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THE

PRIMITIVE BAPTIST HYMNAL.

— A —

CHOICE COLLECTION

— OF —

HYMNS AND TUNES

— OF —

EARLY AND LATE COMPOSITION.

COMPILED BY

M. J. SEARS AND T. B. AUSMUS.

Praise God in His sanctuary.—Ps. 150. 1.

Sing with the spirit and with the understanding also.—1 Cor. 14. 15.

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Hymn
1879
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INTRODUCTION.

GREATLY distrusting our competency, and yet, as we humbly think, in the fear of God and love to His cause and kingdom, we send forth to the favorable consideration and acceptance of our Churches and the public generally, "*THE PRIMITIVE BAPTIST HYMNAL.*"

In compiling this book, our design has been to supply a want long felt amongst us, and to encourage the love and practice of Sacred Music in our Churches and the social circle which has, of late years, been greatly neglected.

Throughout our labors, which have been attended with great anxiety of spirit and pecuniary expense, our constant and prayerful aim has been to select only such hymns as comport with sound doctrine and tend to encourage the spirit of devotion; to bring hymns and tunes together in such manner as to secure an appropriate adaptation of song to sentiment; and to produce a work in every respect equal to the demands of our Churches, and, as a whole, inferior to none of the kind ever before published in this country. How far success in our endeavors may justly be claimed is submitted to the decision of an intelligent and unbiased Christian denomination.

At the same time, we do not pretend that the Hymnal is free from imperfection. Where the tastes of different persons are so various, it is impossible to bring into convenient compass every hymn and tune which might be desired; and some of our friends may regret the absence of their favorite songs and notes. Yet we do claim to have preserved many standard compositions, rescued from threatened oblivion many old hymns and tunes which stirred the souls of our fathers, and, at great expense, added a number of the best of late composition.

It is our earnest hope and desire that with this Hymnal before them, an increased wish and determination to sing well may be awakened in the breasts of our brethren and their children, for whose sake it has been attempted and is now sent forth.

We hereby tender our thanks to those brethren in different States who have cheered us with kind words and favored us with contributions. Especially are we under obligations of lasting gratitude to Elder E. H. Burnam of St. Louis, for his assistance during the preparation of this work.

Our book is committed to the will of Almighty God, trusting that it may be honored with His blessing to His Churches and the public.

M. J. Sears

Thos. B. Ausmus

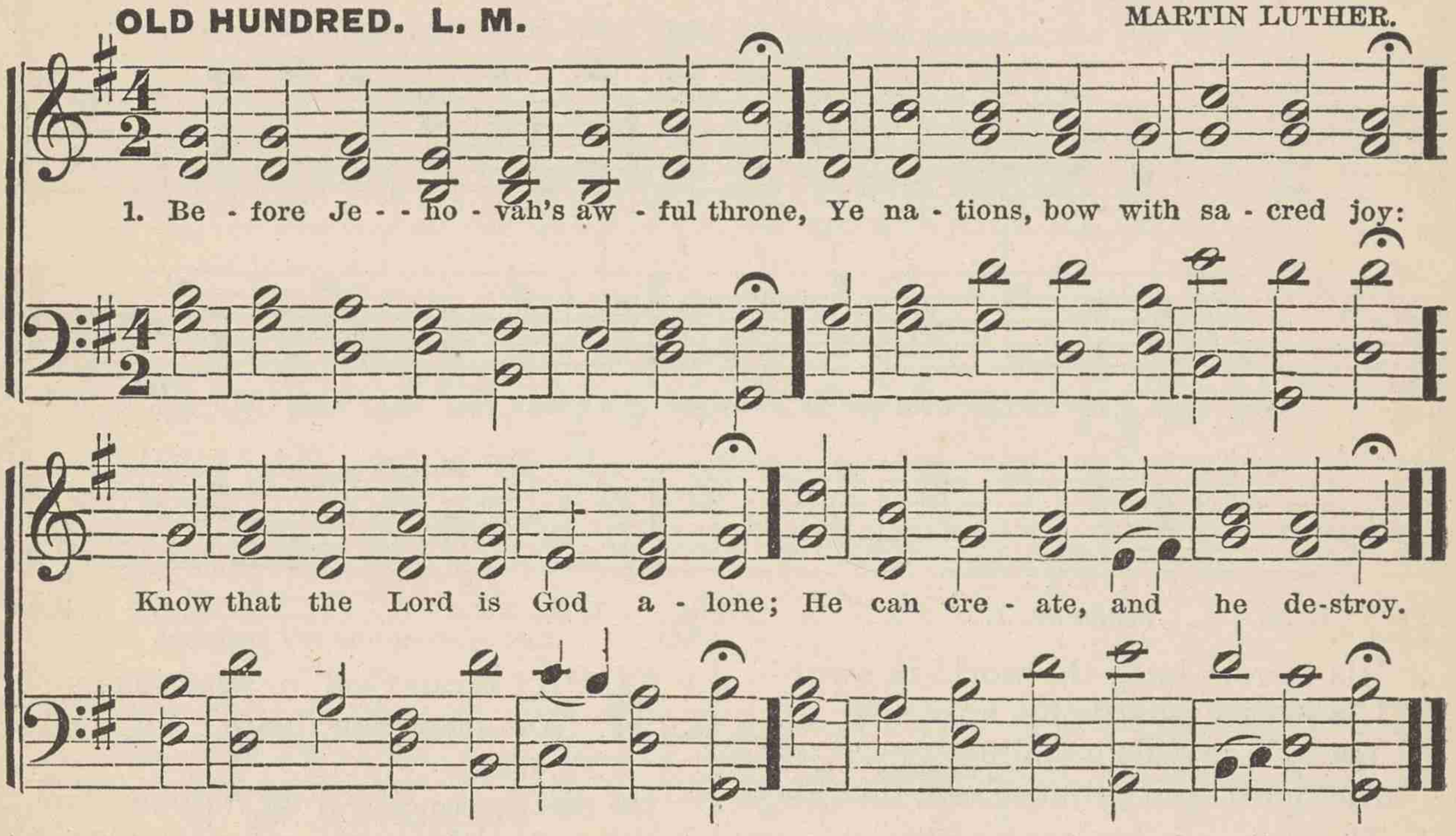
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THE

PRIMITIVE BAPTIST HYMNAL.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.



1. L. M. *Ps. 100.* 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 all her thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

2. L. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, we are blind, we mortals, blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
Oh! 'tis beyond a creature's mind
To glance a thought half way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems incomparably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet,
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur lies,
Yet we adore and yet we love.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

HEBRON. L. M. L. MASON.



3. L. M. *Psalm 99. 1.*

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
Yet love reveals a smiling face;
And truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, since God is mine.

4. L. M. Being.—*Heb. 11. 6.* STEELE.

1 THERE is a God!—all nature speaks,
Thro' earth and air, and seas, & skies;
See! from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before him and adore.

5. L. M. WATTS' LYRICS.

God supreme and self-sufficient.

1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach:
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo,
Creation rose at his command:
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

CEPHAS. L. M. D. L. MASON.



6. L. M. D. ADDISON.

Psalm 19.

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

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

7. L. M. ANON.

1 John 1. 5.

1 O GOD, the Light of all that live,
Unmoved, who dost all motion sway;
The times and seasons who dost give,
And thro' its changes guide the day!

2 At eventide let there be light;
So may our souls no sunset see,
And death to us the portal bright
To an eternal morning be.

8. L. M. DOXOLOGY. WATTS.

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.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

MEAR. C. M. AARON WILLIAMS. From the Welsh.



9. C. M. *Exo. 15. 11.* WATTS.

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou,
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie,
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view:
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

10. C. M. *Psalm 90.* 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 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

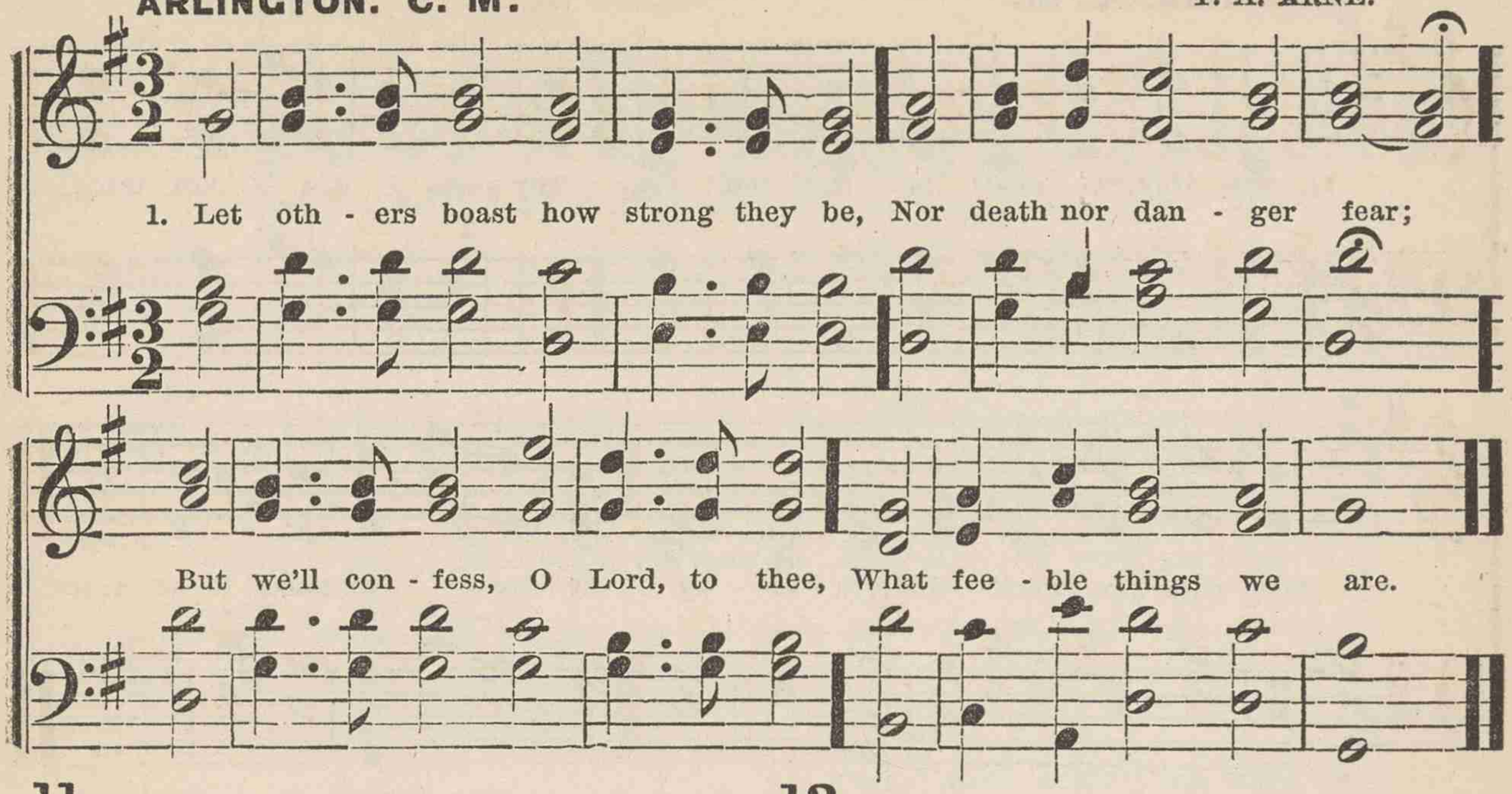
3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

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

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

ARLINGTON. C. M. T. A. ARNE.



11. C. M. *1 Peter 1. 24.* WATTS.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay:
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almigty name
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

12. C. M. *Spring.* STEELE,

1 WHILE verdant hill and blooming vale
Put on their fresh array,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Oh, let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove!

13. C. M. *Jno. 13. 7.* 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 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

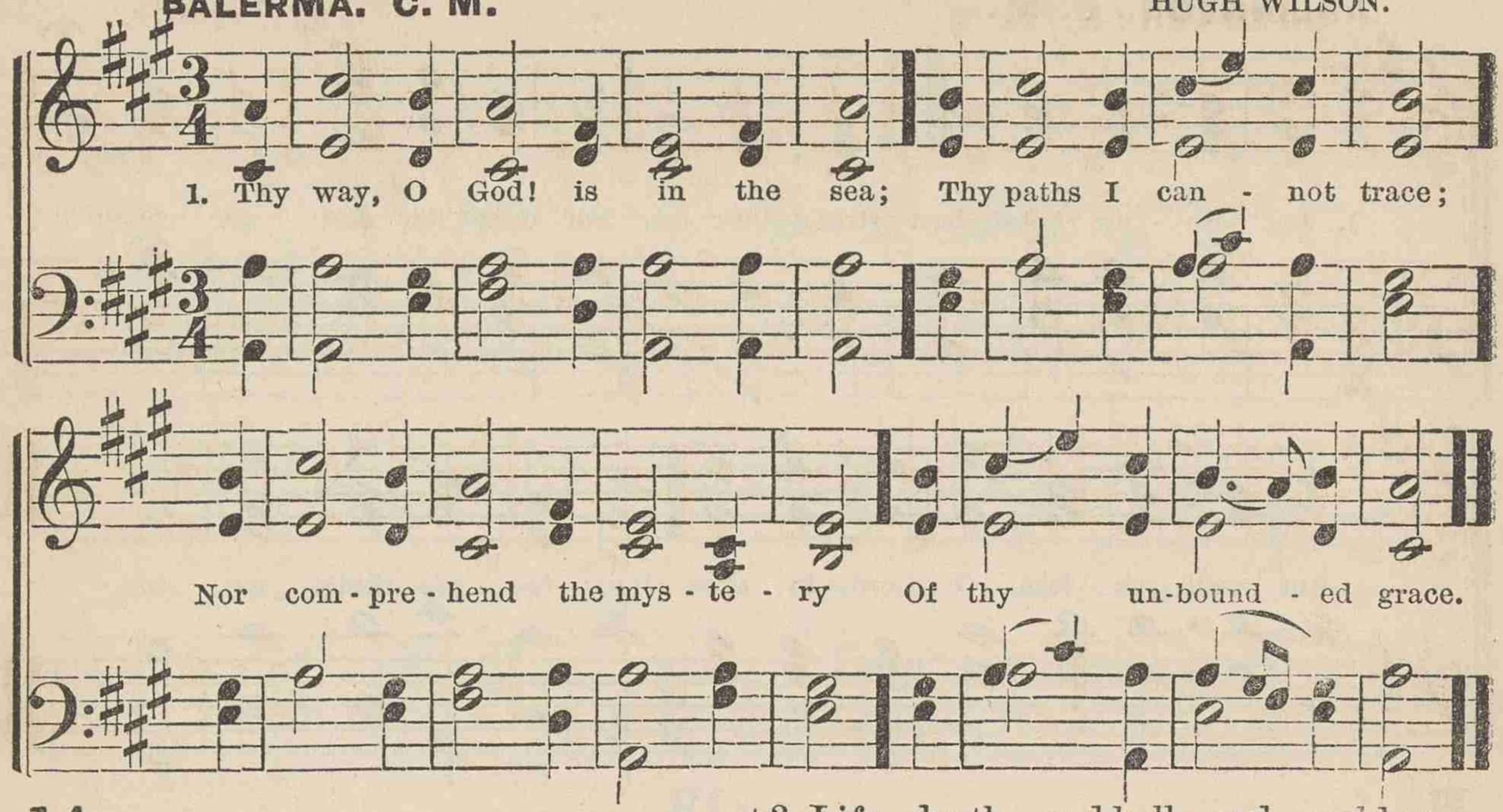
3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

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

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

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

BALERMA. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



14. C. M. *1. Cor. 13. 9.* FAWCETT.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense,
My captive soul surround:
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wand'ring thoughts confound.

3 As thro' a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee.
Or of the joys above?

4 'Tis but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

5 With raptures shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day,
In wonder, love and praise.

15. C. M. WATTS' LYRICS.

Divine Sovereignty.

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 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

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.

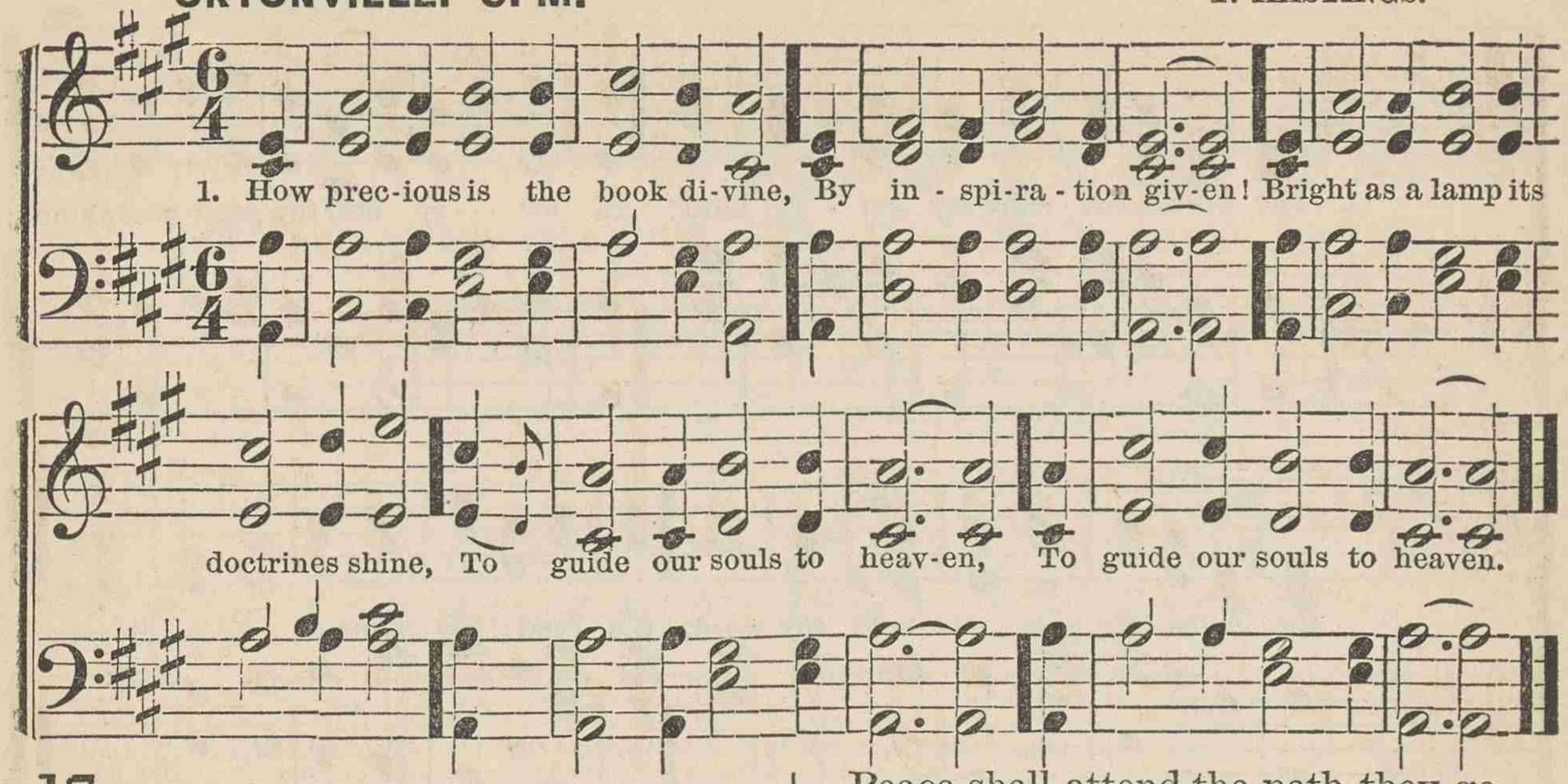
6 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O, may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

16. C. M. *Psalm 115. 1.* CENNICK

1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Blest Lamb, be glory given:
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

2 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when we reach thy blissful throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. T. HASTINGS.



17. C. M. *Psalm 119. 105.* WATTS.

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.

18. C. M. *Luke 12. 32.* DODDRIDGE.

1 YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence;
'Midst sands and rocks your shepherd's voice.
Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

19. C. M. *Psalm 89. 15.* WATTS.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and [know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps around.

2 Their joys shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
And fills their foes with shame.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and Salvation gives;
Israel, thy king forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

20. C. M. *Psalm 119.* WATTS.

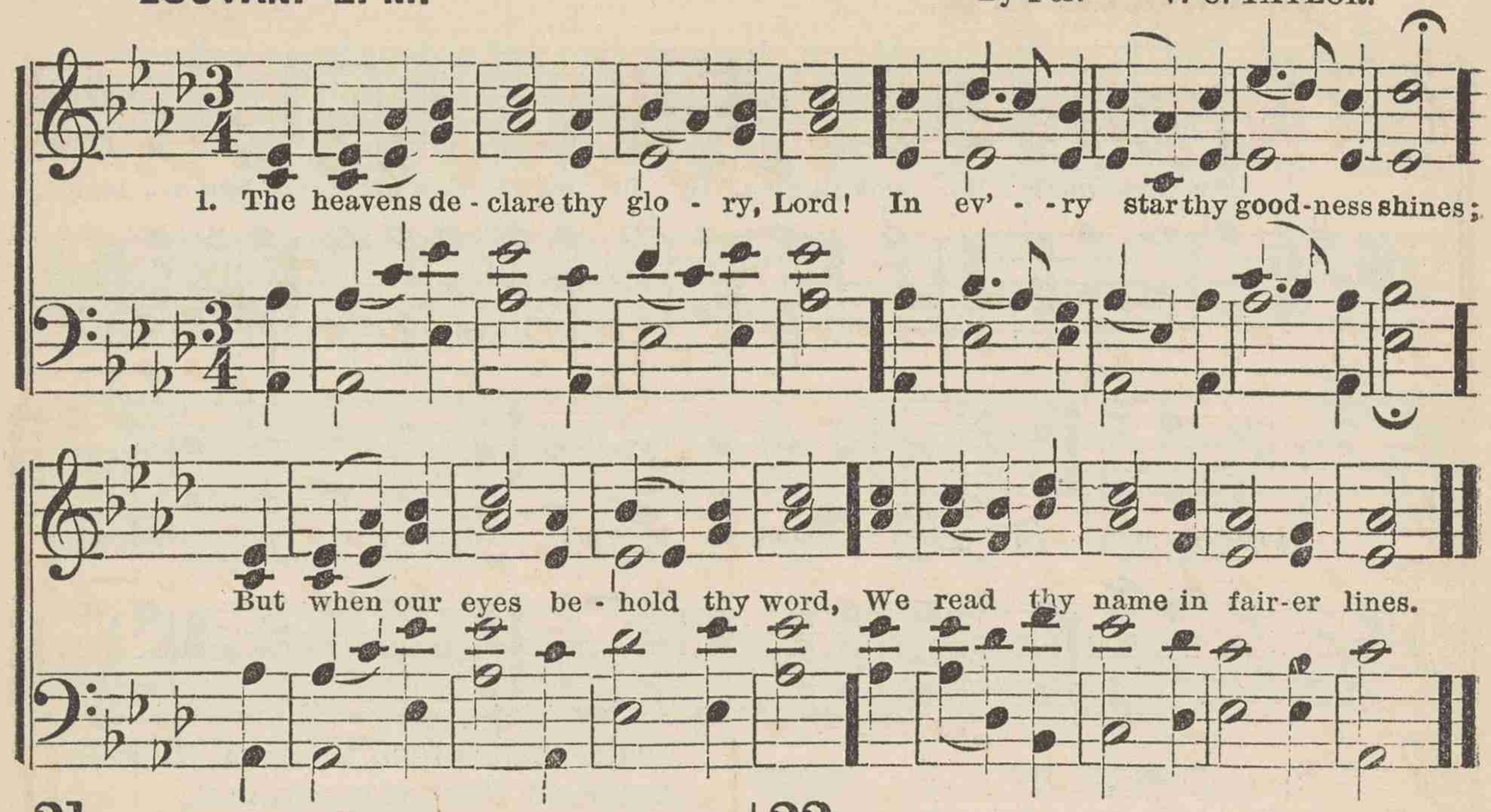
1 OH! how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

LOUVAN. L. M. By Per. V. C. TAYLOR.



21. L. M. *Psalm 19.* WATTS.

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

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the bless'd volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great sun of righteousness arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

22. L. M. *Psalm 36. 9.* KELLY.

1 I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply,
It points me to the saints' abode,
Where Christ the Saviour reigns on high.

2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern,
The image of my absent Lord:
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 In thee I read my title clear,
To mansions that will ne'er decay,
My Lord! O when will he appear,
And bear his pris'ner far away.

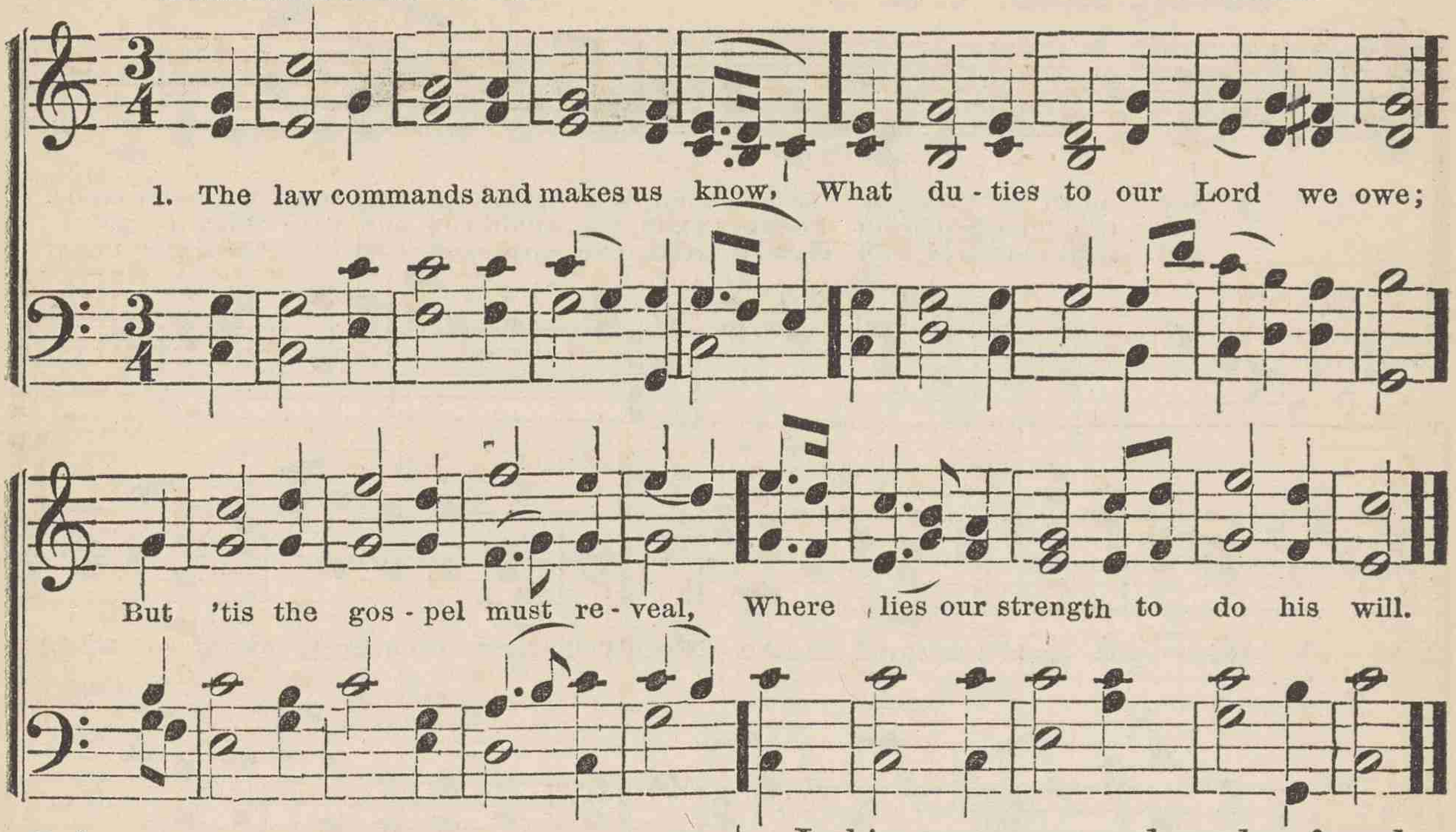
23. L. M. *The Penitent Suppliant.*

1 BEHOLD, a sinner, dearest Lord,
Encouraged by thy gracious word,
Would venture near to seek that bread,
By which thy children here are fed.

2 Do not the humble suit deny
Of such a guilty wretch as I:
But let me feed on crumbs though small,
Which from thy children's table fall.

3 I am a sinner, Lord, I own:
By sin and guilt I am undone;
Yet I would wait, and plead, and pray,
Since none are empty sent away.

WINCHESTER. L. M. ANON.



24. L. M. *Rom. 7.* WATTS.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express,
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce,
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw,
Thy life and comfort from the law!
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

25. L. M. COLE.
The Gospel a Joyful Sound. — Ps. 89. 15.

1 COME, dearest Lord who reignst above,
And draw me with the cords of love!
And while the gospel does abound,
"Oh, may I know the joyful sound!"

2 Sweet are the tidings, free the grace,
It brings to our apostate race;
It spreads a heavenly light around:
"Oh, may I know the joyful sound!"

3 The gospel bids the sin-sick soul
Look up to Jesus and be whole;
In him are peace and pardon found;
"Oh, may I know the joyful sound!"

4 It stems the tide of swelling grief,
Affords the needy sure relief,
Releases those by Satan bound:
"Oh, may I know the joyful sound!"

26. L. M. COLE.
Beginning at Jerusalem.—Luke 24. 47.

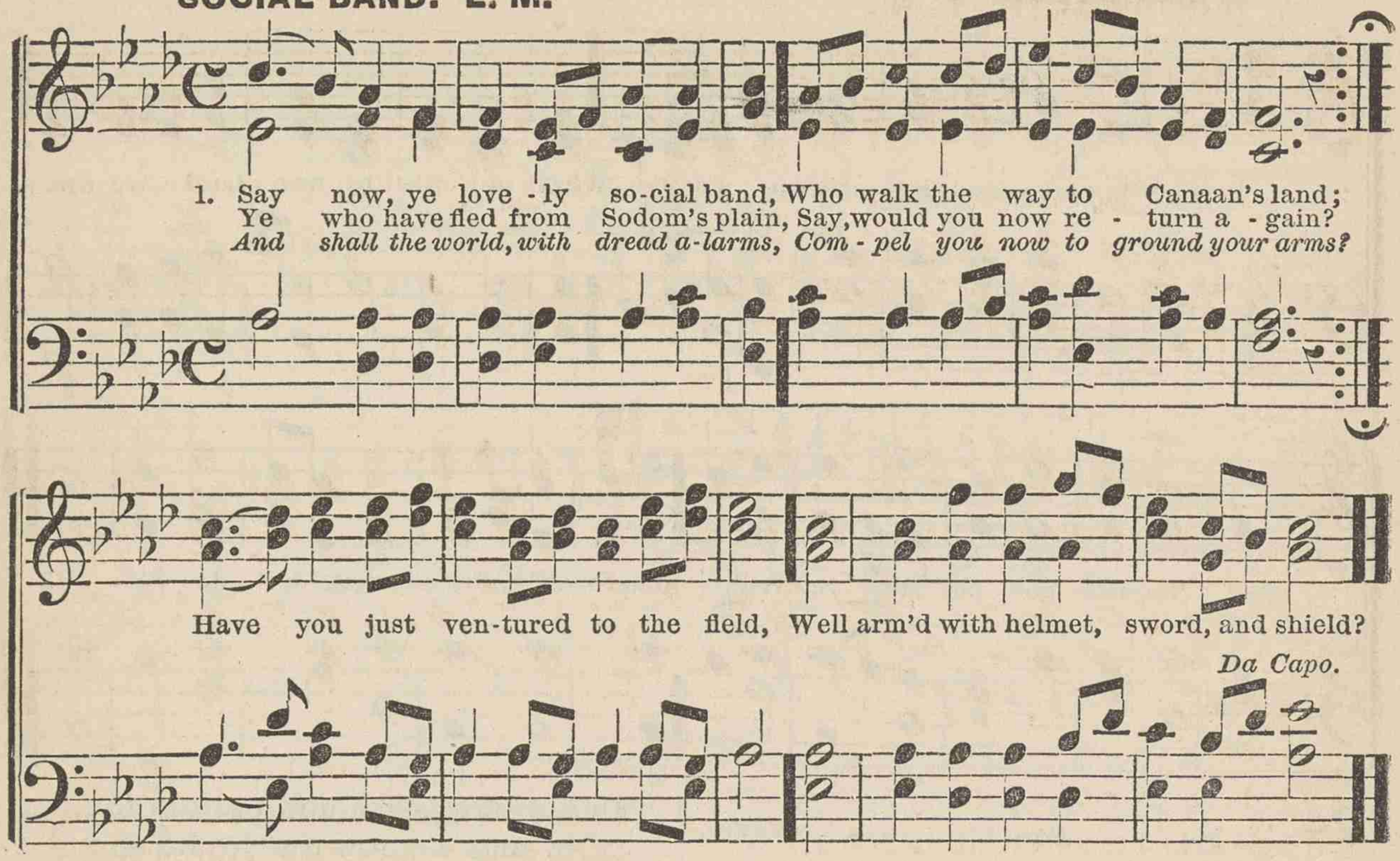
1 PROCLAIM my gospel, saith the Lord,
Ye preachers of my sacred word;
Let every nation hear the theme,
Beginning at Jerusalem.

2 Go; let the chief of sinners know
That I have blessings to bestow;
Proclaim salvation in my name,
Beginning at Jerusalem.

3 Where I was treated with disdain,
Where I was crucified and slain,
There shall my gospel gain esteem,
Beginning at Jerusalem.

4 My pardoning love proclaim abroad,
And show the virtue of my blood;
Till time shall end, proclaim my grace
To every land in every place.

SOCIAL BAND. L. M.



27. L. M. Double.

2 Beware of pleasure's siren song;
Alas! it cannot soothe you long:
It cannot quiet Jordan's wave,
Nor cheer the dark and silent grave.
O let your thoughts delight to soar
Where earth and time shall be no more;
Explore by faith the heavenly fields,
And pluck the fruit that Canaan yields.

28. L. M. *Psalm 6. 17.* WATTS.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God,
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace:
Eternal power confirms the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise,

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge fiies;
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise,

4 The gospel bears my spirit up:
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

29. L. M. *James 2. 18.*

1 IN vain, men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death,
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say, in all they do.

2 The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word;
Commits his work to God alone,
And seeks his will before his own.

3 A barren tree, that bears no fruit,
Brings no great glory to its root:
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree!"

4 Never did men by faith divine
To selfishness or sloth incline;
The christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

WOODWORTH. L. M. By Per. W. B. BRADBURY.



30. L. M. *John 1. 29.* C. ELLIOTT.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
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—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
For in thy promise I believe; [lieve;
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

— THE INVITATION. —

1 JUST as thou art,—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or fitness for the heavenly place,—
O, guilty sinner, come! O come!

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free,—
O, wretched sinner, come! O come!

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss,—
O, needy sinner, come! O come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,—
O, trembling sinner, come! O come!

5 The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come,] Thy Saviour bids thee come! O come!

31. L. M. *Psalm 29.* 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 truths at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care 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!

32. C. M. *Tune*—TAPPAN, opp. page.
Election.

1 ELECTION is a truth divine,
As absolute, as free; [mine,
Works ne'er can make the blessing
"'Tis God's own wise decree."

2 Before Jehovah built the skies
Or earth, or seas, or sun;
He chose a people for his praise,
And gave them to his Son.

3 Eternal was the choice of God,
A Sov'reign act indeed;
And Jesus, the incarnate word,
Secures the chosen seed.

4 A world of endless bliss and day,
"Hang on his firm decree;"
Nor can a sinner justly say,
He ought to favor me.

5 Blush mortals, blush, if blush you can,
Who call his ways unjust;
And you who love his sovereign name,
Of sovereign favors boast.

I WILL ARISE. 8s & 7s. (For 8s, 7s & 4s. repeat the whole.) Arr. by T. B. A.
With energy.



33. 8s, 7s & 4s.
The comfortable Consideration of Election.

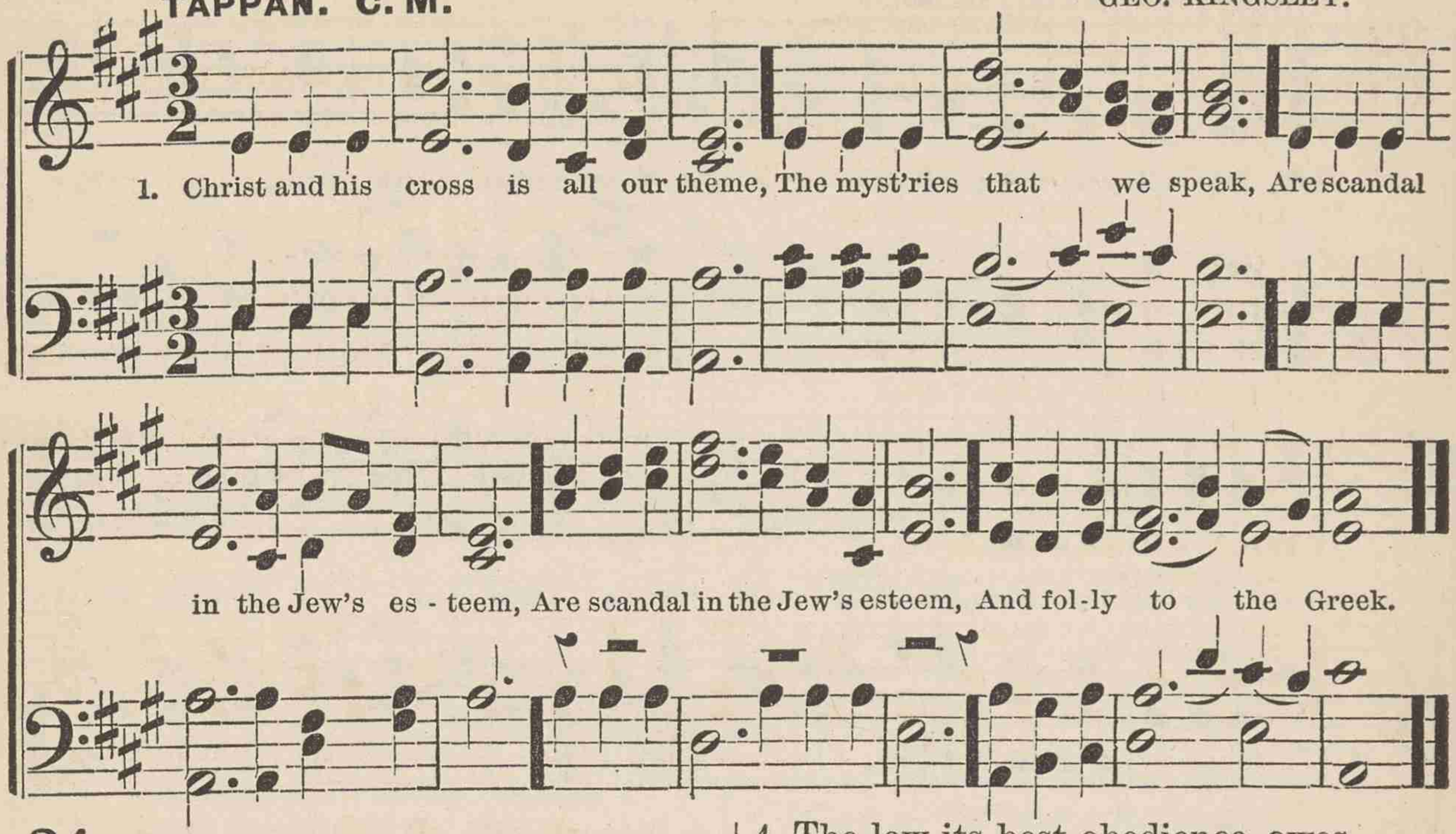
2 Every soul of man, by sinning,
Merits everlasting pain:
But thy love, without beginning,
Formed and fixed salvation's plan:
Countless millions
Shall in life, thro' Jesus, reign!

3 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder!
Ask, "O why such love to me!"
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family:
Hallelujah!
Thanks, Eternal Love, to thee!

4 These are springs of consolation
To converted sons of grace:
Finished, free, and full salvation
Shining in the Saviour's face!
Free grace only
Suits the wretched sinner's case!

5 When in that blest habitation
Which my God for me ordained;
When in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand;
Free grace only
Shall resound thro' Canaan's land!

TAPPAN. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



34. C. M. *1 Cor. 1. 23.* WATTS.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name,
Restores their fainting breath;
Bnt unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

35. C. M. *Col. 1. 23.* WATTS.

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While power and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

2 Here in thy gospel's wond'rous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God!
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs;
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

36. C. M. *Deut. 33. 25.* WATTS.

1 OUR God! how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face;
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace,

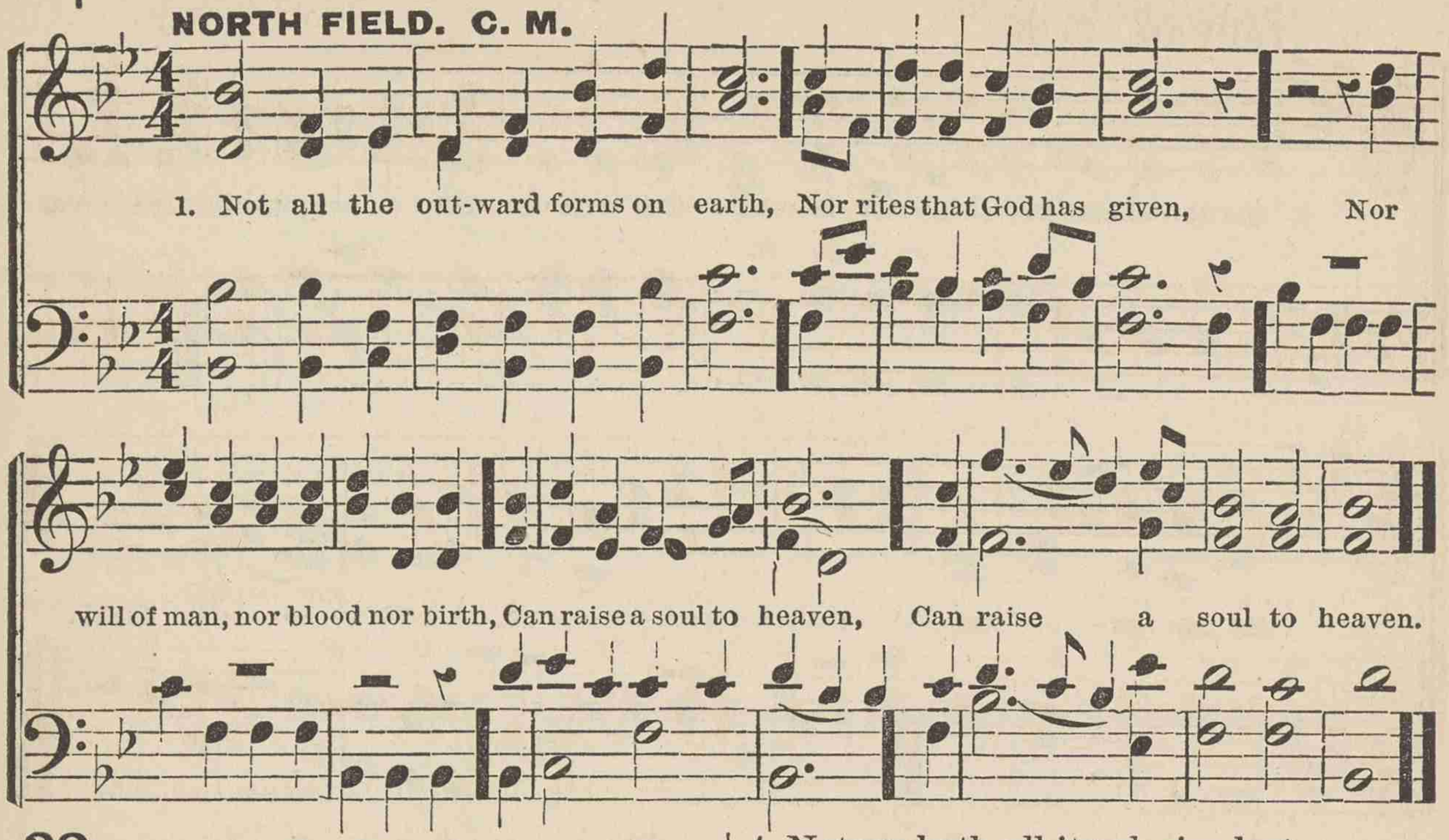
2 Then why, my soul, these sad com-plaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart hath lived,
And part of heaven possessed;
I praise his name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

37. C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
While there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

NORTH FIELD. C. M.



38. C. M. *John 1. 13.* WATTS.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace:
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death:
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

39. C. M. *1. Cor. 1. 26.* WATTS.

1 BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favor of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace!

2 He takes the men of meanest name,
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honorable blood.

3 He calls the fool and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

4 Nature hath all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

40. C. M. *John 3. 7.* HOSKINS.

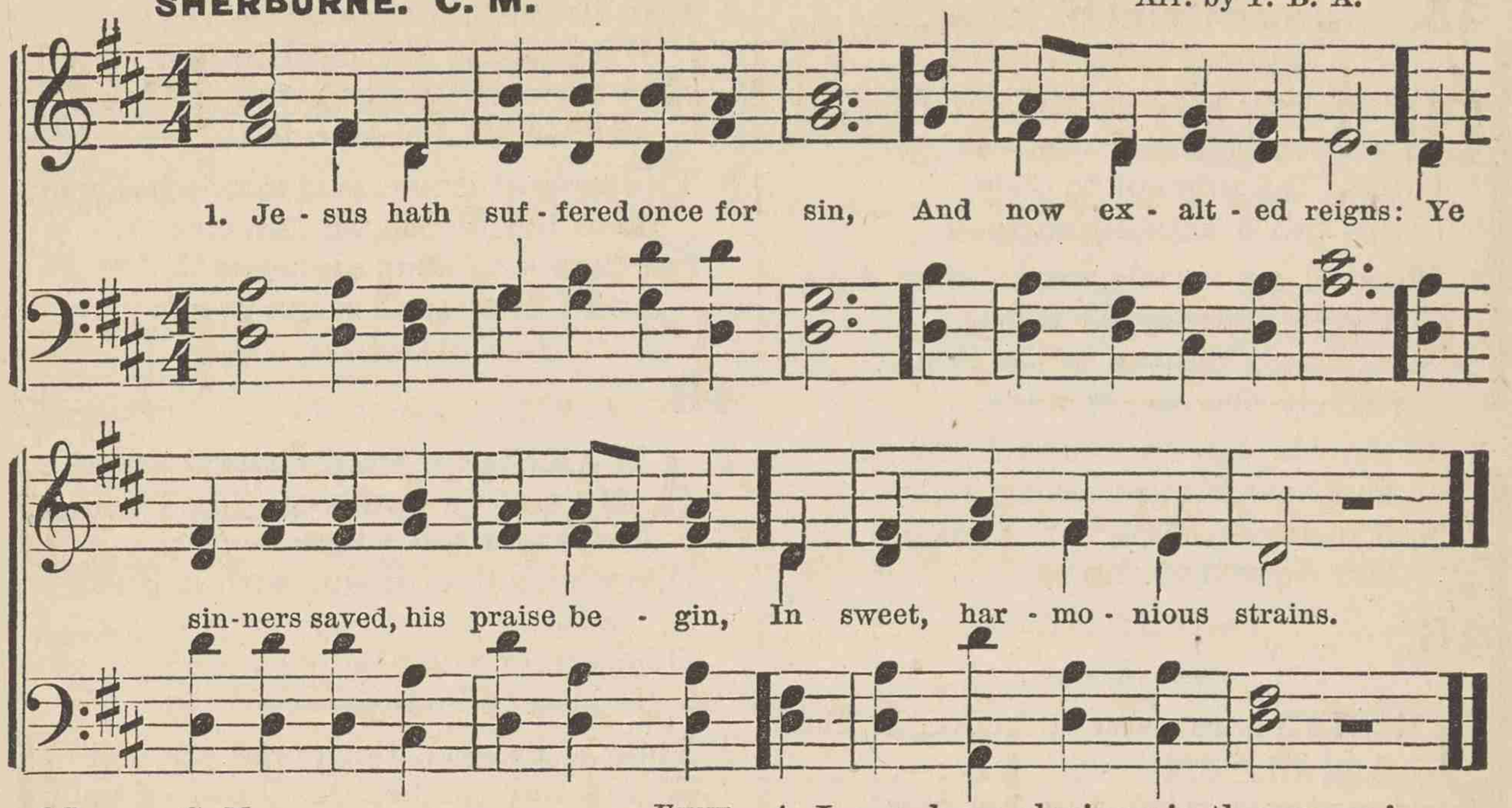
1 SINNERS, this solemn truth regard!
Hear all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain:
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature's totally deprav'd—
The heart a sink of sin,
Without a change we can't be saved;
"Ye must be born again."

4 [That which is born of flesh, is flesh,
And flesh it will remain;
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."]

5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord in every heart
That we are born again.



41. C. M. KENT.
Jesus, the Sinner's Surety, punished and Insolvent Debtors made Free.

2 No claims can law or justice crave
From Jesus' mystic bride;
Full payment to the law he gave,
When for her sins he died.

3 When Justice smote the Shepherd's head,
The captive flock were free;
Beloved, when in transgression dead,
Great God, and far from thee.

4 Here, lost in thought, the seraphs gaze,
The wond'rous scene to scan;
What heights and depths of sovereign grace
In wisdom's glorious plan.

42. C. M. *Justification by Faith.* WATTS.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile silent bow,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3. In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a rigteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

43. C. M. *1. Cor. 6. 9—11.*

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'rers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we,
By nature and by sin!
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name,
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame.

4 O for a persevering power,
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

44. C. M.

TO Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

45. C. M. *Tune*—MEAR, p. 4. PRESBY. SEL.

The Law Fulfilled by Christ.

1 HOW long beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

2 Then all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

3 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Will change a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

46. C. M. *Tune*—TAPPAN, p. 13.

Christ the Door.

1 CHRIST is the way to heavenly bliss,
And Christ the only door;
My soul, pursue no way but this,
For this alone is sure.

2 'Tis through this door, and this alone,
That thou art led to God;
Rest then on what thy Lord has done
And plead his precious blood.

3 This door will lead thee safe to heaven,
And give thee entrance in,
And God will own thy sins forgiven,
However vile they've been.

47. C. M. *Tune*—MEAR, p. 4. KENT.

Everlasting Love.

1 BENEATH the sacred throne of God,
I saw a river rise, [ing blood,
The streams were peace, and pardon-
Descending from the skies.

2 Angelic minds cannot explore
This deep unfathom'd sea;
'Tis void of bottom, brim, or shore,
And lost in Deity.

3 I stood amazed, and wonder'd when
Or why this Ocean rose,
That wafts salvation down to men,
His traitors and his foes.

4 That sacred flood, from Jesus' veins,
Was free to take away
A Mary's or Manasseh's stains,
Or sins more vile than they:

5 Free to the sinner dead to God,
Who sought the road to hell,
That trampled on a Saviour's blood,
And on his buckler fell.

6 Triumphant grace, and man's free will,
Shall not divide the throne;
For man's a fallen sinner still,
And Christ shall reign alone.

Tune—MERIBAH, p. 165.

48. C. P. M. *John 3. 3.* OCKUM.

1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
O'erwhelm'd with sin, with anguish slain
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or sink to endless woe.

2 Amaz'd 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 increas'd my pain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
But guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or drink the wrath of God.

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

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth 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.

TRANSPORT. L. M.



49. L. M.

2 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasure of the soul.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet sur-
And in my Saviour's image rise. [prise,

50. L. M. WATTS.

The Triumph of Faith.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead.

3 He lives, he lives, and sits above,
Forever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour.
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

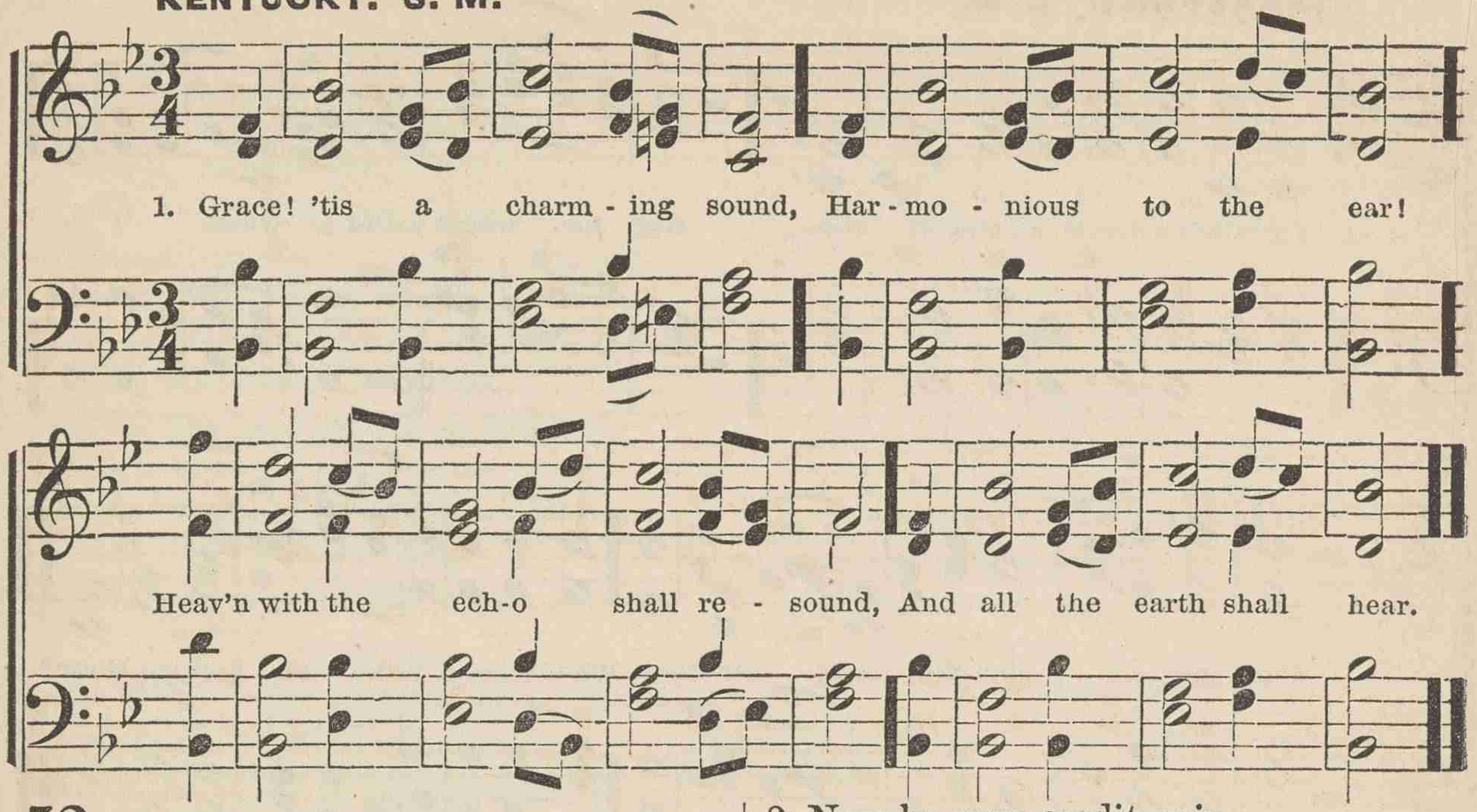
51. L. M. *Titus 2. 10. 13.* WATTS.

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 his 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, temp'rance, truth and
Our inward piety approve. [love,

KENTUCKY. S. M.



52. S. M. *Eph. 2. 5.* DODDRIDGE.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet,
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.

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

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

53. S. M.

1 RELIGION'S form is vain,
While we deny its power;
What will the hypocrite obtain
In death's tremendous hour?

2 Now he may credit gain,
And in affluence roll;
But all his profit will be pain,
When God shall take his soul.

3 Then, O what dread surprise,
What horror and dismay,
When death shall open wide his eyes,
And tear his mask away!

4 Lord, search and know my heart,
And make my soul sincere;
And bid hypocrisy depart,
And keep my conscience clear.

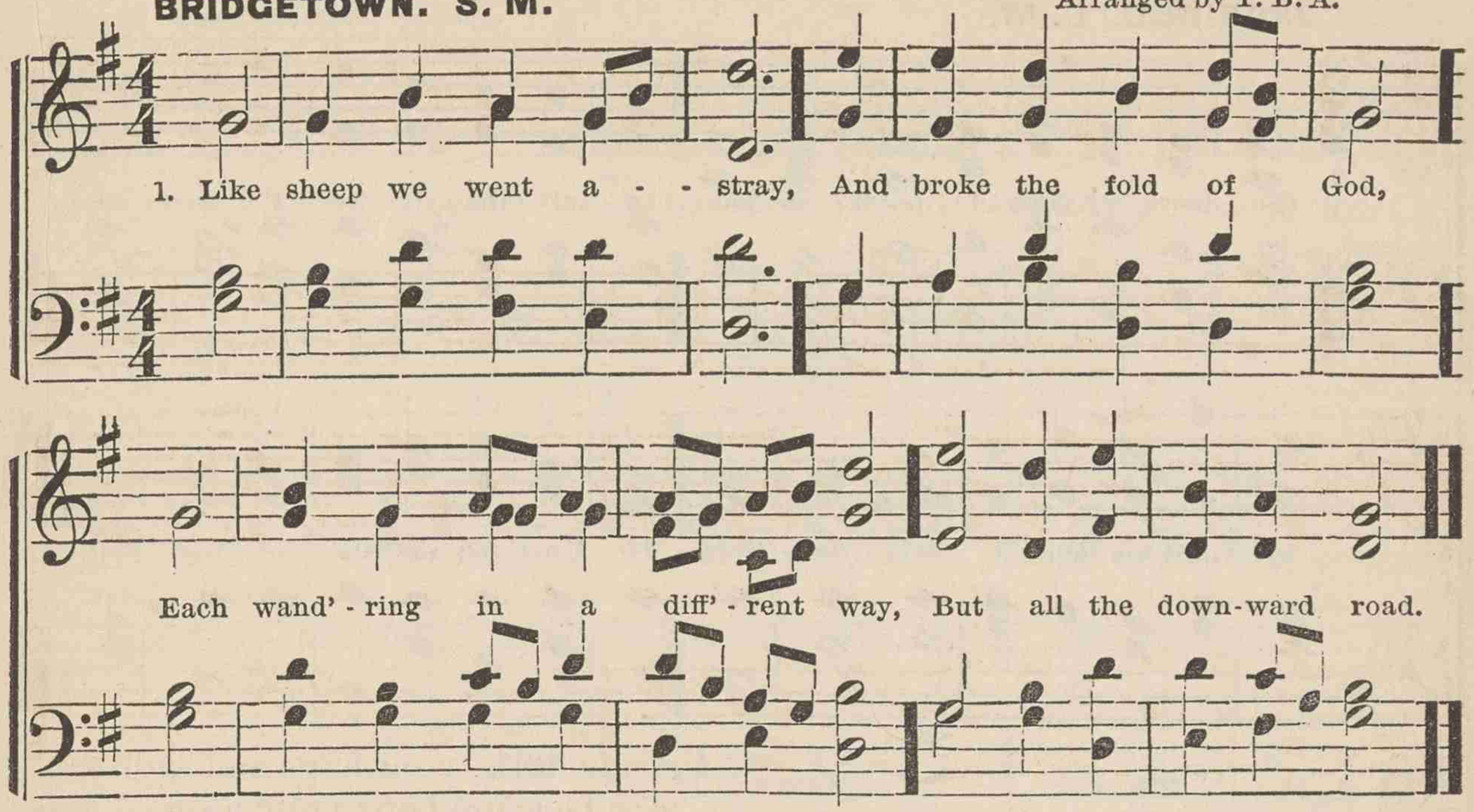
54. S. M. HART.
Christ the way, truth and life.

1 I AM, saith Christ, the way;
Now, if we credit him,
All other paths must lead astray,
How far soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, the truth;
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, the life;
Let this be seen by faith:
It follows, without farther strife,
That all besides is death.

BRIDGETOWN. S. M. Arranged by T. B. A.



55. S. M. *Isa. 53. 6. 12.* WATTS.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the shepherd's head.

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honor and his breath
Were taken quite away;
Joined with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong:
"He shall possess a large reward,
"And hold his honors long,"

56. S. M. JAYNES.

Mourning for Sin.

1 SWEET joy with grief is mixed,
When I can mourn for sin;
O may my soul be ever fixed
In such an humble frame.

2 To loathe myself in dust,
Because in sin I stray,
And hunger long and sorely thirst,
For grace my will to sway.

3 Tears of contrition, too,
From both my eyes should flow;
Lord, at thy footstool may I lie,
Completely humbled low!

4 Though nothing but thy grace,
Which first did change my heart,
Can safely keep me in that place—
Lord, still that grace impart.

57. S. M. WATTS.

1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
My soul to Jesus flies.

2 Oh! 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 tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.



58. L. M. *Phil. 3. 7.* WATTS.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

59. L. M. Gal. 2. 16. *Justification.* SWAIN.

1 SINNERS, away from Sinai fly;
To Calvary's bloody scene repair;
Behold the King of Glory die,
And read your peace & pardon there.

2 Search into every open wound;
Trace the sharp scourge, the nail, the spear;
And full salvation will be found
In golden letters written there.

3 No works of man to raise the sum,
Or pay the ransom, must be brought!
Helpless and poor to Jesus come,
Nor strive to bring a perfect thought.

4 Your faith, your hope and righteousness
Are treasured up in him alone;
Your rich supplies of grace and peace
Spring from the works your Lord has done.

60. L. M. PRESBY. SEL.
The Law satisfied by Christ's Death.

1 WHEN on the cross my Saviour
God's holy law was satisfied,
My debts he paid, my sins he bore,
And justice now demands no more.

2 A healing balm his hand bestows,
To cure my wounds & ease my woes;
And a rich fountain still remains,
To wash away my guilty stains.

3 Here will I bathe my guilty soul,
Here blessings without number roll;
My hopes and joys I hence derive.
For Jesus died that I might live.

61. L. M. *John 3. 16. 2 Cor. 9. 15.* BEDDOME.
The Gift of God.

1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray;
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

2 When shall I see thy smiling face—
That face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness!
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

DEVOTION. L. M.



62. L. M. Psalm 51. WATTS.
A peniteut Pleading for Pardon.

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

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

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

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

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

63. L. M. *Psalm 84.* WATTS.

1 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace, [face,
Shines through the beauties of thy
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord! how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys,
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away,
A long and everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coast of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

64. L. M.

1 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.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.



65. C. M. COWPER.

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

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

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

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

66. C. M. *Rev. 5. 11.* 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 lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

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

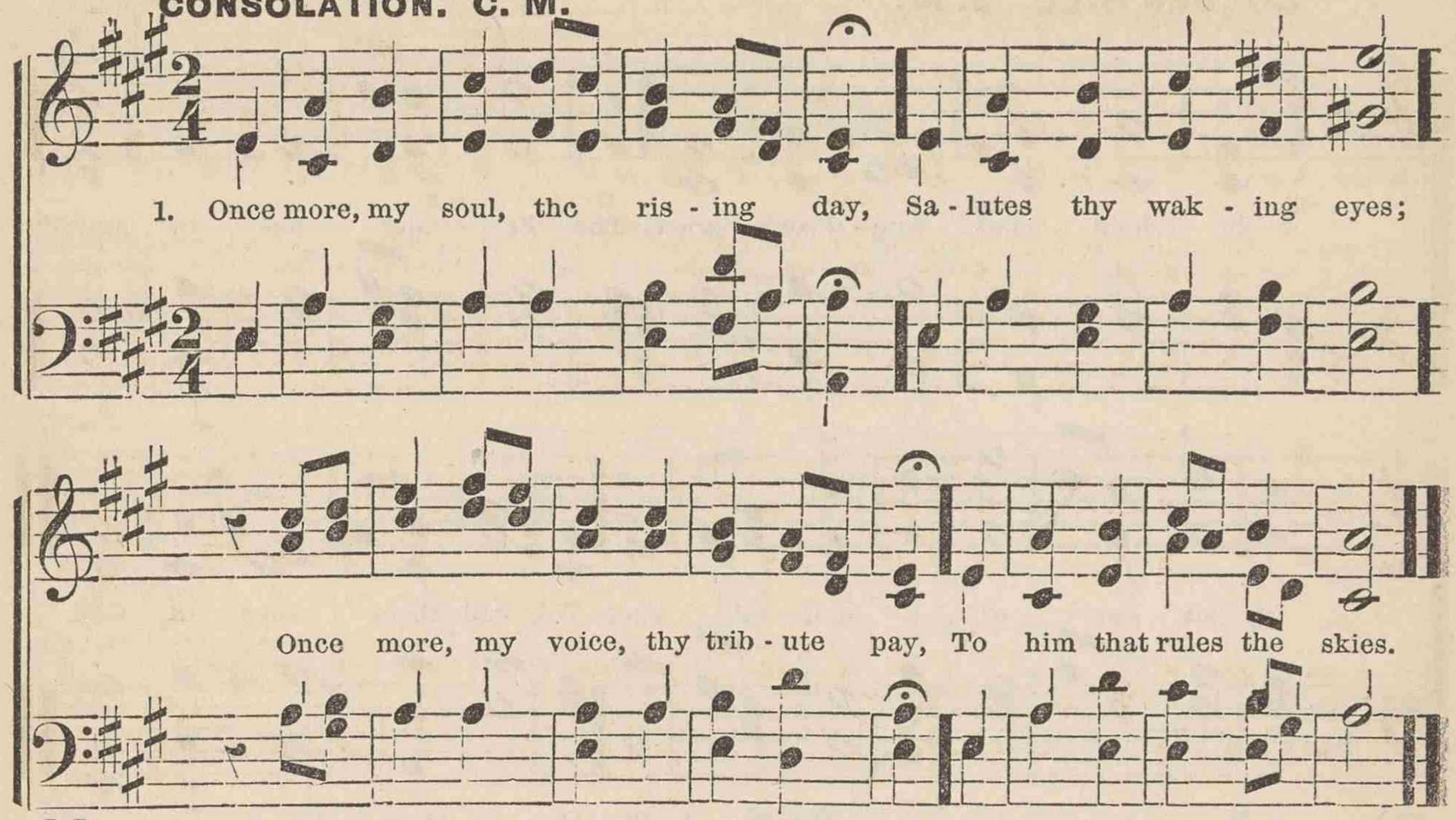
67. C. M.

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

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame!

3 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce a copious fruit!

CONSOLATION. C. M.



68. C. M.

2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

69. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
Jesus precious to the Believer.

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 most 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 of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

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

70. C. M. Job. 23. 3, 4. WATTS.
O that I knew where I might find him.

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

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

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

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M. AARON CHAPIN.



71. S. M. WATTS.
1 John 3. 1. Gal. 4. 6.

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 there,
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;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

72. S. M. BEDDOME.
Christ glorious in tears.

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.

73. S. M. *Rev. 15. 3.* HAMMOND.

1 AWAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing:
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

BOYLSTON. S. M. L. MASON.



74. S. M. *1 Cor. 12. 27.* DODDRIDGE.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh! let them ne'er prevail!

3 The Spirit shall unite
Our sonls to thee, our Head;
Shall form in us thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

75. S. M. S. D. PHELPS.

1 DID Jesus weep for me?
And sigh o'er sinners here?
My soul that weeping Saviour see,
And shed thyself a tear.

2 Did Jesus pray for me?
For such a wand'rer care?
My heart subdued and broken be,
And drawn to him in prayer.

3 Did Jesus die for me?
Oh! depth of love divine!
I die to sin—I'll live to thee;
O Saviour, make me thine!

76. S. M. *John 1. 29.* WATTS.

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

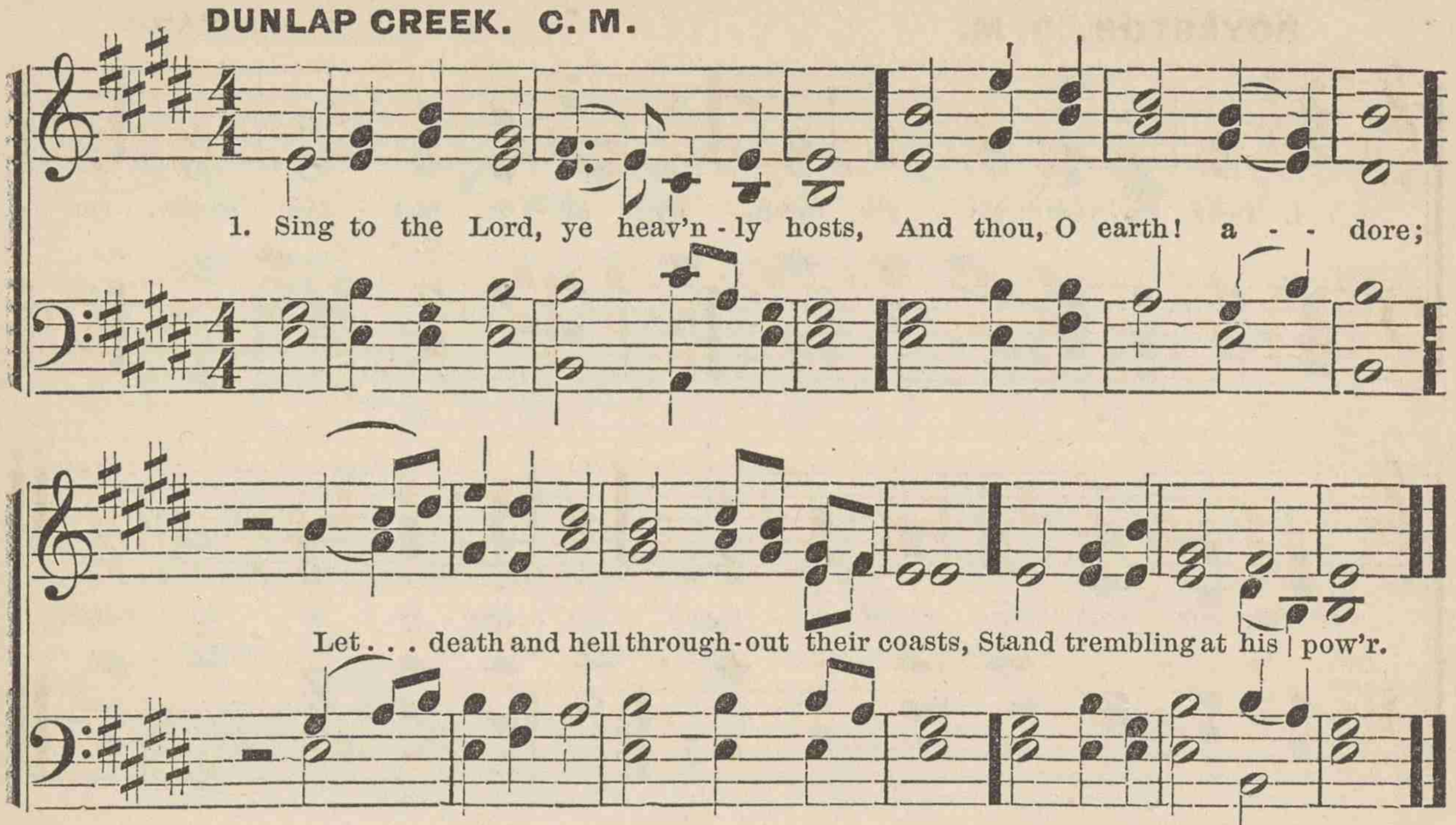
2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

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.

DUNLAP CREEK. C. M.



77. C. M.

2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
Here all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.

3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunders roar along.

4 Think, O my soul! the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the skies and burn the seas,
And fling his wrath abroad.

78. C. M. WATTS.

Christ the Foundation.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here;
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

3 What though the gates of hell with-stood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

79. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Door.—John 10. 9. Hosea 2. 15.

1 AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.

2 Behold the portal wide display'd,
The buildings strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door;
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 Oh! may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All traveling through one beauteous gate
To one eternal home!

80. C. M.

1 TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who made the earth and heaven,
Of equal dignity possest,
Be equal honours given.

NAOMI. C. M. L. MASON.



81. C. M. *Eph. 5. 20.* STEELE.

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

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

82. C. M. *Tit. 2. 13.* DENNY.

1 HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious star of day!
Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears away!

2 No resting place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and Thee.

3 But, dearest Lord! however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

4 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?

5 This joy e'en now on earth is ours:
But only, Lord above,
Our hearts without a pang shall know
The fullness of Thy love.

83. C. M. John 19. 26, 27. NEWTON.
Christ suffering on the Cross.

1 WHEN Jesus hung upon the tree,
In agonies and blood,
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

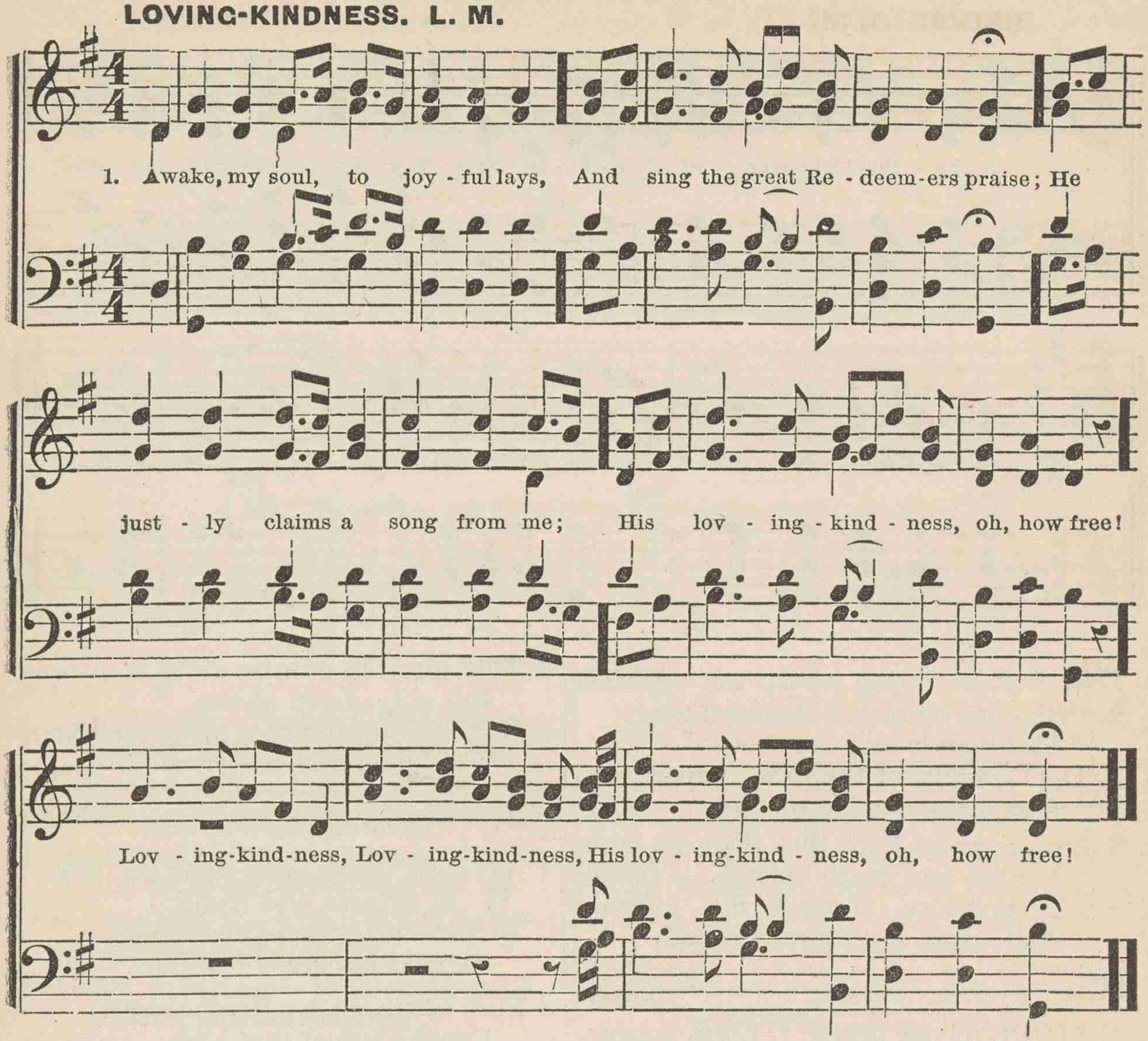
2 Sure never till my latest breath
Could I forget that look:
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair; [guilt,
I saw my sins his blood had spilt
And help'd to nail him there.

4 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

5 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled, [joy
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.



84. L. M. *Ps. 36. 7.* MEDLEY.

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

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

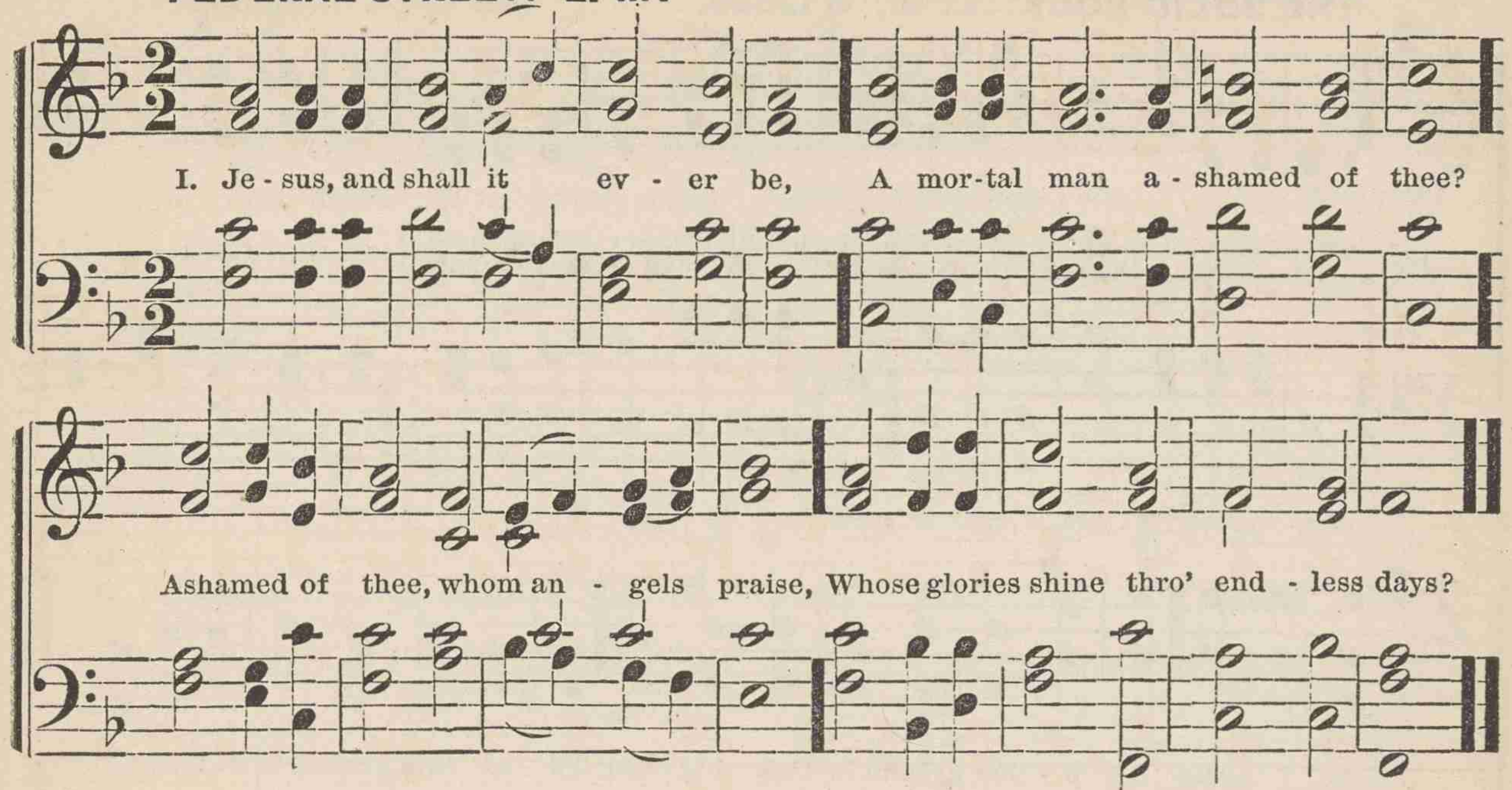
4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, oh! how good!

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

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

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

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.



85. L. M. *Mark 8. 38.* GRIGG.

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

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

4 Ashamed of Jesus that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 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.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

86. L. M. *Same Subject.* STENNETT.

1 'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died.
'Tis finished! yes, the work is done,—
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled as was designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain—
The Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finished—this, my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death
By this, my last expiring breath.

87. L. M.

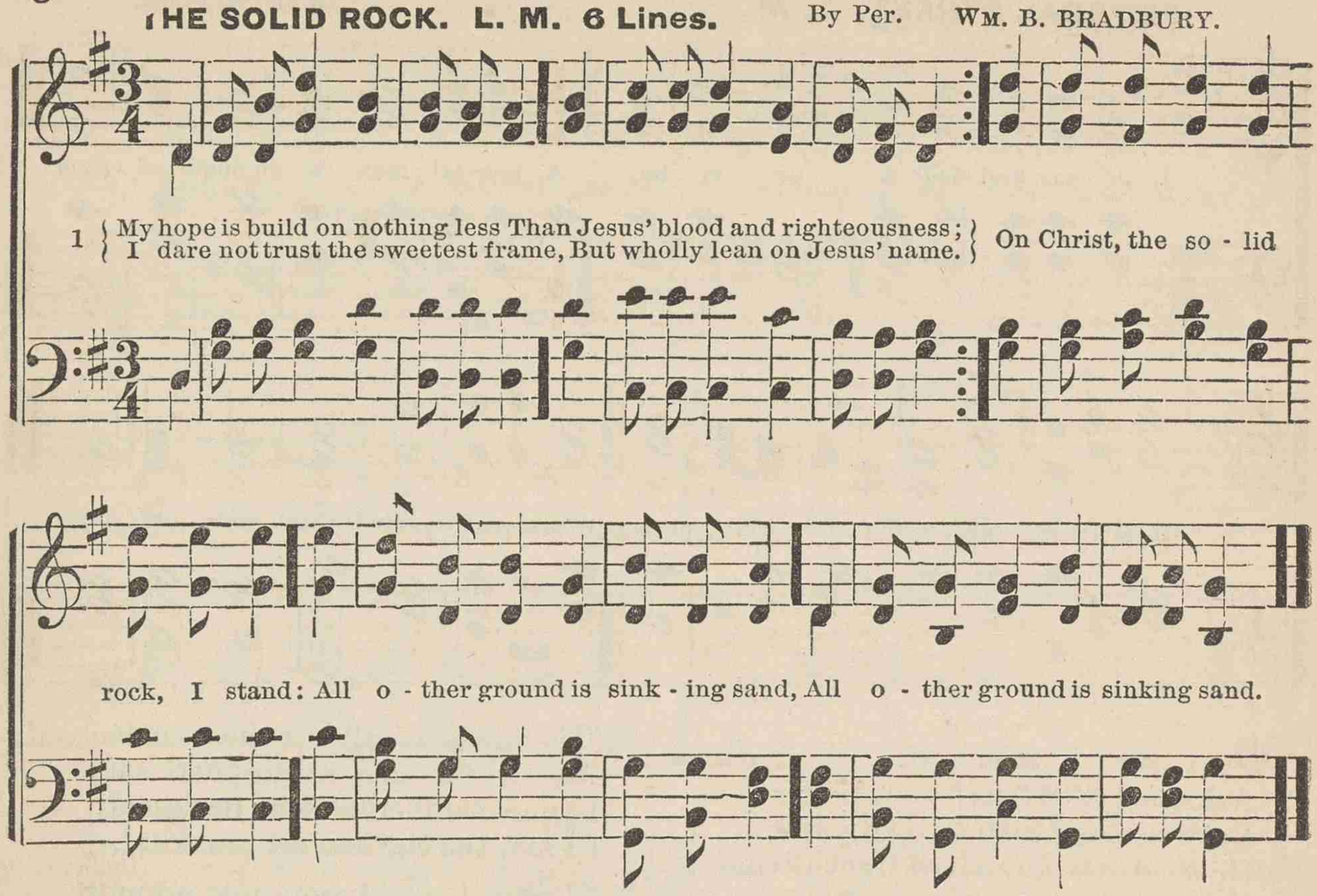
1 HE dies, the friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters, weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground,

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

CHRIST OUR HOPE.

THE SOLID ROCK. L. M. 6 Lines. By Per. WM. B. BRADBURY.



88. L. M. *The solid Rock.* EDW. MOTE.

2 When darkness seems to vail his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

89. L. M. *"All in All."*

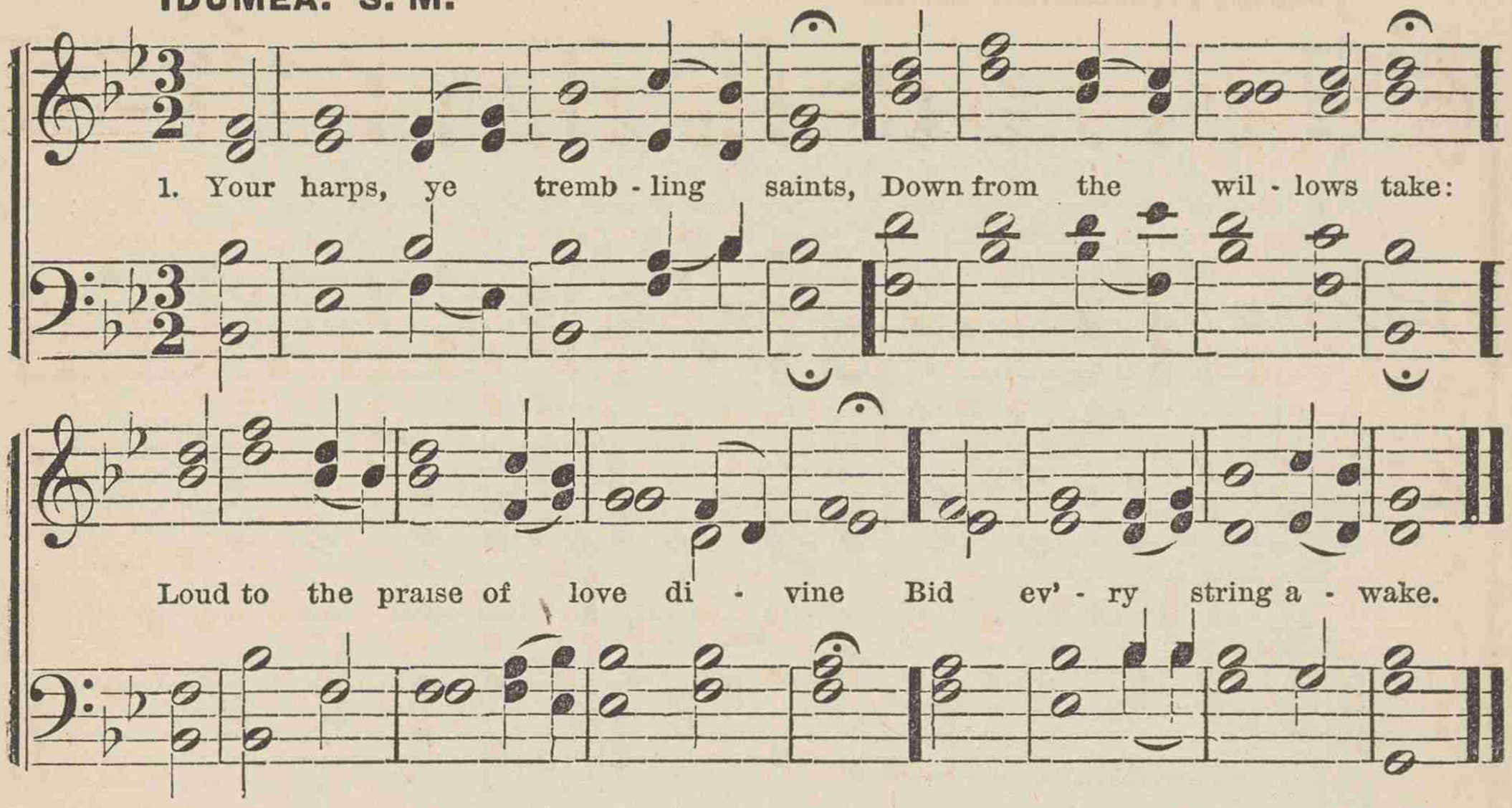
1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine!
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love.
To me, with thy great name, are given,
Pardon, and holiness and heaven.

3 Jesus, my All in all thou art;
My rest in toil; my ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death—my All in all.

IDUMEA. S. M.



90. S. M. Psalm 27. 14. TOPLADY.

Weak Believers encouraged.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

4 Fasten'd within the vail,
Hope be our anchor strong;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts us smooth along.

5 The people of his choice
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's mount to stay.

6 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

7 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "for me."

91. S. M. Luke 13. 23. NEWTON.

1 DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers find the way
Through Christ, the living gate;
But those who hate this holy way,
Complain it is to straight.

3 If self must be denied,
And sin no more caressed,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it best.

4 Encompassed by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They say, so many can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.

5 O hear the Saviour's word,
"Strive for the heavenly gate;
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their cries too late."

6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ is always small,
And none are safe but they.

TWENTY-FOURTH. C. M.



92. C. M. *Isa. 26. 1.* WATTS.

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.

93. C. M. *Psalm 35. 3.* 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;
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns.

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

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss,
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

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

94. C. M. *Complete Salvation.*

1 SALVATION, through our dying Head,
Shall ever stand complete;
He paid whate'er his people owed,
And cancelled all their debt.

2 He sends his Spirit from above,
Our spirit to renew;
Displays his power, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.

3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiven;
Conducts us through the wilderness
And brings us safe to heaven.

4 Salvation now shall be my stay;
"A sinner saved," I'll cry,
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.



95. C. M. *Cant. 3. 11.* PERRONETT.

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 ransomed from the fall,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can 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 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

96. C. M. Eph. 4. 15, 16. DODDRIDGE.
Head of the Church.

1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own:
Give me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied, to thee, our vital head,
We act, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

97. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Desiring to praise the Redeemer.

1 OH! for a thousand tongues, to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

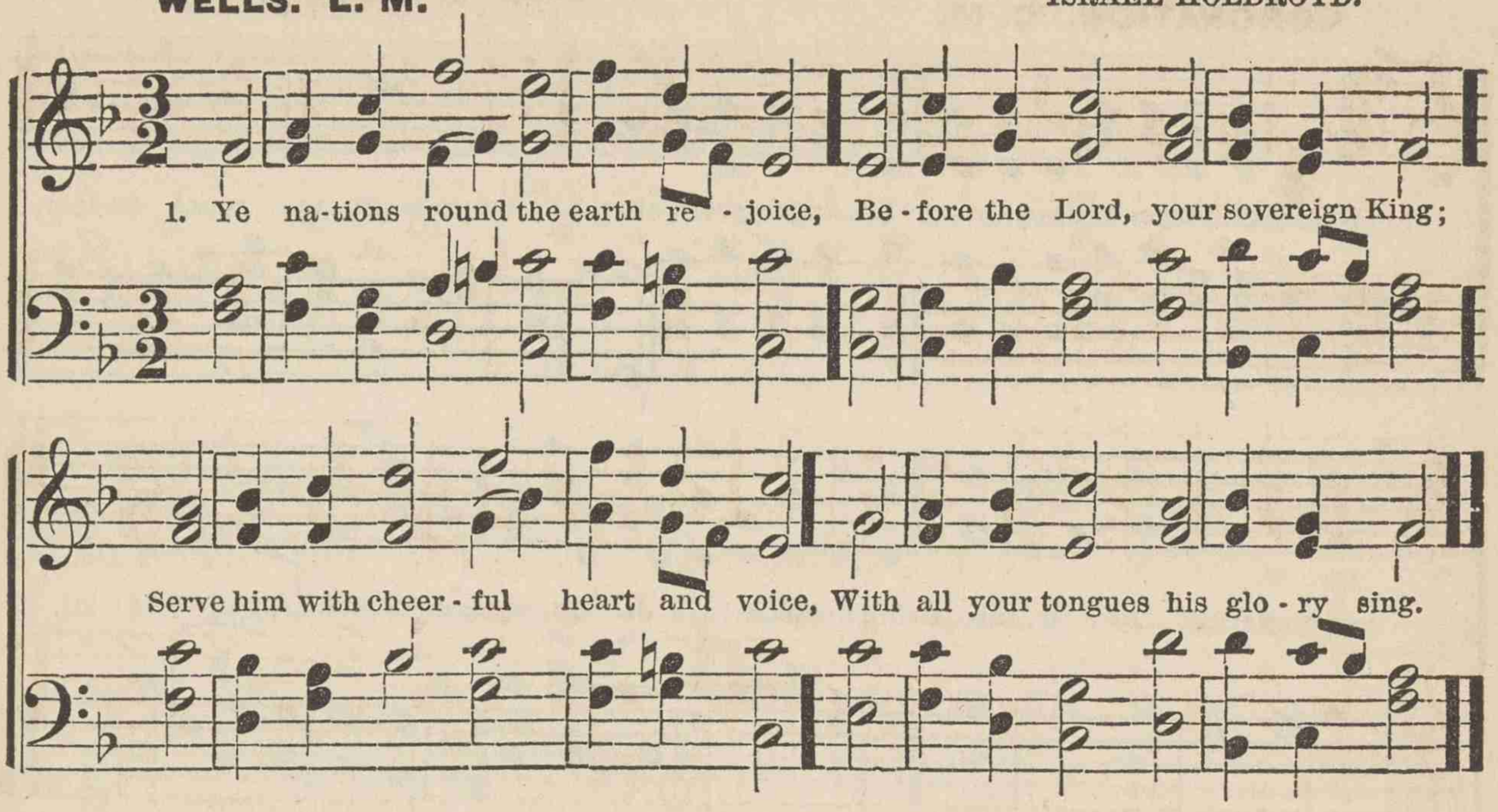
2 My gracious Master, and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

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

EXALT THE LORD.

WELLS. L. M. **ISRAEL HOLDROYD.**



98. L. M. *Psalm 100.* WATTS.

2 The Lord is God—'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give:
We are his work—and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good—the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace—his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

99 L. M. *Psalm 103.* MEDLEY.

1 ETERNAL Sov'reign, Lord of all,
Prostrate before thy throne I fall,
While here my claim and song I raise,
'Thou art my God and thee I'll praise.'

2 Hence all my comforts, safety, peace,
And all those joys which never cease;
Thou guide and strength of all my ways,
'Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.'

3 In all my trials and my fears,
In all my sorrows and my tears,
In all my dark and gloomy days,
'Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.'

4 Thro' Christ I view thy wrath appeas'd
In him I see thee fully pleas'd;
My soul on this foundation stays,
'Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.'

5 Be this my glory when I rise
To that bright world above the skies;
Forever there this song I'll raise,
'Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.'

100. L. M. *Deut. 6. 5.* D. TURNER.

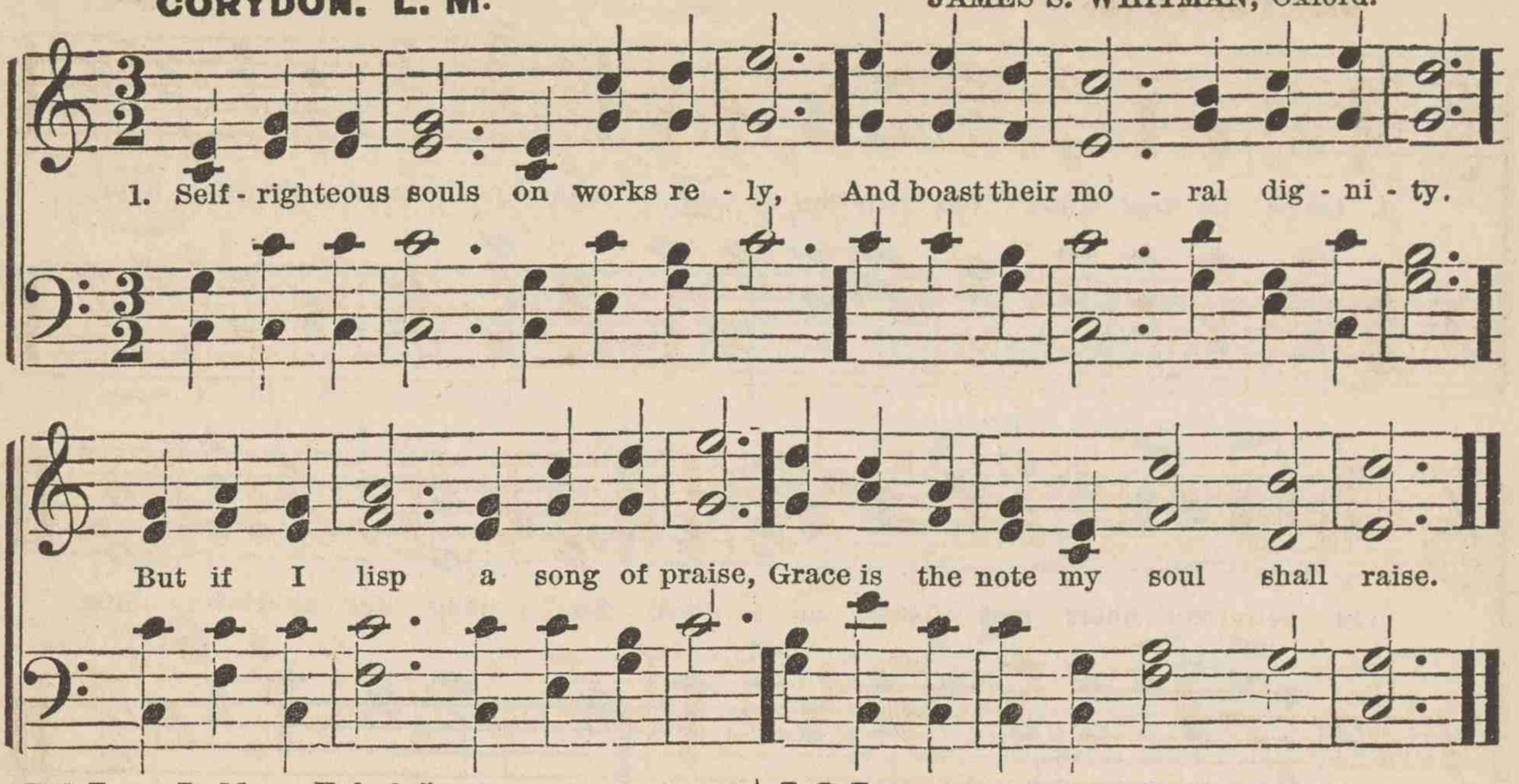
1 YES, I would love thee, blessed God!
Paternal goodness marks thy name,
Thy praises, through thy bright abode,
The heavenly host with joy proclaim.

2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son
For man to suffer, bleed and die;
And bad'st me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.

3 In him, thy reconciled face,
With joy unspeakable I see;
And feel thy powerful, wond'rous grace
Draw, and unite my soul to thee.

4 Whene'er my foolish wand'ring heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this blissful centre start,
Lord, fix it there to stray no more.

CORYDON. L. M. JAMES S. WHITMAN, Oxford.



101. L. M. Eph. 2. 5.

By Grace ye are Saved.

2 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,
And grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brings me pardon for my sin,
'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.

3 'Tis grace that sweetens every cross,
'Tis grace supports in every loss;
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong,
Grace is my hope, and Christ my song.

4 'Tis grace defends when dangers near,
By grace alone I persevere;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love,
Free grace is all they sing above.

102. L. M. *No man can say that* BURNHAM.

Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost.

1 NE'ER was a sinner cast away
Whom the Redeemer taught to pray,
He loves such souls by far too well
Ever to cast them down to hell.

2 Come, praying souls, thy God is near,
And listens to each broken prayer;
Pleas'd he attends thy every groan,
And soon in mercy will be known.

3 He ne'er was known to disappoint
A praying, waiting, humble saint;
But such a soul he'll ever bless,
With all the glories of his grace.

103. L. M. *The Song of Heaven.*

1 THE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.

2 Firm on the ground of sovereign grace,
They stand before Jehovah's throne,
The only song in that blest place
Is, "Thou art worthy, thou alone."

3 With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout with transports of delight,
The ceaseless, universal psalm—

4 Salvation's glory all be paid
To him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb whose blood was shed,
"Thou, thou art worthy, thou alone."

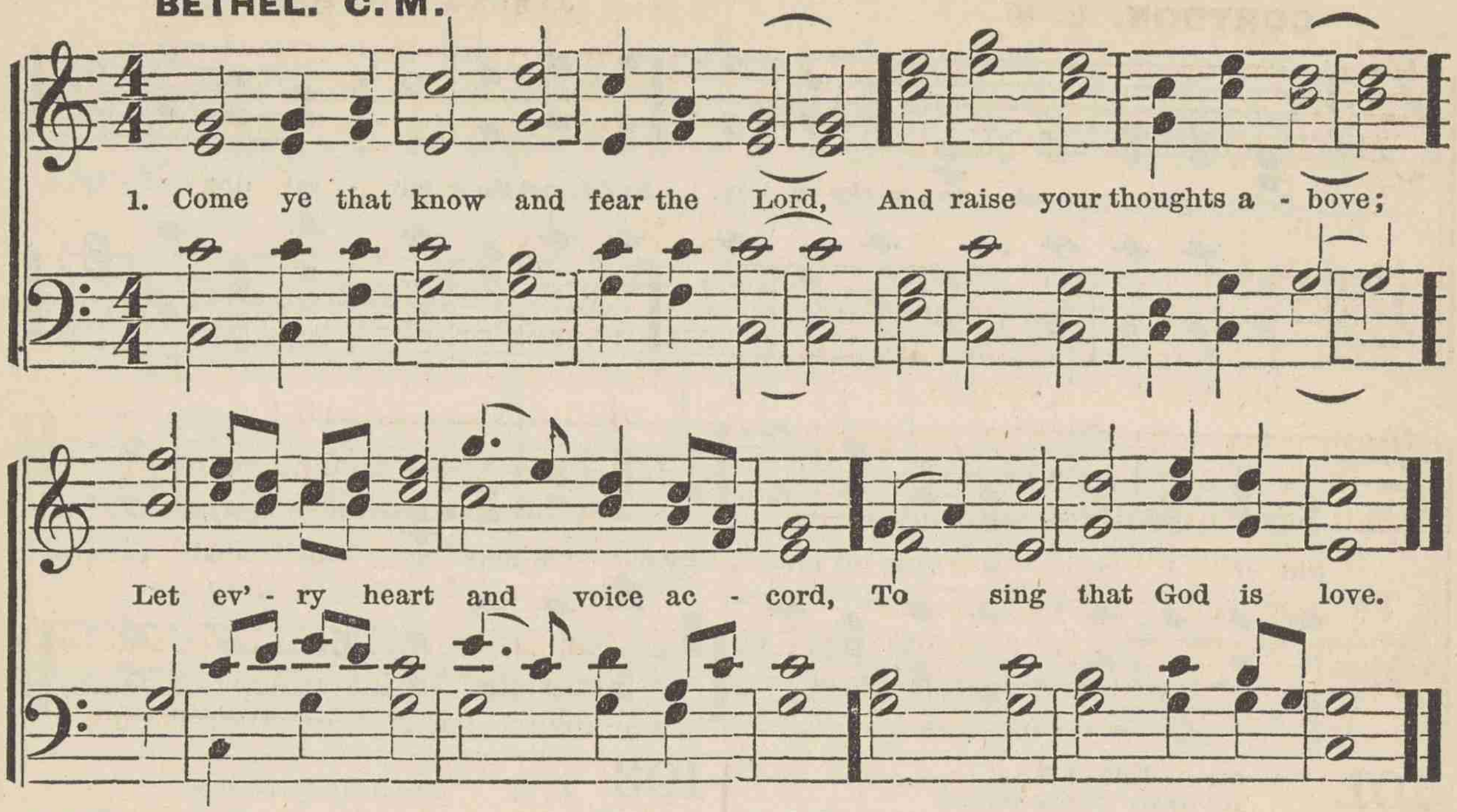
104. L. M. *Psalm 106. 4, 5.* NEWTON.

1 REMEMBER us, we pray thee, Lord,
With those who love thy gracious name:
And to our souls that good afford,
Thy promise has prepar'd for them,

2 To us thy great salvation show,
Give us a taste of love divine;
That we thy people's joy may know
And in their holy triumph join.

EXALT THE LORD.

BETHEL. C. M.



105. C. M. BURDER.

God is Love.—1 John 4. 8.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove,
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
To show that God is love.

3 Behold, his patience bearing long
To those who from him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues
To teach them God is love.

4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above;
And every step from first to last,
Proclaims that God is love.

106. C. M. *Luke 10. 42.* TOPLADY.

1 COMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy redeeming love,
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My all in all, I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave,
And thou can'st give no more.

107. C. M. COWPER.

1 TO tell the Saviour all my wants,
How pleasing is the task!
Nor less to praise Him when He grants
Beyond what I can ask,

2 My lab'ring spirit vainly seeks
To tell but half the joy;
With how much tenderness He speaks,
And helps me to reply.

3 Nor were it wise, nor should I choose,
Such secrets to declare:
Like precious wines, their taste they lose
Expos'd to open air.

4 But this with boldness I proclaim,
Nor care if thousands hear,
Sweet is the ointment of his name,
Not life is half so dear.

108. C. M. NEWTON.

1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.

2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

Tune—BALERMA, p. 6.

109. C. M. Rom. 8. 14, 16.
The witnessing and sealing Spirit.

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 thy saints,
And seal them 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.

Tune—ORTONVILLE, p. 7.

110. C. M.
Indebtedness to Christ.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men,
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

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

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

Tune—IDUMEA, p. 31.

111. S. M. 1 Pet. 1. 8. WATTS.
A View of Christ by Faith.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight,
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow;
Unspeakable like those above,
And heaven begins below.

Tune—ARLINGTON, p. 5.

112. C. M. John 1. 29.

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

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given:
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would sinners all embrace.

4 O that my Jesus' heavenly charms
Might every bosom move!
Fly, sinners, fly into those arms
Of everlasting love.

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

Tune—WINDHAM, p. 130.

113. L. M.
Contemplation of the Cross.

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

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

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

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

OLMUTZ. S. M. MASON. Arr.





114. S. M. DAVIES.
Invocation for the Holy Spirit.

2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel,
Thy quickening influence.

3 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form my soul anew.

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

115. S. M. *Rom. 5. 5.* HART.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our mind,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—
To sanctify the soul—
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

116. S. M.
Desiring Spiritual Food.

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

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

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

117. S. M. *Zech. 14. 8, 9.*

1 NOW living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.

2 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again:
Jesus Jehovah be our King,
And o'er the nations reign.

BRAY. C. M.



118. C. M. *Matt. 10. 37.* WATTS.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light:
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

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

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

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

119. C. M. *Luke 11. 13.* WATTS.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

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

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

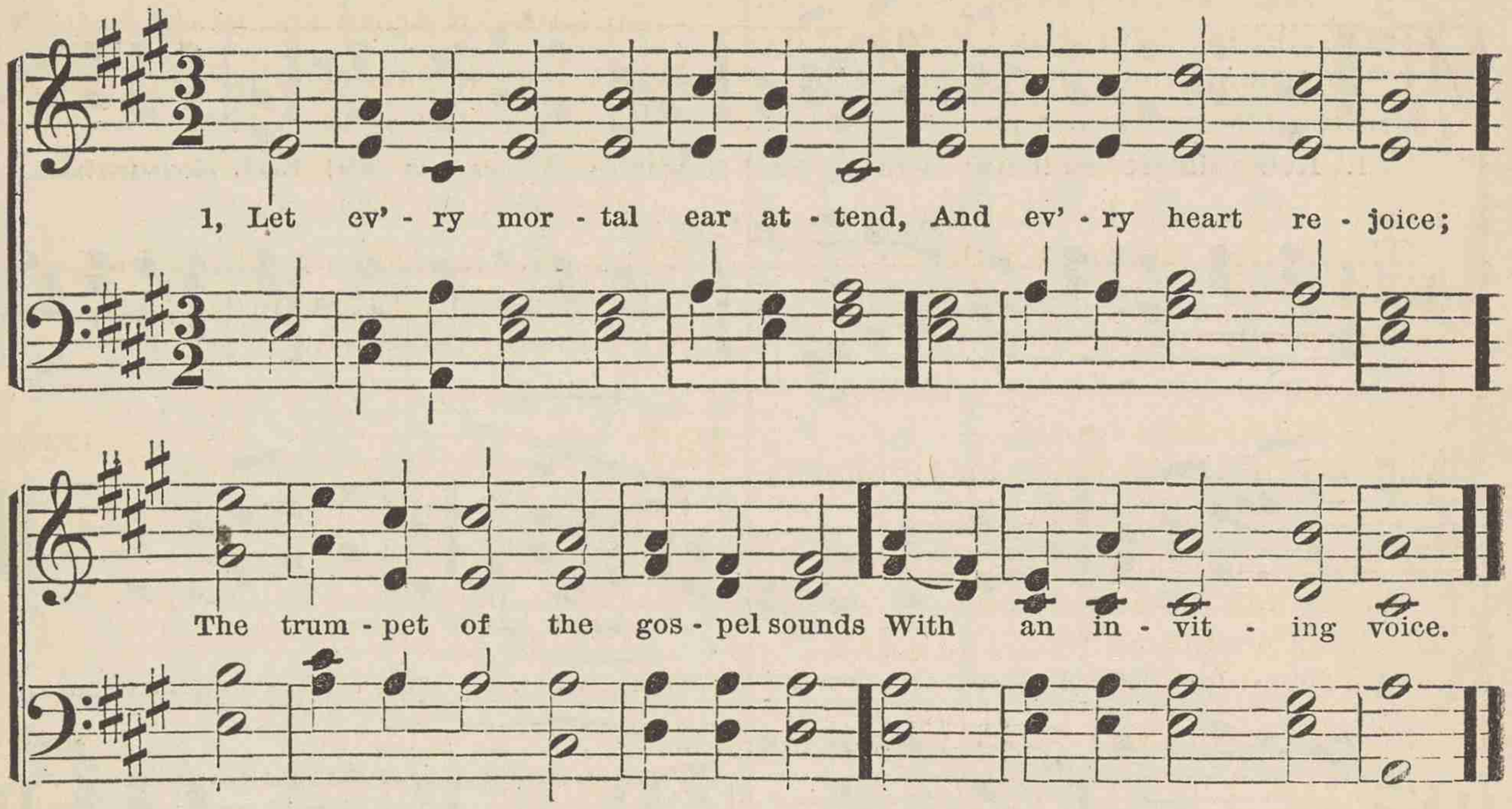
120. C. M.

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

2 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest:
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

BEFORE SERMON.

AZMON. C. M. Arr. from GLASER.



121. C. M. *Isa. 4. 1.* WATTS.

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

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

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

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

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

122. C. M. Isa. 53. 1. NEWTON.
Help us to draw near to Thee.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm re-
And make thy glory known; [veal
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
That never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

123. C. M. *Matt. 13. 3. 23.* NEEDHAM.

1 NOW, Lord, the heavenly seed be
Be it thy servant's care, [sown;
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble, fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain:
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heav'nly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and
Begin this song divine; [tongues,
Thou, Lord, hath given the rich in-
And be the glory thine. [crease,

124. C. M.
Delight in the House of God.

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 joy 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.

125. C. M. *Deut. 1. 17.* FAWCETT.

1 THE cause that is for me too hard,
I'll make to Jesus known;
I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,
And leave them at his throne.

2 He will his cheering grace impart,
And ease my anxious breast;
His love can heal my wounded heart,
And bring my soul to rest.

3 The judge supreme, must needs do right,
Whoe'er should me condemn;
He'll bring my judgment to the light,
And clear my injur'd name.

4 He calls me by his precious word,
And bids me not to fear;
The cause that is for me too hard,
My gracious God will hear.

126. C. M. WATTS.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk thro' the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

127. C. M. HIGGINBOTHAM.
To Christ the good Shepherd.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O let the meanest of thy flock
Attempt to sing thy praise!

2 Vain the attempt! what tongue can speak
A subject so divine?
Do justice to so vast a theme,
And praise a love like thine?

3 Love, that could bring thy willing feet
From that bless'd world on high,
From thy great Father's dear embrace,
To suffer, bleed and die!

4 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

Tune—REDEMPTION p. 117.

128. C. M. *James 1. 17.*

1 FATHER, to thee our souls we lift,
On thee our hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom, too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought.
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word, is thine.

4 From thee—through Jesus—we receive
The power on thee to call;
In thee, O Lord, we move, and live—
Our God is all in all.

STELLA. S. M. VICCIE A. SEARS.



129. S. M. *Psalm 84.* STENNETT.

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 crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts:
And in return accepts with smiles
The tribute of their hearts.

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

130. S. M.

1 MAY sacred awe possess
Our happy spirits, Lord,
While we shall hear thy saints express
Their interest in thy word.

2 Command their thoughts to peace,
Make plain what thou hast done;
Renew to them that full release,
First granted in thy Son.

3 May we, thy people, hear,
And only such receive
As have for thee a filial fear,
And in thy Son believe.

131. S. M. *Zech. 4. 6.* BEDDOME.

1 'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

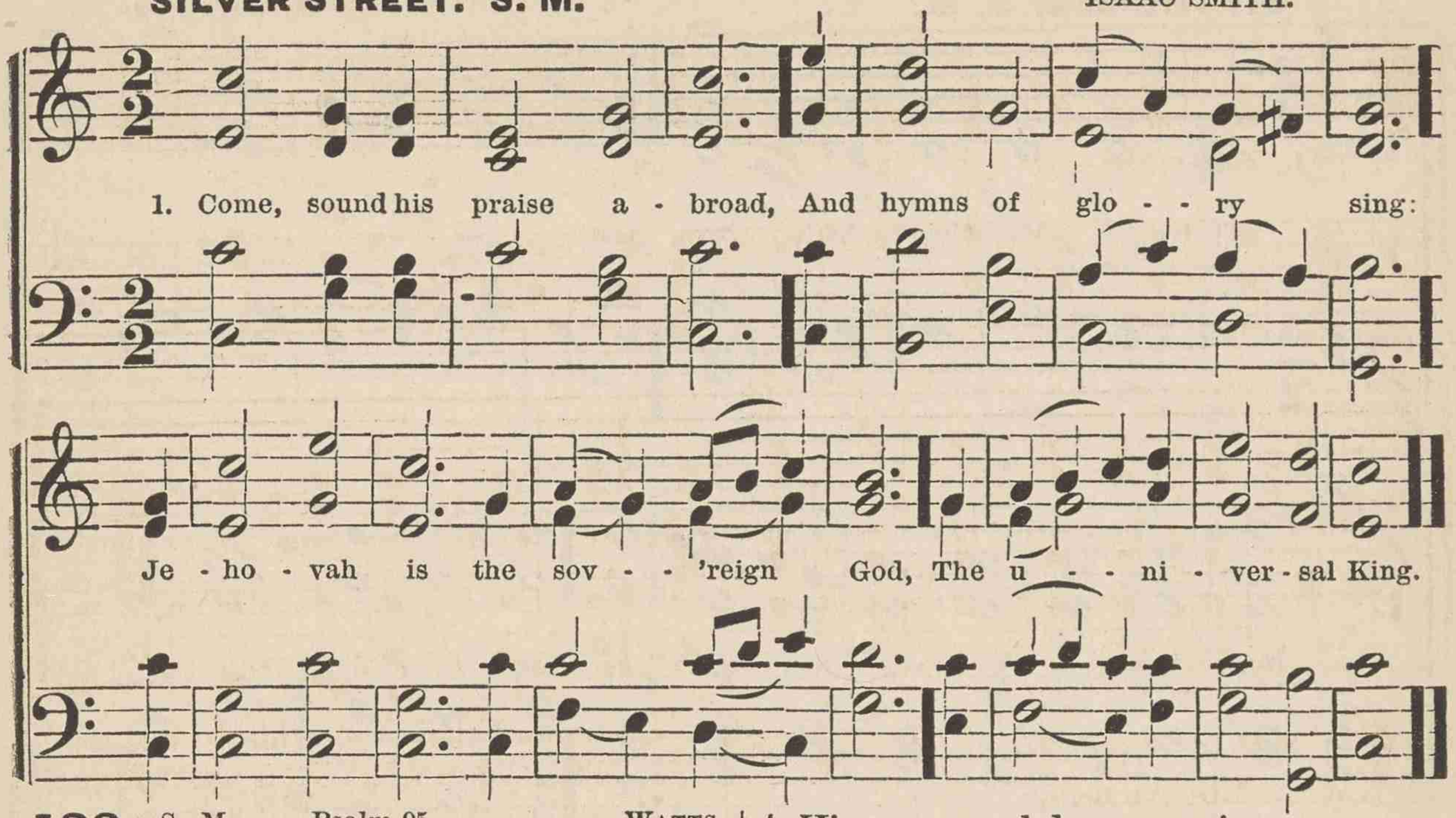
2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

132. S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

SILVER STREET. S. M. ISAAC SMITH.



133. S. M. Psalm 95. *Praise the Lord.* WATTS.

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

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

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

134. S. M. *Psalm 103.* WATTS' PSALMS.

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 rais'd
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.

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

135. S. M. W. THOMPSON.
The Believer may converse with God as with his Father.

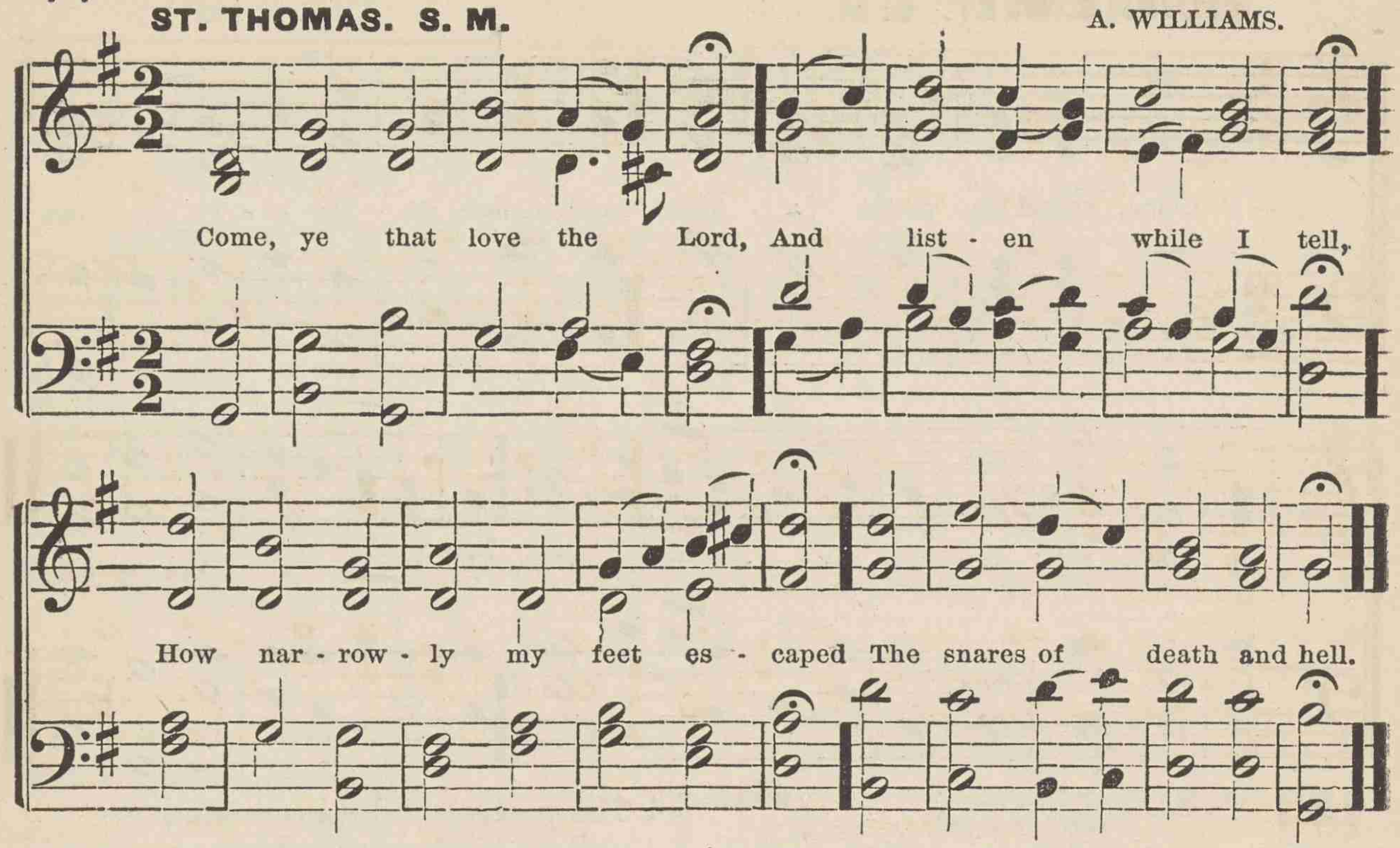
1 MY Father and my God,
O teach me to draw near,
And may I feel a child-like love,
And not a slavish fear.

2 O let my soul be filled
With thy paternal grace,
While in humility I come
And stand before thy face.

3 A rebel I have been,
And still remain the same,
But thou hast bid me come to thee
In Jesus' worthy name.

4 Lord, in his name I come,
And praise thee for thy grace;
Unworthy as I know I am,
I love to see thy face.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. A. WILLIAMS.



136. S. M. Ps. 66. 16. STENNETT.
Praise for Conversion.

2 The flattering joys of sense
Assailed my foolish heart,
While Satan with malicious skill
Guided the poisonous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish sprung from opening life
And pleasure sprung from pain.

4 Darkness, and shame, and grief
Oppressed my gloomy mind;
I looked around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

5 At length to God I cried,
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head he raised,
My bleeding wounds he healed,
Pardoned my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon sealed.

7 O may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God,
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

137. S. M. Ps. 73. 28. WATTS.
God All to his People.

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 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thy embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

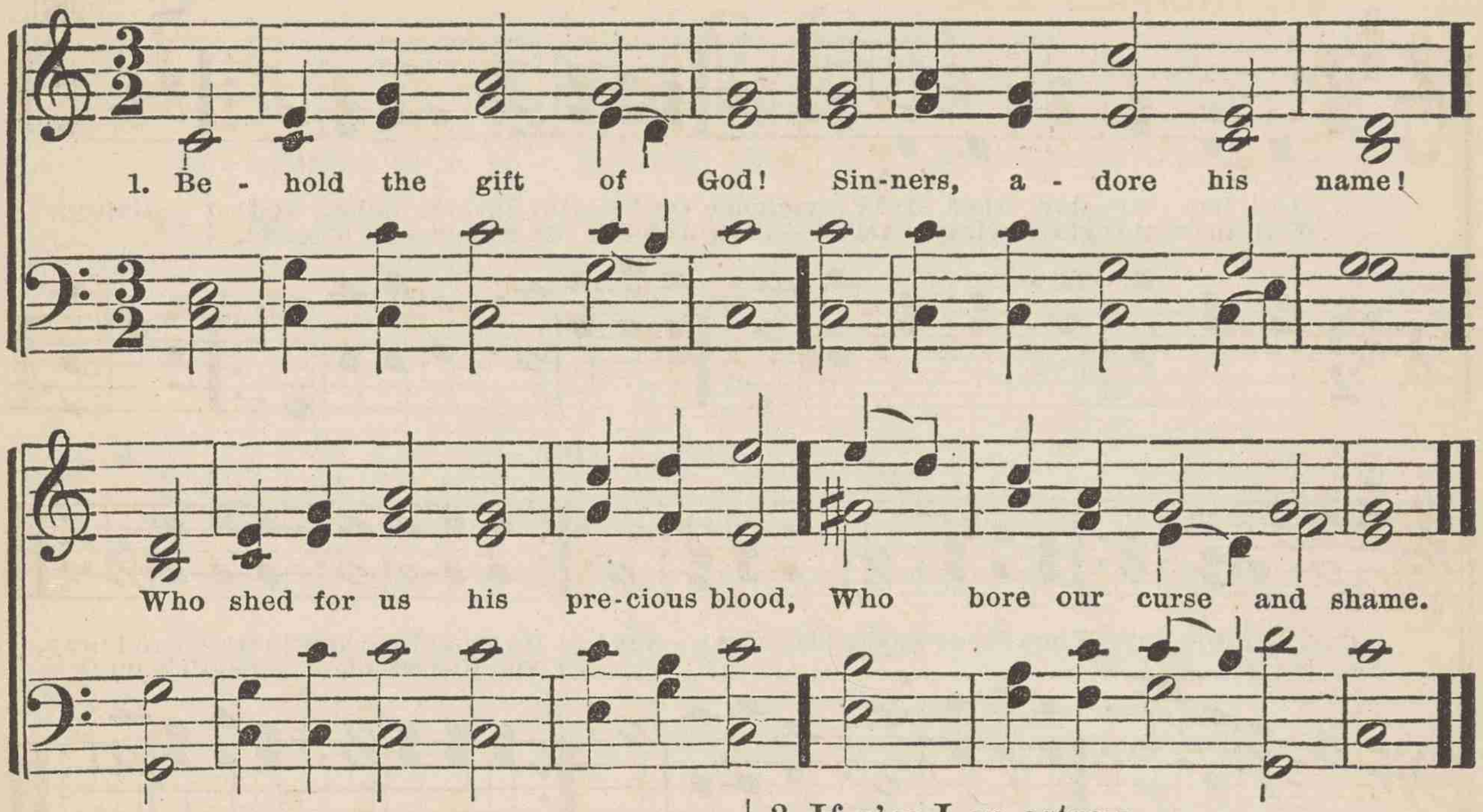
3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

4 Nor earth nor all the skies,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

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

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

ADDIE. S. M.



138. S. M. HOSKINS.
Bread of Life.—John 6. 35, 48, 51.

2 Behold the living bread!
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.

3 Behold the Saviour's love!
Who gives his flesh to eat;
Never did angels taste above
Provisions half so sweet.

4 The Lord delights to give;
He knows you've naught to buy;
To Jesus haste, this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

139. S. M. Psalm 23. WATTS.

1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [shade,
Though I should walk thro' death's dark
My shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

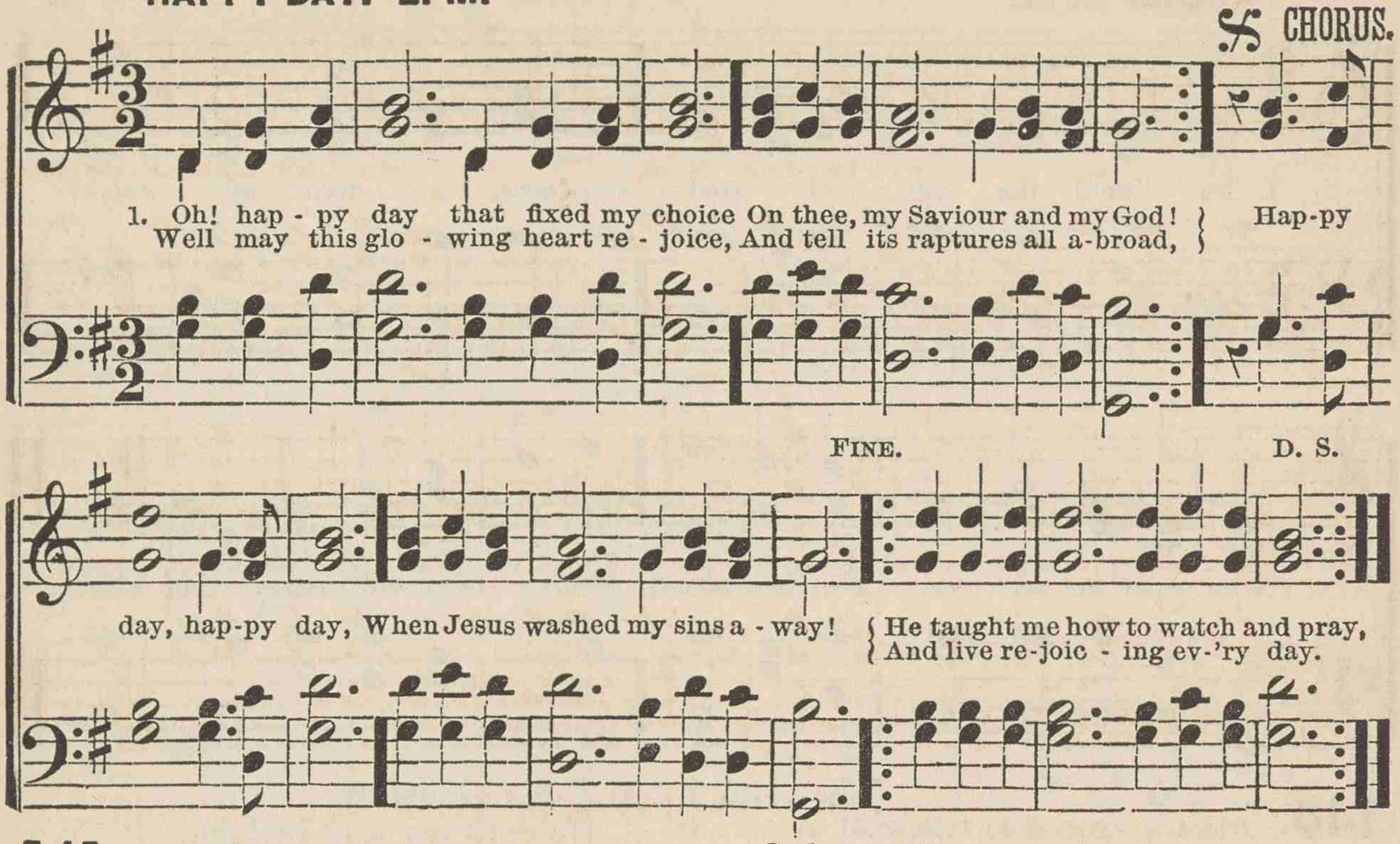
6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

140. S. M.

1 LET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear,
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of Lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.



141. L. M. *Deut. 33. 29.* DODDRIDGE.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
CHO.—Happy day, happy day, &c.

3 Now, rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

4 High heaven, that heard 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.

142. L. M. *Come, Sinners!*

1 COME, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood,
Behold his side, and venture near;
The well of endless life is here.

2 Here we forget our cares and pains;
We drink, yet still our thirst remains:
Only the Fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

3 His name dispels our guilt and fear,
Revives our heart and charms our ear;
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

143. L. M. John 14, 2.
Church complete in Christ.

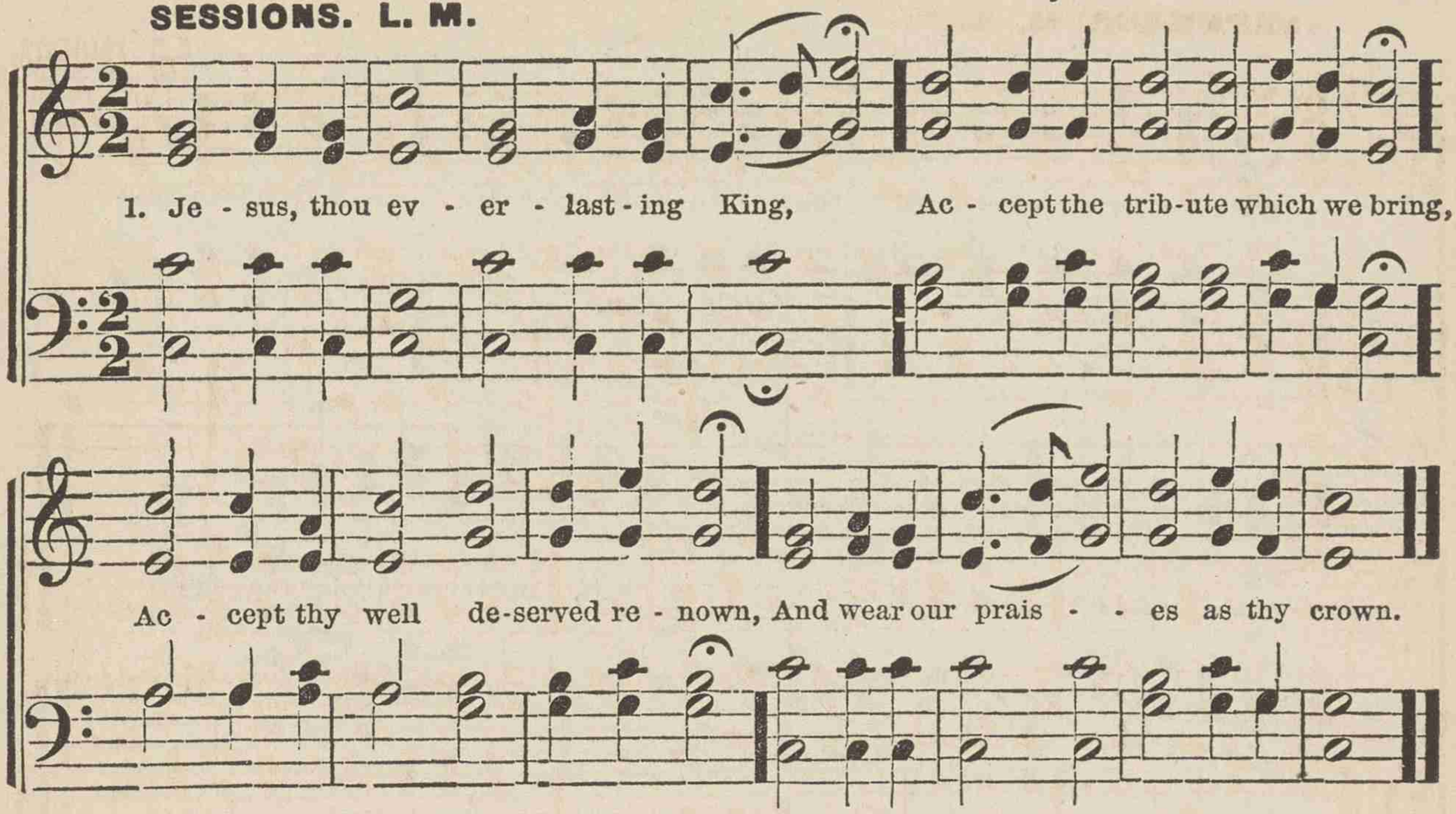
1 WHY should the saints be filled with dread,
Or yield their joys to slavish fear?
Heaven can't be full, which holds the Head,
Till every member's present there.

2 In heaven the Head — the members here—
Ten thousand thousand, yet but one;
So far asunder, yet so near; [throne.
Some yet unborn—some round the

3 How bright eternal wisdom shines,
When it displays eternal love!
Instructing by these dazzling lines,
The earth beneath and heav'n above.

By Per. O. D. & CO.

SESSIONS. L. M.



144. L. M. *2 Cor. 1. 12.* WATTS.

2 Let ev'ry act of worship be,
Like our espousal, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour when from above,
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

145. L. M. *Rev. 11. 15.* BEDDOME.

1 ASCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth
ador'd.

146. L. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things
divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

SABBATH. S. M.



147. S. M. WATTS.

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

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

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

148. S. M. *The Lord is risen.*

1 TO-DAY the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead;
He conquer'd our tremendous foes,
And Satan captive led.

2 He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings forever on his name,
He bought us with his blood.

3 For us his life he paid,
For us the law fulfilled;
On him our loads of guilt were laid,
We by his stripes are healed.

4 Ye saints, adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown,
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

149. S. M. *Psalm 99.* WATTS.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet!
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel
He gave his people rest. [pray'd.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race,
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same,
Still he's a God of holiness;
And jealous for his name.

150. S. M.

LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

Tune—CONSOLATION, p. 23

151. Psalm 122. LYTE.
C. M. *Joy of Worship.*

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

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair,
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song!

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

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

Tune—TWENTY-FOURTH, p. 32.

152. C. M. *Psalm 118.* WATTS.

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

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

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's Holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

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

Tune—HEBRON, p. 2.

153 L. M. *Another.*

1 SWEET day of rest, with pure delight
I welcome thy returning light;
These golden hours aloud proclaim
The honors of Emanuel's name.

2 This is the Pisgah where I stand,
To feast my eyes on Canaan's land;
And fresh, immortal fragrance seize,
Borne on the Spirit's gentle breeze.

3 'Tis here I grasp the bending skies,
Released from earth's polluting ties;
Here gather manna for my soul,
And strength my passions to control.

Tune—REDEMPTION, p. 117.

154. C. M. *Another.*

1 COME, let us join in sweet accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

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

Tune—FEDERAL STREET, p. 29.

155. DODDRIDGE.
L. M. *The Eternal Sabbath.*

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

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

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

4 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

Tune—MANOAH, p. 138.

156. BARBAULD.
C. M. *Isa. 60. 1.*

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh, what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
Oh, what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Tune—AUTUMN, p. 51.

157. 8s & 7s.

1 COME, ye saints, look here and wonder:
See the place where Jesus lay; [der:
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! Sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame.
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! Countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join his praise to sing.
Songs eternal [ring.
Shall through heaven's high arches

Tune—COOK, p. 96.

158. 7s. *Matt. 28. 6.* COLLYER.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,—
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

Tune—BALERMA, p. 6.

159. C. M. *Eph. 4. 8.* WATTS.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

4 Bright angels! strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise; [
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Tune—HENDON, p. 182.

160. 7s. WESLEY.

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

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

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

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection thou.

161. L. M. DOXOLOGY.

ALL glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love,
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly dove.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D. SPANISH.



162. 8s & 7s. D. Isa. 33. 20. 21. NEWTON.

Zion is defended and supplied.

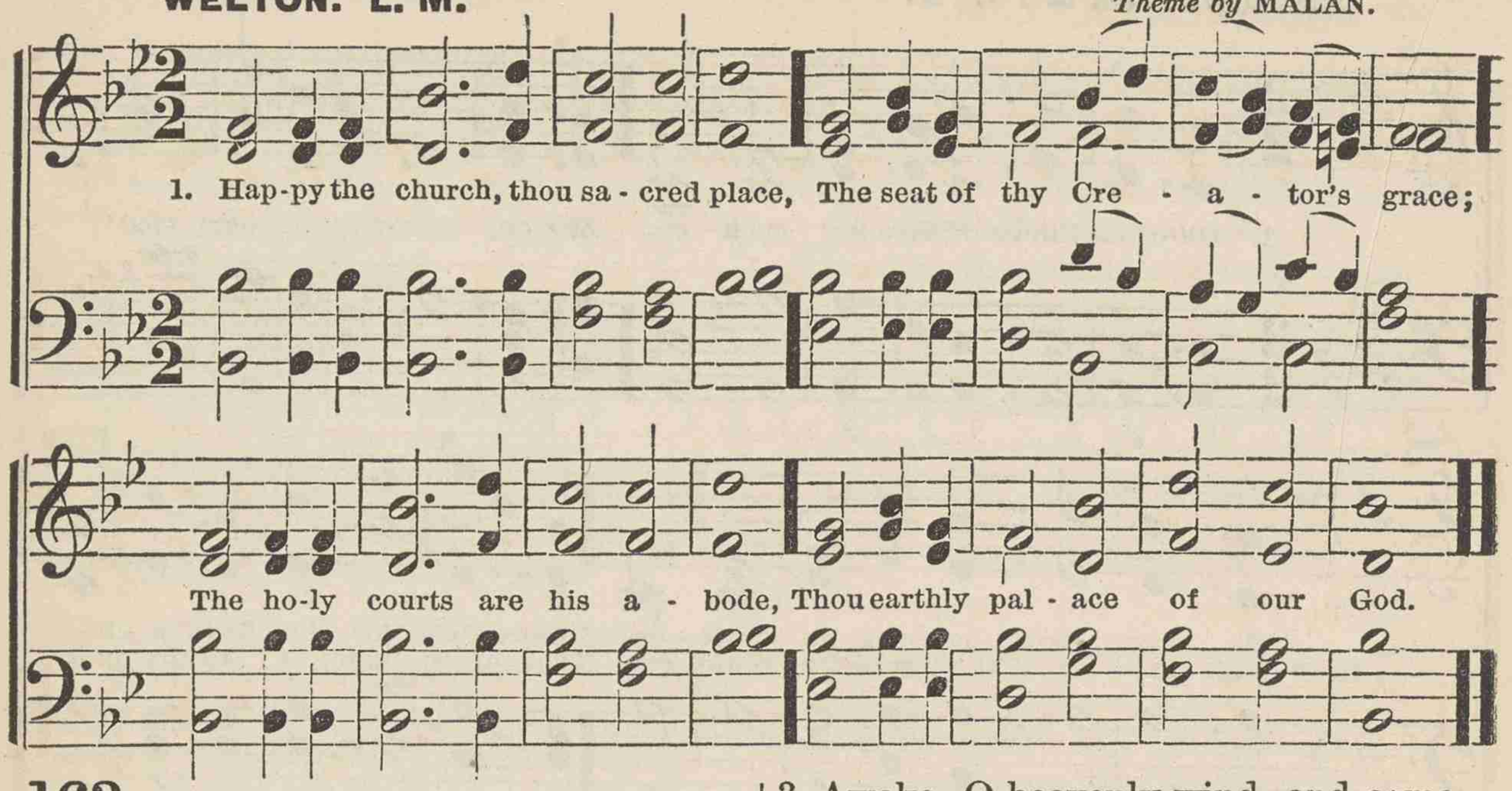
2 See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
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 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God;
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5 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 wordling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

WELTON. L. M. *Theme by* MALAN.



163. L. M. *Psalm 48.* WATTS.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his highest praise.

164. L. M. Solomon's Song 4. 12-15.
The Church the Garden of Christ.

1 WE are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little spot enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this Garden of perfume:
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God;
And faith and love and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

165. L. M. *Eph. 2. 19.* HART.

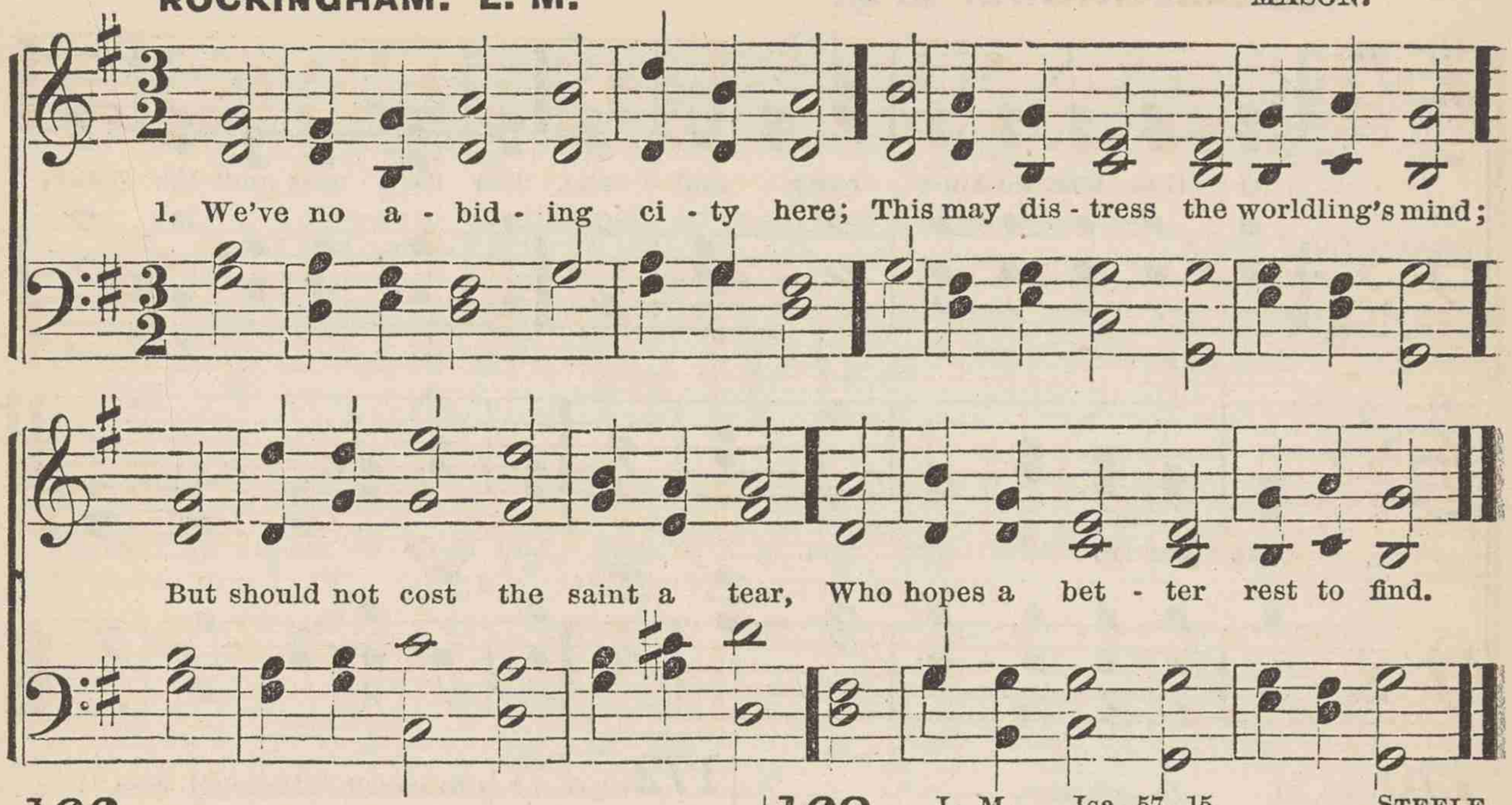
1 LORD, bless thy saints assembled here,
In solemn cov'nant now to join:
Unite them in thy holy fear,
And in thy love their hearts combine.

2 May they thy living members prove
Tho' all by nature once were dead:
Be thou their Lord, their life, their love,
Their husband and their living head.

3 Thus constituted, may they be
Part of thy general church below;
Yet independent, but on thee,
For thou alone their wants can know.

4 O give this church a large increase
Of such as thou wilt own and bless:
Lord fill their hearts with joy and peace,
And clothe them with thy right-
eousness.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. MASON.



166. L. M. *Heb. 13. 14.* KELLY.

2 We've no abiding city here;
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here;
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 We've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name—we'll soon be there,
It shines with everlasting light.

167. L. M.
Young members wishing to live to God.

1 RENEWED by grace, we love the word,
And yield our souls to Christ the Lord,
Then to the church ourselves we give,
In holy fellowship to live.

2 Lord, may we feel that we are thine,
And sweetly on thy breast recline;
Thy name revere, thy word obey,
And never cease to watch and pray.

3 May we continue in thy ways,
Delight to pray, delight to praise;
Among thy saints abide in love,
Till called to shine in realms above.

168. L. M. Isa. 57. 15. STEELE.
Death.

1 ETERNITY is just at hand;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity, tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound;
But O! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd and peace with God.

169. L. M.
Christ the End of the Law, &c.

1 WHEN Jesus for his people died,
The holy law was satisfied;
Its awful penalties he bore;
It can command nor curse no more.

2 He having suffered in their stead,
The law, in covenant form, is dead;
He rules them with a gentle sway,
And they with sweet delight obey.

3 Amazing love! how rich, how free—
That Christ should die for such as we!
From hence the holiest duties flow,
Of saints above, and saints below.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. G. KINGSLEY.



170. C. M. *In Affliction.*

2 For wild the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
To view the rocky shore!

3 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.

4 Then, mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew!
And when thy sorrows visit us,
O send thy patience too!

171. C. M.

1 YE saints, of every rank, with joy
To God your offerings bring!
Let towns and cities, hills aud vales,
With loud hosannas ring.

2 Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name;
With thankful hearts and tongues in-[flamed,
His wondrous deeds proclaim.

3 Praise him in elevated strains,
And make the world to know
How great the master whom you serve,
And yet how gracious too.

172. C. M.
Desiring to run the Christian race.

1 O LET me run the Christian race
With diligence and speed;
God's word, his Spirit, and his grace,
Do all to duty lead.

2 Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss,
To save from sin and hell?
A love so wonderful as this
Calls for a glowing zeal.

3 Those who to Christ for refuge flee,
Should in his footsteps tread:
Our Prophet, Priest, and King, should
Both trusted and obeyed. [be

173. C. M. *1 John 4. 7.* WESLEY.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
But we are join'd in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
We wait his will to know,
That we in his right steps may tread,
And do his work below.

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

GANSON. C. M. D. VICCIE A. SEARS.



174. C. M.

2 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.
He shines—and I am all delight;
He hides—and all is pain:
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again?

175. C. M. *1 Peter, 2. 2.* WATTS.

1 AS new-born babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive,
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.
O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

2 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.
There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, "my Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

176. C. M. Dbl.

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death:
Who saves by His redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

SHIRLAND. S. M.



177. S. M. *Psalm 23. 1—6.*

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care,
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

178. S. M. DANIEL.
The Church Secure in Christ.

1 THE time will surely come
When all the ransomed race,
With angels shall go shouting home,
To meet their Saviour's face.

2 The church of God on earth,
As well as those above,
Are sheltered from the storms of [wrath,
In robes of dying love.

3 No trials that they meet
Shall rob them of their rest,
For Jesus makes them all complete
In his own righteousness.

4 All hail, thou conq'ring King!
Come quickly from above,
And all thy chosen race shall sing
Thy free electing love.

179. S. M. KENT.
The Church's Safety; or Zion's Bulwarks the Everlasting Love of God.

1 ZION'S a city fair,
Whose fame of old was known;
Jehovah dwells forever there,
He claims her for his own.

2 Here his affections rest,
Nor shall from thence remove;
'Tis his delight to make her blest,
And live upon his love.

3 Her worthless name is found
Deep graven on his hand,
In characters of grace profound,
That shall forever stand.

4 Though oft with tempest tost,
Yea, from her anchor drove,
This chosen vessel can't be lost,
Secured by cov'nant love.

BEALOTH. S. M. D.



180. S. M. *Psalm 137.* DWIGHT.

2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

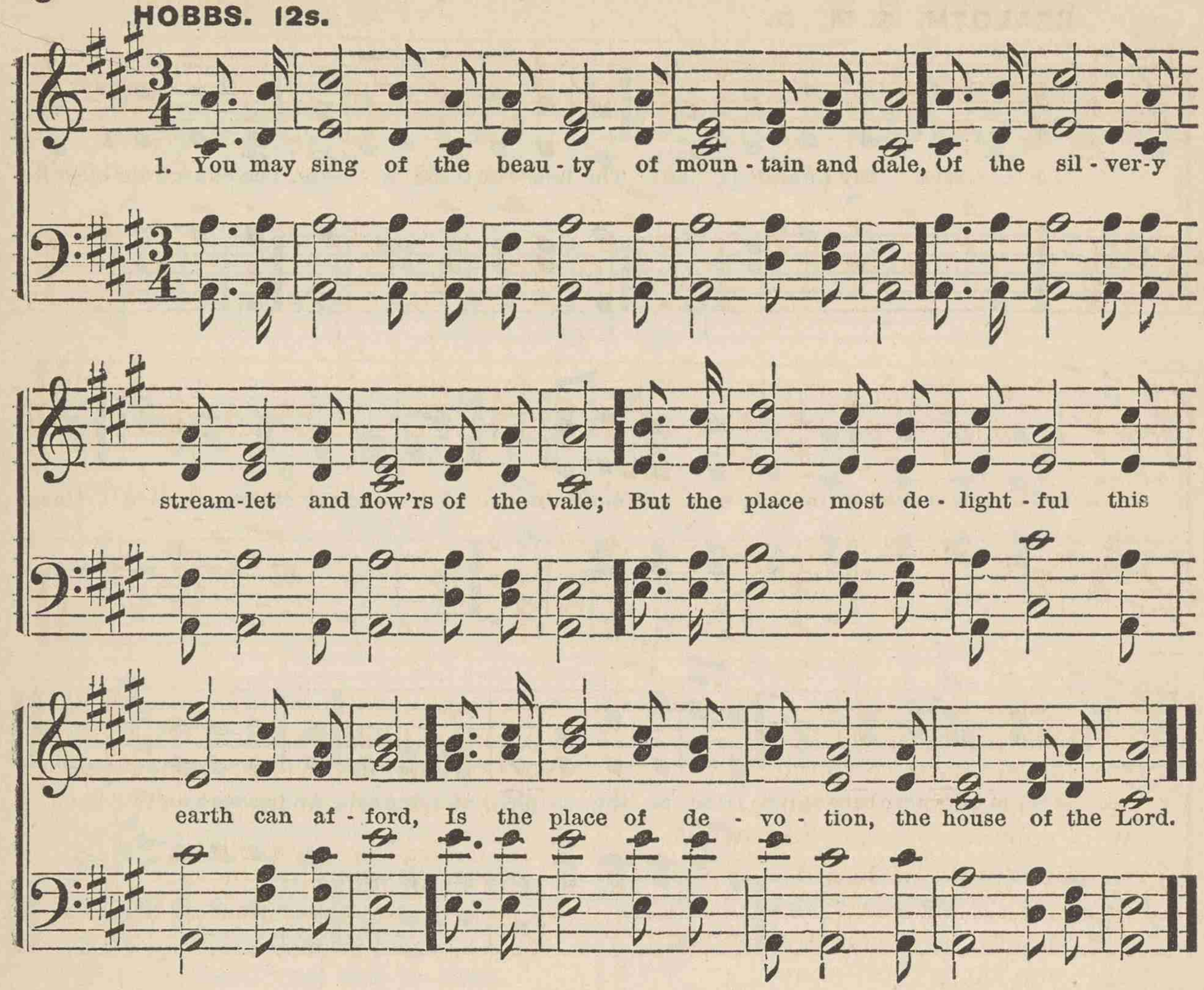
3 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

181. S. M. *Psalm 104.* WATTS.

1 LET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

2 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By his command they stand or move;
And ever speak his name.
By all his works above,
His honors be express'd!
But saints that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

HOBBS. 12s.



182. 12s. WM. HUNTER.

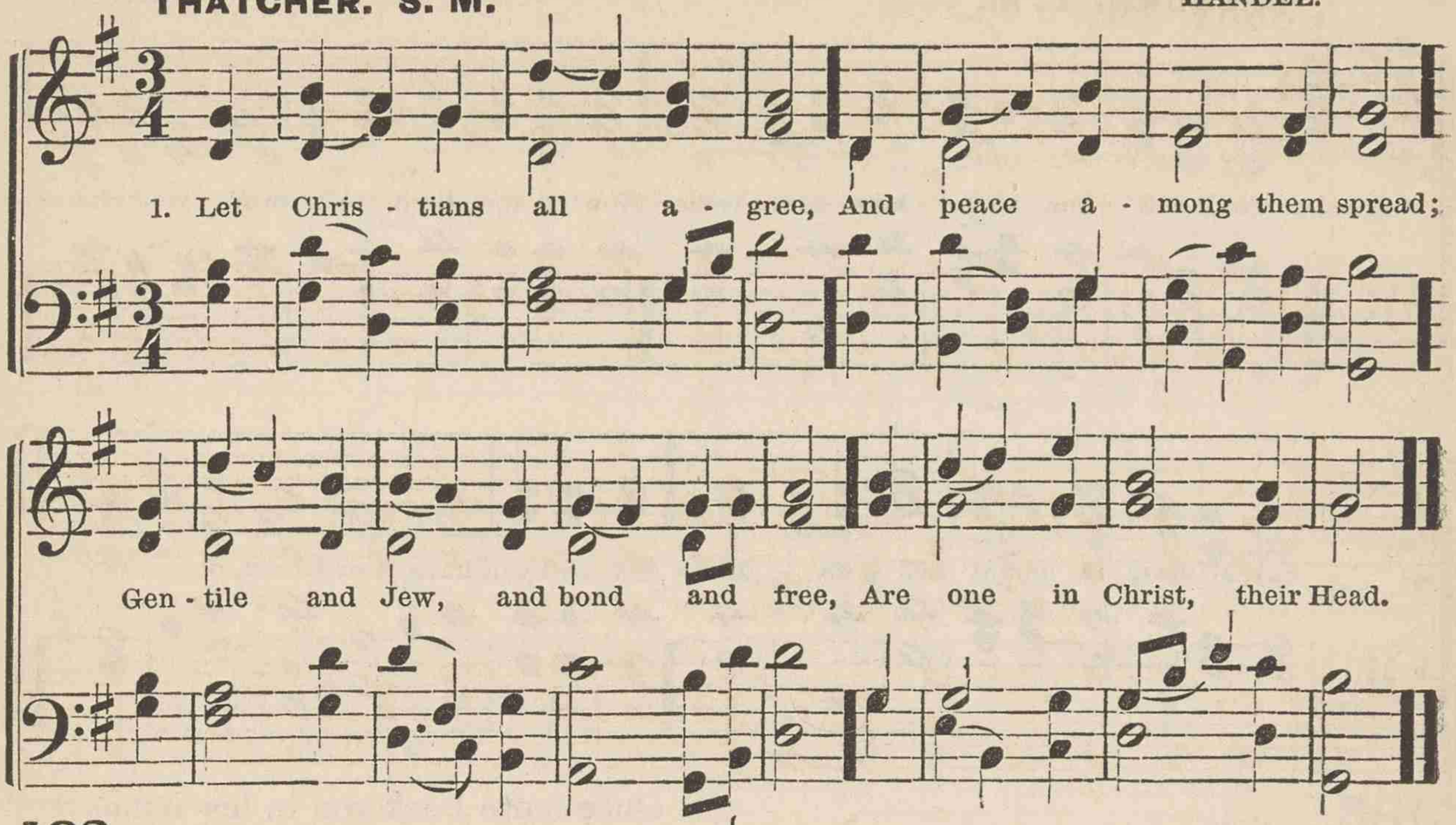
2 You may boast of the sweetness of
day's early dawn,
Of the skies softening graces when day
is just gone;
But there's no other season or time
can compare
With the hour of devotion, the season
of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of
youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the
noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on
life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master, the
children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects of
fame or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'-
rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory of heav-
enly bliss—
Take away every other, and give me
but this!

5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of
my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from
his word;
I will walk to the altar with those that
I love,
And delight in the prospect revealed
from above.

THATCHER. S. M. HANDEL.



183. S. M. *Gal. 3. 28.* BEDDOME.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let fervent love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With common blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, (child of hell!)
Be banish'd far away; [dwell,
Those should in strictest friendship
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above, [flow,
Where streams of endless pleasures
And ev'ry heart is love.

184. S. M. *Psalm 48. 13.* WATTS.

1 HOW honored is the place,
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

185. S. M. *Safety of the Church.*

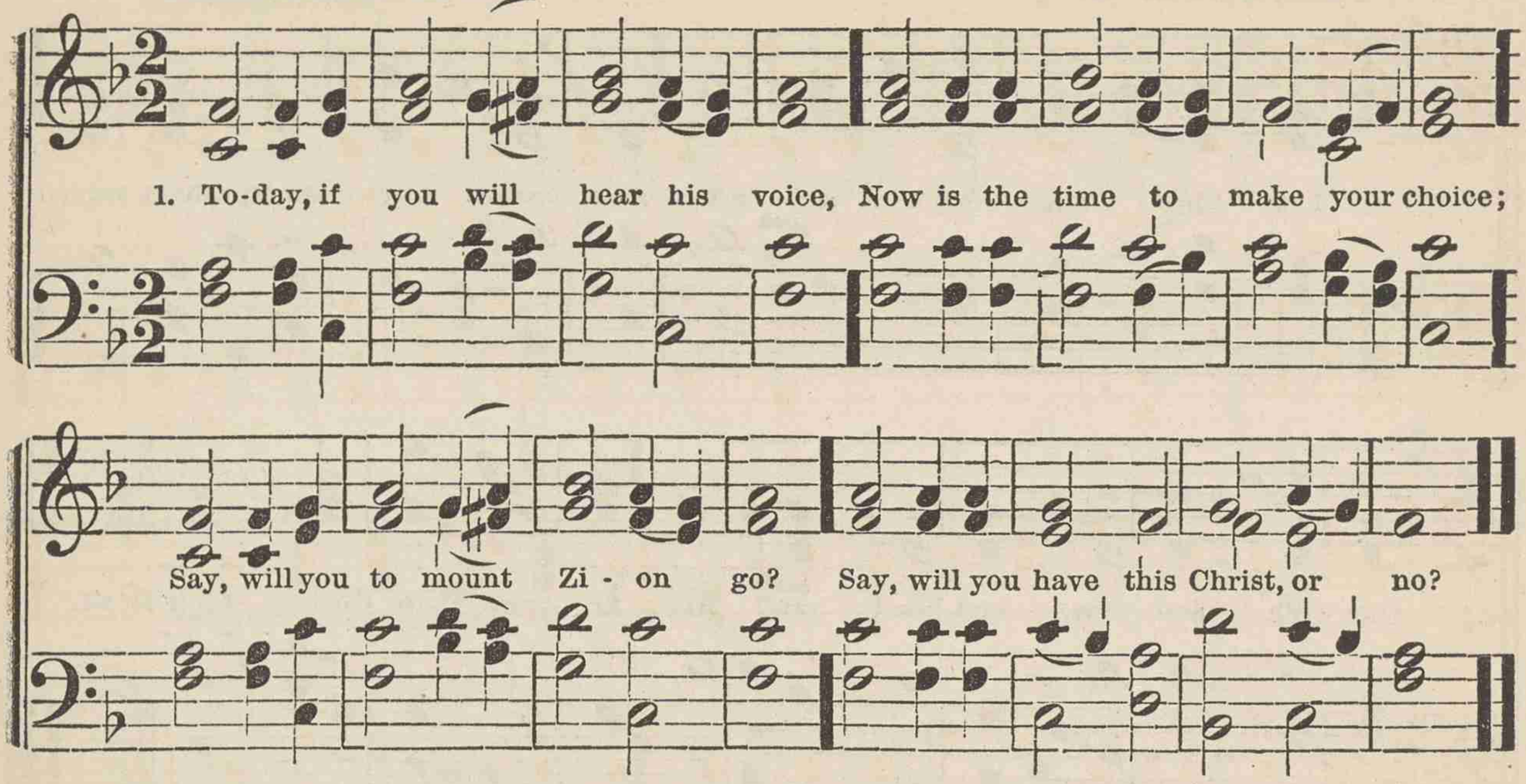
1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

HAMBURG. L. M. MASON, Arr.



186. L. M.

2 Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ forever reign?

3 Make now your choice, and halt no more;
He now is waiting for the poor;
Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

4 Ye dear young men, for ruin bound,
Amidst the Gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

5 Your sports, and all your glittering toys,
Compared with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear:
Come, go with us, your souls are dear.

6 Young women, now we look to you,
Are you resolved to perish too?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down?

7 Then, dear young friends, a long farewell;
We're bound to heav'n, but you to hell;
Still God may hear us, while we pray,
And change you ere that burning day.

8 Once more I ask you in his name,
(I know his love remains the same)
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

9 Come, you that love th' incarnate God,
And feel redemption in his blood,
Let's watch and pray, and onward move,
Till we shall meet in realms above.

187. L. M. CENNICK.

Good Way.—Jer. 6. 16.

1 INQUIRING souls, who long to find
Pardon of sin, and peace of mind,
Attend the voice of God to-day,
Who bids you seek the good old way.

2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood,
Of Jesus, is the way to God;
O, may you then no longer stray,
But walk in Christ, the good old way.

3 The prophets, and the apostles too,
Pursued this way, while here below;
Then let no fear your souls dismay,
But come to Christ, the good old way.

4 With cautious zeal and holy care,
In this dear way I'll persevere;
Nor doubt to meet another day,
Where Jesus is, the good old way.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.



188. 8s,7s & 4s. 1sa. 4. 1. HART.
Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ.

2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us 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 his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you'r 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 finish'd!"
Sinner, will not *this* suffice?

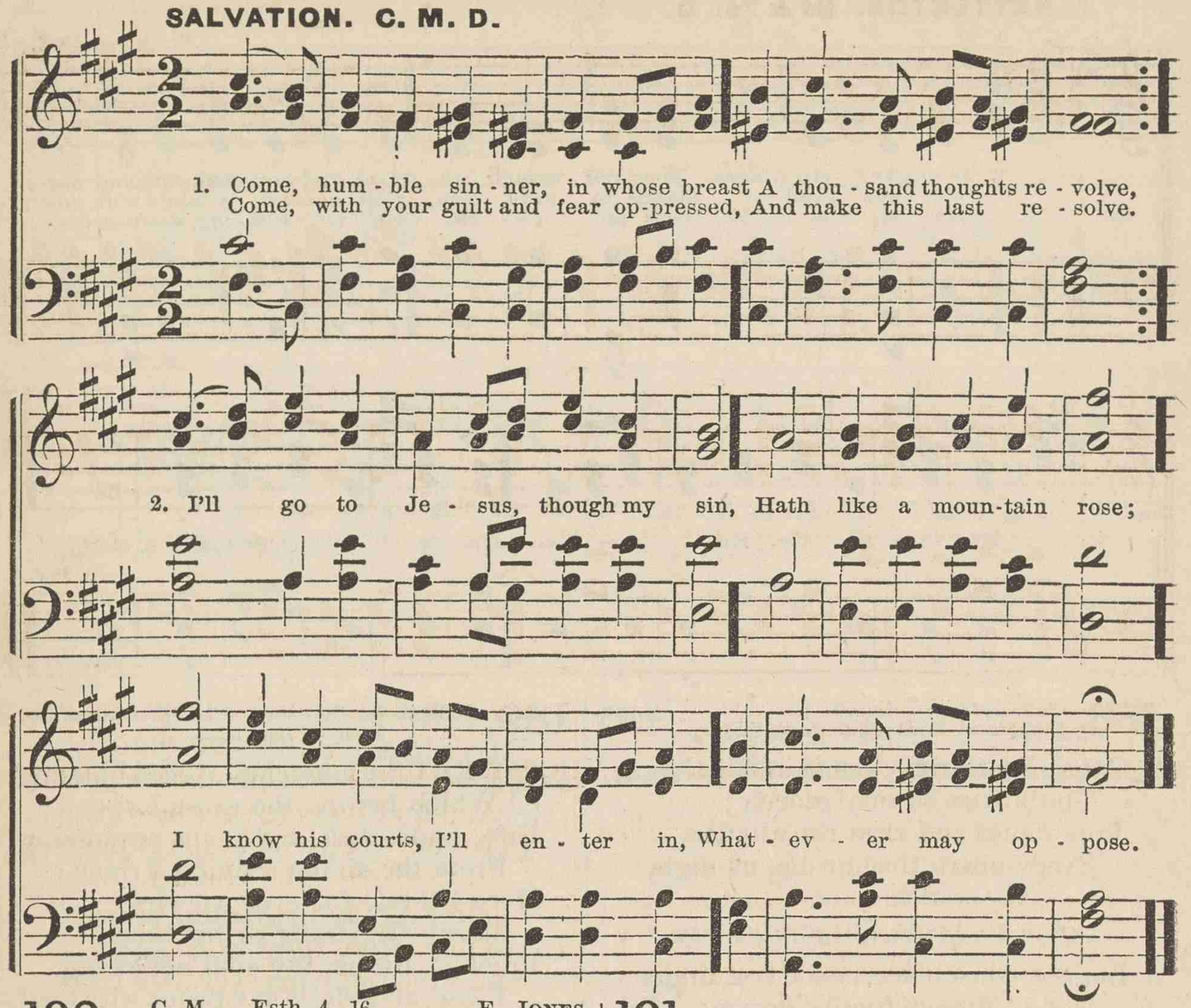
189. 8s & 7s. D. *Matt. 27. 36.* SHIRLEY.
View of the Cross.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend:
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye:
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death,
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

SALVATION. C. M. D.



190. C. M. Esth. 4. 16. E. JONES.

The successful resolve.

3 Prostrate I 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 may 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.

6 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This where to die—delightful thought!
As sinner never died.

191. C. M. *John 4. 14.*

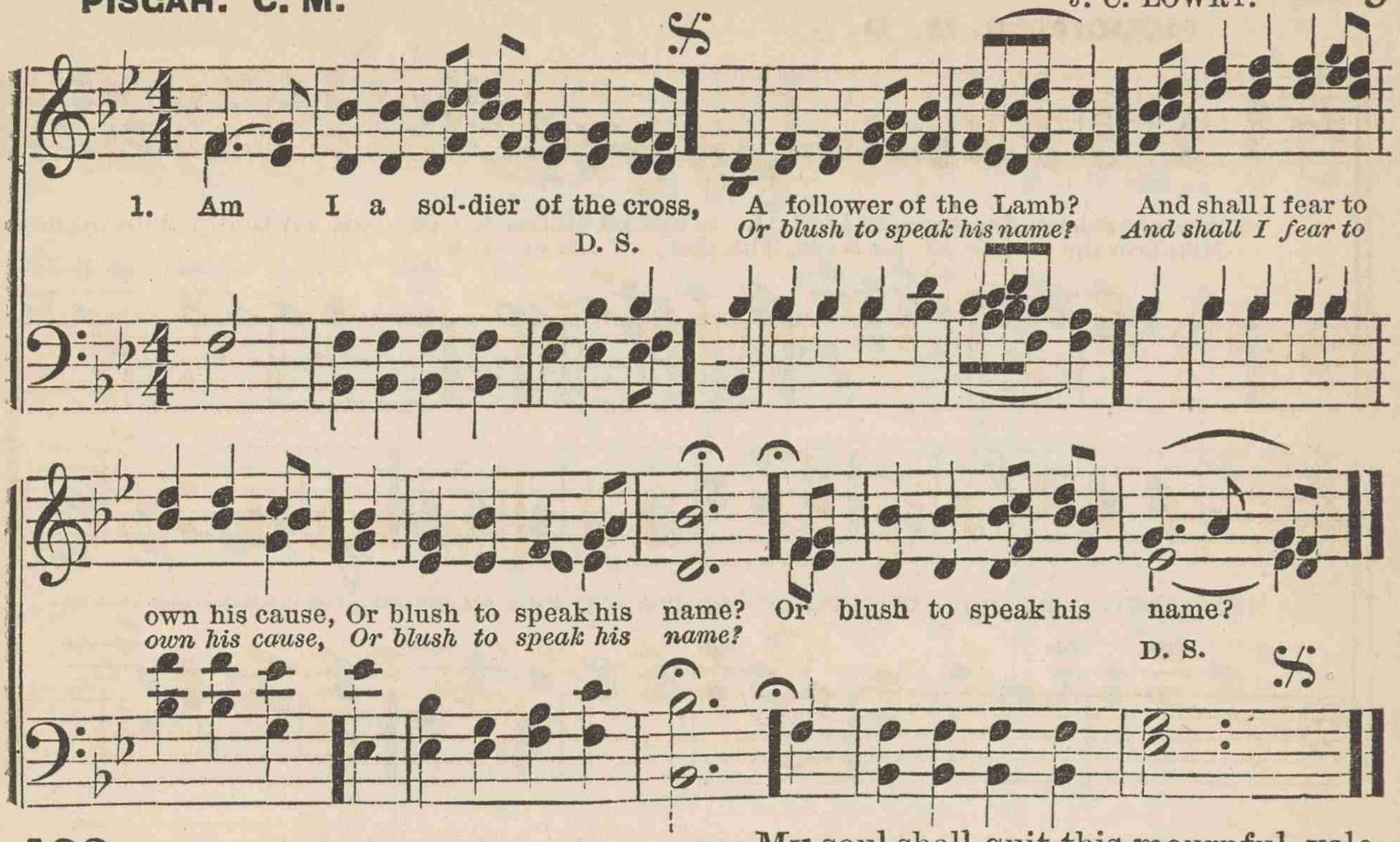
1 THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

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;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls 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,

PISCAH. C. M. J. C. LOWRY.



192. C. M. *2 Tim. 2. 3.* WATTS.

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

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

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

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

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

193. C. M.
Heavenly Happiness.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

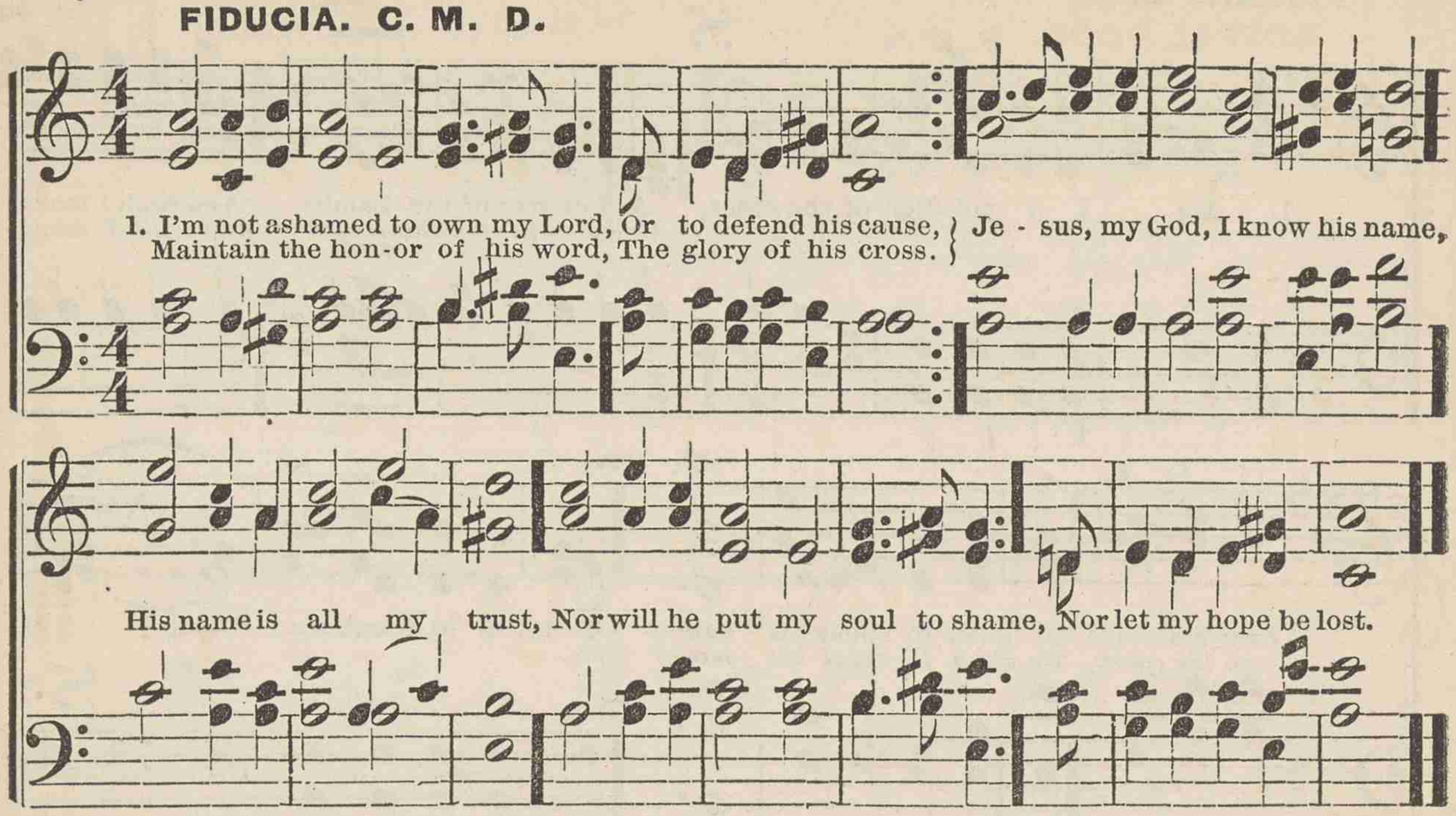
4 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

5 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my raptured eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.

6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.

7 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t'appear
And worship at thy feet!

FIDUCIA. C. M. D.



194. C. M. Rom. 1. 16. WATTS.
Not ashamed of Christ.

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.

195. C. M.
Baptism urged from the Command of Christ.

1 DESPISE me not, my carnal friends,
Lest you despise my Lord;
He bids me in the water go,
And I'll obey his word.

2 Christ is the bishop of my soul;
He meekly did appear
In Jordan's stream, and was baptized
By John, his harbinger.

3 And shall I now refuse to do
What he's enjoined on me?
No—I'll through grace the cross forego,
And his disciple be.

4 The watery grave I have in view,
It bids me hasten in;
To all the world I bid adieu,
To rise with Christ my King.

5 In thee, my Lord, I put my trust,
With all I have or own,
Hoping that thou wilt raise this dust,
To praise thee on the throne.

196. C. M. FELLOWS.
The Believer constrained by the Love of Christ to follow him.

1 DEAR Lord, and will thy pard'ning 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.

GOSPEL POOL. S. M.



197. S. M. Jno. 5. 2, 4. NEWTON.
The Pool of Bethesda.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove!

3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came

4 O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal!
He knows how long I've languished
And what distress I feel. [here,

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

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

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

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

198. S. M. S. F. SMITH.
The Spirit's Approval of Baptism.

1 DOWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led,
And he who came our souls to save,
In Jordan laid his head.

2 He taught the solemn way,
He fixed the holy rite,
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 The Holy Ghost came down,
The baptism to approve,
The ordinance of Christ to crown
And stamp it with his love.

4 Dear Saviour, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

DISMISSION. L. M. OLD MELODY, Arr.



199. L. M. *Col. 2. 12.* LELAND.

2 We here are come the world to tell
How Jesus saved our souls from hell:
And shall we not his love proclaim,
And be baptized in his dear name?

3 The Saviour's grave before us lies,
From whence he did triumphant rise;
We cheerful venture through the same,
And rise baptized in his dear name.

4 Then would our grateful hearts express
His ways are ways of pleasantness;
Our souls would feel a joyful frame,
And live baptized in his dear name.

5 Come, ye that love the Lord, and say,
We will no longer disobey;
If love divine your souls inflame,
Come, be baptized in Jesus' name!

200. L. M. Matt. 28. 19. DOSSEY'S SELEC.
The Gospel Commission.

1 GO, teach the nations and baptize,
Aloud the ascending Jesus cries:
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their Lord.

2 Commission'd thus by Zion's King,
We to the water humbly bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.

3 When in thy house they seek thy face,
Oh! bless them with peculiar grace!
Refresh their souls with love divine;
Let beams of mercy round them shine.

201. L. M. *Col. 2. 12.* 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,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death:
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again:
The various lusts we served before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

Tune—OLNEY, p. 105.

202. 8s & 7s. ROBT. S. DANIEL.
The Pleasures of following Christ.

1 LORD, in humble, sweet submission,
Here we meet to follow thee,
Trusting in thy great salvation,
Which alone can make us free.

2 Naught have we to claim as merit;
All the duties we can do
Can no crown of life inherit;
All the praise to thee is due.

3 Yet we come in Christian duty,
Down beneath the wave to go;
O the bliss, the heavenly beauty!
Christ the Lord was buried so.

4 Come, ye children of the kingdom,
Follow him beneath the wave,
Rise, and show his resurrection,
And proclaim his power to save.

5 Is there here a weeping Mary,
Waiting near the Saviour's tomb,
Heavy laden, sick and weary,
Crying, "O that I could come!"

6 Welcome, all ye friends of Jesus,
Welcome in his church below;
Venture wholly on the Saviour,
Come, and with his people go.

Tune—COOK, p. 96.

203. 7s. Mark 8. 38. LELAND.

1 CHRISTIANS, if your hearts are warm;
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are priz'd,
Rise, believe, and be baptiz'd.

2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse to mortals due;
Children prove your love to him,
Never fear the frozen stream.

3 Never shun the Saviour's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross;
If the Saviour's love you feel,
Let the world behold your zeal.

Tune—UXBRIDGE, p. 20.

204. L. M. STENNETT.
A Baptismal Hymn.

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 to do his will
Or be ashamed or be afraid?"

3 With thee into thy watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis thy glory to descend,
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie interr'd 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.

Tune—DEVOTION, p. 21.

205. L. M. *Baptism.* JUDSON.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove Divine,
On these baptismal waters shine:
O teach our hearts in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
We joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God for sinners slain.

3 We plunge beneath the mystic flood,
O plunge us in thy cleansing blood!
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise with thee to live,
O let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

Tune—SESSIONS, p. 47.

206. L. M. *Matt. 3. 13.*

1 DOWN by the water side we meet,
To tread the path that Jesus trod,
His name to us is ever sweet,
We follow him, he is our God.

2 In Matthew third there we behold,
John did immerse the Son of God,
Laid him beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of his future grave.

LEANDER. C. M. D. **AUSTIN.**



207. C. M. *Christ's Baptism.*

2 O heavenly Dove, who did descend,
And rest upon his brow,
With all thy quick'ning pow'r attend
Upon thine ord'nance now.
And while we in obedience move,
And thy command obey,
O breathe the pow'r of faith and love,
And wash our sins away.

208. C. M. *Mark 8. 38.* KIRKHAM.

1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

3 "Let mockers scoff, let men defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glorify thy name,
And count their slander gain."

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'rs resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

209. C. M. *Matt. 3. 6, 16.*

1 BURIED in Jordan was our Lord,
As well as in the tomb;
And in obedience to his word,
We imitate the Lamb.

2 This ordinance is plainly given;
'Tis left upon record;
Though not to save, or take to heav'n,
But show we love the Lord.

BAPTISM. C. M.



210. C. M. Gen. 24. 56. RYLAND.
Baptism.

2 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.

3 Thro' duty, and thro' 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.

211. C. M. *Col. 2. 12.* J. B. 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 and glorious Head?
Oh, may we follow, though despised,
And in thy footsteps tread!

4 Buried beneath the yielding wave,
O Jesus, would we be;
Arising from the liquid grave,
We'd 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.

212. C. M. *Col. 2. 12.* STENNETT.

1 THUS, was the great Redeemer
In Jordan's swelling flood, [plung'd
To show he must be soon baptized
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid,
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread;
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

Tune—NETTLETON, p. 61.

213. 8s & 7s. Dbl. FAWCETT.
Invitation to follow the Lamb.

I HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of Revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod;
Flee to him, your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour
Own him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ill that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says, "Let each believer
Be baptized in my name;"
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding;
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

Tune—LENOX, p. 172.

214. 6s & 8s.
The Descent of the Dove in Baptism.

1 DESCEND, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own;
Unbless'd by thee, our works are vain,
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Received the holy rite,
In open view thy form came down,
And dove-like flew the King to crown.

3 The day was never known
Since time began its race,
On which such glory shone,
On which was shown such grace,
As that which shed in Jordan's stream
On Jesus' head the heavenly beam.

4 Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire;
This ordinance is thine,
Do thou our souls inspire;
Thou wilt attend on all thy sons,
"Till time shall end," thy promise runs.

Tune—GOSPEL POOL, p. 65.

215. S. M.
The Duty of Baptism urged.

1 ARISE and be baptized,
And wash away thy sin:
The Christian soul is here advised
T'obey her Lord and King.

2 You must your Lord obey,
Or crucify afresh;
Therefore arise without delay,
Nor parley with the flesh.

3 For if you know his will
And do not it perform,
The cross will grow more heavy still;
Perhaps you'll grow lukewarm.

4 Arise and be baptized,
And wash away your sin:
If you in heart are circumcised,
The act's a pleasant thing.

Tune—SHINING SHORE, p. 92.

216. 8s & 7s. S. D. PHELPS.
Baptism; Christ, our Example.

1 THIS rite our blest Redeemer gave
To all in him believing;
He bids us seek this hallowed grave,
To his example cleaving.
I'll follow then my glorious Lord,
Whate'er the ties I sever,
He saved my soul, and left his word
To guide me now and ever.

2 For me the cross and shame to bear,
Dear Saviour, thou wast willing:
Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear,
All righteousness fulfilling.
I'll follow, &c.

3 Jesus, to thee I yield my all;
In thy kind arms enfold me:
My heart is fixed; no fears appall;
Thy gracious power shall hold me.
I'll follow, &c.

SILOAM. C. M. J. B. WOODBURY.



217. C. M. *Luke 14. 17. 22.* WATTS.

2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls:
Here peace and pardon bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

5 '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.

218. C. M. STENNETT.
My Flesh is Meat indeed.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares the rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 The bitter torments he endured
Upon the shameful cross:
For us, his welcome guests, procured
These heart-reviving joys.

4 His body torn with rudest hands,
Becomes the finest bread,
And with the blessings he commands
Our noblest hopes are fed.

219. C. M. *After the Supper.*

1 LET us adore th'Eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed;
Thou art the living stream, O Lord,
And thou the Immortal bread.

2 The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

3 Bless'd be the Lord that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men,
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

4 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

REFLECTION. C. M.



220. C. M. WATTS.
The Sufferings of Christ.

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 Christ the Lord of glory died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

221. C. M. *Cant. 5. 1.* STENNETT.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 I that was all defiled in sin,
A rebel to my God,
I that have crucified his Son
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

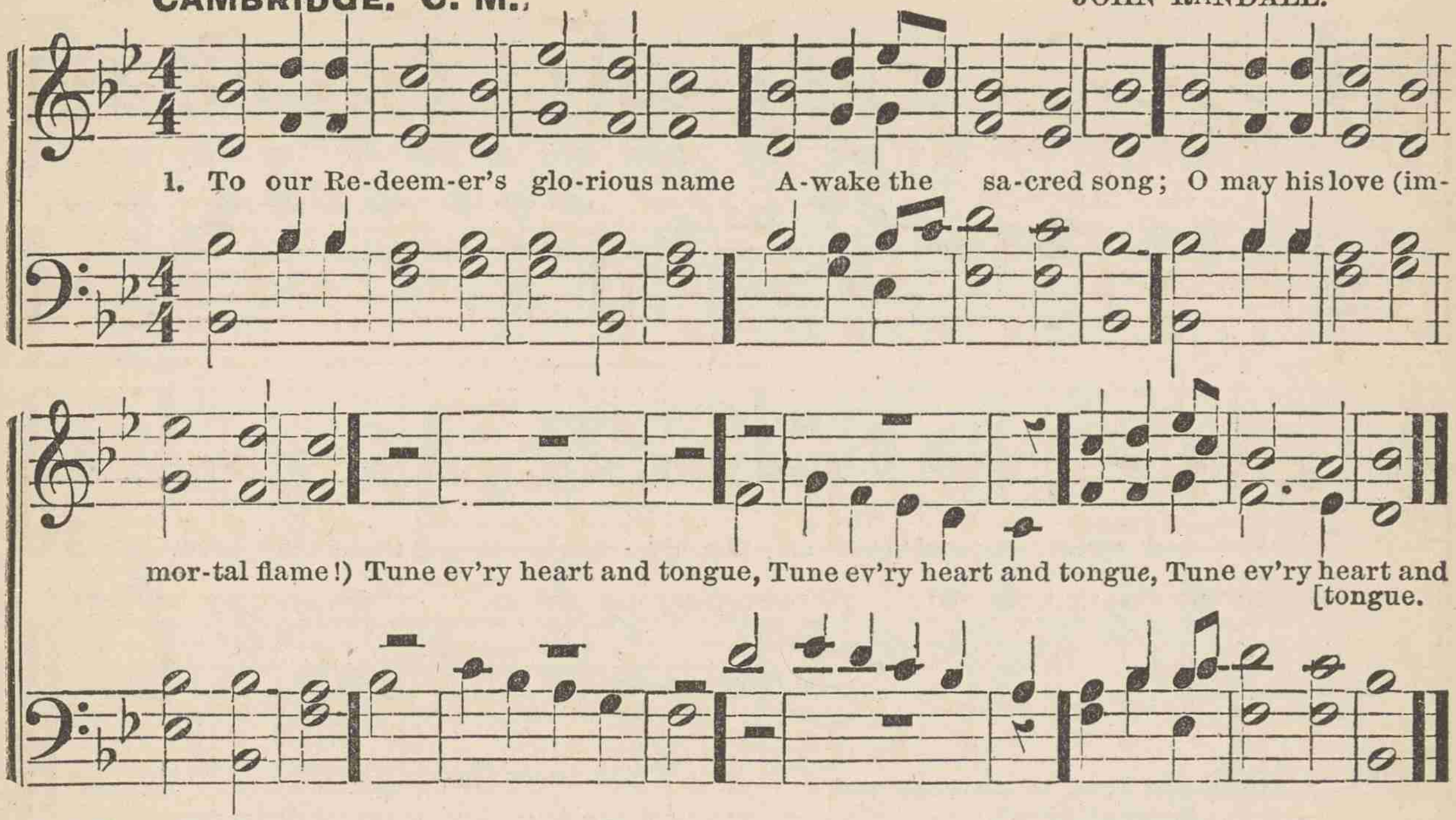
222. C. M. *John 6.* WATTS.

1 SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds our living Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views th'atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Assure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. JOHN RANDALL.



223. C. M. STEELE.
Praise to the Redeemer.

2 His love! what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left the radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatched from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

224. C. M. *2 Cor. 3. 3.*

1 IF, Lord, in thy fair book of life,
My worthless name doth stand,
And in mine heart the law is writ
By thine unerring hand;

2 If I'm secure by grace divine,
Of crowns above the skies;
And on the road, from thy rich stores,
Shall meet with fresh supplies;

3 To thee, in sweet melodious strains,
My grateful voice I'll raise,
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To show forth half thy praise.

4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.

225. C. M.
Viewing the Cross by Faith.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 Our humble faith here takes its rise,
While sitting round his board,
And back to Calvary it flies,
To view its groaning Lord.

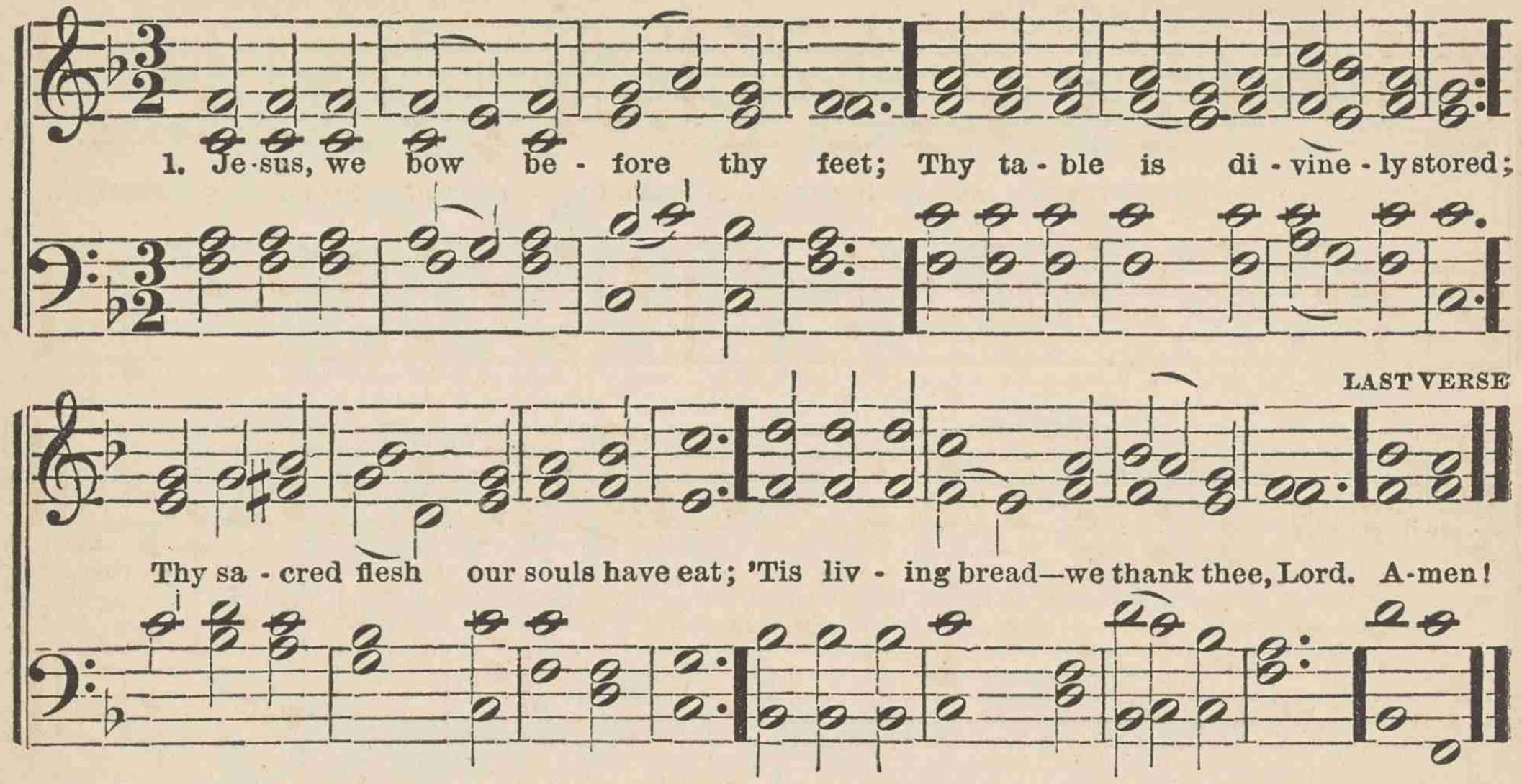
3 His soul, what agonies it felt,
When his own God withdrew,
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!

4 "Here," says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side,
"See here the spring of all your joys,
That opened when I died."

5 He smiles and cheers my mournful heart
And tells of all his pains:
'All this," says he, "I bore for thee,"
And then he smiles again.

COMMUNION.

HURSLEY. L. M. **F. J. HAYDN.**



226. L. M.
Incomparable Food, or the Flesh and Blood of Christ.

2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis generous wine;
Mingled with love, the fountain flowed
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food;
In vain we search the globe around,
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

4 Joy to the Master of the feast;
His name our souls forever bless:
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.

227. L. M. 1 Cor. 11. 23. WATTS.
The Lord's Supper instituted.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd. and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive, and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

228. L. M. *Matt. 26. 27.*

1 THY broken body, gracious Lord,
Is shadowed by this broken bread;
The wine, which in the cup is poured,
Points to the blood which thou hast shed.

2 And while we meet together thus,
We show that we are one in thee;
Thy precious blood was shed for us,
Thy death, O Lord, hath set us free.

3 Brethren in thee, in union sweet,
For ever be thy grace adored!
'Tis in thy name that now we meet
And know thee with us, gracious Lord!

4 We have one hope, that thou wilt come;
Thee in the air we wait to see,
When thou wilt take thy people home,
And we shall ever reign with thee.

DENNIS. S. M. H. G. NAGELI.



229. * S. M. WATTS.
Heavenly Joy on Earth.

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

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

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly pow'rs
To carry us above.

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

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

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

230. * S. M.

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

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

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

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain:
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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

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

* These hymns are also suited and often sung to KENTUCKY, p. 18.

Tune—SHIRLAND, p. 56.

231. S. M.
The Spirit witness to the Water and the blood.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To bring us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th'ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

Tune—GOSPEL POOL, p. 65.

232. S. M.

1 O LET our heart and mind
Continu'lly ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end!

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

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

4 The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

Tune—SILOAM, p. 71.

233. C. M.
Washing the Saints' Feet.

1 JESUS, by heavenly hosts adored,
The church's glorious Head,
With humble joy I call thee Lord,
And in thy footsteps tread.

2 Emptied of all thy greatness here,
While in the body seen,
Thou wouldst the least of all appear,
And minister to men.

3 A servant to thy servants thou,
In thy debas'd estate;
How meekly did thy goodness bow
To wash thy followers' feet!

4 I come, O God, to do thy will,
With Jesus in my view;
A servant to thy servants still,
My pattern I pursue.

5 The loving labor I repeat,
Obedient to his word,
And wash his dear disciples' feet,
And wait upon the Lord.

Tune—WINDHAM, p. 130.

234. L. M.
Washing, &c.

1 O PRECIOUS Christ in me abide,
Thy presence dear my safe retreat;
Subdue my carnal sense and pride,
And place me at thy children's feet.

2 Give me thy Spirit, O my God,
Then shall I in thy footsteps trace,
And show to all who read thy word,
That I'm indeed renewed by grace.

3 Give me thy Spirit, O my God,
Then through my few remaining days
I'll yield obedience to thy word,
And as I go, I'll sing thy praise.

Tune—DISMISSION, p. 66.

235. L. M.
Washing, &c.

1 COME, brethren, we who love the Lord,
Never depart from Jesus' word,
Let true humility abound
Where'er the love of God is found.

2 Remember when Christ was below,
What condescension he did show;
He did his dear disciples greet,
And condescend to wash their feet.

3 "If I your Lord and Master be,
And you my blest example see,
You should each other kindly greet,
And ought to wash each other's feet."

WATCHMAN. 7s. D. L. MASON.



236. 7s. Dbl. JOHN BOWRING.

Isa. 21. 11.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
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!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo, the Prince of peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

237. 7s. JOSIAH CONDER.

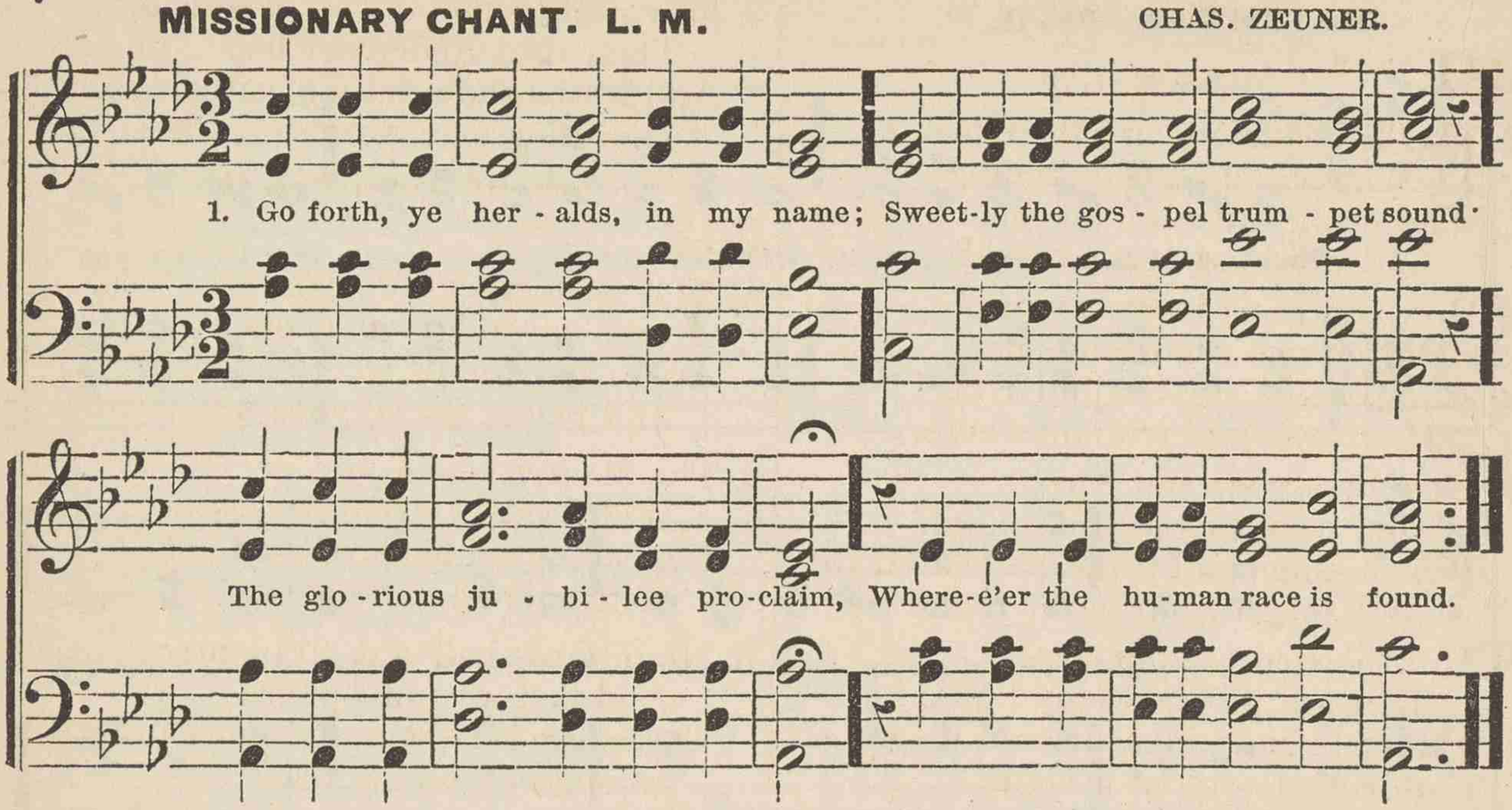
1 HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert, where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.

2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Help thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain;
That my sole reproach may be
Following Christ and fearing thee.

4 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. CHAS. ZEUNER.



238. L. M. *Matthew 10.*

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
And harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That you're commissioned from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrine be believed,
And by your labors sinners live.

239. L. M.

1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made every drop, and every dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And put them into motion first.

3 Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall his moving engine last
Till all his saints are gathered in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again!

5 Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

240. L. M,
The People's Prayer for their Minister.

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And keep him through thy love & power.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send;
O love him, save him to the end;
Nor let him as thy pilgrim rove,
Without the convoy of thy love.

Tune—SILVER STREET, p. 43.

241. S. M.

Isa. 52. 7, 10.

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

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

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

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without a 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 bear his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Tune—CAMBRIDGE, p. 73.

242. C. M.

Hebrews 13, 17.

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

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

3 They watch for souls, for which the
Did heavenly bliss forego; [Lord
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste
Th'account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our
faults,
Lord, where should we appear?

5 May that same Jesus, whom they
Their own Redeemer be; [preach,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Tune—ST. THOMAS, p. 44.

243. S. M.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame;
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

5 We wish you, in His name,
The most divine success;
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

Tune—LEANDER, p. 68.

244. C. M.

1 VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence
Direct us in thy fear; [now,
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose,
Thy house on earth to guide;
Those who shall ne'er their pow'r abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.

3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
And with discretion blest;
Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
Of every grace possessed;

4 These are the men we seek of thee,
O God of righteousness;
Such may our deacons ever be,
With such thy people bless.

Tune—REFLECTION, p. 72.

245. C. M.
At a Deacon being set apart to office.

1 UP to thy throne, O God of love,
Would we now lift our eyes;
Grant us thy presence from above,
And hear our feeble cries.

2 Upon thy servant, called to fill
The deacon's sacred trust,
O may thy Spirit's grace distill,
And make him wise and just.

3 Help him thy table, Lord, to spread,
With reference to that night,
When powers of darkness at thy head
Aimed their malignant spite.

4 By faith and prayer may he uphold
His faithful pastor's hands;
And to his temporal wants afford
Such aid as God commands.

5 Thy poor, the objects of thy love,
Who want and famine dread,
O may his bowels towards them move,
To grant supplies of bread.

6 Thus may he use his office well,
And to himself procure
Great boldness in the Christian faith,
And find the promise sure.

Tune—WINDHAM, p. 130.

246. L. M,
At the setting apart of a Deacon to his office.

1 HEAD of the Church, thy care we bless;
Thy bounties are both rich and large;
While teachers on their teachings wait,
Our temp'rals are the deacon's charge.

2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice,
Of him whose generous, prudent zeal,
Shall make thy favored ways rejoice.

3 By purest love to Christ and truth,
May he obtain a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee.

Tune—HEBRON, p. 2.

247. L. M.
At the Choice of a Deacon.

1 THOU sacred Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Distill thy dews of joy and love;
O'erspread our souls with rays of light,
And guide our erring judgment right.

2 From our dear brethren, taught thy word,
Fain would we choose a deacon, Lord;
One who may fill the office well,
And in the faith of Christ excel.

3 In thee we trust, on thee depend,
Our constant, never-failing friend;
Assist us, Lord, and bless our choice,
And in thy name we will rejoice.

Tune—AZMON, p. 40.

248. C. M.
The Deacons addressed and charged.

1 DEACONS awake! the word fulfil!
The work to you assigned;
Discharge your sacred duties well,
With pure and upright mind.

2 The table of your gracious Lord–
The Lord for us who died—
The church's poor, and pastor's board
By you must be supplied.

3 How great, how solemn your employ!
Preserve a conscience pure;
Be grave amid your social joy,
And blameless and sincere.

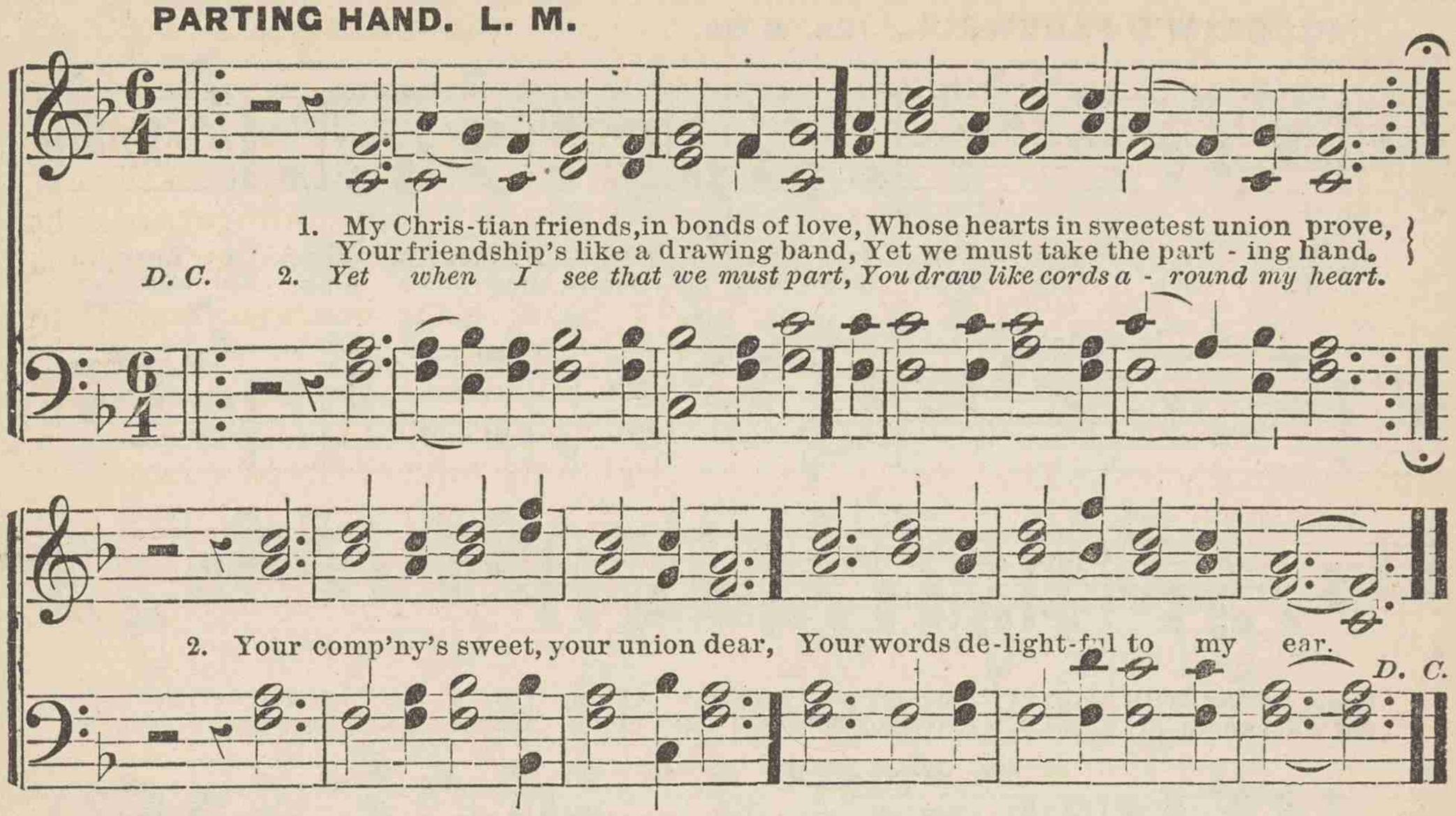
4 Still let the mystery of your faith
In bright effulgence glow;
Hear what the Lord your Saviour saith,
"Fulfill your work below."

5 Then shall you up to glory rise,
And fill that heavenly place—
That place of pure celestial joys,
Assigned you by his grace!

249. S. M. DOXOLOGY.

THE Father, and the Son,
And Spirit we adore;
We praise, we bless, we worship thee,
Both now and evermore!

PARTING HAND. L. M.



250. L. M. COURTNEY.

3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath we are to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

4 O could I stop with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind,
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

5 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

6 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes & fears,
Your hearts with love were seen to flame
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

7 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace; in Canaan's land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

8 I hope you'll all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

9 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My hope leaps forward at the thought,
When on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

251. L. M. *Eph. 1. 3.* WATTS.

1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heavenly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners through his Son!

2 "Christ be my first elect," he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameless in love, a holy seed."

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With Christ, our Lord, we share our part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence removed,
Till he forgets his first beloved.

PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. 12s. & 8s.



252. 12s. & 8s. DOVER SEL.

3 Farewell, &c., dear brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound with cords of love,
But we believe his gracious word,
We all ere long shall meet above,
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, &c.

4 Farewell, &c., ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
I'll march, &c.,
Farewell, &c.

PARTING HYMN. C. M. With Chorus.



253. C. M.

3 The children who have lov'd the Lord
Shall meet their teachers there;
And teachers gain the rich reward
‖: Of all their toil and care. :‖
CHORUS: Oh! that will be, &c.

4 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we, with those we love, may join
‖: In never ending praise. :‖
CHORUS: Oh! that will be, &c.

REDEMPTION. IIs.



254. IIs. *Minister's Farewell.*

2 May heav'n protect you, be Jesus your guide;
On the walls of Mount Zion may we all abide;
Although we live distant, and you I ne'er see,
On the banks of cold Jordan acquainted we'll be.

3 There all things are plenty, like Eden in bloom;
To those blissful mansions no sorrow can come;
Nor sin nor temptation shall enter that place,
And there we shall join in the song of free grace.

4 Adieu to affliction, to trial and pain;
I'm going to Jesus, for ever 'to reign;
I'm going to Jesus, 'tis him I adore;
With saints and bright angels to dwell evermore.

5 Live near to the Saviour, be fervent in prayer,
And while I am absent, remember me there;
That Jesus his gospel would crown with success,
And my poor exertions to numbers would bless.

[Verse 6 on opp. page.

6 And when we meet Jesus in mansions above,
Where saints and bright seraphs are filled with his love,
O then may I see these dear mourners appear!
How glad we shall be to meet each other there!

255. 11s.
The Christian's Farewell.

1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
That we must be parted from this social band;
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, & we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again if kind Providence smile;
But while we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
We'll pray for each other and trust in the Lord.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, the bounty enlarged—
With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may roar,
You'll enter fair Canaan and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, younger brethren, just 'listed for war,
Sore trial awaits you, but Jesus is near:
Although you must travel this dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.

5 The world, and the devil, and sin, all unite,
And bold persecution, your souls to affright;
But Jesus your leader is stronger than they;
Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, trembling mourners, with sad broken hearts,
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save;
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell all around;
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound:
To meet you in glory, I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

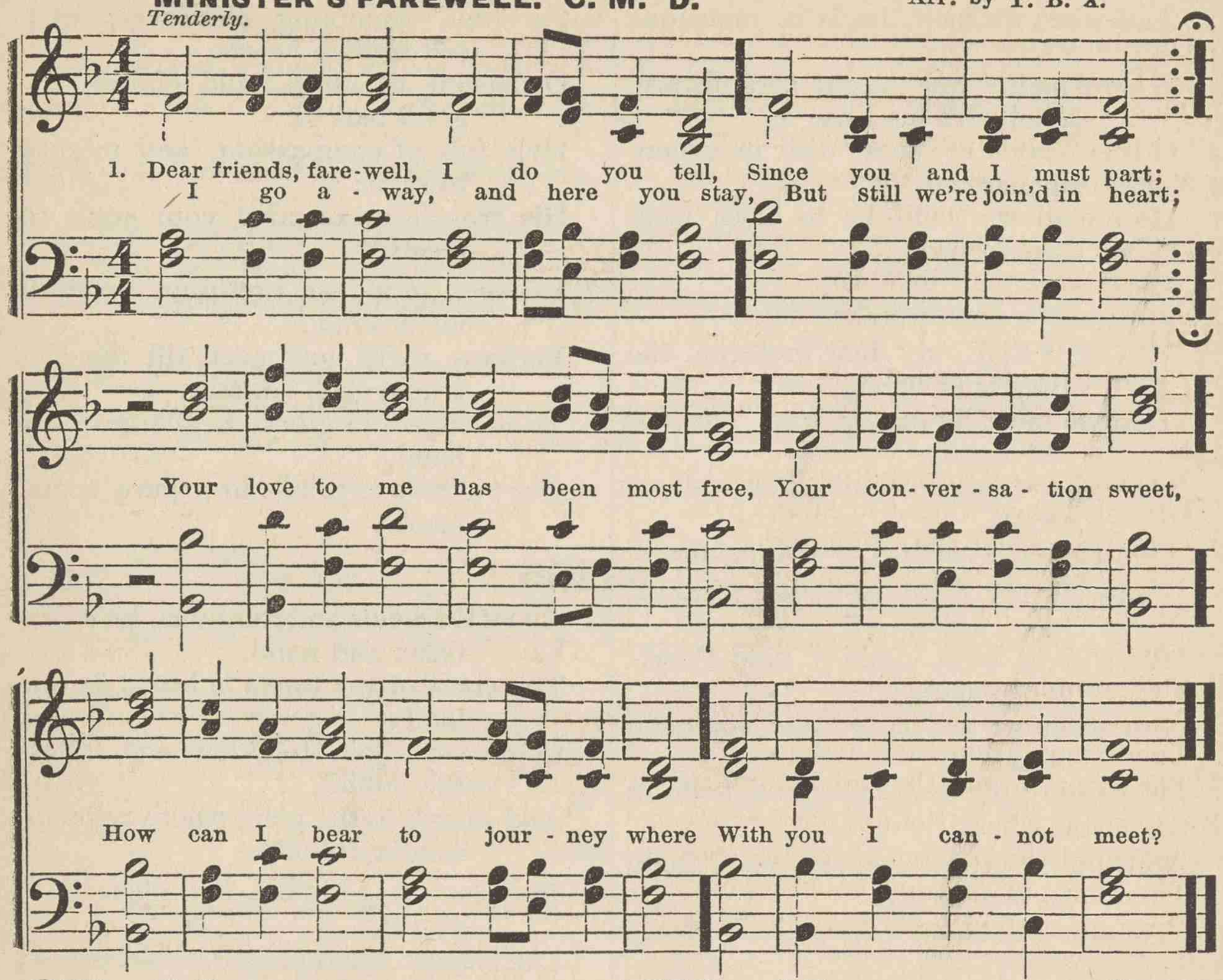
256. 11s.

1 COME friends and relations, let's join heart and hand,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
Come let's join together and follow the sound,
And march to the place where redemption is found.

2 The place it is hidden, the place it is seal'd,
The place it is hidden till it is reveal'd;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and woe.

3 That place it is hidden by reason of sin;
Alas! you can't see the sad state you are in;
You're blind and polluted, in prison and pain,
O how can such rebels redemption obtain!

4 But if you feel wounded and bruised by the fall,
Then come to the Saviour, for you he doth call;
And if you are tempted to doubt and despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there.



257. C. M.

Minister's Farewell.

2 Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below:
When Christ doth call I trust I shall
Be ready then to go;
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling harms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harms.

3 If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done—
I hope the Lord will you reward
With an immortal crown.
If I'm called home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me:
I hope to sing and praise my King
To all eternity.

258. C. M. NEWTON.

Acts. 20. 38.

1 WHEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day;
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wiped their tears away.

2 Ere long they met again with joy,
Secure no more to part;
Where praises every tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.

3 Thus all the preachers of his grace,
Their children soon shall meet;
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.

4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Though oft and plainly warned,
Will tremble when they meet again
The ministers they scorned.

[Verses 5 & 6 on opp. page.

5 On your own head your blood will fall,
If any perish here;
The preachers who have told you all,
Shall stand approved and clear.

6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view;
O hear their prayer, thy message own,
And save their hearers too.

259. L. M. *Tune*—MIGDOL, p. 90.
Acts. 18. 21. BARNARD.

1 O HAPPY day! when saints shall meet
To part no more—the thought is sweet
No more to feel the rending smart,
Oft felt below when Christians part.

2 O happy place, I still must say,
Where all but love is done away;
All cause of parting there is past;
There social feast will ever last.

3 Such union here is sought in vain,
As there, in every heart will reign;
There separation can't compel,
The saints to bid the sad farewell.

4 On earth, when friends together meet,
And find the passing moments sweet;
Time's rapid motions soon compel
With grief to say—dear friends, farewell.

5 The happy season soon will come,
When saints shall meet in heaven, their home
Eternally with Christ do dwell,
Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

260. *Tune*—SESSIONS, p. 47.
L. M, HERBERT.

1 LORD, grant a smile before we part,
And warm and animate each heart,
That we may tell our friends around
We sought our God where God was found.

2 Then shall we long to come again,
Because we know 'tis not in vain,
And where we sought our God byprayer
We found our precious Jesus there.

261. *Tune*—GOSPEL TRUMPET, p. 170.
L. M. *At Parting.*

1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

262. *Tune*—GOSPEL POOL, p. 65.
S. M.

1 ONCE more before we part
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful state
Where all thy saints are bound!

263. *Tune*—COOK, p. 96.
7s. *Acts. 20. 32.*

1 FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
In thy peace to meet again.

4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

Tune—MINISTER'S FAREWELL, p. 86

264. C. M.
A Pastor leaving the Church.

1 OUR cheerful voices let us raise,
And sing a parting song;
Although I'm with you now, my friends,
I can't be with you long.

2 For I must go and leave you all;
It fills my heart with pain:
Although we part, perhaps in tears,
I hope we'll meet again.

Tune—HEBRON, p. 2.

265. L. M. HERBERT.

1 O LORD, dismiss us now in love,
Send down thy blessing from above,
The blessings we have sought to-day,
Lord grant before we go away.

2 We have been praying for thy grace,
That thou would'st smile upon this place;
Thou know'st we love thy house of prayer,
Because we find thy presence there.

Tune—MIGDOL, p. 90.

266. L. M.

1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain:
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

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

Tune—DISMISSION, p. 66.

267. L. M. HART.

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,
Oh, wash us in the Saviour's blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Tune—HARWELL, p. 89.

268. 8s & 7s. VIRGINIA SEL.
The Parting Blessing.

1 JESUS, grant us all a blessing!
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go home a-praising,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell, brethren! farewell, sisters!
Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus, pardon all our folly
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell, brethren! farewell, sisters!
Till we all shall meet again.

Tune—BAPTISM, p. 69.

269. C. M.
Christ the Burden of the Song.

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

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

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

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

Tune—HARWELL, p. 89.

270. 8s & 7s. JONATHAN EVANS.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 4s. By Per. L. MASON.



271. 8s, 7s & 4s. WALTER SHIRLEY.

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

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

272. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 LORD, before we leave thy temple,
Comfort every fainting heart;
Assure us, we shall reign in glory,
One with thee no more to part;
Reign in glory,
Praising God with all the heart.

2 There, in sweet, triumphant splendor,
We shall all thy love explore;
And through one eternal Sabbath,
Shout thy name for evermore;
All in raptures,
We shall wonder and adore.

273. 8s & 7s. NEWTON.
2 Cor. 13. 14.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

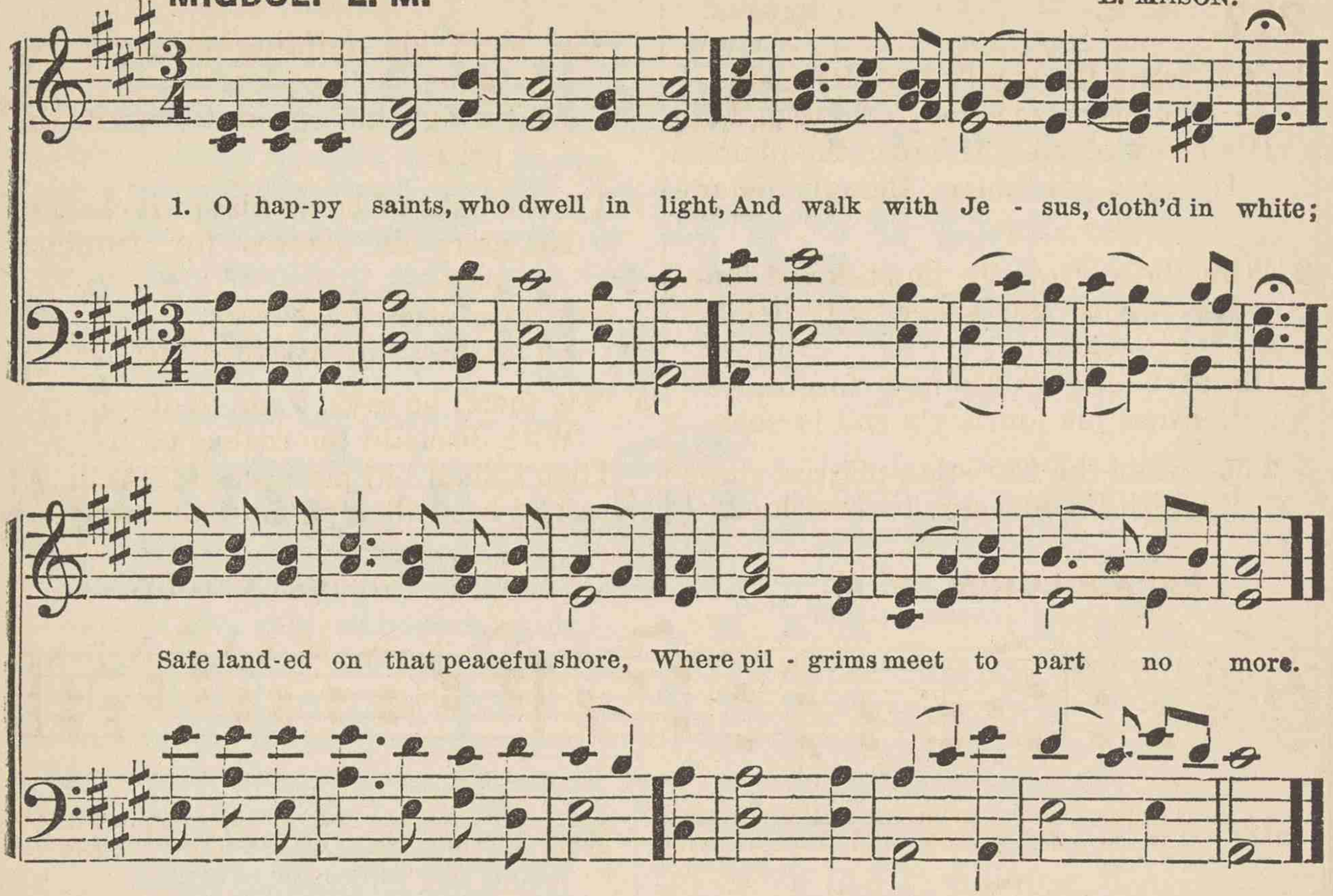
2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

274. 8s & 7s. DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love,
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,—
Priest and King, enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of Salvation,—
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

PILGRIMAGE.

MIGDOL. L. M. **L. MASON.**



275. L. M. BERRIDGE.

2 Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An opened cage, to let them fly
And build their happy nest on high.

3 And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

4 He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

5 Ah! Lord! with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

276. L. M. G. ROBINS.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

2 A land, upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

277. L. M. NEWTON.

1 AS when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he shall wipe my tears away.

I'M A PILGRIM. P. M. GERMAN MELODY.



278. P. M. MARY S. B. DANA.

2 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:
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. By Per. G. F. ROOT.



279. 8s & 7s.
The Shining Shore.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For now we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.
For now we stand, &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever! Oh, forever!
For now we stand, &c.

CONQUERING SOLDIER. 8s, 6s & 7s.



280. 8s, 6s & 7s.

2 We have a howling wilderness,
To Canaan's happy shore,
A land of dearth, and pits, and snares,
Where chilling winds do roar.
But Jesus will be with us,
And guard us by the way;
Though enemies examine us,
He'll teach us what to say.

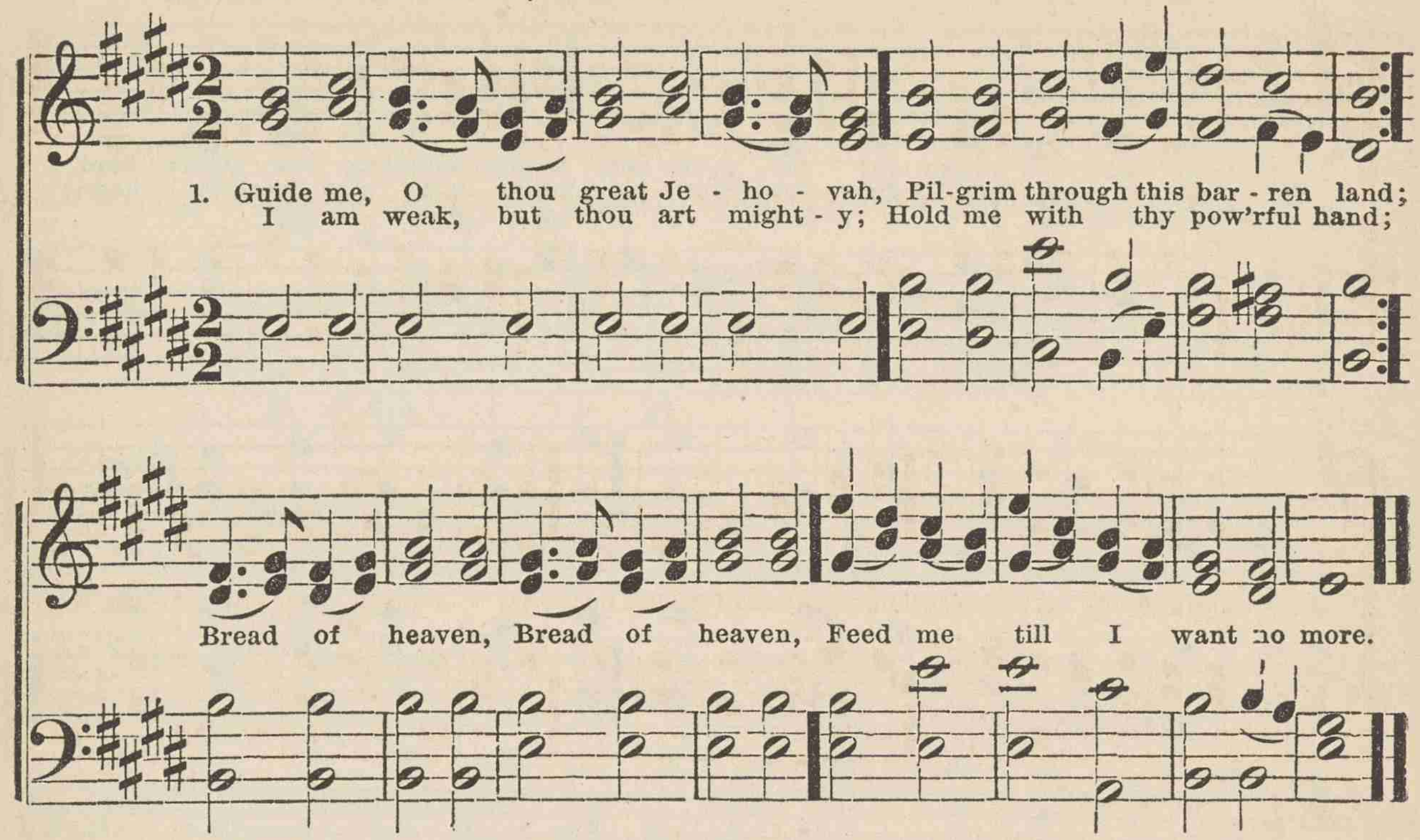
3 The pleasant fields of paradise,
So glorious to behold,
The valleys clad in living green,
The mountains paved with gold:
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand;
Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
To Canaan's happy land.

4 Sweet rivers of salvation all
Through Canaan's land do roll,
The beams of day bring glittering
Illuminate my soul; [scenes
There's ponderous clouds of glory,
All set in diamonds bright;
And there's my smiling Jesus,
Who is my heart's delight.

5 Already to my raptured sight,
The blissful fields arise,
And plenty spreads her smiling stores,
Inviting to my eyes.
O sweet abode of endless rest,
I soon shall travel there,
Nor earth nor all her empty joys
Shall long detain me here.

PILGRIMAGE.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s & 4s. ITALIAN.



281. 8s, 7s & 4s. W. WILLIAMS.
Ex. 14. 19.

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.

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

282. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

283. 8s, 7s & 4s.
DOXOLOGY.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou, the God whom we adore,
May we all thy love inherit,
To thine image us restore,
Vast Eternal!
Praises to thee evermore.

TRUE HAPPINESS. 6s, 6s &9s.



284. 6s, 6s & 9s.

2 O, that comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
Oh, what joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

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

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

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

6 Then I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the world was put under my feet.

7 Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
Overwhelm'd with the fullness of God.

8 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favor'd am I,
Gather'd into the fold,
With believers enroll'd,
With believers to live and to die!

9 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due:
May they all be devoted to him!

COOK. 7s. POPULAR OLD MELODY. Arranged.



285. 7s. NEWTON.
John 21. 16.

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 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 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?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

286. 7s Ruth 1. 16, 17. MONTGOMERY.
The new Member's Declaration.

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 into 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.

CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING. 7s. Dbl.



287. 7s. Dbl. CENNICK,

Luke 12. 32.

2 O, ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made,
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

288. 7s. Dbl. *Mark 8. 36.*

1 'TIS religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasures 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.

289. 7s. Dbl.

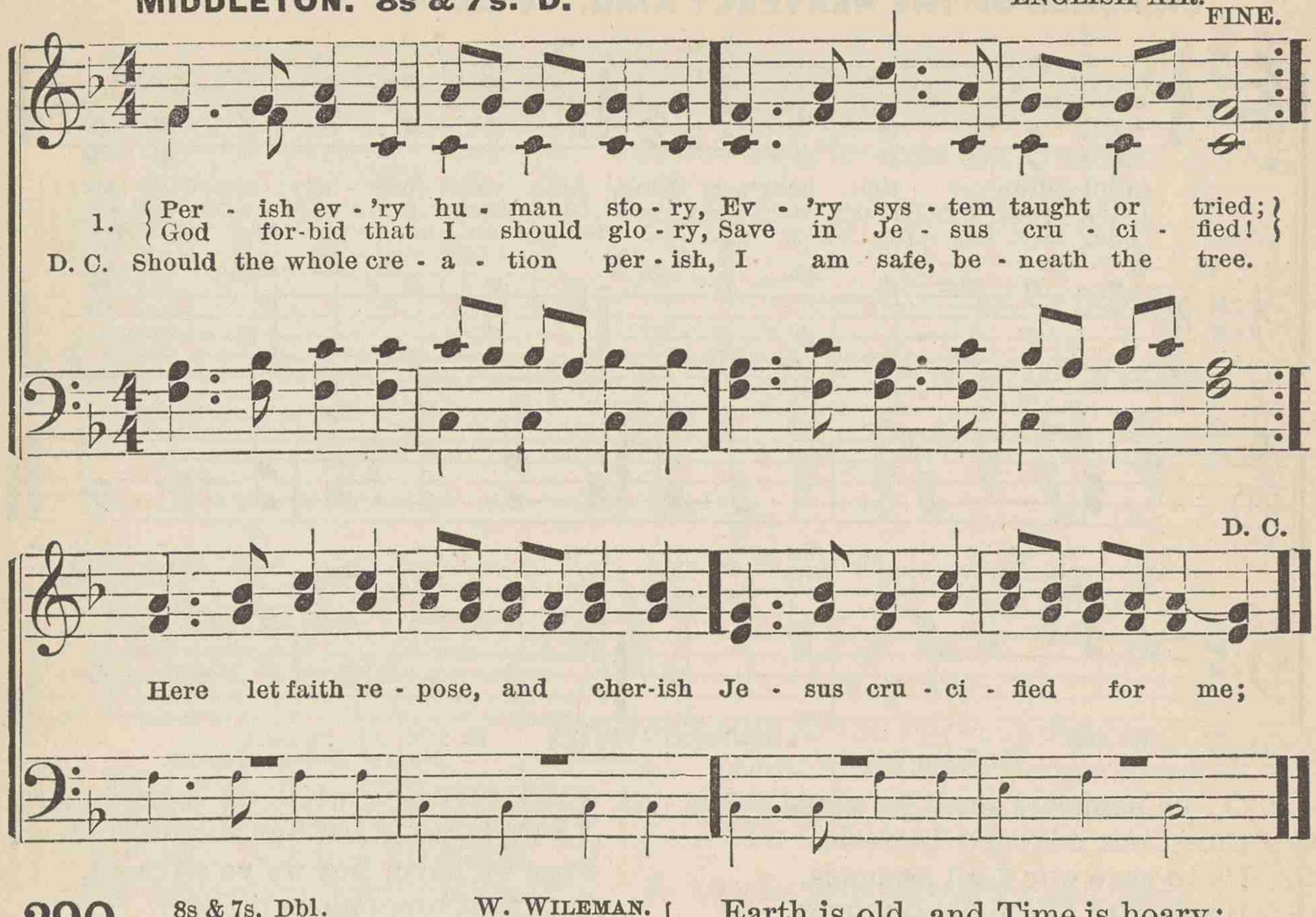
Mutual Encouragement.

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear,
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end.
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part;
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home".

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come, home."

MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s. D. ENGLISH AIR.



290. 8s & 7s. Dbl. W. WILEMAN.

Gal. 6. 14.

2 Here my soul by faith would enter,
Pleased no more with fancy's dreams;
Here is love's refulgent Centre;
Here are mercy's brightest beams;
Here is Wisdom in perfection;
Here's an end of fleshly strife;
Lord, be thou my Resurrection;
Jesus, be my spirit's Life!

3 Thy sweet love to me revealing,
Dwell within this worthless heart;
Let thy wounding be my healing;
Let thy death new life impart.
Lord, thy love can ne'er be measured;
Half thy mercy can't be told;
Thou hast more within thee treasured
Than a sinner's heart can hold.

4 O that I should ever wander
From the sinner's sweetest theme!
O for grace, that I may ponder
All my steps, and walk in Him!
Earth is old, and Time is hoary;
Systems to confusion slide;
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Jesus crucified!

291. 8s & 7s. Dbl.

To the departing Saint.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,—
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory!
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign!

DISCIPLE. 8s & 7s. D. MOZART.



FINE.

D. S.

292. 8s & 7s. Dbl. LYTE.

Luke 9. 23.

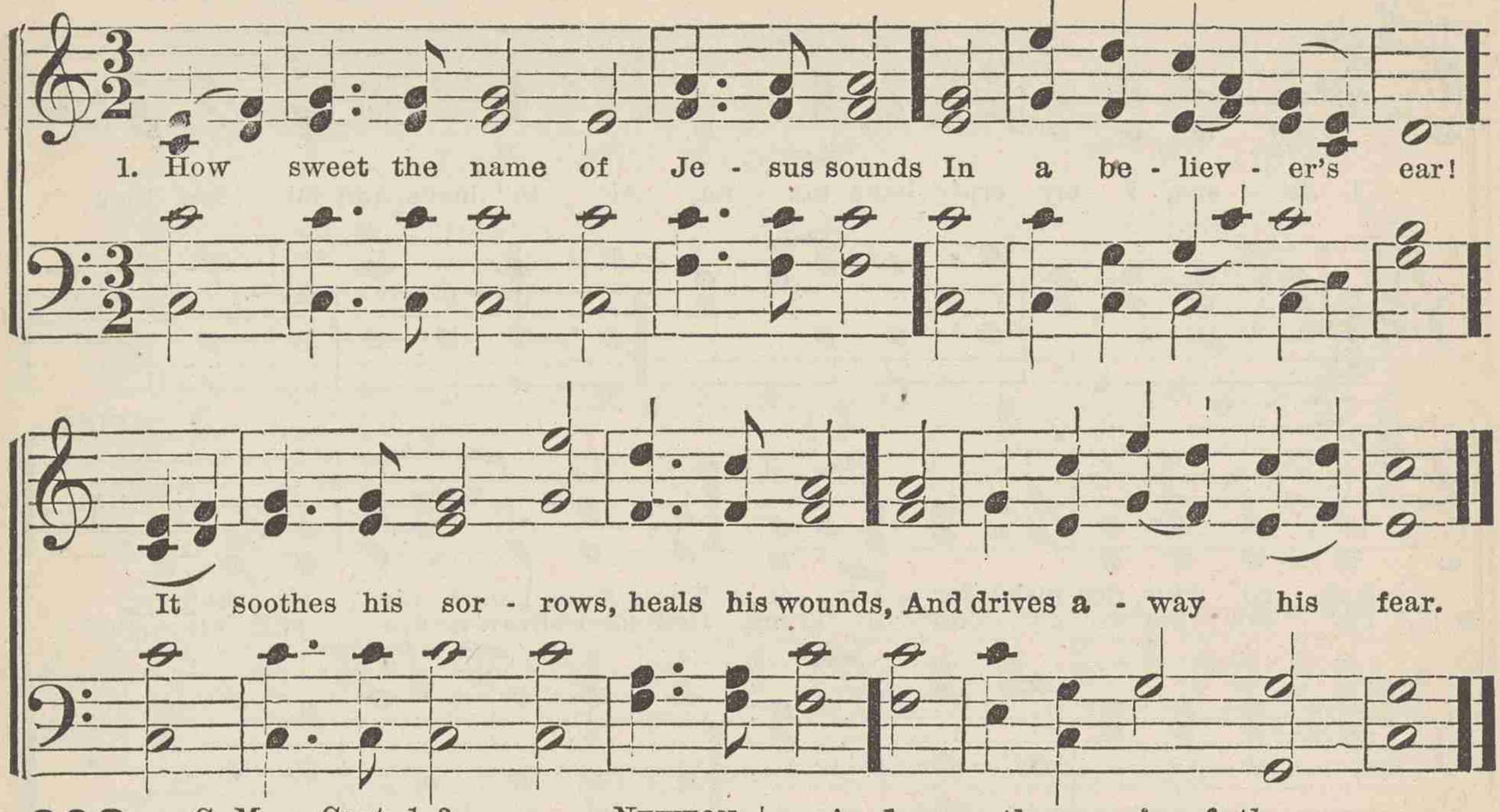
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee! [er,
Storms may howl, & clouds may gath-
All must work for good to me.

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and winged by pray'r!
Heaven's eternal day's before t ee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HEBER. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



293. C. M. Cant. 1. 3. NEWTON.
Jesus—"The Virgins love thee."

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

3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With stores of boundless grace.

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

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

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

294. C. M. WATTS.
God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

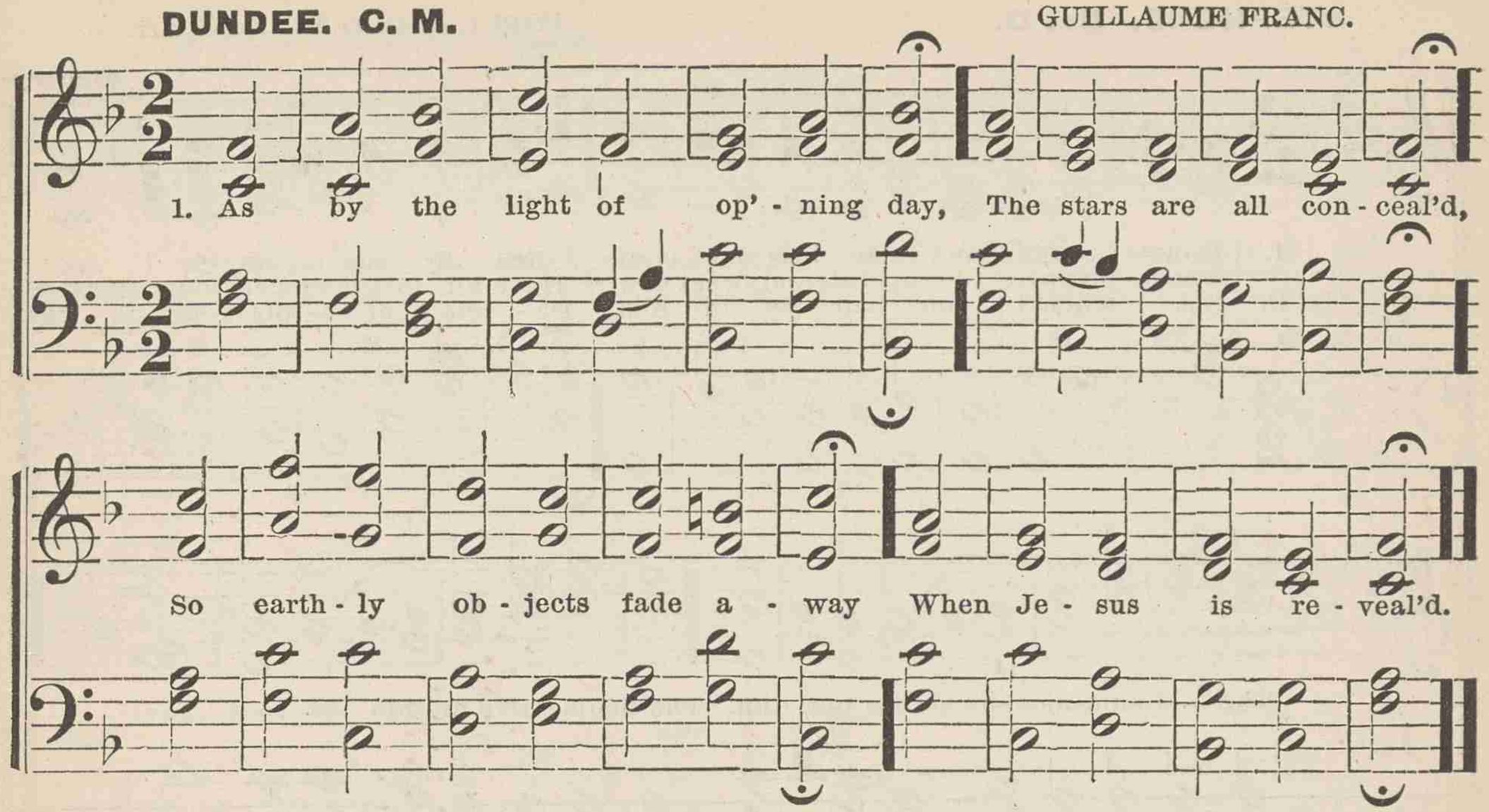
2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The 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
T' 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'

DUNDEE. C. M. GUILLAUME FRANC.



295. C. M. DOSSEY'S SELEC.
Old things are passed away.—2. Cor. 5. 17.

2 Its pleasures, now, no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Since I have seen the Lord.

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

4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live for thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

5 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will,
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

296. C. M Heb. 2. 18. COOMBES.
Flying to Christ under Trouble.

1 IN all my troubles, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor, hope, is firm in him
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy, in sorrow, life, and death,
His love is still the same.

297. C. M. WATTS.
The Pilgrimage of the Saints; or, Earth and Heaven.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply! [trees,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome
Nor streams of living joy!

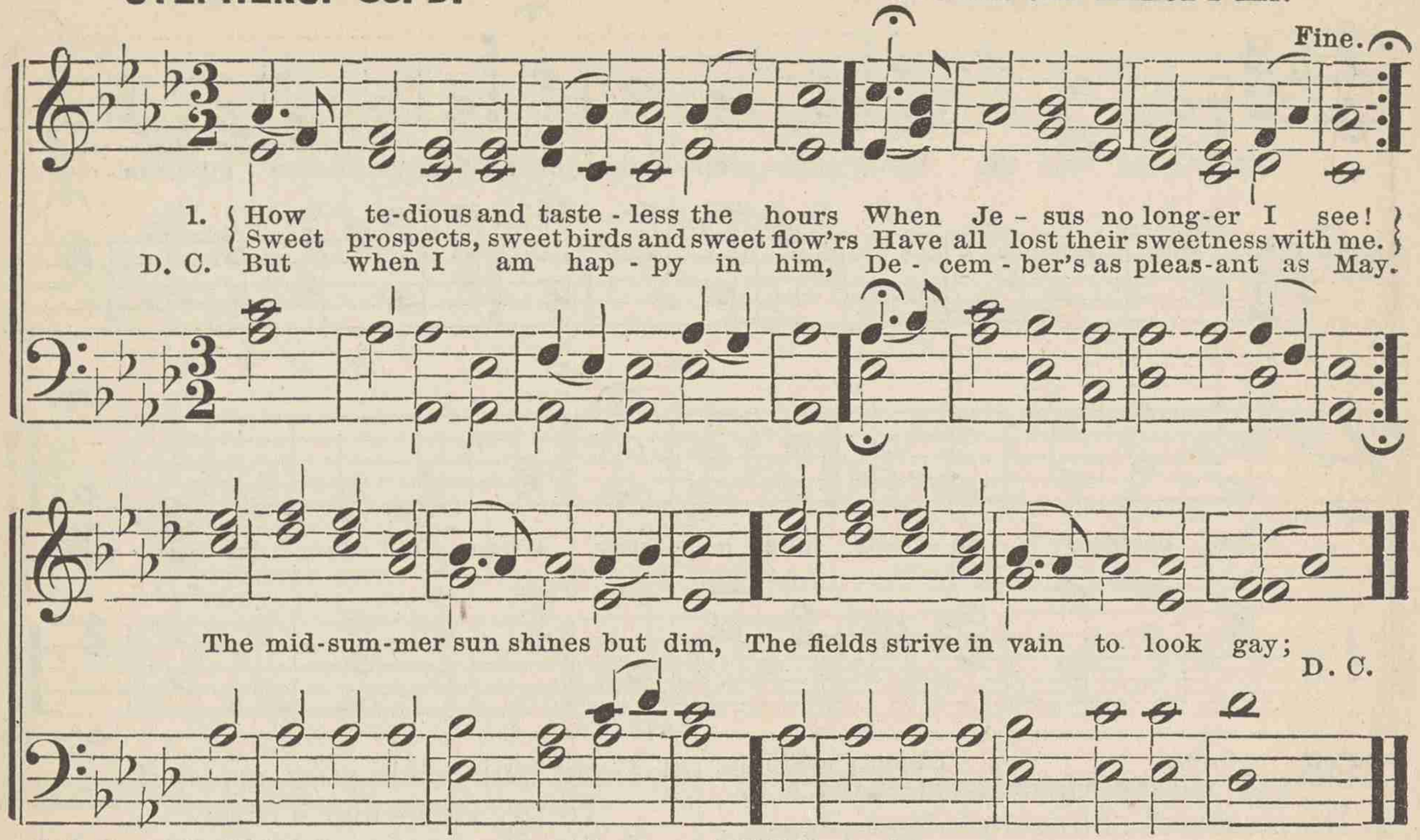
2 But pricking thorns through all the
And mortal poisons, grow, [ground,
And all the rivers that are found
With dangerous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways
And reach at Zion's hill.

5 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of our feet.

STEPHENS. 8s. D. POPULAR OLD MELODY Arr.



298. 8s. Dbl. NEWTON.
Psalm 73. 25.

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

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

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

299. 8s.
1 John 3. 14.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O! why then so loth for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again,
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Leaving these vile bodies of clay,
United with Jesus in love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
Singing hallelujah, Amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

GREEN FIELDS. 8s. D.



300. 8s. Dbl. TOPLADY.
Faith triumphant.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will com-
His promise is Yea and Amen, [plete:
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below or above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indellible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given,—
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

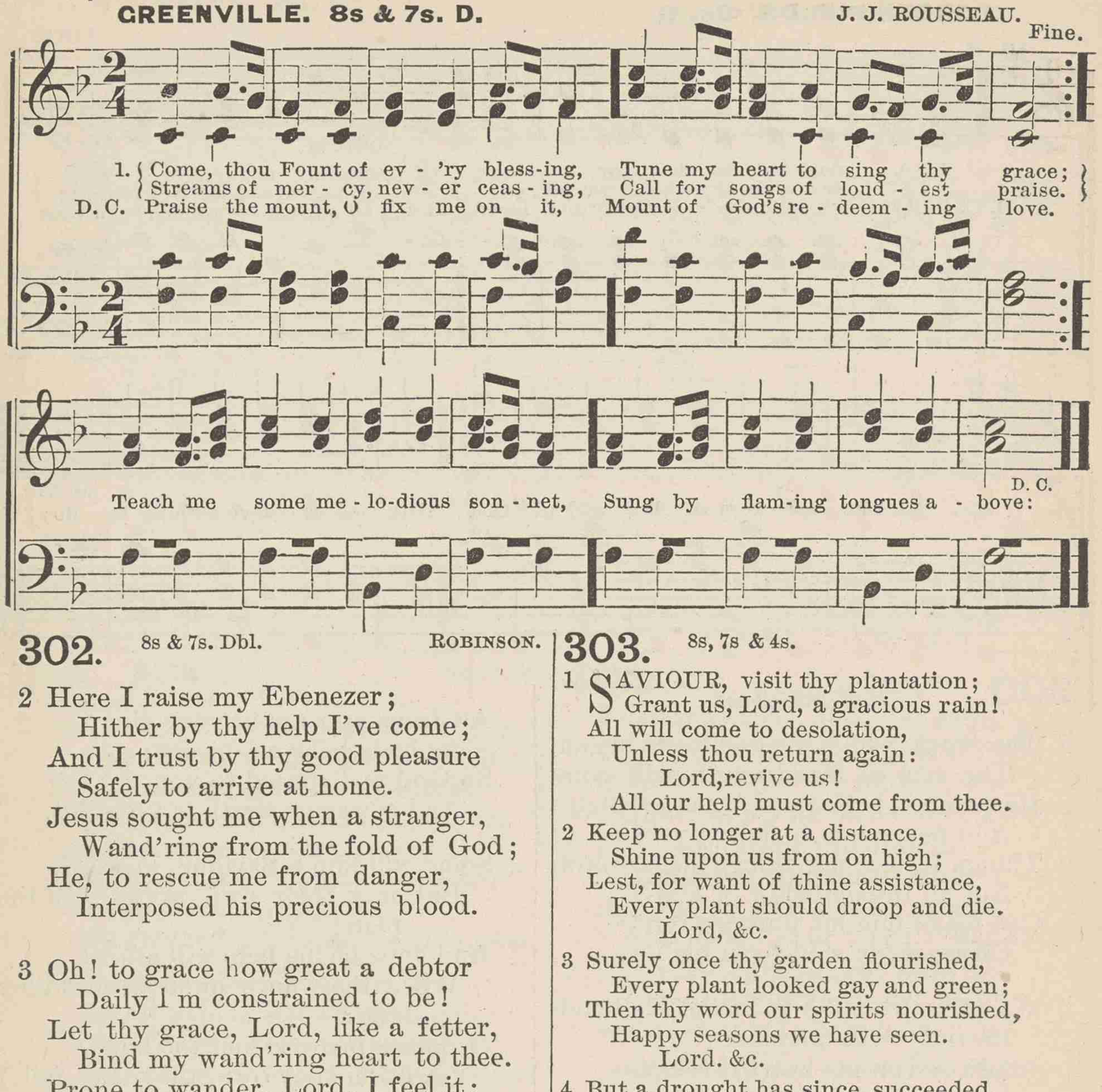
301. 8s. Dbl. NEWTON.
Matt. 22. 42.

1 WHAT think ye of Christ? is the test,
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not;
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some call him a Saviour, in word,
But mix their own works with the plan;
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can:
If doings prove rather too light,
(A little, they own, they may fail,)
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.

3 Some take him a creature to be,
A man or an angel at most:
Sure these have no feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost.
So guilty, so helpless am I,
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D. J. J. ROUSSEAU.



302. 8s & 7s. Dbl. ROBINSON.

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

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I m constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

4 Oh! that day, when freed from sinning,
I shall see thy lovely face,
Richly clothed in blood-washed linen,
How I'll sing thy sovereign grace!
Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry;
Take my raptured soul away;
Send thine angels down to carry
Me to realms of endless day.

303. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come 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 thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, &c.

3 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every plant looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen.
Lord. &c.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
Lord, &c.

5 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Lord, &c.

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

OLNEY. 8s & 7. D.



304. 8s & 7s. Dbl.
Luke 19. 10.

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

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

305. 8s & 7s.
Christ victorious.

1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious;
All the earth shall own his sway;
His dominion shall be glorious,
Nor shall ever pass away.

2 Mighty King, thy love revealing,
Now thy holy cause maintain;
Bring the nations, humbly kneeling,
Now to own thy blessed reign.

306. 8s & 7s. Dbl. Luke 2, 25. MADAN'S COL.
Consolation of Israel.

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thy own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thy all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

AMAZING GRACE. C. M.





307. C. M. NEWTON.

Eph. 2. 8.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believ'd!

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

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below
Will be forever mine.

308. C. M.

Luke 9. 33.

1 O HAPPY time, long waited for,
The comfort of my heart,
Since I have met the saints once more,
May we in union part.

2 Temptations cease to break my peace,
And all my sorrows die;
When I with you my love renew,
O what a heaven have I!

3 My sorrow's past, and I at last
Have heavenly comforts found,
My heart and treasure is above,
And I'm for heaven bound.

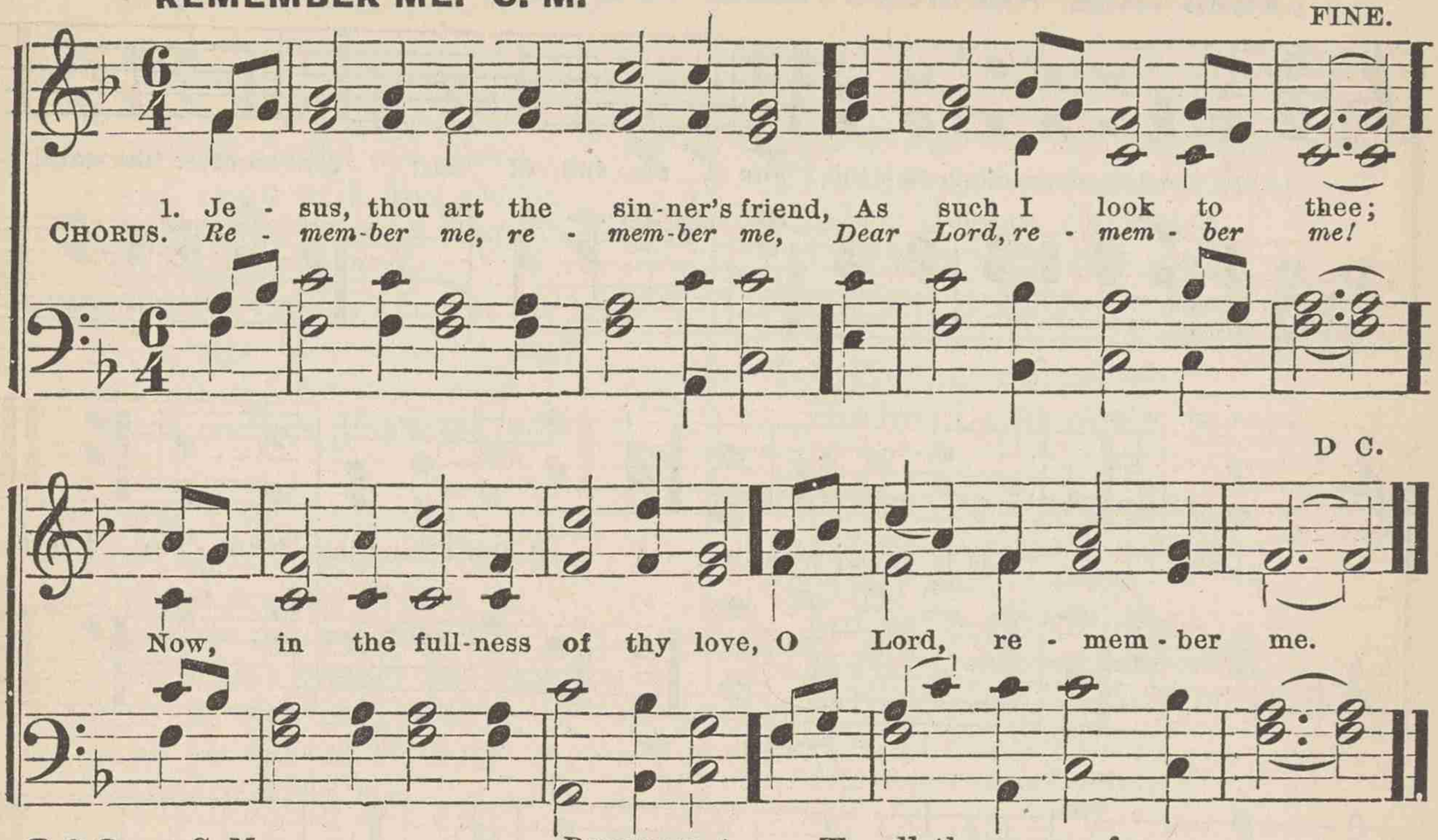
4 If fellowship with saints below
Is to our souls so sweet,
What heavenly raptures shall we know,
When round the throne we meet!

5 While here we sit and sing his love
With raptures so divine,
Our joys are more like theirs above,
While in their songs we join.

6 Our hearts are filled with holy zeal,
We long to see the King,
We long to see those heavenly hills
Where saints and angels sing.

* This Hymn has been set to so many different tunes, (all of which are much esteemed,) that we hardly knew which one to select. We have given the one so well known and loved amongst us.

REMEMBER ME. C. M.



309. C. M. BURNHAM.

Luke 23. 42.

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

CHO. Remember me, &c.

3 Thou wond'rous advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on the throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.—CHO.

4 I own I'm guilty—own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation 's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me. CHO.

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

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God,
I pray remember me.

310. C. M. NEWTON.

Mark 16. 15.

1 PROCLAIM, saith Christ, my wondrous grace,
To all the sons of men:
He that believes and is baptiz'd,
Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those
Who hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declar'd,
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the christian race;
And through the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

311. C. M.

Matt. 7. 14.

1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be past;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will come to heaven at last.

3 While the broad road where thousands go,
Lies near and opens fair;
And many turn aside I know,
To walk with sinners there.

4 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

I NEED THEE PRECIOUS JESUS. 7s & 6s. D.



312. 7s & 6s. Dbl. FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

2 I need thee, blesséd Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, blesséd Jesus;
I need a friend like thee,—
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need thee, blesséd Jesus,
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne!
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord. on thee.

313. 7s & 6s. Dbl.
DOXOLOGY.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wond rous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

Tune—I NEED THEE, &c., opp. page.

314. 7s & 6s. Dbl.
Longing for and encouraging others in the Way to Heaven.

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

2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain's gone before,
Has given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear:
For since he's gained the victory,
It to his own he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

3 Througn grace I feel 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 both adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is our friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll guide you to the end.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
But give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

5 And if you meet with trials,
And troubles by the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the blesséd armor
Of faith, and truth, and love,
And when your race is ended,
He'll take you home above.

Tune—I NEED THEE, &c, p. 108.

315. 7s & 6s. Dbl. NEWTON.
Luke 19. 10.

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 snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me.
His wond'rous power to save.

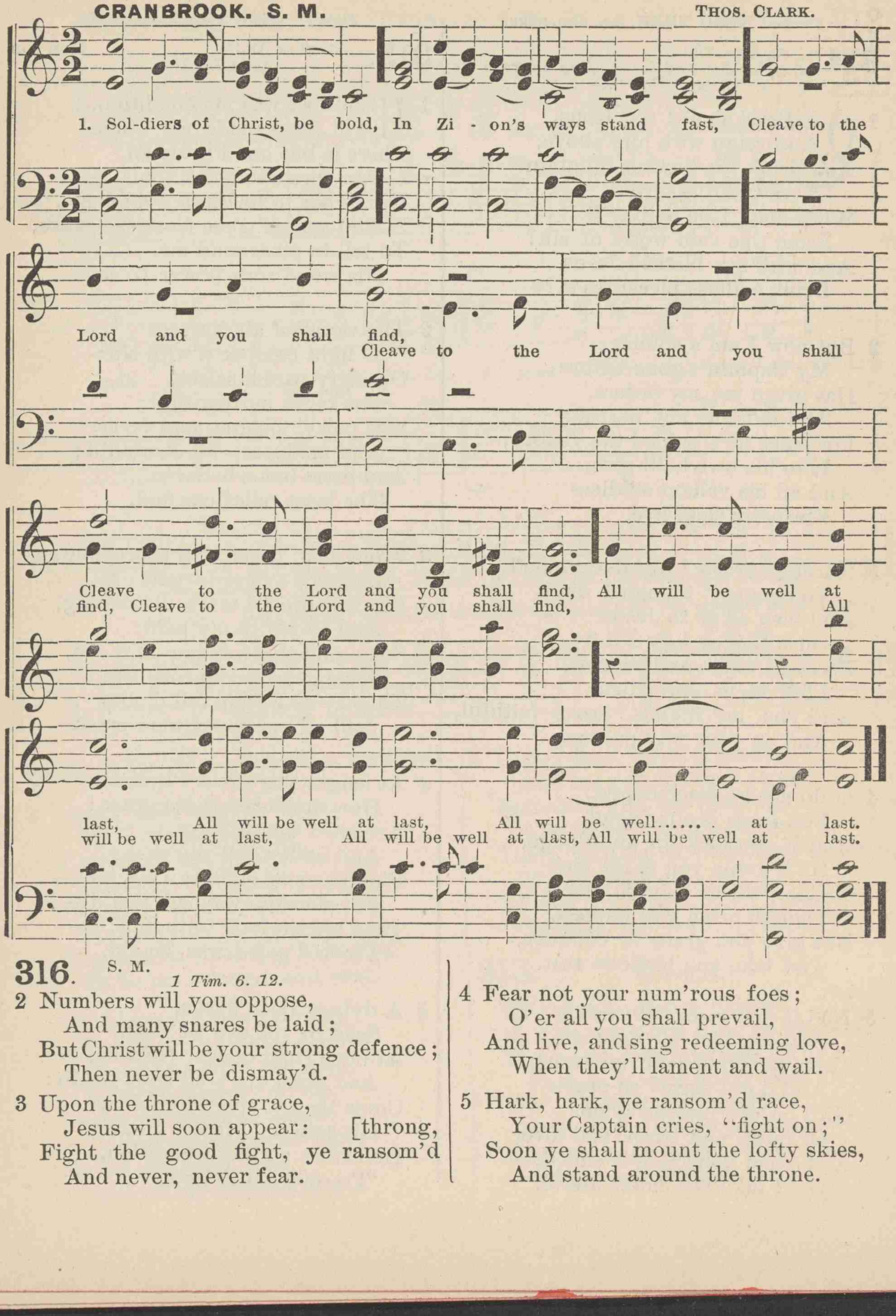
2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compar'd with sin:
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness—all combin'd;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men, great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain:
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain:
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were crost.

4 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 seal'd—
Then bid me look unto him;
I look'd and I was heal'd.

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

CRANBROOK. S. M. THOS. CLARK.



316. S. M. *1 Tim. 6. 12.*

2 Numbers will you oppose,
And many snares be laid;
But Christ will be your strong defence;
Then never be dismay'd.

3 Upon the throne of grace,
Jesus will soon appear:
Fight the good fight, ye ransom'd [throng,
And never, never fear.

4 Fear not your num'rous foes;
O'er all you shall prevail,
And live, and sing redeeming love,
When they'll lament and wail.

5 Hark, hark, ye ransom'd race,
Your Captain cries, "fight on;"
Soon ye shall mount the lofty skies,
And stand around the throne.

317. S. M. John 6. 68.
Flee to Christ for all.

1 JESUS, I fly to thee,
For mercy, pardon, grace;
Through thee alone, poor sinners may
Approach the Father's face.

2 Let thy atoning blood
Encourage me to speak;
That all my wants, O Lamb of God,
I may to thee relate.

3 I want a heart to pray,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur or repine,
Nor wish my sufferings less.

4 This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want;
Out of the deep on thee I call,
And never, never faint.

318. S. M.
Rom. 6. 20.

1 OH! cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Beho d the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

319. S. M.

1 MY soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

320. S. M.
Hebrew 3. 7.

1 ALL yesterday is gone,
To-morrow's not our own;
What day is better than to-day,
To bow before the throne?

2 Why should we yet delay,
And not to God return?
How sad to have our oil to buy,
When we should have it burn.

3 O hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the sound, DEPART.

Tune—BETHANY, p. 114.

321. 6s & 4s. HASTINGS.
1 Pet. 1. 8.

1 SAVIOUR! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Ever be near;
Our souls would cling to thee,
Let us thy fullness see,
Our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly thine
Forevermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains!

CONFLICT. L. M.





322 L. M.

2 When I experience call to mind,
My understanding is so blind,
All feeling sense seems to be gone,
Which makes me fear that I am wrong.

3 I find myself out of the way;
My thoughts are often gone astray;
Like one alone I seem to be—
Oh! is there any one like me?

4 It's seldom I can ever see
Myself as I would wish to be;
What I desire I can't attain,
From what I hate, I can't refrain.

5 So far from God I seem to lie,
Which makes me often weep and cry;
I fear at last that I shall fall;
For if a saint—the least of all.

6 I seldom find a heart to pray,
So many things step in my way;
Thus, filled with doubt, I ask to know—
Come, tell me—is it thus with you?

7 So, by experience, I do know
There's nothing good that I can do;
I cannot satisfy the law,
Nor hope, nor comfort from it draw.

8 My nature is so prone to sin,
Which makes my duty so unclean,
That when I count up all the cost—
Without free grace I know I'm lost.

323. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Luke 10. 42.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
To fix on Christ the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

Tune—KINGWOOD, p. 136.

324. 8s, 8s, 8s & 6s Dbl.
The Christian's Hope.

1 A FEW more days on earth to spend,
And all my toils and cares shall end,
And I shall see my God and friend,
And praise his name on high:
No more to sigh or shed a tear,
No more to suffer pain or fear, [pear
But God, and Christ, and heaven ap-
Unto the raptured eye,

2 Then, O my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest.
O happy day! O joyful hour! [tow'r
When freed from earth my soul shall
Beyond the reach of Satan's pow'r.
To be for ever blest.

3 My soul anticipates the day,
I'll joyfully the call obey,
Which comes to summon me away
To seats prepared above:
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his belov'd embrace,
And taste the fullness of his grace
And sing redeeming love.

Tune—I NEED THEE, &c. p. 108.

325. 7s & 6s. Dbl.
A Christian's Changes.

1 MIXTURES of joy and sorrow
I daily do pass through;
Sometimes I'm in a valley,
And sinking down with woe:
Sometimes I am exalted,
On eagle's wings I fly;
I rise above my troubles,
And hope to reach the sky.

2 Sometimes I'm full of doubting,
And think I have no grace;
Sometimes I'm full of praising,
When Christ reveals his face:
Sometimes my hope's so little,
I think, I'll throw it by;
Sometimes it seems sufficient,
If I were called to die.

3 Sometimes I shun the Christian,
Lest he should talk to me;
Sometimes he is the neighbour
I long the most to see:
Sometimes we meet together,
The season's dry and dull;
Sometimes we find a blessing,
With joy it fills my soul.

4 Sometimes I am oppresséd
By Pharaoh's cruel hand;
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan,
And view the promised land:
Sometimes I am in darkness,
Sometimes I'm in the light,
And then my soul is wingéd,
And upward speeds my flight.

Tune—CONFLICT, p. 112.

326. L. M.
1 Cor. 2. 9.

1 THERE is a world we have not seen,
Which time shall never dare destroy;
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

2 There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than summer beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

3 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

Tune—CONFLICT, p. 112.

327. L. M. WHITEFIELD.
Psalm 125.

1 LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praise!
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 Thy purposes from creature sight
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.

3 Great God! I do not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
Let light and bliss attend my days,
And then my future hours be praise.

4 Are darkness and distress my share?
Give me to trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine [shine.
At length through every cloud shall

CONFLICT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. By Per. L. MASON.



328. 6s & 4s. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee
Nearer to thee,

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

MARTYN. 7s. D. S. B. MARSH.





329. 7s. Dbl. *Deut. 33. 27.*

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

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

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

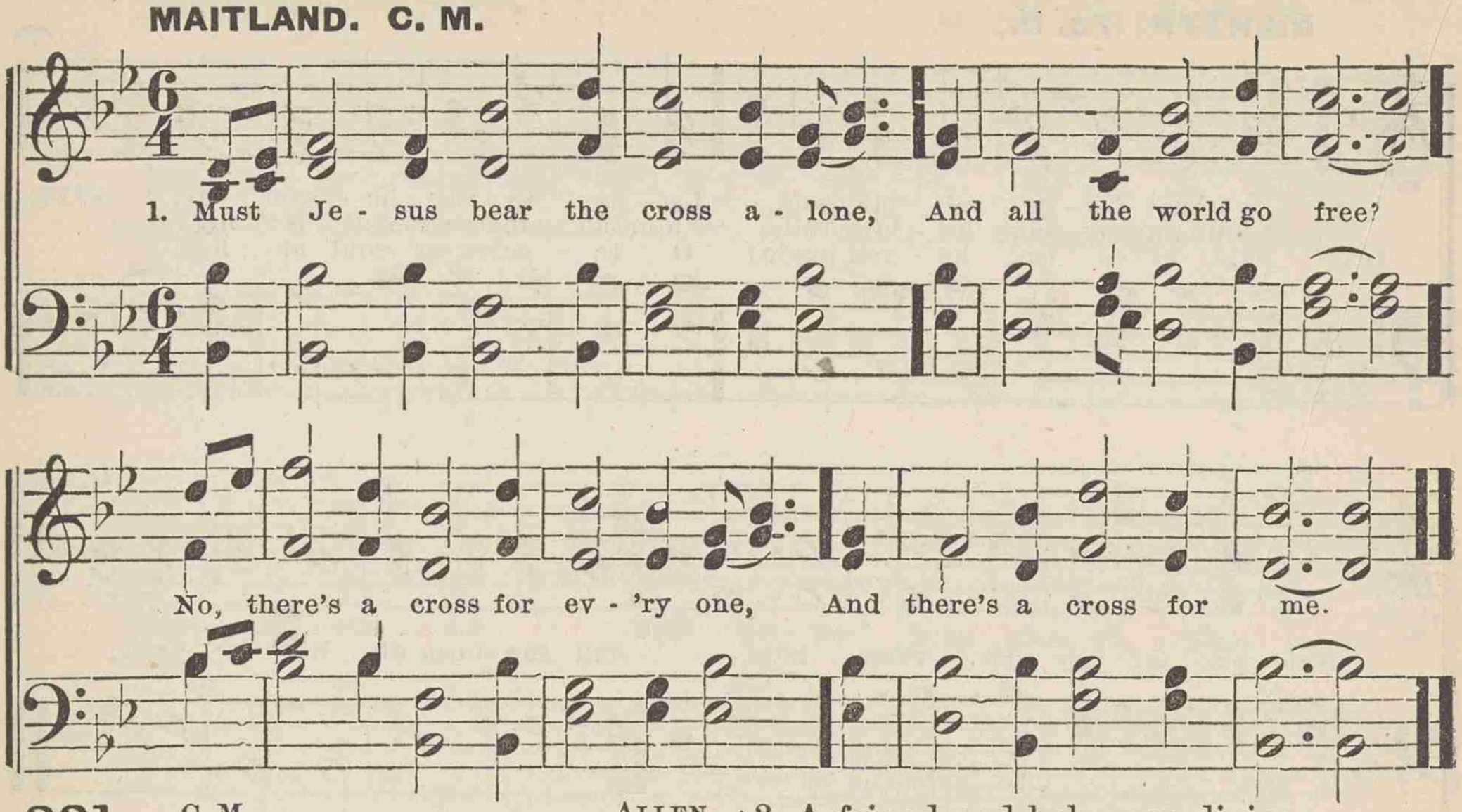
330. 7s. Dbl. John 20. 11—16. NEWTON. *Weeping Mary.*

1 MARY to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume;
But the Lord she loved was gone.
For a while she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came, his drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved.
Though at first she knew him not,
When he called her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.

3 Grief and sighing quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Just before she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

MAITLAND. C. M.



331. C. M. ALLEN.
Luke 9. 23.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus piercéd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

5 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

332. C. M. Psalm 144. WATTS,
The Christian Soldier's Confidence in his King.

1 FOREVER blesséd be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his Word
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

333. C. M. John 10. 28.
"They shall never perish."

1 THE sinner that by precious faith
Has felt his sins forgiven,
Is from that moment pass'd from death,
And seal'd an heir of heaven.

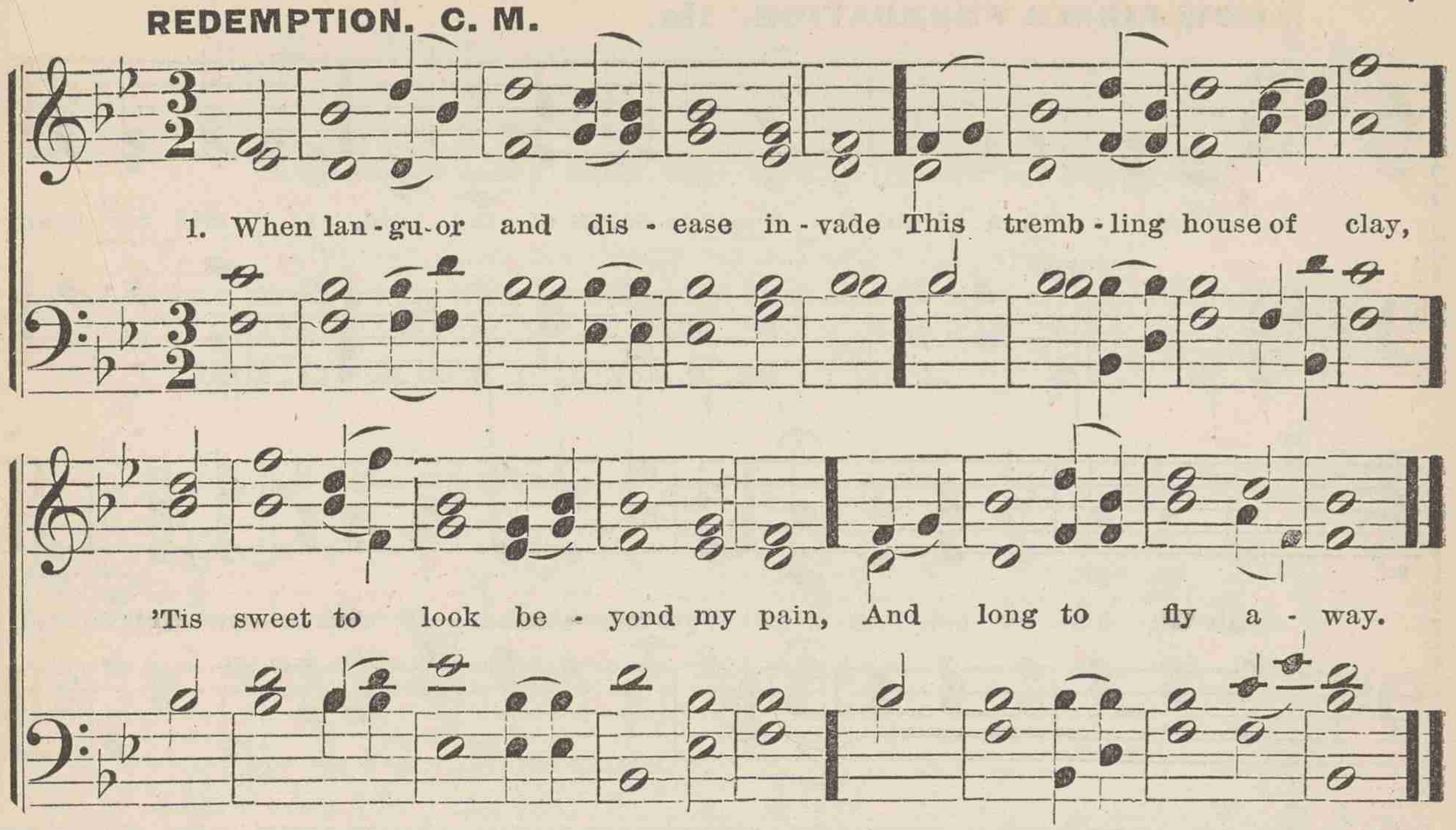
2 Though thousand snares enclose his feet,
Not one shall hold him fast;
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He shall get home at last.

3 Not as the world the Saviour gives;
He is no fickle friend;
Whom once he loves he never leaves,
But loves him to the end.

4 For Christ in every age has proved
His purchase firm and true;
If this foundation be removed,
What must the righteous do?

5 Brethren, by this your claim abide,
This title to your bliss:
Whatever loss you bear beside,
Oh! never give up this.

REDEMPTION. C. M.



334. C. M. 2 Cor. 12. 10. TOPLADY.
Sweetness of Submission.

2 Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place,
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.

5 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of his grace
For all things to depend.

6 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.

7 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee!

335. C. M. Gen. 5. 24. COWPER.
Desiring a closer walk with God,

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?

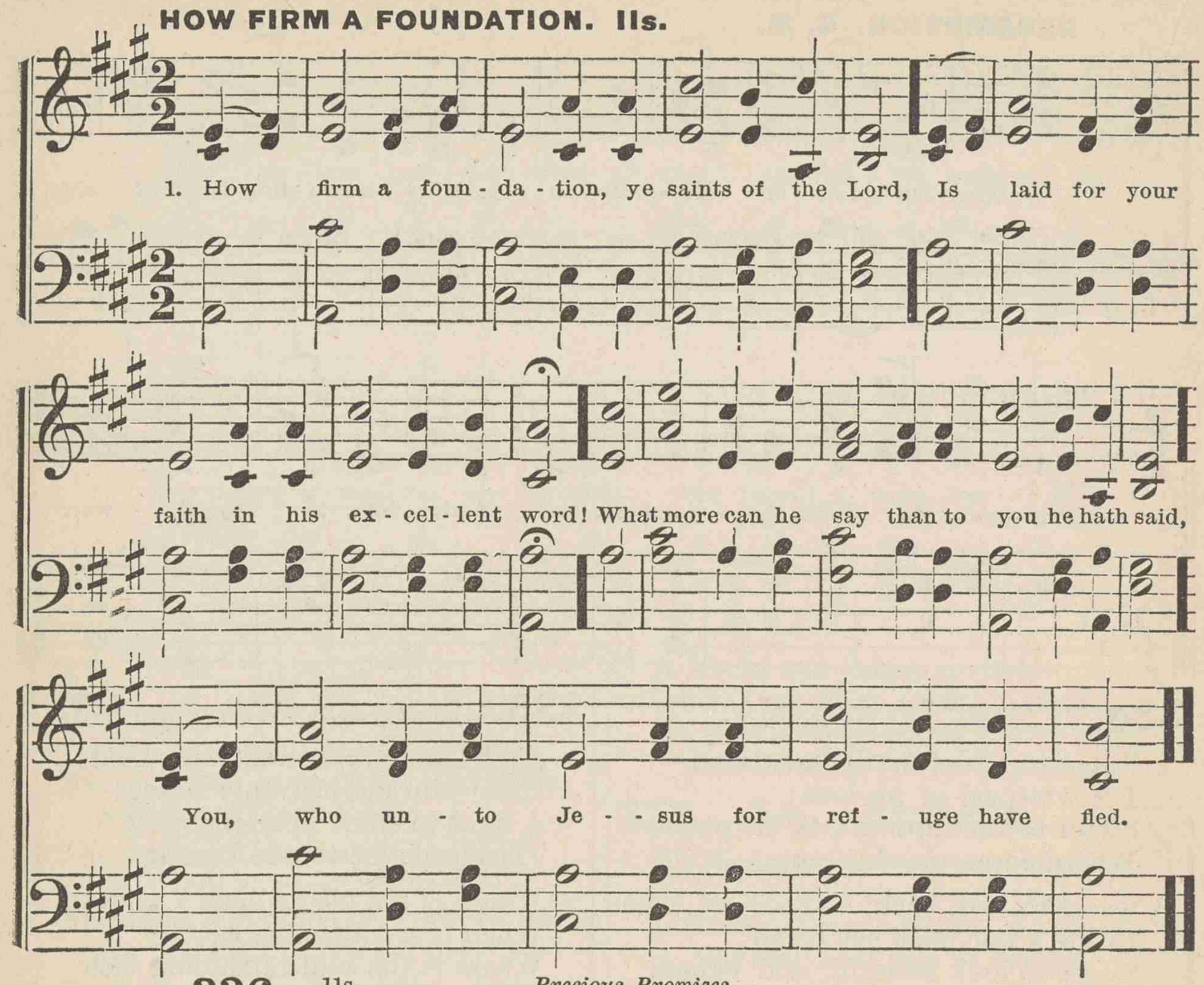
3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed,
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But now I feel an aching void
The world can never fill.

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.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. IIs.



336. IIs. *Precious Promises.*

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

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

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

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

[Concluded on opp. page.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

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

EVEN ME. 8s, 7s & 3s. By Per. WM. B. BRADBURY.



337. 8s, 7s & 3s.
Longing for Divine Favor.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me!
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee;
For I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou 'rt calling, Oh! call me.
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit!
Speak some word of power to me.
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive, and rescue me!
Even me.

6 Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!
Even me.

COWPER. C. M. **MASON.**



338. C. M. NEWTON.
1 Sam. 1. 18.

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 prest:
By war 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 Oh! wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

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

339. C. M. NEEDHAM.
Matt. 6. 7.

1 LORD, in thy courts we now appear,
And bow before thy throne:
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to thee are known.

2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh;
Dear Father, hear our humble prayer,
And bring thy blessings nigh.

3 Few be our words, and short our prayers
While we together meet;
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet.

340. C. M. MONTGOMERY.
Psalm 65. 2.

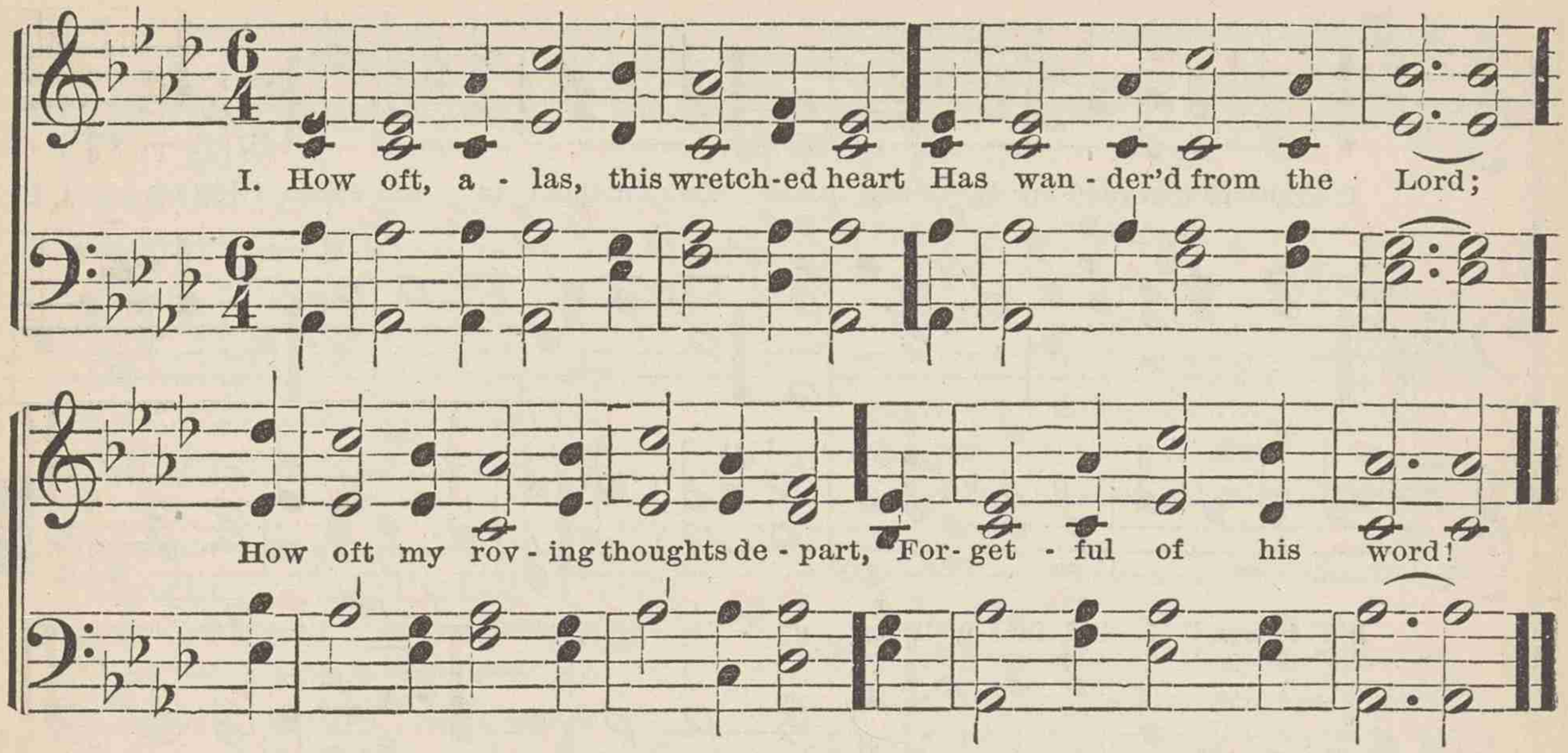
1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

EVAN. C. M. W. H. HAVERGAL.



341. C. M. STEELE.

Jer. 3. 22.

2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "return,"
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

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

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss **restore**
A heart so vile as mine.

342. C. M.

1 Cor. 6. 17.

1 DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

343. C. M. COWPER.

For the Poor.

1 WHEN Hagar found the bottle spent
And wept o'er Ishmael,
A message from the Lord was sent
To guide her to a well.

2 Should not Elijah's cake and cruise
Convince us at this day,
A gracious God will not refuse
Provisions by the way?

3 His saints and servants shall be fed,
The promise is secure; [said,
"Bread shall be giv'n them," as he
"Their water shall be sure."

4 Repasts far richer they shall prove,
Than all earth's dainties are;
'Tis sweet to taste a Saviour's love,
Though in the meanest fare.

5 To Jesus then your trouble bring,
Nor murmur at your lot;
While you are poor, and he is King,
You shall not be forgot.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.



344. C. M. 2 Pet. 1. 10. WATTS.
Assurance.

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

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my 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.

345. C. M. *Jer. 8. 22.*

1 WHO knows but such an one as I
May grace and mercy find?
I hear the God of Israel
Is merciful and kind.

2 My soul has many ghastly wounds,
Yet dare I not despair,
While there is balm in Gilead,
And a physician there.

3 That I might march to Canaan's land,
The gospel trumpet sounds:
My day still shines, my tent is fixed
Within salvation's bounds.

4 The door is shut, but is not barr'd,
And he that is within
Does bid me ask, and seek, and knock,
And strive to enter in.

5 Here then I'll ask, and seek, and knock
Until the door be ope;
Nor will I stir a foot from hence,
It is a door of hope.

346. C. M.
At Opening a Prayer Meeting.

1 THE hour of prayer once more is come!
Once more, O Lord, we meet!
Thanks to thy name, there yet is room
To bow beneath thy feet.

2 The faith and hope, the joy and love,
Of all thy saints increase;
Hardness and prejudice remove,
And fill our hearts with peace.

3 Father, assist their souls, who may
Upon thee further call;
Banish the fear of man away,
And smile upon us all.

Tune—NETTLETON, p. 61.

347. 8s & 7s. Dbl.

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;
Let us pray that holy manna
May be scattered all around.

2 Look, and see poor sinners round you
Trembling on the brink of woe;
Death is coming; how alarming!
Can you bear to let them go?
Let us tell them of the Saviour:
Tell them that he may be found;
Let us pray that holy manna
May be scattered all around.

3 Is there here a trembling jailer,
Seeking grace, and filled with fears,
Is there here a weeping Mary,
Pouring forth a flood of tears?
Let us join our prayers to help them;
Let our faith and love abound;
Let us pray that holy manna
May be scattered all around.

4 Let us love our God supremely;
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God their souls renew;
Then we'll love them still the better
Take them to our kind embrace,
Journey with them on to glory,
There to sing redeeming grace

Tune—AUTUMN. p. 51.

348. 8s & 7s. Dbl. BURNHAM.
1 Thes. 5. 17.

1 DEAREST Lord, thou hast commanded
All thy family to pray;
Promised good thou hast appointed
Through this medium to convey.
Yes, to all thy praying people,
Thou hast promised to appear,
And thy wondrous condescension
Honors much the path of prayer.

2 Jesus, thou exalted Saviour,
On thy promise we rely:
Comfort every mourning spirit,
Answer every feeble cry.
From thy glorious throne of mercy
Heavenly cordials now impart;
Exercise thy tender pity
O'er the sinner's broken heart.

3 May we all, who love the Saviour,
Often to his throne repair;
Feel the sweets of his compassion,
While engaged in solemn prayer.
Lord, attend our supplications,
Let thy mercies on us roll:
Come, O come, thou kind Redeemer,
Smile on every praying soul.

Tune—LABAN, p. 127.

349. S. M.
Heb. 10. 19—22.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

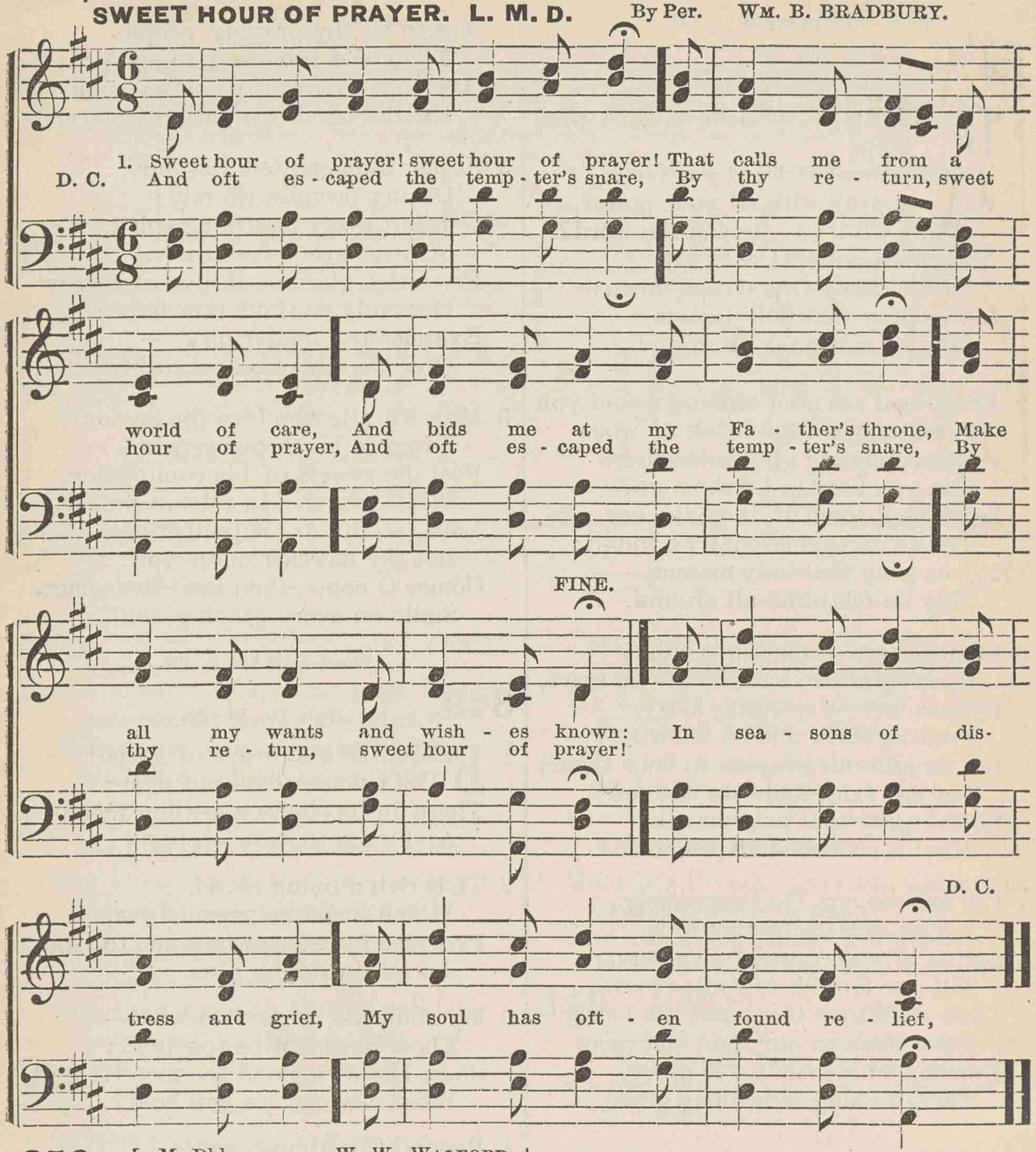
3 My soul, ask what thou wilt —
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

By Per. WM. B. BRADBURY.

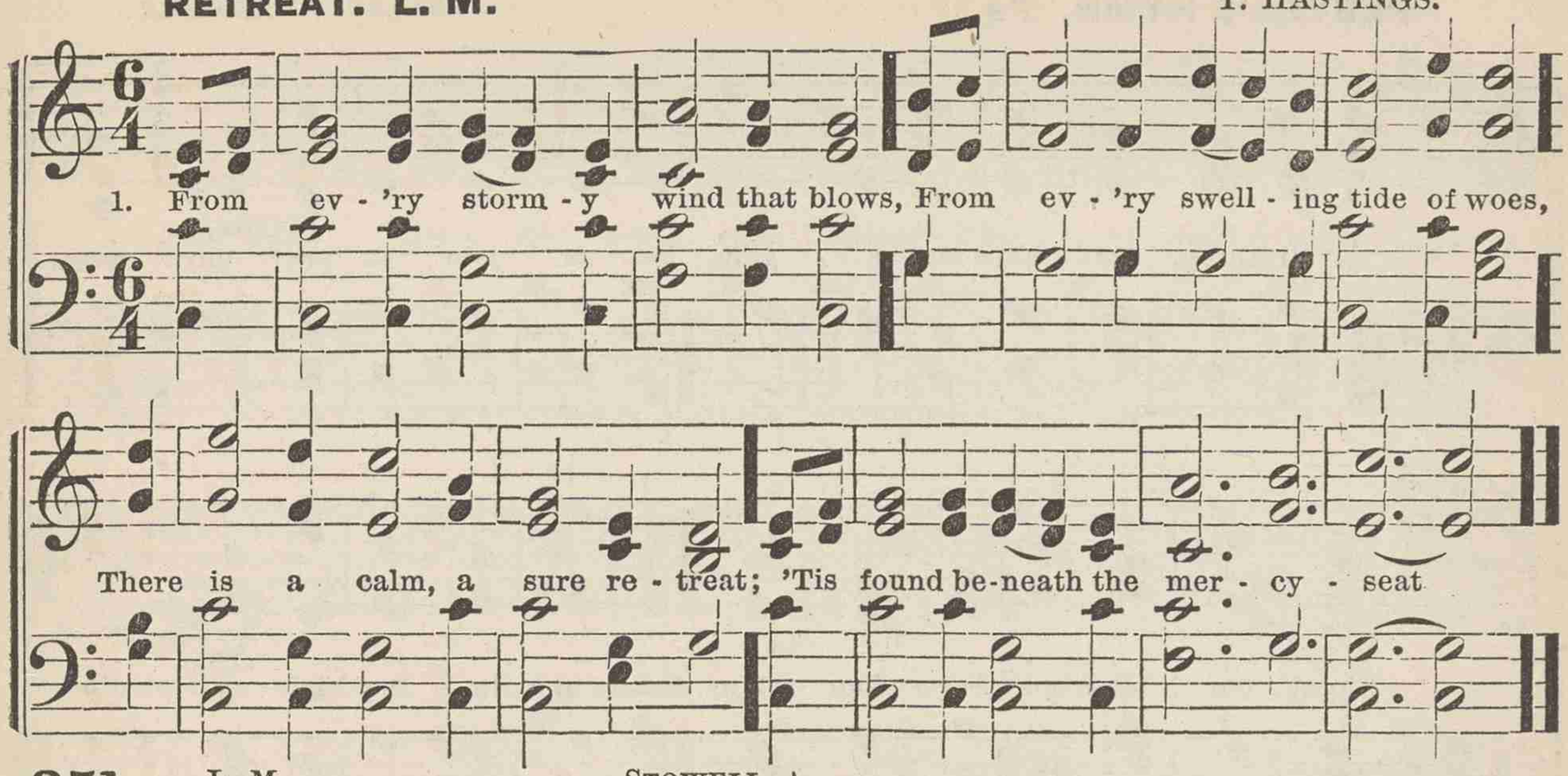


350. L. M. Dbl. W. W. WALFORD.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek his face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
‖: I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

RETREAT. L. M. T. HASTINGS.



351. L. M. STOWELL.
Ex. 25. 22.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

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

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

5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

352. L. M.
Exhortation to Prayer.

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

2 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

3 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

4 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

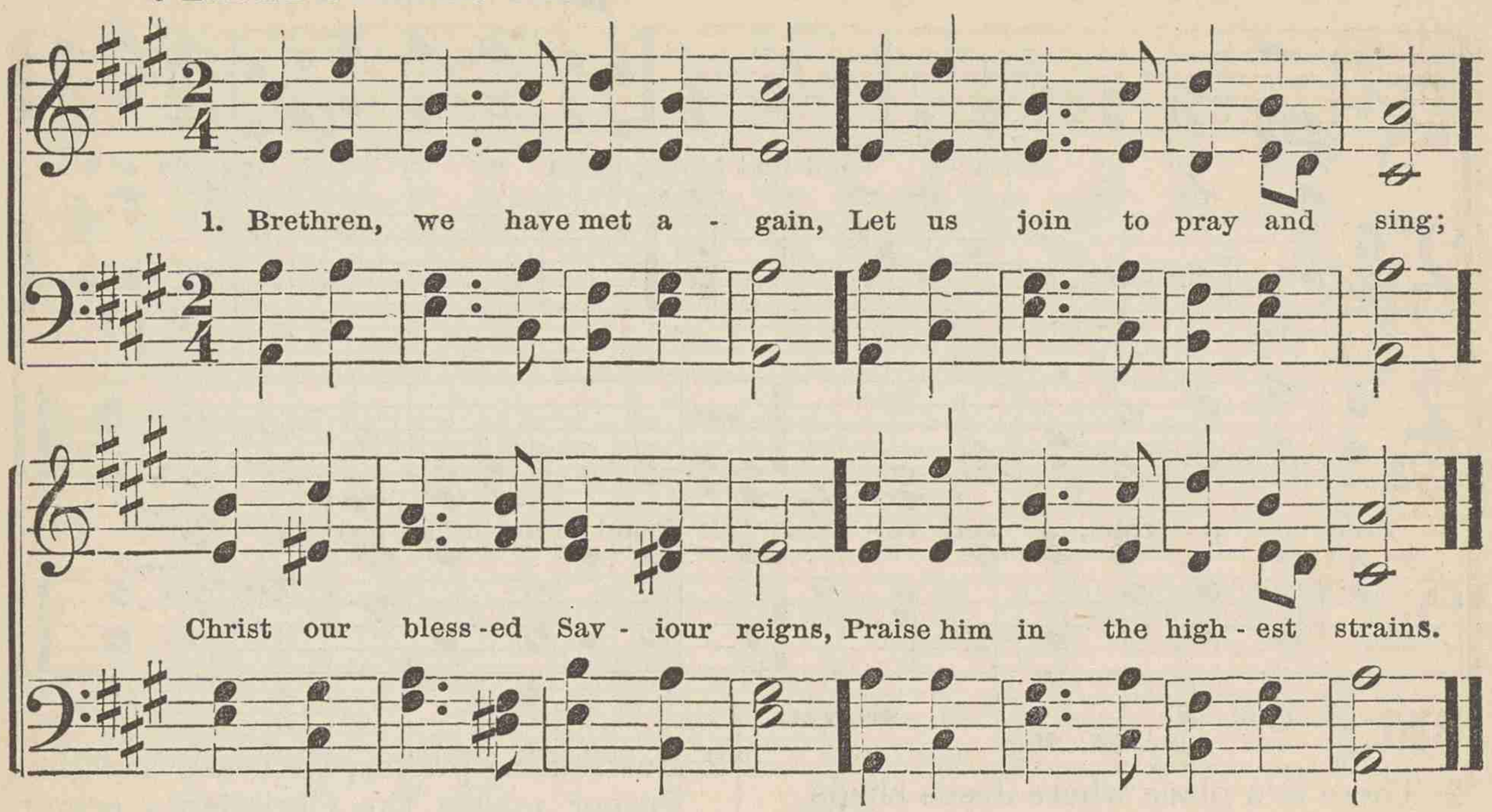
353. L. M.
They that go down to the Sea in Ships.

1 WHILE o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;
And on their hearts, where'er they go,
O, let thy heavenly breezes blow.

2 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
O hide them safe in Jesus' ark!
When in the tempting port they ride,
O keep them safe at Jesus' side.

3 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. PLEYEL.



354. 7s.

2 Many days and weeks have past,
Since we met together last,
Yet our lives do still remain;
Here on earth we meet again.

3 Many of our friends are gone
To their long eternal home;
We are waiting here below;
Soon we after them shall go.

4 Brethren, tell me how you do:
Does your love continue true?
Are you waiting for your King,
When he shall return again?

5 If you wish to know of me,
How I am, or what I be,
Here I am—behold who will—
Sure I am a sinner still.

6 Weak and wounded, sick and lame,
All unholy, all unclean;
Yet I would from sin be free,
And the Lord remember me.

355. 7s.

1 PRECIOUS Jesus, must it be,
Is it thy all-wise decree?
That afflictions must attend,
Zion to her journey's end?

2 Must the heirs of endless bliss,
Travel through a wilderness,
And with savage beasts of prey,
Be tormented night and day?

3 Yes, affliction is their lot,
Earth is a polluted spot;
Where a world of evils dwell,
All in league with sin and hell.

4 All its springs and streams are such,
That pollute whate'er they touch;
Death is in its air, 'tis said,
Poison in its finest bread.

5 Pains and sorrows, sins and woes,
Will the Christian's way oppose;
Every day brings something new,
Zion's troubles to renew.

6 Yet, when faith is strong and true,
They with cheerfulness go through,
Scorning all created good,
When opposed to Christ their God.

LABAN. S. M. MASON.



356. S. M.

1 John 1. 3.

2 Possess our every thought,
And teach our minds to pray;
Help us to worship as we ought,
And thus conclude the day.

3 Our strength may we renew,
And lift our hearts above,
That, while life's journey we pursue,
We still may walk in love.

4 Then, in our latter end,
If death shall close our eyes,
Thy mercy will our souls attend,
And bear them to the skies.

357. S. M. MUHLENBERG.

The Ark of Safety.

1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above,
The cheerless waters found;

2 Oh! cease; my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then, rest on Zion's hill.

358. S. M. RIPPON.

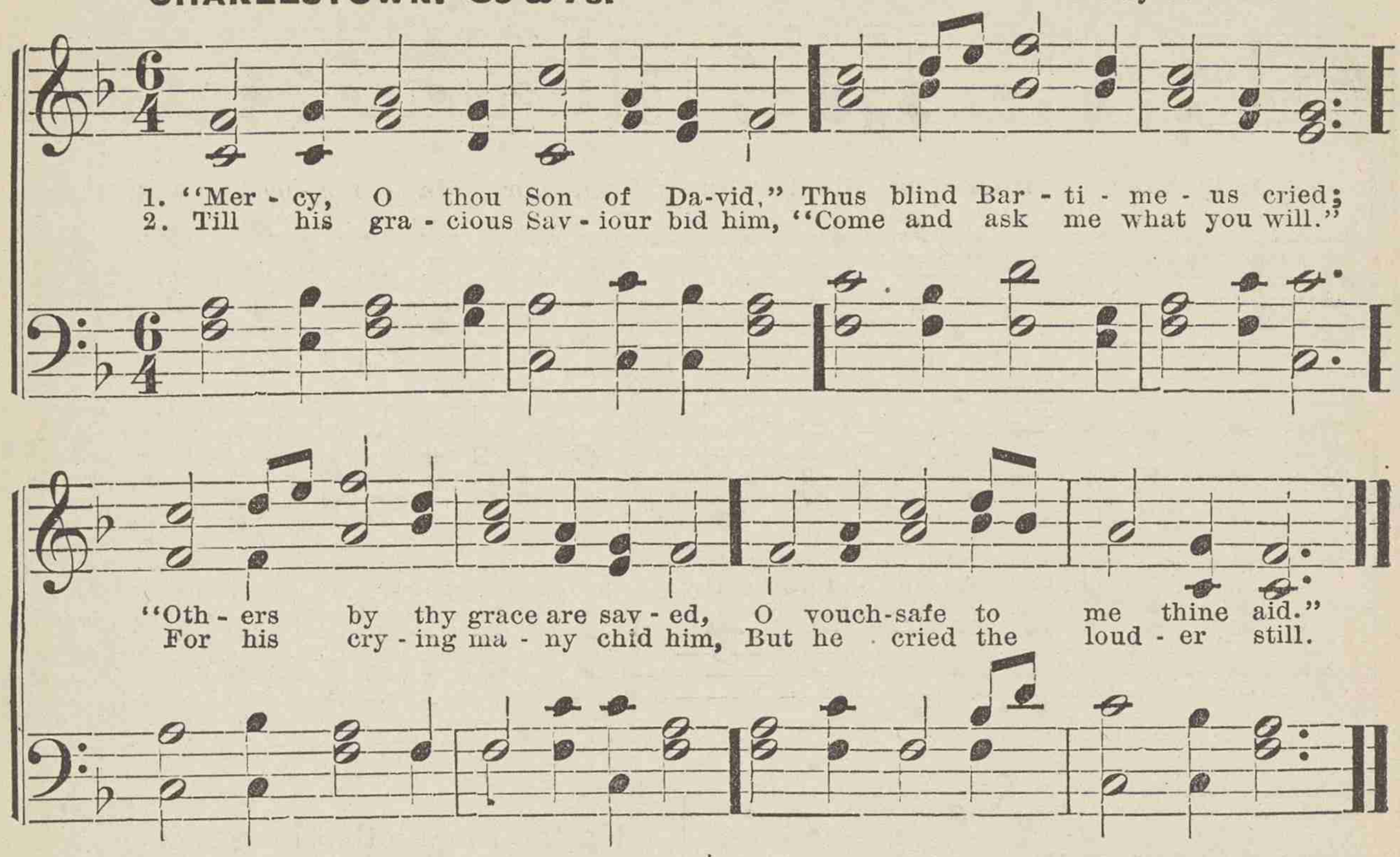
Psalm 51. 17.

1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes; [thing,
Thou may'st reject that worthless
But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up the ghost
The law was satisfied;
And now to its most rigorous claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

CHARLESTOWN. 8s & 7s. Arr. by T. B. A.



359. 8s & 7s. Dbl. *Mark 10. 47.* NEWTON.

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
Yet he asked, and Jesus granted
Alms that none but he could give:

4 "Lord, remove the grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day;"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

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

6 Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
Or could be advised by me!
Sure if they were brought unto him,
He would cause them all to see.

360. 8s & 7s. *Mark 5. 39, 42.* NEWTON.

1 COULD the creatures help or ease us,
Seldom should we think of prayer;
Few, if any, came to Jesus,
Till reduced to self-despair

2 Long we either slight or doubt him,
But when all the means we try,
Prove we cannot do without him,
Then at last to him we cry.

3 Thus the ruler, when his daughter
Suffered much though Christ was nigh,
Still deferred it, till he thought her
At the very point to die.

4 O thou meek and lowly Saviour,
How determined is thy love!
Not this rude, unkind behaviour,
Could thy gracious purpose move.

5 Fear not then, distre-sed believer,
Venture on his mighty name;
He is able to deliver,
And his love is still the same.

6 Can his pity or his power
Suffer thee to pray in vain?
Wait but his appointed hour,
And thy suit thou shalt obtain.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. 8s & 7s.

CHAS. C. CONVERSE.
By Per.



361. 8s & 7s. *Prov. 18. 24.* H. BONAR.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

WINDHAM. L. M. READ.



362. L. M. KENT.
Everlasting Love to the Church.

2 Long ere the sun's refulgent ray
Primeval shades of darkness drove,
They on his sacred bosom lay,
Loved with an everlasting love.

3 Then in the glass of his decrees
Christ and his bride appeared as one;
Her sin, by imputation, his;—
Whilst she in spotless splendor shone.

4 O love! how high thy glories swell!
How great, immutable and free;
Ten thousand sins as black as hell,
Are swallowed up, O love, by thee!

5 Loved when a wretch, defiled with sin,
At war with heaven, in league with hell,
A slave to every lust obscene,
Who, living, lived but to rebel.

6 Believer, here thy comfort stands—
From first to last salvation's free;
And everlasting love demands
An everlasting song from thee.

363. L. M. *Psalm 23. 4.*

1 IN grateful songs we will record,
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Whose kindness never shall remove
From those he condescends to love.

2 With all his saints his covenant stood,
And now 'tis seal'd with Jesus' blood;
His faithfulness shall still endure,
His promises forever sure.

3 What though the earth's foundation move,
There's nought can change eternal love:
Let death dissolve our feeble frame,
In life and death he is the same.

4 When called to pass that dreary vale,
With trembling steps and visage pale,
What sweet companions on the road!
A peaceful mind! a smiling God!

364. L. M. *Psalm 117.* 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; [shore,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

365. L. M. WATTS.
Psalm 30. 5.

I I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice, and bless,
While you record his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life, and length of days:
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

366. L. M. STEELE.
Christ exalted.—Acts. 5. 31.

1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.

2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
Oh! may we feel the sacred flame,
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expired,
Who died for rebels; yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admired!

4 Jesus, who died that we may live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place:
Oh! what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace?

5 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store,
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor!

6 Yet, though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honors raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

Tune—THE SOLID ROCK, p. 30.

367. L. M. 6 lines.
2 Cor. 5. 14.

I O LORD, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Then bend my wayward heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.
From thee, my Lord, I all receive—
‖: Thine, wholly thine, alone I'd live. :‖

2 O Lord, how cheering is thy way!
How blest, how gracious in mine eyes!
Care, anguish, sorrow pass away,
And fear before thy presence flies!
Lord Jesus, nothing would I see,
‖: Nothing desire, apart from thee. :‖

3 'Mid conflict, be thy love my peace,
In weakness, be thy love my strength;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
And thou from heaven shall come at length,
O Jesus, then this heart shall be
‖: For ever satisfied with thee. :‖

Tune—MERIBAH, p. 165.

368. C. P. M.
2 Cor. 5. 14.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up by thee?
Oh! may I pant and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me!

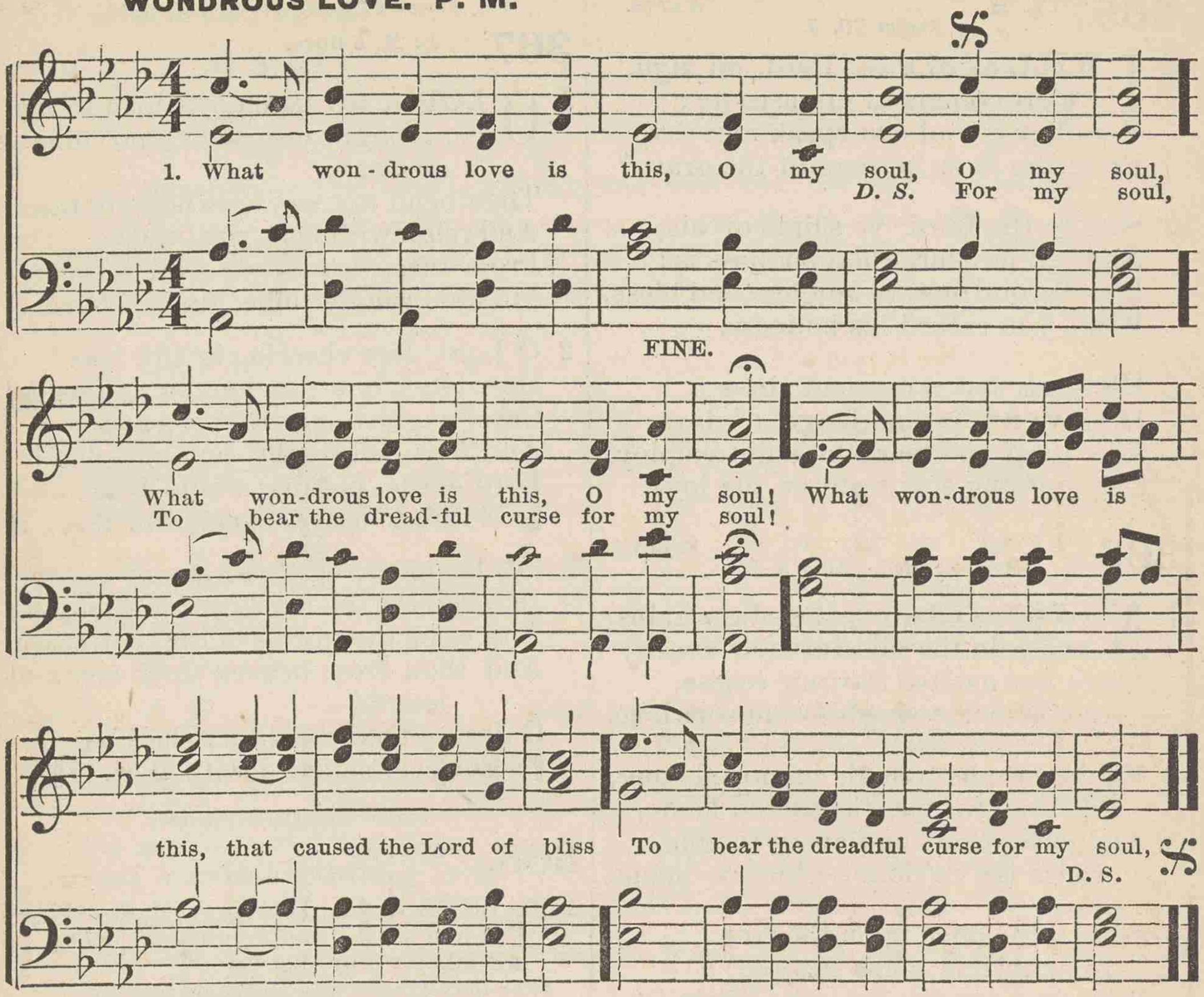
2 God only knows the love of God:
Oh! that it more were shed abroad
In this poor longing heart!
For love I'd sigh—for love I'd pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine:
Be mine the better part.

3 Oh! that I may for ever sit,
Like Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, my only bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 Oh! that I may, like favored John,
Recline my wearied head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

132

WONDROUS LOVE. P. M.



369. P. M.

2 When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down, sinking down;
When I was sinking down beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul, for my soul.
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.

3 Ye winged seraphs, fly, bear the news, bear the news,
Ye winged seraphs, fly, bear the news,
Ye winged seraphs, fly, like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity with the news, with the news.
Fill vast eternity with the news.

4 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb I will sing.
To God and to the Lamb, and to the Great I AM,
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing.
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

5 Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise, join the praise,
Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise;
Ye sons of Zion's King, with hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in his praise, in his praise.
And strike each tuneful string in his praise.

6 And when from death we're free, we'll sing on, we'll sing on,
And when from death we're free, we'll sing on;
And when from death we're free, we'll sing and joyful be,
And in eternity we'll sing on, we'll sing on.
And in eternity we will sing on.

7 And when to that bright world we arrive, we arrive,
And when to that bright world we arrive,
When to that world we go, free from all pain and woe,
We'll join the happy throng, and sing on, and sing on.
We'll join the happy throng, and sing on.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D. **WEBB.**



370. 7s & 6s. Dbl. *Psalm 85. 9.*

2 Oh! I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his "house of wine!"
I stand upon his merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In my Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridgroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace—
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his piercéd hand—
The Lamb is all the glory
Of my Immanuel's land.

O SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE. IIs.

By Per. WM. B. BRADBURY



371. 11s. F. BOTTOME.

3 O, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure,
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

CHO: O, sing of His mighty love, &c.

4 O, Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer! my God, and my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the MIGHTY TO SAVE!

CHO: O, sing of His mighty love, &c.

FREDERICK. IIs. GEO. KINGSLEY.



372. *Job. 7. 16.* MUHLENBERG.

2 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.

3 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.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns,

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

KINGWOOD. C. P. M. HUMPHREYS.

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rap - id as the
whirling spheres, Fly rap - id as the whirl-ing spheres, A - round the stea d -y pole;
Time, like the tide, its mo - tion keeps, And I must launch thro' endless deeps,
And I must launch thro' end - less deeps, Where end - less a - - ges roll.

373. C. P. M.

2 The grave is near, the cradle seen,
‖ : How swift the moments pass between, :‖
And whisper as they fly;
Unthinking man, remember this,
‖ : (Though fond of sublunary bliss,) :‖
That you must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
‖ : Thine earthly tent must shortly fall, :‖
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
‖ : To sing above as angels do, :‖
Or sink in endless night.

THE LITTLE BABE IS GONE TO REST. L. M. D. Arr. by T. B. A.



374. L. M.

Death of an Infant.

3 Could we but hear its little tongue
So sweetly sing the heavenly song;
Could we but see its smiling face
Delighted with the happy place;

4 We could not wish it back again,
But say, dear babe, with God remain;
We'll try to gain that peaceful shore,
Where those who meet shall part no more.

5 ‖: Now let us strive the prize to gain;
Let's come to Christ, with him remain;
Then we shall share in Jesus' love,
And meet the little babe above. :‖

375. L. M.

Death and the Resurrection.

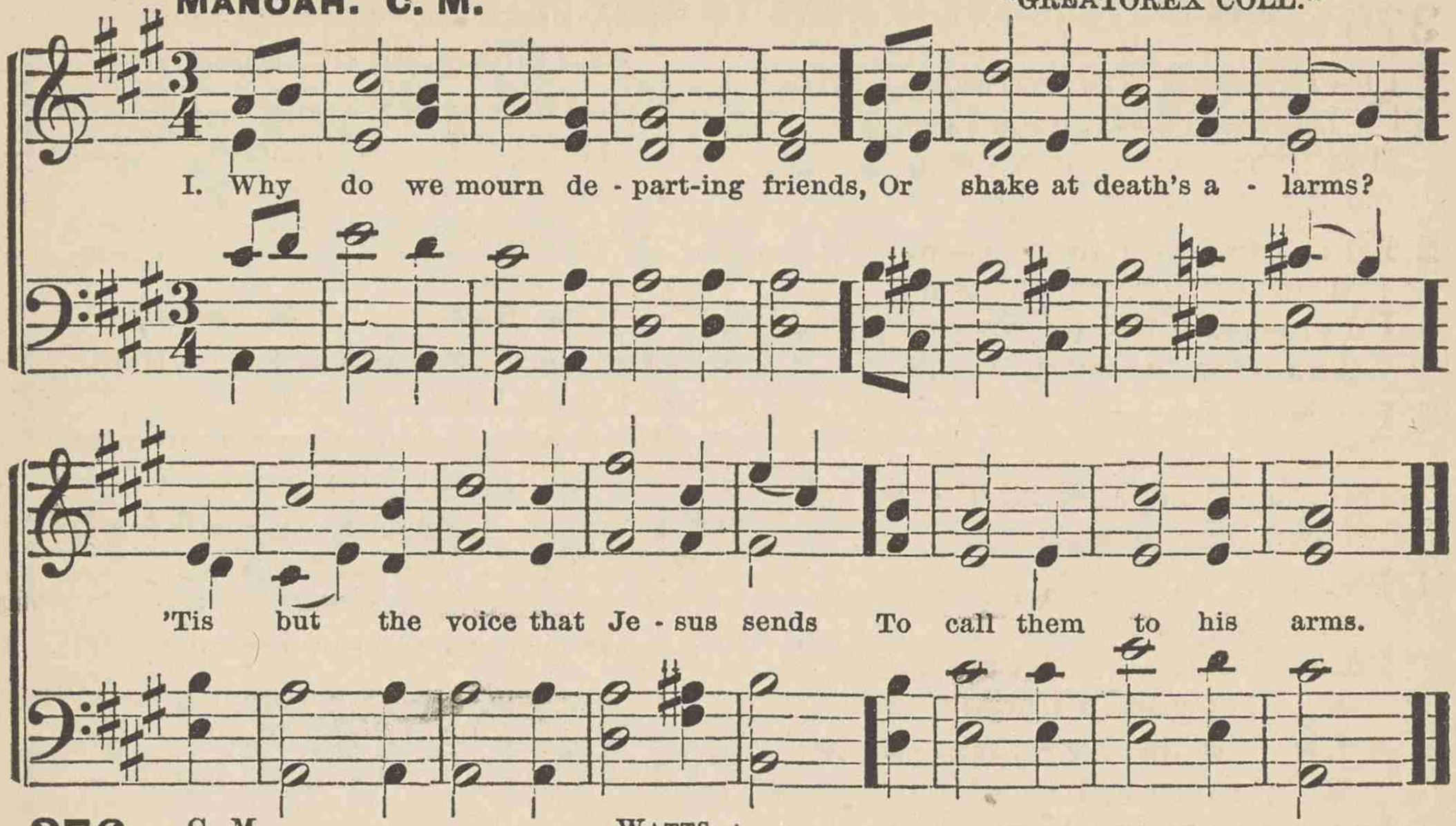
1 WHEN God is nigh my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way,
To yonder throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the [place.

MANOAH. C. M. "GREATOREX COLL."



376. C. M. WATTS.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

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

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

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

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

377. C. M *Psalm 39.* WATTS.

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

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

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

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

378. C. M.

1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love,
Lie just before mine eyes,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly;

2 I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind,
I'd cross o'er Jordan's stormy waves,
And leave the world behind.

3 I view the monster, death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still in triumph sing;

4 I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.

5 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.

6 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
This glorious hope of endless rest
Is now transporting me.

379. C. M. *Psalm 39.* WATTS.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time:
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

380. C. M.
A Wife bereaved of her Husband.

1 MY head and stay is took away,
And I am left alone—
My husband dear, who was so near,
Is took away and gone.

2 It grieves my heart, 'tis hard to part
With one who was so kind;
Where shall I go to tell my woe,
Or ease my troubled mind?

3 In wisdom's ways we spent our days;
Much comfort we did find:
But he is gone, his glass is run,
And I am left behind.

4 Nought can I find to ease my mind,
Of things which are below;
For earthly toys but vex my joys,
And aggravate my woe.

5 But I'll repair to Jesus, where
I'll ease my troubled breast;
And leave my sorrows all behind,
And be for ever blest.

381. C. M.
The Christian desiring to be with Christ.

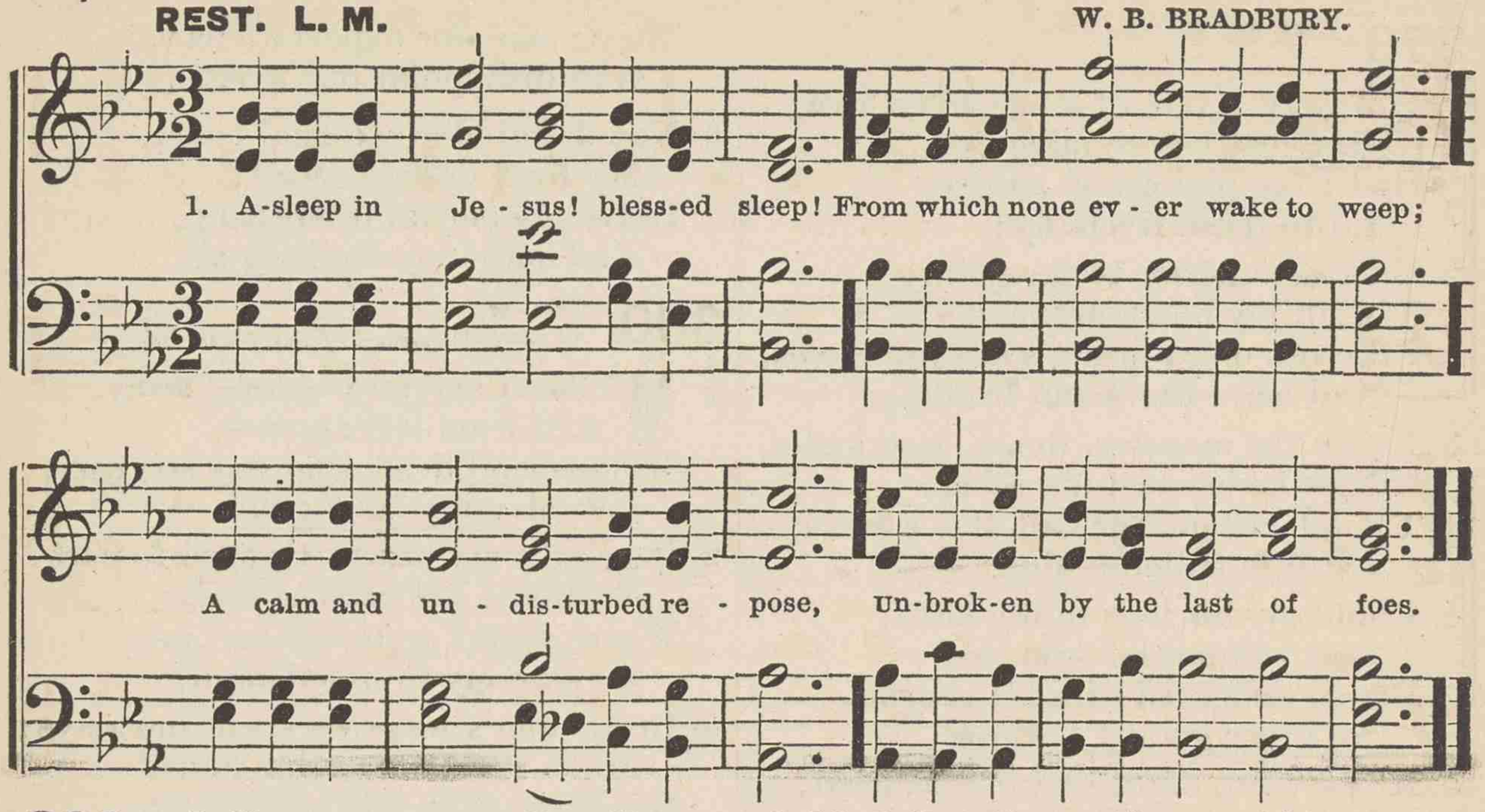
1 LET death dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my days move on so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

3 Jesus the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

4 God is my everlasting aid,
My portion and my friend,
To him be highest glory paid
In ages without end.

REST. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



382. L. M MRS. MACKAY.

1 Thess. 4. 14.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

383. L. M. BATHURST.

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek:
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

384. L. M. ANON.

John 19. 41.

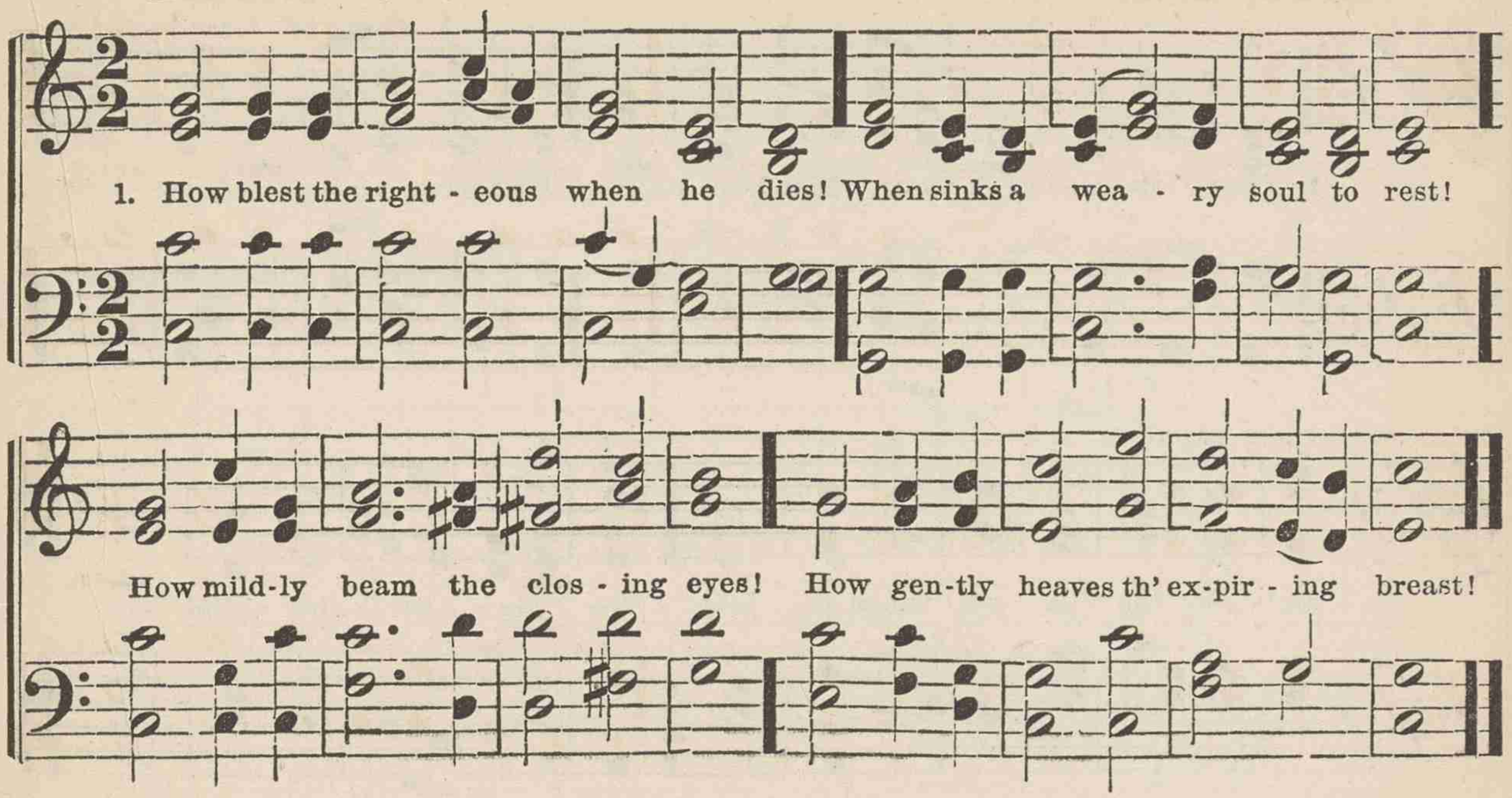
1 DEAR is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
Oh! why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar;
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



385. L. M. BARBAULD.

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which the unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

386. L. M.

Ecc.. 12. 7.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave and blessed the bed: [throne
Rest here, blest saint, till from his
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word:
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord!

387. L. M. WATTS.

Heb. 2. 15.

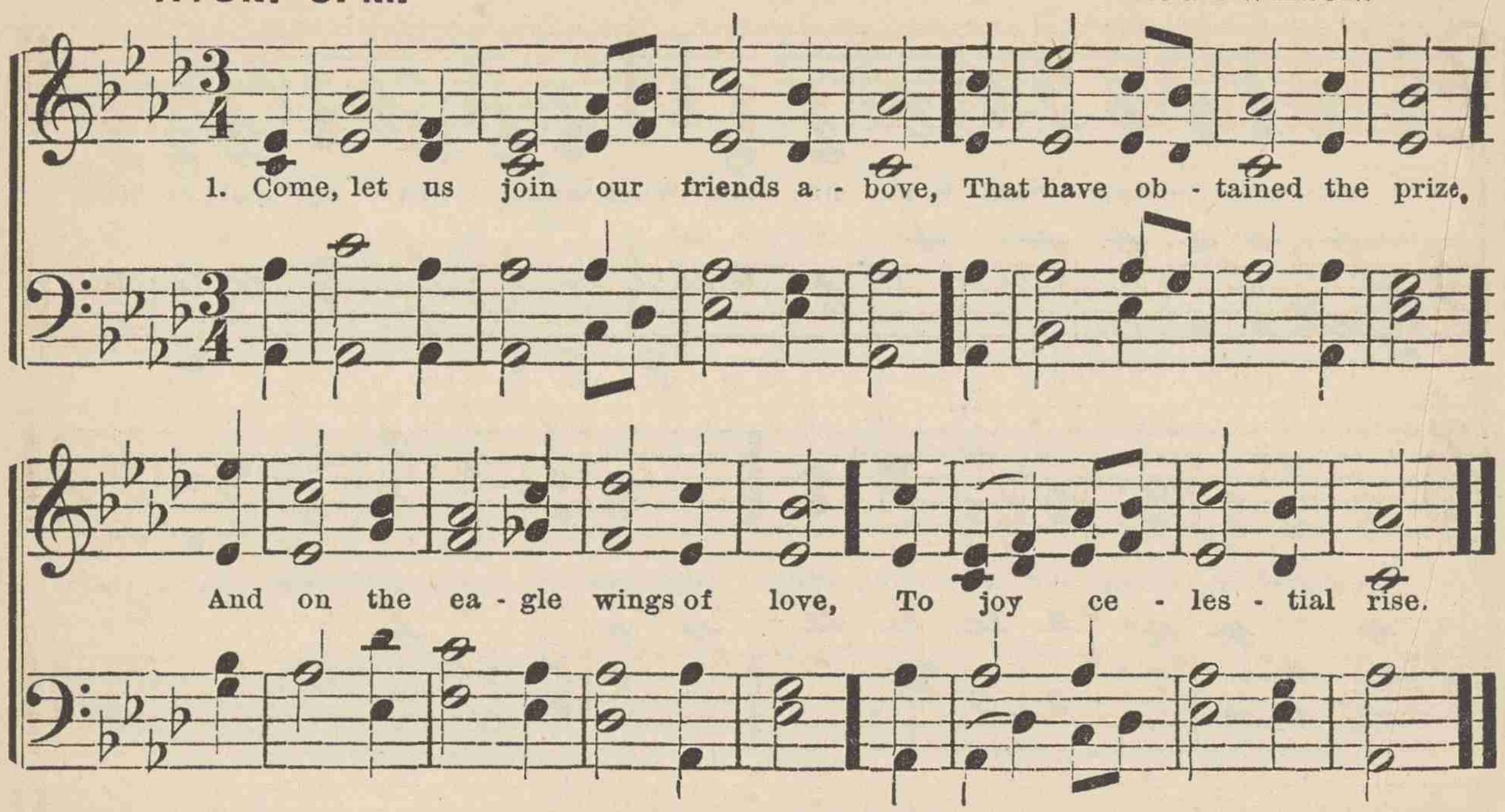
1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

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

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

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.

AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



388. C. M. *Eph. 3. 15.*

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our king,
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood and waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

389. C. M. WATTS.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears, attend the cry;
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours.

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

390. C. M. *Job. 14. 1.*

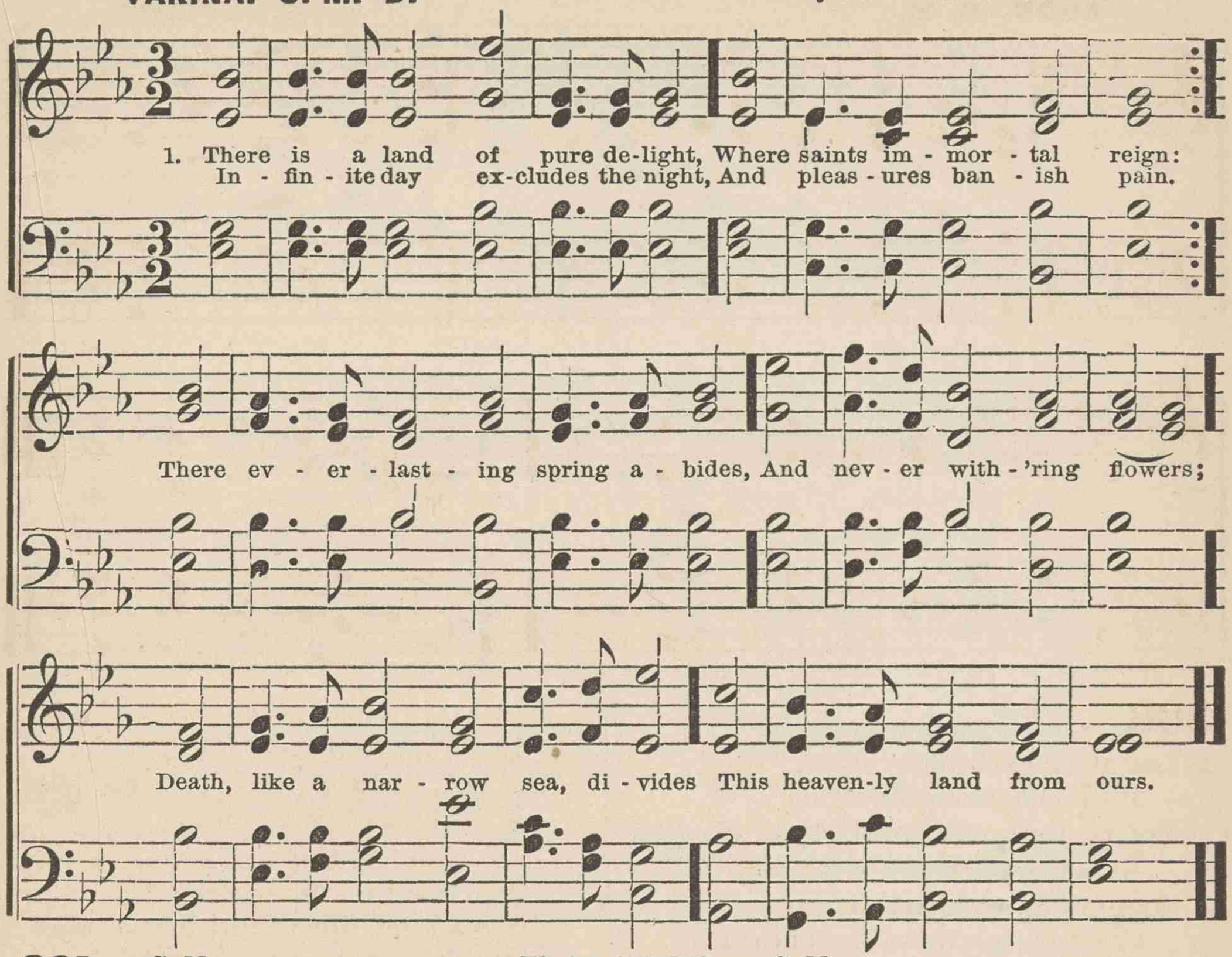
1 HOW short the race our friend has run,
Cut down in all his bloom,
The course but yesterday begun,
Now finished in the tomb.

2 Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man of woman born;
Thy doom is written—dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return.

3 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon
Thy years may end their flight;
Long, long before life's brilliant noon,
May come death's gloomy night.

4 To serve thy God, no longer wait,
To-day his voice regard;
To-morrow mercy's open gate,
May be forever barred.

VARINA. C. M. D. By Per. GEO. F. ROOT.



391. C. M. WATTS.

Deut. 34. 1.

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 tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts 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, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

392. C. M.

1 Thess. 4. 13.

1 'TIS sweet to think of those at rest,
Who sleep in Christ the Lord;
Whose spirits now with Him are blest
According to His word.

2 They once were pilgrims here with us,
In Jesus now they sleep:
And we for them, while resting thus,
As hopeless can not weep.

3 How bright the resurrection morn
On all the saints will break!
The Lord himself will then return,
His ransomed Church to take.

4 Or raised or changed His saints will
All grief and care removed: [meet,
What joy 'twill be to us to greet
Each saint whom here we loved.

144 **AYLESBURY. S. M.**



393 S. M.

Death and the Resurrection.

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

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

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

394. S. M. KENT.

Isa. 3. 10.

1 WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and in eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In ev'ry state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

5 'Tis well when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep and pray,
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

395. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

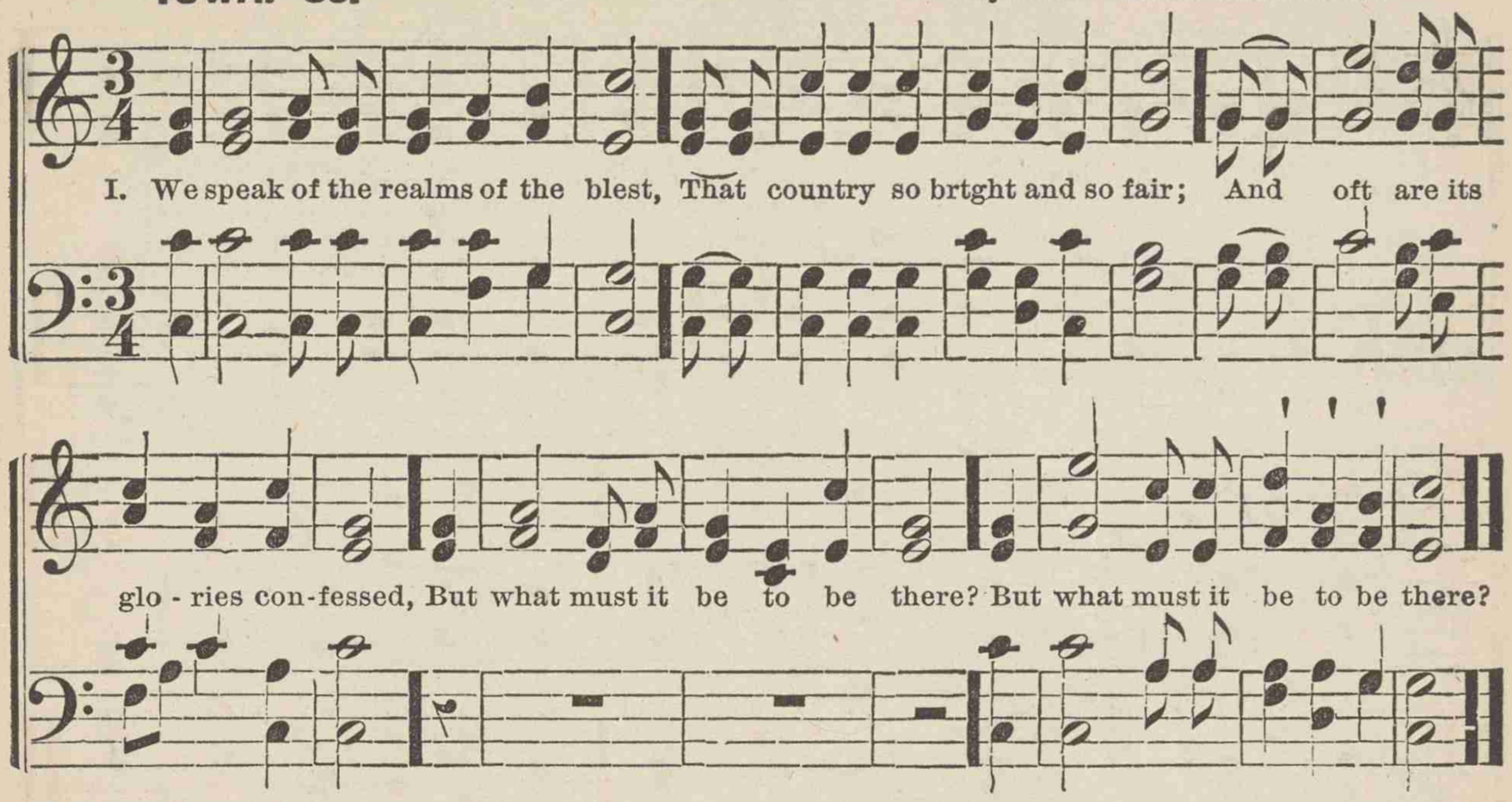
John 16. 33.

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

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

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

IOWA. 8s. By Per. A. D. FILLMORE.



396. 8s.

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there?

4 Oh Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

397. 8s.

1 MY days are extinguished and gone,
My time as a shadow is fled,
And gladly I lay myself down
To rest with the peaceable dead.

2 The dead ever-living attend,
Whose dust is all safe in the tomb,
And many a glorified friend
Is ready to welcome me home.

3 My days are all vanished away,
Broke off the designs of my heart,
No longer on death I delay,
Nor linger, as loth to depart.

4 Resolved in my Lord to abide,
This purpose I know shall remain,
And trust to be found at his side,
And Jesus eternally gain.

398. 8s. WHITEFIELD'S COL.
Death of a Brother.—Rev. 14. 13.

1 HOW blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind!

2 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain:
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.

3 This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

4 The lids that he seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in the sweetest repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.

5 These fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

THE LAND OF BEULAH. C. M.

By Per. WM. B. BRADBURY.



399 C. M.

3 There is a port, a peaceful port,
A safe and quiet shore,
Where weary mariners resort,
And hear the storms no more.
CHORUS: O come, angel band, &c.

4 That land be mine, that calm retreat,
That crown of glory bright;
Then I'll esteem each bitter sweet,
And every burden light.
CHORUS: O come, angel band, &c.

400. C. M. STENNETT.
The Promised Land.

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 There, generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

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

5 No chilling wind, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

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

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves aroud me roll,
Fearless I'll launch away.

Tune—VARINA, p. 143.

401. C. M. STEELE.
Reflections at the Death of a Friend.

1 WHEN those we love are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Oh! let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

Tune—ELTHAM, p. 162.

402. 7s. 6 Lines.
Death of a Child.

1 WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now my darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay,
God recalls the precious loan,
God hath taken him away
From my bosom to his own;
Surely what he wills is best,
Happy in his will, I rest.

2 Faith cries out, It is the Lord!
Let him do as seems him good;
Be thy holy name adored,
Take the gift awhile bestowed,
Take the child no longer mine,
Thine he is, forever thine.

403. 7s. 6 Lines.
DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son and Holy Ghost!
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s. L. MASON.



404. 8s & 7s.

2 Nay, the grave is dark and dreary,
But the lost one is not there,
Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper,
Floating on the ambient air?

3 It is near thee, gentle mother,
Near thee at the evening hour;
Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
It looks up from every flower.

4 And when night's dark shadows fleeing
Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
Then thy angel babe is there.

405. 8s & 7s.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

406. 8s & 7s. COLLYER.

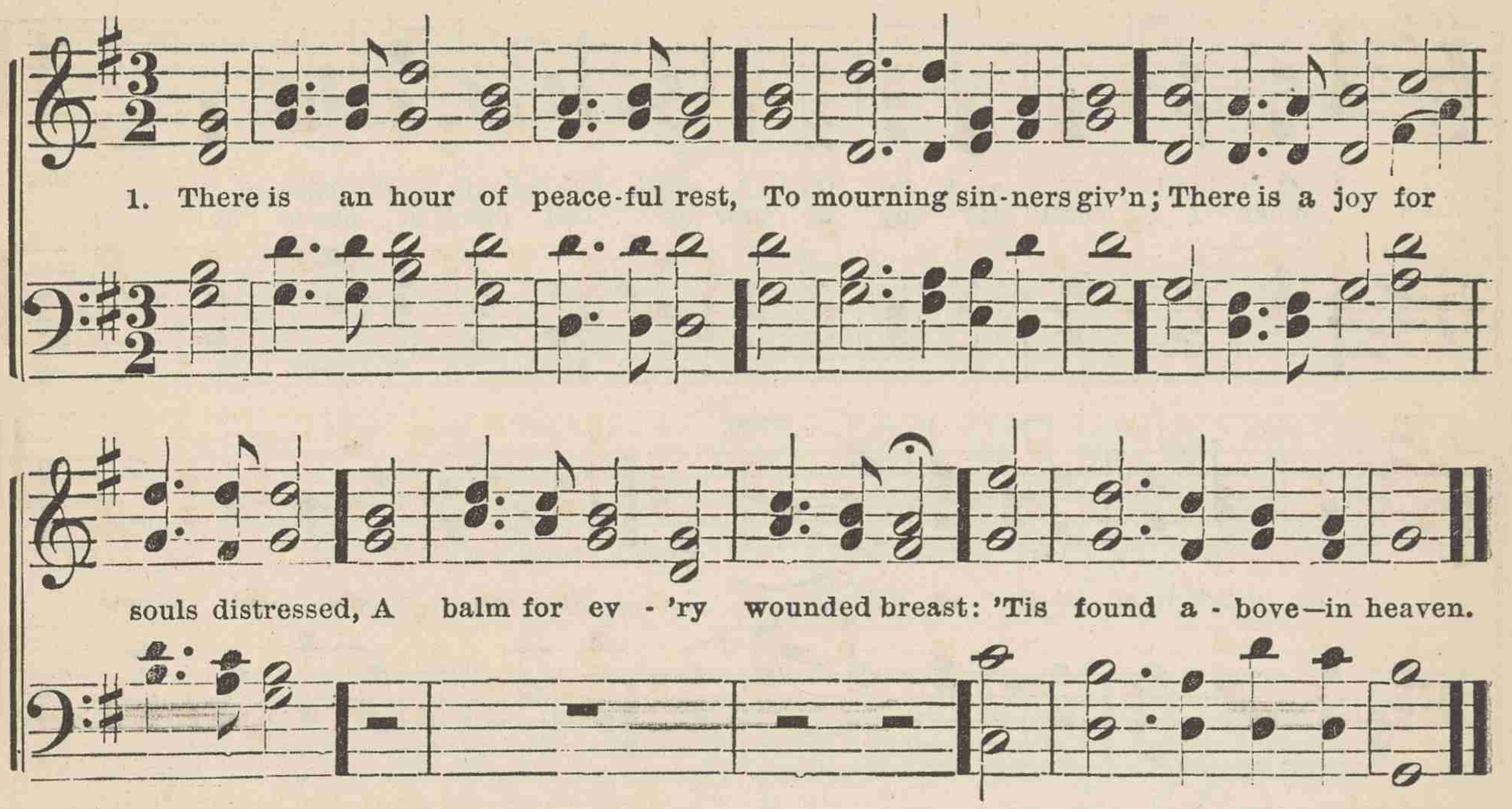
1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There, no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

WOODLAND. C. M. N. D. GOULD.



407. C. M.

Rev. 21. 3, 4.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed 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!

408. C. M.

Psalm 16. 11.

1 HEAVEN is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
‖: The sunny clime of rest and peace, :‖
Where cares distract no more.

2 Heaven is the home where spirits dwell,
Who wandered here awhile,
‖: And, "seeing things invisible," :‖
Departed with a smile.

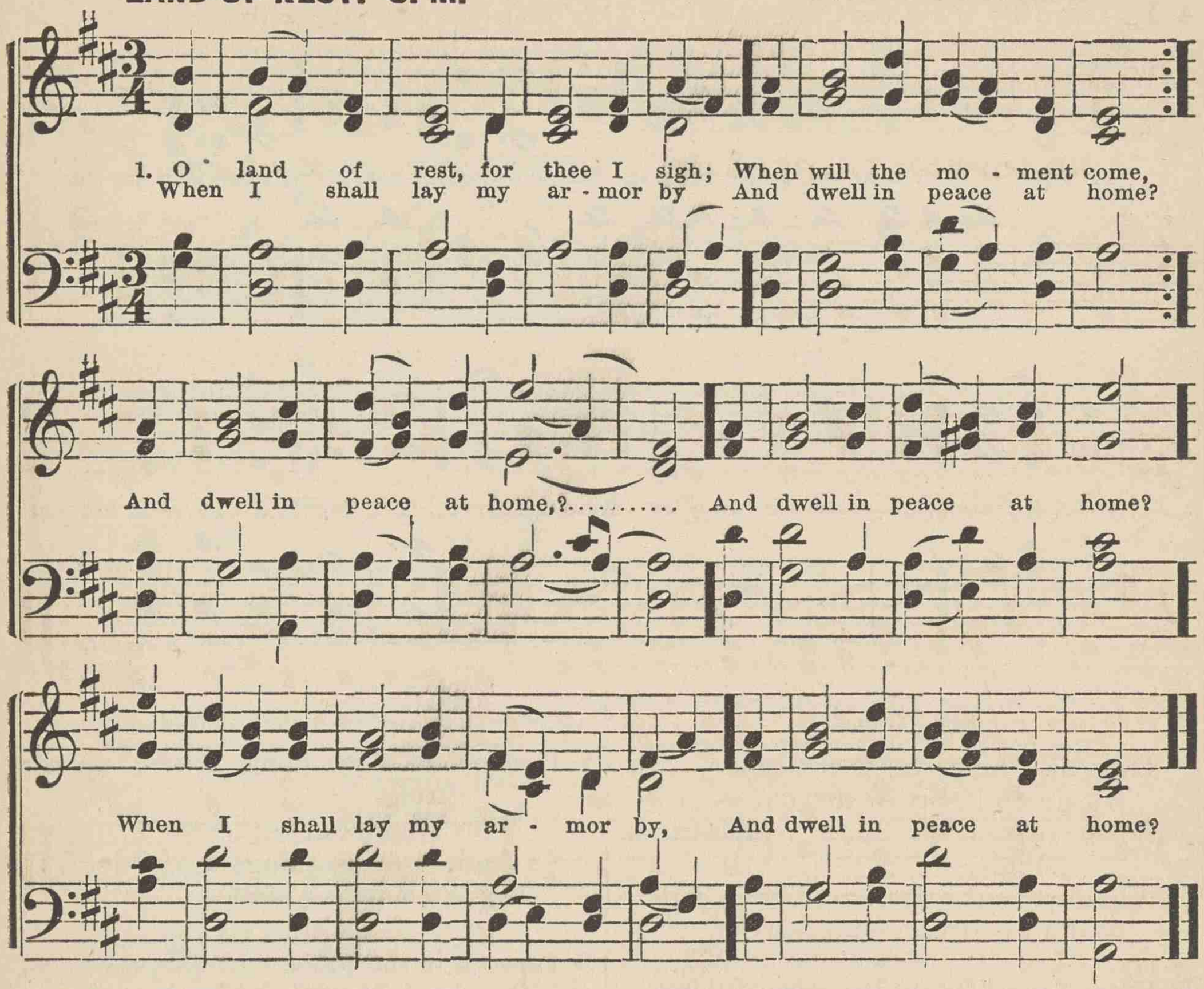
3 Heaven is the place where Jesus lives,
To plead his dying blood,
‖: While to his prayers the Father gives :‖
An unknown multitude.

4 Heaven is the dwelling place of joy,
The home of light and love,
‖: Where faith and hope in rapture die; :‖
There's perfect bliss above.

409. C. M. DOXOLOGY.

O PRAISE the Lord, ye heavenly host:
The same on earth be done;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The great, the good Three-One.

LAND OF REST. C. M.



410. C. M.

Longing for Home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome:
This world's a wilderness of woe;
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I would at once have quit the field
Where foes with fury foam,
But, ah! my passport was not sealed;
I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit the unhallowed ground
And dwell with Christ at home.

411. C. M.

Philip. 1. 23.

1 LONG have I tried terrestrial joys,
But here can find no rest:
Far from its vanity and noise,
"To be with Christ is best."

2 'Tis desert here, and thorns and foes,
Do all the road infest;
The danger of the journey's short,
"To be with Christ is best."

3 When earth can no delights afford,
He spreads a heavenly feast;
Such dainties crown his royal board,
"To be with Christ is best."

4 By this I fly the desert through,
And feel my soul refreshed;
What can obstruct me when I know,
"To be with Christ is best?"

5 There an eternity with thee,
I'll think myself well blest;
I see thee here; but oh! to be,
"To be with Christ is best."

NO SORROW THERE. S. M. E. W. DUNBAR.



412. S. M.

2 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns;
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—CHO.

3 I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home; [ne'er fade,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns
And all our joys are one.—CHO.

4 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet:
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.—CHO.

5 I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair;
Oh! how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.—CHO.

413. S. M. *The Dying Saint.*

1 O SING to me of heaven,
When I am called to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.—CHO.

2 When the last moment comes,
Oh! watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which o'er my features plays.—CHO.

3 Then to my raptured soul,
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.—CHO.

4 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.—CHO.

GOING HOME. L. M. WILLIAM MILLER.



414. L. M. WM. HUNTER.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be. CHO.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And, tho' like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure. CHO.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne. CHO.

5 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me. CHO.

415. L. M. JOHN 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 had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long have 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, for I'm the Way!"

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

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

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s. WM. McDONALD.



416. 8s & 7s. SAM. Y. HARMER.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.—CHO.

3 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.—CHO.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, oh! ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.—CHO.

5 Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you, [through.
You shall find an entrance CHO.

417. 8s & 7s. HORATIO BONAR.

1 THIS is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.—CHO.

2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse hath passed away.—CHO.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.—CHO.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.—CHO.

OVER THERE.

By Per. T. C. O'KANE.

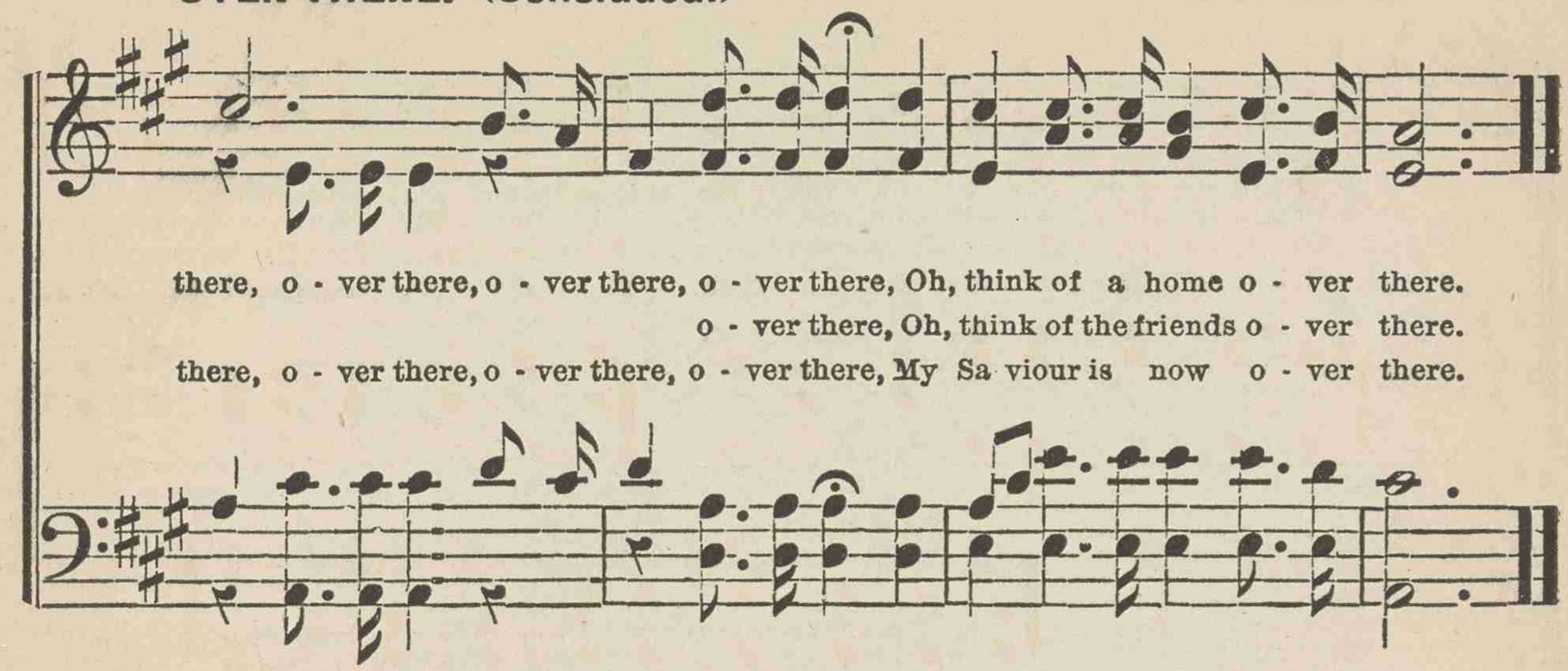
1. Oh! think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. Oh! think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sa - viour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at

light, Where the saints all im-mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; o - ver there, Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me

robed in their gar - ments of white, o - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
home in the pal - ace of God.
fly to the land of the blest. o - ver there,

there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver
Oh, think of the friends o - ver there,
o - ver there, My Sa - viour is now o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver

OVER THERE. (Concluded.)



418.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

5 We'll all meet again over there,
When the trials of life are all o'er;
With the ransomed eternally share
The bliss on that beautiful shore.
Over there, over there,
We'll all meet again over there.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. GREGORIAN CHANT.



419.

1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth, . . as it | is in | heaven.

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses. as we forgive | them that | tres- · · pass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A - — | men.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER. 8s & 7s. By Per. R. LOWRY.



420. 8s & 7s. R. LOWRY.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.—CHO.

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—CHO.

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.—CHO.

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease:
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.—CHO.



421. 11s. *The Saints' Home.*

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice blessèd Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
Home, home, &c.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.
Home, home, &c.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne
And find even now a foretaste of my home.
Home, home, &c.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

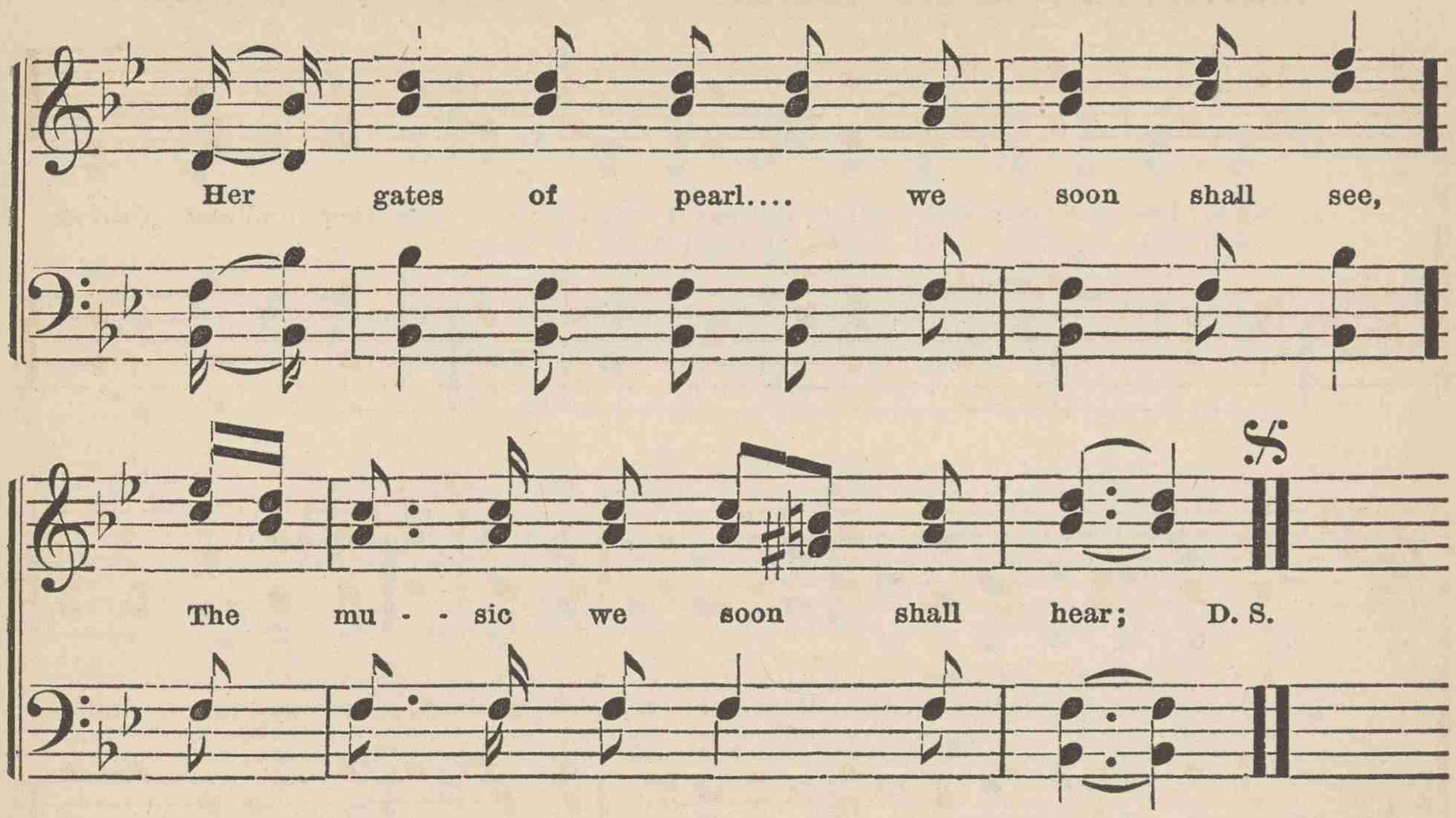
THE SAINTS' ETERNAL HOME.

Arr. from MRS. S. W. HARRIS.

1. The groan - - - ing earth is too dark and drear
For the saints' e - ter - nal home; But the cit - y of heav'n will soon ap - - pear, We know that the mo - - ment is
D. S. Joy-ous and bright our homes may be, For we'll walk in the shad - - ow of soon draw - ing near, When she in her glo - ry will come;
life's fair tree, With a Sa - viour for - ev - er near.

FINE.

THE SAINTS' ETERNAL HOME. (Concluded.)



422.

2 I'd gladly exchange a world like this,
Where death triumphant reigns,
For a beautiful home in that land of bliss,
Where all is happiness, joy and peace,
And nothing can there give us pains.
There's no more sorrow, and no more night,
The darkness shall flee away;
For the Crucified Lamb is the glorious light,
And the saints shall walk with him in white
In that happy eternal home.

3 Oh! there the loved of earth will meet,
Whom death hath sundered here,
Prophets and Patriarchs there we'll greet,
And all shall worship at Jesus' feet,
No more separation to fear.
Though trials and grief await us here,
The warfare will soon be o'er;
This glorious hope our hearts shall cheer,
We know that the Saviour will soon appear,
And then we shall grieve no more.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s. By Per. L. MASON.





423. 6s & 4s.
Heaven is my Home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
Time's cold and wintry blast,
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

Tune—HAPPY LAND, opp. page.

424. P. M.
Rev. 21. 4.

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh! 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?
Oh! 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 can not die.
Oh! then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

HAPPY LAND. P. M.



425. P. M.

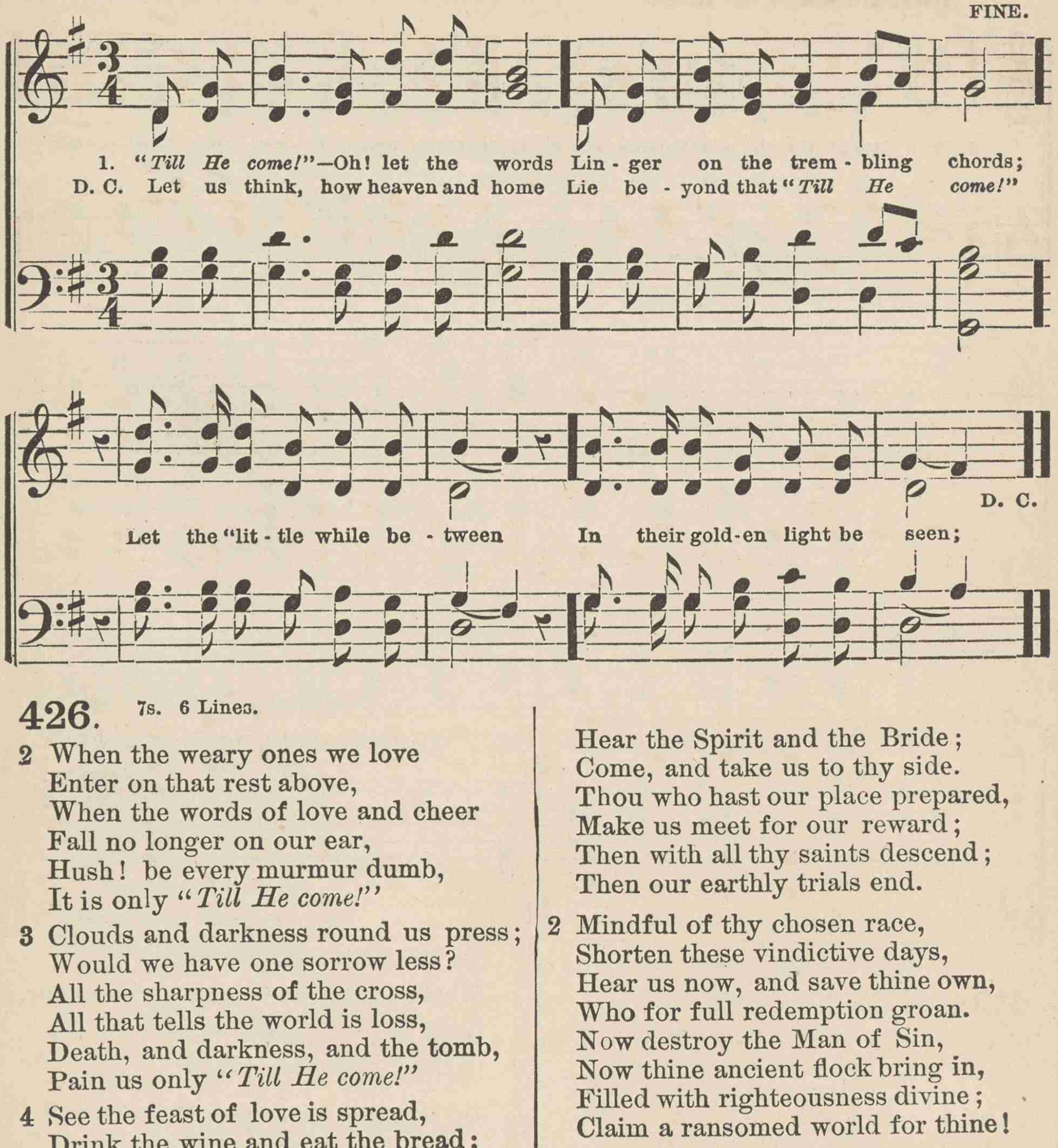
Matt. 24. 42.

2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command!
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late!
Watch, brethren, watch!

3 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the strong One near,
Long as ye struggle here!
Pray, brethren, pray!

4 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues
Soon to lead the angel's songs,
While heaven the note prolongs—
Praise, brethren, praise.

ELTHAM. 7s. (For 7s. Dbl. repeat first brace.) By Per. LOWELL MASON.



426. 7s. 6 Lines.

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on that rest above,
When the words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "*Till He come!*"

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come!*"

4 See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

427. 7s. Dbl. C. WESLEY.

1 COME, Desire of nations, come;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side.
Thou who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then with all thy saints descend;
Then our earthly trials end.

2 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days,
Hear us now, and save thine own,
Who for full redemption groan.
Now destroy the Man of Sin,
Now thine ancient flock bring in,
Filled with righteousness divine;
Claim a ransomed world for thine!

3 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Glorious in thy saints appear;
Speak the sacred number sealed,
Speak the mystery revealed:
Take to thee thy royal power;
Reign, when sin shall be no more!
Reign, when death no more shall be!
Reign to all eternity!

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.



428. L. M.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness he came,
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow-wreath, and robes of storm,
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be he, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us; mountains on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

VESPER. 8s, 7s & 4s. BORTNIANSKI.



429.

8s, 7s and 4s. *Zech. 12. 10.* C. WESLEY.

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

3 The dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshipers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on these glorious scars!

4 Lo! the last long separation,
As the cleaving crowds divide,
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!
Lord of mercy!
How shall I that day abide?

5 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
Men and angels
Kneel and bow to thee alone!

430.

8s, 7s & 4s. *Rom. 8. 22, 23.*

1 CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase.
Come, Lord Jesus!
Come, thou blessèd Prince of Peace!

2 Though once cradled in a manger,
Oft no pillow but the sod;
Here an alien and a stranger,
Mocked of men, though Son of God,
All creation
Yet shall own thy kingly rod.

3 Long thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee;
But, in heavenly vestures shining,
They shall soon thy glory see.
Come, Lord Jesus!
Haste the joyous Jubilee!

4 With that "blesséd hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty Advent-chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue—
Hallelujah!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

431. 8s, 7s & 4s.
1 Thess. 4. 17.

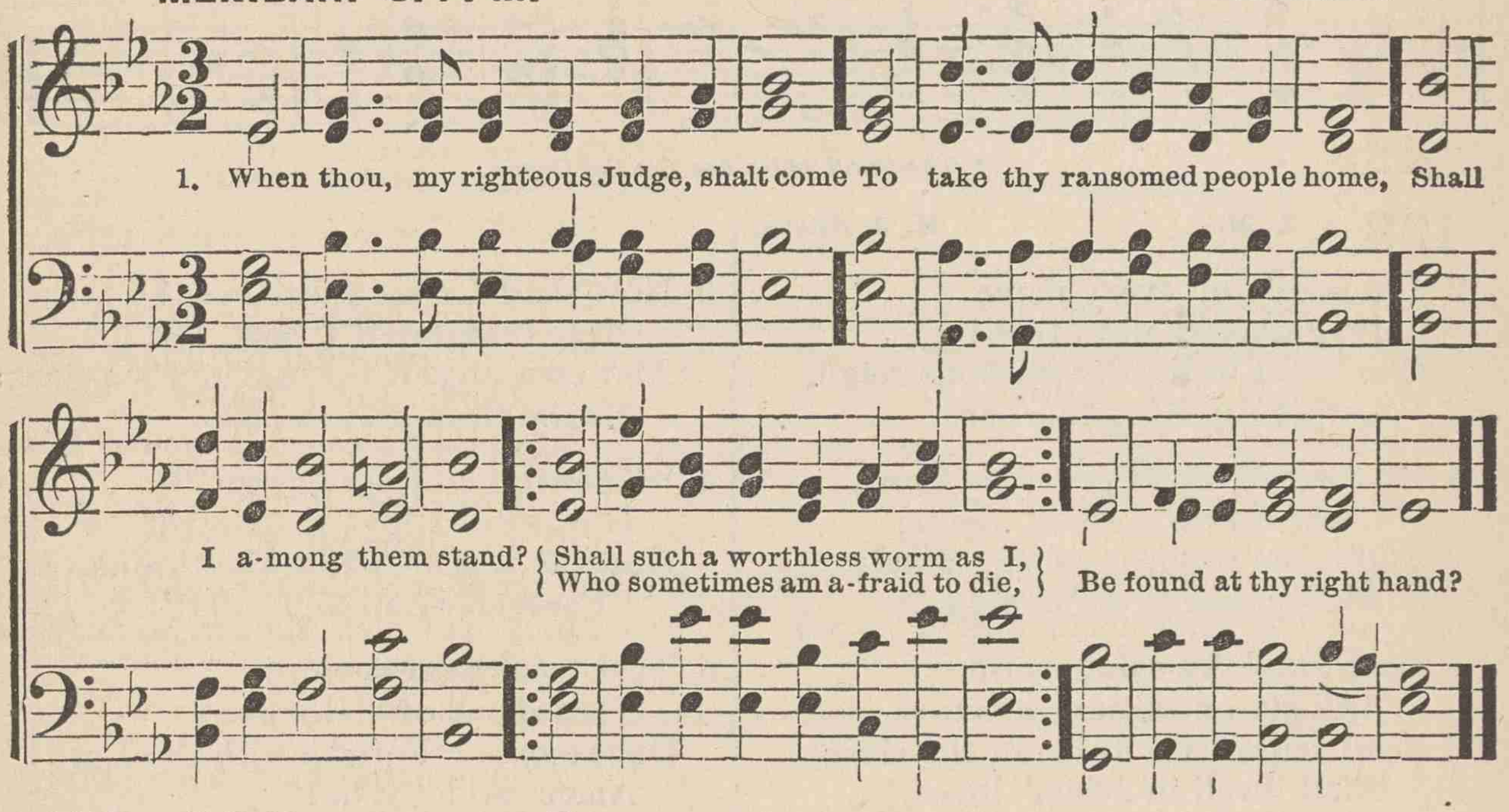
1 'MID the splendors of the glory
Which we hope ere long to share,
Christ our Head, and we, his members,
Shall appear divinely fair;
O how glorious!
When we meet him in the air!

2 From the dateless, timeless periods,
He has loved us without cause;
And for all his blood-bought myriads
His is love that knows no pause.
Matchless Lover!
Changeless as th' eternal laws!

3 Oh! what gifts shall we be granted,
Palms, and crowns, and robes of white,
When the hope for which we panted
Bursts upon our gladdened sight,
And our Saviour
Makes us glorious through his might.

4 Bright the prospect soon that greets us
Of that longed-for nuptial day, [us
When our heavenly Bridegroom meets
On his kingly, conquering way;
In the glory,
Bride and Bridegroom reign for aye.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. L. MASON.



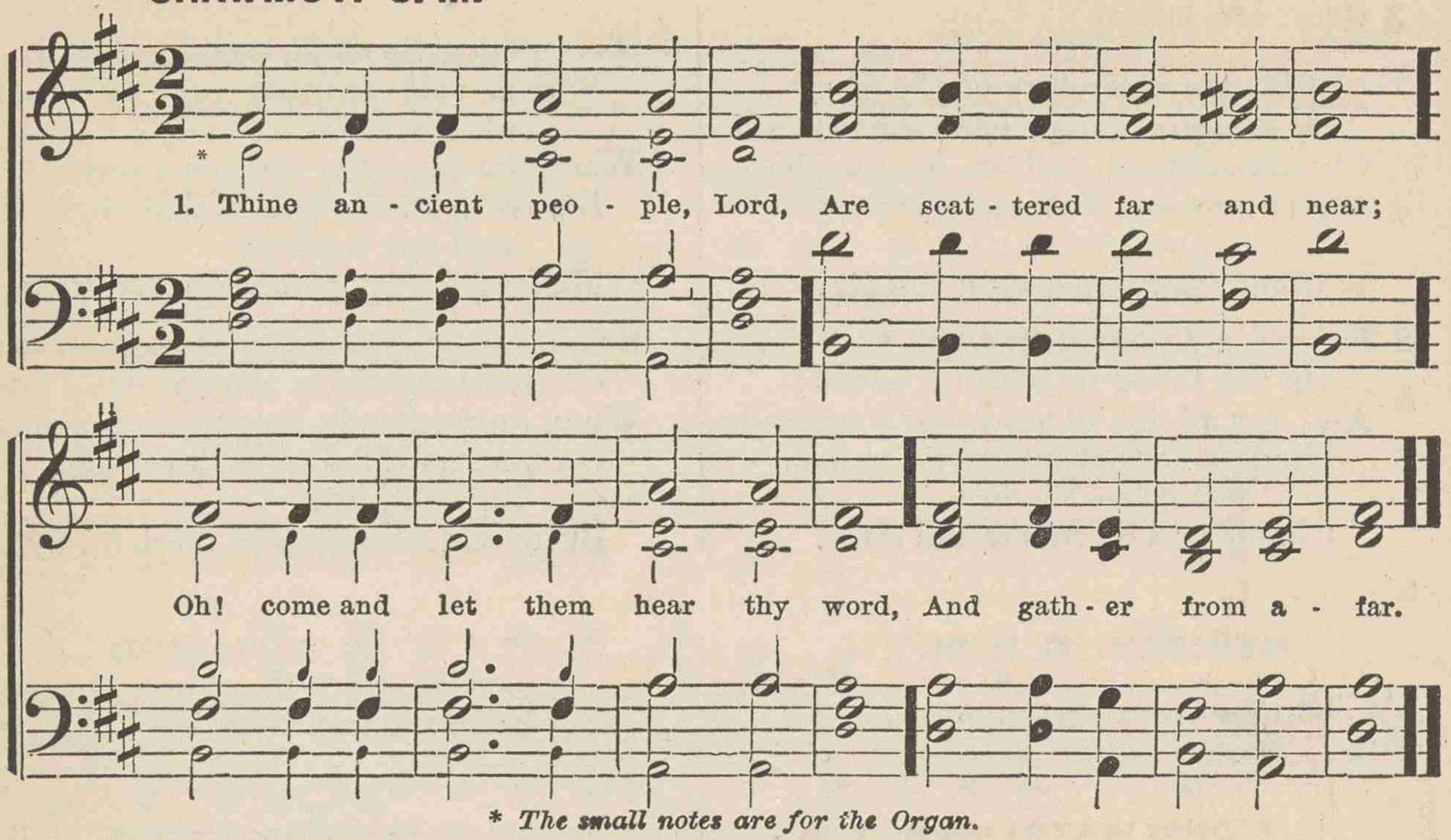
432. C. P. M. HUNTINGDON.
1 Thess. 4. 16, 17.

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

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh! let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

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

SHAWMUT. S. M. L. MASON.



* *The small notes are for the Organ.*

433. S. M. M. J. SEARS.

2 Let saints of every name
Be gathered unto thee;
Come and begin thy glorious reign,
Let us thy Kingdom see.

3 Oh! come, most gracious Lord,
Come down to earth again;
Fulfill the promise of thy word,
A thousand years to reign.

4 Then shall thy saints arise,
And sit on thrones above;
Shall reign with Jesus in the skies,
Shall dwell in Jesus' love.

3 How shall I meet those eyes?
Mine on himself I cast,
And own myself the Saviour's prize;
Mercy from first to last.

4 "Knowing as I am known!"
How shall I love that word!
How oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

5 That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory—
Once more: "Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!

434. S. M. *1 Thess. 4. 17.*

1 THE Lord himself shall come
And shout a quickening word;
Thousands shall answer from the tomb:
"Forever with the Lord."

2 Then as we upward fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be our shout of victory:
"Forever with the Lord."

435. S. M. *1 Thess. 1. 9, 10.*

1 THE Church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

2 How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt thou not jndge thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?

3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

5 We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace,

6 Come, Lord! and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

436. S M.

Preparation for the Judgment.

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

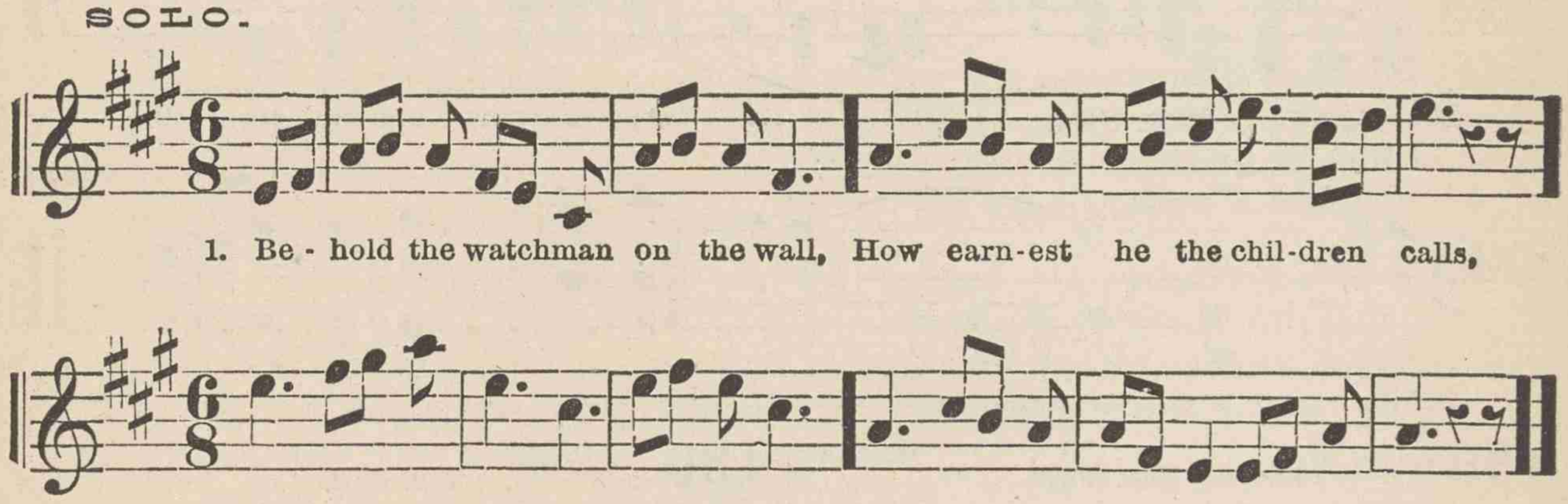
2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

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

4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there!

ZION'S WATCHMAN. L.M.

Words and Music by T. B. A.



437.

2 Come, friendly sinner, here below!
What do you think that you will do,
When Gabriel's trump aloud shall sound?
Oh! where will your poor soul be found?

3 There is a place of joy sublime,
Far beyond the bound of time;
And when that trump aloud shall blow,
We'll reach that clime or dwell in woe.

4 Oh! may the Spir't unfold to you
The dangerous road you now pursue,
And may the Saviour by his grace
Reveal to you his smiling face.

5 All praise to thee our Saviour dear,
Whose love and mercy brought us here;
We knew not thee, hadst thou not come,
And brought us wandering children home.

SECOND COMING OF THE LORD.

ANTIOCH. C. M. HANDEL. Arr. by L. MASON.



438. C. M. WATTS.

Psalm 98, 2nd. part.

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.

439. C. M.

Col. 3. 4.

1 LONG hath the night of sorrow reigned,
The dawn shall bring us light:
Christ shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

2 Then shall we see our absent Lord—
Shall know him and rejoice:
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

3 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

4 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light:
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

440. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

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 prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him bnrst,
The iron fetters yield.

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

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

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
The welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovèd name.

441. C. M.

John 3. 29.

1 BRIDE of the Lamb, awake! awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
And heir of glory thou.

2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that's far away—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

3 But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 He comes—for, oh! his yearning heart
No more can bear delay—
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call his Bride away.

5 Thou, too, shalt reign—he will not wear
His crown of joy alone!
And earth his royal Bride shall see
Beside him on the throne.

6 Then weep no more — 'tis all thine own—
His crown, his joy divine,
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, he himself is thine.

442. C. M. WATTS.

Matt. 24. 44,

1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent! thy end is nigh:
Death at the farthest can't be far:
Oh! think before you die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount;
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence,
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume:
But ah! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day, the gospel calls, to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you:
Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

443. C. M. FRANKLIN.

1 THY church, O Lord, that's planted here,
O make it to increase
With numbers, blessed with filial fear,
Enjoying heavenly peace.

2 O may we all, dear Lord, as one
United ever be,
Rejoicing in what Christ has done,
Who groaned upon the tree.

3 May all each other's burdens bear,
Be simple, meek, and kind,
And keep us safe from every snare,
And all of humble mind.

GOSPEL TRUMPET. L. M. JOHN AXFORD.



444. L. M. JOHN AXFORD.

2 O blesséd Jesus, now on high,
Clothed in thy robes of majesty,
My feeble voice I raise to thee,
‖: And humbly say, remember me! :‖

3 O Holy Spirit, "Paraclete,"
Come thou and guide my erring feet
From this wide wilderness to thee,
‖: And do, I pray, remember me! :‖

4 Almighty, glorious, sovereign God,
Whose power extends to all abroad,
Thou great mysterious One-in-Three,
‖: I humbly pray, O think of me! :‖

5 When in affliction's path I pine,
And cannot see a single sign,
Weary and sad though I may be,
‖: I still would pray, remember me! :‖

6 And when this body is laid down,
In weakness though it will be sown,
In power 'twill soon be raised by thee,
‖: To sing of all thy thoughts of me. :‖

445. L. M. Deut. 33. 25. FAWCETT.
As thy Days so shall thy Strength be.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near:
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For as thy days thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

5 When called to bear the mighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain or loss,
Or deep distress or poverty,
Still as thy days thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy Spirit free,
And as thy days thy strength shall be,

446. L. M W. THOMPSON.
The Peace of Zion.

1 COME saints, attend and hear me tell
How God regards his Israel;
How he has saved them from distress,
For God delights his church to bless.

2 He is her Shepherd, and will keep
A constant watch o'er all his sheep;
Submit yourselves, your lives, your all,
To Jesus, and attend his call.

3 Zion shall triumph in her King,—
Her Rock and Tower she still shall sing;
For in his name she shall abide,
And shelter in his wounded side.

4 O Jesus, Shepherd! condescend
To be thy chosen people's friend;
O keep thy church in union sweet,
In love and harmony complete.

447. 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 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

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

448. *Tune*—CEPHAS, p. 3.
L. M. H. K. WHITE.

1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

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

3 Once on the raging seas I rode; [dark,
The storm was loud, the night was
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose:
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

LENOX. H. M. J. EDSON.



449. H. M. *Isa. 27. 13.*

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world 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!

5 Jesus, our great high priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest—
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
‖: The year of jubilee is come, :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners home!

450. H. M.

1 YE ransomed sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
‖: Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me, :‖
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he, and just,
From all unrighteousness
‖: To cleanse us all, both you and me: :‖
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure
And perfected in love:
‖: Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me, :‖
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise;
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
‖: Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me, :‖
We shall from all our sins be free.

451. H. M. C. WESLEY.

In Christ.—Heb. 7. 22.

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

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

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child—
I can no longer fear;
‖: His Spirit answers to the blood, :‖
And tells me "Thou art born of God."

452. H. M.

1 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.

2 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ear,
And lays his thunder by:
‖: Not all that earth or hell can say :‖
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

453. H. M.

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

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

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
‖: Then shall my soul new life obtain, :‖
Nor sabbaths be indulged in vain.

454. H. M. DOXOLOGY.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
‖: With all our powers, Eternal King, :‖
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

By Per. JOHN T. GRAPE.



455. MRS. ELVINA M. HALL.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—CHO.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—CHO.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet,—CHO.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 Lines. HASTINGS.



456. 7s. 6 Lines. TOPLADY.
John 19. 34.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands,
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

457. 7s. 6 Lines. HAWEIS.
John 19. 30.

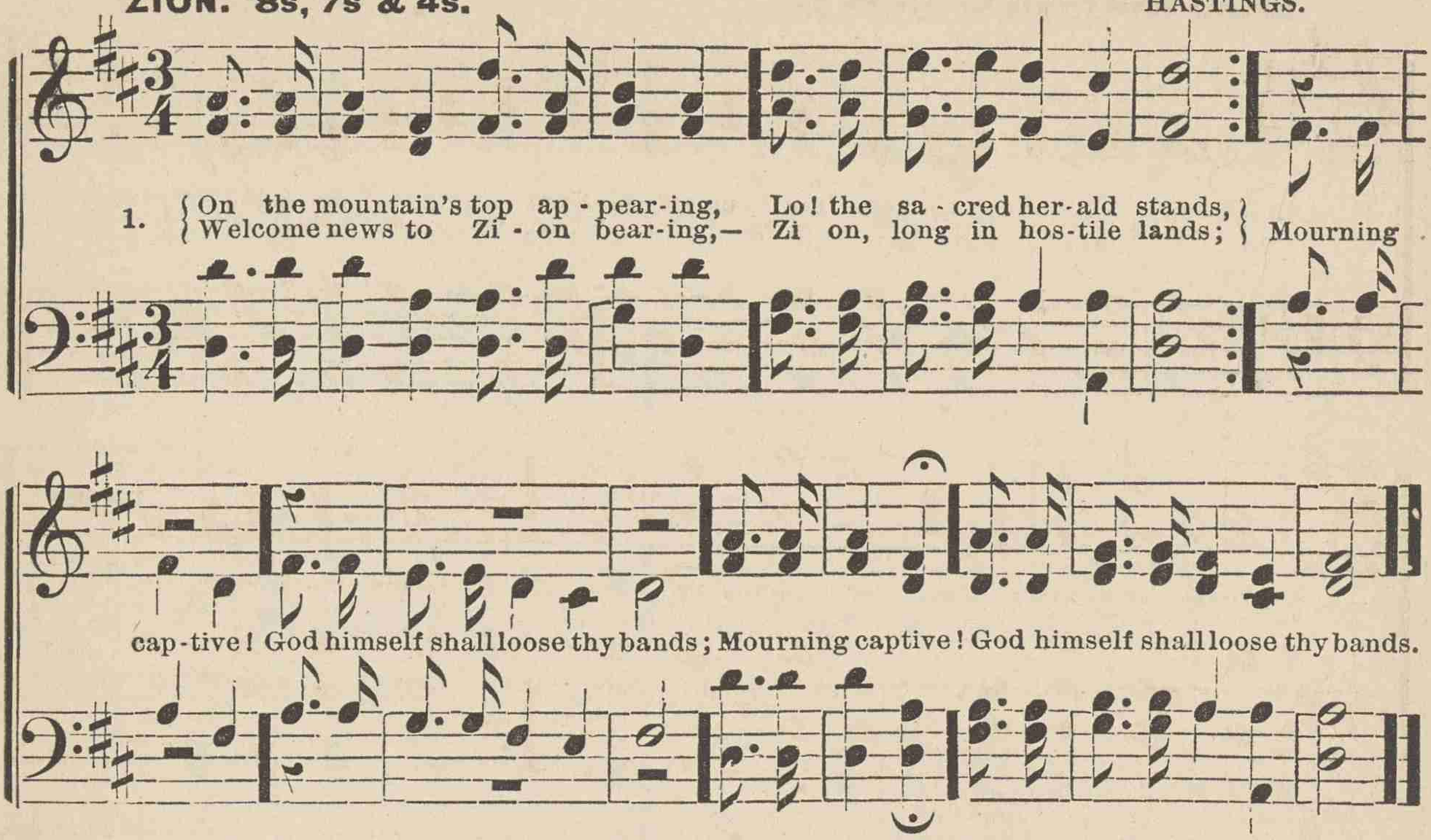
1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinners, come!

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 "Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. HASTINGS.



458. 8s, 7s & 4s. *Isa. 52. 7.* KELLY.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs nnd tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

459. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 JESUS is our great salvation,
Worthy of our best esteem;
He has saved his favorite nation,
Join to sing alond to him;
He hath saved us
Christ alone could us redeem.

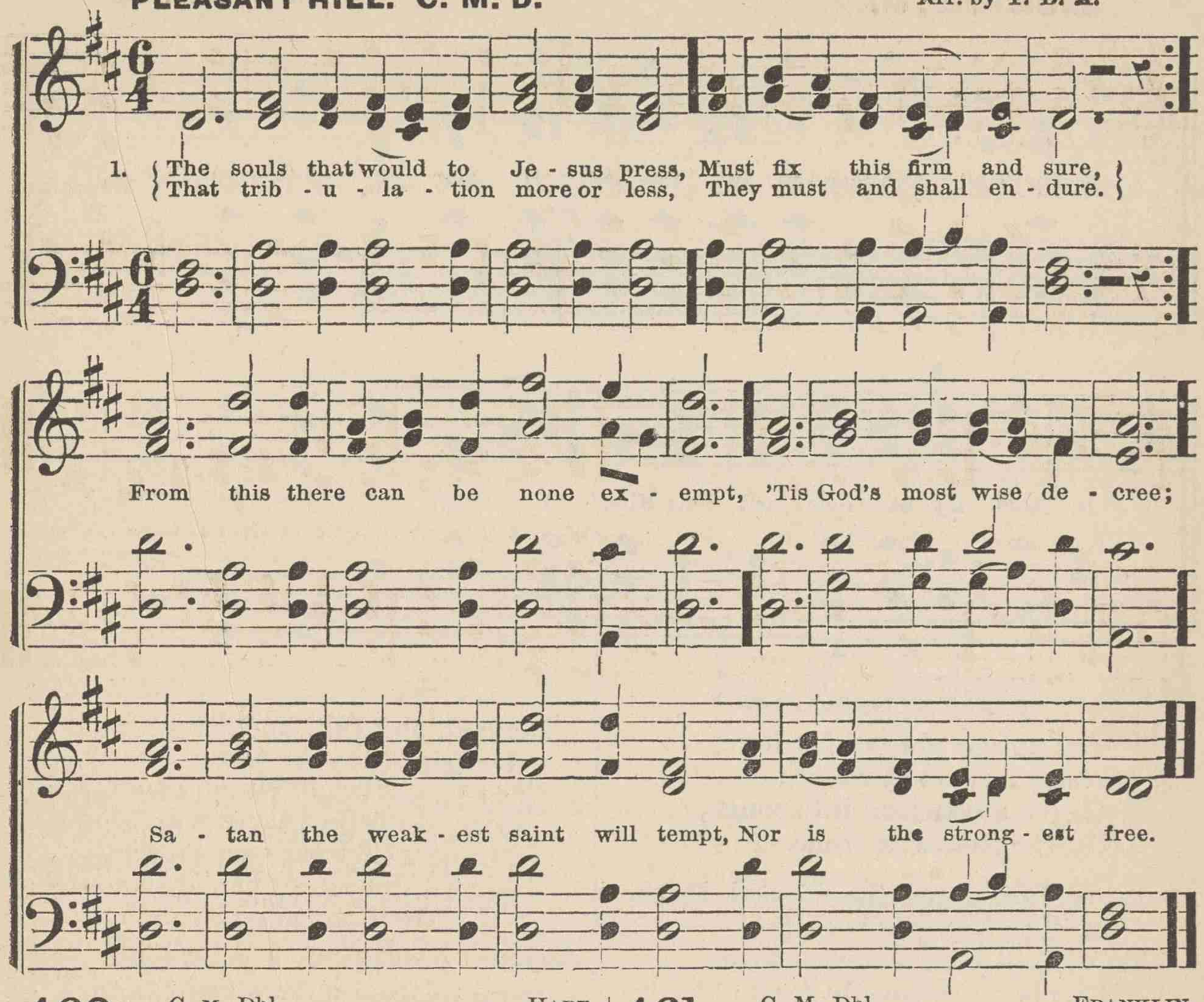
2 When involved in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found,
Jesus our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound;
He hath called us
With salvation in the sound.

3 Save us from a mere profession;
Save us from hypocrisy;
Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
Of thy righteousness and thee;
Best of favors!
None compared with this can be.

4 Let us never, Lord, forget thee:
Make us walk as pilgrims here;
We will give thee all the glory
Of the love that brought us near;
Bid us praise thee,
And rejoice with holy fear.

5 Free election known by calling,
Is a privilege divine:
Saints are kept from final falling;
All the glory, Lord, be thine;
All the glory
All the glory, Lord, is thine.

PLEASANT HILL. C. M. D. Arr. by T. B. A.



460. C. M. Dbl. HART.

Tribulation the Lot of the Christian.

2 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.
Glad frames too often lift us up,
And then how proud we grow!
Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And down we sink as low.

3 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wandering heart;
And seldom do we see the snares
Before we feel the smart.
But let not all this terrify:
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

461. C. M. Dbl. FRANKLIN.

1 IN all my troubles and distress,
The Lord my soul doth own;
Jehovah doth my griefs redress,
And make his mercy known.
He helps me on him to rely,
He is my strength and tower;
'Tis he that hears me when I cry,
And manifests his power.

2 In every storm, in every sea,
My Jesus makes a way;
His light shall make the darkness flee
And turn the shade to-day.
'Tis he in trouble bears me up,
And leads me safely through;
My Jesus doth maintain my cup,
And daily strength renew.

BROWN. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



462. C. M.
Christ's Love the best Feast.

2 I need not go abroad for joy;
I have a feast at home;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The Comforter is come.

3 Down from above the blessèd Dove,
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heavenly feast:

4 This makes me, Abba, Father, cry,
With confidence of soul; [God,
This makes me cry, my Lord, my
And that without control.

5 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love;
My soul doth leap, but oh for wings!
The wings of Noah's dove;

6 Then would I fly far hence away,
And leave this world of sin;
Then would my Lord put forth his hand
And kindly take me in.

7 Then would my soul with angels feast
On joys that ever last,
Refined, and full, and always new,
Delightful to the taste.

8 Blest be my God, the God of love!
Who gives me here a crumb,
And fills my soul with earnest hope
Till I arrive at home.

463. C. M.
The Shortness of Mortal Life.

1 TIME like a fleeting shadow flies.—
My house of clay must fall;
This tabernacle must decay,
And vanish as a scroll.

2 My youth and age, my months and years,
Like grass and flowers decay;
Before the mower's scythe of death
They soon will pass away.

3 But far beyond death's gloomy vale
A heavenly building stands;
Prolific streams of glory flow
In those celestial lands.

4 Then to that world of light and love,
Immortal and divine,
Bring this poor pilgrim from the tomb—
This trembling frame of mine.

DETROIT. C. M. BRADSHAW.



464. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
John 21. 15.

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 my attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

465. C. M. NEWTON.
John 19. 26.

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

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

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

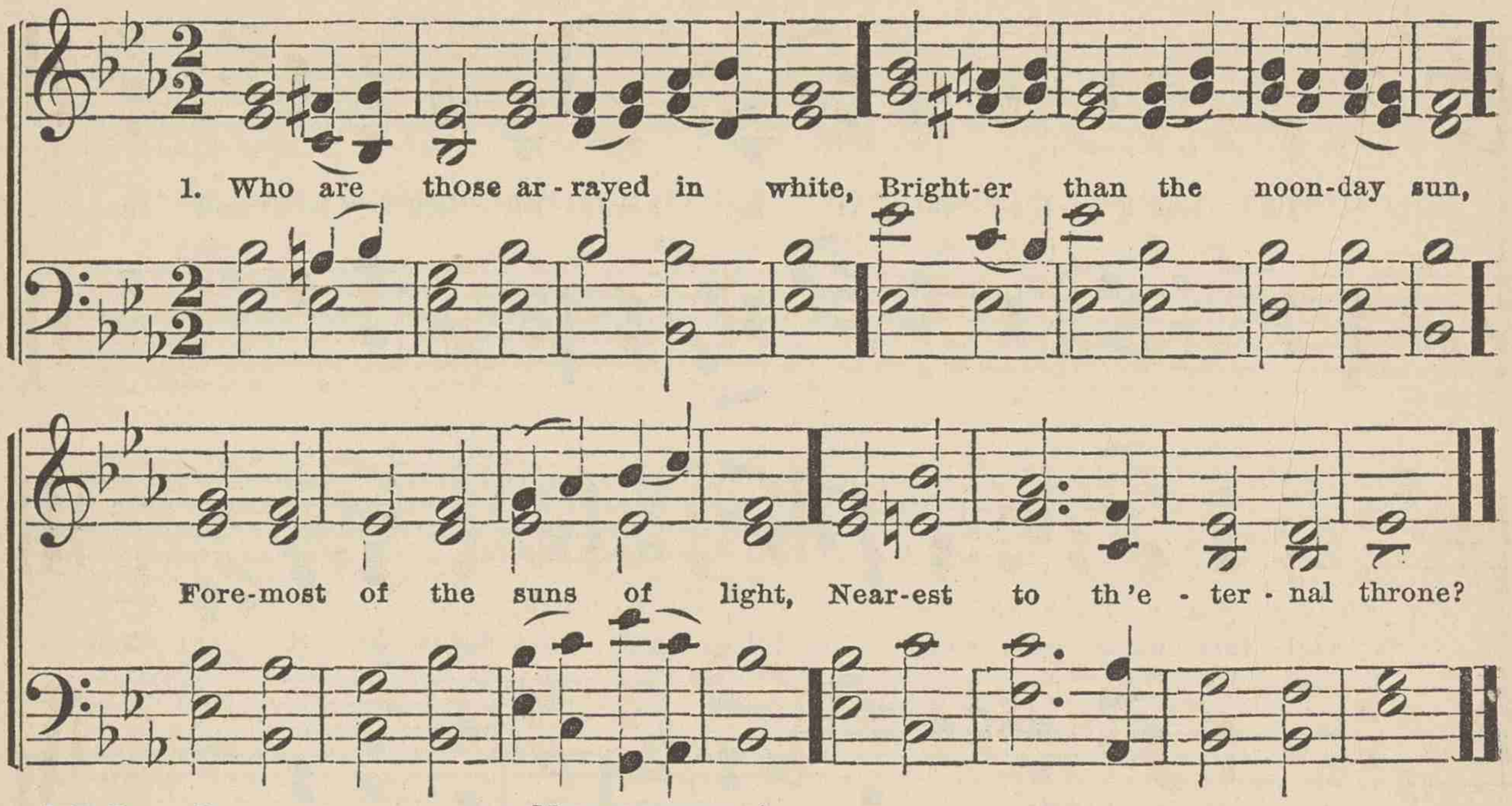
4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair,
I saw my sins his blood had spilt
And helped to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain?

6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I'll die that thou may'st live."

7 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirit now is filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed.

HOLLEY. 7s. GEO. HEWS.



466. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Rev. 7. 14.

2 These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of their dying Lord.

3 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow.

4 Therefore they are next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

5 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now, and thirst, no more:

6 No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

467. 7s.

Redeeming Love.

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

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Bless and praise redeeming love.

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

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fullness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

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

MOBERLY. 7s. W. L. CARD.



468. 7s.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

469. 7s. *Rev. 22. 17.*

1 COME and taste along with me,
Consolations running free,
From the Father's gracious throne,
Flowing through his only Son.

2 Saints in glory sing aloud,
When they see an heir of God
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.

3 When this truth to me appears,
It removes my doubts and fears,
They come in with free good will:
Make the banquet sweeter still.

4 Goodness, running like a stream
Through the new Jerusalem,
By its constant breaking forth
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Wherefore should we feast alone?
Mourning souls, there yet is room,
While there is a God to give,
And a mourner to receive.

470. 7s.

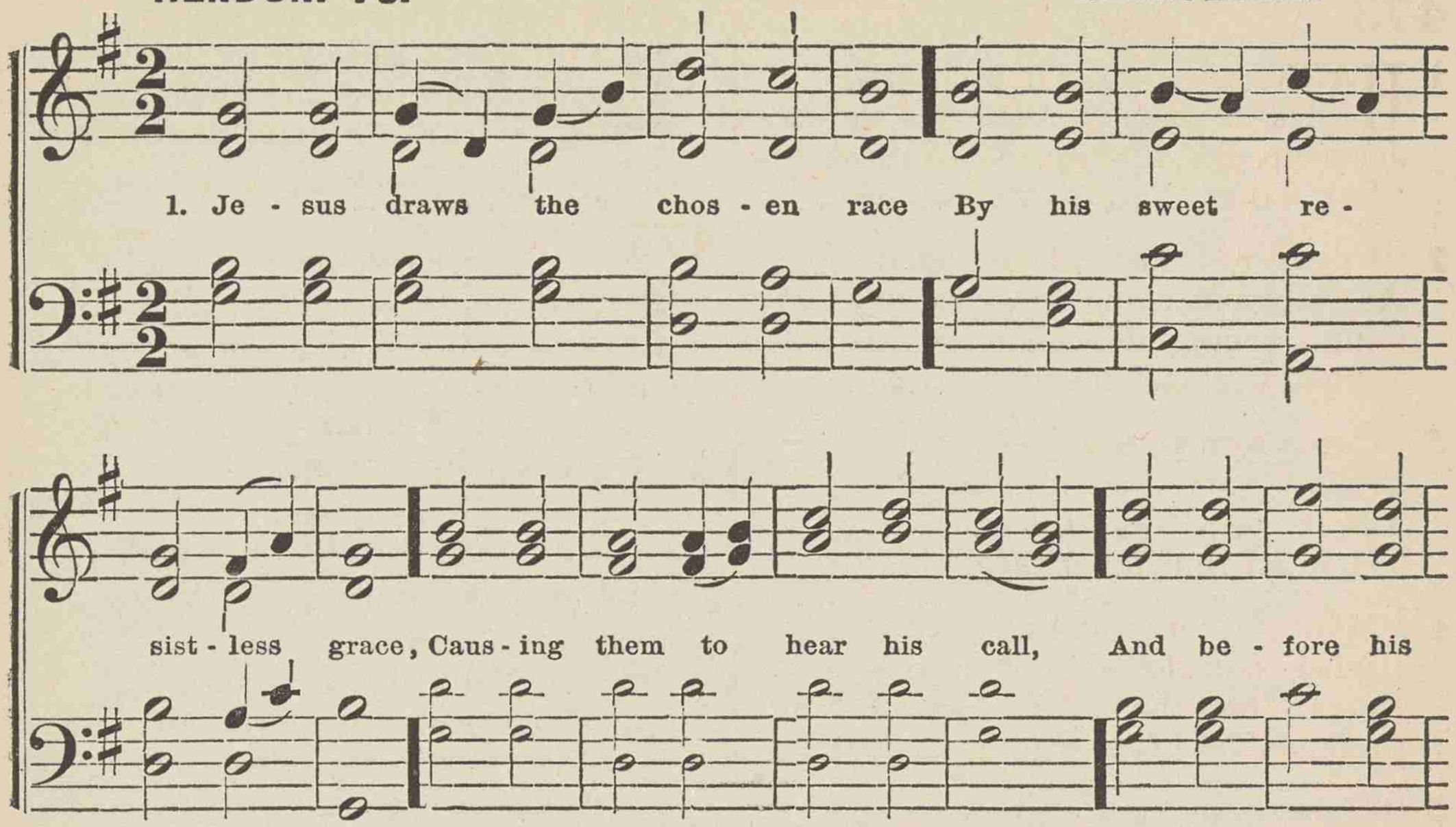
1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure,—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

HENDON. 7s. CÆSAR MALAN.



471. 7s. BURNHAM.

Jesus draws by effectual Grace.

2 From the blissful realms above
Swift as lightning flies his love;
Draws them to his tender breast;
There they find the gospel rest.

3 Then how eagerly they move
In the happy paths of love!
How they glory in the Lord,
Pleased with Jesus' sacred word!

4 When the Lord appears in view,
Old things cease, and all is new;
Love divine o'erflows the soul;
Love doth every sin control.

472. 7s. TOPLADY.

Phil. 3. 8.

1 HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat, O tell me, where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out,—"It is not here."

2 Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies;
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss I seek create.

3 Object of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee.

4 Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

473. 7s. COWPER.
John 1. 16.

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 bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
Oh! for grace, to love thee more!

474. 7s.
Fame of Christ.

1 'TIS the Saviour! angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

2 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise;
In long triumph, up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

3 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount the throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own.

4 Praise him all, ye heavenly choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

5 Every note with wonder swell;
Sin o'erthrown and captive hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?

Tune—KENTUCKY, p. 18.

475. S. M. LELAND.
Evening Hymn.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh! 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 we've here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us all, this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears!

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run!

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh! may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

Tune—BOYLSTON, p. 25.

476. S. M. Amos 3. 2-6. GIBBONS.
Submission to Providence.

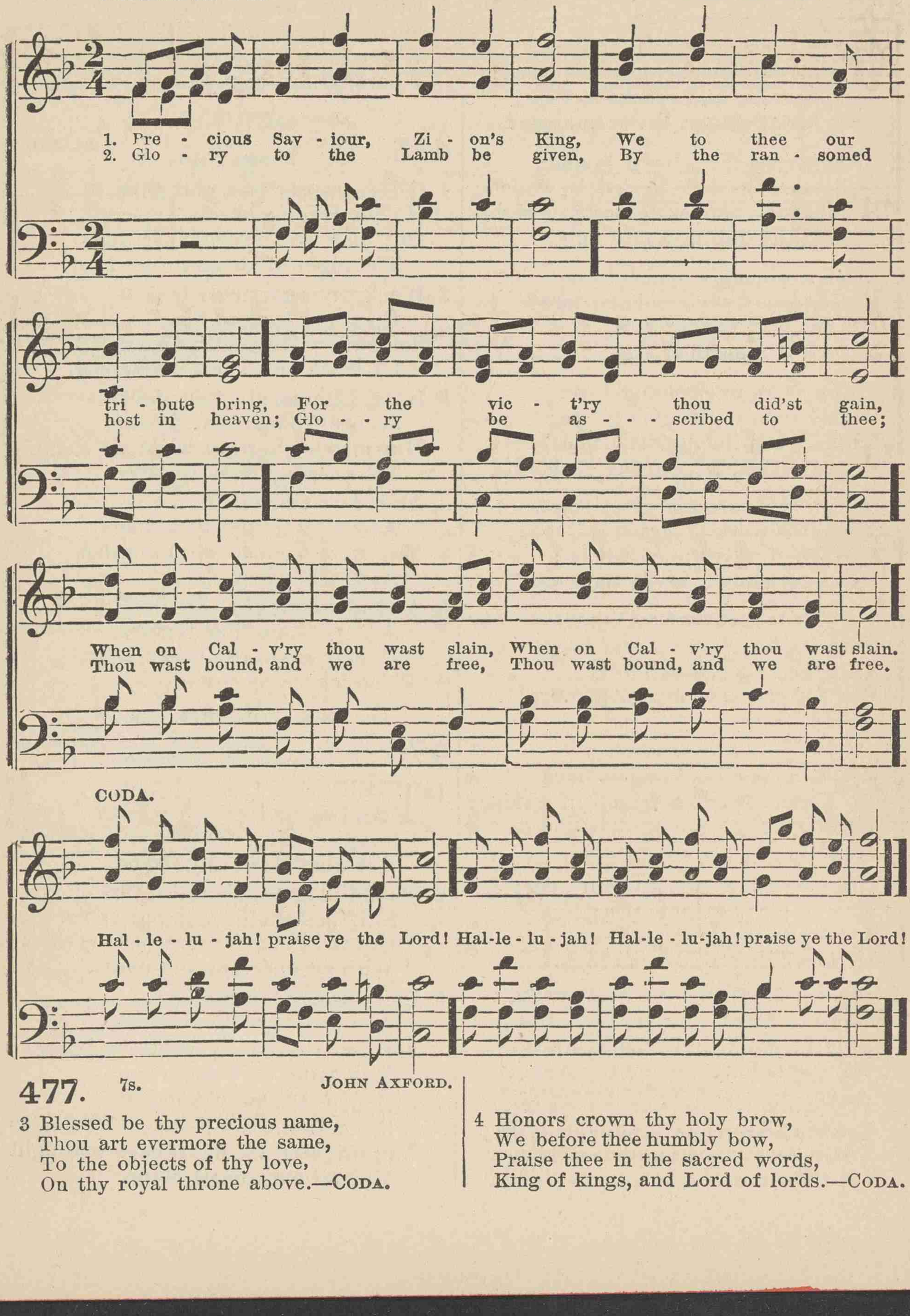
1 THERE'S not an evil flies,
And pours its woes abroad,
Through country, kingdom, city, town,
But what is sent by God.

2 Should plagues, should fevers shoot
Swift poison through our veins,
They take their orders from the skies,
With all their burning pains.

3 Lord, at thy feet we bow,
And own thy righteous rod,
And beg that every stroke we feel
May bring us near to God!

4 Oh! may thy providence
Promote the life divine,
And brighter through these midnight shades
May all our graces shine!

TRIUMPH. 7s. JOHN AXFORD.



477. 7s. JOHN AXFORD.

3 Blessed be thy precious name,
Thou art evermore the same,
To the objects of thy love,
On thy royal throne above.—CODA.

4 Honors crown thy holy brow,
We before thee humbly bow,
Praise thee in the sacred words,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.—CODA.

STAR IN THE EAST. 10s & 11s.



478. 10s & 11s.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall. CHORUS.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine? CHORUS.

LONG-SOUGHT HOME. C. M. Arr. by VICCIE A. SEARS.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh! how I long for thee!
When will my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

CHORUS.



Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heaven a - - bove.

479. C. M.

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
Home, sweet home, &c.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.—CHO.

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!—CHO.

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.—CHO.

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

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu!
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more see you,
Go on,—I'll meet you there.—CHO.

8 There 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*.—CHO.

9 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round the throne we meet!
CHO.

10 Millions of years around may run,
Our songs shall still go on,
To praise the *Father* and the *Son*,
And *Spirit*,—*Three* in *One*.
Home, sweet home, &c.

Tune—MEAR, p. 4.

480. C. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.

2 Oh! what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace?

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love!

Tune BAPTISM, p. 69.

481. C. M. WATTS.

Isa. 53. 5.

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

2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth his dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.

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

4 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary
Nor lets his saints forget.

5 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' saving love;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

6 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.

Tune—DUNDEE, p. 101.

482. C. M.

Prov. 22. 6.

1 BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

4 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.

5 Almighty God! thy influence shed
To aid this good design:
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

Tune—REDEMPTION, p. 117.

483. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Luke 15. 10.

1 OH! how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns.

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
The sinner lost is found—they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

SCOTLAND. L. M.



484. L. M. Ps. 18. 2.
Christ All in All.

2 Christ is my All! and he will lead
My soul in pastures green to feed;
‖: 'Tis he supplies my every want, :‖
‖: And will all needful blessings grant. :‖

3 Christ is my All! where should I go?
Without him I can nothing do,
‖: Helpless and weak, a sinner great, :‖
‖: Yet in his righteousness complete. :‖

THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

By Per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



485. MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open; [win the crown,
Accept the cross, and
Love's everlasting token.—REF.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven.—REF.

PASS ME NOT.

By Per. W. H. DOANE.





CHORUS.





486.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.—CHO.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?—CHO.

LEBANON. L. M. D. Arr. by T. B. A.

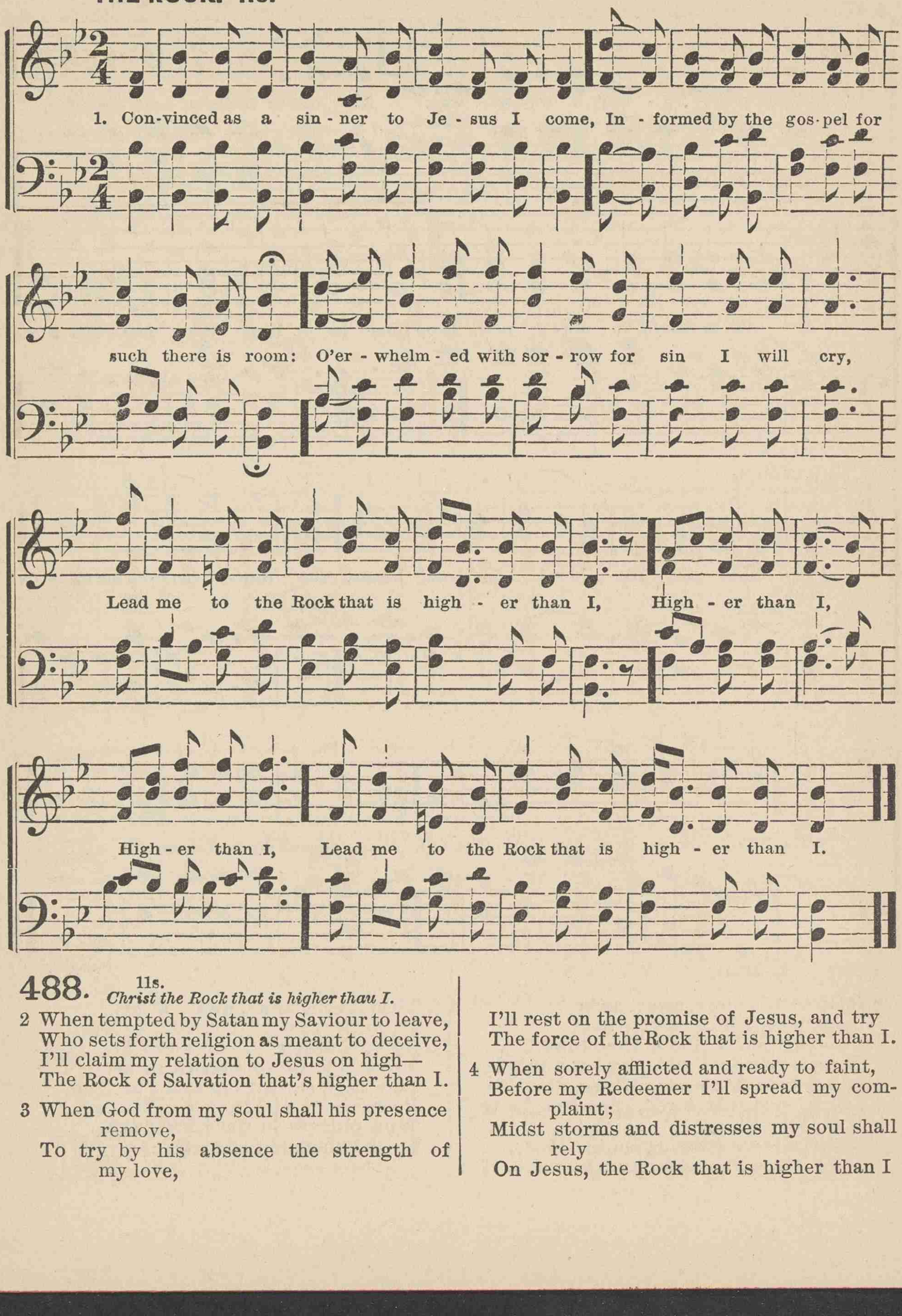


487. L. M. D.

2 Time speeds away, away, away,
Like torrent in a stormy day;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree and snaps the flower,
And sweeps from our distracted breast,
The friends that loved, the friends that blessed,
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
‖: To which they can return no more. :‖

3 Time speeds away, away, away,
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly, or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed from stage to stage
He bears us on, from youth to age,
Then plunges in the fearful sea
‖: Of fathomless eternity. :‖

THE ROCK. IIs.



488. 11s.
Christ the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When tempted by Satan my Saviour to leave,
Who sets forth religion as meant to deceive,
I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high—
The Rock of Salvation that's higher than I.

3 When God from my soul shall his presence remove,
To try by his absence the strength of my love,
I'll rest on the promise of Jesus, and try
The force of the Rock that is higher than I.

4 When sorely afflicted and ready to faint,
Before my Redeemer I'll spread my complaint;
Midst storms and distresses my soul shall rely
On Jesus, the Rock that is higher than I

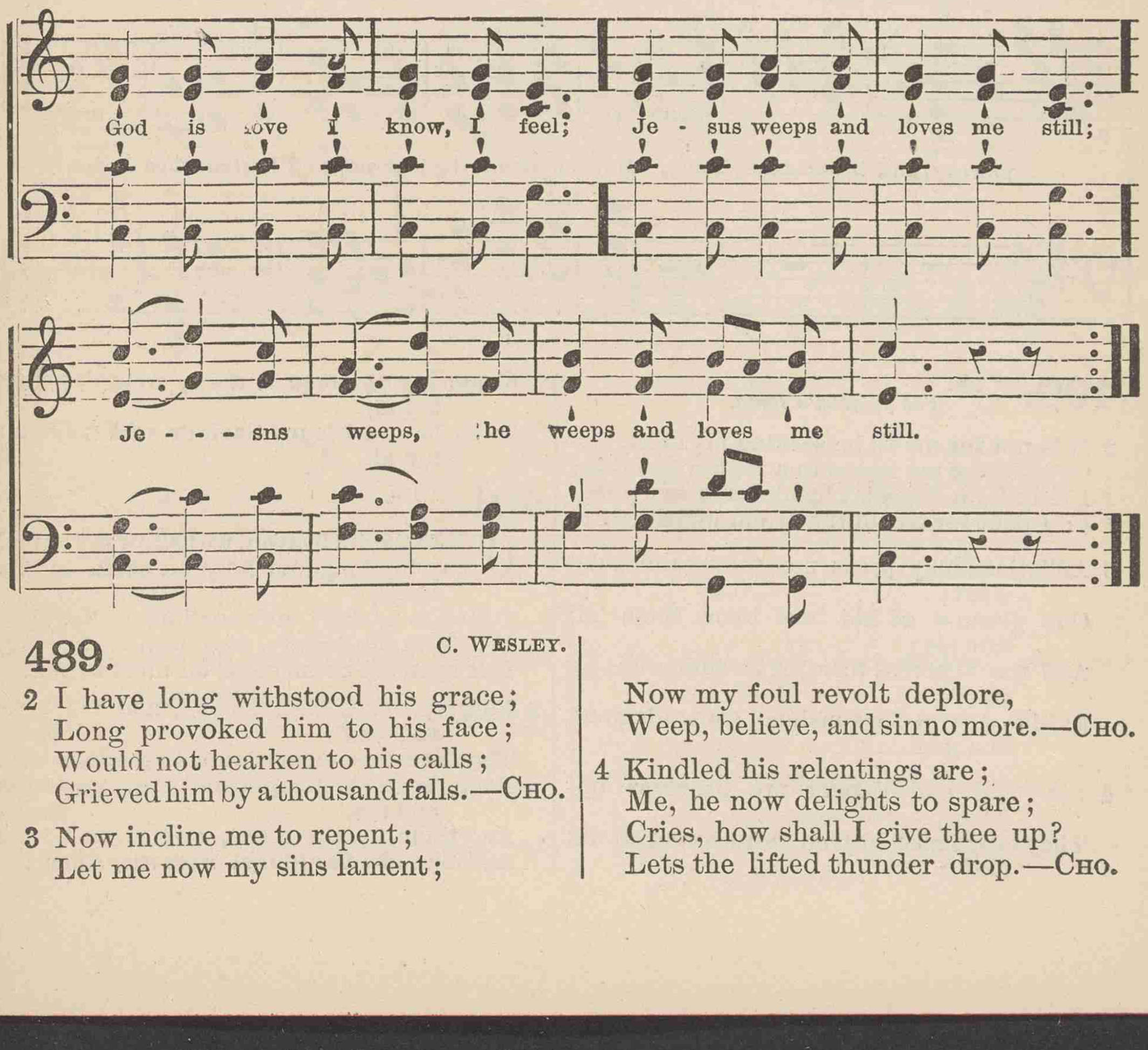
5 When weak and encompassed with numberless foes,
Attempting my happiness here to oppose,
I'll look to the Saviour of sinners, and cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

6 When I my poor feelings with others compare,
And learn from reflection what mercies I share;
My backsliding heart is constrained to reply,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

DEPTH OF MERCY. ENGLISH.



CHORUS.



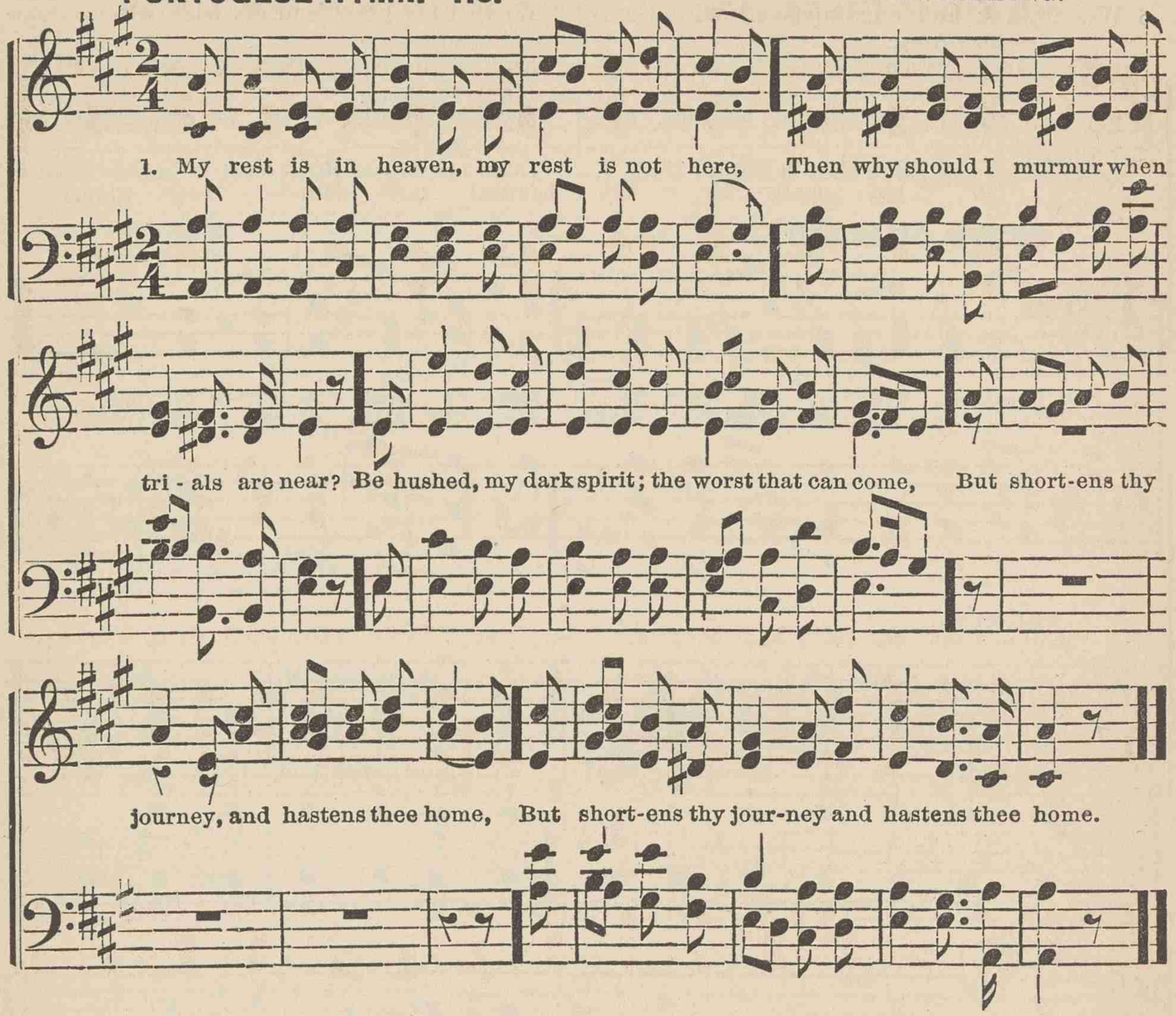
489. C. WESLEY.

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.—CHO.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.—CHO.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me, he now delights to spare;
Cries, how shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop.—CHO.

PORTUGESE HYMN. IIs. JOHN READING.



490. 10s.

The Pilgrim's Song.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Or building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city that hands have not piled,
‖: I pant for a country by sin undefiled. :‖

3 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if he smiles but on them,
‖: Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem. :‖

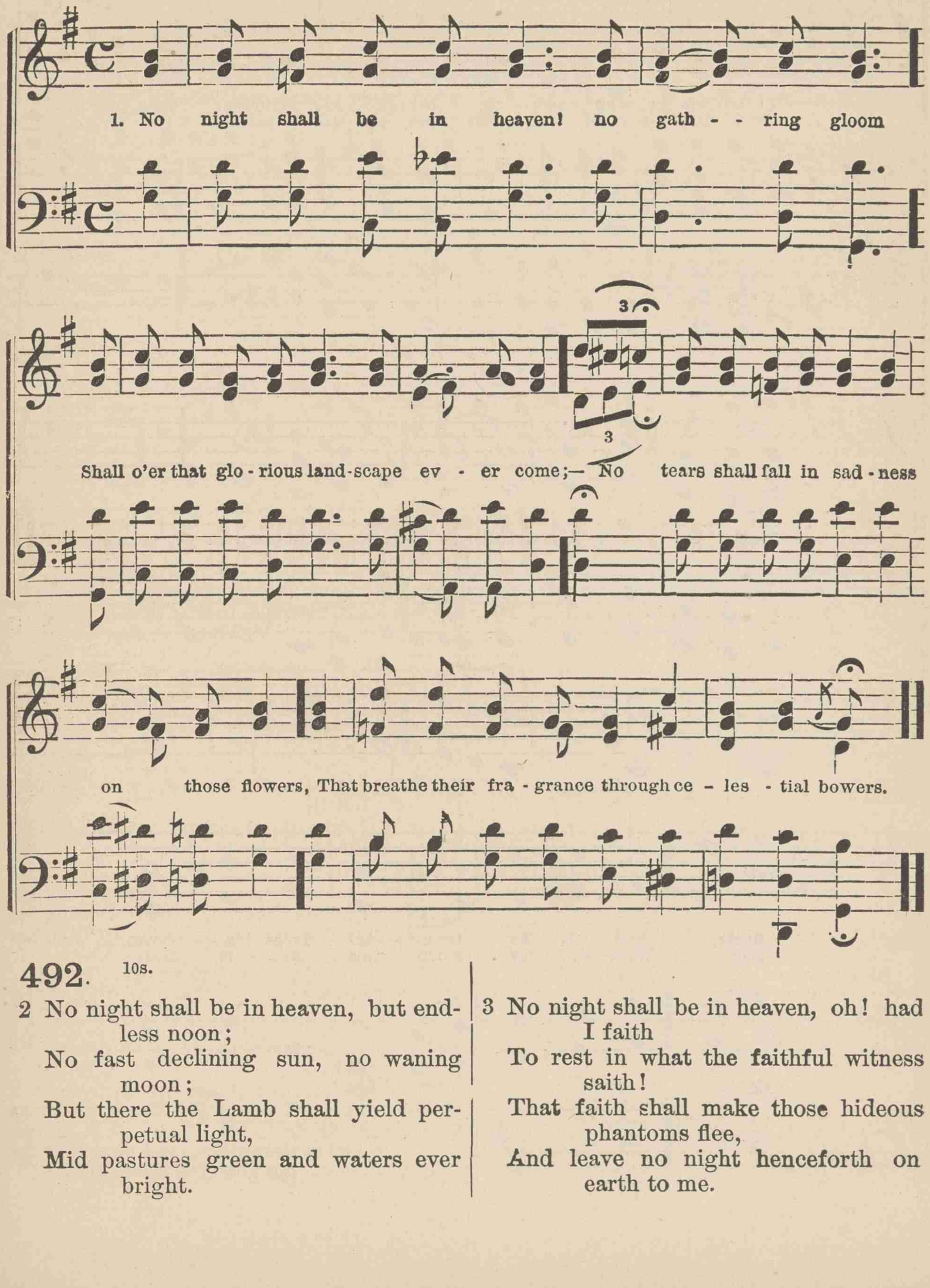
4 Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at its close;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
‖: An hour with my Saviour will make up for all. :‖

491. 10s.

1 OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same,
O give to us daily, our portions of bread:
It is from thy bounty, it is from thy bounty,
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know [foe;
That humble compassion that pardons each
Keep us from temptation from weakness and sin, [glory,
And thine be the glory, and thine be the
And thine be the glory! Forever, Amen!

NO NIGHT THERE. 10s. Music and Words by W. L. CARD.



492. 10s.

2 No night shall be in heaven, but endless noon;
No fast declining sun, no waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.

3 No night shall be in heaven, oh! had I faith
To rest in what the faithful witness saith!
That faith shall make those hideous phantoms flee,
And leave no night henceforth on earth to me.

SOFT BE THE NOTES. L. M. D.

W. L. CARD.

DUETT.

VOICE.

ORGAN.

1. Soft be the gen - tly breath - ing notes, That sing the
2. To him shall end - less prayer be made, And prais-es

Sav - iour's dy - ing love;.... Soft as the ev' - ning ze - phyr
throng to crown his head,.... His name like sweet per - fume shall

floats, And soft as tune - ful lyres a - bove.
rise With ev - 'ry . morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

SOFT BE THE NOTES. Continued.

CHORUS. (*Repeat each verse.*)



493. L. M, Dbl.

3 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar;
So soft to our Almighty Friend,
Be ev'ry sigh our bosoms pour.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy glory fills the sky;
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

MEDORA. L. M. Music and Words by W. L. CARD.



494. L. M.

2 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstacy and love,
Thy praises ring thro' earth and heaven.

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
Forever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

495. *Tune*—WINDHAM, p. 130.
L. M.

1 BROAD is the road, that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 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.

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

496. **CANAAN. 8s & 7s.** Music and Words by T. WOOD.

Why those fears? be - hold, 'tis Je - sus Holds the helm and guides the ship; Spread the sails and catch the bree - zes, Sent to waft us thro' the deep, To the re - gions, to the re - gions, Where the mourners cease..... to weep, Where the mourn - ners cease to weep.

WE SHALL KNOW.

By Per. J. H. ANDERSON.

I. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor, From the beau - ty of the hills,

And the sun - shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,

We may read love's shin - ing let - ter, In the rain - bow of the spray;

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, When the mists have cleared a - way.

WE SHALL KNOW. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



497. L. M,

2 If we are in narrow blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just;
Snowy wings of peace shall cover,
All the plain that hides away,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.—CHO.

3 When the mists have ris'n above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Love, beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.—CHO.

WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS. L. M. 6 Lines.

W. L. CARD.



498. L. M. 6 Lines.

3 When sor'wing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while:
Thou, Saviour, see'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.

4 And, Oh! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My bed of death for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Tune—GREEN FIELDS, p. 103.

499. 8s. Dbl. *Rev. 21.*

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear!
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear;
The day of eternity come,
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shawdow of evil is there!

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovable founded in grace,
She stands as she ever has stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

Tune—PORTUGUESE HYMN, p. 194.

500. 11s. GRANT. *Mark 4.37—41*

O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave!
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skillful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power defends;
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries;
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land."

Tune—SILOAM, p. 71.

501. C. M. HEBER. *Prov. 8. 17.*

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet,
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death
To keep us still thine own.

Tune—OLMUTZ, p. 38.

502. S. M. WATTS. *John 3. 17.*

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Wide let the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Belovéd chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doomed to die.

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