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HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF THE

UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST;

TAKEN

FROM THE MOST APPROVED AUTHORS,

AND ADAPTED TO

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

"O come and let us sing unto the Lord.—Let us make a joyful sound to the Rock of our salvation.—PSALM XCV, 1.

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—1 CORINTHIANS, XIV, 15.

DAYTON, OHIO:
VONNIEDA & SOWERS, AGENTS.
1859.

Hymn

1859

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CONTENTS.

Existence of God	1	7
Attributes of God	8	32
Holy Trinity	33	40
Holy Scriptures		
Their Inspiration	41	46
Their Adaptation to Man's Wants	47	51
Their Superiority	52	64
Their Diffusion	65	70
Man		
His Primeval State	71	72
His Depravity or Fall	73	79
His Need of a Savior	80	83
Christ		
His Divinity	84	86
His Incarnation	87	99
His Offices	100	112
His Atonement	113	124
His Sufferings and Death	125	137
His Resurrection	138	147
Holy Spirit		
His Deity and Personality	148	151
Promise of the Spirit	152	154
Prayer for the Spirit	155	163
Awakening and Inviting	164	210
Penitential	211	272
Faith and Justification	273	294
Christian Perfection	295	339
The Church	340	353
Joining the Church	354	360
The Ministry	361	383
The Sabbath	384	404

Public Worship	405	433
Rejoicing and Praise	434	474
Prayer and Intercession	475	504
Watchfulness	505	512
Social Worship	513	534
Backslidings Lamented	535	553
Family Worship		
Morning	554	561
Evening	562	575
Baptism	576	589
Lord's Supper	590	606
Fellowship and Communion	607	626
Christian Warfare	627	642
Trusting in Grace and Providence	643	687
Prospects of Heaven	688	729
Church Dedication	730	737
Revivals	738	752
Gospel Missions	753	777
Sabbath-Schools	778	789
Youth	790	810
Flight of Time	811	828
Opening and Closing Year	829	839
Harvest	840	846
Christian Liberality	847	857
Oppression	858	868
Thanksgiving	869	874
Parental Hymns	875	879
The Seasons	880	888
Wedding Hymns	889	891
Temperance	892	898
For Seamen	899	909
Peace	910	914
Affliction and Humiliation	915	944
Death and Funerals	945	992
Resurrection	993	1001
Judgment and Eternity	1002	1019
Heaven	1020	1035
Miscellaneous	1036	1067
Dismissions and Doxologies	1068	1078

PREFACE.

The General Conference of 1857, held in Cincinnati, believing the Hymn Book in use among us deficient in variety, fullness, and richness, and that the growing state of the church called for a collection of Hymns equal to any in use, appointed a committee of three, to compile a new book. It was also made the duty of the general Superintendents of the Church, in connection with the Trustees of the Printing Establishment, to revise and complete the work. These three several committees have endeavored to carry out the will of the General Conference; and they hereby present to the Church the result of their labors, hoping it may meet the expectations of all concerned. The compilers have aimed to select as full a variety of the very best hymns and spiritual songs, as could be embraced in a book of suitable dimensions for a church hymn book,—avoiding on the one hand the spirit of dry formalism, and on the other, that of uncultivated enthusiasm. How far they have

succeeded in their aim, will appear from the book itself. Some will no doubt complain, because a favorite hymn has been left out; but it is believed, that on the whole, the devout worshiper will find in this collection as complete a variety of rich, spiritual hymns as in any other of the same size. May the Divine blessing attend it, and make it a messenger of joy to every worshiping assembly, and every Christian family into which it may find its way.

Compiling committee:

W. J. SHUEY, WILLIAM HANBY,
L. S. CHITTENDEN.

General Superintendents of the Church:

J. J. GLOSSBRENNER, JOHN RUSSEL,
LEWIS DAVIS, DAVID EDWARDS,

Trustees of the Printing Establishment:

LEWIS DAVIS, JOHN DODDS,
WM. HANBY, JAMES APPLEGATE,
CALEB W. WITT, ELAH SHAUCK,
DANIEL SHUCK,

DAYTON, O., June 9th, 1858.

HYMNS.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

1 C. M. *R. Jukes*

Creator and Governor of the Universe.

THERE is a God who rules on high,
In realms of endless light,
Whose wisdom is unsearchable;
Omnipotent his might.

2 By him the universe was made,
With all its varied store;
He was, and is, and is to come,
He lives for evermore.

3 "Let there be light," he said,—and he
Divided day from night;
Next formed heaven, and earth, and sea,
And then the orbs of light.

4 What he then made, he still upholds,
By his Almighty power;
In him we live, and move, and breathe,
Each moment, and each hour.

5 While saints in heaven rehearse his praise,
And sing his matchless name,
Let saints on earth his goodness show,
And spread abroad his fame.

2 C. M. *Anon.*

The Being of God.

WE need not soar above the skies;
Leave suns and stars below,
And seek Thee, with unclouded eyes,
In all that angels know;—
The very breath we now inhale,
The pulse in every heart,
Attest with force that cannot fail,
Thou art—O God! Thou art!

2 If, 'midst the ever-during songs
Of universal joy,—
The chime of worlds and chant of tongues—
The praise that we employ
May breathe its music in thine ear,
Its meaning in thy heart;
Our glad confession deign to hear,
Thou art—O God! Thou art!

3 L. M. *Mrs. Steele.*

God Seen in Nature.

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the 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;—
Bow down before him—and adore.

4 L. M. *Addison.*

The Heavens Declare His Glory.

THE spacious firmament on high
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What tho' no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

6 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.

5 [164] C. M. *Anon.*

Invitation to Praise God.

HAIL, great Creator, wise and good—
To thee our songs we raise.
Nature, thro' all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn,
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

6 C. P. M *Smart.*

God Asserting His Existence.

I SING of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all things depend;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commence, and reign, and end.

2 The world, the clustering spheres, he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade;
Dale, plain, and grove and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where nature joys in secret bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

3 Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART!

7 C. P. M. *Ogilvie*

God Seen Everywhere.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty name;
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, His vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power;
Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,
In triumph rides th' eternal King;
Th' astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise
To join the thunders of the skies;
Praise Him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

8 [181] L. M. *Watts.*

Grateful Adoration.

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

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

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

4 Wide as the world is thy command!
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

9 [159] L. M. *Watts.*

Praising God with the Heavenly Choir.

ETERNAL pow'r, whose high abode,
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

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

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

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

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

10 [161] C. M. *Watts.*

His Power, Wisdom and Mercy.

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

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

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

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

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

11 [162] L. M. *Doddridge.*

Immutability.

GREAT Former of this various frame!
Our souls adore thine awful name!
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unsurpris'd survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday:
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light,
Which shines, with undiminish'd ray
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

12 C. M. *Tate & Brady.*

God Unchangeable.

THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heayen
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

13 8s & 7s. *Bowring*

God Is Love.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

14 [99] C. M. *Watts.*

God Everywhere Present.

LORD, all I am is known to thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

15 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Unsearchable.

HAIL, Father, whose creating call
Unnumber'd worlds attend;
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend.

2 In light unsearchable enthroned,
Whom angels dimly see;
The fountain of the Godhead own'd,
And foremost of the Three:

2 Supreme and all-sufficient God!
When nature shall expire,
And worlds, created by thy nod,
Shall perish by thy fire;

4 Thy Name, Jehovah, be adored
By creatures without end;
Whom none but thy essential Word
And Spirit comprehend.

16 L. M. *Watts.*

Omnipresence of God.

FATHER of spirits, nature's God,
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where nought impure shall enter in.

17 C. M. *H. K. White.*

God over All.

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

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

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

4 He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.

5 He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

18 C. M. *Needham.*

Holiness of God.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry;
"Thrice holy," let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

19 C. M. *Martineau.*

Omnipotence of God.

'TWAS God who fixed the rolling spheres,
And stretched the boundless skies,
Who formed the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2 From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfined;
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3 He darts along the burning sky;
Loud thunders round him roar;
Through worlds above his terrors fly,
While worlds below adore.

4 He speaks,—great nature's wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round;
The mountains melt; each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.

5 Ye worlds, and every living thing,
Fulfill his high command;
Pay grateful homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

20 C. M. *Doddridge.*

God our All.

HOW firm the saint's foundation stands!
His hopes can ne'er remove,
Sustained by God's almighty hand,
And sheltered in his love.

2 God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy,
Which no afflictions can control,
Nor death itself destroy.

3 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,
And taste thy saints' repose;
We will not mourn the perished streams,
While such a fountain flows.

21 C. M. *Thompson.*

Source of all Blessings.

JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If on the wings of morn we speed,
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our journey lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.

22 C. M. *Steele.*

Condescension of God.

ETERNAL Power, Almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thine abode,
To angel eyes unknown.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heavens no longer shine;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?
To this dark world thy notice bend,—
These seats of sin and woe?

4 How strange, how wondrous is thy love!
With trembling we adore:
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

5 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and speak thy praise.

23 S. M. *Watts.*

The God of Mercy and Justice.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
Mercy and justice are the names
By which he will be known.

2 Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To his recovering grace.

3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own
Their righteousness and strength are found
In thee, O Lord, alone.

24 S. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Only Wise God.

THOU, the eternal Lord,
Art high above our thought;
And worthy to be fear'd, adored,
By all thy hands have wrought:
None can with thee compare,
Thy glory fills the sky;
And all created beings are
As nothing in thine eye.

2 Of thine unbounded power,
To thee the praise we give;
Omnipotently great, and more
Than heart can e'er conceive:
Whene'er thou wilt proceed,
Thy work can none withstand,
Or frustrate thy determined deed,
Or stay the Almighty's hand.

3 Thou, Lord, art wise alone;
Thy counsel doth excel;
Most wonderful thy works we own,
Thy ways unsearchable:
Who knows the mystery,—
The judgments can explain,—
Of Him whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man?

25 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Such Knowledge is too Wonderful for us.

SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man
Beyond the angels go,—
The great Almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know?

2 His attributes divinely soar
Above the creature's sight,
And prostrate seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.

3 The brightness of his glory leaves
Description far below:
Nor man's nor angel's heart conceives
How deep his mercies flow.

4 His grace is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above;
They gaze, but cannot count or tell
The treasures of his love.

26 C. M. *Wallace.*

God Seen in his Works.

THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

2 There's not a cloud whose dews distill
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found:
For God is every where.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

27 L. M. *Watts.*

The Eternity of God.

ERE mountains reared their forms sublime.
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day,
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life 's a shadowy dream—
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

28 [166] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

God's Holiness.

HOLY as thou, O Lord, there's none!
Thy holiness is all thy own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare;
And humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly host ador'd;
Let all on earth bow down to thee
And own thy peerless majesty.

4 Thy pow'r unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the Rock of peace;
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure almighty love.

29 [383] L. M. *Watts.*

God's Mercy his Throne.

THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm His truth! how large His grace!
He takes His mercy for His throne,
And thence He makes His glories known.

2 Not half so high His power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head
As His rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west
As His forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those He loves.

4 How slowly doth His wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
And, if He lets His anger burn,
How soon His frowns to pity turn!

30 L. M. *Anon.*

With God is Terrible Majesty.

TERRIBLE God! that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thundering hand!
Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown;
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load;
With endless burnings who can dwell,
Or bear the fury of a God ?

4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit;
Throw down your arms before his throne;
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

5 And ye, bless'd saints, that love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heavenly servants do;
God is a bright and burning flame.

31 P. M. *Montgomery.*

Holiness of God.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,—
All thy works around thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy!—Thee
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! We,
Dust and ashes, would adore.
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by the redeem'd,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

3 Holy, holy holy!—All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransom'd nations fall
At the footstool of their King;

Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

32 C. M. *Watts*

The Spirituality of God.

GOD is a spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Whate'er the guise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways.
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HOLY TRINITY.

33 [165] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

One God in Three Persons.

HAIL Father, Son and Holy Ghost!
The Great Eternal three;
Of thee we make our joyful boast,
And homage pay to thee.

2 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore:
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see;
And every thought, of every heart,
Is fully known to thee.

34 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Trinity.

HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom one in three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy Church below.

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

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son, adore;
And thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
And worship evermore.

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

35 L. M. *C. Wesley.*

The goodness of the Triune Jehovah.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom one all-perfect God we own,
Restorer of thine image lost,
Thy various offices make known.

2 Jehovah in three persons, come,
And draw, and sprinkle us, and seal,
Poor, guilty, dying worms, in whom
Thou wilt eternal life reveal.

3 Our fallen, ruin'd souls, to raise,
The knowledge of thyself bestow;
Reveal the riches of thy grace,
And all thy glorious goodness show.

36 C. M. *Watts.*

Praise to the Trinity.

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he—and we'll adore his name—
That formed us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruined frame;
Salvation to the Lord.

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

37 8s & 7s. *Newton.*

Trinity Invoked.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Savior,
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.

38 C. M. *Watts.*

Praise to the Trinity.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Hath chosen myriads to proclaim
The honors of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God, that reigns above,
The holy Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

39 11th P. M. 76, 76, 77, 76. *C. Wesley.*

The Triune God of Truth and Grace.

MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine.

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease;
Angels, and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelm'd before thy throne.

3 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

40 L. M. *Anon.*

Prayer to the Trinity.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Eternal Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

THEIR INSPIRATION.

41 [462] C. M. *Fawcett.*

Inspiration.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as the lamp, its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

42 [467] C. M. *C. Wesley*

The Revealing Spirit.

FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move and breathe;
One bright celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

43 [461] C. M. *Cowper.*

The Inspiring Spirit.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight:
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

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

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

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

44 [460] L. M. *Watts.*

Divine Authority of the Bible.

'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On all the pages of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind,
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

45 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Perfection of the Law and Testimony.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my ears,—
The dayspring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warn'd betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express,—
The thoughts that throng my mind,—
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

46 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Inspiration and Interpretation.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,)
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine,
And sound with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

THEIR ADAPTATION TO OUR WANTS.

47 [459] C. M. *Anon.*

Revelation Welcomed.

HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night,
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.

2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet,
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O, send thy light and truth abroad
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

48 [470] C. M. *S. Stennett.*

Scriptures our Counsel.

THE counsels of redeeming grace,
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Savior's lovely face,
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
There promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied:
Naught we can ask to make us bless'd
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we will find.

49 12s and 11s. *Anon.*

Family Bible.

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connection and innocent joy,
While blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high!
I still see the seats of my father and mother,
And those of their offspring are ranged on each hand;
And that richest of books, that excelled every other,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.
The old fashioned Bible! the dear blessed Bible!
The Family Bible, that lay on the staud.

2 The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morning and evening could yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety by night;

Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony
swelling,
All warm from the heart of the family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous
dwelling
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

3 Ye scenes of tranquility long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no
more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,
And wander alone on a far distant shore:
Yet how can I doubt a dear Savior's protec-
tion—
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;
Oh! let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

4 Blest Bible, the light and the guide of the
stranger,
With thee I seem circled with parents and
friends;
Thy blest admonition shall guard me from
danger,
On thee my last lingering hope still de-
pends:
Hope wakens to vigor and rouses to glory—
I'll hasten and flee to the promised land,
And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before
me,
Revealed in the Bible that lay on the stand.

50 [463] C. M. *Anon*

Comfort of the Scriptures.

OPPRESSED with guilt, and full of fears,
I come to thee, my Lord;
While not a ray of hope appears
But in thy holy word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief dispel;
Here I behold my Savior's face,
And learn to do his will.

3 Here living water freely flows;
To cleanse me from my sin;
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

4 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

51 [466] C. M. *Steele.*

The Incomparable Richness of God's Word.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

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

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight:
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

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

THEIR SUPERIORITY.

52 [468] C. M. ***Watts.***

Excellency of the Scriptures.

LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below—
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought!

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

53 [464] L. M. ***Anon.***

Their Excellency Acknowledged.

I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode,
And lifts my joyful thoughts on high.

2 Blest 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 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love:
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

54 C. M. *Cowper.*

The Bible the Light of the World.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

55 C. M. *Watts.*

Value of the Scriptures.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a gleam of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Savior's face
In almost every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes this pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows;
No danger dwells therein.

56 L. M. *Watts.*

The Glory of God in His Works and Word.

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 blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

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

4 Nor shall the 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.

57 [465] C. M. *Anon.*

Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied;
And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
The pardon of my sin.

58 S. M. *Watts.*

Safety in Keeping God's Precepts.

HOW perfect is thy word,
Thy judgments all are just;
And ever in thy promise, Lord,
May man securely trust.

2 I hear thy word in love;—
In faith thy word obey;
O send thy Spirit from above,
To teach me, Lord, thy way.

3 Thy counsels all are plain,
Thy precepts all are pure;
And long as heaven and earth remain,
Thy truth shall still endure.

4 O may my soul, with joy,
Trust in thy faithful word;
Be it through life my glad employ,
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

59 8s & 7s. *Newton*

Precious Bible.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!—
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor;
Having this, I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger;
Though it fills, it never cloys;
On a dying Christ I feed;
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines, here I find;
To the promises I flee;
Each affords a remedy.

60 8s & 7s. *Newton.*

SECOND PART.

IN the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield.
While the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

2 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me;
Satan trembles at his word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made;
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

3 Shall I envy, then, the miser,
Doting on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be, wiser;
I am rich; 'tis he is poor:
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.

61 C. M. *Watts.*

Comfort from the Bible.

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

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

3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

62 S. M. *Watts.*

Power of God's Word.

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

63 S. M. *Montgomery.*

The Word of God Quick and Powerful.

THY word, almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound;
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

64 C. M. *Barton.*

The fullness of the Bible.

LAMP of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the Fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveler's way!

2 Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
True manna from on high!
Our guide, our chart! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay!

4 Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope, when we go down to dust,
Of immortality!

THEIR DIFFUSION.

65 [308] C. M. *Watts.*

Coldness and Inconstancy Lamented.

LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is our love:
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God! thy sov'reign power impart,
To give thy word success!
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

4 Show our forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

66 7s & 6s. ***Anon.***

Exhortation to Receive the Word.

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

2 Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let no worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

3 Go, e'er the cloud of sorrow
Steals o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now and buy the truth.

67 C. P. M. ***Anon.***

The Bible our only Guide.

WHAT is the world? a wildering maze,
Where sin hath tracked ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare:
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

2 Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night:
One only path, that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

3 Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible! he alone who hath
The Bible, need not stray;
But he who hath, and will not give
That light of life to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

68 C. M. *Anon.*

The Glory of the Word.

A GLORY in the word we find,
When grace restores our sight;
But sin has darkened all the mind,
And veiled the heavenly light.

2 When God the Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine!
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
The Author is divine.

3 How blest are we with open face
To view thy glory, Lord,
And all thy image here to trace
Reflected in thy word!

4 O, teach us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know
Thy glorious face above.

69 L. M. *Bowring.*

Diffusion of Bible Light.

UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more

3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with th' expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away

70 S. M. *C. Wesley.*

Their Universal Diffusion.

JESUS, the word bestow,—
The true immortal seed;
Thy gospel then shall greatly grow,
And all our land o'erspread;
Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,—
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

2 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse thy grace through every part,
And sanctify the whole;
Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

MAN.

HIS PRIMEVAL STATE.

71 C. M. ***W. Garner.***

Man's Innocency.

JEHOVAH'S image brightly shone
In Eden's lovely pair,
And oft, before his gracious throne,
They bowed in praise and prayer.

2 With rectitude, as with a robe,
Their spotless souls were dressed,
With peace abounding, and with joy,
They were divinely bless'd.

3 No self-reproach, no slavish dread
Disturbed their peace within;
No frowning storm their path o'erspread,
While undefiled with sin.

4 Thus souls renewed by saving grace,—
Whose sins have been forgiven,
Behold the smiles of Jesus' face,
And feel an inward heaven.

72 C. M. ***Anon.***

The Brevity of Eden's Joys.

ON man, in his own image made
How much did God bestow!
The whole creation homage paid
And own'd him Lord below.

2 He dwelt in Eden's garden, stor'd
With sweets for ev'ry sense:
And there, with his descending Lord,
He walk'd in confidence.

3 But oh! by sin how quickly chang'd,
His honor forfeited;
His heart from God and truth estrang'd,
His conscience filled with dread.

4 Now from his Maker's voice he flies,
Which was before his joy:
And thinks to hide amidst the trees,
From an all-seeing eye.

5 Compell'd to answer to his name;
With stubbornness and pride,
He cast on God himself the blame,
Nor once for mercy cried.

6 But grace, unask'd, his heart subdu'd,
And all his guilt forgave:
By faith the promis'd SEED he view'd,
And felt the power to save.

HIS DEPRAVITY OR FALL.

73 L. M. *Watts.*

Original and Actual Sin.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall,
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
The law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O, make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my Lord, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

74 L. M. *Watts.*

Dependence upon Christ.

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

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

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns
And binds his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

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

75 [126] C. M. *Steele.*

Dependence upon the Spirit.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise,
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live:
A beam of heaven—a vital ray;
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

76 C. M. *Watts.*

Lord, help my Unbelief.

HOW sad our state by nature is;—
Our sin, how deep it stains;
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:—
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,—
My Jesus, and my all.

77 C. M. *Watts.*

The Depth of Sin.

NOW back with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill,
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

4 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

5 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

6 The second Adam can restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sov'reign Power
That new-creates our dust.

78 C. M. *Watts.*

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

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

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

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

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

79 C. M. *Beddome.*

Sin Hereditary.

WHEN Adam sinned, through all his race
The dire contagion spread;
Sickness and death and deep disgrace
Sprang from our fallen head.

2 Satan in strong and heavy chains
Binds the deluded soul,
And every furious passion reigns
Without the least control.

3 From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined,
Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our misery blind.

4 Whene'er the man begins his race,
The criminal appears,
And evil habits keep their pace
With our increasing years.

5 Corruption flows through all our veins,
Our moral beauty 's gone,
The gold is fled, the dross remains—
O sin, what hast thou done!

6 Jesus, reveal thy pardoning grace,
And draw our souls to thee;
Thou art the only hiding-place
Where ruined souls can flee.

HIS NEED OF A SAVIOR.

80 S. M. *Anon.*

Guilt and Helplessness of Man.

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

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

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

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

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

81 S. M. *Beddome.*

Hope from the Gospel Only.

GOD'S holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless Victim dies:
This is salvation's only source;
Hence all our hopes arise.

82 [32] C. M. *Fawcett.*

Man's Need of the New Birth.

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

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus said 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 sav'd,
"Ye must be born again."

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

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

6 Dear Savior, let us now begin
To trust and love thy word;
And, by forsaking every sin,
Prove we are born of God.

83 L. M. *Anon.*

Christ's Power alone can Save.

LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives;
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2 As well might the Ethiopian,
Wash out the darkness of his skin;
The dead as well may live again,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control;
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God, I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be formed anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

CHRIST.

HIS DIVINITY.

84 S. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Mighty God.

REJOICE in Jesus' birth,—
To us a Son is given;
To us a child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 He reigns above the sky,—
This universe sustains;—
The God supreme, the Lord most high,
The king Messiah reigns.

3 The mighty God is He,
Author of heavenly bliss;
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of peace.

4 His government shall grow,
From strength to strength proceed:
His righteousness the church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erspread.

85 L. M. *Watts.*

God the Son Equal with the Father.

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God,
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift a humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 Thy power has formed, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sovereign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.

3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And, smiling, sit at thy right hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.

4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

5 Yet there is One, of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one;
Though they are known by different names,
The FATHER GOD, and GOD the SON.

7 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

86 L. M. *Watts.*

Divinity and Humanity of Christ.

ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God He was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By Him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angel's fly at his command.

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

4 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth, how full of grace,
The brightness of the Godhead shone!

5 The angels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HIS INCARNATION.

87 [316] L. M. *Steele*

Incarnate Lord.

AWAKE! awake the sacred song,
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful word, that sov'reign power,
By whom the worlds were made,
(O! happy morn! illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh array'd.

3 Then shone almighty pow'r and love,
In all their glorious forms;
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 Adoring angels tun'd their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

5 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore:
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

88 [318] S. M. *C. Wesley.*

Thanks for the Unspeakable Gift.

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

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

3 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end:
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings
Declares himself our friend;

4 Assumes our flesh and blood,
That we his grace may gain;
The everlasting Son of God,
The mortal Son of Man.

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

89 [322] C. M. *Anon.*

Christmas Morning.

"SHEPHERDS, rejoice—lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the regions of the skies—
A Savior's born to-day.

2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 "Glory to God, that reigns above—
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

90 [317] 11s and 10s. *Heber.*

The Infant Savior.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East!—the horizon adorning—
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold, would his favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East!—the horizon adorning—
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

91 [321] C. M. *Medley.*

Glory to God in the Highest.

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

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

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

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

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

7 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious, heavenly throng.

92 [324] C. M. *Tate & Brady.*

Glad Tidings of Great Joy.

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

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

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

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
And thus address'd their song:

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

93 L. M. *Campbell.*

The Song of the Heavenly Host.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill,
When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the night,
Watched o'er the flocks by starry light,—

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

3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

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

5 "See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;

Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

6 He comes to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

94 10s & 11s. *Anon.*

The Word Made Flesh.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem haste, the Lord of life to meet;
To you, this day, is born a Prince and Savior,
O come, and let us worship at his feet!

2 O! Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
Our praise and our reverence are an offering meet;
Now is the Word made flesh and dwells among us;
O come, and let us worship at his feet!

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

95 8s and 7s. *Cawood.*

The Song of Angels.

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

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story;
Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!

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

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

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

96 C. M. ***E. H. Sears.***

A Joyous Event.

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

3 The joyous hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy hights,
The dayspring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Aloud with anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

97 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

A Light to Lighten the Gentiles.

THE race that long in darkness pine
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
And him shall all the earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

98 8s, 7s & 4s. *Pratt's Coll.*

Worship the New-Born Savior.

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

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

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

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,—
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

99 8s, 7s *Anon.*

Star of Bethlehem.

SHEPHERDS! hail the wondrous stranger;
Now to Bethle'm speed your way;
Lo! in yonder humble manger,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day:

2 Christ, by prophets long-predicted,
Joy of Israel's choseh race;
Light to Gentiles long-afflicted,
Lost in error's darkest maze.

3 Bright the star of your salvation,
Pointing to his rude abode!
Rapturous news for every nation:
Mortals! now behold your God!

4 Glad, we trace th' amazing story,
Angels leave their bliss to tell;
Theme sublime, replete with glory:
Sinners saved from death and hell.

5 Love eternal moved the Savior,
Thus to lay his radiance by;
Blessings on the Lamb for ever;
Glory be to God on high!

HIS OFFICES.

100 [319] C. M. *Watts.*

Effects of the Mission of Christ

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

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

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

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

101 [325] 8s, 7s & 4s. *Kelley.*

Coronation of the King of Kings.

LOOK, ye saints:—the sight is glorious;
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Savior, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Savior King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Savior's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

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

102 7s. *Kelley.*

Glory to the King.

GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreath his head;
Jesus is the name we sing—
Jesus risen from the dead
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace:
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

3 Jesus, on thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,—
Share their bliss, and swell their songs:
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Lord, be thine forevermore.

103 [327] C. M. *Parronet.*

Crowning of Christ.

ALL hail, the great Immanuel's name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Praise him who shed for you his blood,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

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

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

104 [326] L. M. *Medley.*

Christ Lives to Bless.

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

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

3 He lives, and grants me daily bread,
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

4 He lives!—all glory to his name!
He lives, my Savior, still the same;
How great the joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

105 [558] C. M. *Newton.*

The Precious Name.

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

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

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace:

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

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

106 [357] 8s & 7s. *Newton.*

Jesus a Friend Indeed.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God,
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a Friend in need!

3 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them "Brethren—friends,"
And to all their wants attends.

4 O, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

107 L. M. *Watts.*

The Grace of God in Christ.

NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where truth and mercy strangely join
To pierce his Son with keenest smart,
And make the purchased pleasures mine.

4 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Savior lov'd and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

5 I would forever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his father's throne.

108 C. M. *Beddome.*

Christ Precious.

JESUS! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength;
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.

4 When storms arise and tempests blow,
He speaks the stilling word;
The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.

5 Through every age he's still the same;
But we ungrateful prove,
Forget the savor of his name,
The sweetness of his love.

109 L. M. *Montgomery.*

Prophet, Priest, and King.

TO us a child, of royal birth,
End of the promises, is given;
Th' Invisible appears on earth,—
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

2 A Savior born, in love supreme
He comes, our fallen souls to raise;
He comes, his people to redeem,
With all his plenitude of grace.

3 The Christ, by raptured seers foretold,
Fill'd with the Holy Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King, behold;
And Lord of all the world adore.

4 The Lord of hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne, on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

110 C. M. *Watts.*

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

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

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

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

4 "Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
"That king of high degree,
"That holy man, who Abra'm bless'd,
"Was but a type of thee."

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

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

111 [265] C. M. *Watts*

Christ's Sympathy and Love.

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

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

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

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

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

112 [124] 4 6s & 2 8s. *C. Wesley.*

"Abba, Father."

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 aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual pray'rs,
They strongly speak for me;

Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

HIS ATONEMENT.

113 [129.] L. M. *Anon.*

Christ the Atoning Sacrifice.

THE Lord descended from above!
Savior and Head of all mankind,
The cov'nant of redeeming love,
In thee let every sinner find.

2 Our surety, thou alone hast paid,
The debt we to thy Father ow'd;
For the whole world atonement made,
And seal'd the pardon with thy blood.

3 Thee, the Paternal Grace, Divine,
A universal blessing gave;
A light in every heart to shine;
A Savior—every soul to save.

4 Light of the Gentile world, appear,
Command the blind thy way to see:
Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
And set the plaintive pris'ner free.

5 Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
Shut up in sin and unbelief;
Deliver from this gloomy pit,
This dungeon of despairing grief.

6 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
Who bears the general sin away;
And to my ransom 'd spirit show,
The glories of eternal day.

114 [146] C. M. *Steele.*

The Atoning Blood of Christ.

AND did the holy and the just—
The sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes—the Redeemer left his throne—
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy!—love unknown!
To suffer—bleed—and die!

3 To dwell with misery here below,
The Savior left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man—oh, wond'rous grace!
For sinful man—he bled!

5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell,
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

115 C. M. *Cowper.*

Sufficiency of the Atonement.

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

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

3 Thou 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 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

116 [141] C. M. *Watts.*

Praise to the Redeemer.

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

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

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

4 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.

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

117 C. M. *Watts.*

Christ the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

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

2 The smoking sweet and bleeding lamb,
The kid and bullock slain,
And costly spice, of every name,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When Christ, the Lord, comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

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

5 "Forgive," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;"
And then he shows his opened veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

118 10, 7, 9. *Anon.*

The Atonement.

SAW ye my Savior, saw ye my Savior,
Saw ye my Savior and God?
O! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended—He was extended,
Painfully nailed to the cross:
Here he bow'd his head and died,
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding—Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain,
And the solid rocks were rent
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.

4 Darkness prevailed—darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed o'er the land,
And the sun refused to shine,
When his Majesty Divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

5 When it was finish'd—when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mighty Savior—hail, mighty Savior,
Prince, and the author of Peace!
O! he burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant, from beneath,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 There interceding—there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "Father, I have died,
O behold my hands and side,
O forgive them, I pray thee forgive."

8 "I will forgive them—I will forgive them,
When they repent and believe:
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

119 [198] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Fullness and Sufficiency of the Atonement.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,—
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came—
Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,—
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, e'en for my soul was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

120 [145] S. M. *Watts.*

Christ our Sacrifice.

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.

121 [143] 8s, 7s, & 4s. *Francis.*

The Expiring Savior.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth—and vails the sky!
"It is finished!"—
Hear the dying Savior cry!

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

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

122 L. M. *Stennett.*

The Atoning Blood.

HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar!
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' Eternal Mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone;
Here will we rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

123 7s. *C. Wesley.*

Cleansing Blood.

JESUS, to thy wounds I fly;
Purge my sins of deepest dye;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Wash away my crimson stain.

2 Plunge me in that sacred flood,
In that fountain of thy blood;
Then thy Father's eye shall see
Not a spot of guilt in me.

124 [144] C. M. *Campbell.*

The Atonement the Only Ground of Pardon.

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

2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of justice draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are blessings from thy hands.

4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

125 [130] C. M. *Watts.*

Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

ALAS! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree!
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty maker, died,
For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

126 [131] C. M. *S. Wesley, sen.*

He Died for Thee.

BEHOLD the Savior of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd,
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

127 [132] L. M. *Fawcett.*

Salvation by Christ.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude and love,
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go!
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

128 [142] L. M. *Steele.*

Sufferings of the Redeemer.

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

2 And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No, he withdrew his quick'ning ray,
And darkness vail'd the mourning day.

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;

And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its pow'rs and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

5 Be thou my pattern; help me bear
More of thy sacred image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the follow'rs of the Lamb.

129 [138] C. M. *Anon.*

Gethsemane.

LISTEN, my soul, while Jesus prays
In dark Gethsemane:
"Father, if it be possible,
Remove this cup from me!"

2 What must have been the bitter draught
Of that mysterious cup!
"Nevertheless thy will be done!
Content I drink it up."

3 Then on the cold and midnight ground
He bows his sacred face;
Tortur'd with unknown agony,
More earnestly he prays.

4 Angels support his sinking frame;
Blood oozes from his veins;
My wond'ring soul, hence learn the weight
Of thy Redeemer's pains.

130 [140] L. M. *Anon.*

Desire to Suffer with Christ.

O THOU dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!

Help me to catch thy precious blood;
Help me to taste thy dying love!

2 The earth could to her center quake,
Convuls'd while her creator died;
O let my inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucifi'd!

3 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies;
O that my soul might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!

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

131 L. M. *Watts.*

Pardon Through the Sufferings of Christ.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold, the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins that we had done.

3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

4 O, for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

132 [133] L. M. *Anon.*

The Effects of Christ's Sufferings.

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

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

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

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

133 [147] L. M. *Stennett.*

Christ Expiring upon the Cross.

'TIS finished! so the Savior cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died;
'Tis finished—yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.

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

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

5 'Tis finished!—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations 'round;
'Tis finished!—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

134 L. M. *Watts.*

Consecration in View of the Cross.

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

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

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

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

135 P. M. *Anon.*

Christ in the Garden.

HALLOWED Gethsemane,
Once the Savior knelt in thee,
And upon the midnight air
Rose his voice in humble prayer:
Father, hear thy suff'ring Son,
Yet thy holy will be done:
Hark! methinks I hear him say,
Let this cup now pass away.

2 Sorrowful Gethsemane,
There the Savior bowed for me;
Lord of all, behold he pleads;
Sinless, yet behold he bleeds;
All this fearful agony,
O my soul, he bears for thee;
Freely for thee there drinks up
To its dregs the bitter cup.

3 Triumphant Gethsemane!
Satan's power was crushed in thee;
For when Jesus humbly knelt
To the stroke man should have felt,
Man was rescued in that hour
From the yoke of Satan's power;
Rescued then, he hopes to rise
To the joys of Paradise.

136 L. M. *W. B. Tappan.*

Christ in Gethsemane.

'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Savior prays alone.

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

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

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

137 S. M. *Watts.*

Christ Suffering for our Sins.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

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

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

HIS RESURRECTION.

138 [148] 7s. *Cudworth.*

Resurrection of Christ.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your songs of triumph 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, boasting Grave?

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

139 [151] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

The King of Glory.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims his mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

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

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is this king of glory—who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd;
The king of saints, and angels too;
God over all forever blest.

140 H. M. *Doddridge.*

Resurrection of Christ.

YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Savior left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay, | Fall to the ground,
The guards around | And sink away.

2 Behold, th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
With joy they come, | From realms of day
And wing their way | To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead;
"The Lord, who bled | He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry, | Hath left the dead,
"The Lord, who bled | No more to die."

141 [149] L. M. *Watts.*

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

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

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

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

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

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

6 "Say, "live forever, wond'rous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave?

142 [156] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Your Life is Hid with Christ.

YE faithful souls who Jesus know,
If ris'n indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's pow'r declare.

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

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

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

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

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

143 S. M. *Kelly.*

The Lord Risen Indeed.

"THE Lord is risen indeed;"
The grave hath lost its prey;
With Him shall rise the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
He lives, to die no more;
He lives His people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

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

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

144 7s. *Newton.*

Weeping Mary.

MARY to her Savior's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn:
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved was gone.
For a while she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

2 Grief and sighing quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice:
Just before, she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice:

What a change his word can make,
  Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
  He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her,
  When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
  Though you now are tempest-toss'd:
On his word your burden cast,
  On his love your thoughts employ:
Weeping for a while may last,
  But the morning brings the joy.

145 L. M. *Watts.*

Deity, Humiliation, and Exaltation, of Christ.

NOW for a tune of lofty praise
  To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
  And tell the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
  And those bright robes he wore above:
How swift and joyful was his flight,
  On wings of everlasting love!

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
  Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay;—
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
  And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
  Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues
  And echoes through the heavenly plains.

146 8s, 7s & 4s. *Anon.*

Joys of the Resurrection.

HAIL, thou happy morn, so glorious!
Come, ye saints, your griefs give o'er;
Sing how Jesus rose victorious,
By His own almighty power:
Hallelujah!
To the glorious Son of God.

2 Countless bands of angels glorious,
Cloth'd in bright ethereal blue;
Straight the sound of Christ victorious
From their silver trumpets flew:
Christ triumphant
Rises, Conqueror o'er the tomb.

3 Is that He who died on Calvary,
Who was pierc'd with many a spear?
Clad with countless suns of glory,
See, He rises through the air:
Hallelujah!
Zion's mourner, now rejoice.

4 Tremble, ye who Him rejected,
Lo! He breaks through yonder cloud;
Rise, ye saints, and shout triumphant,
Victory! through Jesus' blood:
Hark! the trumpet
Sounds the resurrection morn.

147 L. M. *Wardlaw.*

Christ the Unsetting Sun.

HAIL! morning known among the blest,—
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,—
Of heavenly peace, and holy rest,
Pledge of the endless rest above.

2 Blest be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought His Son,
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away
When Christ arose—unsetting sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day.

4 Mercy looked down with smiling eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked His bright ascent on high,
And Hope, with gladness, raised her head.

5 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord!
Thy fire to every bosom bring,
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

HOLY SPIRIT.

HIS DEITY AND PERSONALITY.

148 7s & 6s. *C. Wesley.*

God the Holy Ghost.

GOD of all consolation,
The Holy Ghost thou art;
Thy secret inspiration
Hath told it to my heart:
The blessing I inherit,
Through Jesus' prayer bestow'd,
The Comforter, the Spirit,
The true eternal God.

2 With God the Son and Savior,
With God the Father one,
The tokens of his favor
Are now to man made known.
An ante-past of heaven
Thou dost in me reveal,
Attest my sins forgiven,
And my salvation seal.

3 The indubitable witness
Of thy own Deity,
Thou giv'st my soul its fitness
Thy glorious face to see:
Thy comforts, gifts, and graces,
My largest thoughts transcend,
And challenge endless praises,
When faith in sight shall end.

149 S. M. *Montgomery.*

The Holy Ghost Almighty.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power:

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

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind—
One soul, one feeling breathe:

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

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

6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

150 L. M. *Anon.*

The Holy Ghost the Creator.

COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

151 C. M. *Beddome.*

Sovereignty of the Spirit.

THE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please:
How happy are the men who feel
The soul enlivening breeze!

2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy:
None can thy mighty power control,
Or shall thy work destroy.

PROMISE OF THE SPIRIT.

152 L. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Promised Comforter.

LORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,—
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

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

3 If every one that asks may find,—
If still thou dost on sinners fall,—
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

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

153 L. M. *Wesley.*

The Savior's Legacy.

JESUS, we on the words depend,
Spoken by thee while present here,—
The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

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

3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible, impart,—
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on each faithful heart.

4 He only can the words apply,
Through which we endless life possess;
And deal to each his legacy,—
Our Lord's unutterable peace.

154 L. M. *Steele.*

The Spirit Nigh.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh—
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

3 What less than thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

4 And when my cheerful soul can say,
"I love my God, and taste his grace,"
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace.

5 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

155 C. M. *Watts.*

His Quickening Power.

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 earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

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

4 Father, 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 Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

156 [66] L. M. *Watts.*

Deprecating the Withdrawal of the Spirit.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long, rebellious years.

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd!
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

157 L. M. *Watts.*

Spirit's Influences.

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

2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

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

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

158 7s. *Reed.*

The Sanctifier.

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

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

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

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

159 8s & 7s. *Noel's Col.*

Source of Blessings.

HOLY Source of consolation,
Light and life thy grace imparts;
Visit us in thy compassion;
Guide our minds, and fill our hearts.

2 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Thou canst bring us from above;
Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure,
Wisdom, holiness, and love.

3 Dwell within us, blessed Spirit;
Where thou art no ill can come;
Bless us now, through Jesus' merit;
Reign in every heart and home.

4 Savior, lead us to adore thee,
While thou dost prolong our days;
Then, with angel hosts before thee,
May we worship, love, and praise.

160 8 lines 8s. *C. Wesley.*

Ardent Desires for the Spirit's Influences.

COME, holy, celestial Dove,
To visit a sorrowful breast;
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest.
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood,

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
And strangely withheld me from sin,
And tried, by the lure of thy love,
My worthless affections to win;

The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermost mercy exert;
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sigh'd from myself to get free,
And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee;
Fulfill the imperfect desire;
Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
The sense of thy favor inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

161 5 7s, & 3 6s. *Toplady.*

Indwelling Spirit Implored.

SAVIOR, I thy word believe;
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above;
Show me, Lord, how good thou art;
Now thy gracious word fulfill:
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me,
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee:
Bid my sin and fear depart,
And within, oh! deign to dwell;
Faithful Witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord, reveal in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee:

Make me choose the better part;
O do thou my pardon seal;
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

162 7s. *Stocker.*

Prayer to the Spirit.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

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.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

163 S. M. *Beddome.*

Imploring His Guidance.

COME, Spirit, Source of light
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.

3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

4 While through this maze we stray,
O spread thy beams abroad;
Point out the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

AWAKENING AND INVITATION.

164 [26] C. M. *Fawcett.*

No Peace to the Wicked.

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

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

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

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

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

165 [2] C. M. *Anon.*

The Savior at the Door.

AMAZING sight, the Savior stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:—
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me forever dwell?

4 "Not to condemn your wretched race
Have I in judgment come;
But to display unbounded grace,
And bring lost sinners home.

5 "Will you go down to endless night,
And bear eternal pain?
Or in the glorious realms of light
With me forever reign?

6 "Say—will you hear my gracious voice
And have your sins forgiv'n?
Or will you make that wretched choice
And bar yourselves from heav'n?"

166 [310] S. M. *Anon*

The Spirit Inviting.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life,—
'Tis Jesus bids him come:"

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come.

167 [3] L. M. *Huntingdon.*

And Yet there is Room.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world! come sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor and maim'd and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 This is the time, no more delay,
The invitation is to-day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

168 [5] S. M. *Beddome.*

The Savior's Tears.

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—
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

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

169 [7] L. M. *Anon.*

The Thoughtless Sinner.

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

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

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

170 [8] C. M. *Anon.*

Hardened Sinner Addressed.

COME, sinners, you whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
Come hear the gospel's mildest voice,
That tells you, "God is love."

2 Thousands, once vile and base as you,
Surround the throne above;
The grace that changed has tuned their hearts
To sing, that "God is love."

3 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

171 [4] L. M. *Watts.*

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

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

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

3 Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to the neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

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

172 [6] 8s, 7s, & 4s. *Hart.*

Sinners Entreated.

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

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

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

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

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Savior prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

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

7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

173 [9] S. M. *Watts.*

The Incorrigible Sinner.

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 too strait.

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 But hear the Savior's word,
"Strive for the heavenly gate;
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their cries too late!"

174 [10] C. M. *Watts.*

Difficulty and Dependence.

STRAIT is the way—the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high:
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed—and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfill a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

175 [12] L. M. *Anon.*

Desire for a Revival.

I LONG to see the seasons come,
When sinners will come flocking home,
To taste the riches of God's love,
And sing his praise in realms above.

2 Hark, how the Gospel trumpet sounds,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold, your loving Savior stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart;
He'll wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.

176 [14] L. M. *Dwight.*

The Accepted Time.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found—and peace is given;
But soon—ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites—how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites—how bless'd the day
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

177 [16] C. M. *Watts.*

Gospel Trumpet.

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

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

3 Eternal wisdom hath 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 streams that never dry.

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

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

178 [11] P. M. *Medley.*

Crowns at Jesus' Feet.

HARK! how the Gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God:
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 Hail! all-victorious, conqu'ring Lord!
Be thou by all thy works ador'd,
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on!
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share;
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above
In endless day.

179 [13] L. M. *J. Wesley.*

All-Sufficiency of God's Grace.

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
"Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find my grace is free for all."

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

180 [15] C. M. *Hoskins.*

Object of Hearing.

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all who now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Savior's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear
And understand thy word,
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Here let thy power and grace be felt,
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, O Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.

5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Savior flee.

6 This house with grace and glory fill,
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal,
Thy glorious righteousness.

181 [17] C. M. *Colyer.*

The Wanderer Recalled.

RETURN, O wanderer—now return
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer—now return!
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer—now return:
Thy Savior bids thee live:
Go to his feet—and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer—now return
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy father calls—no longer mourn
'Tis love invites thee near.

182 L. M. *Steele.*

Christ the Physician of the Soul.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is Nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

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

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

4 See, in the Savior's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow
'Tis only that dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

183 [21] S. M. *Dobell*

Now the Accepted Time.

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

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

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

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

184 [23] C. M. *Medley.*

Fountain of Living Waters.

O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

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

4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

185 [24] C. M. *Doddridge.*

Exhortation to Repentance.

REPENT,— the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatched abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offer'd Savior now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sounds,
And calls you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bounds,
And yields to justice there.

186 [18] L. M. *Doddridge.*

One Thing Needful.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

187 [20] C. M. *Anon.*

The Accepted Hour

NOW is the time, th' accepted hour
O, sinners, come away;
The Savior's knocking at your door;
Arise without delay.

2 O don't refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
To execute his law.

3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be
If destitute of grace;
When you your injured judge shall see,
And stand before his face?

4 O let not all these calls be vain,
But lend a list'ning ear;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in black despair.

188 [25] S. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Day of Vengeance.

SINNERS, the call obey,
The latest call of grace:
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race.

2 Enter into the Rock,
Ye trembling slaves of sin,
The Rock of your salvation, struck
And cleft to take you in.

3 Jesus, to thee we fly,
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defense is nigh;
Our help is in the Lord.

4 We in thy word believe,
And on thy promise stay,
Our life, which still to thee we give,
Shall be to us a prey.

5 Our life with thee we hide,
Above the furious blast,
And shelter'd in thy wounds abide
Till all the storms are past.

189 [27] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

All Things are Ready.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word!
Haste to the supper of the Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready your loving Savior stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To apply and witness with the blood,
And wash, and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready, with the shining host;
All heav'n is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

190 [29] C. M. *Anon.*

Pathetic Appeal to the Sinner.

SINNER, the Lord invites thee now,
To feast at Mercy's board;
Where canst thou find such nameless joys,
Or sup with such a Lord?

2 Mercy,—rich mercy,—boundless, free;
Fruit of th' eternal mind;
Has spread her ample store, and cries—
Come hither all mankind!

3 But who regards her voice, or who
Her banquets love to taste?
While thousands, vain excuses plead,
And leave her courts in haste!

4 Will these apologize for thee
When the pale horse appears?
And his stern rider shakes his dart,
And vivifies thy fears?

5 Will these avail, when nature groans?
Earth from her center flies!
And heaven shall energize the crash—
Of falling—flaming skies!

191 C. M. *Anon*

Excuses Refuted.

SECOND PART.

SHALL heav'n excuse thy blinded mind,
Refusing floods of light,
Which mercy pours, while Jesus cries—
Sinner, receive thy sight?

2 From what, poor hungry, thirsty soul,
Wouldst thou excused be?
From manna, such as angels eat,
And living waters free?

3 From what, diseased, dying soul,
Wouldst thou excused be?
The great Physician—Balm Divine,
And life, eternally?

4 Ah! sinners, think, how many years
With one consent you've strove,
From Mercy's out-stretch'd arms to fly,
And spurn redeeming love.

5 Yet still the Master calleth thee—
See Mercy at the gate:
Fly, sinners, strive to enter in;
Fly, ere it be too late.

192 [34] C. M. *Anon.*

God Speaking to the Sinner.

WHAT language now salutes the ear?
It is our Father's voice!
Let all the world attentive hear:
And ev'ry soul rejoice.

2 Sinner, he kindly speaks to thee,
However vile thou art;
"Here's grace and pardon, rich and free;
"My son, give me thy heart.

3 "For thee, a traitor, Jesus bled,
"And suffer'd dreadful smart;
"For thee the Lord was crucified—
"My son, give me thy heart.

193 [30] L. M. *Hyde.*

My Spirit Shall Not Always Strive.

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

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

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! should'st thou grieve him now away
Then hope may never beam on thee.

194 [33] C. M. *Anon.*

Encouragement to Despairing Sinners.

THERE is a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord."

2 My soul obeys the Almighty's call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh! help my unbelief.

3 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness
My Jesus, and my all!

195 L. M. *Doddridge.*

Sinner Weighed and Found Wanting.

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

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

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

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

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

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

196 L. M. *Watts.*

Life the Time to Serve God.

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

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

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

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

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

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

197 C. M. *Watts.*

None Excluded from Hope.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak:
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretense
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come·
He'll form your souls anew:
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

198 8s, 7s, & 4. *Reed.*

The Sinner Invited and Warned.

HEAR, O sinner! Mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Savior,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus;
'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Savior;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste to Jesus;
You must perish if you stay.

199 8s, 7s, & 4. *Allen.*

Glad Tidings.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O, how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord.

200 C. M. *Anon.*

The Barren Fig-Tree.

SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord
A barren fig-tree stands;
It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.

2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found;
It stands, amid the living trees,
A cumberer of the ground.

3 But, see, an Intercessor pleads,
The barren tree to spare;
"Let justice still withhold his hand,
And grant another year.

4 "Perhaps some means of grace untried
May reach the stony heart;
The softening dews of heavenly grace
May life anew impart.

5 "But if these means should prove in vain,
And still no fruit is found,
Then mercy shall no longer plead,
But justice cut it down."

201 [86] L. M. *Watts*

The Road to Life and to Death.

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.

202 8s, 7s, & 4. *Anon.*

Christ's Yoke Easy.

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted—
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down;
By the perfect law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown!
Look to Jesus—
Mercy flows thro' Him alone.

2 Take His easy yoke, and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet,
Safe to glory,
Where His ransom'd captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies:
All who taste it,
Shall to rest immortal rise.

4 While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resigned,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the Sabbath of the mind.
None but Jesus
Can the broken heart up-bind.

5 But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
But it soars beyond them all:
Faith believes it, Hope expects it,
Love desires it—
But it overwhelms them all.

203 [79] 7s. *Hastings.*

Invitation to Children.

CHILDREN! listen to the Lord,
And obey his gracious word;
Seek his face with heart and mind
Early seek, and you shall find.

2 Sorrowful, your sins confess;
Plead his perfect righteousness;
See the Savior's bleeding side;—
Come—you will not be denied.

3 For his worship now prepare;
Kneel to him in fervent prayer;
Serve him with a perfect heart
Never from his ways depart.

204 [509] C. M. *Hart.*

Sin Kills Beyond the Tomb.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
O think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

205 [78] 8s, 7s, & 4. *Anon.*

Children Exhorted.

CHILDREN! hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?
Oh! receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They alone are his delight;
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

3 All your sins to him confessing,
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek the Savior's richest blessing;
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting,—
Will you not his grace receive?

206 C. M. *Anon.*

The Living Waters.

AT Jacob's well a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer:
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.

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

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

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

207 C. P.M. *T. Hastings*

The Warning Voice.

THAT warning voice, O sinner hear!
And while salvation lingers near,
The heav'nly call obey;
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath,
That rises o'er thy way.

2 Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour:
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise;
What terrors fill that hour.

3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace;
Renounce thy sins and be forgiv'n,
Believe, become an heir of heav'n,
And sing redeeming grace.

4 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks,
The heav'ns are all serene;
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
Joy echoes on the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.

208 11s. *Anon.*

The River of God.

THE Lord is the fountain of goodness and love,
Which, flowing in Eden, in streams from above,
Refreshed, every moment, the first happy pair,
Till sin stopped the torrent and brought in despair.

2 O wretched condition! what anguish and pain!
They thirst for the fountain, and seek it in vain;
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,
They drink, but the draught still increases their grief.

3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! no more we complain!
Our Jesus has opened the fountain again;
Now mingled with mercy, and rich with free grace,
From Sion 't is flowing to all the lost race.

4 How happy the prospect! how pleasant the
road!
When led down the stream by the angel of
God;
Though shallow at first, yet we find it at last,
A river so boundless it cannot be passed.

5 Come sinners, poor sinners! 'tis boundless
and free—
In Eden once flowing, 'twas opened for thee:
This water has virtue to heal all complaints:
Come drink, ye diseased, and rejoice with the
saints.

6 Say not "I'm a sinner, and must not partake,"
For this very reason the Lord bids you take;
Say not "Too unworthy, the vilest of all;"
For such, not the righteous, the Lord came to
call.

209 8s & 12s. *Anon.*

The Harvest Past.

WHEN the harvest is past, and the sum-
mer is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er,
When the beams cease to break, of the sweet
Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more:
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall
blow,
The gospel no message declare—
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wail-
ings of woe?
How suffer the night of despair?

2 When the holy have gone to the regions of
peace,
To dwell in the mansions above,
When their harmony wakes in the fullness of
bliss,
Their songs to the Savior they love;

Say, O sinner! that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no troubles to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

210 7s. *Anon.*

Fullness of Christ.

BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean;
Contrite souls, with guilt oppressed,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn your follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste,
Turn to God, O, turn and live;
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 You that oft have wandered far
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace;
Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide;
Jesus Christ for man has died.

5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely;
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

PENITENTIAL.

211 [35] S. M. ***C. Wesley.***

Yielding to Christ.

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

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thine only love to know:
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heav'nly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart

212 [37] S. M. ***C. Wesley.***

Restore My Peace.

AND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound,
Of a poor sinner's pray'r.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look, to thee my Lord!
Lift up a helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 The daily death I prove,
Savior, to thee is known:
'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.

5 O, my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace;
I know thou canst; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

6 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

213 [39] L. M. *T. Scott.*

Relying Upon Grace.

WHY droops my soul, with grief oppress'd?
Whence these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal thy wound?
No kind physician to be found?

2 Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes;
Behold the Prince of glory dies!
He dies, extended on the tree,
And sheds a sovereign balm for thee.

3 Dear Savior, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear—
Almighty grace, which triumphs here.

4 Thou wilt withdraw the poisoned dart,
Bind up and heal the wounded heart;
With blooming health my face adorn,
And change the gloomy night to morn.

214 [36] S. M. *C. Wesley*

Christ the Only Refuge.

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint!
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Savior bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Savior take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display:
Into its darkest corner shine,
And take the vail away.

6 I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!

215 [38] C. M. *Dedham.*

Approaching the Mercy Seat.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers pray'r;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou call'st the burden'd souls to thee
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

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

5 O, wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

216 [41] C. M. *Jones.*

The Resolution.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

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

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

4 I'll to my gracious King approach
Whose scepter pardon gives:
Perhaps he may command a touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps he'll hear my pray'r;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

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

217 [139] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Love which Passeth Knowledge.

OF him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

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

3 To shame our sins, he blush'd in blood,
And clos'd his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

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

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

218 [45] C. M. *Mrs. Steele.*

Admitting Christ to the Heart.

AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms.

2 Shall Jesus for admittance plead,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, for which he bled,
Remain forever barred?

3 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power,
The lodging has possessed,
And crowds of traitors bar the door,
Against the heavenly guest.

4 Lord! rise in Thine all-conquering grace,
Thy mighty power display;
One beam of glory from Thy face
Can drive my foes away.

5 Ye vile seducers! hence, depart;
Dear Savior! enter in;
Oh! guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

219 [47] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Mourner Blest.

JESUS, if still thou art to-day,
As yesterday, the same—
Present to heal—in me display
The virtue of thy Name!

2 If still thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat ;—
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome and vile, and self abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine, can make me clean.

5 But thou, they say, art passing by!
O let me find thee near;
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

6 Behold me waiting in the way,
For thee, the heav'nly Light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight!"

220 [43] L. M. *Grigg.*

Not Ashamed.

JESUS! and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee—whom angels praise?
Whose glories shine through endless days?

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

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave,
No fears to quell—no soul to save

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

221 [46] C. M *C. Wesley.*

Ardent Desire for Full Salvation.

I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin subduing pow'r;
Power to believe and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
The liberty from sin;
The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,
Thy kingdom fix'd within.

3 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

4 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy pow'r,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

222 [48] C. M. *Anon.*

Heavy-Laden Invited.

ALL ye, who feel distressed for sin,
And fear eternal woe,
You Christ invites to enter in—
This hour to Jesus go!

2 He, by his own almighty word,
Will all your fears remove;
For every wound his precious blood
A sovereign balm shall prove.

3 His conquering grace shall set you free
From sin's oppressive chains,
From Satan's hateful tyranny,
And everlasting pains.

4 Come, then, ye heavy-laden—come!
His instant help implore:
Millions have found a peaceful home—
There's room for millions more.

223 [49] S. M. *Anon*

Ark of Safety.

OH cease! my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold 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.

224 [50] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Prisoners of Hope.

LET the redeem'd give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God!
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till washed in Jesus' blood:

2 Till at thy coming from above,
My mountain sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

3 Pris'ner of hope, I still attend
Th' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And have my soul restored:

4 Restor'd by reconciling grace;
With present pardon blest;
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.

5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thy own.

225 [52] L. M. *Anon.*

Repenting and Sinning.

LORD Jesus, when—when shall it be,
That I no more shall part with thee?
When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?

2 Here I repent, and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain:
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, O, too often wounds my heart.

3 O Savior, when—when shall I be,
A garden seal'd to all but thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live and grow to thee alone.

4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force;
Still help me walk, still help me tend,
By thee, my way, to thee, my end.

226 [54] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Looking to Christ for Sympathy.

MY sufferings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard thy own;
Jesus, remember Calvary!

2 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nailed thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy bowels answer me!

3 Art thou not touch'd with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of Man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?

4 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their maker own,
Art always faithful to thy word!

5 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy pow'r is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

227 [58] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Godly Sorrow.

O FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before thee, Lord;
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word!

2 O, for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long suspended blow!

3 Savior, to me in pity give
The sensible distress:
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive
And bid me die in peace:

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above;
My body in the tomb.

228 [51] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Only by Faith.

LORD, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the healing waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal—are thine.

3 With simple faith, on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all;
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure;
Make my infective nature pure:
Peace, righteousness and joy impart,
And pour thy love into my heart!

229 [53] C. M. *Watts.*

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants; for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive;
Yet we who have a heavn t' obtain,
How negligent we live.

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down
And labor'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood?

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

230 [56] L. M. *Hart.*

The Stubborn Heart.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

231 [63] L. M. *C. Wesley*

The Physician Needed.

O THOU, whom once they flock'd to hear,
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel,—
Suffer a sinner to draw near,
And graciously receive me still.

2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have;
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
And wait thine utmost power to save.

3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure:
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most invet'rate plague can cure.

4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
And long hath languish'd at the pool:
A word of thine shall make it rise,
And speak me in a moment whole.

232 [65] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Waiting Upon the Lord.

STILL, for thy loving kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait;
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will;
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!

3 Be still! and know that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below!

4 I wait my vigor to renew,
Thine image to retrieve!
The vail of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.

5 I work; and own the labor vain;
And thus from works I cease:
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove;
They cannot change a sinful heart;
They cannot purchase love.

233 [61] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Conquering Love of Jesus.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life conceal'd in him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire:
Live happy in my Savior's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That kept by mercy's pow'r,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 In answer to ten thousand pray'rs,
Thou pard'ning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

5 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven;
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

234 [62] S. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Heart of Stone.

O THAT I could repent;
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart:

2 A heart with grief opprest,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down,
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

235 [64] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Light Yoke and Easy Burden.

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

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

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

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

236 [67] 8s, 7s. *Anon.*

Savior's Love to the Penitent.

SAVIOR, canst thou love a traitor?
Canst thou love a child of wrath?
Can a hell-deserving creature
Be the purchase of thy death?

2 Is thy blood so efficacious,
As to make my nature clean?
Is thy sacrifice so precious,
As to free my soul from sin?

3 Sin on every side surrounds me,
I can hear of no relief;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Help me, Lord, to bear my grief.

4 This is now my resolution,
At thy dearest feet to fall;
Here I'll meet my condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.

5 If I meet with condemnation,
Justly I deserve the same;
If I meet with free salvation,
I will magnify thy name.

237 [68] C. M. *Watts.*

The Earnest of Heaven.

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 my 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 safely bear me home.

238 [69] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Christ's Self-Denial for Sinners.

WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see;
Will the unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

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

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design:
What meant the suffering Son of Man,
The streaming blood divine?

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

5 Come, then, and to my soul reveal,
The hights and depths of grace!
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
And give me life and peace.

6 Before my eyes of faith confess'd,
Stand forth a slaughter'd lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.

239 [70] S. M. *C. Wesley.*

Groaning for Deliverance.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest.

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move:
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

5 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst from all things part,
Didst lead a suffering life below;
To gain my worthless heart.

6 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe,
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

240 [71] L. M. *Anon.*

Sinner's Plea for Help.

THOU man of grief, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat!

2 When wrestling in the strength of pray'r,
Thy spirit sunk beneath the load;
Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear
The scourges of a dreadful rod.

3 Father—if I may call thee so—
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

4 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul;
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To thee my last distress I bring;
The highten'd fear of death I find;
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.

6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee;
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

241 [72] C. M. *Addison.*

Timely Penitence.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O, how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear!

4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament,
And early, with repentant tears,
Eternal woe prevent.

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Savior's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight!

242 C. M. *Newton*

Subdued by the Cross.

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

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

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

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

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

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

243 [74] C. M. *Steele.*

God's Absence Deprecated.

OH thou whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;

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

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

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

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

244 [76] 11s & 10s. *Moore.*

Consolation for the Penitent.

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

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever-knowing,
Earth has no sorrow, but heaven can remove.

245 [73] L. M. *Newton.*

Christ Knocking at the Door.

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

2 O lovely attitude, He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands.
O matchless kindness, and He shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

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

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

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

246 [75] 8s & 7s. *Montgomery.*

The Healing Fountain.

COME to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you,—to me,—to all,—
In a full perpetual tide,
Opened when the Savior died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission;—
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more;—

3 He that drinks shall live for ever,—
'Tis a soul-reviving flood:
God is faithful—God will never
Break his covenant in blood;—
Signed, when our Redeemer died,
Sealed, when he was glorified.

247 [77] C. M. *Dodd.*

Youth Admonished.

YE hearts with youthful vigor warm!
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Savior's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 The soul that longs to see his face,
Is sure his love to gain;
And they who early seek his grace,
Shall never seek in vain.

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys!
Vain tempters of the mind;
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here, true bliss I find.

248 S. M. *Anon.*

Confession.

ONCE more we meet to pray,
Once more our guilt confess;
Turn not, O Lord, thine ear away
From creatures in distress.

2 Our sins to heaven ascend,
And there for vengeance cry;
O God, behold the sinner's Friend,
Who intercedes on high.

3 Though we are vile indeed,
And well deserve thy curse,
The merits of thy Son we plead,
Who lived and died for us.

4 Now let thy bosom yearn,
As it hath done before;
Return to us, O God, return,
And ne'er forsake us more.

249 C. M. *Anon*

The Prodigal's Return.

THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 "With deep repentance I'll return
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."

4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew;
The long-lost son is found!

250 6, 8s. *C. Wesley.*

Wrestling with Christ.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

251 C. M. *Middleton.*

Painful Recollections.

AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things beloved
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time, unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast:
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O, speed my soul to thee.

252 [85] L. M. *Watts.*

Pardon Penitently Implored.

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

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

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

4 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,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

253 C. M. *Steele*

Sense of Ingratitude.

DEAR Savior, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detained, betrayed
From Jesus to depart;—

3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest;—
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy's sake
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

6 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Is thy forgiving grace.

254 C. M. *Jervis.*

Peace to the Penitent.

SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
The words of life and peace,—
That bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No healing balm on earth, like this,
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Thou still art merciful and kind;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal;
The broken heart thy grace can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
True peace within my breast;
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

255 [80] 7s. *Anon.*

The Penitent Inquirer.

DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

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

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget,
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

256 C. M. *S. Stennett.*

Indwelling Sin Lamented.

WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy cross, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 O, was there e'er a heart so base,
So false, as mine has been—
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin?

3 Yet, I remember, thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
I feel that what my God demands
Is his most rightful due.

4 Thy word I hear, thy counsels weigh
And all thy works approve:
Still, nature finds it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Savior, shall I feel
This warfare in my breast?
In mercy bow this stubborn will,
And give my spirit rest.

6 Break, sovereign grace, O, break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

257 L. M. *Steele.*

Sense of Sin.

JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But, ah, how dead to things divine,
How cold, my best affections are!

2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Savior from my sight;
O for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight.

3 Come, gracious Lord; thy love can raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last, expiring breath.

258 L. M. *Doddridge.*

Secret Self-Examination.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

259 C. M. *Watts.*

Seeking God.

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

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

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

260 C. M. *Newton.*

The Prodigal Son.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

261 L. M. *Montgomery.*

Confession.

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

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

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

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

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

262 L. M. *Montgomery.*

SECOND PART.

I WOO'D ambition, climb'd the pole,
And shone among the stars,—but fell
Headlong in all my pride of soul,
Like Lucifer, from heaven to hell.

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

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

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

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

263 C. M. *Anon.*

I Will Not Let Thee Go.

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

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

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

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

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

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

264 S. M. *Newton.*

Bethesda.

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

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

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

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

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

265 7s. *Hammond.*

Give Me Jesus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

266 [91] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Unwearied Earnestness.

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

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

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die:
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

267 7s. *Toplady*

Christ the Rock of Ages.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

268 S. M. *Cowper.*

Trembling Solicitude.

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

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

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

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

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

269 S. M. *Campbell.*

Filial Confidence.

LORD, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
O, take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.

2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Savior's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.

3 Among thy little flock
I need the Shepherd's care;
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
And pastures green prepare.

4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine;
Still keep me in thy fear;
Now fill my heart with grace divine;
Bring thy salvation near.

270 C. P. M. *Ockum.*

The Sinner Feels His Need of a New Birth.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
One simple truth increased my pain,
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast oppressive load;
All creature-aid I saw was vain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell—
How Jesus conquered death and hell
To bring salvation near;
Yet still I found this truth remain—
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Savior passed that way,
My bondage to remove;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

271 [134] L. M. *Anon.*

Deprecating a Want of Love.

COME, let me love, or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed Fair One bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.

2 O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look
Should seek and wish a mortal's love.

3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd man's nature, took my chains.

4 Infinite grace! Almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, O earth and skies!
Jesus, the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross of love and dies.

5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in Divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
With groans of an expiring God?

272 C. M. *Stennett.*

The Converted Thief.

AS on the cross the Savior hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame
The penitent confessed,
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed :—

3 "Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven !
Thou spotless Lamb of God !
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly, from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Savior, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy 'parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise"

FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

273 [119] L. M. *Watts.*

Walking by Faith.

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

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

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

274 [121] C. M. *Watts.*

Faith the Evidence of Things not Seen.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
And be again restored.

4 Abrah'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joy on high.

275 [123] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Realizing Light of Faith.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same:—

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save:
(Save us, a present Savior thou:)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;
Future, and past, subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy Name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,—
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
Th' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

276 L. M. *Montgomery.*

Faith Passing Away.

FAITH, hope, and charity, these three,
Yet is the greatest charity;
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart.

2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for God is love.

3 The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrow's fading form.

4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the reach of death and time,
Like the blue sky's abounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

277 [120] C. M. *Turner*

Efficacy of Faith.

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

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

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

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

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

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

278 [122] S. M. *Beddome.*

Office of Faith.

FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high, celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

279 C. M. *Anon.*

Prayer for Strong Faith.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

280 [341] 6s & 4s. *Palmer*

The Savior's Guidance.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary!

Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray
Take all my guilt away,
Oh! let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

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

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

281 [234] C. M. *Steele.*

Pardon, Life, and Joy.

THE Savior! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound?
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 Th' almighty former of the skies,
Stoops to our vile abode:
While angels view with wond'ring eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Savior, let me call thee mine—
I cannot wish for more!

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior, and my all!

282 [559] L. M. *Anon.*

Faith and Works.

IN vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death;
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say and 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 and sloth incline;
The Christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

283 L. M. *Doddridge.*

Struggle Between Faith and Unbelief.

JESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
In thee believing, we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,
While Faith contends with Unbelief.

2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise
And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 O, let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust,
Nor see that Faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name,
And put all anxious doubt to flight,
As shades dispersed by opening light.

284 C. M. *Watts.*

A Living and Dead Faith.

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

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

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

4 'T is faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power:
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

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

285 C. M. *Beddome*

Salvation by Faith.

'TIS faith that lays the sinner low,
And covers him with shame;
Renouncing all self-righteousness,
It trusts in Jesus' name.

2 Faith works with power, but will not plead
The best of works when done;
It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone.

3 It gives no title, but receives;
No blessing it procures;
Yet, where it truly lives and reigns,
All blessings it insures.

4 Its sole dependence and its stay
Is Jesus' righteousness;
'Tis thus salvation is by faith,
And all of sovereign grace.

5 The more this principle prevails,
The more is grace adored;
No glory it assumes, but gives
All glory to the Lord.

286 L. M. *C. Wesley*

The Healing and Cleansing Fountain.

BY faith I to the fountain fly,
Open'd for all mankind and me,
To purge my sins of deepest dye,—
My life and heart's impurity.

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

287 8 lines, 7s. *C. Wesley.*

The Only Refuge.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

288 S. M. *Watts.*

Forgiveness of Sin Upon Confession.

O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

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

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

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

289 L. M. *Anon.*

Faith Not Meritorious.

BY faith in Christ we're justified,
Since 'tis by faith Christ is applied;
But not for faith, or any thing
We either suffer, do, or bring.

2 Faith is the hand, that Christ receives
And takes the treasures, which he gives;
But faith no merit can possess:
Christ is the Lord our righteousness.

3 Jesus, our soul's delightful choice,
In thee believing, we rejoice;
Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting faith alive.

290 C. P. M. *C. Wesley*

The Inward Witness.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now, the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven:
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconcil'd?
And should I not with faith draw nigh
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art:
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart!

291 [136] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Fullness of Christ.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my lord,
My Savior and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose pow'rful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 Thou know'st for my offense he died,
And rose again for me;
Fully and freely justifi'd
That I might live to thee.

3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus giv'n:
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.

392 C. M. *Anon.*

What Faith Is.

FAITH is the Spirit's sweet control,
From which assurance springs;
Faith is the pencil of the soul
That pictures heavenly things;

2 Faith is the throb of Love that makes
Man rest on God alone;
Faith is the wondrous power that shakes
The Tempter on his throne;

3 Faith is the conq'ring host that storms
The battlements of Sin;
Faith is the quick'ning fire that warms
The trembling soul within;

4 Faith is the smile that plays around
The dying Christian's brow;
Faith was the light by which he found
The hope that fills him NOW;

5 Faith is the eye that soon can test
The world and all its worth;
Faith is the heart that cannot rest
On aught that clings to earth;

6 Faith gives the wings that heav'nward bear
Our humble, fervent praise;
Faith is the soul of every prayer
The weakest saint can raise;

7 Faith is the lamp that burns to guide
Our bark when tempest-driven;
Faith is the key that opens wide
The distant gates of Heaven.

8 O Rock of Ages, Fount of Bliss,
Thy needful help afford,
And let my constant prayer be this,—
"Increase my faith, O Lord."

293 [128] C. M. *Anon.*

Triumph in Christ.

LET earthly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its joys can now no longer please,
Nor e'en content afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
Dear Lord! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.

294 8 lines 7s. *C. Wesley.*

Faith that Works by Love.

PLEAD we not for faith alone—
But which by our works is shown:
God it is who justifies:
Only faith the grace applies:
Active faith that lives within,
Conquers earth, and hell, and sin,—
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,—
Forms the Savior in the soul.

2 Let us for this faith contend;
Sure salvation is its end:
Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won.
Only let us persevere,
Till we see our Lord appear;
Never from the Rock remove,
Saved by faith, which works by love.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

295 [214] L. M. *J. Wesley*

Renouncing All for Christ.

COME, Savior, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Savior's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

296 [215] S. M. *C. Wesley.*

Waiting at the Cross.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,—
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,—
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

297 [219] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Christ All in All.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorr'd;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all.

298 [221] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Longing to be Dissolved in Love.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Savior, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

299 C. M. *F. Xavier.*

Love of the Cross Solely for Christ's Sake.

THOU, Ó my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

2 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for one
That was Thine enemy.

3 Then, why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.

5 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

300 [218] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

God Wills Our Holiness.

HE wills that I should holy be:
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Savior's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplish'd in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfill.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

301 [220] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Good Pleasure of His Will.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,—
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be!
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess'd,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

302 [222] S. M. *C. Wesley.*

Christ, the Guide and Counsellor.

JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause:
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove:
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

6 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

303 [224] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

On Earth as it is in Heaven.

JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels, who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfill.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.

304 [226] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Believer's Rest.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The Sabbath of thy love.

305 [230] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

A Perfect Heart the Redeemer's Throne.

O FOR a heart to praise my God
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me;—

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

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

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

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

306 [223] L. M. *Anon.*

Perfect Holiness Implored.

JESUS, thy good spirit alone,
Can lead me forth, and make me free,
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my soul at liberty.

2 Now let thy spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess,
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

3 Lord, I believe thy power the same,
The same thy truth and grace endure:
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

4 Come, Savior, come, and make me whole;
Entirely all my sins remove!
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

307 [225] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Soul and Body Dedicated to the Lord.

LET Him to whom we now belong
His sov'reign right assert;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone·
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive;
Fulfill our hearts' desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

308 [227] S. M. *C. Wesley.*

Self-Consecration.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

309 [228] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Prayer for Entire Sanctification.

MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand
And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

4 O that in me the sacred fire,
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

310 C. P. M. *C. Wesley.*

Unsearchable Love of Christ.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee!
I long, and thirst, and faint, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

3 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire, in vain, its depth to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 O that I could forever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary 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.

311 [235] L. M. *Anon.*

Christ-like.

MAKE us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Savior, daily more like thee!
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!

2 Oh, how benevolent, and kind!
How mild!—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our minds,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 But ah! how blind! how weak we are!
How frail!—how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

312 [229] P. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Glorious Hope of Perfect Love.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest:
There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess—
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in;
Cast out thy foes—the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove;
The purchase of thy death divide,
And, oh, with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love.

313 [232] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Pure Love Casts Out Fear.

QUICKENED with our immortal Head
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee,
Redeemed from sin, and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
With joy we seek the things above;
And all thy saints the spirit breathe
Of power, sobriety, and love.

3 Pure love to God thy members find,
Pure love to every soul of man;
And in thy sober, spotless mind,
Savior, our heaven on earth we gain.

4 Author and sum of heavenly bliss,
Thee let our souls and bodies prove,
Implunged in that unknown abyss,
That ocean of redeeming love.

314 C. M. *C. Wesley*

Prayer for Entire Purification.

FOR ever here my rest shall be
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Savior died."

2 My dying Savior and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus thine own!
Wash me, and mine thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

315 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

The All-cleansing Blood of Christ.

O JESUS! at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise;
Restored to our unsinning state,—
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Savior from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin;
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us thoroughly clean.

3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above;
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of thy love fulfill;
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

5 O that the perfect grace were given,
Thy love diffused abroad:
O that our hearts were all a heaven,
Forever fill'd with God.

316 [233] L. M. *Watts.*

"Blessed are the Pure in Heart."

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart:
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the souls that long for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness:
They shall be well supplied, and fed,
With living streams, and living bread.

4 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin:
With endless pleasure they shall see
The God of spotless purity.

5 Bless'd are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

6 These are the men, the holy race,
Who seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

317 6 lines 8s. *C. Wesley.*

The Witness of Entire Consecration.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast;
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there.

2 If now thine influence I feel,
If now in thee begins to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, forever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 Eager for thee I ask and pant,
So strong the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallow'd soul is thine;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thy immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure and my all thou art;
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart:
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

318 [105] L. M. *J. Wesley.*

Following the Savior.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No frand, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,—
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,—
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Savior, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

319 [107] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Only Jesus.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fullness of thy promise prove,—
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

320 [409] C. M. *Watts.*

The New Covenant Sealed.

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

2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal the promise to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

4 The light and strength, the pardoning grace,
And glory, shall be mine:
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers, are thine.

321 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Now is the Accepted Time.

NOW, even now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part;
Redeemer, speak my pardon seal'd,
And purify my heart.

2 O Jesus, now my heart inspire
With that pure love of thine;
Enkindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine.

3 Now purify my faith like gold;
The dross of sin remove;
Melt down my spirit, Lord, and mold
Into thy perfect love.

322 7s. *J. Wesley.*

Panting for Purity.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,—
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Jesus, see my panting breast;
See, I pant in thee to rest:
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind;
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood!

323 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Aspiring after Holiness.

THOU God of all-sufficient grace,
My God in Christ thou art;
O may I walk before thy face,
Till I am pure in heart:
Until, transform'd by faith divine,
I gain that love unknown;
And bright in all thine image shine,
By putting on thy Son.

2 Now, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In counsel join again,
To re-impress thine image, lost
By frail, apostate man;
O might I, Lord, thy form express,—
Begotten from above,—
Be stamp'd with real holiness,
And fill'd with perfect love!

324 C. P. M. *C. Wesley.*

The pure in heart shall see God.

SAVIOR, on me the grace bestow,
That, with thy children, I may know
My sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

2 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart;
Less than thyself cannot suffice;
My soul for all thy fullness cries,
For all thou hast and art.

3 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God forever see.

325 L. M. *C. Wesley.*

The inbred Leprosy.

JESUS, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean,
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

2 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

4 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its deathless powers to thee.

326 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Perfect Freedom.

IF thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need:
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin,—the guilt, the pow'r, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul;
Lord, I believe—and not in vain,
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white;
With all thy saints shall prove
The length and depth, and breadth and hight,
Of everlasting love.

327 [412] L. M. *Anon.*

Breathing for Boundless Love.

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour—
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin's polluting power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear:
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
Oh be thy boundless love revealed
In all its hight, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health—or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

328 [406] L. M. *Davies.*

Vow Sealed at the Cross

LORD! I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant me, in mercy, now a place,
Among the children of thy grace,—
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thee, my new master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord! let me live and die to thee,—
Be thine through all eternity.

329 [410] C. M. *Watts.*

Delight in God and his Word

THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

330 [351] C. M. *Doddridge.*

Supreme Love to Christ.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Savior's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, O my Lord,
But yet I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

331 [404] L. M. *Doddridge.*

Rejoicing in entire Consecration.

OH happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me first to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 Oh happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest—my long-divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful center, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

332 [183] L. M. *Anon.*

Preservation in Purity.

CHRIST did for us his life resign;
There is no other God but one;
For all the plenitude divine,
Resides in the incarnate Son.

2 Spotless, sincere, without offense,
O may we to his day remain!
Who trust the blood of Christ to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.

3 Lord, we believe the promise sure!
Thy purchas'd comforter impart!
Apply thy blood to make us pure:
To keep us pure in life and heart.

4 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none thy God-head shall deny!
Thy sov'reign majesty blaspheme,
Or count thee less than the Most High.

333 [411] C. M. *Steele.*

Prayer for Quickening Grace.

PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call—
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.

2 All I can wish is thine to give:
My God, I ask thy love—
That greatest boon I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.

3 To heaven my restless heart aspires;
O for some quickening ray,
To animate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way!

4 While sin and Satan join their art
To keep me from my Lord,
O Savior, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

5 Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or spreads the fatal snare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms;
For safety must be there.

6 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend;
In thee I'm ever blest.

334 S. M. *Anon.*

The Ark of God.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found;

2 O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of GOD;
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire;
The rest on Zion's hill.

335 [414] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Solemn Covenant.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ, the Lord,—

2 Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify,
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply
Which takes our sins away,
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

336 8s & 7s. *C. Wesley.*

Desiring Sanctification.

LOVE divine, all love excelling.
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O, breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

337 S. M. *Hart.*

Sanctifying Influence.

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

2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

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

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

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

338 C. M. *Anon.*

Self-Dedication.

O SAVIOR, welcome to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thy own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake;
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Savior, take,
And fill with love divine.

3 O, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide
I give it all to thee.

339 S. M. *Keble.*

Purity of Heart.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

THE CHURCH.

340 C. M. *Watts.*

Founded on a Rock.

WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivall'd and alone,—
Loved theme of many a sacred song,—
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious church compose;
Built on a Rock, with idle rage
The threat'ning tempest blows.

4 Fear not; though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defence;
And weak and powerless every arm
Against Omnipotence.

341 [400] C. M. *Anon.*

Invoking God's Presence and Blessing.

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

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

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

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

342 8s, 7s, & 4. *Kelly.*

Her Enemies Confounded.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,—
What a favor'd lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

343 [565] S. M. *Dwight.*

Love for Zion.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 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.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

344 [1] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Zion Exhorted to put on her Strength.

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

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

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

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purg'd from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

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

345 C. M. *Watts.*

Attachment to Zion's Gates.

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.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God, my Savior, reigns.

346 [574] C. M. *Montgomery.*

Returning to Zion with Songs of Joy.

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,—
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say—to the south,—Give up thy charge!
And,—Keep not back, O north!

4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

347 [572] 11s peculiar. *Anon.*

The Church Victorious.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more,
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far,
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

348 [576] L. M. *Anon.*

Israel Returning from Captivity.

WHY, on the bending willows hung,
O Israel, sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song declines to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains;
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
And Jesus thy Messiah, reigns.

3 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends invite the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home;
In every temple see thy God.

349 [575] 8s & 7s. *Newton.*

God in their Midst.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake our sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode

350 [577] 8s & 7s. *Cowper.*

God her Everlasting Light.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:

2 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

3 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures, without end, shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.

4 Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression—
Hear the voice of war again.

5 Ye, no more your suns declining,
Waning moons no more shall see:
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.

6 God will rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, will be your glory,—
God your everlasting light.

351 C. M. *Logan*

The Latter Glory of the Church.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to His house we 'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

5 Come, then—oh come from every land,
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

352 C. M. *Watts.*

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

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,
Let 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.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood;
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

353 8s, 7s & 4. *Kelley.*

Triumphant Reign of the Church.

ON the mountain top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile hands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has the night been long and mournful!
Have thy friends unfaithful proved!
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Savior will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

JOINING THE CHURCH.

354 L. M. *Kelley.*

Receiving Members.

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord;
O, come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Savior does the same.

2 Thy name, 'tis hoped, already stands
Within the book of life above;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of fraternal love.

3 Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

4 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

5 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
O, may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

355 L. M. *Beddome.*

Admission of Members.

BELIEVING souls, of Christ beloved,
Who have yourselves to him resigned,
Your faith and practice, both approved,
A hearty welcome here shall find.

2 Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles,
Though by a scorning world abhorred,
Now share with us the Savior's smiles;
Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord.

3 In fellowship we join our hands,
And you an invitation give;
Unite with us in sacred bands;
The pledges of our love receive.

4 Do Thou, who art the church's Head,
This union with thy blessing crown;
And still, O Lord, revive the dead,
Till thousands more thy name shall own.

356 [403] C. M. *Beddome.*

The Pledge of Fidelity.

YE men and angels, witness now,—
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,—
A vow we dare not break,—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

357 7s. *Montgomery.*

Joined to God's People.

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.

358 L. M. *Anon.*

Used when receiving new Members.

MAY those who have thy name confess'd,
Now find in God a settled rest;
From day to day still more increase
In faith, and love, and holiness.

2 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear;
And active in their stations prove
In all the offices of love.

3 From all temptations now defend,
And keep them, Lord, unto the end,
While in thy house they still improve,
Till call'd to join the church above.

359 C. M. *Hunter.*

Pilgrim Band.

WE'RE marching to the promised land,
A land all fair and bright;
Come, join our happy pilgrim band,
And seek the plains of light.

2 The deep Red Sea already crossed,
Safe on its banks we stood;
And saw our foes, old Pharaoh's host,
Plunged in the angry flood.

3 "Come with us, we will do thee good;"
Here is our heart and hand,
To meet you over Jordan's flood,
And share the promised land.

4 There in that land no tears are shed;
Nor sigh escapes the heart;
To joy's full fountain all are led;
And there they never part.

360 L. M. *Anon.*

Will you Go?

WE are trav'ling home to heaven above;
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Savior's dying love;
Will you go? will you go?
Our sun shall there no more go down;
Our moon shall never be withdrawn;
Our days of mourning past and gone;
Will you go? will you go?

2 We are going to walk the plains of light;
Will you, &c.
Where perfect day excludes the night;
Will you, &c.

The crown of life we all shall wear,
And palms of victory shall bear:
And heavenly joys for ever share;
Will you, &c.

3 The way to heaven is free for all,
Will you, &c.
For Jew and Gentile, great and small;
Will you, &c.
Make up your mind; give God your heart;
From every sin and idol part;
And on the way to glory start;
Will you, &c.

4 The way to heaven is strait and plain;
Will you, &c.
Repent, believe, be born again;
Will you, &c
The Savior cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"
And thou shalt my salvation see;
Will you, &c.

5 Oh! could I hear some sinner say,
I will go; I will go.
I'll start this moment on my way;
I will go; I will go.
My old companions fare you well;
I cannot go with you to hell;
With my Redeemer I will dwell;
Let me go; let me go.

THE MINISTRY.

361 L. M. *Dodd.*

The Ministry Instituted.

THE Savior, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And still his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang th' apostle's honor'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
In humbler forms, before our eyes,
Pastors and teachers hence arise.

3 From Christ they all their gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live:
While, guarded by his mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout thy praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

362 [299] S. M. *Watts.*

Ministers, Heralds of Salvation.

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 their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Savior King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

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

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

363 [298] L. M. *Watts.*

Love Constrains the Minister.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use;
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name—

4 If love to God, and love to man
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

364 [297] L. M. *Watts.*

The Commission.

GO, preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,—
Bid the whole world my grace receive:
He shall be saved who trusts my word,
And he condemn'd who won't believe.

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

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

365 [296] L. M. *J. Wesley.*

Prepare ye the way of the Lord.

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

2 Go into every nation, go;
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,—
Glad tidings unto all we show:
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls,—Prepare;
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And waits to make his entrance there.

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

366 [301] L. M. *J. Wesley.*

God's Delight in his Servants.

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

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

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

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

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

367 [302] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Minister's only Work.

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 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Pow'r into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,—
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry,—Behold the Lamb!

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

368 [303] C. M. *Doddridge.*

The Pastoral Office.

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'd a Savior's hands.

3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures, or in woe.

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

369 [305] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Minister's Prayer—Christ's constraining **Love.**

SAVIOR of men, thy searching eye,
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain,
To seek the wand'ring souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name—
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
All hail reproach, and welcome pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they must be spent:
Fulfill thy sov'reign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd!

5 Give me thy strength, O God of pow'r:
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be;
'Tis fix'd, I can do all through thee.

370 S. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Laborers are Few.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servant's cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,—
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

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

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

371 L. M. *J. Wesley.*

The Fearless Preacher.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endur'd, my Lord, by thee!

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love,
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

372 [306] L. M. *Anon.*

Proclaiming Good News.

YE messengers of God, arise:
And blow the trumpet of your Lord!
And let all men beneath the skies,
Hear the awak'ning joyful word!

2 It is a joyful, solemn sound,
And may remotest nations hear;
Free grace and love in Christ abound,
Listen, ye mortals, and give ear!

3 This, the good news of gospel grace,
To ruin'd, starving, helpless souls;
To all the sons of Adam's race,
Who dwell between the distant poles.

4 The jubilee of grand release,
Through the atoning Lamb of God;
From him receive pardon and peace,
And freedom through his precious blood.

373 [554] S. M. *Voke.*

Ministers Encouraged.

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 Go, spread the Savior's name;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation, full and free,
To Adam's guilty race.

4 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success,
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

374 C. M. *Wert.*

God's Blessing ensures Success.

NOW, Lord, fulfill thy faithful word,—
Thy servants' labors bless;
Now let the prayer of faith be heard,
And grant them full success.

2 Long have they in thy vineyard wrought,
And with unwearied toil;
Alas! they spend their strength for naught,
Upon a sterile soil.

3 Arise, O God, exert thy power;
Thy people's hopes sustain;
And richly on thy vineyard shower
The first and latter rain.

4 Lord, we commend the work to thee;
Thy servants guide and bless;
Thy guidance gives security,—
Thy blessing,—full success.

375 L. M. *Montgomery.*

A Pastor Welcomed.

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

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

3 Come as a watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower on Zion's hight;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.

4 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.

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

6 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

376 S. M. *Montgomery.*

Sow beside all Waters.

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

377 11s & 12s. *Hunter.*

Missionary's Death in a Strange Land.

AWAY from his home and the friends of his youth,
He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth;
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost;
Soon, alas! was his fall—but he died at his post.

2 The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done;—
The battle was fought, and the victory won:
But he whispered of those whom his heart clung to most,
"Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my post."

4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;

He has passed o'er the stream, and has reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6 And can we the words of his exit forget?
Oh! no, they are fresh in our memory yet;
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

378 C. M. *Anon.*

On the Death of a Pastor.

NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Savior nigh?

2 What, though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What, though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye, in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;

4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you!" saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide:
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song
When we are cold in dust.

379 L. M. *Anon.*

Go preach to All.

THUS spake the Savior, when he sent
His ministers to preach his word;
They through the world obedient went,
And spread the gospel of their Lord.

2 "Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
The gospel jubilee proclaim,
And call them to repent and live.

3 "The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

4 "Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That you 're commissioned from above.

5 "Freely from me ye have received;
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And by your labor sinners live."

6 Happy those servants of the Lord
Who thus their Master's will obey;
How rich, how full is their reward,
Reserved until the final day.

380 L. M. *Hunter.*

The Itinerant's Death.

THE music of his steps was sought,
His time had come, but *he* came not;
His little ones were wont to greet
The sound of his returning feet:

They waited long—were waiting still,
To see him hasting o'er the hill,
Across the brook, and to the door,
His manly face with joy spread o'er.

2 He was a faithful man of God,
And in his Savior's footsteps trod;
Stern duty bade him often stray
From those who near his bosom lay;
But when from anxious toils return'd,
Kind hearts with strong affection burn'd;
The husband's and the father's voice,
In every ear pour'd richest joys.

3 But ah! those ears no more shall hear
That voice to wife and children dear;
Those eyes of love shall never more
Look on that face with joy spread o'er;
Shall never see their loved one come,
To cheer their hearth and bless their home:
Low lies his form beneath the sod;
High lives his spirit with his God.

4 Yet still they look with glistening eye,
Till lo! a herald hastens nigh;
He comes the tale of woe to tell,
How he, their prop and glory fell;
How died he in a stranger's room,
How strangers laid him in the tomb,
How spake he with his latest breath,
And loved and bless'd them all in death.

381 L. M. *Anon.*

Prayer for a Sick Pastor.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

2 Thou knowest the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell
Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And give our aching hearts relief.

3 With power benign thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

4 Restore him sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and pastor live.

5 Bound to our souls by tenderest ties,
In many breasts his image lies:
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

6 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought avail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

382 [513] S. M. *Montgomery.*

The Death of an aged Minister.

"SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy.

383 [304] L. M. *Watts.*

The Gospel exemplified in the Conduct.

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

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

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

THE SABBATH.

384 [385] L. M. *Stennet.*

Holy Enjoyment Anticipated.

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

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

3 A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new:
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

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

385 [390] 10s. *Browne.*

Spiritual Longings.

HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest!
What heavenly peace and transport fill my breast
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone,
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Savior's glories fix my eyes:
O, meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above.

386 [386] C. M. *De Courcy.*

The Sabbath a Type of Heaven.

COME, let us join, with 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,—
A type of that eternal rest
Which saints enjoy in heaven.

387 [387] 10s. *W. Mason.*

The Sabbath a Day of holy Rest.

AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

388 [398] L. M. *Watts.*

Delight in the Sabbath.

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

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall fill my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
His work's of grace, how bright they shine
How deep his counsels, how divine!

4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

389 [391] C. M. *Browne.*

Return of the Sabbath.

FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our follies, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbaths never end;—

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air—
With heavenly luster shine—
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

390 [388] L. M. *Anon.*

Prayer for a Blessed Sabbath.

COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away,
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

391 [392] C. M. *Anon.*

Hope of an endless Sabbath.

WHEN, dearest Savior—when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a vail between?

2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amid a world of cares;
Incline my roving heart to pray,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend;
To light my path to ceaseless joys—
Where Sabbaths never end.

392 [397] L. M. *Bathurst.*

The Lord's Day.

THIS day the Lord hath called his own;—
Oh! let us then his praise declare,
Fix our desires on him alone,
And seek his face, with fervent prayer.

2 Lord! in thy love, would we rejoice,
That bids the burdened soul be free;
And, with united heart and voice,
Devote these sacred hours to thee.

3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our groveling thoughts employ,
But faith be taught to stretch her wings,
In search of heaven's unfailing joy.

4 Oh! let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord!
Be to our lasting welfare blest;
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for eternal rest.

393 [154] S. M. *Watts.*

The Sabbath Welcome.

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

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

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
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.

394 C. M. *Anon.*

The Sabbath the best of Days.

BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Savior's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise;
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind:
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

4 This day I must to God appear;
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

395 [396] C. M. *Bathurst.*

The First Sabbath.

HOW bright a day was that, which saw
Creation's work complete!
All nature owned her Maker's law,
And worshiped at his feet.

2 The world, arranged by power divine,
In perfect order stood;
And, resting from his great design,
God saw that all was good.

3 Not such a Sabbath now appears,
For sin has ruined all;
No longer man with pleasure hears
A gracious Father's call.

4 Yet, Lord! bring back the reign of peace,
Let brighter days begin;
And teach vain creatures how to cease
From folly and from sin.

5 Let sinners be again made thine,
Though once with vengeance cursed;
And let a second Sabbath shine,
As glorious as the first.

396 [402] 7s. *Newton.*

The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day,—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;

Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

397 C. M. *S. Wesley, Jr.*

Easter Sunday.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who joyful in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow:
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
'Twas greater to redeem.

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

6 The sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Adore the scatterer of your fears—
Your rising Sun adore.

398 C. M. *Edmeston.*

The Lord's Day Morning.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more?

399 H. M. *Hayward.*

Delight in the Sabbath.

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 quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulg'd in vain.

400 L. M. *Montgomery.*

Universal Observance of the Sabbath.

WITHIN Thy courts have millions met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed;
Their faces heavenward were set,
Their vows to Thee, O God! they vowed.

2 Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretched her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To hearts that sought Thee Thou wast nigh,
Nor hath one sought Thy face in vain.

5 The poor in spirit Thou hast fed,
The feeble soul hath strengthened been,
The mourner Thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart their God have seen.

401 L. M. *Anon.*

Hailing Sabbath.

LORD of the Sabbath and its light,
I hail thy hallowed day of rest;
It is my weary soul's delight,
The solace of my care-worn breast.

2 Its dewy morn, its glowing noon,
Its tranquil eve, its solemn night,
Pass sweetly; but they pass too soon,
And leave me saddened at their flight.

3 Yet sweetly as they glide along,
And hallowed tho' the calm they yield,
Transporting though their rapturous song,
And heavenly visions seem revealed;—

4 My soul is desolate and drear,
My silent harp untuned remains,
Unless, my Savior, Thou art near,
To heal my wounds and soothe my pains.

5 Oh! Jesus, let me ever hail
Thy presence with the day of rest;
Then will Thy servant never fail
To deem Thy Sabbath doubly blest.

402 H. M. *Cotterill.*

The Resurrection Celebrated.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come, bless the day | The type of heaven's
That God hath blest, | Eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads | And reaps the fruit,
Our cause above, | Of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;

Worthy the Lamb, | Through endless years
That once was slain, | To live and reign.

403 8s & 7s. *Collyer.*

The Dawning Sabbath.

SEE the clouds upon the mountains,
Rolling, rising, melt away,
Light, forth flowing from its fountain,
Pours an unobstructed ray.

2 So before Thy presence fading,
Lord, may every shadow fly;
Chase the gloom my soul invading,
With the sunbeam of Thine eye.

3 Lo! it dawns, the Sabbath morning
Streams with radiance all divine;
Sanctify Thy courts adorning,
Beautiful with grace they shine.

4 Holiness becomes Thy dwelling,
Peerless Sovereign of the sky,
Princely palaces excelling,
Pomp of earthly majesty.

5 Rise, my soul, the day is breaking,
Gladdened nature drinks the light;
From the sleep of darkness waking,
Put off all the clouds of night.

6 Take the rest this day is bringing,
Best of all our earthly days,
Enter thou His gates with singing,
Tread the hallowed floor with praise.

404 7s. *S. F. Smith.*

The Sabbath a Symbol of Rest.

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

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

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

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Savior, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

405 [394] L. M. *Anon.*

Public Worship Delightful.

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 the dawn of heaven below:
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 Oh write upon my memory, Lord,
The truths and precepts 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, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God

406 [238] S. M. *Stennett.*

The place of Worship Lovely.

HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unvails the glories of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

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

3 To him their prayers and cries,
Each contrite soul presents:
And while he hears their humble sighs,
He grants them all their wants.

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

407 [395] C. M. *Watts.*

Delight in Worship.

I LOVE to see the Lord below;
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

2 I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.

3 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.

4 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?

5 O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy power;
But soon in heaven I hope to bow
And praise thee evermore.

408 L. M. *Anon.*

The Sabbath Bell.

SWEET Sabbath bells! I love your voice—
You call me to the house of prayer;
Oft have you made my heart rejoice,
When I have gone to worship there.

2 But now, a prisoner of the Lord,
His hand forbids, I can not go;
Yet may I here His love record,
And here the sweets of worship know.

3 Each place alike is holy ground,
Where prayer from humble souls is poured,
Where praise awakes its silver sound,
Or God is silently adored.

4 His sanctuary is the heart—
There, with the contrite, will He rest;
Lord, come, a Sabbath frame impart,
And make Thy temple in my breast.

409 7s. *Montgomery.*

Prayer for a Blessing on Public Worship.

TO thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there;
There, within the veil, we meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;
Hear us, for Jesus intercedes.

410 [407] C. M. *Doddridge.*

Invitation to Worship.

COME, let us join our souls to God
In everlasting bands,
And seize the blessings he bestows
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

3 Come, let us share, without delay,
The blessings of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Their memory e'er efface.

4 O, may our children ever haste
To seek their fathers' God,
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their fathers' feet have trod.

411 [399] C. M. *Anon.*

A Blessing Sought.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Savior here.

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

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

412 [331] C. M. *Montgomery.*

God's Pavilion.

GRANT me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
Forever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet:—

2 In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

3 Seek ye my face;—without delay,
When thus I hear thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,—
Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

4 Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God! remember me.

413 [413] C. M. *Watts.*

Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.

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

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul, in anguish, made.

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

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

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

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

414 [336] L. M. *Kelley.*

Christ Present with his People.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Savior! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;—
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

415 12s. *Anon.*

The Excellency of the House of the Lord.

YOU may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlet and flow'rs of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford
Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn—
Of the sky's 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 heavenly
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 prospects revealed from
above.

416 L. M. *Montgomery.*

Hearing the Word.

GOD in his temple let us meet;
Low on our knees before Him bend;
Here hath He fixed His mercy-seat;
Here on His Sabbaths we attend.

2 Arise into Thy resting-place,
Thou, and Thine ark of strength, O Lord!
Shine through the vail, we seek Thy face;
Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.

3 With righteousness Thy saints array;
Joyful Thy chosen people be;
Let those who teach and those who pray—
Let all be holiness to Thee.

417 [560] C. M. *Anon.*

Meeting Christ in his Temple.

LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came;
And hope to meet our Savior here,
Oh! make our joys the same.

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

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

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

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

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

418 L. M. *Cunningham.*

Devotion's Soothing Powers.

DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
When Sabbath bells awake the day,
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

2 And dear to me the winged hour
Spent in Thy hallowed courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of Thy word.

3 And dear to me the loud Amen
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

4 Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six days' chains,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

5 Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire
That bears us to a Father's arms.

419 S. M. *Montgomery.*

Mutual Prayer and Worship.

OUR willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

2 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at Thy mercy-seat.

3 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

4 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace.

420 L. M. *Anon.*

Out-Door Worship.

'TWAS Jesus' last and great command,
"Go preach my word in every land,
"To all be my salvation shown,
"To every creature make it known.

2 "While thus employed, accept my grace,
"Attending you from place to place:
"Where'er you meet expect me there,
"In church, or house, or open air."

3 Commissioned thus, we come abroad,
To preach the Gospel of our God;
The love of God in Christ to tell,
The love that saves from sin and hell.

4 Jesus, our Lord, thy word fulfill,
Thy Spirit's power be with us still;
May all our souls thy blessings share,
Accept our praise, and hear our prayer.

421 [100] 4 lines 7s. *Hammond.*

For a General Blessing.

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

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

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

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

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

422 [115] C. M. *Anon.*

Appearing in his Courts.

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 pray'r,
And bring thy blessings nigh.

3 Few be our words, and short our pray'rs,
While we together meet;
Short duties keep th' attention up,
And make devotion sweet.

423 S. M. *E. Taylor.*

All invited to the House of Worship.

COME to the house of prayer!
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house His home.

2 Come to the house of praise!
Ye who are happy now,
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come!
For ye have felt His love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb—
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young! before His throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts His praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call,

6 Up to Thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

424 L. M. *Watts.*

Panting for God's House.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O, Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of Thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and Thee!

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the Temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

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

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

425 [315] C. M. *Wert.*

A Blessing on the Word.

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,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

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

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

426 [89] 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

Exhortation to Pray and Labor.

BRETHREN, we are met together,
To adore the Lord, our God,
Will you pray with all your power,
While we strive to speak his word?
All is vain unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One come down:
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you,
Standing on the brink of woe;
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers, see our mothers,
And our children sinking down.
Brethren, pray, &c.

3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door;
But they have denied the Savior,
And are worse than e'er before;
Yet the Savior offers pardon,
If they will confess their wound.
Brethren, pray, &c.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sister helped him;
Will you seek the trembling mourners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Savior,
Tell them that he will be found.
Sisters, pray, &c.

5 Brethren, let us love each other,
And our God supremely too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new.
Then he'll take us up to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird himself and serve us,
With sweet manna all around.

427 L. M. *Fawcett.*

After Prayer and before Sermon.

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

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

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

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

428 C. M. *Anon.*

Prayer after Sermon.

LORD of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain;
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.

2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain,
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.

3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring,
Which, scorched with heat, becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.

4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives,
A transient rapture prove;
Nor may the world, by smiles and frowns,
Our faith and hope remove.

5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred-fold afford.

429 C. M. *Montgomery.*

Hearing and Keeping the Word.

AGAIN our ears have heard the voice
At which the dead shall live;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give.

2 And have we heard the word with joy,
And have we felt its power?
To keep it be our blest employ
Till life's extremest hour.

430 C. M. *Steele.*

The Presence of God sought in his House.

COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While, with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love
Mount upward to the skies!

3 But, ah, the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How dim the sacred passion glows
Till thou the heart inspire!

4 Dear Savior, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

431 L. M. *Anon.*

After Sermon.

ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard—
The lessons of Thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 O, may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

432 C. M. *Watts.*

The rains of heaven Sought.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast,
Like seed, into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quick'ning grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

433 8s, 7s, & 4. *Kelly.*

Spiritual Improvement.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened
We would run, and weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before,—
Full enjoyment,—
Holy bliss, forevermore.

REJOICING AND PRAISE.

434 [22] C. M. *C. I[illegible].*

General Invitation to Praise the Redee[illegible].

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

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

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 He speaks,—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Sávior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

435 [359] P. M., 12s & 9s. *C. Wesley.*

Joy of the Young Convert.

OH! how happy are they,
Who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue cannot express,
The sweet comforts and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine,
I first found in the blood of the Lamb
When my heart it believ'd
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' name.

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

4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song,
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd 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;
And I could not believe,
That I ever should grieve—
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous hight,
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God.

8 Never more will I stray,
From my Savior away,
But I'll follow the Lamb till I die;
I will take up my cross,
And count all things but loss,
Till I meet with my Lord in the sky.

436 [182] S. M. *Watts.*

Mercy of God to the Soul.

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

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

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins—
'Tis he relieves thy pain—
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

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

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

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

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

437 [184] C. M. *Steele.*

Love of Christ Celebrated.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O, may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Savior died for me."

4 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name
And join the sacred song.

438 [185] S. M. *Hammond.*

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

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

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

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

439 6s & 4s. *Anon.*

Worthy the Lamb.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply;
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing forevermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name:
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,—
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

440 [188] L. M. *Medley.*

Loving Kindness.

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

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

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

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

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 raptures and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies.

441 [192] L. M. *Watts.*

The Creation Invited to Praise God.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

442 [187] 6s & 4s. *Anon.*

Worthy is the Lamb.

COME, all ye saints of God;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme;
Praise ye our gracious King;
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Fill'd with the Savior's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb."

443 [190] C. M. *Watts.*

The Lamb of God Worshiped.

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 thy endless praise.

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

444 [189] S. M. *Watts.*

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

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

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

445 [191] 8s & 7s. *Robinson.*

Mercies Gratefully Acknowledged.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 By thy hand sustained, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I've come;
Safely, Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

446 [195] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Unspeakable Gift.

HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description, he
Who knows the Savior died for me!
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,—
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,—
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

447 [196] L. M. *Anon.*

Praise before and after Death.

I'M glad that I am born to die;
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

2 I'll praise my maker while I've breath;
I hope to praise him after death;
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

3 Farewell vain world, I'm going home,
My Savior smiles and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

4 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath!
And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

6 Then shall I see my gracious God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

448 [193] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Rejoicing in Hope.

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

2 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay;
We more than taste the heavenly pow'rs,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And let the vessels break;
And let our ransom'd spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

449 [194] 8 lines 8s. *Newton.*

All-Sufficiency of Jesus.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;—

The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December 's as pleasant as May.

2 His Name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I 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 blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

450 [197] C. M. *Wesley.*

Rejoicing in Universal Love.

INFINITE, unexhausted Love,
(Jesus and love are one,)
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrained to none:

What shall I do my God to love,
My loving God to praise,
The length and breadth and hight to prove
And depth of sovereign grace.

2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind:
Throughout the world its breadth is known
Wide as infinity—
So wide it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.

3 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise:
The depth of all-redeeming love
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

451 [199] C. M. *Watts.*

Goodness and Mercy.

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

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

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

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

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

452 [200] C. M. *Watts.*

Greatness of God.

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

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

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

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

5 Thy gracious deeds of ancient date,
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heavenly state,
With public splendor shone.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

453 [201] L. M. *Watts.*

The Bliss of Assurance.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

454 [202] L. M. *Watts.*

All Praise due to God.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

455 [204] C. M. *Watts.*

Praise to God the Savior.

MY Savior, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

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

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

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

456 [203] C. M. *Watts.*

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

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 bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I break through every foe:
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

457 [208] P. M. *Anon.*

Triumphing over the World and Death.

OUR bondage here shall end, by and by,
From Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee;
And to Canaan march along, by and by.

2 Our deliverer, he shall come, by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our three-score years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by.

3 Tho' our enemies are strong, we'll go on;
Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near!
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

4 Tho' Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on.
Tho' Bacn's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply;
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's floods we are come;
Jehovah rules the tide—
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are come.

6 Then friends shall meet again, who have lov'd;
Our embraces shall be sweet;
At the dear Redeemer's feet;
When we meet to part no more, who have lov'd.

7 Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice;
Shouting praises to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring;
And through all eternity we'll rejoice.

458 [211] S. M. *Didymus.*

Encouragement.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

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 spark divine.

459 [213] S. M. *Anon.*

Proclaiming Jesus' Praise.

YE saints, proclaim abroad
The honors of your King;
To Jesus your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.

2 Not angels round the throne
Of majesty above,
Are half so much oblig'd as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sunk so low,
They are not rais'd so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such hights of majesty.

4 The Savior did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breath'd a single groan.

5 May we with angels vie,
The Savior to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more!

460 [205] 8s, 7s, & 4. *Wesley.*

Hallelujah.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,—
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vieing—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

461 [209] C. M. *Watts.*

The Joyful Sound.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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

2 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

462 [212] 4 8s & 2 6s. *C. Wesley.*

Rejoicing in Prospect of the Blessing.

YE ransom'd sinners, hear,
The pris'ners of the Lord;
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near:
Again I say, Rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Who Jesus' suff'rings share,
My fellow pris'ners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 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.

6 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.

463 C. M. *Addison.*

Gratitude.

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

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

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

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

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

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

464 S. M. *Anon.*

Rejoicing Always.

REJOICE in God alway;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.

2 Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.

3 Rejoice in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.

4 When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ His brethren calls;
Who hear and know His guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls?

5 So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall His own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

465 C. P. M. *Mad. Guion.*

Rejoicing in Regeneration.

HOW happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace!
How pure the bliss they share!
Hid from the world and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And conscience feels it there.

2 The moment we believe, 'tis ours;
And if we love with all our powers
The God from whom it came,
And if we serve with hearts sincere,
'Tis still discernible and clear,
An undisputed claim.

3 O messenger of dear delight!
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
Sweet, peace-proclaiming Dove!
With thee at hand to soothe our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
No task but that of love.

466 [352] C. M. *Doddridge.*

Jesus Precious to them that Believe.

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

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

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

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

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

467 8s. *Hawes.*

Competing with Nature in Praises.

THE winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.

2 Shall every creature around
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favored, be found
In praising to take less delight?

3 Awake, then, my harp, and my lute!
Sweet organs your notes softly swell!
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Savior's high praises to tell,

4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
My graces shall bloom as the spring;
This temple, His spirit's abode;
My joy as my duty to sing.

468 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

Uuiversal Praise.

PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of all our joy,
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose nod can all destroy.
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

2 Round his awful footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here, his milder grace revealing,
Here, his wrath no thunder rolls:
Lo, the eternal page before us,
Bears the covenant of his love;
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deeds unrighteous, thoughts of sin;
Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within:
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

469 L. P. M. *Watts.*

Praise at all Times.

HAPPY the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

2 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

470 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

Praise the Lord.

PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the hight;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him:
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

471 [526] C. M. *Anon.*

Awake to Praise.

AWAKE, ye saints, attune your harps,
And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise that sov'reign love,
Which shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies!
Each moment brings it near,
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise;
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd,
To our transported eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature speed your course:
Ye mortal pow'rs decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

472 L. M. *Mrs. Opie.*

The Voice of Creation.

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

2 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute 'midst Nature's loud acclaim,
Nor let my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name?

All Nature's debt is small to mine,
For Nature soon shall cease to be;
But—matchless proof of love divine—
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

473 L. M. *Tate & Brady.*

All Nations Exhorted to Adoration and Praise.

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

2 Assured that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,—
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he delights to feed.

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

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

474 L. M. *Doddridge.*

God's Goodness to the Children of Men.

YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,—
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

3 But, O, that brighter world above
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.

4 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There, in the land of praise, adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

PRAYER AND INTERCESSION.

475 [114] C. M. *Montgomery.*

Prayer.

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 gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

476 [87] C. M. *Watts.*

Prayer to be kept from Sin.

ALL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise;
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace!

2 With this cold stony heart of mine,
Jesus, to thee I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

3 O may the uncorrupted seed,
Abide and reign within:
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new born soul to sin.

4 Father, I wait before thy throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

5 There shed the promis'd love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

477 [93] 8s, 7s, & 4. *Oliver.*

God, the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me in thy pow'rful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

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

3 Feed me with thy heav'nly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be my robe of righteousness:
Fight and conquer,
All my foes by sovereign grace.

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

478 [116] L. M. *Hart.*

Design of Prayer

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him: thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

479 [117] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Pray without Ceasing.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,—
Long as the cross we bear,—
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Till thou thy perfect love impart;
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
I will not let thee go.

480 [92] C. M. *C. Wesley*

For the Waters of Salvation.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfill thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

481 [94] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Filial Confidence and Joy.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,—
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

482 [349] C. M. *Mrs. Brown.*

Secret Prayer at Twilight.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care;
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

483 [104] L. M. *Anon.*

For sustaining Grace.

MY hope, my all, my Savior thou,
To thee, Lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Savior, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day;
In all my acts, may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Savior, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Savior be;
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Savior, near thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's pow'r;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Savior, reign alone.

5 My suff'ring time will soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
And sing thy praise in endless day.

484 7s & 6s. *Anon.*

Pray without Ceasing.

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are lov'd by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

485 [101] C. M. *Steele.*

Humble and Earnest Prayer.

HEAR, gracious God, my humble prayer;
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the cheering morn appear?
And when my joys arise?

2 My God! oh, could I make the claim—
My Father, and my Friend!
And call thee mine, by every name
On which thy saints depend!—

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy mercy-seat.

4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here would I rest, till light returns:
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace,
Relieve my aching heart:
Oh make my heavy sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays;
And change these deep, complaining sighs,
For songs of sacred praise.

486 C. M. *Anon.*

Secret Prayer.

SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

487 C. M. *Montgomery.*

All Prayers in One.

ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one—
When I am wholly Thine;
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all Thy bounties flow.

4 And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

5 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possess'd,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

488 [103] S. M. *Watts.*

Heaven upon Earth.

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 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

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

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

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

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

489 S. M. *Montgomery.*

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come, thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
"All for his sake be done."

490 C. M. *Cobbin.*

A Throne of Grace.

A THRONE of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! O, at that throne
Our knees have often bent,
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints;
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need
Long as we draw our breath,
A Savior, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

5 The throne of glory then shall glow
With beams from Jesus' face,
And we no longer want shall know,
Nor need a throne of grace.

491 S. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Spirit of Prayer.

THE praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress'd;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

492 [109] S. M. *C. Wesley.*

For Diligence and Watchfulness.

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

2 To serve the present age
My calling to fulfill;
O, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Maker's will.

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

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

493 C. M. *Montgomery.*

Praying Always.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray;
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Give deep humility, the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live;

4 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone,
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ, on Christ alone;

5 Give these—and then thy will be done:
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

494 [567] C. M. *Steele.*

Prayer for Submission.

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

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

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

495 11s. *Anon.*

The Bower of Prayer.

TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,
And go from my home, it affects not my heart,
Like thoughts of absenting myself, for a day,
From that bless'd retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the vine and the poplar have spread,
And wove with their branches a roof o'er my head!
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Savior in prayer.

3 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the pine,
The ivy, the olive, and the wild eglantine;
Yet sweeter, Oh! sweeter, superlative, were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

4 'Twas under the covert of that blessed grove
That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove,
Presenting himself as the only true way,
Of life and salvation, and taught me to pray.

5 The early shrill notes of the lov'd nightin-
gale
That dwelt in my bower, I observ'd as my bell,
To call me to duty; and birds of the air
Sung anthems of praises, as I went to prayer.

6 And Jesus, my Savior, oft deigned there to
meet
And bless with his presence, my lonely re-
treat;
Oft fill'd me with rapture and peacefulness
there,
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my
prayer.

7 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you
adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
Well knowing my Savior is found every
where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

8 Although I may never revisit thy shade,
Yet oft will I think of the vows I there made;
And when at a distance, my thoughts shall
repair
To the place where my Savior first answered
my prayer.

9 My blessed Redeemer, my hope and my all,
Will guide and direct me when on him I call;
And when I am dying, he'll be with me there,
And take me to heaven in answer to prayer.

496 L. M. *Cowper.*

The Excellency of Prayer.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

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

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

497 7s. *C. Wesley.*

God hears Prayer.

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

2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

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

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

498 [568] C. M. *Montgomery.*

Prayer for Wisdom.

ALMIGHTY God! in humble prayer,
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth,
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below:—

3 We ask not honors; which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,
Lest we should go astray:—

4 We ask for wisdom;—Lord! impart
The knowledge how to live:
A wise and understanding heart,
To all thy servants give.

499 L. M. *Stowell.*

The Mercy-Seat.

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

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

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

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

500 L. M. 6 lines. *Wesley.*

Teach us to Pray.

JESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest followers' call,
And O instruct us how to pray;
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face.

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou, who call'dst a world from naught,
The power into our hearts inspire;
And then we in thy Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.

3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here,
And now supply the common want
And send us down the Comforter;
The spir't of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix thy Agent in our heart.

501 C. H. M. *Anon.*

Come, let us Pray.

COME, let us pray: 'tis sweet to feel
That God himself is near;
That, while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear;
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
This is our solace—let us pray.

2 Come, let us pray; the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer:
Jesus will smile our griefs away;
O, glorious thought!—come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray; the sin-sick soul
Her weight of guilt must feel;
But, hark! the glorious tidings roll,
Whilst here we humbly kneel;
Jesus will wash that guilt away,
And pardon grant; then let us pray.

4 Come, let us pray; the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer,
And Jesus ready stands to greet
The contrite spirit there:
O, loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us; let us pray.

502 C. M. *Beddome.*

Prayer.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

503 7s. *Grant.*

Prayer in the Name of Jesus.

SAVIOR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee,—
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—
O, by all thy pain and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

2 By thine hour of dark despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Listen to our humble cry.

3 By the deep, expiring groan;
By the sad, sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Savior, Prince, exalted high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

504 S. M. *Anon.*

Prayer for Divine Help.

MY God, my prayer attend;
O, bow thine ear to me,
Without a hope, without a friend,
Without a help, but thee.

2 O, guard my soul around,
Which loves and trusts thy grace
Nor let the powers of hell confound
The hopes on thee I place.

3 Thy mercy I entreat;
Let mercy hear my cries,
While, humbly waiting at thy seat,
My daily prayers arise.

4 O, bid my heart rejoice,
And every fear control,
Since at thy throne, with suppliant voice,
To thee I lift my soul.

WATCHFULNESS.

505 [110] S. M. *Anon.*

Watching with Godly Jealousy.

GIVE me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.

2 Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy,
Over my evil heart.

3 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath.

4 In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign!

506 [274] S. M. *Heath.*

Watchfulness and Prayer Inculcated.

MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

507 [275] S. M. *Doddridge.*

The Watchful Servant.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near;
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

508 [118] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

On returning from a Journey.

THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out;
O bless my coming in:
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in thy secret place;
Thy tabernacle spread:
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare:
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart:
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

509 C. M. *Steele.*

Succor implored in Spiritual Conflicts.

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

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

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

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
O, bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations lure my heart
Or draw my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

6 O, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

510 [111] S. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Warning Voice of Jesus.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now,—Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole.

2 Give me on thee to call,—
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

3 For each assault prepared,
And ready may I be;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

4 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near;
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:—

5 Come back! this is the way;
Come back, and walk therein;
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin.

511 [113] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

A Tender Conscience Wanting.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, Godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove
O let me weep my life away,
For having griev'd thy love.

6 O, may the least omission pain
My well instructed soul!
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

512 C. H. M. *Anon.*

Watch and Pray.

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

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

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

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

513 S. M. *Anon.*

Morning Prayer Meeting.

HOW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer!

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light,—
Once on the chilling mount did stay
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

514 C. M. *Williams*

Habitual Devotion.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart shall rest on thee.

515 [290] C. M. *Anon.*

Close of Social Worship.

LORD! when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to reach the place.

2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O! let thy precious presence still
With every one remain.

3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above.

4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then forever fly,
And not one thought that we should part,
Once intercept our joy.

5 Where, void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
But in seraphic, heavenly strains,
Redeeming love admire.

516 [241] 4 lines 7s. *Cennick.*

The Pilgrim's Song.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

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

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

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

517 C. M. *Watts.*

Longing for the House of God.

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

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

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

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

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

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

518 [252] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Safety in Union.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,—
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

519 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

And so fulfill the law of Christ.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up;
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 O let us find the ancient way
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,—
See how these Christians love!

520 [210] C. M. *Wesley.*

Walking with God.

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice:
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;—
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee only speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy
And find my heaven in thee.

521 [540] C. M. *Kirkham.*

Bearing Shame for Christ.

DIDST thou, dear Savior, 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, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

522 7s. *Anon.*

The Close of a Meeting for Prayer.

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer,—
If 'tis sweet, with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,—
O, how sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally!

2 Savior, may these meetings prove,
Preparations from above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

523 P. M. *Anon.*

Sacred Spot.

THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native soil or mountain;
A spot to which affection's tear
Springs grateful on its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven,—
But where I first my Savior found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean,
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the wave's commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groans
Ascend for years of error.

3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was nigh me,
And cried, O save me, Lord, from death—
Immortal Jesus, hear me.
Then quick as thought, I felt him mine—
My Savior stood before me;
I saw his brightness 'round me shine,
And shouted, glory, glory.

4 O sacred hour, O hallowed spot!
When love divine first found me,
Wherever falls my distant lot
My heart shall linger round thee:
And as from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

524 [294] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Promised Blessing.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see;
The promised blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But O, thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
The Holy Ghost receive.

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet,
Jesus, the crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive—
Speak, and the tokens show—
"O be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you."

525 [408] C. M. *Newton.*

Class Meeting.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May He by whose kind care we meet
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

4 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered, for us here below,
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And long to see the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

526 8s & 7s. *C. Wesley.*

Sweet Counsel.

GLORY be to God above,
God, from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below:
Called together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name,
See with joy each other's face,
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take
How to make our calling sure,
Our election how to make,
Past the reach of hell, secure;
Build we each the other up,
Pray we for our faith's increase,
Solid comforts, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound,
Let us never, never rest
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our Paradise possessed;
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven,
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven.

527 8s & 7s. *Wesley.*

Harmony in Social Worship.

JESUS! soft, harmonious name,
Every faithful heart's desire;
See, thy followers, O Lamb,
All at once to thee aspire:

Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we swiftly run;
Hand in hand we seek thy face;
Come, and perfect us in one.

2 Mollify our harsher will,
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute;
Sweetly on our spirits move,
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love—
Music for the King of kings.

3 See the souls that hang on thee;
Severed though in flesh we are,
Joined in spirit, all agree,
All thy only love declare,
Spread thy love to all around;
Hark, we now our voices raise—
Joyful consentaneous sound,
Sweetest symphony of praise.

4 Jesus' praise be all our song;
While we Jesus' praise repeat,
Glide our happy hours along,
Glide with down upon their feet.
Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Till we take our seats above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only sing, and praise, and love.

528 [206] C. M. *Anon.*

Jesus Meeting his Disciples.

OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed and blessed,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows;
But pour a mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee God.

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own;

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

529 C. P. M. *C. Wesley.*

Unity of Spirit and of Purpose.

COME, wisdom, power, and grace divine;
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy, chosen band;
Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfill,
In love's benign command.

2 If pure essential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self, inspire:
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our centre tend,
To spread thy praise our common end;
To help each other on;
Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

4 Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare;
Infuse the softest social care,—
The warmest charity;
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in thee.

5 Supply what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

530 7s. *Anon.*

Love Feast.

JESUS, view our feast of love;
Met, we are, thy grace to prove,—
Met, from different places, here:
In our midst do thou appear.

2 Now the flame of love impart,
Let it burn in every heart;
All our dross of sin refine,—
Make us in thy likeness shine.

3 May we all improve this hour,
Sing, and pray, and speak with power;
Now to inward work attend;
Heavenward all by faith ascend.

4 May each waiting heart be free,
Sweetly fix'd, O Lord, on thee;
Pride, and shame, and fear give way,
While we speak for thee to-day.

531 [125] S. M. *Wesley.*

Witness of the Spirit.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Savior show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe,
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburthened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.

6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

532 6s & 7s. *Anon.*

Christian Experience.

MY brethren, I have found,
A land that doth abound
With food as sweet as manna;
The more I eat, I find,
The more I am inclin'd,
To sing and shout Hosanna.
CHORUS. *My soul now longs to go—*
Where I shall fully know
The glories of my Savior;
And as I pass along—
I'll sing a Christian song:
I hope to live forever.

2 Perhaps you think I'm wild
Or simple as a child—
I am a child of glory;
I am born from above,
My heart is full of love—
I long to tell the story.
CHORUS. *My soul, &c.*

3 My brethren, can't you say,
That you are on the way—
Are on your way to glory?
I care not what's your name,
Religion is the same—
A hope that's full of glory.
CHORUS. *My soul, &c.*

533 [293] L. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Heavenly Guest Invited.

SAVIOR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word;
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest;
Delight in what thyself hast given;
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

3 Smell the sweet odor of our prayers;
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
Who rest in thy redeeming love.

4 Beneath thy shadow let us sit;
Call us thy friends, and love, and bride;
And bid us freely drink and eat
Thy dainties, and be satisfied.

534 C. M. *Watts.*

Not Ashamed of the Gospel.

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

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

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

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

BACKSLIDINGS LAMENTED.

535 [81] C. M *Cowper.*

Lamenting the Absence of the Spirit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

536 [84] S. M. *C. Wesley.*

Restore my Peace.

O JESUS! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face—
Call home thy banish'd one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
Forgive,—my gasping spirit cries,—
Abundantly forgive.

4 Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul,—
In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

537 [83] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Loss of First Love.

O THAT I were as heretofore,
When, warm in my first love,
I only lived my God t' adore,
And seek the things above.

2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And, lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unvail'd his face.

3 Far, far above all earthly things
Triumphantly I rode;
I soar'd to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found, and talk'd with God.

4 Where am I now? from what a hight
Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown.

5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain;
How shall I 'scape into thy breast?
My Eden how regain?

538 [82] C. M. *Anon.*

The Spirit Grieved.

O WHY did I my Savior leave,
So soon unfaithful prove;
O, how could I thy Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love!

2 I forc'd thee first to disappear,
I turn'd thy face aside;
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

3 But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pard'ning love takes place;
Assist me, Savior, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

4 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove;
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love.

5 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

539 L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Danger of Final Apostacy.

AH! Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace;
The salt may lose its seas'ning power,
And never, never find it more.

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

540 6, 8. *Raffles.*

Backsliding Bemoaned.

COME, heavenly peace of mind,
I sigh for thy return:
I seek, but cannot find,
The joys for which I mourn:
Ah! where's the Savior now,
Whose smiles I once possess'd?
Till he return, I bow
By heaviest grief oppress'd:
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

2 I tried each earthly charm,
In pleasure's haunts I stray'd,
I sought its soothing balm,
I ask'd the world its aid;
But ah! no balm it had
To heal a wounded breast,
And I, forlorn and sad,
Must seek another rest:
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

3 Where can the mourner go
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah! who can soothe his woe,
And give him sweet relief?
Thou, Jesus! canst impart,
By thy long-wish'd return,
Ease to this wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And I rejoice, my Lord, in thee.

541 C. M. *Newton.*

Mourning over Departed Comforts.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Savior's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O, make my soul thy care:
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

542 C. M. *Tate & Brady.*

Faint, yet Pursuing.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Savior, and thy King.

543 [569] L. M. *Watts.*

Holy Aspirations.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

544 4 lines 7s & 6s & 7s & 8s. *Wesley.*

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

JESUS, friend of sinners, hear
Yet once again, I pray;
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have naught to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind release;
A poor backsliding soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy soft'ning power;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

545 S. M. *Newton.*

Rejoicing in Christ's Restoring Love.

O SPEAK that word again;
It cheers my drooping heart:
How swiftly doth it soothe my pain,
And bid my fears depart.

2 And dost thou deign to own
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?

3 My Savior, by his word,
Hath turn'd my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restored,
Which I had sinn'd away.

4 I wonder and adore:
The grace is all divine:
Lord, keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine.

546 8 lines 8s. *C. Wesley.*

Forgiveness Implored.

HOW shall a lost sinner in pain,
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare a backslider like me?
And O, can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee?

2 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,
If still thou art able to save,—
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave?
The help of thy Spirit restore;
O, show me the life-giving blood;
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

547 [364] L. M. *Kelly.*

The Retrospect.

O WHERE is now that glowing love
That mark'd our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fix'd on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Savior's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we lov'd?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee:
O cast us not away, though vile:
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

548 S. M. *Anon.*

Backslider's Lamentation.

HOW can I vent my grief?
My comforter is fled;
By day I sigh without relief,
And groan upon my bed.

2 I once enjoy'd my Lord;
Liv'd happy in his love,
Delighted in his holy word,
And sought my rest above.

3 But O! alas, my soul,
Where is my comfort now?
Why did I let my love grow cold?
Ah! why to idols bow?

4 How little did I think,
When first I did begin
To join a little with the world,
It was so great a sin.

5 I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear,
Converse and dress as others did,
But now I feel the snare.

6 My soul! this will not do;
Thy day is almost past;
I must repent and turn to God,
Or sink to hell at last.

7 Trembling to Christ I'll fly,
And all my sins confess;
At Jesus' cross I'll humbly fall,
And ask restoring grace

8 I'll mortify my pride;
Myself I will deny;
And if I perish, Lord, at last,
Beneath thy cross I'll die.

549 H. M. *Anon.*

Seeking Restoration.

WHERE is my Savior now?
Whose smiles I once possessed?
Till he return, I bow,
By heavy grief oppressed;
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

2 Whence can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah, who can soothe his woe,
And give him sweet relief?
Earth cannot heal the wounded breast,
Or give the troubled sinner rest.

3 Jesus, thy smiles impart;
My gracious Lord, return,
And ease my wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn:
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace and heaven be found in thee.

550 L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Lukewarmness.

GOD of unspotted purity,
Us, and our works, canst thou behold?
Justly are they abhorr'd by thee,
Whose works are neither hot nor cold.

2 Better that we had never known
The way to heaven, through saving grace,
Than basely in our lives disown,
And slight and mock thee to thy face.

3 O let us our own works forsake;
Ourselves and all we have deny:
Thy condescending counsel take;
And come to thee, pure gold to buy.

4 O may we through thy grace attain
The faith thou never wilt reprove;—
The faith that purges every stain,—
The faith that always works by love.

551 8 lines 8s. *Levering.*

The Backslider Reclaimed.

THE crucified one has appear'd!
His look how benign and how sweet!
By absence to me more endear'd,
I gratefully fall at his feet!
My crimes are remember'd no more!
The sky of my mind is serene!
And while I exult and adore,
Still more of his goodness is seen!

2 Oh, soul, how ungrateful and dead!
How could you from Jesus depart?
And why was not Justice display'd,
To punish this obdurate heart?

The depths of his love none can tell!
The hights of his goodness unknown!
On earth, or in heaven, or hell,
That kindness I surely shall own!

3 The gifts of the Spirit bestow!
I'd feast with my Savior on love,
Untouch'd by the evils below,
And cheer'd by the glories above!
Oh give me swift pinions to haste
From sin and the wish e'er to roam,
And crown all thy mercies at last
By taking the backslider home!

552 C. M. *Psalm* 137.

By the Rivers of Babylon.

OH! no, we cannot sing the song
Form'd for Jehovah's praise:
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings
To Zion's gladsome lays.
They bid us be in mirthful mood,
And dry these tears, so sad;
But Judah's hearths are desolate,
And how can we be glad?

2 Silent our harps, o'er Babel's stream,
Are hung on willows wet;
And Zion we no more shall see—
But can we e'er forget?
Jerusalem, thy banish'd ones
Prove anguish and regret,
But Heaven's own curse shall rest on them
If thee they e'er forget.

553 C. M. *Watts.*

Inconstancy Lamented.

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

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

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

6 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
O, let me sit beneath thy cross,
And never lose the sight.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

MORNING.

554 [443] L. M. *Ken.*

A Morning Invocation.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to God! who safely kept
And hath refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all the night unwearied sing,
All glory to the heavenly King.

555 [450] C. M. *Watts.*

Sunday Morning! Preparing for Public Worship.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,—
To thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty strait,
And plain before my face.

556 [449] C. M. *Anon.*

Prayer for Guidance through the Day.

LORD, in the morning I will send
My cries to reach thine ear,
Thou art my Father and my friend,
My help forever near.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
Near thee, in perfect peace;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide;
Warn me of ev'ry foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.

4 Then shall I pass all dangers safe,
And tread the tempter down;
My trust, my hope, joy and relief,
Shall be in thee alone.

5 Then let my moments smoothly run,
And sing my hours away;
Till evening shades and setting suns
Conclude in endless day.

557 [457] S. M. *J. Wesley.*

Morning: the Day-Star from on High.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high,
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O, may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all its stains away!

3 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

558 [444] C. M. *Doddridge*

The Rising Sun.

AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread,
In my defenceless sleep:
Let him have all my waking hours,
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As rising now, I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark bewilder'd soul
To everlasting day.

559 [447] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Morning: Thankfulness and Trust.

GIVER and Guardian of our sleep,
To praise thy name we wake:
Still, Lord, thy helpless servants keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.

2 The blessing of another day
We thankfully receive:
O may we only thee obey,
And to thy glory live.

3 Upon us lay thy mighty hand;
Our words and thoughts restrain,
And bow our souls to thy command,
Nor let our faith be vain.

4 Pris'ners of hope, we wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring;
When all we are shall own thy power,
And call our Jesus, King.

560 [554] C. M. *Watts.*

Morning: Self-Consecration.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

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

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

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

561 [455] S. M. *Scott.*

Morning: Tribute of Praise.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care:
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

EVENING.

562 [446] L. M. *Ken.*

Evening: Trusting in God.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

563 [452] C. M. *Mason.*

Evening: Numberless Mercies.

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,—
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

564 S. M. *Anon.*

The Evening Shade.

THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear;
O, may we all remember well,
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest:
So death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we now possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the shining 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,
O, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

565 C. M. *Moravian.*

Evening: Cheerful Confidence.

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

566 [451] L. M. *Watts.*

Morning and Evening Mercies.

MY God, how endless is thy love?
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3 I yield myself to thy command—
To thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

567 [453] C. M. *Anon*

The Closing Day.

NOW one day more of life is gone,
A doubtful few remain—
Come then review what thou hast done,
Eternal life to gain.

2 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
As time still hastes away?
And die to sin and grow in grace,
With every passing day?

3 O, do not pass this life in dreams,
To be surprised in death;
And sink unthinking down to flames,
When God demands thy breath.

4 No! every day thy course review,
The real case to learn;
And with renewed zeal pursue
Thy great and chief concern.

568 [458] L. M. *Watts.*

Evening: Memorials of his Grace.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,—
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home:
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

569 [419] S. M. *Doddridge.*

The Declining Day.

THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at His footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new luster break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

570 8 6, 8 6, 8 8. *Anon.*

The Evening Sacrifice.

THOU, Lord of life, whose tender care
Hath led us on till now,
Here, lowly, at the hour of prayer,
Before thy throne we bow :
We bless thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

2 With prayer, our humble praise we bring,
For mercies day by day :
Lord, teach our hearts thy love to sing;
Lord, teach us how to pray:
All that we have we owe to thee,—
Thy debtors through eternity.

3 In our Redeemer's name, for all
These blessings we implore;
Prostrate, O Lord, before thee fall,
And gratefully adore;
Bend from thy throne of earth and skies,
And bless our evening sacrifice.

571 8s & 7s. *Edmeston.*

Prayer for an Evening Blessing.

SAVIOR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us—
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from Thee:
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

572 7s & 6s. *Anon.*

The Evening.

THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels round me, singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.

4 In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break;
O, on the last bright morning
May I in glory wake!

573 8s & 7s. *Martineau.*

Evening Sacrifice.

ON the dewy breath of even
Thousand odors mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven—
Nature's evening sacrifice.

2 Thou, whose favors without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let Thine eye that knows no slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

3 Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in perfect faith.

574 S. M. *Anon.*

Morning, Noon, Evening and Midnight.

COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In the weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in Thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight vails our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord!
With Thee to watch and pray.

575 [448] C. M. *Watts.*

Evening Devotion.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

BAPTISM.

576 [537] C. M. *Fellows.*

Christ's Example in Jordan.

DEAR Lord, and has thy pard'ning love
Embrac'd a wretch so vile!
Then kindly bid each cloud remove,
And bless me with thy smile!

2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, 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.

577 [539] L. M. *Anon.*

Commission to Teach and Baptize.

GO teach the nations, and baptize,
Aloud th' 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 this holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.

3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,
O bless them with peculiar grace:
Refresh their souls with love divine,
Let beams of glory round them shine.

578 C. M. *Anon.*

Baptism is not Regeneration.

THE sacraments are holy signs
And precious gospel seals;
They 'xhibit what the Lord designs,
And what his word reveals.

2 But these are not themselves the grace,
Which signs and seals set forth;
The supper's not the sacrifice,
Nor water the new birth.

3 The sacraments were never meant
A substitute for grace,
They're not the truths they represent,
Nor must they take their place.

4 Sinners may publicly profess,
And signs and seals receive,
Of what they never did possess,
Of what they don't believe.

5 But Christ, by his own pow'rful blood,
Ascends above the skies;
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.

579 C. M. *S. F. Smith.*

The Emblematic Dove.

MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done,
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.

3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene:
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs:
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

580 [538] C. M. *Anon.*

Faith and Baptism.

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.

581 [541] L. M. *Collyer.*

The Baptism of a Household.

UNITED pray'rs ascend to thee,
Eternal parent of mankind;
Smile on this waiting family—
Thy face they seek, and let them find.

2 Let the dear pledges of their love,
Like tender plants around them grow;
Thy present grace and joys above,
Upon their little ones bestow.

3 Receive, at their believing hand,
The charge which they devote as thine,
Obedient to their Lord's command—
And seal with pow'r the rite divine.

4 To every member of their house,
Thy grace impart, thy love extend;
Grant every good that time allows,
With heavenly joys that never end.

582 L. M. *Anon.*

Baptism.

'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize;"
The nations have received the word,
Since He ascended to the skies.

2 "Repent and be baptized," He saith,
"For the remission of your sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what the gospel means.

3 Our souls He washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

4 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record.

583 L. M. *Anon.*

For Baptism and Immersion.

ETERNAL Spirit, heav'nly dove,
On these baptismal waters move,
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

2 We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe:
The Savior's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

3 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite, and be denied;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And sweetly they invite us through.

4 Thus we, dear Savior, own thy name;
Receive us rising from the stream:
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home!

584 L. M. *Mrs. Steele.*

Infant Baptism.

O LORD! encouraged by thy grace,
We bring our infant to thy throne;
Give it within thy heart a place,
Let it be thine, and thine alone.

2 We ask not for it earthly bliss,
Or earthly honors, wealth or fame:
The sum of our request is this—
That it may love and fear thy name.

3 This infant we, by faith, commit
To thy kind love and guardian care;
We lay it at the Savior's feet,
He will not let it perish there.

585 C. M. *Watts.*

The Promise to Abraham.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed—
"I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

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

4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same,
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

586 C. M. *Doddridge.*

Christ receives Infants.

BEHOLD, what condescending love,
Jesus on earth displays;
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms—
Thine may they ever be.

587 [430] L. M. *Anon.*

Prayer for Baptized Children.

GREAT Savior, who didst condescend
Young children in thine arms t' embrace,
Still prove thyself the infants' friend,
Baptize them with thy cleansing grace.

2 Whilst in the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou their Guardian and their Guide,
That they, directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.

3 To love thy word their hearts incline,
To understand it, light impart;
O Savior consecrate them thine,
Take full possession of their heart.

588 [542] C. M. *Doddridge.*

Christ's regard for Children.

SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name:
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine, let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children seek his face;
And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
If weeping o'er their dust.

589 S. M. *Anon.*

The Baptism of Children.

LORD! what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace,
Thy love in long succession shown
To ev'ry faithful race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine!

3 Thy cov'nant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands
Which closer still engage our hearts
To honor thy commands.

4 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

5 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God,
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

LORD'S SUPPER.

590 [169] S. M. *Hart.*

Universal Gladness and Joy.

GLORY to God on high,
Our peace is made with Heaven;
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised, for sin:
Remember this in eating bread,
And this in drinking wine.

3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad;
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,
And every heart be glad.

4 The Father gives the Son;
The Son, his flesh and blood:
The Spirit seals; and faith puts on,
The righteousness of God.

591 [171] S. M. *C. Wesley.*

Obeying the Command.

JESUS, we thus obey
The last and kindest word;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Whate'er th' Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fullness of our God made man,
We here with Christ receive.

592 [172] S. M. *C. Wesley.*

Our Paschal Lamb.

LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Savior's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast,
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.

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

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

593 [175] C. M. *Doddridge.*

The Invitation.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

594 [176] L. M. *Watts.*

The Lord's Supper Instituted.

'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 blest, 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 blessed 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."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

595 [170] S. M. *C. Wesley.*

Approaching the Table.

JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipp'd in blood.

2 Now, Savior, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

3 The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

4 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

5 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

596 8s & 7s. *Breviary.*

The Last Supper.

ON the night of that last supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
Christ, as food to all His brethren,
Gives Himself with His own hand.

2 He, as man with man conversing,
Staid the seeds of truth to sow;
Then He closed, in solemn order,
Wondrously, His life of woe.

3 Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail.

4 To the everlasting Father,
Through the Son who reigns on high,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Might, and endless majesty.

597 [173] C. M. *Anon.*

The Feast of Christ's Friends.

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 defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I, that have crucifi'd his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Savior takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 "Feast, O, my friends," the Savior cried,
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too."

598 [174] C. M. *Hart.*

Its Design.

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

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

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

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

599 8s & 7s. *C. Wesley.*

The Spirit Witnessing His Passion.

COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind,
All the Savior's dying merit,
All His sufferings for mankind.
True Recorder of His passion,
Now the living fire impart,
Now reveal His great salvation,
Preach His gospel to our heart.

2 Come, thou Witness of his dying,
Come, Remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine;
Let us groan thine inward groaning,
Look on Him we pierced, and grieve,
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sparkling blood receive.

600 — 4 lines 7s. *C. Wesley.*

Discerning the Lord's Body.

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

2 In the rite thou hast enjoin'd,
Let us now our Savior find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

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

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

601 — 11s. *E. Y. Reese.*

Remembering Christ.

"DO THIS," and remember the blood that was shed,
Ere Calvary's Victim to slaughter was led,
When, sad and forsaken, the garden alone
Gave ear to his sorrow, and echoed his moan.

2 Remember the conflict with insult and scorn,
The robe of derision, the chaplet of thorn,
The sin-cleansing fountain that streamed from his side,
When, "Father, forgive them," he uttered, and died.

3 Remember that Victor o'er death and the grave:
He liveth forever, his people to save:
O, take with thanksgiving this pledge of his love,—
The foretaste of rapture eternal above.

602 [178] C. M. *Steele.*

Yet there is Room.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 There Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls—he bids you come:
Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
Behold, there yet is room.

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

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

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
And enter while there's room.

603 C. M. *S. Stennett.*

The Body and Blood of Christ.

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 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
O, what delightful food;
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3 Deep was the suffering he endured
Upon th' accursed tree;
"For me," each welcome guest may say,
"'Twas all endured for me."

4 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Savior, so divine:
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

604 8s & 7s. *Hart.*

The Heavenly Banquet.

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famish'd souls with food,
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth:
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labors on the earth;
In thy trial and rejection;
In thy suff'rings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

605 C. M. *Anon.*

Coming to the Table of the Lord.

LET vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banished from the heart,
The Savior's love fill every breast,
And light and life impart.

2 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray ;
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way !

3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshments to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.

4 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us, with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
His table now draw near.

5 And while we join to celebrate
The sufferings of our Lord,
May we receive new grace and power,
T' obey his holy word.

606 [245] L. M. *Watts.*

Enjoyment of the Supper.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone :
Fain would my eyes my Savior see ;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire :
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

FELLOWSHIP AND COMMUNION.

607 [280] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Perfect Harmony and Joy Unspeakable.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one ;
The common peace we feel ;
A peace to sensual minds unknown—
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What hight of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet !

608 C. M. *C. Wesley.*

United—though Separated.

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

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

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside—
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace ;
Expect his fullness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

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

6 Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

609 [285] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Separated, but Inseparable.

GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace;
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy Name,
And in thy Name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul;
No power can make us twain;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

610 [281] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

Laborers in the Vineyard of the Lord.

AND let our bodies part,—
To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

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

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

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

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

611 [283] S. M. *Watts.*

Sweet Communion.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose heart and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

612 S. M. *Fawcett*

Christian Fellowship.

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

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

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

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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

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

613 [286] C. M. *Swain.*

Brotherly Love.

HOW sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 When love, in one delightful stream;
Through every bosom flows,
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

614 [287] C. M. *J. Ryland.*

Hinder Me Not.

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

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

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

4 And, when my Savior calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

615 [289] C. M. *Watts.*

Christian Harmony.

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

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole!

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

616 [292] S. M. *Doddridge.*

Concert of Praise.

NOW let our voices join,
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears.
How open and how fair!
No lurking sins t' entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

617 S. M. *Wesley.*

Meeting, after Absence.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we pass'd!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

618 [288] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

The Loadstone of His Love.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

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

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

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

5 To thee, inseparably join'd
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

619 [291] C. M. *Wesley.*

Rejoicing in Hope.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify His name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to' approve,—
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live.

6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on, we'll meet you there.

620 [376] S. M. *Beddome.*

Mutual Love.

LET party strifes no more
The christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love abound;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

621 C. M. *Watts.*

Excellence of Christian Love.

SPIRIT of peace, celestial Dove,
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.

2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distills,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills,—

3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

622 [557] 8 lines 8s. *Anon.*

Union of Christians.

FROM whence does this Union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love;
It fastens our souls with such ties,
That distance and time can't remove?
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.

2 My friends, once so dear unto me,
Our souls so united in love:
Where Jesus has gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansion above.
Oh! why then so loth for to part,
Since there we shall soon meet again?
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.

3 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from our prisons of clay,
United in Jesus' love;
With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
Singing hallelujahs—Amen;
Amen! even so let it be.

623 C. M. *Anon.*

Meeting of Christian Friends.

O, IT is joy in one to meet,
Whom one communion blends,
Council to hold in converse sweet,
And talk as Christian friends.

2 'Tis joy to think the angel train,
Who 'mid heaven's temple shine,
To seek our earthly temples deign,
And in our anthems join.

3 But chief 'tis joy to think that He,
To whom His church is dear,
Delights her gathered flock to see,
Her joint devotions hear.

4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,
While here such joys are given ?
"This is indeed the house of God,
And this the gate of heaven !"

624 8 lines 7s. *Wesley.*

The Feast of Endless Love.

COME, thou high and holy Lord,
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word;
Humbly stoop to earth again;
Come, and visit abject man.
Jesus, dear expected guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast:
For thyself our hearts prepare;
Come, and sit, and banquet there.

2 Jesus, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy great name:
In the midst do thou appear;
Manifest thy presence here.
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless:
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Thou thyself within us move:
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
Let us in thy bowels sound;
Faith and love, and joy increase,—
Temperance and gentleness;

Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind:
Meek and lowly let us be,—
Full of goodness, full of thee.

625 C. M. *Anon.*

Christian Travelers Heavenward.

WHAT poor despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze?

2 Ah, those are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo, for joy they sing!

3 But some of them seem poor, distressed,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possessed,
With hidden manna fed.

4 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why?—that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep His ways.

5 Why must they shun the pleasant path,
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

626 H. M. *Montgomery.*

Christian Unity.

HOW beautiful the sight,
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity:
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers,
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingled odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life forevermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

627 [267] C. M. *Watts.*

The Christian Soldier.

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

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

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

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

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
The crown enchants their eye.

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

628 [268] C. M. *Doddridge.*

The Christian Race.

AWAKE, my soul—stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

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

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

4 Blest Savior—introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

629 [269] L. M. *Watts.*

Christian Warfare.

STAND up, my soul—shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conqu'rors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown;
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

630 C. M. *Anon.*

The whole Armor.

O, SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey,
That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.

4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on thy anxious road;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.

5 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

631 [273] L. M. *Anon.*

The Christian called to Arms.

MY Captain sounds th' alarm of war,
Awake, the pow'rs of hell are near;
"To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry,
"'Tis yours to conquer or to die."

2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;
Make haste to gird my armor on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 In him I hope, in him I trust;
His dying love is all my boast,
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on,
To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

632 [277] L. M. *Anon.*

Longing to see Jesus.

OH! when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above?
And drink the flowing fountain,
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin;
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasure in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give;
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

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

4 And if you meet with trials
And troubles on the way,
Then cast your cares on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray;
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of hope, and faith, and love;
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 Oh! do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not forget to lend:
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

633 [271] S. M. *Wesley.*

The Mind that was in Christ.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove:
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee,—
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

634 [272] C. M. *Watts.*

Divine Help.

FOREVER blessed be the Lord,
My Savior 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
Doth my weak courage raise,
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

635 C. M. *Newton.*

True and False Zeal.

ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame,
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name
Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
An let no zeal by us be shone,
But that which springs from love.

636 L. M. *Montgomery.*

The Panoply of Truth.

BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand
In all the armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the Gospel shod:—

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valor there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

637 [278] C. M. *Watts.*

Heavenly Rest in Anticipation.

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

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

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

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

638 7s. *Anon.*

Inward Foes Combatted.

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 time 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 heart;
But from Satan's malice free
Saints shall soon in glory 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 shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

639 7s & 6s. *Anon.*

Zion's King our Captain.

CHRIST is set on Zion's hill,
He receiveth sinners still:
Who will serve this blessed King?
Come, enlist, and with me sing:
I, his soldier, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

2 Zion's King my captain is—
Conquest I shall never miss;
Present pay I now receive—
Future happiness he'll give:
I, his soldier, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

3 What a Captain I have got!
Is not mine a happy lot?
Therefore will I take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord:
I, his soldier, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

4 Brother soldier! still fight on,
Till the battle thou hast won;
The Great Captain we did choose
Never did a battle lose:
We, his soldiers, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

640 [279] L. M. *Watts.*

The Heavenly Race.

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

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

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

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

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love, our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

641 S. M. *Wesley.*

The Standard of the Cross.

HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare,
The day of battle is at hand,—
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See on the mountain top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
His standard-bearers, now
To all the nations call:
To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow;
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven.
Are all in Jesus' Name.

642 7s & 8s. *J. Cross.*

The Christian Soldier.

CHRISTIAN soldier, seize thy sword,—
Seek the field and take thy station!
Prince Messiah gives the word,
Captain of the saints' salvation.

2 Strong the weapons thou must wield,
Stern the warfare thou art waging:
Bind the helmet, bear the shield,
Hell's beleaguering hosts engaging.

3 Lo, the battle is begun!
Lo, Immanuel's troops in motion!
Some the prize have nearly won,
Some already seize their portion.

4 Hear ye not the victor's song?
Hear ye not the captive's crying?
Shout! Jehovah's arm is strong:
Shout! the alien foe is flying.

5 See the crimson banners wave!
Hear the chariot's rolling thunder!
Christ the conquer'd world shall save,
Cleave Apollyon's throne asunder.

6 Lo, the ransom'd marching home!
Anthems loud and palms victorious:
Satan conquer'd, death o'ercome,
Crown secured and mansions glorious.

TRUSTING IN GRACE AND PROVIDENCE.

643 [243] C. M. *Newton.*

Triumphant Grace.

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

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

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

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine,
But God who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

644 [246] S. M. *J. Wesley.*

He Ruleth all Things Well.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head;
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight—let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

What though thou rulest not;
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sov'reign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

645 [248] L. M. *Wesley.*

Safety and Security in the Arms of Jesus.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head.

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

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

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

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

646 [244] L. M. *Wesley.*

Patient Thankfulness and Trust.

ETERNAL beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love;
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above.

2 Jesus, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh!
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions—Peace;
Say to my trembling heart—Be still;
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.

6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

647 [247] C. M. *Cowper.*

Purposes of God Developed by his Providence.

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

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

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

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

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

648 [249] L. M. *Wesley.*

His Everlasting Arms of Love.

HOW do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy Name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone:
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,—
Thine everlasting arms of love.

649 L. M. *Newton.*

Prayer Answered by Crosses.

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

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

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

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

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

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

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

650 L. M. *C. Wesley.*

Unbelieving Fear Dispelled.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Savior doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin is here:
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my Savior trust,
And glory that he died for me.

4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name.

To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

651 [250] 11s. *Kennedy.*

Relying on the Promises.

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

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

3 "Fear not, I am with thee; O! be not dismay'd,
For 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 flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall
prove
My grace is eternal, unbounded my 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 doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

652 [254] L. M. *Anon.*

He Careth for You.

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

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

3 Without reserve give Christ your heart,
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

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

653 [256] C. M. *Anon.*

Christ our All in Heaven and Earth.

WHOM have we, Lord, in heaven, but thee,
And whom on earth beside ?
Where else for succor can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide ?

2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised bliss above;
Ne'er may our souls an object know
So precious as thy love.

3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer ;
Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.

4 Yes—thou shalt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply;
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,
And welcome us on high.

654 [251] L. M. *Cennick.*

The Highway of Holiness.

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

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

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

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

655 [253] C. M. *Watts.*

God my All-sufficient Portion.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy Name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

656 [255] C. M. *Anon.*

The Lord our only Trust.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(As numbers often do,)
Methinks I hear my Savior say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
My faith will fail, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 'Tis thou alone hast pow'r and grace,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom then shall I turn my face,
If I depart from thee.

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd,
Thou art the CHRIST of God;
Who hast eternal life secur'd,
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my case!
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And sanctify my heart.

657 [338] L. M. *Steele.*

Peace and Hope through Christ's Intercession.

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

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

3 Hence, then, ye dark, desparing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

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

658 S. M. *C. Wesley.*

Prayer for Christian Graces.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer;
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples on and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.

A soul inur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous deep concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

659 L. M. 6L. *Addison.*

Jehovah the Shepherd of his People.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

660 C. M. *Watts.*

Trusting God in old Age.

MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

4 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

661 C. M. *Anon.*

Resignation.

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs,
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

662 C. M. *Anon.*

The Progress of the Spiritual Temple.

THE God of grace and glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

2 Jesus, the Herald of his love,
Displays the glorious prize,
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes.

3 He perfects what his hand begins,
And stone on stone he lays,
Till firm and fair the building rise,
A temple to his praise.

4 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

663 [257] C. M. *Anon.*

Security in God's Covenant.

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its boundless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become—
My Savior, my almighty Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when thy way, great God, is dark,
I wait thy light above.

4 Thy cov'nant, in my dying hour,
Shall dwell upon my tongue,
And when I wake, shall still employ
My everlasting song.

664 [259] C. M. *T. Green.*

Holy Resignation.

IT is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord, who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord, my faithful God,—
Thrice blessed be his name,—
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

4 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be faithless or repine?
No, gracious God; take what thou please,
To thee I all resign.

665 [261] C. M. *Anon.*

God Corrects in Love.

IN thy rebukes, all-gracious God,
What soft compassion reigns!
What gentle accents of thy voice
Allay thy children's pains!

2 "When I correct my chosen sons,
A father's bowels move:
One transient moment bounds my wrath,
But endless is my love."

3 Our faith shall look through every tear,
And view thy smiling face;
And hope, amid our sighs, shall tune
An anthem to thy grace.

4 Receive, at length, my weary soul
To join thy saints above;
Then shall I learn a song of praise,
Eternal as thy love.

666 S. M. *Watts.*

Reliance on God.

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

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

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

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

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

667 [263] L. M. *Anon.*

Peace of Conscience.

SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest,
Come fix thy mansion in my breast,
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope, and peace divine,
O make these sacred pleasures mine;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

4 Then should mine eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all his terrors near;
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

668 [258] L. M. *Doddridge.*

Living to Serve the Cause of Christ.

MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Savior I would live,—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

669 [260] C. M. *Hervey.*

God our Wisdom.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good when he gives,—supremely good,—
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

670 [262] C. M. *Cowper.*

Submissive Resignation.

O LORD! my best desire fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Shall be my rich supply;
What else I want, or think I do,
Let wisdom still deny.

671 [264] S. M. *Doddridge.*

The Lord's Guardianship.

HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide;
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

672 [367] C. M. *Mrs. Steele.*

The Mercy-Seat.

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.

673 10s & 11s. *Newton.*

The Lord will Provide.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide;
The Scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or store-house, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied;
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost?
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith:
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known the Savior's great name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

674 L. M. *Watts.*

Security in God.

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 wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
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.

675 [309] S. M. *Anon.*

Religion a Support in Life.

WHEN gloomy thoughts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade.

2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewildered way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid!

5 O, let us feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To cheer our every gloomy hour,
And calm our every grief.

676 8s & 7s. *Bowring.*

Glorying in the Cross.

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

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

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

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

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

677 [266] S. M. *Watts.*

God our Shepherd.

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;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

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

678 [329] S. M. *Doddridge.*

Salvation by Grace.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound—
Harmonious to the ear,
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

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

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

679 [366] C. M *Steele.*

Comfort in God.

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

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

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

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

680 L. M. *Anon.*

Mysteries of Providence.

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
At length through every cloud shall shine.

5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below;
That Christ is mine!—this great request,
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

681 [345] 8s & 7s. *Grant.*

Leaving all to follow Christ.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have call'd thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,—
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,—
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,—
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh 'tis not in grief to harm me,—
While thy love is left to me;
O 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee:

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee:
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

682 [393] C. M. *Anon.*

My Life is Hid with Christ.

REJOICE, my soul, still in the Lord,
Who makes my cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset my road,
And feeble is my arm,
My life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as I am, I shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die!
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid me from on high.

4 Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defense;
Then what have I to fear?

683 C. M. *Anon.*

Casting all Care on God.

STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain;
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.

2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny
To those who trust his love:
The men, who on his grace rely,
Nor earth nor hell shall move.

684 C. M. *Watts.*

Saints in the Hands of Christ.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust:
If I am found in Jesus' hands
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
Within the bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

685 C. M. *Watts.*

Security in Christ.

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'n when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
The kingdom of his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints?
Christ and his flock are one:
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smile my heart has lived,
And heavenly joy possessed:
I'll render thanks for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

686 [342] S. M. *Wesley.*

The Preciousness of Jesus.

THOU very-present Aid
In suffering and distress!
The mind, which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the dying orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me;
It makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly;
Will all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in one:
And peace, and joy which never ends,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

687 7 6s & 1 8. *Wesley.*

Pleading Salvation by Grace.

LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch, undone and lost,
And freely saved by grace,

Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream,
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him!
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

PROSPECTS OF HEAVEN.

688 [476] C. M. *Watts.*

The Heavenly Canaan.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

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

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

5 O, 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,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

689 [471] L. M. *Newton.*

The Hope of Heaven.

AS when the weary traveler gains
The hight of some commanding hill—
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still.

2 So 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.

3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for sorrows past,
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode:
Assur'd thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labors of the road.

690 P. M. *Anon.*

Voyage of the Soul.

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
When seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise;
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu!

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

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm, and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail;
Again for joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.

4 Now, safely moored, no storm I fear,
My God, my Christ, my heaven is here:
And all the joys of Paradise
In holiness and beauty rise,—
'Tis now the soul, with folded wing,
Her thrilling notes of joy shall sing:
Glory to God!

691 [127] C. M. *Montgomery.*

Heaven, the Pilgrim's Home.

WHILE thro' this changing world we roam
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither, his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,—
Where all is perfect love.

4 There too may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth, our conversation be,
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long we, eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

692 [472] C. P. M. *J. Wesley.*

The Happy Pilgrim.

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

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine, of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesus' name.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

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

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

8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Savior, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast.

693 [474] C. M. *Stennett.*

Heaven in Prospect.

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

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There 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 Sun, for ever reigns
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds 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 for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

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

8 There, on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
But in perpetual, joyful strains
Redeeming love admire.

694 [478] L. M. *Steele.*

The Rapture of God's Smiles.

OH, for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms, of endless day,—
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns.

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall:
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles,—and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze:
Ten thousand, thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the foll'wers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
Oh! may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

6 Dear Savior! let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal vail,
And we behold thy lovely face.

695 [481] C. M. *W. B. Tappan.*

The Peace and Repose of Heaven.

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

696 [475] C. M. *Anon.*

Canaan's Happy Shore.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love,
Lie just before mine eye:
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 bold Jordan's stormy main,
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 the triumph sing.

4 I hold my Savior 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.

697 [479] S. M. *Montgomery.*

Rest for the Soul.

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

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

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

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

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

698 [480] C. M. Peculiar. *Tappan.*

Hour of Rest.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
there is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 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.

5 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There, joys divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

699 [482] 8s & 6s. *Knowles.*

Things Temporal and Eternal.

OH! weep not for the joys that fade,
Like evening lights away,
For hopes, that, like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day;
For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
Amid the bowers of heaven.

2 Oh! weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonely grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave;
For though thy pleasures may depart,
And mournful days be given,
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heaven.

700 [484] C. M. *C. Wesley.*

One Church.

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert 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 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 O Savior, be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

701 [486] C. M. *Montgomery.*

The Society of Heaven.

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

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

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

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

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

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

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

702 [483] C. M. *Anon.*

Longing for the Heavenly World.

HOW far beyond our mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A vail of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

2 Oh! could my longing spirit rise
On strong, immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Savior and my King!

3 There thousands worship at thy feet,
And there—divine employ—
Thy love triumphant they repeat
In songs of endless joy.

4 Thy presence beams eternal day,
O'er all the blissful place:
Who would not leave this house of clay,
And fly to thine embrace?

703 [488] C. M. *Watts.*

Holiness of Heaven.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace:
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
And none shall gain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

704 C. M. *Moore*

Heaven Desired.

THE dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies,
Where idler warblers roam;

2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way,

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to thee;—

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

705 [491] 8s & 6s. *Anon.*

The Poverty of Earth.

THIS world is poor from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision,
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns, are vain and poor;—
There's nothing rich but heaven.

2 Empires decay and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal blooms in ruin lie,
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky;—
There's nothing sure but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven,—
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball;—
There 's nothing firm but heaven.

4 A stranger, lonely here I roam,
From place to place am driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
This earth is all a dismal tomb;—
I have no home but heaven.

5 The clouds disperse—the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven,
Triumphant grace hath quelled my fears;
Roll on, thou sun! fly swift, my years!
I'm on my way to heaven.

706 [493] C. M. *Watts.*

Heavenly Aspirations.

EARTH has engrossed my love too long,
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to Thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blessed Man, my Savior sits;
The God! how bright He shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus my love they sing!
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel, too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,—
Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

7 There ye that love my Savior sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see His face.

707 [494] C. M. *Watts.*

The Christian Longing for Heaven.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode:
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God.

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

3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

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

708 [492] 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

Life a Vapor.

WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapor;
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is but a dying taper;
O my soul! why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly,
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns—the King of saints:—
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praises sounding
Filling all the courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go, and share his people's glory,
'Mid the ransomed crowd appear;—
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear:
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

709 P. M. *Anon.*

A Glance into the Third Heaven.

BURST, ye em'rald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies:
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of Paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Trumps angelic sound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme!

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the "Great Salvation!"

Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
"Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, HOLY ONE!"

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays:
JESUS—JESUS—JESUS!"
Sweetest sound in seraph's song!
Sweetest note on mortal tongue!
Sweetest carol ever sung!
Jesus—Jesus, flow along!

710 [495] 11s. *Mühlenburgh.*

I would not Live Alway.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.

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

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;

While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

711 [307] L. M. *Wesley.*

The Heavenly Zion.

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

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

3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now,
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.

4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death, triumphant, home.

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

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

712 C. M. *Sutton*

Separated, but United; or, the Christian's Hope.

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven;
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven; &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again;
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

713 P. M. *Anon.*

The Father's Land.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stayed,
My heart and my treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my father-land,
By faith its delights I explore:
Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode—
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
But there is the palace of God.
That blissful place, &c.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshiped with me;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.
That blissful place, &c.

4 There is a place where I hope to live
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.
That blissful place, &c.

714 S. M. *Mrs. Dana.*

O Sing to me of Heaven.

O SING to me of heaven
When I am call'd to die!
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high!

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below!

3 When the last moment comes,
O watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam,
Which o'er each feature plays.

4 Then, to my ravish'd ears,
Let one sweet song be given—
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

715 [496] C. M. *Watts.*

The Martyrs Glorified.

"THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine,
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
These robes, which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every lip to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Their thirst and hunger ever flee;
Their joys forever last;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

716 [498] 8s. *Cowper.*

Love to the Absent Savior.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim! up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Savior! whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;—

3 Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant-chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
Arrayed in thy glories I'll shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

717 10s. *Anon.*

Going Home Joyfully.

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers, sing as I come—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam:
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom:
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

718 [497] 9s & 6s. ***Wesley.***

Come Away to the Skies.

COME away to the skies—
My beloved! arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And, with singing, to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love,
With our treasure, above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of the Lord—
We remember his word,
And, with singing, to Paradise go.

3 For thy glory we were
First created, to share

Both thy nature and kingdom divine;
Now created again,
That our souls may remain,
Both in time and eternity, thine.

4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath joined us in Christ's precious name;
So united in heart
That we never can part—
We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.

5 There, Oh! there at his feet,
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted, in body, no more;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Savior, in glory, adore.

6 "Hallelujah!" we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain,
"Hallelujah!"—again—
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

719 C. M. *Doddridge.*

Heaven above the Skies.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell—
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brightest flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into my eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

720 C. M. *Anon.*

This World not my Home.

OH! land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?
Oh, this is not my home,
Oh, this is not my home,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

2 No tranquil joy on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home, &c.

3 In Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He made me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home, &c.

4 I could at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury roam;
But oh! my passport was not seal'd—
I could not yet go home, &c.

5 When by afflictions sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home, &c.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit the unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home, &c.

7 Our tears shall all be wiped away,
When we have ceased to roam;
And we shall hear our Father say,
Come, dwell with me at home, &c.

8 The toils of life will then be o'er,
I'll gain a peaceful dome,
And shout on Canaan's happy shore,
With Jesus safe at home, &c.

721 P. M. *Anon.*

The Sun-bright Clime.

HAVE you heard, have you heard of that sun-bright clime,
Undim'd by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame—
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame,
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

2 A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er,
The dazz'ling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.

3 Millions of forms all cloth'd in light,
In garments of beauty clear and white—
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs and their changeless sheen,
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurl'd,
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fix'd in that sun-bright clime.

5 But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undim'd by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where amid all things that's fair is given,
The home of the just—and its name is Heaven,
The name of that sun-bright clime.

722 12s & 11s. *Tillou.*

The Eden of Love.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of Love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond. To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus' love!"
Though prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;
My heart's now in Heaven, the Eden of Love.

723 8s. *Anon.*

The Reality better than the Prospect.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
And its walls decked with jewels most rare;
Of its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

3 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!

4 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear;
Of the church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!

5 Then let us, 'midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there!

724 9, 10, 9, 10. *Hunter.*

A Home in Heaven.

A HOME in heav'n! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven
From his home below to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heav'n! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed tho't of his home in heav'n.

3 A home in heav'n when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and our fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heav'n.

4 A home in heav'n! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's strokes for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heav'n.

5 A home in heav'n! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mould'ring dead,
We wait in hope of the promise given:
We will meet up there in our home in heav'n.

6 A home in heav'n when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heav'n.

7 Our home in heav'n! Oh the glorious home,
And the Spirit joined with the Bride, says come:
Come, seek his face and your sins forgiv'n,
And rejoice in the hope of your home in heav'n.

725 [566] P. M. *Anon.*

Sweet Home.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus my home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, at home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this 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.

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 would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

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.

726 [346] C. M. *Watts.*

This Life á Pilgrimage.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply—
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy!

2 Our journey is a thorny maze;
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And press to Zion's hill.

3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.

4 Eternal glory to the King
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

727 [369] L. M. *Bowcn.*

Heavenly Bliss in Prospect.

ARISE, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Let faith now pierce the vail, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,—
The narrow road that leads to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God—to taste His love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above:
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

728 [372] C. M. *Mrs. Steele.*

Joys Above Anticipated.

O COULD our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of Thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies.

729 [563] 11s. *Anon.*

Sweet Home.

AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander'd through earth, its gay pleasures to trace,
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

CHORUS.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
O, Jesus! conduct me to heaven, my home!

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are giv'n,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heav'n.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms;
The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms!
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!

4 Farewell, vain amusements! my follies, adieu!
While Jesus and heaven, and glory I view;

I feast on the pleasures that flow from his
throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven my
home.

5 The days of my exile are passing away;
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my
throne,
And dwell in my presence forever at home."

6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high
dome,
They dwell with the Savior forever at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Savior forever at home.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

730 [438] L. M. *Montgomery.*

Opening House of Worship.

HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
Oh choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong,
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

731 [441] 4 6s & 2 8s. *Francis.*

Invoking God's Presence and Blessing.

GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,—
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may thy soul-converting word
With faith be preach'd, in faith be heard.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

4 Here may the list'ning throng
Receive thy truth in love:
Here Christians join the song
Of the redeem'd above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

732 L. M. *Willis.*

The Temple of Nature.

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple, built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone;
He spake, and, lo! the work was done.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rung,
The morning stars together sung.

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humble temple, built with hands.

733 [439] 7s. *Montgomery.*

House for Prayer and Praise.

LORD of hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah ! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

734 [440] L. M. *Doddridge.*

Will God Dwell in Earthly Temples ?

AND will the great eternal God,
On earth establish his abode ?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Accept our temples for his own ?

2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise:
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

735 [442] C. M. *Dobell.*

A Blessing Sought.

GREAT Sovereign of the earth and sky,
And Lord of all below,
Before thy glorious majesty
Ten thousand seraphs bow.

2 Yet thou art not confined above;
Thy presence knows no bound;
Where'er thy praying people meet,
There thou art always found.

3 Behold a temple raised for thee;
O, meet thy people here;
Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.

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

5 Here may salvation be proclaimed
By thy most precious blood;
Let sinners know the joyful sound,
And own their Savior, God.

736 C. M. *J. R. Scott.*

Divine Blessing Solicited.

TO thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God;
Accept it thine, and seal it now
Thy Spirit's blest abode.

2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
O, may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice.

3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Savior's love,
And here his vows record.

4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.

5 Peace be within these sacred walls;
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near.

737 C. M. *Newton.*

Divine Acceptance Invoked.

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

2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our feeble hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

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

4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
The contrite heart bestow:
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith address our prayers;
And in the presence of the Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may Thy Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by grace divine,
Awaken many sinners round,
And bend their wills to Thine.

REVIVALS.

738 [217] S. M. *Anon.*

Prayer for a Revival.

REVIVE thy work, O Lord,
And send salvation down;
Let the sharp arrows of thy word
Transpierce the hearts of stone.

2 Ride in thy prosp'rous car,
Regain thy people lost;
Let thy right hand conduct the war,
Let vict'ry crown thy host.

3 Thy fainting saints revive;
Awaken them that sleep;
Make the dry bones arise and live,
And comfort all that weep.

4 Come, O ye winds of heaven,
Breathe o'er this vale of death;
May the good spirit, richly given,
Fill all with praying breath.

739 H. M. *Toplady.*

The Jubilee Proclaimed.

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

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands, proclaim

The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

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

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Savior'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 mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

740 L. M. *Doddridge.*

Panting for Refreshing Grace.

BLESS'D Jesus, Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveler through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring!
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this bless'd torrent near my side
Through all the desert gently glide:
Then in Immanuel's land above
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

741 8s, 7s & 4. *Newton.*

Prayer for a Revival.

SAVIOR, 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 Surely once thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
All its plants by thee were nourished;
Then how cheering was the scene!
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

3 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, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

4 Dearest Savior, hasten hither;
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O, permit them not to wither;
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

5 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

742 C. M. *Anon.*

Revival Prayed For.

RETIRE, vain world, awhile retire,
And leave us with the Lord;
Thy gifts ne'er fill one just desire,
Nor lasting bliss afford.

2 Blest Jesus, come thou gently down,
And fill this hallowed place;
O make thy glorious goings known,
Diffuse around thy grace.

3 Shine, dearest Lord, from realms of day,
Disperse the gloom of night;
Chase all our clouds and doubts away,
And turn the shades to light.

4 Behold, and pity from above,
Our cold and languid frame;
O shed abroad thy quickening love,
And we 'll adore thy name.

5 All glorious Savior, Source of grace,
To thee we raise our cry;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
To every waiting eye.

6 Revive, O God, desponding saints,
Who languish, droop and sigh;
Refresh the soul that tires and faints,
Fill mourning hearts with joy.

7 Make known thy power, victorious King,
Subdue each stubborn will;
Then sovereign grace we 'll join to sing,
On Zion's sacred hill.

743 7s. *Anon.*

Refreshing Seasons.

FOUNT of everlasting love,
Rich thy streams of mercy are,
Flowing purely from above,
Beauty marks their course afar;
Lo ! thy church, thy garden now
Blooms beneath the heavenly shower:
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow,
Mild yet mighty is thy power.

2 God of grace, before thy throne
Here our warmest thanks we bring:
Thine the glory, thine alone:
Loudest praise to thee we sing.
Hear, O hear, our grateful song,
Let thy Spirit still descend,
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end.

744 [57] 12s. *Thursby.*

The Voice of Free Grace.

THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain:
For Adam's lost race, Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness—for every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation."

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath brought us a pardon;
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

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

3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it—oh trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely—oh precious salvation!

4 Our Jesus's name now proclaim all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious:
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

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

745 L. M. *Beddome*

Inconstancy.

THE wandering star and fleeting wind
Both represent th' unstable mind:
The morning cloud and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.

3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same,
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return—
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn—
In deep distress, then raptures feel—
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness:
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

746 4 lines 8s. *Anon.*

Zion's Increase Prayed For.

REVIVE thy churches, Lord, with grace,
Forgive our sins and grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame;
Kindle our zeal for Jesus' name.

2 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

747 H. M. *Doddridge.*

Zion's Prosperity.

O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;

Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream far abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;

The nations round | With lustre new
Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright.

Pursue his praise, | In worlds above
Till sovereign love | The glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;

While, round his throne, | In nobler spheres,
Ten thousand stars | His influence own.

748 7s & 6s. *Anon.*

Mourners Comforted.

DROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious:
If on Jesus you believe,
You will find him precious.
See he now is passing by,
Calling mourners to him:
Drooping souls, you need not die—
Now look up and view him.

2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden:
Still he cries, "Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden."

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

3 Precious is the Savior's name,
All his saints adore him:
He to save the dying came,—
Prostrate bow before him:
Wandering sinners, now return:
Contrite souls, believe him:
Jesus calls you: cease to mourn:
Worship him: receive him.

4 Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,
O the wondrous story:
I was lost but now I'm found,
Glory! glory! glory!
Glory to my Savior's name,
Saints are bound to love him:
Mourners you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.

749 L. M. *Watts.*

PSALM, lxxxv. 6–8.

Revival Grace.

REVIVE our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice:
Make known thy truth, fulfill thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

2 We wait to hear what God will say:
He'll speak, and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

750 [348] L. M. *Newton.*

Hope in Times of Darkness.

WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Savior say,—
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

2 "Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and power;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 "Take down thy long-neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer,
The winter-season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord! I obey,—my hopes revive;
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

751 S. M. *Hastings.*

Prayer for a Revival.

O LORD! thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour;
And let our dying graces live,
By thy restoring power.

2 Oh! let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their solemn vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak,
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry;
Oh! come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

752 L. M. *Doddridge.*

The Vision of dry Bones.

LOOK down, O Lord! with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these dead awake and live?
And can these perished bones revive?
That, mighty God! to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain,
In vain they call, in vain they cry,—
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice,
They move, they awaken, they rejoice.

5 So, when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

GOSPEL MISSIONS.

753 [312] 8s, 7s, & 4. *Williams.*

Gospel among the Heathen.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from shore to shore.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And Redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy Sceptre,
Savior, all the world around.

754 [545] 8s, 7s & 4. *Smith*

The Missionary's Farewell.

YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well:
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell:
Happy home, indeed I love thee:
Can I, can I say, "Farewell?"
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely, native land, farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Savior—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell;
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell.

755 [547] L. M. *Vokh.*

Missions to the Heathen.

BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

756 [314] L. M. *Watts.*

Christ's Universal and Everlasting Kingdom.

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

2 From north to south the princess meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

757 [313] 8s, 7s & 4. *Kelly.*

Encouraging Prospects.

YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Savior, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

758 [546] L. M. *Collyer.*

Missionary Meeting.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand:
The voice that marshalled every star
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen hearlds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around

759 [548] 7s & 6s. *Anon.*

Departure of Missionaries.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.

2 Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's deep shade no more.

3 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm.

4 O, be thy presence with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
O, be they still with thee.

760 C. M. *Anon.*

Missionaries' Farewell.

KINDRED, and friends, and native land,
How shall we say, "Farewell?"
How—when our swelling sails expand,—
How will our bosoms swell!

2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights
And tender ties we know;
But love more strong than death unites
To Him that bids us go.

3 Thus, when our every passion moved,
The gushing tear-drop starts,
The cause of Jesus, more beloved,
Shall glow within our hearts.

4 The sighs we breathe for precious souls,
Where he is yet unknown,
Might waft us to the distant poles,
Or to the burning zone.

5 With warm desire our bosoms swell,
Our glowing powers expand;
"Farewell," then we can say, "farewell,
Our friends, our native land."

761 [549] 8s, 7s & 4. *Leland.*

Heathens Welcome the Gospel.

CHRISTIANS! see! the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! th' expected day is dawning—
Glorious day-spring from on high;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

2 Heathens at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;
Precious offerings they are bringing—
First-fruits of more perfect praise;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

3 Zion's Sun!—salvation beaming—
Gilding now the radiant hills—
Rise and shine, till brighter gleamings
All the world Thy glory fills;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

4 Lord of every tribe and nation!
Spread Thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of Thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul;
Hallelujah!—
Hail the day-spring from on high!

762 [552] 7s & 6s. *Heber.*

Condition of the Heathen.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

763. L. M. *Anon.*

Prayer for the Heathen.

SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power,
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
O, bid the morning star arise;
O, point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice:
Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

764 [551] L. M. *Winchell's Sel.*

Missionaries Encouraged.

YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more—
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

765 7s & 6s. *Anon.*

Universal Hallelujah.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vails and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

766 [553] 7s. *Marsden.*

The Messengers of God.

GO, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppressed forever weep.

3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven,
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
High the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

767 8s & 7s. *L. H. Sigourney.*

Missionaries Charged.

ONWARD, onward, men of heaven;
Bear the gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given—
Star of every pagan sky:

Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hardy forest-ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow:
India marks its lustre stealing,
Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation
And your death is victory.

768 [555] 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

Missionaries Aroused.

UP! why sleep ye, men of heaven?
Hear ye not the heathen's cry?
Ye to whom the light is given,
Will you suffer them to die?
Haste to save them! haste to save them!
Will you suffer them to die?

2 What are all your hopes and pleasures!
Jesus bids you hence away;
Scatter wide the glorious treasures!
See, they perish while you stay!
Haste to save them! haste to save them!
See, they perish while you stay!

3 Though your native land forsaking,
O'er the waves your path may be,
Pause not, for the morn is breaking,
O'er the islands of the sea;
Haste to raise the gospel banner
'Mid the islands of the sea.

4 Lo, the whitened fields are lying
Ready for the reaper's hand!
On the wings of mercy flying,
Seek the lost in every land.
Bid the dying nations gather
Round the cross in every land!

769 7s & 6s. *Dutton, jr.*

The World Beseiged by Missionaries.

ON Thibet's snow-capped mountains,
O'er Afric's burning sand,
Where roll the fiery fountains
Along Hawai's strand:
In every distant nation,
The mighty globe around,
The heralds of salvation
The Gospel trumpet sound.

2 In golden armor blazing,
They press their onward way,
And, high in air upraising,
The glorious cross display:
Away their weapons hurling,
The warring nations cease,
And hail with joy, unfurling
The banner folds of peace.

3 What though hell's fiery legions
Pour forth their dread array,
Look up—angelic legions
Attend you on your way:

March on, ye sons of heaven,
  This precious promise sing—
The heathen shall be given
  To Christ, our glorious King!

770 8s & 7s, double. *Anon.*

Missionary Farewell.

NATIVE land!—in summer smiling,
  Hill and valley, grove and stream;
Home, whose nameless charms beguiling,
  Peaceful nursed our infant dream:
Haunts to which our childhood hasted,
  Where the earliest wild-flowers grew;
Church, where Christ's free grace we tasted,
  Graved on memory's page—*Adieu!*

2 Mother, who hast watched our pillow,
  In thy tender, sleepless love,
Lo! we dare the crested billow;
  Mother, put thy trust above.
Father, from thy guidance turning,
  O'er the deep our way we take;
Keep the prayerful incense burning
  On thine altar for our sake.

3 Brothers, sisters, more than ever
  Are our fond affections twined,
As that hallowed bond we sever
  Which the hand of Nature joined.
But the cry of heathen anguish
  Through our inmost hearts doth sound;
Countless souls in misery languish,
  We would fly to heal their wounds.

4 Heathen, we would soothe thy weeping;
  Take us to thy anxious breast,
Where some sainted dust is sleeping,
  Let us share a kindred rest.

Friends, this span of life is fleeting,
Hark! the harps of angels swell:
Think of that eternal meeting,
Where no voice shall say—*Farewell!*

771 8s, 7s & 4s. *Cotterell.*

Sympathy for the Heathen.

O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the thronging, wandering nations,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine! Thy blessings bring:
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in Thy wing;
To Thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come,

3 May the millions now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshiping before Him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let Thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at Thy command
Let the heralds of Thy mercy
Lead Thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them,
Always, to the end of time.

772 12s, 11s, & 8s. *Smith.*

The Triumphant Reign of Christ.

THE Prince of salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way;
The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

2 And now through the darkest of earth's gloomy region,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime;
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

3 Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet, hosannas to raise;
Hail Son of the *Highest*, let every knee bending,
Adore thee with offerings of praise.

4 Thy sword and thy buckler shall save and deliver,
The poor and the needy from foes that assail;
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish for ever
The prince and the legions of hell.

5 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Savior,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign——
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

6 Ride on! till the compass of thy great dominion
The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole;
And mankind cemented with friendship and union,
Obey thee with heart and with soul.

7 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And Heaven shall echo the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious praise.

773 L. M. *A. Balfour.*

The Missionary Charged and Encouraged.

GO, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night,
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go bid the rose of Sharon bloom;
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
And bear to heaven a sweet perfume.

3 Go to the hungry—food impart;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide,
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.

4 Go, bid the bright and morning star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

5 O, faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

6 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From Him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

774 8s, 7s & 4s. ***Kelly.***

Departure of Missionaries.

MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns o'er all the earth;
Loud proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings,
Tidings of the Savior's worth.

2 Go to men in darkness sleeping;
Tell that Christ is strong to save;
Go to men in bondage weeping;
Publish freedom to the slave:
Tell the dying,
Christ has triumphed o'er the grave.

3 What though earth, by hell excited,
Should oppose the Savior's reign!
Plead his cause to souls benighted;
Fear ye not the face of men;
Vain the tumult,
Earth and hell will rage in vain.

4 Though exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar mid foes and strangers,
Jesus is your heavenly friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

775 11s, 10s & 8s. *Anon.*

The Promised Time is Coming.

REJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts all are blossoming;
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.
The gospel banner, wide unfurl'd,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,
And every creature, bond and free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear, from south to north,
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall ev'ry heart employ,
And ev'ry voice shall shout for joy.
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of Peace" shall reign,
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way.
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.
The sword and spear of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree, and plow the earth,
For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more.
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

776 7s. *Bowring.*

Report of the Watchman.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory beaming star.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth!
Traveler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come.

777 L. M. *Anon.*

The Monthly Concert.

DELIGHTFUL thought! that sinners may
Commune with God, by night and day,
And yet more sweet, that thousands *now*
Before his throne, in concert bow.

2 Oh, the dear fellowship of prayer,
Its promises, how vast they are!
The prayer of faith can make us rise,
On wings of light above the skies.

3 Great God, thy spirit now impart,
To fire with zeal each languid heart,
Send quickly down that heavenly Dove,
And warm us with a Savior's love.

4 Thy kingdom spread, thy will be done,
From rising to the setting sun;
Thy praise extend from sea to sea,
And fill the vast eternity.

5 Be this our prayer in every breath,
Through life, and in the arms of death;
While saints on earth, and saints above,
Shall join to sing redeeming love.

6 From distant climes may incense rise,
And loud hosannas pierce the skies,
Till every idol throne shall fall,
And Christ be crown'd the Lord of all.

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

778 L. M. *Anon.*

Sabbath-School Missionary.

NIGHT wraps the land where Jesus spoke,
No guiding-star the wise men see;
And heavy his oppression's yoke,
Where first the gospel said, Be free.

2 And where the harps of angels bore
Heaven's message to the shepherd throng,
Good-will and peace are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

3 Send forth, send forth the glorious light,
That from eternal woe doth save;
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

4 Behold, the knee of childhood bends
In prayer for that benighted land;
And with its Sabbath-lessons blends
Fond memory of the mission band.

5 With pitying zeal, oe'r ocean's wave,
We reach the helpless hand to take;
Oh, may we but one wanderer save!
We ask it for a Savior's sake.

779 7s. *Gray.*

Prayer for a Blessing.

SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, Almighty thou.

2 With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teachers blest;
In our lives, and in our hearts,
Father, be thy laws impressed.

3 Shed abroad in every mind
Light and pardon from above,
Charity for all our kind,
Trusting faith and holy love.

780 C. M. *Kennedy.*

The Sabbath-School.

SWEET Sabbath-school, place dear to me,
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will often turn to thee,
My childhood's Sabbath home.

2 Within thy courts of Him I've heard
Whose birth the angels sung,
When o'er the shepherds fill'd with fear,
The star of glory hung.

3 O holy place! where first we shed
The penitential tear;
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.

4 When all our wand'rings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath place
May we our anthems blend.

781 C. M. *Anon.*

Anniversary Hymn.

WE now to Christ, the Savior King,
Our annual tribute pay;
In sweet hosannas here we sing,
For his life-cheering ray:
O, let the heavenly chorus rise,
On this our festal day;
And wake the concord of the skies
With this our joyous lay.

2 Another year has run its round,
Since last we gather'd here;
And still the precious gospel sound
Invites our list'ning ear:
But many Sabbath hours are gone,
Of kind instruction given;
O, may the lessons we have learn'd
Guide us to Christ and heaven.

782 C. M. *Straphan.*

Pleasures of Teaching.

BE ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

2 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin
To seek redeeming grace!

3 Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

783 L. M. *J. H. H.*

The Morning of Life.

IN life's gay morn let children learn
To love the sacred place of prayer;
From sinful ways delight to turn,
And early pay their tribute there.

2 Let buoyant hearts harmonious blend
As youthful lips are tuned to sing,
And lofty strains of praise ascend
To heaven's exalted glorious King.

784 4 lines 7s. *Mrs. Maxwell.*

Sabbath-School Anniversary.

WELCOME to our festival,
Parents, teachers, children, all;
God has spared us through the year,
And in mercy brings us here.

2 All unite to praise our God,
For his grace on us bestowed;
Hallow'd be the songs we raise—
Happy songs of grateful praise.

3 God, who dwells beyond the sky,
Turns on us a gracious eye;
Still prolongs our day of grace;
Gives us time to seek his face.

785 L. M. *Anon.*

Opening of School.

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray;
Be with us then through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

786 C. M. *Anon.*

Death of a Scholar.

DEATH has been here, and borne away
A *brother* from our side—
Just in the morning of *his* day,
As young as we, *he* died.

2 Not long ago, *he* filled *his* place,
And sat with us to learn:
But *he* has run *his* mortal race,
And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last!

4 All needful strength is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

787 8s, 7s & 4s. *Anon.*

Prayer for Success.

THOU, who didst with love and blessing
Gather Zion's babes to thee;
Still a Savior's love expressing,
These, the babes of Zion see;
Bless the labors,
That would bring them up for thee.

2 Smile upon the weak endeavor,
Vain, if thou thy smile deny;
Lo! they rise,—to live forever!
Train, O train, them for the sky!
Ne'er may Satan
Plunder Zion's nursery.

3 Let no self-applauding feeling,
Naught of praise from mortals won,
O'er the heart infectious stealing,
Poison what our hands have done;
Raise the motives,
Sink the pride of every one.

4 Then, when long we both have slumbered,
Side by side, in common dust,
With thy ransomed people numbered,
With the assembly of the just;
Child and teacher,
Savior! own our humble trust.

788 C. M. *Anon.*

Sabbath-School Instruction.

BLEST work! the youthful mind to win,
And turn the rising race
From dark and dangerous paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The way, the life, the truth!

4 Thy Spirit, Father! on us shed,
And bless this good design:
The honors of thy name be spread;
Be all the glory thine.

789 L. M. *Mrs. Maxwell.*

Death of a Teacher.

THE voice is hush'd—the gentle voice,
That told us of a Savior's love;
And made our youthful hearts rejoice,
In hope of heaven, our home above.

2 The eye is dim, the loving eye,
That beam'd so fondly on us here;
Seal'd up in death, the anxious sigh
No more bedews it with a tear!

3 But in the land beyond the grave,
That voice will swell in rapturous tone,
The song to Him who died to save,
And bring the weary trav'ler home,

4 That eye, with holy radiance bright,
Shall kindle like the stars of even;
Like them shall pierce the shades of night,
And sweetly shine on us from heaven.

5 That brow shall wear its glitt'ring crown,
When sun and stars no more shall shine
When death shall lay his sceptre down—
The grave her empire shall resign.

YOUTH.

790 7s & 6s. *S. F. Smith.*

Remember thy Creator.

"REMEMBER thy Creator"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust;
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear:
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

791 [427] C. M. *Anon.*

Remember the Creator.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
Your early honors pay;
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

2 Be wise—and make his favor sure,
Before the mournful day,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decay.

3 The memory of his mighty name
Demands your first regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
Till you have loved the Lord.

792 [426] L. M. *Anon.*

Youth Entreated.

YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes—indulge your tongue,
Enjoy the day of mirth—but know
There is a day of judgment too.

2 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

3 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

793 S. M. *Faucett.*

Prayer for Youth.

GREAT God! with heart and tongue,
For all our youth we pray;
O may they learn, while they are young,
To walk in wisdom's way!

2 Now, in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow!

3 Make their unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 Their hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly thine.

5 Lord, let thy sacred word
Their warmest thoughts employ;
There let them daily find the road
Which leads to endless joy.

794 L. M. *Anon.*

Importance of Early Religion.

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

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

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

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

795 [428] C. M. *Anon.*

Importance of Religion to the Young.

WHILE in the tender years of youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
It summons to the tomb,—

2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy portion, and thy joy.

3 He will in safety guide thy course
O'er life's uncertain sea,
And bring thee to that peaceful shore
Where happy spirits be.

796 [429] S. M. *Anon.*

Dawn of Life.

FROM earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe!

4 Oh let us never tread,
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

797 [435] L. M. *Anon.*

Heaven alone Unfading.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties,
That binds us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud—the morning dew—
The withering grass—the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes, are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour!

3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is pain,
There is a land, whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joy to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

798 C. M. *Anon.*

Youth the Best Time to Serve the Lord.

AMIDST the cheerful bloom of youth,
With ardent zeal pursue
The ways of piety and truth,
With death and heaven in view.

2 Fair wisdom's paths with sweets are strewed,
And pleasures all refined;
There joys divine are shed abroad,
That suit th' immortal mind.

3 Youth is the most accepted time,
To love and serve the Lord;
A flower presented in its prime,
Will much delight afford.

4 He'll crown with peace your rising years,
And make your fruit increase;
Will guide you through this vale of tears,
And bid your sorrows cease.

5 Give Him the morning of your days,
And be forever blest;
'Tis none but those in wisdom's ways
Enjoy substantial rest.

799 C. M. *Anon.*

Death of a Youth.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world delude no more,
Behold the gaping tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,
Let every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

800 C. M. *Anon.*

Child's Morning Hymn.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me up from sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone,
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide:
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

3 O make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace:
Make me like thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

801 C. M. S.

Child's Evening Hymn.

THE daylight fades:
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head:
Father above,
I praise that love
Which smooths and guards my bed.

2 While thou art near,
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour:
Blest Jesus, still
From every ill
Defend me with thy power.

3 Pardon my sin,
And enter in
And sanctify my heart:
Spirit divine,
O make me thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

802 [436] L. M. *Higginbotham.*

Youth Seeking Heavenly Wisdom.

I ASK not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
Nor fleeting pleasures of an hour:
My soul aspires to nobler things
Than all the pride and state of kings.

2 One thing I ask;—Lord! wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear?
Wisdom, descending from above,
The sweetest token of thy love:

3 Wisdom, betimes to know the Lord,
To fear his name and keep his word;
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide and guard my wandering youth.

4 Then shouldst thou grant a length of days,
My life shall still proclaim thy praise;
Or early death my soul convey
To realms of everlasting day.

803 [437] 4 6s & 2 8s. *Jane Taylor.*

Renouncing the World.

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

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

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

4 O may I feel thy worth!
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare:
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

804 C. M. *Heber.*

Early Religion.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair 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.

805 L. M. *Anon.*

The Hosannah of the Children.

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread;
And thine eternal glories rise,
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honor raise;
And babes with uninstructed tongue
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policy confound.

806 C. M. *Anon.*

Early Piety.

O, IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,—

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved;—

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways;—

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
O, then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

807 L. M. *Anon.*

Poor Children's Appeal to Christians.

IN God's own house by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there by viewless angels kept,
Samuel the child securely slept.

2 A voice unknown the stillness broke,
"Samuel" it call'd, and thrice it spoke;
He rose—he ask'd whence came the word?
From Eli? No; it was the Lord.

3 Thus early call'd to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions fir'd his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

4 Speak, Lord! and from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
Thy wak'ning voice has reach'd our ear,
Speak Lord to us, thy servants hear.

5 And ye, who know the Savior's love,
And richly all his mercies prove;
Your timely, friendly aid afford,
That we may early serve the Lord.

808 [431] C. M. *Cowper*

Youthful Piety.

BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root,
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O, hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 For you the public prayer is made;
O, join the public prayer:
For you the secret tear is shed;
O, shed yourselves a tear.

5 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

809 L. M. *Anon.*

Advantages of Early Piety.

CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue:
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints;
His ears are open to their cries:
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh:
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans;
His Son redeems their souls from death:
His Spirit heals their broken bones;
While they in praise employ their breath.

810 L. M. *Anon.*

The Young Invited to Christ.

TO-DAY, if ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go!
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest?
Will you be sav'd from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

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

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

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

FLIGHT OF TIME.

811 L. M. *Anon.*

Time Speeds Away.

TIME speeds away, away, away;
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,
Drop from us like the leaflets sear—
Drop like the life blood from our hearts;
The rose bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

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 lov'd, the friends that bless'd,
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.

812 [421] 7s. *Anon.*

The Evening of Life.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

3 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair
To mourn my latter end.

4 Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

813 C. M. *J. Q. Adams.*

Swiftness of Time.

HOW swift, alas! the moments fly!
How rush the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by—
The burden of a song.

2 See childhood, youth, and manhood, pass,
And age, with furrowed brow;
Time was—time shall be—but, alas!
Where, where in time is now?

3 Time is the measure but of change;
No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of time's unceasing round.

4 Where, then, is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.

5 Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and fears
On time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean.

6 To God let grateful accents rise;
With truth, with virtue, live;
So all the bliss that time denies,
Eternity shall give.

814 [417] 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6. ***J. Burton.***

Life a Winter's Day.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home:
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms:
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home:
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

815 C. M. ***Clarke.***

Flight of Time.

SWIFT as the arrow cuts its way
Through the soft yielding air,
Or as the sun's more subtle ray,
Or lightning's sudden glare:
Or as an eagle to the prey,
Or shuttle through the loom,
So haste our fleeting lives away,
So pass we to the tomb.

2 Like airy bubbles, lo! we rise,
And dance upon life's stream;
Till soon the air that caused, destroys
Th' attenuated frame.

Down the swift stream we glide apace,
And carry death within:
Then break, and scarcely leave a trace
To show that we have been.

3 The man, the wisest of our kind,
Who length of days had seen,
To birth and death a time assign'd,
But none to life between:
Yet O what consequences close
This transient state below!
Eternal joys; or, losing those,
Interminable woe!

816 L. M. *Anon.*

The Sluggard.

AWAKE—awake! each sluggish soul
Awake—and view the setting sun!
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done!

2 Soon will he close our drowsy eyes,
Nor shall we hear these warnings more;
Soon will the mighty Judge approach;
Ev'n now he stands before the door!

3 To-day, attend his gracious voice!
And hear the summons which he sends—
"Awake! for on this passing hour,
Thy long eternity depends!"

817 [418] S. M. *Anon.*

No Traveler Returns.

I SAW, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepared to scan, with strict account,
The blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath, like flaming fire,
In hell forever burns;
And, from that hopeless world of woe,
No fugitive returns.

3 Ye sinners! fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

4 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
O sinners! then your injured God
Will heed your cries no more.

818 [416] C. M. *Anon.*

Shortness of Time.

THE time is short!—sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While yet 'tis called to-day.

2 The time is short!—O sinners, now,
To Christ the Lord submit;
To mercy's golden scepter bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

3 The time is short!—ye saints, rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come:
Soon shall you hear the Savior's voice,
To call you to your home.

4 The time is short!—it swiftly flies—
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wished for land.

5 The time is short!—the moment near,
When we shall dwell above;
And be forever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

819 [425] C. M. *Anon.*

The Lord's Care from Infancy to Age.

ALMIGHTY Father! gracious Lord!
Kind guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the youthful prayer.

3 Each rolling year new favors brought
From thine exhaustless store;
But oh! in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4 While sweet reflection through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim my praise—
The blessings of thy grace.

5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favors more divine—
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

820 [503] C. M. *Watts.*

The Stream of Time.

O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd 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 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream—
Dies at the op'ning day.

821 [415] S. M. ***Doddridge.***

Importance of To-Day.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O, be that still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

822 C. M. *Watts.*

Brevity and Frailty of Life.

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

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

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

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

823 [423] L. M. *Heginbotham.*

The God of all Grace.

GREAT God, let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours—
Thy hand, from whence my being came.

2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 My life, my health, my friends, I owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

4 Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more,
And after death thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years, adore.

824 L. M. *Doddridge.*

Thoughtless Haste to Eternity.

GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw,
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea—
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Upon the rapid streams are borne,
Swift on to their eternal home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore on either side,
Presents a gaudy flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys,
Beyond its measure and its power.

825 S. M. *Doddridge.*

Where are our Fathers?

HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone!

3 And where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell?
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a glomy cell?

4 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before Thy face.

826 8, 8, 6. *Green.*

The Swiftness of Time.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole:
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I must launch through boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen:
The moments swiftly pass between,

And whisper as they fly:
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
Thou soon must gasp and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call:
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing and love as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

827 10s, 5s, & 11s. *C. Wesley.*

Duties Reviewed with the Passing Year.

COME, let us anew, Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will Let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life as a dream: Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I've finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

828 7s & 6s. *Smith.*

The Stream of Life.

AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hastening to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us,—
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us;
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware! lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament forever
The ruin of thy soul.

OPENING AND CLOSING YEAR.

829 7s. *Anon.*

The New Year.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 Spared to see another year,
Come, thy precious work revive;
Let thy blessing meet us here,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive:
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Let our prayer thy pity move;
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes,
Make this year a time of love.

830 L. M. *Anon.*

Opening Year.

BLEST be th' Eternal Infinite!
Whose skill conducts this rolling sphere;
Who rules our day, who guards our night,
And guides the swift, revolving year!

2 Our race are falling ev'ry hour,
While we distinguish'd yet appear;
'Tis of thy matchless love and pow'r,
That we are spar'd another year.

3 O! for a sweet refreshing time;
Savior! thy people wish thee near:
Come, and our joys shall be sublime,
While we begin another year.

4 May thy good Spirit be our guide,
While thus we stay as pilgrims here;
Nor let us from our God backslide,
As we have done the former year.

5 Strengthen our faith, increase our love:
Fill us with godly, filial fear;
And to thy waiting children prove
Thy grace thro' ev'ry fleeting year.

6 This truth impress on ev'ry soul,
That vast eternity is near;
That time's swift moments onward roll,
To bring the last, the closing year.

7 When nature in a blaze shall die,
Or death conclude our being here;
Then to our Jesus may we fly,
To spend a never-ending year.

831 6 8s. *Wesley.*

Watch Night.

HOW many pass the guilty night
In reveling and frantic mirth;
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth:
For us suffice the season past!
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep;
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep:
So many nights on sin bestowed,
Can we not watch an hour for God?

3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
Devote our every hour to thee;
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake
And sing with cheerful melody;
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 Blest object of our faith and love,
We listen for thy welcome voice;
Our persons and our works approve,
And bid us in thy strength rejoice;
Now let us hear the mighty cry,
And shout to find the Bridegroom nigh.

832 C. M. *Doddridge.*

For New-Year's Day.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year:
How swift the weeks complete their round,
How short the months appear.

2 How fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath done,
God's judgment shall survey!

3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift revolving year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, oh God, my careless heart,
Its great concern to see,
That I may act the Christian part.
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise:
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joys above the skies!

833 L. M. *Anon.*

New-Year.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported, still we stand;
The op'ning year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

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

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown;
Our breath is thine, eternal God,
'Tis thine to fix our soul's abode;

4 To thee our spirits we resign;
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they smile secure from fear,
Tho' death should blast the rising year.

834 C. M. *Wesley.*

A Midnight Song.

JOIN, all ye ransom'd sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls he leads;
Thither he bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet Him in the skies.

835 C. M. *Anon.*

Closing Year.

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

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

3 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for my former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

836 4 6s & 2 8s. *C. Wesley.*

The Bridegroom Cometh.

YE virgin souls, arise;
With all the dead, awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry—
Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Made ready for your full reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a vail, his face.

4 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

5 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found:
And when thou dost the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now.

837 L. M. *Anon.*

God's Perpetual Care.

OUR Helper, God, we bless his name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make his mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

838 C. M. *Doddridge.*

Close of the Year.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high,
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

839 4 6s & 2 8s. *Anon*

The Barren Fig-Tree.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days,—
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

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

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried,—Let it still alone:
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

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

HARVEST.

840 C. M. *Needham.*

Summer—An Harvest Song.

TO praise the ever bounteous Lord,
My soul wake all thy pow'rs:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seed of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.

5 Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sow'd in hope.

841 6s & 4s. *Montgomery.*

Praise to the God of Harvest.

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

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

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

842 L. M. *Doddridge.*

The Year Crowned with Goodness.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Thy praise may well our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to vail the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores,
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a dreary aspect wear.

5 Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade,
Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise.

843 L. M. *Campbell.*

The Joy in Harvest.

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favor still doth crown our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.

2 The harvest song we would repeat:
"Thou givest us the finest wheat:"
"The joy of harvest," we have known:
The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
O, give us hearts to bless thee, Lord;
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace:
Mature our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low;

5 That so, when angel reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

844 L. M. *Anon.*

Goodness of God Celebrated.

JOIN, every tongue, to praise the Lord;
All nature rests upon his word;
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.

2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Enriched with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

3 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
In all the earth thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear:
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

845 C. M. *Anon.*

Seed-time and Harvest.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And gav'st refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed-time nor harvests, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

846 C. M. *Watts.*

The Providence of God, in Air, Earth, and Sea.

'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons, and times, and moons, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
Whose watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still
Thy goodness crowns the year.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

847 L. M. *Rippon.*

Helping the Poor.

O WHAT stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of heaven!
Rebels He deigns to call His sons—
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine—
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and sickness help apply.

4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life, his way.

5 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

848 C. M. *Anon.*

Sympathy for the Sick.

GO to the pillow of disease,
Where night gives no repose,
And on the cheek where sickness preys,
Bid health to plant the rose.

2 Go where the friendless stranger lies;
To perish is his doom;
Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,
And bring his blessing home.

3 Thus what our Heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy Him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

849. [380] C. M. *Doddridge.*

Receiving Christ's Poor.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich Thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum!
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are Thine?

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before Thy Father's face.

4 In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress,
My Savior's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
I in Thy poor would see;
O let me rather beg my bread,
Than keep it back from Thee.

850 L. M. *Gibbons.*

The Miser may Last but never Lives.

TEACH us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

2 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank!

3 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Savior trod,
The path to glory and to God.

851 C. M. *Croswell.*

Imitate Christ in doing Good.

LORD, lead the way the Savior went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like His, upon the poor.

2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Savior's sake,
They lose not their reward.

852 C. M. *Wesley.*

The Steward of the Lord.

FATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my all restored:
My all, thy property I own:
The steward of the Lord.

2 Confiding wholly in thy love,
Through Jesus strengthning me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.

3 Determined all thy will to' obey,
Thy blessings I restore;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore.

853 L. M. *Anon.*

Our Gold and Silver the Lord's.

THE gold and silver are the Lord's,
And ev'ry blessing earth affords,
All come from his propitious hand,
And must return at his command.

2 The blessings which I now enjoy,
I must for Christ and souls employ;
For if I use them as my own,
My Lord will soon call in his loan.

3 When I to him in want apply,
He never does my suit deny;
And shall I then refuse to give,
Since I so much from him receive?

4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,
And clothe himself in humble clay?
Shall he become despis'd and poor,
To make me rich forever more?

5 And shall I wickedly withhold,
To give my silver and my gold?
To aid a cause my soul approves,
And save the sinners Jesus loves?

6 Expand my heart—incline me, Lord,
To give the whole I can afford;
That, what thy bounty renders mine,
I may with cheerful hands resign.

854 C. P. M. *Anon.*

Rejoicing in Charity.

NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to his praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Let music, sweet as incense, rise,
With grateful odors to the skies;
The work of joy and love.

2 How many children, Lord, we see
In ignorance and misery,
Unprincipled, untaught!
Shall they *continue* still to lie
In ignorance and misery?
We cannot bear the thought.

3 We feel a sympathizing heart:
Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart,
To thee thine own we give:
Hear thou our cry, and pitying see;
O let these children live to thee!
O let these children live!

855 [379] C. M. *Boden.*

Kindness to the Afflicted.

BRIGHT Source of everlasting love,
To thee our souls we raise,
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With every cheering ray,
And kindly checks the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
The goodness feeble man can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

4 To scenes of woe, to beds of pain,
We'll cheerfully repair,
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the sufferers there.

5 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be glad;
And hungering souls we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.

6 Thus what our heavenly Father gave,
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

856 [377] C. M. *Doddridge.*

Christian Kindness.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When throned above the skies,
And, in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Savior flew
To raise us from the ground;
For us he shed his precious blood—
A balm for every wound.

857 [378] C. M. *Barbauld.*

Sympathy with the Afflicted.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain;—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A brother's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Himself, through Christ, hath mercy found—
Free mercy from above;
That mercy moves him to fulfill
The perfect law of love.

OPPRESSION.

858 C. M. *Ware.*

Oppression shall not always Reign.

OPPRESSION shall not always reign,
There comes a brighter day,
When freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant sway.

2 Then right shall over might prevail,
And truth, full armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

3 What voice shall bid the progress stay
Of truth's victorious car?
What arm arrests the growing day,
Or quench the solar star?

4 What soul shall dare, tho' stout and strong,
Restore the ancient wrong;
Oppression's guilty night prolong,
And freedom's morning bar?

5 The hour of triumph comes apace,
The fated, promised hour,
When earth upon a ransomed race
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.

6 Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell,
On high thy banner swell,
Let trump on trump the triumph swell,
Of Heaven's redeeming power.

859 C. M. *Peabody.*

The Slave our Neighbor.

WHO is thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbor? 'tis the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave,
Go thou and ransom him.

5 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

860 7s & 6s. *Montgomery.*

The Author of Freedom.

HAIL, to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,—
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,—
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

861 S. M. *Drummond.*

Breaking every Yoke, our Work.

"IS this a fast for me?"
Thus saith the Lord our God;
"A day for man to vex his soul
And feel affliction's rod?

2 "No; is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose—
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose?

3 "To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal?

4 "Then, like the morning ray,
Shall spring your health and light,
Before you, righteousness shall shine,
Behind, my glory bright!"

862 C. M. *Milton.*

Plea for the Bondman.

DEFEND the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.

2 Regard the weak and fatherless,
Dispatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.

3 Rise, God! judge Thou the earth in might,
The oppressed land redress;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

863 S. M. *Johnson.*

Universal Brotherhood of Man.

HUSH the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call!
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
Are we not brothers all?

2 Want, from the wretch depart!
Chains, from the captive fall!
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart—
Sufferers are brothers all.

3 Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition wall!
Let love each harsher feeling drown—
Christians are brothers all.

4 Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That Heaven its work at length may own
And men be brothers all.

864 7s. *Follen.*

The Captive's Prayer.

MAY the captive's pleading fill
All the earth, and all the sky;
Every other voice be still,
While he pleads with God on high.

2 He, whose ear is every where,
Who doth silent sorrow see,
Will regard the captive's prayer,
Will from bondage set him free.

3 From the tyranny within,
Save thy children, Lord! we pray;
Chains of iron, chains of sin,
Cast, for ever cast away.

4 Love to man, and love to God,
Are the weapons of our war;
These can break th' oppressor's rod—
Burst the bonds that we abhor.

865 7s. *Montgomery.*

Oppression not of God.

GOD made all His creatures free;
Life itself is liberty;
God ordained no other bands
Than united hearts and hands.

2 Sin the primal charter broke—
Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke;
Tyranny with sin began,
Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.

3 But a better day shall be,
Life again be liberty,
And the wide world's only bands
Love-knit hearts and love-linked hands.

4 So shall every slavery cease,
All God's children dwell in peace,
And the new-born earth record
Love, and Love alone, is Lord.

866 12s. *Whittier.*

Universal Freedom Anticipated.

MAY freedom speed onward, wherever the blood
Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying to God;
Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,
Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of heart.

2 Wherever the skackles of tyranny bind
In silence and darkness the God-given mind,
There, Lord, speed it onward! the truth shall be felt,
The bonds shall be loosened, the iron will melt.

3 Help us turn from the cavil of words, to unite
Once again for the poor in defense of the right,
Unappalled by the danger, the shame or the pain,
And counting each trial for truth as our gain.

867 L. M. *Anon.*

Prayer for Deliverance.

LORD, when Thine ancient people cried,
Oppressed and bound by Egypt's king,
Thou didst Arabia's sea divide,
And forth Thy fainting Israel bring.

2 Lo, in these latter days, our land
Groans with the anguish of the slave;
Lord God of hosts! stretch forth Thy hand,
Not shortened that it can not save.

3 Roll back the swelling tide of sin,
The lust of gain, the lust of power;
The day of freedom usher in;
How long delays the appointed hour?

4 As Thou of old to Miriam's hand
The thrilling timbrel didst restore,
And to the joyful song her hand
Echoed from desert to the shore;—

5 O let Thy smitten ones again
Take up the chorus of the free—
"Praise ye the Lord! His power proclaim,
For He hath conquered gloriously!"

868 L. M. *Anon.*

Africa's Condition Bemoaned.

WHEN injured Afric's captives claim,
Loads the sad gale with startling moan,
The frown of deep indignant blame,
Bend not on *Southern climes* alone.

2 Her toil, and chain, and scalding tear,
Our daily board with luxuries deck;
And to dark slavery's yoke severe,
Our fathers helped to bow her neck.

3 But if with Pilate's stoic eye,
We calmly *wash* when blood is spilt,
Or deem a cold unpitying sigh
Absolves us from the stain of guilt,—

4 Or if, like Jacob's recreant train,
Who traffic'd in a brother's woe,
We hear the suppliant plead in vain,
Or mock his tears that wildly flow,—

5 Will not the judgment of the skies,
Which threw a shield round Joseph sold,
Be rous'd by fetter'd Afric's cries,
And change to dross th' oppressor's gold!

THANKSGIVING.

869 7s. *Anon.*

Thanksgiving.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;—
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,—
Never feel oppression's rod,—
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

870 C. M. *Anon.*

Thanksgiving for Health after Pestilence.

SOV'REIGN of life, we own thy hand
In this late chast'ning stroke;
And, since we've smarted by thy rod,
Thy presence we invoke.

2 To thee in our distress we cried,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear;
The pestilence thou hast remov'd,
And brought deliv'rance near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness;
That, with the pious throng,
We may record our solemn vows,
And tune our grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, who staid the sword
And said, "it is enough;"
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

5 Our God, in thine appointed hour,
Those heav'nly gates display,
Where pain, and sickness, fear and death
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the bless'd,
With raptures bow around,
Our anthems to deliv'ring grace,
In sweeter strains shall sound.

871 S. M. *E. Scott*

The Sacrifice of Gratitude.

THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own;
We praise thy providential care,
That showers its blessings down.

2 With joy thy people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.

3 O, may this sacrifice,
While at thy feet we bend,
An odor of a sweet perfume,
To thee, the Lord, ascend.

4 Well pleased our God will view
The products of his grace;
With endless life will he fulfill
His kindest promises.

872 L. M. *Anon.*

Thanksgiving for National Peace.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign;
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain;

3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r:
Thy word the angry nations own
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
Sweet peace! with her what blessings felt;
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfill.

6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness and adore.

873 11s & 8s. *Montgomery.*

Thanksgiving and Praise in the Sanctuary.

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

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

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

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

874 L. M. *Watts.*

PSALM.

Thanksgiving for National Deliverance.

HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide.

2 The swelling tide had stopped our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll;
We had been swallow'd deep in death:
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare;
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies;
He, that upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PARENTAL HYMNS.

875 S. M. *Campbell.*

Solicitude for the Conversion of Children.

THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine;
Now make these children pure in heart,
Make them entirely thine.

4 To-day in love descend;
O, come this precious hour;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

5 Our laboring bosoms bleed
Till thou our griefs dispel;
Sure is the promise which we plead,
In all things ordered well.

6 Low bending at thy feet,
Our offspring we resign:
Thine arm is strong, thy love is great,
And high thy glories shine.

876 C. M. *Anon.*

Prayer for Children's Conversion.

O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
A needy, sinful band;
As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast given;
Where shall we go, in time of need,
But to the God of heaven?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
But, in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

4 We seek the Spirit's quickening grace,
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before thy face
And see thee as thou art.

877 C. M. *Ch. Psalm.*

Parental Solicitude

HOW can we see the children, Lord,
In love whom thou hast given,
Remain regardless of thy word,
Without a hope of heaven?

2 How can we see them tread the path
That leads to endless death,
Thus adding to thy fearful wrath,
With every moment's breath?

3 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
And save our children dear:
Now send thy Spirit from on high,
And fill them with thy fear.

4 O, make them love thy holy law,
And joyful walk therein;
Their hearts to new obedience draw;
Save them from every sin.

878 S. M. *Fellows.*

Prayer for Offspring.

GREAT God, now condescend—
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 O, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
Their hearts to sanctify;
Remember now thy gracious word:
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.

879 C. M. *Anon.*

Maternal Association.

GREAT God, we would to thee make known
Each fond, maternal care;
For this we gather round thy throne,
And bring our children there.

2 We ask not wealth, long life, or fame,
Or aught the world can give;
May they but glorify thy name,
And to thy honor live.

3 This is the burden of our prayer—
When from our bosoms riven,
May they be objects of thy care,
And heirs, at last, of heaven.

THE SEASONS.

880 C. M. *Newton.*

Spring.

AT length the wished-for spring has come:
How altered is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dressed in bloom,
The earth arrayed in green.

2 O, let my inmost soul confess,
With grateful joy and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.

3 Inspired to praise, my heart would join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
While love and gratitude combine
To tune my joyful tongue.

881 S. M. *Anon.*

The Charms of Spring.

SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year;

But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.

2 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh;
But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn
Before the light of truth

3 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view
With pearly, glittering drops;
But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen,
Its freshness to distill.

882 C. M. *Steele.*

Spring.

WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day.

2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

883 7s, 6s & 8s. *Mason.*

Summer Morning.

HOW beautiful the morning,
When summer days are long;
O we will rise betime, and hear
The wild-bird's happy song—
For when the sun pours down his ray,
The bird will cease to sing;
She'll seek the cool and silent shade,
And sit with folded wing.

2 Up in the morning early—
'Tis Nature's gayest hour!
While pearls of dew adorn the grass,
And fragrance fills the flowers—
Up in the morning early,
And we will bound abroad,
And fill our hearts with melody,
And raise our songs to God.

884 7s & 6s. *Anon.*

Autumn.

THE leaves, around me falling,
Are preaching of decay;
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away!"
The day, in night declining,
Says I must, too, decline;
The year, its life resigning,—
Its lot foreshadows mine.

2 The light my path surrounding,
The loves, to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing,—
All melt like stars of even,
Before the morning's ray,—
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide at my delay.

3 The friends, gone there before me
Are calling from on high;
And joyous angels o'er me,
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
"Why wait," they say, "and wither
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
O, rise to glory, hither,
And find true life begin."

4 I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come—
A sinner to salvation;
An exile to his home:
But, while I here must linger,
Thus, thus let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

885 8s & 7s. *Horne.*

Autumn.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,—

2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

3 "What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place."

4 On the tree of life eternal
Let our highest hopes be stayed:
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

886 C. M. *Steele*

Winter.

STERN Winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!

2 The sun withholds his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray:
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

4 O happy state! divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

5 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

887 C. M. *Watts.*

Winter.

THE hoary frost, the fleecy snow,
Descend, and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

2 When from his dreadful stores on high,
God pours the sounding hail,
The man that does his power defy
Shall find his courage fail.

3 God sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

4 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

888 H. M. *Dwight*

Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter.

HOW pleasing is the voice
Of God, our heavenly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring!

Bright suns arise, | And beauty glows
The mild wind blows, | Thro' earth and skies.

2 The morn with glory crowned,
His hand arrays in smiles:
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills:

The evening breeze | His beauty blooms
His breath perfumes; | In flowers and trees.

3 With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms,
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms:

His gifts divine | And round the year
Through all appear; | His glories shine.

WEDDING HYMNS.

889 C. M. *Anon.*

Marriage Hymn.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding-guest.

2 Upon this bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er;
May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

890 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

A Marriage Hymn.

LORD, we come to ask thy blessing
On the happy pair to rest;
May thy goodness, never ceasing,
Make them now and ever blest.

2 Thou canst change the course of nature,
Turning water into wine;
But we ask a greater favor—
May they be forever thine.

3 Thine by cov'nant and adoption,
Thine by free and sov'reign grace;
May they, in each word and action,
Do thy will and speak thy praise.

4 Gracious Lord, from thy free bounty,
Fill their basket and their store;
Give them, with their health and plenty,
Hearts thy goodness to adore.

5 Often from their happy dwelling,
May the voice of prayer ascend,
For thy mercies still increasing,
To their best, their kindest Friend.

6 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,
Storms are thick and dangers nigh;
O may constant pure devotion,
Guide them safe to realms on high.

891 L. M. *Anon.*

The Nuptial Vow.

WITH grateful hearts and tuneful lays,
We sing before th' Eternal Throne,
And offer up our humble praise
To him whose name is God alone.

2 At this auspicious hour draw near,
And shed thy richest blessings down;
Fill ev'ry heart with love sincere,
And all thy faithful mercies crown.

3 Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,
And hearken to our fervent pray'r;
The nuptial vow in heav'n record,
And bless the newly-married pair.

4 Oh guide them safe this desert through,
'Mid all the cares of life and love;
May they with joy thy glories view,
In the eternal world above.

TEMPERANCE.

892 C. M. *Anon.*

"Who is my Neighbor?"

THY neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hands may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou, and succor him.

3 Thy neighbor? 'Tis that drunken man,
Whose years are at their brim;
But low with poverty and pain—
Go, thou, and rescue him.

4 Thy neighbor? 'Tis his wife bereft
Of every earthly gem—
His wife and children, helpless left—
Go thou, and shelter them.

5 Where'er thou meet'st a human form,
'Neath drunkenness bent down;
Remember, 'tis thy neighbor worm—
Thy brother, or thy son.

893 L. M. *Anon.*

Thanksgiving for the Reform of a Drunkard.

WE praise Thee, Lord! if but one soul,
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Turned shudd'ring from the pois'nous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.

2 We praise Thee—if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come,
Erect, and in his perfect mind.

3 No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end—
No more the trembling mind to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

4 Still give us grace, Almighty King!
Unwavering at our posts to stand;
Till grateful at thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land.

894 C. M. *Anon.*

Ravages of Intemperance.

INTEMP'RANCE, like a raging flood
Is sweeping o'er the land;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are trac'd on every hand.

2 It still flows on, and bears away
Ten thousands to their doom:
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb?

3 Almighty God! no hand but thine
Can check the flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of power divine,
And bid the flood subside.

4 Dry up the source from whence it flows,
Destroy its fountain head:
That dire Intemp'rance and its woes
No more the earth o'erspread.

895 L. M. *Anon.*

Total Abstinence.

OH! turn from the wine-glass away,
Nor look on wine when it's red;
At last like a serpent at play,
It stings and the poison will spread.
The eyes it inflames with desire,
The heart with all manner of sin,
It setteth the bosom on fire,
Consuming the spirit within.

2 Oh! turn from the wine-glass away,
Nor look on the wine when it's red;
Though urg'd by the wealthy and gay,
Remember the blood it hath shed!
Touch not with the poison thy lips,
If thou wouldst be free from its pains;
For he is in danger who sips—
He only is safe who abstains.

896 L. M. *Sargent.*

"Strong Drink is Raging."

SLAVERY and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

2 Hosannas, Lord! to Thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys:
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days!

3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound;
The wife regains a husband freed!
The orphan clasps a father found!

4 Spare, Lord! the thoughtless; guide the blind;
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

897 C. M. *Anon.*

Sympathy for the Drunkard.

HELP us to feel for drunken man,
In all his sin and woe;
And let our bright example teach
The way he ought to go.

2 Let not our conduct harden him;
But fill our our souls with care,
To snatch him from the pit of death,
And break the fatal snare.

3 Inflam'd with love and holy zeal,
Ne'er would we cease to pray,
And watch and strive, that he may reach
The realms of endless day.

898 8s, 7s, & 4s. *Anon.*

For Temperance Meetings.

ROUND the temp'rance standard rally,
All the friends of human kind;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing and blind:
Loudly tell them
How they comfort now may find.

2 Bear the blissful tidings onwards,
Bear them all the world around;
Let the myriads thronging downwards,
Hear the sweet and blissful sound,
And, obeying,
In the paths of peace be found.

3 Plant the temp'rance standard firmly,
Round it live, and round it die;
Young and old defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory,
And all nations
Hail the happy Jubilee.

FOR SEAMEN.

899 L. M. *Watts.*

The Seamen's Song.

WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
With hardy mariners survey
The unknown regions of the sea.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind;
Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Bereaved of hope, to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
The grateful band their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.

5 O, may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
Let them their purest offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

900 C. M. *Addison.*

The Christian Mariner Safe.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air,

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid; the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

901 L. M. *Cowper.*

Temptation Compared to a Storm.

THE billows swell; the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Savior through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy rain
Force back my shattered bark again.

902 C. M. *Anon.*

Prayer for Seamen.

WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united pleas,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the seas.

2 O, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops in the sea.

3 Then may a Savior's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

903 L. M. *L. H. Sigourney.*

Prayer at Sea.

PRAYER may be sweet in cottage homes,
Where sire and child devoutly kneel,
While through the open casement nigh
The vernal blossoms fragrant steal.

2 Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,
Where heart with kindred heart is blent,
And upward to th' eternal throne
The hymn of praise melodious sent.

3 But he who fain would know how warm
The soul's appeal to God may be,
From friends and native land should turn
A wanderer on the faithless sea;—

4 Should hear its deep, imploring tone
Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,
When billows toss the fragile bark,
And fearful blasts the conflict urge.

5 Nought, nought appears but sea and sky;
No refuge where the foot may flee:
How will he cast, O Rock divine,
The anchor of his soul on thee.

904 C. M. *Anon.*

Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm.

OUR little bark, on boisterous seas,
By cruel tempests tost,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Expecting to be lost,—

2 We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
Breathed out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
We begged return of peace.

3 Then caused the stormy winds to blow;
The surges ceased to roll;
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to the soul.

4 O, may our grateful, trembling hearts
Their hallelujahs sing
To him who hath our lives preserved,—
Our Savior and our King.

905 L. M. *H. K. White.*

The Star of Bethlehem.

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 Savior speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
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 forevermore,—
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

906 12s. *Heber.*

"Save, Lord, or we Perish."

WHEN thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seamen to cherish,
We fly to our Maker,—"Save, Lord, or we perish."

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,—
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And, O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its sad warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer,—"Save, Lord, or we perish."

907 8s 7s & 4s. *Anon.*

Christ the Guiding Star at Sea.

STAR of peace, to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea, &c.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea, &c.

4 Star divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea, &c.

5 Star of hope, gleams on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea, &c.

908 C. M. *Anon.*

The Tempest.

THE tempest beat against my bark,
The wrathful winds were high;
And threatening blasts, like couriers, brought
Dark tidings from the sky;

2 And hoarsely o'er my sinking head
Roll'd on the thundering sea;—
Then, from the regions of the dead,
O, Lord! I cried to thee!

3 The faithless sun behind the cloud
Withdrew his guarding light;
And every star its lamp withheld
From that portentous night.

4 They fled and left me all alone,
In darkness, and in fear;
And so I told my woes to God,
And He vouchsaf'd to hear.

5 Yes, from the lowest depths to Him
I rais'd a fervent cry;
Why should a helpless worm despair,
When such a friend is nigh?

909 7s. *Anon.*

On Going on Shipboard.

LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined;
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave,
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er.
Land us on the heavenly shore.

PEACE.

910 8s & 7s. *Gilbert.*

The Reign of Peace.

HARK! the sounds of joy and gladness;
Whence the shout of rural mirth?
Man repents his murderous madness,
Man, the tiger of the earth!
Lo! the glittering sword descending,
Cleaves the soil it drenched before;
And the spear, the vintage tending,
Gives its work of carnage o'er.

2 Men, not now their hands imbruing,
Brother, in a brother's blood,
Sport with terror, death, and ruin,
Reckless borne on passion's flood;
Arts of peace, the nation's blessing,
Clothe the hills, the valleys cheer;
While the world, its wrongs redressing,
Breathes a new, Sabbatic year.

3 Lord of earth! its mournful story
Hasten, in Thy grace, to close;
Bring the days of brighter glory,
Calm its tumults, heal its woes;
All, around the cross uniting,
Blend in one harmonious throng;
Peace, the rolls of time inditing,
Love, the universal song.

911 L. M. *Anon.*

Peace, the Watchword of Angels.

"PEACE," was the song the angels sang,
When Jesus sought this vale of tears,
And sweet that heavenly prelude rang,
To calm the watchful shepherd's fears:
"War," is the word that man hath spoke,
Convulsed by passion dark and dread;
And pride enforced a lawless yoke,
E'en while the gospel's banner spread.

2 "Peace" was the prayer the Savior breathed
When from our world his steps withdrew;
The gift he to his friends bequeathed,
With Calvary and the cross in view:—
Redeemer! with adoring love,
Our spirits take thy rich bequest,
The watchword of the host above,
The passport to their realms of rest

912 L. M. *Anon.*

"Peace and Good Will."

THE star was bright o'er Bethlehem's plain,
The shepherds watch'd their fleecy train,
When sudden gleam'd the sky—the tongue
Of angel bands in concert sung.

2 "Peace and good will," eternal song;
"Good will," while ages roll along;
The Savior comes, let nations hear,—
Be hush'd each grief, be wiped each tear.

3 No more shall war bear iron sway,
Vengeance and wrath shall pass away;
Oppression bind no more its chain,
And gladness dwell on earth again.

4 The harp that melted Eden's bower,
Shall breathe once more its soothing power;
And peace and praise, and truth shall bless
The world with hope and loveliness.

913 L. P. M. *Anon.*

War Lamented.

OUR earth we now lament to see,
With floods of wickedness o'erflow'd;
With vi'lence, wrong, and cruelty,
One wide-extended field of blood,
Where men like fiends each other tear,
In all the hellish rage of war.

2 O, might the universal Friend,
This havoc of his creatures see!
Bid our unnatural discord end;
Declare us reconcil'd in thee:
Write kindness on our inward parts,
And chase the murderer from our hearts.

3 Who now against each other rise,
The nations of the earth constrain,
To follow after peace, and prize
The blessings of thy righteous reign,
The joys of unity to prove,
The paradise of perfect love.

914 C. M. *Anon.*

Horrors of War.

O CHRISTIAN, see that dread array,
A marshall'd army stand;
Hear the drums beat—'tis battle-day,
And madness leads the band.

2 'Mid clash of arms and cannon's roar,
And shrieks that rend the skies;
In torrents deep of human gore,
Man curses *man*, and dies!

3 Was it "To arms," the Savior said,
When enemies were round?
Did he call legions to his aid,
And dash them to the ground?

4 O no! his words were all "Forgive,"
And meekly bore the ill;
He died himself that they might live,
And Christ is mercy still.

AFFLICTION AND HUMILIATION.

915 C. M. *Moore.*

Light in Darkness.

O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sin and sorrow here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too,—

5 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

6 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

916 C. M *Beddome.*

The Benefit of Affliction.

O GOD, to thee my sinking soul
In deep distress doth fly;
Thy love can all my griefs control,
And all my wants supply.

2 How oft, when dark misfortune's band
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill, at thy command,
Hath changed to real good!

3 The tempest that obscured the sky
Hath set my bosom free
From earthly care and sensual joy,
And turned my thoughts to thee.

4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn
To feel for others' woe,
And humbly seek, with deep concern
My own defects to know.

5 Then rage, ye storms; ye billows, roar;
My heart defies your shock;
Ye made me cling to God the more—
To God, my sheltering Rock.

917 C. M. *Watts.*

Relief from National Judgments Implored.

LORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land;
Behold, thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand;
And mercy ne'er return?

2 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
O, heal the people thou hast broke,
And spare our guilty land.

3 Then shall our loud and grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God,
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

918 C. M. *Wesley.*

The Lord is my Rock.

THOU rock of my salvation, haste;
Extend thine ample shade;
And let it over me be cast,
To screen my naked head.

2 Defend me in this trying hour;
My sure protection be;
My shelter from the tempest's power,
Till I am fix'd on thee.

3 O set upon thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand;
From fierce temptation's rage and heat
Protect me with thy hand.

4 Now let me in the cleft be placed;
Nor my defense remove;
Within thine arms of love embraced,—
Thine arms of endless love.

919 C. M. *S. Stennett.*

Pleading with God under Affliction.

WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh and every pain
Is but the fruit of sin?

2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul:
One trouble to another cries;
Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope, from hope to fear,
My shipwrecked soul is tost,
Till I am tempted, in despair,
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look,
Once more to thee, my God;
O, fix my feet upon the rock,
Beyond the raging flood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease;
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

920 L. M. *Cowper.*

Sanctified Affliction.

LORD, unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path how long I strayed!
But thou hast made me feel thy rod,
And turned my soul to thee my God.

2 What though it pierced my fainting heart?
I bless thy hand which caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

3 O, hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised;
And still the snare, in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betrayed.

4 I love thy chastenings, O my God;
They fix my hopes on thy abode,
Where, in thy presence, fully blest,
Thy stricken saints forever rest.

921 C. M. *Rippon.*

Judgments for National Sins Deprecated.

ALMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord;
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not yield to fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

922 S. M. *Anon.*

Tribulation to be Expected.

AS strangers here below,
With various woes oppress'd,
We must through tribulation go
To our eternal rest.

2 Thus Christ, our glorious Head,
Ascended to his throne:—
Why should his servants fear to tread
The way their Lord has gone?

3 The path to glory lies
Through conflict and distress:—
But joyful we at length shall rise,
The kingdom to possess.

923 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

The Waves of Affliction.

LONE, amidst the dead and dying,
Lord, my spirit faints for Thee;
Longing, thirsting, drooping, sighing,—
When shall I Thy presence see?

2 O, how altered my condition;
Late I led the joyous throng;
Beat my heart with full fruition,
Flowed my lips with grateful song.

3 Now the storm goes wildly o'er me,
Waves on waves my soul confound;
Nought but boding fears before me,
Nought but threat'ning foes around.

4 Save me, save me, O my Father!
To thy faithful word I cling;
Thence, my soul! thy comfort gather;
Hope! and thou again shalt sing.

924 8s & 4s. *Anon.*

Weep not for Me.

WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is streaming,
Weep not for me;
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing—
Weep not for me!

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine, He cannot fail me—
Weep not for me:
Yet though sin and doubt endeavor
From His love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever:
Weep not for me!

925 L. M. *Kelly.*

Encouragement to the Afflicted.

POOR and afflicted, Lord, are thine,
Among the great unfit to shine;
But though the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.

2 Poor and afflicted—'tis their lot,
They know it, and they murmur not;
'Twould ill-become them to refuse
The state their Master deigned to choose.

3 Poor and afflicted—yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King;
Through sufferings perfect now he reigns,
And shares in all their griefs and pains.

4 Poor and afflicted—but ere long
They join the bright celestial throng;
Their sufferings then will reach a close,
And heaven afford them sweet repose.

926 L. M. *Madame Guion.*

Contentment under Sorrow.

IF life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it; I am well content;
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfill
In life, in death, Thy perfect will;
No succors in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered: let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care:
'Tis Thine to number out our days;
'Tis ours to give them to Thy praise.

4 Faith is our only business here,—
Faith simple, constant and sincere;
O blessed days Thy servants see!
Thus spent, O Lord! in pleasing Thee.

927 C. P. M. *Anon.*

Mutual Trials.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades in the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saint's secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

928 L. M. *Fawcett.*

As Thy Day is, so is Thy Strength.

AFFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near,
Thy Savior's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 When called by him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

5 When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,—
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be,"

929 7s. *Anon.*

Sick-bed Softened by Jesus.

O, HOW soft that bed must be,
Made in sickness, Lord, by Thee;
And that rest, how calm, how sweet,
Where Jesus and the sufferer meet.

2 It was the good Physician now,
Soothed thy cheek, and chafed thy brow,
Whispering, as He raised thy head—
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
Hear, in mercy, and forgive,
Bid thy child believe and live.

4 Bless me, and I shall be blest,
Sooth me, and I shall have rest;
Fix my heart, my hopes, above;
Love me, Lord, for Thou art love.

930 C. M. *Cotton.*

The Deeps of Affliction.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.

2 When darkness, and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord hath still sustained our steps,
And still hath been our Guide.

3 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace;
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

4 Here will we rest, here build our hopes,
Nor murmur at His rod;
He's more to us than all the world,
Our Health, our Life, our God.

931 7s. *Montgomery.*

My Bark Tempest-tossed.

HEARKEN, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the hights of Hermon glow

2 Tempest-tost, my failing bark
Founders on the ocean dark;
Deep to deep around me calls,
With the rush of waterfalls,
While I plunge to lower caves,
Overwhelmed by all Thy waves.

3 Once the morning's earliest light
Brought Thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard,
Later than the evening bird;
Hast Thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost Thou scorn, or hear them not?

4 Why, my soul, art thou perplex'd?
Why with faithless troubles vex'd?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When His countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

932 C. M. *Heginbotham.*

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each phantom pleasure flies;
Vain hopes of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.

2 The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust;
Nature shall faint; but learn, my soul,
On nature's God to trust.

3 The man whose pious heart is fixed
Securely on his God,
In every frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chastening rod.

4 Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heaven his soul relies;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

933 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

Onward, Christian.

ONWARD, Christian, though the region,
Where thou art, be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee—press thou on!

2 Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee,—"God is Love."
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever,—heaven's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O, no longer,
Pray thou for thy quick release.

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus—"Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done!"

934 C. M. *Toplady.*

Sweetness of Submission.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away;—

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 on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of his grace
For all things to depend;—

5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee!

935 8s, 7s, & 4s. *Anon.*

Prayer for Guidance in Trials.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Thro' this lowly vale of tears,
And, O, Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O, refresh us—
O, refresh us with thy grace.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within,
Jesus says He'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin,
Therefore praise Him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon He'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise Him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

4 O that I could now adore Him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before Him,
And unceasing sing His love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

936 [374] C. M. *Raffles.*

A Submissive and Docile Spirit.

THOU boundless Source of every good,
Our best desires fulfill;
We would adore thy wondrous grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.

3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

4 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,—
A mind at peace with thee.

5 Do thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

6 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Without a fear or care;
For death is life, and labor rest,
If thou art with us there.

937 L. M. *Watts.*

Trial of Abraham.

SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord:
He will restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abrah'm with obedient hand
Led forth his son, at God's command:
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

3 "Abrah'm, forbear," the angel cried,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is tried:
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed,
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."

4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays delivering power:
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

938 C. M. *Barton.*

Walking in the Light.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is;

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is Light.

939 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

I am Weary.

I am weary, I am weary
Of the cares and toils of life;
I am weary of its sorrows;
I am weary of its strife;
I am weary of its flowers,
That bloom so soon to die;
And the immortal spirit pineth
For its home beyond the sky.

2 I am weary of the trifles
That occupy my days;
I am weary of the longing
For human love and praise;
I am weary of thoughts that turn
So constantly to earth,
Fain would my spirit rise above
Its idle joy and mirth.

3 I have seen the flowers wither;
I have seen the loved ones die:
I have seen the clouds of sorrow
Overcast youth's summer sky;

I am pining, I am pining
For my home among the blest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

940 C. M. *Noel.*

The Hope of Peace at Last.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earthborn woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Savior's bliss to share.

941 S. M. *Anon.*

Afflictions Profitable.

IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

942 C. M. *Wesley.*

God our Guide in Sorrow.

ANGEL of God! whate'er betide,
Thy summons I obey;
Jesus! I take Thee for my guide,
And walk in Thee my way.

2 Secure from danger and from dread,
Nor earth nor hell shall move,
Since over me Thine hand hath spread
The banner of thy love.

3 To leave my Savior I disdain,
Behind I will not stay,
Though shame, and loss, and bonds and pain,
And death obstruct the way.

4 Me to Thy suffering self conform,
And arm me with Thy power,
Then burst the cloud, descend the storm,
And come the fiery hour.

943 C. M. *Hart.*

Public Humiliation.

LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.

2 O, may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne,
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's, and our own.

3 And should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod,—
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

944 C. M. *Rippon.*

Public Supplication.

WHEN Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued,—

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crowned!
The Lord would spare, if in this place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes?

5 Still we are thine; we bear thy name
Here yet is thine abode:
Long has thy presence blessed our land:
Forsake us not, O God.

DEATH AND FUNERALS.

945 L. M. *Bathurst.*

The Christian's Parting Hour.

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 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 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.

946 [517] L. M. *Barbauld.*

The End of that Man is Peace.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd 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!

947 [487] S. M. 2 8s. *Montgomery.*

Friends Separated for a Season.

FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

948 [507] C. M. *Stennett.*

Death of Children.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout, with joys divine,—
O Savior, all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

949 [501] C. M. *Wesley.*

Cheerful Submission to Death.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the 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 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 I suffer on my three-score years,
Till my Deliv'rer come:
And wipes away his servant's tears,
And takes his exile home.

5 O, what has Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd 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 enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet.

8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away:
But let me find the blest again,
In that eternal day.

950 [510] L. M. *Watts.*

Christ's Presence makes Death Easy.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

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

3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

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

951 [502] C. M. *Watts.*

A Voice from the Grave.

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 reverend head,
Shall lie as low as ours.

3 Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

952 [504] L. M. *Wesley.*

I am Going the Way of all the Earth.

PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above;
And, O my God, shall I be there?

953 [499] S. M. *Watts.*

Sown a Natural Body, Raised a Spiritual Body.

AND must this body die—
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!

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

954 C. M. *Watts.*

Victory over the Fears of Death.

O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,—
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,—
Who makes us conqu'rors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

955 C. M. *Peabody.*

Peaceful Death of the Pious.

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And, lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears:
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

956 L. M. *Wesley.*

A Peaceful Death Expected, and Prayed For.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die,—my fathers' God to meet.

2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that, without a ling'ring groan,
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.

4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismay'd,
I shall into thy hands resign.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers:
My Light, my Life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears.

957 8 lines 8s. *Morris.*

The Grave Disarmed of its Terrors.

MAN dieth and wasteth away,
And where is he?—Hark! from the skies
I hear a voice answer and say,—
The spirit of man never dies!
His body, which came from the earth,
Must mingle again with the sod;—
His soul, which in heaven had birth,
Returns to the bosom of God.

2 No terror has death, or the grave,
To those who believe in the Lord—
Who know the Redeemer can save,
And lean on the faith of his word:
While ashes to ashes, and dust
We give unto dust, in our gloom,
The light of salvation we trust,
Which hangs like a lamp in the tomb.

3 O Lord God Almighty! to thee
We turn, as our solace above;
The waters may fail from the sea,
But never thy fountains of love:

O teach us thy will to obey,
And sing, with one heart and accord,—
He gave, and he taketh away,
And praised be the name of the Lord.

958 [500] S. M. *Wesley.*

Solemn Thoughts on the Future.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?—
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought:
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be:
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies!

3 How shall I leave my tomb—
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?
Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?

I must from God be driven,
Or with my Savior dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell!

959 [505] C. M. *Watts.*

Death and Eternity.

STOOP down, my thoughts that us'd to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lips hang feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few;
Then speechless with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But O, the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the court where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above.

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust;
My flesh shall wait for thy command,
To drop it into dust.

960 [506] L. M. *Wesley.*

Sown in Weakness—Raised in Glory.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipp'd by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day;
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine!
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heav'n must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

961 L. M. *Anon.*

Victory over Death and the Grave.

SWEET is the scene when Christians die;
When holy souls retire to rest:
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing;
O Grave! where is thy victory now,
And where, O Death, where is thy sting!

962 C. M. *Doddridge.*

The Death of a Pastor.

TO thee, O God, when creatures fail,
Thy flock, deserted, flies;
And on th' eternal Shepherd's care,
Our steadfast hope relies.

2 When o'er thy faithful servant's dust
Thy saints assembled mourn,
In speedy tokens of thy grace,
O Zion's God, return!

3 The powers of nature all are thine,
And thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through each succeeding race.

4 Exert thy sacred influence here,
And here thy suppliants bless;
And change to strains of cheerful praise
Our accents of distress.

963 7s. *Anon.*

Death of a Babe.

LOVELY babe how brief thy stay!
Short and hasty was thy day;
Ending soon thy journey here,
Pain and grief no more to bear.

2 Hard is it for thee to part,
For it rends the aching heart,
But an heir of glory's gone,
Let the will of God be done.

3 Pillow'd on a Savior's breast,
Sweetly sleep, and softly rest;
Soon the morning shall restore
The buried babe we now deplore.

964 C. M. *Barbauld.*

Mourn not for the Pious Dead.

NOT for the pious dead we weep;
Their sorrows now are o'er;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

2 Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,
Within that better home;
Awhile we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

3 O, might some dream of visioned bliss,
Some trance of rapture, show
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe!

4 Jesus! our shadowy path illume,
And teach the chastened mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resigned.

965 [508] C. M. *Watts.*

Shortness of Life.

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

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
What'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

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

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

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

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

966 8 lines 8s. *Wesley.*

At Rest, and Happy.

HOW blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
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.

2 No anger, henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden his innocent clay:
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
This languishing head is at rest;
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more.

3 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Now seal'd in their mortal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep;
The 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.

967 [512] S. M. *Montgomery.*

Death of a Pastor.

REST from thy labor, rest;—
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be!

2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love,—prompt to act, and quick to feel,—
Marked thee, till life's last hour.

3 Now, toil and conflict o'er,—
Go, take with saints thy place:
But go—as each hath gone before,—
A sinner saved by grace.

4 Lord Jesus! to thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait thine own commands;—
We were not his, but thine.

5 Thou art thy church's head;
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead:
To thee we lift our eye:

6 On thee our hopes depend;
We gather round our Rock;
Send who thou wilt; but condescend
Thyself to feed thy flock.

968 L. M. *Watts.*

Death and Burial of a Christian.

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,
Invades 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 through the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
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 arise to meet the Lord.

969 C. M. *C. Beecher.*

On the Death of a Sailor.

NOT in the church-yard shall he sleep,
Amid the silent gloom;
His home was in the mighty deep,
And there shall be his tomb.

2 He loved his own bright, deep blue sea,
O'er it he loved to roam;
And now his winding sheet shall be
That same bright ocean's foam.

3 No village bell shall toll for him
Its mournful, solemn dirge;
The winds shall chant a requiem
To him beneath the surge.

4 For him, break not the grassy turf,
Nor turn the dewy sod;
His dust shall rest beneath the surf,
His spirit with its God.

970 [520] L. M. *Steele.*

The Fading Flower.

SO fades the lovely, blooming flower,—
Frail smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind—no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace! be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Bid gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope shall live again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky

971 8s & 7s. *Collyer.*

Comfort in the Death of the Christian.

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 excluded,
Sickness, there, no more can come;
There, no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

972 8s & 7s. ***Anon.***

On the Death of a Sister.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer's 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 song 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.

973 L. M. *Mackey.*

Sleeping in Jesus.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Savior's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

5 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venomed sting!

974 C. M. *Anon.*

Comfort for Bereaved Parents.

YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 If cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and rev'rence view
A heav'nly parent nigh.

3 Tho' your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand;
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by the Almighty's hand.

4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place:
"No names of daughters, nor of sons,
"Could yield so high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is ev'ry hope
"A rising race can give:
"In endless honor and delight
"My children all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Thro' which thy face we see;
And bless those wounds which thro' our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

975 [524] 12s & 11s. *Heber.*

Thou art Gone to the Grave.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though silence and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Savior has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer deplore thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Savior has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong
to deplore thee;
Perhaps thy tried spirit in death lingered
long,
But the mild rays of paradise beam'd on thy
waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was
the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not
deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian
and guide:
He gave thee, he took thee; and he will re-
store thee;
And death has no sting, for the Savior has
died.

976 4 8s. *Anon.*

Death of a Sister.

'TIS finish'd, the conflict is past,
The heaven-born spirit is fled;
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
And now she's entombed with the dead.

2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life here below.

3 Her soul has now taken its flight,
To mansions of glory above;
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.

4 The coffin, the shroud, and the grave,
To her were no objects of dread;
On him who is mighty to save,
Her soul was with confidence stay'd.

5 Then let us forbear to complain,
That she is now gone from our sight;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and eternal delight.

6 We too must the summons obey,
We too shall the victory gain,
And rejoice to hasten away,
With her sainted spirit to reign.

977 8s & 7s. *Milman.*

The Death of a Brother.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us;
Where thy saintly soul is flown
Tears are wiped away forever,
And all sorrow is unknown;

2 From the burden of the body,
From all care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 O'er the toilsome way thou'st traveled,
And endured the heavy load;
Christ hath brought thy footsteps languid
Safely to His blest abode.

4 Thou art resting now, like Laz'rus,
On thy heavenly Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

978 [522] C. M. *Watts.*

Death the Voice of Jesus.

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

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

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

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

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly,
At the great rising day.

979 8s & 9s. ***Bacon.***

Death of a Missionary.

WEEP not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky,
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshiping chorus on high.

2 Weep not for the spirit now crowned
With the garland to martyrdom given,
O weep not for him; he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven.

3 But weep for their sorrows, who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave—
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home, far away o'er the wave.

4 And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone,
Where anthems of praise never swell,
And the love of the Lamb is unknown.

5 Weep not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshiping chorus on high

6 But weep for the mourners who stand
By the grave of their brother in tears,
And weep for the people whose land
Still must wait till the day-spring appears.

980 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

Departed Brother.

BROTHER! rest from sin and sorrow;
Death is o'er and life is won;
On thy slumber dawns no morrow;
Rest; thine earthly race is run.

2 Brother, wake! the night is waning;
Endless day is round thee poured;
Enter thou the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.

3 Brother, wake! for He who loved thee,
He who died that thou might'st live,
He who graciously approved thee,
Waits thy crown of joy to give.

4 Fare thee well! though woe is blending
With the tones of earthly love,
Triumph high and joy unending
Wait thee in the realms above.

981 [511] 8 lines 8s. *Anon.*

Solemn Signal.

HOW solemn the signal I hear!
The summons that calls me away,
In regions unknown to appear;
How shall I the summons obey!
What scenes in that world shall arise,
When life's latest sigh shall be fled,
And darkness has seal'd up mine eyes,
And deep in the dust I am laid.

2 No longer the world I can view,
The scenes which so long I have known;
My friends, I must bid you adieu,
For here I must travel alone:
Yet here my Redeemer has trod,
His hallowed footsteps I know;
I'll trust for defense to his rod,
And lean on his staff as I go.

3 Dear Shepherd of Israel, lead on,
My soul follows hard after thee;
The phantoms of death are all flown
When Jesus my Shepherd I see.
Dear brethren and sisters, I go
To wait your arrival above;
Be faithful and soon you shall know
The triumphs and joys of his love.

982 [518] 8s & 7s. *Wesley.*

The Dying Christian.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ending,
All thy mourning days below;
Go,—the angel guards attending,—
To the sight of Jesus go.

Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Savior 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.

983 [519] C. M. *Steele.*

Mourning with Hope.

THAT once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

2 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

3 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears,
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

984 [521] C. M. *Anon.*

The Grave Peaceful.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
Where,—life's vain tumults past,—
Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last!

2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 All, leveled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God, in judgment, call them forth
To meet their final doom.

985 C. M. *Anon.*

Peaceful Death of the Righteous.

I LOOKED upon the righteous man,
And saw his parting breath,
Without a struggle or a sigh,
Serenely yield to death:
There was no anguish on his brow,
Nor terror in his eye:
The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,
But lost the victory.

2 I looked upon the righteous man,
And heard the holy prayer
Which rose above that breathless form,
To soothe the mourners' care,
And felt how precious was the gift
He to his loved ones gave—
The stainless memory of the just,
The wealth beyond the grave.

3 I looked upon the righteous man;
And all our earthly trust
Of pleasure, vanity, or pride,
Seemed lighter than the dust,
Compared with his celestial gain—
A home above the sky:
O, grant us, Lord, his life to live,
That we like him may die.

986 P. M. *Anon.*

Remembrance of Friends Departed.

MY buried friends can I forget ?
Or must the grave eternal sever ?
They linger in my memory yet,
And in my heart they'll live forever.
They lov'd me once, with love sincere,
And never did their love deceive me;
But often in my conflicts here,
They rallied quickly to relieve me.

2 I fain would weep--but what of tears ?
No tears of mine could e'er recall them;
Nor would I wish that grov'ling cares,
Cares like mine, should e'er befall them.
They rest in realms of light and love;
They dwell upon the mount of glory;
They bask in beams of bliss above,
And shout to tell their happy story.

3 I heard them bid the world adieu;
I saw them on the rolling billow:
Their far-off home appear'd in view,
While yet they pressed a dying pillow.
I heard the parting pilgrim tell,
While passing Jordan's stormy river,
"Adieu to earth, for all is well;
Now all is well with me forever."

4 Oh how I long to join their wing,
And range their fields of blooming flowers!
Come, holy watchers, come and bring
A mourner to your blissful bowers.
I'd speed with rapture on my way,
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river;
With songs I'd enter endless day,
And live with my lov'd friends forever.

987 P. M. *Anon.*

All is Well.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? Is it death?
That soon shall quench, will quench this vital flame,
Is it death? is it death?
If this be death I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free,
I shall the King of glory see,
All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not my friends, my friends weep not for me,
All is well, all is well;
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,
All is well, all is well:
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Savior from mine eyes,
I soon shall mount the upper skies,
All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory,
All is well, all is well;
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well, all is well:
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home,
All is well, all is well.

4 Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me,
All is well, all is well:
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,
All is well, all is well:

Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view,
All is well, all is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye blood-washed throng,
Saved by grace, saved by grace;
I've come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, saved by grace:
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine,
O hallelujah to the Lamb,
All is well, all is well.

988 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

The Terror of the Tomb Assuaged.

WHEN around us life is shining,
Touched by pleasure's flowing hand,
When its joys are softly twining
Round our hearts their silver band,
When some rich and valued blessing
Comes upon each zephyr breath,
When each wished for good possessing,
Oh 'tis hard to think on death.

2 But there's something which can lighten
All the sorrows of the tomb,
All its dark recesses brighten,
Dissipate its saddest gloom;
Shed around its beams of glory,
Bid its every terror flee,
Fill the soul with rapture holy,
Jesus, 'tis one smile from thee.

989 [515] C. M. *Anon.*

Mourning with Hope.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past—their work is done
And they are fully blest!
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
God has recalled his own:
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say,—"Thy will be done!"

990 [516] C. M. *Collyer.*

Darkness of the Grave Dispelled.

WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God! at thy command;—

2 When every long-loved scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart;—

3 O thou great Source of joy supreme
Whose arm alone can save,—
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

4 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And, with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed.

5 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May I resign my breath,
And in thy fond embraces lose
"The bitterness of death."

991 P. M. *Anon.*

The Early Grave of a Friend.

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Smile, if the slow tolling bell you shall hear,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand by my grave,
Think who has died his beloved to save,
Think of the crowns all the ransomed shall have,
When I am gone, I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer day,
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray,
Come and rejoice that I thus pass away,
When I am gone, I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone, I am gone;

Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all
care,
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share.
Look up on high and believe I am there,
When I am gone, I am gone.

992 C. M. *Watts.*

Following Departed Worthies.

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

RESURRECTION.

993 C. M. *Watts.*

Scenes of the Resurrection.

HOW long shall Death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just?
How long the blood of martyrs slain
Lie mingled with the dust?

2 Lo! I behold the scattered shades;
The dawn of heaven appears;
The bright, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room;
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 O, may our humble spirits stand
Among them, clothed in white:
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

994 [514] C. M. *Watts.*

The Rising of the Saints.

HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
claims
For all the pious dead:
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their dying bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from woes released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, decked in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

4 Their tongues, great Prince of life, shall join
With their recovered breath,
And all th' immortal host ascribe
Their victory to thy death.

995 C. M. *Anon.*

Death Vanquished.

WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake,—

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled,—
That Death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
"O Grave, where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

996 C. M. *H. K. White.*

Journeying through Death to Life.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of a heavenly King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too,—this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Until the final trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye,
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And our long-silent dust shall rise,
With shouts of endless praise!

997 L. M. *Dewitt.*

Day Dawns on the Night of the Grave.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever molder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power, to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease—cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven, with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake;
From the cold tomb the slumb'rers spring;
Through heaven, with joy, their myriads rise,
And hail their Savior and their King.

998 L. M. *Watts.*

Death and the Resurrection.

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.

999 C. M. *Watts.*

Resurrection of the Christian.

MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Savior comes:
Ere long I know he shall appear,
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

2 When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him there mine eyes shall see:
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.
How long, dear Savior! O how long
Shall this bright hour delay!
O hasten thine appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

1000 [523] C. M. *Watts.*

Hope of the Resurrection.

GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My great Redeemer ever lives,
My God, my Savior, comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And Death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy wondrous grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

1001 6s & 5s. *Anon.*

The Resurrection.

THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear.

CHORUS.

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump
Sounds, come, come away,
O let us be ready to meet the glad day.

2 And when the bright morning
In splendor shall come,
Our tears will cease flowing,
Our sorrows be gone.
While the mighty, &c.

3 The bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend;
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.
While the mighty, &c.

4 The graves will be opened,
The dead shall arise,
And with the Redeemer,
Mount up to the skies.
While the mighty, &c.

5 The saints then immortal
In glory shall reign,
The bride with the bridegroom
Forever remain.
While the mighty, &c.

JUDGMENT AND ETERNITY.

1002 [525] C. M. *Wesley.*

The Judgment Day.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say!

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then I ought to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful pow'r bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

1003 [527] S. M. *Hart.*

Prepare us for that Day.

BEHOLD! with awful pomp
The Judge prepares to come:
The' archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
And wakes the gen'ral doom.

2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface;
The sun to darkness turns.

3 The living look with dread;
The frighted dead arise,
Start from the monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes.

4 Horrors all hearts appall;
They quake, they shriek, thy cry;
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall;
But rocks and mountains fly.

5 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day:
Help us in Jesus to believe,—
To watch, and wait, and pray.

1004 L. M. *Wesley.*

The Final Conflagration.

THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead;
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness;—
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fail,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth and all the works therein
Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruin'd world look down,
By love above all hight we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

1005 [528] L. M. *Steele.*

Eternity Near.

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

2 But an eternity there is
Of endless woe or endless bliss;
And swift as time fulfills its round,
We to eternity are bound.

3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left the fleeting world behind!
They're gone! but where! ah, pause and see,
Gone to a long eternity!

4 Sinner! canst thou forever dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell;
And is death nothing, then to thee;
Death, and a dread eternity?

1006 [529] L. M. *Wesley.*

Second Advent.

HE comes! he comes, the Judge severe,—
The seventh trumpet speaks him near:
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll—
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound—
See the almighty Jesus crown'd:
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Savior's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the most high;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

1007 [530] L. M. *Watts.*

Everlasting Absence of God Intolerable.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

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

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

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

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

1008 [531] S. M. *Wesley.*

The Solemn Midnight Cry.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;

Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown;
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
To' increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the archangel's voice
Be sounded in our ears
The solemn midnight cry;—
Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom,

4 O may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

1009 [535] C. P. M. *Rippon.*

Pleading for Acceptance.

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

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, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face;
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

1010 [533] 8s 7s & 4s. *Newton.*

Saints and Sinners Judged.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders;
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine:
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Savior,
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

1011 [534] S. M. *Doddridge.*

Preparation for the Judgment.

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,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

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

1012 3s 7s & 4s. *Anon.*

The Falling Stars.

SEE the stars from heaven falling!
Hark! on earth the doleful cry!
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh;
Hide us! hide us!
Rocks and mountains, from His eye!

2 Lo! 'tis He! our heart's desire,
Come for His espoused below;
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow;
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow.

1013 12s. *Anon.*

Awful Pomp of Judgment.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of God-head are bowed.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

1014 L. M. *Coxe.*

Eternity's Duration.

ETERNITY! Eternity!
How long art thou Eternity!
Yet onward still to thee we speed,
As to the fight th' impatient steed.

2 As ship to port, or shaft from bow,
Or swift as couriers homeward go;
Mark well, O man, Eternity!
Eternity! Eternity!

3 Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
As in a ball's concentric round
Nor starting-point nor end is found;—

4 So thou, Eternity, so vast,
No entrance and no exit hast;
Mark well, O man, Eternity!
Eternity! Eternity!

1015 8s 7s & 4. *Oliver.*

Christ Coming to Judgment.

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign!

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away:
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom;
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans and bids thee come.

6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne;
Savior! take the power and glory;
Claim the Kingdoms for thine own:
Oh, come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

1016 C. P. M. *C. Wesley.*

Present and Future Realities.

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
Between two boundless seas I stand,—
Yet how insensible!
A point of time—a moment's space—
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell!

2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And, deeply on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;—
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure?
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

5 Then, Savior! then my soul receive,
Transported from the earth, to live
And reign with thee above:
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

1017 L. M. *Heber.*

The Lord will Come.

THE Lord will come; the earth shall quake;
The hills their ancient seats forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come; but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,—
A quiet Lamb to slaughter led,—
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lold will come; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Annointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,
O God, is this the Crucified?

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

1018 C. M. *Taylor.*

Time and Eternity Compared.

HOW long, sometimes, a day appears!
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move on slow, as if the years.
Would never pass away.

2 But even years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

3 Days, months, and years must have an end,
Eternity has none;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.

4 Great God! a creature cannot tell
How such a thing can be,
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with Thee.

1019 L. M. *Scott.*

The Day of Wrath.

THAT day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day,—

2 When shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet—and yet more dread.
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

HEAVEN.

1020 7s & 6s. *Anon.*

The Heavenly Host.

IN the broad fields of heaven,
In the immortal bowers
By life's clear river side,
Amid undying flowers—
There hosts of beauteous souls,
Fair children of the earth,
Linked in bright bands of love,
Sing of their human birth.

2 They sing of earth and heaven—
Divinest voices rise
To God, their gracious Lord,
Who called them to the skies:
They are all there—in heaven—
Safe, safe, and sweetly blest;
No cloud of sin can dim
Their bright and holy rest.

1021 L. M. *Anon.*

The World we have not Seen.

THERE is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy!
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear has caught its sound of joy.

2 There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of sping.

3 There is a world, and O, how blest!
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel guest
One-half its blessedness unfold!

4 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.

5 No! for this world is ever bright,
With a pure radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal throne.

6 There, forms that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace.

7 In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtain'd sky:—
It is *the dwelling-place of God.*

1022 7s. *Montgomery.*

The Redeemed in Heaven.

WHO are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name:

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Then the Lamb, amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

1023 S. P. M. *Montgomery.*

The Perpetuity of Heaven.

BEYOND the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

2 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone,
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

3 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away:
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

1024 L. M. *Anon.*

The Better Land.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between,
Is with its radiant glory 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.

1025 7s. *Anon.*

White Raiment.

WHO are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'rers in his righteous cause;
Followers of Emmanuel God.

2 Out of great distress they came;
Wash'd their robes, by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb—
Blood that washes white as snow;

Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God reigns among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their suff'rings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

1026 L. M. *Anon.*

The Redeemed in Heaven.

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand,
Of every tongue, redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame:
From all their labors now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore:
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

4 They see their Savior face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace:
Him day and night they ceaseless praise;
To him their loud hosannas raise.

5 Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

1027 7s. *Anon.*

Saints in Heaven.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptur'd saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Tort'ring pain and heavy woe.

2 Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never—never weep again!

3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark—their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus, love!
Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind!

4 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose—
There no cloud can intervene—
There no angry tempest blows!
Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast!
Night is lost in endless day—
Sorrows—in eternal rest!

1028 C. M. D. *Anon.*

The Music of Heaven.

THERE'S music in the upper heaven—
The choral notes that swell
Are sweeter, fuller, richer far
Than human lips can tell,
When rings the gush of golden harps,
And heavenly lutes are swept,
To tell the quenchless love of Him
Who o'er a lost world wept.

2 The gliding rush of countless wings,
Borne on the swelling breeze,
That wafts the rustling music by
Amid embowered trees;
The echo of the myriad feet,
That fall on pavements fair,
Of glittering, dazzling gold, that gleams
In untold brightness there:

3 The music of the pearly gates,
When back by angels flung,
Admitting there a ransomed soul,
Their sinless bands among;
The silvery sound that's swelling up
When flows the stream of life;
The rustle of the emerald leaf
With healing virtues rife:

4 And then the tide of melody,
That swells and bursts, when rings
The new song in that far off world,
That thrilling rapture brings:
But, awed, we may not note its power,
Its depths we may not sound;
Unfathomed, fathomless, it rolls
In glorious might around.

1029 C. M. *Anon.*

No Tears in Heaven.

WHAT if our bark, o'er life's rough wave,
By adverse winds be driven,
And howling tempests round us rave—
There are no tears in heaven.

2 What, though affliction be our lot,
Our hearts with anguish riven,
Still let it never be forgot—
There are no tears in heaven.

3 Our sweetest joys here banish all,
And fade like hues at even;
Our brightest hopes like meteors fall—
There are no tears in heaven.

4 The mourner sad, who, drowned in grief,
Hath long in sorrow striven,
Shall find, at last, a sweet relief—
There are no tears in heaven.

5 Thou, God, our joy and rest shall be,
And sorrow far be driven;
And sin and death forever flee—
There are no tears in heaven.

6 There, from the blooming tree of life
The healing fruit is given;
There, there shall cease the painful strife—
There are no tears in heaven.

1030 L. M. *Berridge.*

Perfect Felicity in Heaven.

O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white!
Safe landed on that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2 Released from sorrow, toil, and strife,
And welcomed to an endless life,
Their souls have now begun to prove
The hight and depth of Jesus' love.

3 There, gazing on his beauteous face,
They tell the wonders of his grace,
And, while they sing with rapture sweet,
They bow, adoring at his feet.

1031 10s. *Anon.*

Song of Victory.

HAPPY the spirit released from its clay;
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
Victory! victory! homeward I rise.
Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

2 How can we wish them recalled from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death.
Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies
Bids them in glorified body arise;
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory! victory! Jesus hath come.

1032 C. M. *Anon.*

Children in Heaven.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair—
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?

3 Because the Savior shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

4 On earth they sought their Savior's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

1033 C. M. *Anon.*

The Land of Endless Day.

BRIGHT glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wondering eyes—
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies!

2 All hail! ye fair, celestial shores,
Ye lands of endless day!
A rich delight your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.

3 There's a delightful clearness now;
My clouds of doubt are gone;
Fled is my former darkness, too;
My fears are all withdrawn.

4 Short is the passage, short the space,
Between my home and me;
There, there behold the radiant place
How near the mansions be!

5 Immortal wonders! boundless things
In those dear worlds appear!
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

1034 C. M. *Steele.*

Glories of Heaven.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky

1035 [490] C. H. M. *Anon.*

Heaven.

HEAVEN is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
The blissful clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more;
And not a shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

2 Heaven is the place where Jesus dwells,
And pleads His dying blood,
While to His prayers His Father gives
An unknown multitude—
Whose harps and tongues, through endless days,
Shall crown His head with songs of praise.

3 Heaven is the dwelling-place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransomed souls above
Enjoy, before their Father's throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1036 [168] P. M. *Anon.*

The Praise of Jesus.

O THOU, in whose presence
My soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day,
And my song in the night—
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide
Resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Or why in the valley
Of death should I weep,
Or 'lone in the wilderness rove?

3 Oh why should I wander,
An alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice
When my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion,
Declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents
My beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

5 This is my beloved,
His form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on his head,
Are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

6 The roses of Sharon,
The lilies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the stream,
On his cheeks in the beauty
Of excellence glow—
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

7 His voice, as the sound
Of the dulcimer sweet
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon
Bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain
Of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation
The Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits in his eye-lids,
And scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubims
Vail in his sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousand
Of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity,
Fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

1037 C. P. M. *Wesley.*

Our Works to be Wrought in God.

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for naught,
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

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

3 In Jesus' name, behold, we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.

1038 P. M. *Hoyt.*

The Christian's Choice.

THE pearl that worldlings covet
Is not the pearl for me,
Its beauty fades as quickly,
As sunshine on the sea;
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
It's call'd the pearl of greatest price:
Though few its value see,
O that's the pearl for me.

2 The crown that decks the monarch
Is not the crown for me,
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee;
But there's a crown prepared above,
For all who walk in humble love—
Forever bright 'twill be,
O, that's the crown for me.

3 The road that many travel
Is not the road for me—
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be;
But there's a road that leads to God,
'Tis marked by Christ's most precious blood:
The passage here is free,
O, that's the road for me.

4 The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free;
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word
And sinful pleasures flee,
O, that's the hope for me.

1039 [135] C. M. *Toplady.*

Christ Incomparable.

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 expiring 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,
Nor canst thou give me more.

1040 8 lines 8s. *Anon.*

Reigning in His Kingdom of Grace.

ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear, our omnipotent Lord:
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race:
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 O wouldst thou again be made known,—
Again in thy Spirit descend;
And set up, in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end!
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

3 O, come to thy servants again,
Who long thine appearing to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er;
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

1041 [354] C. M. *Anon.*

Praise to Christ.

THOU blest Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so dear can be.

2 Oh may we ever hear thy voice!
In mercy to us speak!
In thee, O Lord, let us rejoice,
And thy salvation seek.

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

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favored throng;
Then will we sing, more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

1042 [562] 8s 7s & 4s. *Kelly.*

Fountain of Life.

SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow:
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below:
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Every object
Sings for joy, where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are saved from mourning;
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound:
Fair their portion—
Endless life with glory crowned.

1043 [370] C. M. *Steele.*

Thirsting after God.

WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parched with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool, refreshing stream.

2 So long's the weary, fainting mind,
Oppressed with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.

3 O, may I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire;
And still, through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace aspire.

4 Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice;
My mourning voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

1044 11s. *Anon.*

Spirit's Teachings.

OH Jesus, my Savior, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of earth I resign;
Thou art my rich treasure, my joy, and my love,
None richer possess'd by the angels above.

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find,
And when I was sinking in gloom and despair,
My Jesus reliev'd me, and bade me not fear.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals forever must fail,
My Jesus is precious my soul's in a flame,
I'm rais'd in sweet raptures while praising his name.

4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is there;
My constant companion, Oh may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus! he dwells in my heart.

5 If ever I lov'd thee, it's now, my dear Lord;
I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word;
I love all creation, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.

6 When happy in Jesus, I regard not the proud,
Tho' sinners despise me for shouting so loud;
His love overwhelms me, had I wings I would fly,
And praise him in mansions of glory on high.

1045 [382] C. M. *Beddome.*

Fear Not.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
For mercy like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream.

2 "Fear not" the powers of earth and hell,
God will those powers restrain;
His arm will all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 "Fear not" the want of outward good;
For his he will provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 "Fear not" that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave,
Nor death's relentless sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

1046 [477] 7s. *Anon.*

Sweetness of Religion.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

1047 [434] L. M. *Watts.*

Parting with Carnal Joys.

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

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

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

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

1048 [340] C. M. *Stennett.*

Christ Incomparable.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior'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.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from this bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

1049 C. M. *Stennett.*

Profession of Love to Christ.

AND have I, Christ, no love for thee,
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Savior's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?

2 Is there no spark of gratitude,
In this cold heart of mine,
To Him whose generous bosom glowed
With friendship all divine?

3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell,
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?

4 Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest!
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.

5 A very wretch, Lord, I should prove,
Had I no love for thee:
Rather than not my Savior love,
O, may I cease to be.

1050 6 9s & 2 8s. *Anon.*

The Beautiful Valley.

'TIS low down in that beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly
Where no storms of envy or folly
Can e'er roll their billows again,
The meek soul, in humble subjection,
Can there find unshaken protection,
There soft gales of cheering reflection,
The mind sooth'd from sorrow and pain.

2 This low vale is free from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissension,
Where no wiles of evil intention
Can find out these regions of peace:
'Tis there, there the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of that beautiful river,
Where peace flows forever and ever,
And love and joy forever increase.

3 There those who by storms have been driven,
Shall moor their barks in that beautiful haven,

And there bask in the sunshine of heaven,
And triumph in Immanuel's name.
'Tis there, there in yonder bright glory,
We'll shout and sing, and tell the glad story;
And when we've pass'd cold Jordan quite over,
We'll sing, "Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

1051 P. M. *Anon.*

The Contrast.

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

2 I have wandered in mazes dark
Of doubt and distress,
I have not had a kindling spark
My spirit to bless:
Cheerless unbelief
Fill'd my laboring soul with grief,
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 I then turned to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away,
I then trusted thy holy word,
That taught me to pray.
Here I found release:
Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss,—
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my Heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore:
The heart's richest treasure bring
To Thee, God of Power;
And in heaven above,
Sav'd by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move;
For evermore.

1052 P. M. *Anon.*

God's Love to the Soul.

WHAT wondrous love is this, O my soul!
O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, that caus'd the
Lord of bliss
To send this precious peace to my soul, to
my soul,
To send this precious peace to my soul.

2 When I was sinking down, &c.
When I was sinking down beneath God's
righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul, for
my soul.

3 Ye winged seraphs fly, bear the news, bear
the news,
Ye winged seraphs fly, like comets througn
the sky;
Fill vast eternity with the news, &c.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise, &c.
Ye friends of Zion's King, with hearts and
voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in his prais

5 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, &c.
To God and to the Lamb, who is the great
I AM!
While millions join the theme, I will sing, &c.

1053 [270] 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

Love for the Cross.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in His blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

1054 C. M. *Anon.*

We'll Anchor By and By.

A STRANGER in the world below,
We calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke our hope or fear.

CHORUS.

O, stand the storm, it wont be long,
We'll anchor by and by,—
O, stand the storm, &c.

2 Its evils in a moment end;
Its joys as soon are past;
But O, the bliss to which we tend
Eternally shall last.
O, stand the storm, &c.

3 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing we'll repair,
While in the flesh, our hope and love,
Our hearts and souls are there.
O, stand the storm, &c.

4 There our exalted Savior stands,
Our merciful High Priest;
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take us to his breast.
O, stand the storm, &c.

1055 P. M. *Anon.*

The Angels are Hovering Round.

THE angels are hovering round,
The angels are hovering round;
The angels—
The angels are hovering round.

2 To carry the tidings home,
To carry the tidings home;
To carry—
To carry the tidings home,

3 To the new Jerusalem,
To the new Jerusalem;
To the new—
To the new Jerusalem,

4 Poor sinners are coming home,
Poor sinners are coming home;
Poor sinners—
Poor sinners are coming home.

5 Jesus bids them come,
Jesus bids them come;
Jesus bids—
Jesus bids them come.

6 To wash their sins away;
To wash their sins away;
To wash—
To wash their sins away.

7 In his own precious blood,
In his own precious blood;
In his—
In his own precious blood.

1056 P. M. *Anon.*

Mercy's Free.

BY faith I see my Savior dying
On the tree, on the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me!
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Believe, repent, dismiss their fear—
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,
Mercy's free, mercy's free!

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be, can it be?
Oh, yes! he did salvation bring—
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King—
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free!

3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free:

Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul retrieved,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And every moment Christ is precious,
Unto me, unto me;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove—
All may enjoy the Savior's love,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

5 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
Ye ministers of God declare it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free,—
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy free:
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free:
And when the vale of death I've pass'd,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

1057 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

The Gospel Ship.

THE gospel ship has long been sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
All who would set out for glory,
Come, and welcome, rich and poor!

CHORUS.

"Glory! glory! hallelujah!"
All the sailors loudly cry;
See the blissful port of glory
Open to each faithful eye!

2 Thousands she has safely landed
Far beyond this earthly shore;
Thousands now are sailing thither,
Yet there's room for thousands more.

3 Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of gospel grace
Carrying every faithful trav'ler
To his glorious landing-place!

4 Her sails well filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along;
All her company rejoicing,
"Glory!" bursts from every tongue.

5 Come, poor sinners, get converted;
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea,
And with us you shall be happy—
Happy through eternity!

1058 P. M. *Anon.*

Just as I Am!

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

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

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

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

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

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

1059 P. M *Anon.*

Just as Thou Art.

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

3 Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest
Trust not the world—it gives no rest;
I bring relief to heart's opprest—
O! weary sinner, come.

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

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

6 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come;
Thy Savior bids thee come.

1060 P. M. *Anon.*

What's the News.

WHENE'ER we meet you always say,
What's the news? What's the news?
Pray what's the order of the day?
What's the news? What's the news?
Oh, I have got good news to tell!
My Savior has done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell—
That's the news! That's the news!

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary—
That's the news! That's the news!
To set a world of sinners free—
That's the news! That's the news!
'Twas there his precious blood was shed,
But now he's risen from the dead—
That's the news! That's the news!

3 To heaven above the conqueror's gone—
That's the news! That's the news!
He's passed triumphant to the throne—
That's the news! That's the news!

And on that throne He will remain
Until as judge He comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train—
That's the news! That's the news!

4 His work's reviving all around—
That's the news! That's the news!
And many have redemption found—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout hosannas to His name,
And all around they spread His fame—
That's the news! That's the news!

5 The Lord has pardoned all my sin,
That's the news! That's the news!
I feel the witness now within—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day—
That's the news! That's the news!

6 And Christ the Lord can save me now—
That's the news! That's the news!
Your sinful hearts He can renew—
That's the news! That's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive—
That's the news? That's the news!

7 And then if any one should say—
That's the news! That's the news!
Oh, tell them you've begun to pray!
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band;
And now with joy at God's command,
You're marching to the better land—
That's the news! That's the news!

1061 [571] 7s. *Wesley.*

Christ Liveth in Me.

LOVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Savior, what thou art;
Live thyself within my heart.

2 I shall then show forth my praise;
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy child in me.

1062 C. M. *Beddome.*

Self-Denial for Christ.

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

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

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

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

1063 C. P. M. *Madame Guion.*

Sorrow and Love.

SELF-LOVE no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease—
'Tis all the bliss she knows;
But nobler aims true Love employ—
In self-denial is her joy,
In suffering her repose.

2 Sorrow and Love go side by side;
Nor hight nor depth can e'er divide
Their heaven-appointed bands;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor, till the race of life is run,
Disjoin their wedded hands.

3 Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which must forever blaze!
To take the cross and follow Thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion and my praise.

1064 L. M. *J. E. Smith.*

"It is I; Be not Afraid."

WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents, Jesus said,
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

2 So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm;
No creature is by him forgot
Of those who know or know him not.

4 And when the last, dread hour shall come,
While trembling Nature waits her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead—
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

1065 P. M. *Anon.*

Invitation.

O COME, come away from labor now reposing,
Let anxious care awhile forbear;
O come, come away.
O come, and sacred joys renew,
And here, where faith will strengthen you
And Christ will welcome you;
O come, come away.

2 From toil and the cares on which the day is closing,
The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve;
O come, come away.
O come where God will smile on thee,
And in thy heart will rapture be,
And time pass happily;
O come, come away.

3 While tuned to God's love the angel's harps are singing,
And sound his praise through endless days;
O come, come away.
In answering songs of sympathy,
Will sing in tuneful harmony,
From earth's temptation free;
O come, come away.

4 The bright day is gone, the moon and stars
appearing,
With silver light illum'd the night;
O come, come away.
Come join your pray'rs with our address,
Kind heaven here our hearts to bless,
With peace, hope, happiness,
O come, come away.

1066 11s. *Anon.*

The Rock that is Higher than I.

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelm'd with sorrow and care;
From the end of the earth unto thee will I
cry,—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!
Higher than I, higher than I,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a
flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of
good,
I'll pray to the Lord who for sinners did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

3 And when I have finish'd my pilgrimage
here,
Complete in Christ's righteousness I shall
appear,
In the swellings of Jordan, all dangers defy,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound
through the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall
arise,

Transported I'll join with the ransom'd on high,
To praise the great Rock that is higher than I!
Higher than I, higher than I,
To praise the great Rock that is higher than I.

1067 L. M. *Anon.*

The good Old Way.

LIFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends:
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 O good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart,
But may our actions always say,
We're marching in the good old way.

4 Though Satan may his powers employ—
Our happiness he would destroy;
Yet never fear we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

5 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
Soon all our grief in joy shall end;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

6 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who've gone before,
Through grace divine we'll gain the day,
By marching in the good old way.

DISMISSIONS AND DOXOLOGIES.

1068 S. M.

Parting Blessing Asked.

ONCE more, before we part,
Great God attend our pray'r,
And seal thy gospel on the heart
Of all thy servants here.

2 Once more, before we part,
We'll bless the Savior's name,
Record his mercies every heart,
Speak every tongue the same.

1069 L. M.

Dismission.

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

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;—
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

1070 L. M.

Praise from all Creatures.

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.

1071 L. M.

Praise to the Trinity.

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.

1072 7s.

Eternal Praises to the Trinity.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him—all ye heavenly host!
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

1073 8s 7s & 4s.

A Parting Blessing Implored.

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

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

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave this cumbrous clay,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

1074 S. M.

Ascriptions af Angels and Saints.

YE angels round the throne!
And saints that dwell below!
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

1075 8s & 7s.

A Benediction Implored.

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

1076 8s & 7s.

Praise to the Three in One.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,—
Priest and King enthroned above.

1077 8s & 7s.

Praise for Salvation.

PRAISE the God of our salvation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above,—
Author of the new creation,—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

1078 C. M.

Let all Praise God.

THOU art the first, and Thou the last;
Time centers all in Thee,
The Almighty God who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

2 To Thee let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

The Figures Designate the Number of Hymns.

A.

A CHARGE to keep I have..... 492
A throne of grace! then let us go..... 490
A glory in the word we find..... 68
A home in heaven, what a joyful thought, 724
A stranger in the world below..... 1054
Affliction is a stormy deep..... 930
Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near..... 928
Afflictions, though they seem severe..... 260
Again our earthly cares we leave..... 411
Again our ears have heard the..... 429
Again returns the day of holy rest..... 387
Ah! how shall fallen man..... 80
Ah! Lord, with trembling I confess..... 539
Ah! whither should I go..... 214
Alas! and did my Savior bleed..... 125
Alas! what hourly dangers rise..... 509
All glory to God in the sky..... 1040
All glory to the dying Lamb..... 476
All hail the great Immanuel's name..... 103
All praise to our redeeming Lord..... 607
All ye who feel distressed for sin..... 222
Almighty Father of mankind..... 812
Almighty Father! gracious Lord..... 819
Almighty God, thy word is cast,..... 432
Almighty God, in humble prayer..... 498

Almighty Lord, before thy throne..... 921
Almighty Ruler of the skies..... 805
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound... 643
Amazing sight! the Savior stands..... 165
Am I a soldier of the cross..... 627
Amidst the cheerful bloom of youth..... 798
An alien from God, and a stranger..... 729
And am I born to die..... 958
And are we yet alive..... 617
And can I yet delay..... 211
And did the holy and the just. 114
And dost thou say, ask what thou wilt... 327
And have I, Christ, no love for thee..... 1049
And let our bodies part..... 610
And let this feeble body fail..... 949
And must I be to judgment brought..... 1002
And must this body die..... 953
And must I part with all I have..... 1062
And now my soul another year..... 835
And will the great, eternal God..... 734
And will the Lord thus condescend..... 218
And will the Judge descend..... 1011
And wilt thou yet be found..... 212
Angels from the realms of glory..... 98
Angel of God what e'er betide..... 942
Another six days work is done..... 384
Approach my soul the mercy seat..... 215
Arise, my soul arise..... 112
Arise, my soul, on wings sublime..... 727
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake..... 711
Around the throne of God in..... 1032
As flows the rapid river..... 828
As Jacob did in days of old..... 263
As o'er the past my memory strays..... 251
As on the cross the Savior hung..... 272
As pants the heart for cooling streams... 542
As when the weary traveler gains..... 689
As strangers here below..... 922

Assembled at thy great command..... 758
Assembled in our school once more..... 785
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep..... 973
At Jacob's well a stranger sought..... 206
At length the wished-for spring is come.. 880
Author of Faith, Eternal word..... 275
Away from his home and the friends..... 377
Away, my unbelieving fear..... 650
Awake, awake the sacred song..... 87
Awake, awake each sluggish soul..... 816
Awake, and sing the song..... 438
Awake, Jerusalem, awake..... 344
Awake my soul to joyful lays..... 440
Awake my soul and with the sun..... 554
Awake my soul to meet the day..... 558
Awake my soul stretch every nerve..... 628
Awake our souls, away our fears..... 640
Awake, ye saints, awake..... 402
Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes.... 838
Awake, ye saints, attune your harps..... 471
Awake'd by Sinai's awful sound..... 270

B

Before Jehovah's awful throne..... 8
Be joyful in God all ye lands..... 873
Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way..... 782
Begin my soul the exalted lay..... 7
Behold a stranger at the door..... 245
Behold the christian warrior stand..... 636
Behold the morning sun..... 62
Behold the Savior of mankind..... 126
Behold the sin-atoning Lamb..... 127
Behold the blind their sight receive..... 132
Behold the mountain of the Lord..... 351
Behold the sure foundation stone..... 352
Behold the heathen waits to know..... 755
Behold the western evening light..... 955
Behold with awful pomp..... 1003

Behold what condescending love..... .. 586
Beside the gospel pool..:..... 264
Bestow, O Lord, upon the youth..... 808
Believing souls of Christ beloved..... 355
Beyond the flight of time..... 1023
Bleeeding hearts defiled by sin..... 210
Blest be the Eternal Infinite..... 830
Blest be the tie that binds..... 612
Blest be the dear uniting love..... 608
Blest are the pure in heart..... 339
Blest are the sons of peace..... 611
Blest day of God! most calm, most bright. 394
Blest is the man whose softening heart... 857
Blest work the youthful mind..... 788
Bless'd are the humble souls..... 316
Bless'd Jesus! source of grace..... 740
Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... 739
Brightest and best of the sons of the..... 90
Bright glories rush upon my sight..... 1033
Bright King of Glory, dreadful God..... 85
Bright source of everlasting love..... 855
Brethren while we sojourn here..... 638
Brethren we are met together..... 426
Brother rest from sin and sorrow..... 980
Brother thou art gone before us..... 977
Broad is the road that leads to death..... 201
By cool Siloam's shady rill..... 804
By faith I to the fountain fly..... 286
By faith I see my Savior dying..... 1056
By faith in Christ we're justified..... 289
Burst ye em'rald gates and bring..... 709
Buried in shadows of the night..... 74

C

Calm on the listening ear of night..... 96
Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish.... 971
Children hear the melting story..... 205
Children in years and knowledge..... 809

Children listen to the Lord..... 203
Children of the heavenly King..... 516
Children to your creator God..... 791
Christ did for us his life resign..... 332
Christ is set on Zion's hill..... 639
Christ the Lord is risen to-day..... 138
Christian see the orient morning..... 761
Christian soldier seize thy sword..... 642
Come all ye saints of God..... 442
Come away from labor now reposing..... 1004
Come away to the skies..... 718
Come at the morning hour..... 574
Come dearest Lord and bless this day..... 390
Come Father, Son, and Holy Ghost..... 35
Come Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire..... 46
Come Holy Spirit, come..... 337
Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove..... 155
Come Holy Ghost all-quickening..... 317
Come holy celestial Dove..... 160
Come hither, all ye weary souls..... 171
Come humble sinner in whose breast..... 216
Come heavenly peace of mind..... 540
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord..... 354
Come let me love, or is my mind..... 271
Come let us join with sweet accord..... 386
Come let us join our souls to God..... 410
Come let us join our cheerful songs..... 443
Come let us pray, 'tis sweet to feel..... 501
Come let us join our friends above..... 700
Come let us anew our journey pursue..... 827
Come let us use the grace divine..... 335
Come my fond, fluttering heart..... 803
Come O Creator, Spirit blest..... 150
Come O thou King, of all thy saints..... 430
Come O thou Traveler unknown..... 250
Come on my partners in distress..... 927
Come Spirit source of light..... 163
Come Savior, Jesus from above..... 295

Come sinners to the gospel feast..... 167
Come sinners, you whose hardened..... 170
Come thou fount of every blessing..... 445
Come thou everlasting Spirit..... 599
Come thou high and holy Lord..... 624
Come to Calvary's holy mountain..... 246
Come to the house of prayer..... 423
Come ye disconsolate 244
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy..... 172
Come ye souls by sin afflicted..... 202
Come we that love the Lord 444
Come wisdom, power, and grace divine.. 529
Compared with Christ in all besides..... 1039
Comfort, ye ministers of grace..... 365

D

Daughter of Zion from the dust..... 346
Daughter of Zion awake from thy sadness 347
Day of judgment, day of wonders..... 1010
Dear Father to thy mercy seat..... 672
Dear is the hallowed morn to me..... 418
Dear Lord, and has thy pardoning love... 576
Dear refuge of my weary soul..... 679
Dear Savior when my thoughts recall.... 253
Death has been here and borne..... 786
Deep are the wounds, which sin has made. 182
Deep in our hearts let us record..... 131
Defend the poor and desolate..... 862
Delightful thought! that sinners may.... 777
Depth of mercy! can there be..... 255
Destruction's dangerous road..... 173
Did Christ o'er sinners weep..... 168
Didst thou dear Savior suffer shame..... 521
Do not I love thee, O my Lord..... 330
Do this and remember the blood, &c..... 601
Drooping souls no longer grieve..... 748

E

Earth has engrossed my love too long... 706
Early my God, without delay..... 517

Ere mountains reared their forms..... 27
Ere the blue heavens were stretched..... 86
Ere to the world again we go..... 431
Eternity! Eternity!..... 1014
Eternity is just at hand..... 1005
Eternal beam of light divine..... 646
Eternal Power whose high abode..... 9
Eternal Power, Almighty God..... 22
Eternal Spirit, we confess..... 157
Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove..... 583
Eternal Source of every joy..... 842
Equip me for the war..... 633
Except the Lord conduct the plan..... 1037

F

Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss.. 277
Faith, hope, and charity, these three..... 276
Faith is a precious grace..... 278
Faith is the Spirit's sweet control..... 292
Faith is the brightest evidence..... 274
Far from my thoughts, vain world begone. 606
Far from these narrow scenes of night... 1034
Father, how wide thy glories shine..... 10
Father, I dare believe..... 296
Father, I long, I faint to see..... 707
Father, I stretch my hands to thee..... 266
Father, into thy hands alone..... 852
Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord..... 291
Father of all in whom alone..... 42
Father of heaven, whose love profound... 40
Father of mercies, in thy word..... 51
Father of mercies, send thy grace..... 856
Father of spirits, nature's God..... 16
Father, our hearts we lift..... 88
Father, what e'er of earthly bliss..... 494
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands..... 684
Forever blessed be the Lord..... 634
Forever here my rest shall be..... 314

Fount of everlasting love..... 743
Fountain of mercy, God of love..... 845
Fountain of life to all below..... 480
Frequent the day of God returns..... 389
Friend after friend, departs..... 947
From all that dwell below the skies..... 441
From every stormy wind that blows..... 499
From earliest dawn of life..... 796
From Greenland's icy mountains..... 762
From whence does this union arise..... 622

G

Giver and guardian of our sleep.. 559
Give me the wings of faith to rise..... 992
Give me a sober mind..... 505
Give to the winds thy fears..... 644
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us..... 935
Glorious things of thee are spoken..... 349
Glory be to God above..... 526
Glory, glory to our King..... 102
Glory to God the Father's name..... 38
Glory to God on high..... 439
Glory to God on high, Our peace..... 590
Glory to Thee, my God, this night..... 562
Go, messengers of peace and love..... 773
Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord.... 364
Go, teach the nations and baptize..... 577
Go, thou in life's fair morning..... 66
Go to the pillow of disease. 848
Go watch and pray; thou canst not tell... 512
Go when the morning shineth..... 484
Go, ye messengers of God..... 766
God's holy law transgressed..... 81
God is a Spirit, just and wise..... 32
God is love, his mercy brightens..... 13
God moves in a mysterious way..... 647
God made all his creatures..... 865
God in his temple let us meet..... 416

God of all consolation. The Holy Ghost.. 148
God of all consolation. Take 609
God of Eternity from thee..... 824
God of love that hearest prayer..... 497
God of my life, whose gracious power.... 645
God of unspotted purity..... 550
Grant me within thy courts a place..... 412
Grace! 'tis a charming sound..... 678
Gracious Lord, incline thine ear..... 265
Gracious Redeemer, shake..... 510
Gracious Spirit, love divine..... 162
Great former of this various frame..... 11
Great God, as seasons disappear..... 843
Great God, I own thy sentence just..... 1000
Great God, indulge my humble claim.... 481
Great God, let all my tuneful powers..... 823
Great God, now condescend..... 878
Great God, with wonder and with praise. 57
Great God, with heart and tongue..... 793
Great God, we sing that mighty hand.... 833
Great God, we would to thee make known. 879
Great King of glory, come..... 731
Great Ruler of the earth and skies..... 872
Great Savior who didst condescend..... 587
Great Sovereign of the earth and sky.... 735
Great Shepherd of thy people, hear..... 737
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah..... 477

H

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews.. 363
Had not the Lord may Israel say..... 874
Hail, Father, Son and Holy Ghost..... 33
Hail, Father, whose creating call..... 15
Hail, great Creator, wise and good..... 5
Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest! 385
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord..... 34
Hail, morning, known among the, &c.... 147
Hail, sacred truth whose piercing rays... 47

Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds..... 712
Hail, thou happy morn so glorious..... 146
Hail, to the Lord's anointed..... 860
Hallowed Gethsemane..... 135
Happy soul, thy days are ending..... 982
Happy the man who finds the grace..... 446
Happy the man whose hopes rely..... 469
Happy the spirit released from its clay... 1031
Hark from the tombs a doleful sound.... 951
Hark how the watchmen cry..... 641
Hark how the gospel trumpet..... 178
Hark the voice of love and mercy..... 121
Hark the sound of joy and gladness..... 910
Hark what mean those holy voices..... 95
Have you heard, have you heard, &c..... 721
Hearken Lord to my complaint..... 931
Hear, gracious God, my humble prayer... 485
Hear, O sinner! mercy hails you..... 198
Hear, what God, the Lord, hath spoken.. 359
Hear, what the voice from heaven..... 994
Heaven is the land where troubles cease . 1035
He comes, he comes, the Judge severe.... 1006
He dies, the friend of sinners, dies..... 141
He wills that I should holy be..... 300
He lives—the great Redeemer lives..... 657
Here at thy table, Lord, we meet..... 603
Here in thy name eternal God..... 730
Help us to feel for drunken man..... 897
High in yonder realms of light..... 1027
High on his everlasting throne..... 366
Hither ye faithful, haste with songs, &c.. 94
Holy as thou, O Lord, there's none..... 28
Holy and reverend is the name..... 18
Holy, and true, and righteous Lord..... 297
Holy Ghost with light divine..... 158
Holy, holy, holy Lord..... 31
Holy Lamb, who thee receive..... 322
Holy source of consolation..... 159

How are thy servants blest..... 900
How beauteous are their feet..... 362
How beautiful the morning..... 883
How beautiful the sight..... 626
How blest is our brother, bereft..... 966
How blest the righteous when he dies.... 946
How bright a day was that, which..... 395
How can a sinner know 531
How can I vent my grief..... 548
How can we see the children, Lord..... 877
How charming is the place..... 406
How did my heart rejoice to hear..... 345
How do thy mercies close me round..... 648
How far beyond our mortal sight..... 702
How firm a foundation ye saints, &c..... 651
How firm the saint's foundation stands... 20
How gentle God's commands..... 671
How happy are the new-born race..... 465
How happy every child of grace..... 448
How happy is the pilgrim's lot..... 692
How helpless guilty nature lies..... 75
How large the promise, how divine..... 585
How long shall death, the tyrant, reign.. 993
How long sometimes a day appears..... 1018
How many pass the guilty night..... 831
How oft have sin and Satan strove..... 674
How painfully pleasing, the fond, &c.... 49
How perfect is thy word..... 58
How pleasant, how divinely fair..... 424
How pleasing is thy voice..... 888
How precious is the Book Divine..... 41
How sad our state by nature is..... 76
How shall a lost sinner in pain..... 546
How shall the sons of men appear..... 122
How short and hasty is our life..... 822
How solemn the signal I hear..... 981
How still and peaceful is the grave..... 984
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight... 613

How sweet to leave the world awhile.... 414
How sweet to reflect on those joys, &c... 722
How sweet the hour of closing day..... 945
How sweet the melting lay..... 513
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.... 105
How swift, alas! the moments fly..... 813
How swift the torrent rolls..... 825
How tedious and tasteless the hours..... 449
How vain is all beneath the skies..... 797
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh... 179
Hush the loud cannon's roar..... 863

I

I AM glad that I was born to die..... 447
I am weary, I am weary..... 939
I ask not wealth nor pomp..... 802
I ask the gift of righteousness..... 221
I ask the Lord that I might grow..... 649
I have sought round the verdant earth.... 1051
I know that my Redeemer lives. And.... 301
I know that my Redeemer lives. What... 104
I left the God of truth and light..... 261
I love the sacred book of God..... 53
I love thy kingdom, Lord..... 343
I love to see the Lord below..... 407
I love to steal awhile, away..... 482
I long to see the seasons come..... 175
I looked upon the righteous man..... 985
I saw beyond the tomb..... 817
I send the joys of earth away..... 1047
I sing of God the mighty source..... 6
I want a principle within..... 511
I would not live alway; I ask not to stay. 710
I woo'd ambition, climb'd the pole..... 262
If life in sorrow must be spent..... 926
If 'tis sweet to mingle where..... 522
If thou impart thyself to me..... 326
If through unruffled seas..... 941

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord..... 534
In all my Lord's appointed ways..... 614
In evil long I took delight..... 242
In God's own house by silent night..... 807
In life's gay morn let children learn..... 783
In mercy, Lord, remember me..... 565
In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair. 1066
In the broad fields of heaven..... 1020
In the cross of Christ I glory..... 676
In the hour of dark temptation..... 60
In thy great name, O Lord, we come..... 180
In thy name, O Lord, assembling..... 433
In thy rebukes, all-gracious God..... 665
In trouble, and in grief, O God..... 661
In vain men talk of living faith..... 282
In vain we seek for peace with God..... 124
Infinite, unexhausted love..... 450
Intemperance like a raging flood..... 894
Is this a fast for me?..... 861
It is the Lord enthroned in light..... 664

J

JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power..... 21
Jehovah's image brightly shone..... 71
Jerusalem my glorious home..... 701
Jesus, and shall it ever be..... 220
Jesus, all-redeeming Lord..... 600
Jesus, a word, a look from thee..... 325
Jesus, at whose supreme command..... 595
Jesus, delightful, charming name..... 108
Jesus demands this heart of mine..... 257
Jesus, friend of sinners, hear..... 544
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep..... 518
Jesus hath died that I might live..... 298
Jesus, I love thy charming name..... 466
Jesus, I my cross have taken..... 681
Jesus, if still thou art to-day..... 219
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 287

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone..... 654
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace..... 849
Jesus, my truth, my way..... 302
Jesus, my strength, my hope..... 658
Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne..... 110
Jesus, our soul's delightful choice..... 283
Jesus shall reign where e'er the sun..... 756
Jesus, soft, harmonious name..... 527
Jesus spreads his banner o'er us..... 604
Jesus, thy blessings are not few..... 197
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness..... 119
Jesus, thy good spirit alone..... 306
Jesus, the life, the truth, the way..... 303
Jesus, the name, high over all. 367
Jesus, the word bestow..... 70
Jesus, to thy wounds I fly..... 123
Jesus, thou sovereign Lord of all..... 500
Jesus, united by thy grace 618
Jesus, view our feast of love..... 530
Jesus, we on the words depend..... 153
Jesus, we thus obey..... 591
Join all ye ransomed sons of grace..... 834
Join every tongue to praise the Lord..... 844
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move..... 717
Joy to the world, the Lord is come..... 100
Just as I am, without one plea..... 1058
Just as thou art—without one trace..... 1059

K

Kindred, and friends, and native land... 760
Kindred in Christ for his dear sake..... 525

L

Laden with guilt and full of fears..... 55
Lamp of our feet whereby we trace..... 64
Let all the heathen writers join..... 52
Let all who truly bear..... 592
Let every mortal ear attend..... 177

Let every tongue thy goodness speak.... 451
Let earthly minds the world pursue..... 293
Let him to whom we now belong..... 307
Let party strifes no more..... 620
Let the redeemed give thanks and praise. 224
Let the wild leopards of the wood..... 83
Let the world their virtue boast..... 687
Let them neglect thy glory, Lord..... 36
Let vain pursuits and vain desires..... 605
Let Zion's watchmen all awake..... 368
Life is the time to serve the Lord..... 196
Lift up your hearts to things above..... 619
Lift up your hearts, Immanuel's friends.. 1067
Like Noah's weary dove..... 334
Like sheep we went astray..... 137
Listen my soul when Jesus prays..... 129
Lo! He comes with clouds descending... 1015
Lo! on a narrow neck of land..... 1016
Lo! round the throne, at God's, &c..... 1026
Lo! what an interesting sight..... 615
Lone amidst the dead and dying..... 923
Long have we heard the joyful sound.... 65
Long as I live I'll bless his name..... 452
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye... 752
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious..... 101
Lord all I am is known to thee..... 14
Lord at thy temple we appear..... 417
Lord at thy table I behold..... 597
Lord God the Holy Ghost..... 149
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see..... 405
Lord, how mysterious are thy ways..... 680
Lord, how secure and blest are they..... 453
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine..... 328
Lord, I believe a rest remains..... 304
Lord, I despair myself to heal..... 228
Lord, I have made thy word my choice.. 61
Lord, I would come to thee..... 269
Lord, in the morning I will send..... 556

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear..... 555
Lord, in the strength of grace..... 308
Lord, in thy courts we now appear..... 422
Lord, Jesus, when, when shall it be..... 225
Lord, lead the way the Savior went..... 851
Lord, look on all assembled here..... 943
Lord of hosts to thee we raise..... 733
Lord of the harvest, hear..... 370
Lord of the harvest, God of grace..... 428
Lord of the Sabbath and its light..... 401
Lord, teach us how to pray aright..... 493
Lord, thou hast scourged our guilty land. 917
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray.... 575
Lord, unafflicted, undismayed 920
Lord, we believe to us and ours..... 152
Lord, we come before thee now..... 421
Lord, we are vile conceived in sin..... 73
Lord, we come to ask thy blessing..... 890
Lord, what our ears have heard..... 589
Lord, what a wretched land is this..... 726
Lord, when together here we meet..... 515
Lord, when thine ancient people..... 867
Lord, whom winds and seas obey..... 909
Lovely babe, how brief thy stay..... 963
Love divine, all love excelling..... 336
Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb..... 1061

M

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned..... 1048
Make us by thy transforming grace..... 311
Man dieth and wasteth away..... 957
May freedom speed onward wherever, &c. 866
May the grace of Christ our Savior..... 37
May the captive's pleading fill..... 864
May those who have thy name confess'd.. 358
Mary to the Savior's tomb..... 144
Meet and right it is to sing..... 39
Meekly in Jordan's holy stream..... 579

Men of God, go take your stations..... 774
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature, &c. 725
Mistaken souls! that dream of heaven... 284
Mortals, awake, with angels join..... 91
My brethren I have found..... 532
My buried friends can I forget..... 986
My Captain sounds the alarm of war.... 631
My drowsy powers why sleep ye so?.... 229
My days, my weeks, my months, my years 826
My faith looks up to thee..... 280
My faith shall triumph o'er the grave.... 999
My former hopes are fled..... 268
My God, how endless is thy love..... 566
My God, my everlasting hope..... 660
My God, my King, thy various praise.... 454
My God, my life, my love..... 488
My God, my prayer attend 504
My God, my portion, and my love..... 655
My God, I know, I feel thee mine..... 309
My God, permit me not to be 543
My God, permit my tongue..... 666
My God, the covenant of thy love..... 663
My God, the spring of all my joys..... 456
My gracious Lord, I own thy right..... 668
My hope, my all, my Savior thou..... 483
My Savior, my almighty Friend..... 455
My soul be on thy guard..... 506
My sufferings all to thee are known..... 226

N

Native land in summer smiling..... 770
Nature with open volume stands..... 107
Night wraps the land where Jesus spoke. 778
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard.... 703
Not all the blood of beasts..... 120
Not for the pious dead we weep..... 964
Not in the church-yard shall he sleep.... 969
Now back with humble shame..... 77

Now, even now, I yield, I yield..... 321
Now for a time of lofty praise..... 145
Now from the altar of our hearts..... 563
Now in the heat of youthful blood..... 794
Now is the accepted time..... 183
Now is the time, the accepted hour..... 187
Now, Lord, fulfill thy faithful word..... 374
Now let our mourning hearts..... 378
Now let our hearts conspire..... 854
Now let our voices join..... 616
Now one day more of life is gone..... 567

O

O BLESSED souls are they..... 288
O bless the Lord my soul..... 436
O cease, my wandering soul..... 223
O christian, see that dread array..... 914
O come, come away from labor now, &c.. 1065
O could our thoughts and wishes fly..... 728
O for an overcoming faith..... 954
O for a glance of heavenly day 230
O for a faith that will not shrink..... 279
O for a closer walk with God..... 535
O for a thousand tongues to sing..... 434
O for a heart to praise my God..... 305
O for a sweet inspiring ray 694
O for that tenderness of heart..... 227
O God, our help in ages past..... 820
O God, to thee, my sinking soul..... 916
O glorious hope of perfect love..... 312
O, happy day that fixed my choice..... 331
O, happy saints, who dwell in light..... 1030
O, how happy are they..... 435
O, how soft that bed must be..... 929
O, in the morn of life when youth..... 806
O, it is joy in one to meet..... 623
O Jesus, at thy feet we wait..... 315
O Jesus, full of grace..... 536

O Jesus, my Savior, I know thou art mine. 1044
O land of rest for thee I sigh..... 720
O, Lord, behold us at thy feet..... 876
O, Lord, encouraged by thy grace..... 584
O, Lord, my best desires fulfill..... 670
O, Lord, thy work revive..... 751
O, love divine, how sweet thou art..... 310
O, no, we cannot sing the song..... 552
O sing to me of heaven..... 714
O speak that word again..... 545
O Savior, welcome to my heart..... 338
O speed thee, Christian, on thy way..... 630
O that I could my Lord receive..... 233
O that I could repent..... 234
O that I knew the secret place..... 259
O that I were as heretofore..... 537
O that my load of sin were gone..... 235
O thou God of my salvation..... 460
O thou before whose gracious throne..... 381
O thou dear suffering Son of God..... 130
O thou in whose presence..... 1036
O thou to whose all-searching sight..... 318
O thou whom once they flock'd to hear... 231
O thou whose tender mercy hears..... 243
O thou who driest the mourner's tear.... 915
O turn from the wine glass..... 895
O weep not for the joys that fade..... 699
O, what amazing words of grace..... 184
O, what stupendous mercy shines..... 847
O, when shall I see Jesus..... 632
O, where is now that glowing love..... 547
O, where shall rest be found 697
O, why did I my Savior leave..... 538
O, Zion, tune thy voice..... 747
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness..... 753
O'er the realms of pagan darkness..... 771
Of him who did salvation bring..... 217
On Jordan's stormy bank I stand..... 693

On man in His own image made..... 72
On the mountain top appearing..... 353
On the dewey breath of even..... 573
On the night of that last supper..... 596
On Thibet's snow-capped mountain..... 769
Once more we come before our God..... 425
Once more me meet to pray..... 248
Once more my soul the rising day..... 560
One prayer I have—all prayers in one... 487
One there is, above all others..... 106
Onward, Christian, though the region.... 933
Onward, onward, men of heaven..... 767
Oppression shall not always reign..... 858
Oppressed with guilt and full of fears.... 50
Our bondage here shall end, by and by... 457
Our earth we now lament to see..... 914
Our God how firm his promise stands.... 685
Our heavenly Father, hear..... 489
Our helper, God, we bless his name..... 837
Our Lord is risen from the dead..... 139
Our little bark on boisterous seas..... 904
Our souls by love together knit..... 528
Our willing feet shall stand..... 419

P

Pass a few swiftly fleeting years..... 952
Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear. 652
Peace was the song the angels sang.. ... 911
People of the living God..... 357
Permit me Lord to seek thy face..... 333
Plead we not the faith alone..... 294
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair..... 116
Poor and afflicted, Lord, are thine..... 925
Praise to God the great Creator..... 468
Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore him... 470
Prayer is appointed to convey..... 478
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire..... 475
Prayer is the breath of God in man..... 502

Prayer may be sweet in cottage homes... 903
Precious Bible! what a treasure!..... 59
Proclaim, saith Christ, my wondrous, &c. 580

Q

QUICKENED with our immortal head..... 313

R

RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye. 195
Rejoice in God alway..... 464
Rejoice in Jesus' birth..... 84
Rejoice, my soul still in the Lord..... 682
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time, &c... 775
Remark, my soul, the narrow bound..... 832
Remember thy Creator..... 790
Repent, the voice celestial cries..... 185
Rest from thy labor, rest..... 967
Retire vain world, awhile, retire..... 742
Return, my roving heart, return..... 258
Return, O wanderer, now return..... 181
Revive our dying graces, Lord..... 749
Revive thy churches, Lord, with grace... 746
Revive thy work, O Lord..... 738
Rock of ages, cleft for me..... 267
Roll on thou mighty ocean..... 759
Round the temperance standard rally.... 898

S

SAFELY through another week..... 396
Saints at your heavenly Father's word... 937
Salvation, O the joyful sound..... 461
Savior, breathe an evening blessing..... 571
Savior, canst thou love a traitor..... 236
Savior, I thy word believe..... 161
Savior of all, to thee we bow..... 533
Savior of men, thy searching eye..... 369
Savior on me the grace bestow..... 324

Savior visit thy plantation..... 741
Savior, when, in dust, to thee..... 503
Say, sinner, hath a voice within..... 193
Saw ye my Savior, saw ye my Savior.... 118
See from Zion's sacred mountain..... 1042
See how the morning sun..... 561
See Israel's gentle shepherd stands..... 588
See in the vineyard of the Lord..... 200
See Jesus, thy diciples, see 524
See the clouds upon the mountain..... 403
See the leaves around us falling..... 885
See the stars from heaven falling..... 1012
Self-love no grace in sorrow sees..... 1063
Servant of God, well done..... 382
Shall foolish, weak, short-sighted man... 25
Shall heaven excuse thy blinded mind... 191
Shall I for fear of feeble man..... 371
Shall man, O God, of light and life..... 997
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve..... 479
Shepherd hail the wondrous stranger..... 99
Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes..... 89
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive..... 252
Shrinking from the cold hand of death.. 956
Since all the varying scenes of time..... 669
Since Jesus freely did appear..... 889
Sin has a thousand treacherous arts..... 78
Sinners obey the gospel word..... 189
Sinners, O why so thoughtless grown.... 169
Sinners the call obey..... 188
Sinner, the Lord invites thee now..... 190
Sinners, the voice of God regard..... 164
Sinners, this solemn truth regard..... 82
Sinners, will you scorn the message..... 199
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely..... 972
Slavery and death the cup contains..... 896
So fades the lovely blooming flower..... 970
So let our lips and lives express..... 383
Softly fades the twilight ray..... 404

Sovereign of worlds, display thy power.. 763
Sovereign of life, we own thy hand..... 870
Sow in the morn thy seed..... 376
Spirit of peace, celestial dove..... 621
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay..... 156
Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears... 629
Star of peace, to wanderers weary..... 907
Stern winter throws his icy chains..... 886
Still for thy loving kindness, Lord..... 232
Still on the Lord thy burden roll..... 683
Stoop down my thoughts that us'd to rise. 959
Strait is the way—the door is strait..... 174
Stretched on the cross the Savior dies.... 128
Suppliant, lo! thy children bend..... 779
Sure the blest comforter is nigh..... 154
Sweet is the friendly voice which speaks. 254
Sweet is the work, my God my King.... 388
Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream... 486
Sweet is the time of spring..... 881
Sweet is the scene when christians..... 961
Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest. 667
Sweet rivers of redeeming love..... 696
Sweet Sabbath-school, place ever dear... 780
Sweet Sabbath bells! I love your voice.. 408
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing..... 1053
Sweet was the time when first I felt..... 541
Swell the anthem, raise the song..... 869
Swift as the arrow cuts its way..... 815
Shed not a tear o'er your friend's, &c.... 991

T

Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal..... 520
Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view..... 850
Terrible God that reigneth on high..... 30
That awful day will surely come..... 1007
That day of wrath, that dreadful day.... 1019
That doleful night before his death..... 598
That once loved form now cold and dead. 983
That warning voice, O sinner..... 207

The angels are hovering round..... 1055
The blessed Spirit, like the wind..... 151
The billows swell, the winds are high... 901
The chariot, the chariot, its wheels, &c... 1013
The councils of redeeming grace..... 48
The crucified one has appeared..... 551
The day is past and gone..... 564
The day-light fades..... 801
The dove let loose in eastern skies..... 704
The God of grace and glory calls..... 662
The God of harvest praise..... 841
The gold and silver are the Lord's..... 853
The gospel ship has long been sailing.... 1057
The archangel's trump shall sound..... 1004
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord..... 56
The hoary frost and fleecy snow..... 887
The King of heaven his table spreads... 593
The last lovely morning..... 1001
The leaves around me falling..... 884
The long lost son with streaming eyes... 249
The Lord descended from above..... 113
The Lord how wondrous are his ways... 29
The Lord is the fountain of goodness.... 208
The Lord is risen indeed..... 143
The Lord my pasture shall prepare..... 659
The Lord my shepherd is..... 677
The Lord of earth and sky..... 839
The Lord of Sabbath let us praise..... 397
The Lord on high proclaims..... 23
The Lord our God, is Lord of all..... 17
The Lord will come, the earth shall, &c.. 1017
The mellow eve is gliding..... 572
The morning flowers display their sweets. 960
The morning bright..... 800
The music of his steps was sought..... 380
The pearl that worldlings covet is not, &c 1038
The praying spirit breathe..... 491
The perfect world by Adam trod..... 732

The prince of salvation in triumph, &c.. 772
The promise of my Father's love..... 320
The race that long in darkness pined.... 97
The sacraments are holy signs..... 578
The Savior, O what endless charms..... 281
The Savior when to heaven he rose..... 361
The spacious firmament on high..... 4
The Spirit breathes upon the word..... 43
The Spirit in our hearts..... 166
The star was bright o'er Bethlehem..... 912
The swift declining day..... 569
The tempest beat against my bark..... 908
The true Messiah now appears..... 117
The time is short, sinners beware..... 818
The voice is hushed, the gentle voice.... 789
The voice of free grace, cries escape..... 744
The wandering stars and fleeting wind.. 745
The winter is over and gone. 467
Thee, we adore, eternal Name..... 965
There is a God, all nature speaks..... 3
There is a God who rules on high..... 1
There is a fountain filled with blood..... 115
There is an hour of hallowed peace..... 695
There is an hour of peaceful rest..... 698
There is a land mine eye hath seen..... 1024
There is a land of pure delight..... 688
There is a place where my hopes are, &c. 713
There is a voice of sovereign grace..... 194
There is a spot to me more dear..... 523
There is a world we have not seen..... 1021
There's music in the upper heaven..... 1028
There's not a star whose twinkling light. 26
There seems a voice in every gale..... 472
These glorious minds, how bright, &c... 715
This day the Lord hath called his own.. 392
This world is poor from shore to shore... 705
Thou art gone to the grave..... 975
Thou art my portion, O my God..... 329

Thou blest Redeemer, dying Lamb..... 1041
Thou boundless source of every good.... 936
Thou God of all-sufficient grace..... 323
Thou God of sovereign grace..... 875
Thou great mysterious God unknown.... 290
Thou Judge of quick and dead..... 1008
Thou Lord has blest my going out..... 508
Thou Lord of life whose tender care..... 570
Thou man of grief remember me..... 240
Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me..... 299
Thou rock of my salvation haste..... 918
Thou, the eternal Lord..... 24
Thou very-present aid..... 686
Thou, who didst with love and blessing.. 787
Though troubles assail, and dangers, &c. 673
Through endless years thou art the same. 12
Through sorrow's night and danger's, &c. 996
Thus far the Lord hath led me on..... 568
Thus spake the Savior when he sent..... 379
Thy bounties, gracious Lord..... 871
Thy law is perfect, Lord of light..... 45
Thy life I read, my gracious Lord..... 948
Thy neighbor? it is he whom thou..... 892
Thy presence, gracious God, afford..... 427
Thy word, almighty Lord..... 63
Time is winging us away..... 814
Time speeds away, away..... 811
'Tis by the faith of joys to come..... 273
'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand. 846
'Tis faith that lays the sinner low..... 285
'Tis finished, so the Savior cried..... 133
'Tis finished, the conflict is past..... 976
'Tis low down in that beautiful valley... 1050
'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow..... 136
'Tis religion that can give..... 1046
To-day, if ye will hear his voice..... 810
To Jesus, the crown of my hope..... 716
To leave my dear friends, and with..... 495

To-morrow, Lord, is thine..... 821
To our Redeemer's glorious name..... 437
To praise the ever-bounteous Lord..... 840
To Thee, O God, when creatures..... 962
To Thee, this temple we devote..... 736
To Thy temple we repair..... 409
To us a child of royal birth..... 109
Try us, O God, and search the ground... 519
'Twas by an order from the Lord..... 44
'Twas God that fixed the rolling spheres. 19
'Twas Jesus' great and last command.... 420
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night... 594
'Twas the commission of our Lord..... 582

U

United prayers ascend to thee..... 581
Unvail thy bosom faithful tomb..... 968
Upon the gospel's sacred page..... 69
Up, why sleep ye men of heaven..... 768

V

Vain man thy fond pursuits forbear..... 204

W

Walk in the light so shalt thou know... 938
Watchmen, tell us of the night..... 776
We'er marching to the promised land.... 359
We are traveling home to heaven above.. 360
We bid thee welcome in the name..... 375
We come, O Lord, before thy throne..... 902
We lift our hearts to thee..... 557
We now to Christ, the Savior King..... 781
We praise Thee, Lord! if but one soul... 893
We speak of the realms of the blest..... 723
We need not soar above the skies..... 2
Weep not for the saint that ascends..... 979
Welcome delightful morn..... 399

Welcome swect day of rest..... 393
Welcome to our festival..... 784
What glory guilds the sacred page..... 54
What is the world ? a wildering maze... 67
What is life ? 'tis but a vapor..... 708
What if our bark, o'er life's rough waves. 1029
What language now salutes the ear..... 192
What poor despised company..... 625
What shall I render to my God..... 413
What various hind'rances we meet..... 496
What's this that steals, that steals, &c... 987
What wondrous love is this, O my soul... 1052
When Adam sinned through all his race. 79
When Abrah'm, full of sacred awe:..... 944
When all thy mercies, O my God..... 463
When any turn from Zion's way..... 656
When around us life is shining..... 988
When bending o'er the brink of life..... 990
When blooming youth is snatched away.. 799
When, dearest Savior, when shall I..... 391
When for eternal worlds we steer..... 690
When fainting in a sultry waste..... 1043
When gloomy thoughts and fears..... 675
When God is nigh my faith is strong.... 998
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be... 319
When I can read my title clear..... 637
When I survey thy wond'rous cross..... 134
When injured Afric's captive claims..... 868
When Jordan hushed his waters still.... 93
When languor and disease invade..... 934
When marshalled on the nightly plain... 905
When musing sorrow weeps the past..... 940
When power divine in mortal form..... 1064
When rising from the bed of death..... 241
When shall thy love constrain..... 239
When shall the voice of singing.. 765
When sickness shakes the languid frame. 932
When the harvest is past, and the, &c... 209

When the last trumpet's awful voice..... 995
When the worn spirit wants repose..... 398
When thou, my righteous Judge..... 1009
When the spark of life is waning..... 924
When thro' the torn sail the wild, &c.... 906
When verdure clothes the fertile vale.... 882
When'er we meet you always say..... 1060
Where is my Savior now..... 549
While I to grief my soul gave way..... 750
While in the tender years of youth..... 735
While life prolongs its precious light.... 176
While shepherds watched their flocks.... 92
While Thee I seek, protecting Power.... 514
While thro' this changing world we roam. 691
While with ceaseless course the sun 829
Who are these in bright array..... 1022
Who are these arrayed in white..... 1025
Who is thy neighbor ? he whom thou.... 859
Whom have we, Lord, in heaven but thee. 653
Why do we mourn departing friends..... 978
Why droops my soul with grief..... 213
Why is my heart so far from thee..... 553
Why should our tears in sorrow flow..... 989
Why should the children of a King..... 237
Why should a living man complain. 919
Why should we start and fear to die..... 950
Why on the bending willows hung..... 348
Why will ye waste on trifling cares..... 186
With glorious clouds encompassed round. 238
With grateful hearts and tuneful lays.... 891
With joy we meditate the grace..... 111
With one consent, let all the earth..... 473
With stately towers, and bulwarks strong. 340
With tears of anguish I lament..... 256
Within thy courts have millions met..... 400
Within thy house, O Lord, our God 341
Would you behold the works of God..... 899

Y

Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim..... 764
Ye faithful souls who Jesus know..... 142
Ye golden lamps of heaven..... 719
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm..... 247
Ye messengers of God arise..... 372
Ye messengers of Christ..... 373
Ye men and angels, witness now..... 356
Ye mourning saints whose streaming, &c. 974
Ye ransomed sinners hear..... 462
Ye saints proclaim abroad..... 459
Ye servants of the Lord..... 507
Ye sons of Adam vain and young..... 792
Ye sons of men with joy record..... 474
Ye trembling souls dismiss..... 1045
Ye virgin souls arise..... 836
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor..... 602
Yes, my native land, I love thee..... 754
Yes, we trust the day is breaking..... 757
Yes, the Redeemer rose..... 140
You may sing of the beauty of &c..... 415
Your harps, ye trembling saints..... 458

Z

Zeal is that pure and heavenly flame.... 635
Zion stands with hills surrounded..... 342