven;
Then let us spend it as we should,
In serving God, and growing good.

3 We ought to-day to learn and seek
What we may think of all the week;
And be the better every day,
For what we've heard our teachers say.

4 And every Sunday should be passed,
As if we knew it were our last:
What would the dying sinner give,
To have one Sabbath more to live?

308 GOING TO SCHOOL.

L. M.

1 The hour is come, I will not stay,
But haste to school without delay,
Nor loiter here, for 'tis a crime
To trifle thus with precious time.

2 These golden hours will soon be o'er,
When I can go to school no more:
How shall I then endure the thought
Of having spent my time for naught?

---

309 REFLECTIONS.

S. M.

1 And now another hour is past,
Of kind instruction given;
And this, perhaps, may be the last
On this side hell or heaven.

2 And is it so? how dread the thought,
And yet indeed how true!
If I could feel it as I ought,
This day what should I do?

3 O surely prize it more and more,
And pray that God would give
A death of gain, if life be o'er,
And blessing, if I live.

---

310 CHILD'S HYMN.

7s.

1 Poor and needy though I be,
God my Maker cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day,
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay his head.

4 Though I labor here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

311

THE HEATHEN.

L. M.

1 The heathen perish,—day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away;
O christians, to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them, ere they die.

2 Wealth, talents, labor, freely give,
Spend and be spent, that they may live;
What hath your Saviour done for you?
And what for him should you not do?

312

A PRAYER.

P. M.

1 Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing
On th' instructions of this day,
That our hearts thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

2 We have wandered, O forgive us;
We have wished from truth to rove;
Turn, O turn us, and receive us,
And incline our hearts to love.

3 We have learned that Christ the Saviour
Lived to teach us what is good;
Died to gain for us thy favor,
And redeem us by his blood.

4 For his sake, O God, forgive us;
Guide us to that happy home,
Where the Saviour will receive us,
And where sin can never come.

313

THE BIBLE.

7s.

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

314 SINCERITY IN PRAYER.

C. M.

1 When daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

3 O let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

---

315 EARLY INSTRUCTION.

C. M.

1 Happy the child whose youngest years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 'T will save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

3 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

4 O let the work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepared for later days,
Or fit for early death.

---

316 HEAVEN AND HELL.

S. M.

1 There is beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must forever dwell;
In darkness, fire, and chains.

3 Can such a wretch as I
Escape this dreadful end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?

4 Then will I read and pray
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to endless death.

PARTING.

317 REUNION IN HEAVEN.
P. M.

1 When shall we meet again?—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no never.

4 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever ;
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever :
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes :
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never !

---

318 DISMISSION. *Burder.*
8s, 7s, 4.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace .
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

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

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angels' wings, to heaven,—
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

319 THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE.

1 Here we meet to part again,
Here we meet to part again,
But when we meet on Canaan's plain,
There'll be no parting there—
In that bright world above,
In that bright world above;
Shout! shout the victory!
We're on our journey home.

3 Here we meet to part again,
But when a seat in heaven we gain,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above,
Shout! shout the victory, &c.

3 Here we meet to part again,
But when we shall with Jesus reign
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.
Shout! shout the victory, &c.

4 Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There'll be no parting there.
In that bright world above.
Shout! shout the victory. &c.

---

320 DOXOLOGY.

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

321 DISMISSION.

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 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

---

322 PARTING HYMN.

6s. *Newton.*

1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

---

323 DOXOLOGY.

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

324 SEPARATED, YET UNITED.

C. M. *A. Sutton.*

1 Hail! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail! sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven:
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven:
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around your cot:
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot:
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again:
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

325 PRAYER AFTER SERVICE.

P. M.

On what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow;
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

---

326 DOXOLOGIES.

C. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father—love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

327

7s.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love!
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

328

C. M.

Let God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

329

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore.
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

AWAY over in the promised land,
Away over in the promised land—
My Lord calls, and I must go
Over in the promised land.

AND you'll sing hallelujah,
And I'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah,
When we arrive at home.

AND, O, give Him glory,
For glory is his own.

COME and join our hearts and hands,
All in one band completely;
We're marching through Immanuel's land,
Where the waters flow so sweetly.

DO you love Jesus? O glory!
I do love Jesus, his name's so sweet.

FOR soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

GIVE me Jesus! give me Jesus!
You may have all the world—give me Jesus!

GLORY, honor, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb forever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer—
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

GOOD news gone to Canaan !
I'm on my way.

HALLELUJAH to the Lamb,
Who has purchased our pardon ;
We will praise him again,
When we've passed over Jordan.

HAPPY day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

HE has been with us, and he still is with us,
And he says he will go with us to the end.

HOME to glory, home to glory,
Home to glory we will go.

I AM bound for the kingdom ;
Will you go to glory with me ?
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

I AM happy here, and I shall be there,
I am happy on my journey home.

IN the morning, O hallelujah !
We'll all rise together in the morning.

I OWN I'm base, I own I'm vile,
But mercy's all my plea ;
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

I YIELD, I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more.

CHORUSES.

I AM happy, I am happy,
I am happy in the Lord;
I don't want to stay forever here,
I've been pardoned so freely—
I'm going home to glory.

I AM bound for the promised land,
I am bound for the promised land,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come,
I am bound for the promised land.

I AM bound for the kingdom,
I am bound for the kingdom,
I am bound for sweet Canaan,
I am on my way home.

LORD, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

MAY we all meet in heaven,
May we all meet in heaven,
Where we shall sit at Jesus' feet,
To part no more.

MY dying day is rolling around,
Prepare me to go home.

O CANAAN, bright Canaan!
I'm bound for the land of Canaan;
O Canaan—it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

O HINDER me not, for I will serve the Lord,
And praise him when I die.

OH ! turn sinners, turn,
May the Lord help you, turn,
Oh ! turn sinners, turn, why will you die?

O THAT will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful !
O that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more.
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore—
There we shall meet at Jesus' feet,
Shall meet, to part no more.

O THERE will be praising,
At the judgment seat of Christ ;
Parents and children there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

O THE Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary,
The Lamb who was slain,
And liveth again,
To intercede for me.

O THE place, what a happy place,
The place where Jesus is,
The place where christians all shall meet,
And never part again.

O WHO'S like Jesus, Hallelujah,
Praise ye the Lord ;
There's none like Jesus, hallelujah ;
Love and serve the Lord.

CHORUSES.

O TO die on the field of battle,
With glory in my soul!

REMEMBER me, remember me,
O Lord remember me.

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

TURN to the Lord, and seek redemption,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

WE will walk about Jerusalem,
We'll talk about Jerusalem,
We'll shout about Jerusalem,
When we arrive at home.

Collated-pensheet. 9 June 1908. W.S.

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