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A

SELECTION OF HYMNS

FOR

THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

BY

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AND

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PREFACE.

At the request of various brethren, more or less formally presented, and of the Board of the Southern Baptist Publication Society, we have prepared this Hymn-Book for the use of the Churches.

The principles on which it is compiled can be best ascertained by an examination of the work itself; it is therefore needless to detail them. Our brethren will feel assured that we have spared no labor or pains to render this offering useful and acceptable to the servants of the Lord. To the Christian candor of all such, and especially to the blessing of Him who has prescribed "singing and making melody in the heart," as part of his worship, we prayerfully commend our work.

B. Manly,
B. Manly, Jr.

University of Alabama.
July, 1850.

SYLLABUS OF THE ARRANGEMENT

N. B.—The figures on the line below each topic refer to hymns in other parts of the book, relating to it.

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THE

BAPTIST PSALMODY.

ETERNITY OF GOD.

C. M. WATTS.

1. *God eternal.* Ps. 90.

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

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

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

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

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

C. M. WATTS.

2. *Support in God.* Ps. 90.

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

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

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

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,—
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

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

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

L. M. STEELE.

3. *The Everlasting Father.*

1 LORD, thou hast been thy children's God
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
Or formed the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

3 Great Father of Eternity,
How short our ages in thy sight!
A thousand years, how swift they fly!
Like one short, silent watch of night!

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom!
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And with true diligence, apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

C. M. TATE & BRADY.

4. *God unchangeable.* Ps. 102: 24-27.

1 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 heaven
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.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

5. *The Ancient of Days.* Dan. 7: 9.

1 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 unsurprised survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 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.

4 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies:

5 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

OMNISCIENCE AND OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

C. M. WATTS.

6. *The All-seeing God.* Ps. 139.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

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

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed 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 sovereign love.

7. L. M. WATTS.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God. Ps. 139.

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

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

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

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

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

8. L. M. WATTS.

Omnipresence of God. Ps. 139.

1 COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

2 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light;
Or plunge to hell, there justice reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

3 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

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

L. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

9. *God everywhere.* Ps. 139.

1 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 naught impure shall enter in.

L. M. NOEL'S COL.

10. *Nothing hid from God.* Dan. 2 : 22.

1 WHERE can we hide, or whither fly,
Lord, to escape thy piercing eye?
With thee it is not day and night,
But darkness shineth as the light.

2 Where'er we go, whate'er pursue,
Our ways are open to thy view,
Our motives read, our thoughts explored,
Our hearts revealed to thee, O Lord.

3 Is there, throughout all worlds, one spot,
One lonely wild, where thou art not?
The hosts of heaven enjoy thy care,
And those of hell know thou art there.

4 Awake, asleep, where none intrude,
Or 'midst the thronging multitude,
In every land, on every sea,
We are surrounded still with thee.

5 Search us, O God, and know each heart;
With every idol bid us part;
Make us to keep thy holy ways,
And live to utter forth thy praise.

11. C. M. DRENNAN.

God present with his People. 1 Kings 8 : 27.

1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms and worlds unknown:
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

12. C. M. SCOTT

All things known to God. Heb. 4 : 13.

1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my utmost powers;
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate, and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just:
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crush me into dust: –

3 Oh, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impressed;
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast.

4 By thee observed, by thee upheld,
Should earth and hell oppose,
I press with dauntless courage on,
To meet the proudest foes.

5 Sustained by thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy veil will tread,
And grace shall bind the victor's crown
Of glory on my head.

MAJESTY AND INFINITY OF GOD.

13. C. M. WATTS.

The King Eternal, Invisible. 1 Tim. 1 : 17.

1 HOW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 Those watchful eyes that never sleep
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promises.

4 Justice upon a holy throne
Maintains the rights of God;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

L. M. KIPPIS.

14.

God unsearchable. Job 11 : 7.

1 GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
All that we mortals need to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Adore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

15.

L. M. WATTS.

Infinite Perfections of God. Ps 36 : 5-9.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines:
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

4 In the provisions of thy house
We still shall find a sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

C. M. WATTS.

16. *Praise and holy Fear.* Ps. 95.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
O, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request:
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

11s & 8s. CH. PSALMODY.

17. *The Lord great.* 2 Sam. 7 : 22.

THE Lord is great; ye hosts of heaven adore him.
And ye who tread this earthly ball;
In holy songs rejoice aloud before him,
And shout his praise who made you all.

2 The Lord is great; his majesty how glorious!
Resound his praise from shore to shore;
O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious,
He rules and reigns for evermore.

3 The Lord is great; his mercy how abounding!
Ye angels, strike your golden chords;
O, praise our God, with voice and harp resounding,
The King of kings and Lord of lords.

18. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

Majesty of God. Ps. 104 : 2, 24, 33.

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise :
But, O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom shines:
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

19. L. M. WATTS.

Universal Dominion of God. Ps. 148.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell :
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known ;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

3 Jehovah !—'tis a glorious word ;
O, may it dwell on every tongue ;
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord ;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

HOLINESS OF GOD.

20. C. M. NEEDHAM.

"*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God.*" Isaiah 6 : 3.

1 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.

21. 7s. B. MANLY, JR.

Thou only art Holy. Rev. 15 : 4.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God of hosts, in heaven adored,
Earth with awe has heard thy name,
Men thy majesty proclaim.

2 Just and true are all thy ways,
Great thy works above our praise;
Humbled in the dust, we own,
Thou art holy, thou alone.

3 In thy sight, the angel band
Justly charged with folly stand
Holiest deeds of creatures lie
Meritless before thine eye.

4 How shall sinners worship thee,
God of spotless purity?
To thy grace all hope we owe:
Thine own righteousness bestow.

L. M. POINDEXTER.

22. *The Grace and Holiness of God.*

1 ETERNAL God! Almighty Power!
Infinite Wisdom, Truth, and Grace!
Around thee clouds and darkness lower,
And hide the brightness of thy face.

2 Yet, mighty God, we know thee still
The God of love and holiness,
Whose presence doth all nature fill,
Whose goodness all thy works confess.

3 Thee, holy Lord, we humbly praise,
To thee our grateful off'ring bring,
While angels high thy glory raise,
And holy, holy, holy, sing!

23. S. M. WATTS.

A holy God worshipped with Reverence. Ps. 99.

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

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

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

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

L. M.

24. *Holiness and Grace of God.*

1 ETERNAL Power! most holy God!
Who can approach thy glorious throne!—
Unfading light is thine abode,
Pure light, to mortal man unknown.

2 Before thy radiant holiness
The darkened heavens no longer shine;
The brightest glories of the sky,
O'ershadowed by the light of thine.

3 Great God! and wilt thou condescend
To this vile world of sin and woe?—
To hear the contrite prayer we send,
While at thy footstool low we bow?

4 Most holy God! thy wondrous grace
With humble boldness we adore,
That bids us sinners seek thy face,
And dread thy glorious throne no more.

5 While angel harps and heavenly tongues
Tune to thy holiness and love,
Great God! permit our humble songs
To hymn thy praise with those above.

LOVE OF GOD.

C. M. G. BURDER.

25. *God is Love.* 1 John 4: 8.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears
To show, that God is love.

3 Behold, his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love!

4 And O that you, whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice,
That tells you, God is love.

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

8s & 7s. BOWRING

26. *God is Love.* 1 John 4 : 8.

1 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.

H. M. J. YOUNG.

27. *His great Love.* Eph. 2 : 4.

1 O FOR a shout of joy,
Loud as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, th' eternal love, of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at his right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery;
Have told, in strains of sweet accord,
The love, the sovereign love, of God.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize:
And through an endless age record
The love, th' unchanging love, of God.

FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

C. M. WATTS.

28. *The faithful God.* Deut. 7 : 9.

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

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

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

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

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

C. M. BEDDOME.

29. *A faithful Creator.* 1 Pet. 4 : 19.

1 THE truth of God shall still endure,
And firm his promise stand;
Believing souls may rest secure
In his almighty hand.

2 Should earth and hell their forces join,
He would contemn their rage,
And render fruitless their design
Against his heritage.

The rainbow round about his throne
Proclaims his faithfulness;
He will his purposes perform,
His promises of grace.

4 The hills and mountains melt away,
But he is still the same:
Let saints to him their homage pay,
And magnify his name.

H. M. DODDRIDGE.

30. *The faithful Promiser.* Heb. 10 : 23.

1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke:
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure | Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still; | Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years:
But still the same, | The promise shines
In radiant lines | Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres:
'Midst all the shock | I stand serene,
Of that dread scene, | Thy word my rock.

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

31. *Faithful to forgive.* 1 John 1:9.

1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

4 Throughout the universe it reigns,
It stands forever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

L. M. WATTS.

32. *Security in God.* Heb. 6:18, 19.

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

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the 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.

C. M. ENG. BAP. COL.

33. Isai. 49 : 15.

1 CEASE ye, when days of darkness come,
In sad dismay to mourn;
As if the Lord could leave his saints
Forsaken and forlorn.

2 Can the fond mother e'er forget
The infant whom she bore?
And can its plaintive cries be heard,
Nor move compassion more?

3 She may forget; nature may fail
A parent's heart to move;
But Zion on His heart shall dwell
In everlasting love.

CREATION.

L. M. STEELE.

34. *God seen in his works.* Ps. 19 : 1, 3.

1 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.

L. M. WILLIAMS.

35. *God the First Cause.* Rom. 11 : 36.

1 ETERNAL God, almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed;
By none controll'd in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blessed.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay:
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
Fountain of peace, and joy, and love!
Thy favor only makes us blessed;
Without thee all would nothing prove.

5 Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
And to thy glory we would live.

C. M. WATTS.

36. *Wisdom in Creation.* Prov. 8:22–36.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise!
Thee all thy creatures sing!
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace ring.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move,
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see adore, and love.

C. M. WALLACE.

37. *God seen in his Works.*

1 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 distil
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.

GOD'S GOVERNMENT OF NATURE.

L. M. WATTS.

38. *Dominion of God.* Ps. 93.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

39. H. M. WATTS.

Perfections of God's Government. Ps. 104.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep all the world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs:
Strong is his arm, | His great decrees,
And shall fulfil | His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name; | Join, all my powers,
I love his word; | And praise the Lord.

40. L. M. WATTS.

His Kingdom over all. Ps. 103:19.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

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

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

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

S. P. M. WATTS.

41. *God the King.* Ps. 93.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned,
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high,
Before the starry sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall calm their fury down;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

4 Thy promises are true;
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

42. C. M. Eng. Bap. Col.

In Him we live, and move, and have our being.
Acts 17:28.

1 THY kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store,
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

3 The praise of God—delightful theme!
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

43. C. M. Martineau's Col.

Omnipotence of God. Ps. 18:7–16.

1 '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,
Fulfil his high command;
Pay grateful homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

14. C. M. H. K. White.

The winds and the sea obey Him. Mat. 8:27.

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might:
The winds obey his will!
He speaks, and in the heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He binds the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend; in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

15. C. M. Doddridge.

"*He stayeth his rough wind.*" Isai. 27:8.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

C. M. WATTS.

46. *Sustaining Care and providential Blessings.*
Ps. 65 : 6–13.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 The 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.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

47. L. M. WATTS.

"*Thou art a God that hidest thyself.*" Isai. 45 : 15

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 When thou dost clothe thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile,
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us, in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

48. L. M. BEDDOME.

God's Throne in Darkness. Ps. 97 : 2.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will:
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise:
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

49. C. M. WATTS.

Sovereignty of God. Dan. 4 : 35. 1 Sam. 2 : 7, 8.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

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

3 Before his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And casts the monarch down.

6 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise

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

50. C. M. COWPER.

What I do thou knowest not now. John 13 : 7.

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

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

7s. RYLAND.

51. *Times in God's hand.* Ps. 31 : 15.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand—
All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth:
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief;

3 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend

4 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?—
I resign it to thy will.

5 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

52. L. M. COLLETT.

God righteous in all he doeth. Dan. 9 : 14.

1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power?
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.

4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Filled with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

5 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall in thy glory end.

6 This be my care; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be:
"Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed, O God, my soul on thee."

53. C. M. PRESB. HYMNS.

The Lord upholdeth the Righteous. Ps. 37 : 17.

1 O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all;
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Through all the wilderness.

3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, O my God!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

54. H. M. CONDER.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep;
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep:
Away with every anxious fear;
I cannot want while he is near.

2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed;
Where silent waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet; and when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

3 He leads himself the way
His faithful flock should take:
Them who his voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake;
And surely truth and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

4 Let me but feel him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shaded valley through;
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps, and guard me there.

S. M. WATTS.

55. *God our Shepherd.* Ps. 23.

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

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

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

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk through 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.

56. C. M. HERVEY.

He hath done all things well. Mark 7 : 37.

1 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.

57. C. M. WATTS.

The Good Shepherd. Ps. 23.

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

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

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

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

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O, may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come—
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

L. M. 6s. ADDISON

58. *The watchful Shepherd.* Ps. 23.

1 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.

L. M. WATTS.

59. *The faithful Shepherd.* Ps. 23.

1 MY shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supplied;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

3 Amid the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

7s. CHURCH PSALMODY

60. *The tender Shepherd.* Isai. 40 : 11.

1 TO thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;
And my couch, with tenderest care,
Midst the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

C. M. LOGAN.

61. *God of our Fathers.* Gen. 28 : 20, 22.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

2 Our fervent prayer we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore;
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
Thy goodness we'll adore.

L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

62. *The God of all Grace.* Jam. 1:17.

1 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.

L. M. WATTS.

63. Psalm 68:4, 5.

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest;
He 's your defence, your joy, your rest.
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

L. M. WATTS.

64. *God's Aid essential.* Ps. 127.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost:
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blessed;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sovereign make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends:
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are seasoned with his love!

8s and 7s. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

65. Psalm 127.

1 VAINLY through night's lonely hours
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we then the Lord's anointed,
He shall grant us peace and rest;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed
Who, through Christ, his prayer addressed.

CONDESCENSION AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

C. M. TATE & BRADY.

66. *God's Condescension.* Ps. 8.

1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight,—
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light,—

3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind?

4 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name.

S. M. WATTS.

67. *Divine Condescension.* Ps. 8, 144.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the evening skies,—

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,—
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are,
How wondrous are thy ways,
That, from the dust, thy power should frame
A monument of praise!

68. L. M. WATTS

God's Condescension to Human Affairs.

1 UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

4 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

69. C. M. STEELE.

Condescension of God.

1 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.

S. M. WATTS.

70. *The Mercy of the Lord.* Ps. 103:8–12.

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

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

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

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

C. M. WATTS.

71. *The Goodness of God.* Ps. 145:7.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

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

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

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

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

S. M. WATTS.

72. *Mercy of God acknowledged.* Ps. 103·1-7

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

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

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

S. M. WATTS.

73. *The Pity of the Lord.* Ps. 103: 13–18.

1 THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

C. M. STEELE.

74. *Surprising Grace.* Rev. 3: 20.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall Mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmoved and cold remain?
Has it no soft, no tender part?
Must Mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And shall my heart, his rightful due,
Remain forever barred?

4 O Lord, exert thy conquering grace;
Thy mighty power display:
One beam of glory from thy face
Can melt my sin away.

C. M. WATTS.

75. *The Lord our Keeper.* Ps. 121.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes;
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.

3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

4 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God shall call thee home.

L. M. WATTS.

76. *God praised for his Goodness.* Ps. 146.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

77. C. M. GIBBONS.

The Earth full of God's Goodness. Ps. 33.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;—
A spring whose blessings never fail;
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

78. S. M. BEDDOME.

God the Fount of all Good. Acts 17.

1 GOD is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow;
To him my life, my health, and friends,
And every good, I owe.

2 The comforts he affords
Are neither few nor small;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

3 He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise;
And to his glory I'll devote
The remnant of my days.

GRACE AND MERCY OF GOD.

79. C. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Sovereign and abounding Grace. 1 Cor. 15 8.

1 GREAT God, 'tis from thy sovereign grace
That all my blessings flow;
Whate'er I am, or do possess,
I to thy mercy owe.

2 'Tis this my powerful lust controls,
And pardons all my sin;
Spreads life and comfort through my soul,
And makes my nature clean.

3 'Tis this upholds me whilst I live,
Supports me when I die;
And hence ten thousand saints receive
Their all as well as I.

4 How full must be the springs from whence
Such various streams proceed!
The pasture cannot but be rich
On which so many feed.

80. S. M. DODDRIDGE

"*By grace ye are saved.*" Eph. 2 : 5.

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

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

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

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

81. L. M. WATTS.

God with and in us. Isai. 57: 15, 16.

1 THUS saith the High and Lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne,
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too,
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live,
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind."

82. C. M. WATTS.

God sending his Son. Ps. 8.

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let every tongue proclaim.

2 Lord, what is man, or all his race
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?—

3 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,—
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm?

4 Let him be crowned with majesty
Who bowed his head to death,
And be his honors sounded high
By all things that have breath.

5 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let all the earth proclaim.

83. C. M. STEELE.

The Loving-kindnesses of the Lord. Isai. 63 : 7.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his well-belovéd Son
To save our souls from sin;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.

4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

84. II. M. WATTS.

Wonders of Creation and Grace. Ps. 126.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be his name adored:
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same, | Have endless praise.

3 He sent his only Son,
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

85. L. M. WATTS.

God's Gift of his Son.

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

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

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

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace;
My heart and tongue, with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

86. C. M. WATTS.

The Glory of God in the Face of Jesus. 2 Cor. 4:6

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand 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 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—

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

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs chant Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

87. L. M. WATTS.

Object of Christ's coming. John 3:17, 18.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

C. M. WATTS.

88. *Access to God.* Heb. 10:19–22.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by his Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his anger by.

C. M. WATTS.

89. *Christ's Commission.* John 3:16–18.

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOD'S PRESENCE INVOKED.

7s & 6s. PECULIAR.

90. *Invocation.*

1 DRAW nigh to us, Jehovah!
In our social meeting;
In this propitious hour,
O may we feel thy power,
In this social meeting.

2 Draw nigh to us, blest Jesus!
In our social meeting;
O may we find thy favor,
Thou ever-blessèd Saviour,
In this social meeting.

3 Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit!
In our social meeting;
Convince and renovate us,
Anew in Christ create us,
In this social meeting.

91. L. M. WATTS.

The Indwelling of God desired. Eph. 3 : 16–21.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ, his Son.

92. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

"*There will I meet with thee.*" Exod. 25 : 22.

1 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, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day

C. M. PRATT'S COL.

93. *The Word engrafted.* Jam. 1 : 21.

1 ALMIGHTY God, eternal Lord;
Thy gracious power make known;
Apply the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
O, let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

C. M. PRATT'S COL.

94. "*We would see Jesus.*"

1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Saviour 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.

95. 7s. KELLY.

The Word made quick and powerful. Heb. 4 : 12.

1 SAVIOUR, bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O, may sinners hear thy call;
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success:
Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice;
Send, O send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice—
Hear it, and return to God.

96. 7s. HAMMOND.

A Blessing humbly requested.

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

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

97. S. M. NEWTON.

Free Provision. Isaiah 55 : 1, 2.

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

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

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

C. M.

98. *The Throne of Grace.* Eph. 4: 16.

1 O LORD, to us assembled here,
Reveal thy smiling face.
While we by faith, with love and fear,
Approach a Throne of Grace.

2 Thy house is called a house of prayer,
A solemn, sacred place;
O let us now thy presence share,
While at a Throne of Grace.

3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race,
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before the Throne of Grace.

4 Thy tender pity and thy love
Our every fear can chase;
And all our help we then shall prove
Comes from a Throne of Grace.

5 We bless thee for thy word and laws,
We bless thee for our peace;
And, O! we bless thee, Lord, because
There is a Throne of Grace.

S. M. C. WESLEY.

99. *A present Saviour.* Matt. 18: 20.

1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel!

4 O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love!

100. L. M. S. STENNETT.

Christ's Presence promised. Matt. 18:20.

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

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

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

101. L. M. COWPER.

On opening a Place of Worship.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make each worshipper thine own.

102. C. P. M. KENT.

Presence of Jesus invoked. Matt. 18:20.

1 WHERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
And tell what I have done,
"There will I be," saith Christ, "to bless,
And every burdened soul redress,
Who worships at my throne."

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
To set the spirit free;
Impart a kind, celestial shower,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

103. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Lord, teach us to pray. Luke 11:1.

1 LORD, teach thy servants how to pray
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,
We must to thee draw near.

2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee;
Give broken, contrite hearts;
Give—what thine eye delights to see—
Truth in the inward parts.

3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To see thy face and live.

4 Give faith in that one sacrifice
Which can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, and Christ alone.

5 Give patience still, to wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

6 Give these, and then thy will be done:
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

104. C. M. C. WESLEY.

The heart-searching God. Ps. 139: 23, 24.

1 THOU Son of God, whose searching eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the humble sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere:
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee;
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise:
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

105. C. M. Relief Hymns.

The Worship of the Heart. Isai. 29:13.

1 THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart be there.

2 Upon thy all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere—
The tribute of the good.

3 My offerings will indeed be blessed,
If sanctified by thee;
If thy pure Spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

4 O may that Spirit warm my heart
To piety and love;
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

106. C. M. Watts

Sincerity in Worship. John 4:24.

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

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors 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.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE TO GOD.

L. M. WATTS

107. *The Lord our God.* Ps. 100.

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

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

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

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

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

L. M. WATTS.

108. *Praise to the Creator.* Ps. 100.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

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

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

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

7s. MONTGOMERY.

109. *Praise from all People.* Ps. 117.

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past and present and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

L. M. TATE & BRADY

110. *Universal Praise.* Ps. 100.

1 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.

L. M. WATTS.

111. *God worthy of all Praise.* Ps. 145.

1 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 truth and justice I 'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 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.

8s & 7s. FAWCETT.

112. *God of our Salvation.* Isai. 12: 2–5.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven.
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

113. 7s. SALISBURY COL.

"*I will bless the Lord at all times.*" Ps. 34 : 1.

1 HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored
Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

114. L. M. S. STENNETT.

Praise from all Creatures. Ps. 150 : 6.

1 TO God, the universal King,
Let all mankind their tribute bring;
All that have breath your voices raise,
In songs of never-ceasing praise.

2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heavens stretched o'er our head,
A large and solemn temple frame
To celebrate its Builder's fame.

3 Here the bright sun, that rules the day,
As through the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sovereignty of God.

4 When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And through the night the praise prolong.

5 The listening earth with rapture hears
Th' harmonious music of the spheres;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.

6 But man, endowed with nobler powers,
His God in higher strains adores;
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

115. 10s & 11s. TATE & BRADY.

Praise from Earth and Heaven. Ps. 149.

O PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him their great King,
Thro' earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

4 Ye angels above, his glories who 've sung,
In loftiest notes, now publish his praise:
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue;
Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays

116. L. M. WATTS.

Praise from all Creatures. Ps. 128.

1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing,
God the Creator and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.

3 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

L. M. NEEDHAM.

117. *The only wise God.* Jude 25.

1 AWAKE, my tongue; thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing:
Praise Him who is all praise above—
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas, combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O, what grace!
Its wonders, O, what thought can trace!
Here, wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

H. M. WATTS.

118. *Universal Praise.* Ps. 148.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
Ye holy throng | In worlds of light
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command:
He spake the word, | From nothing came
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

3 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honors high.

H. M. STEELE

119. *Universal Praise.* Ps. 148.

1 LET every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name,
And every power unite
To swell th' exalted theme:
Let nature raise, | A general song
From every tongue, | Of grateful praise.

2 But, O, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise, | Above the rest
Ye highly blest; | Declare his praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God;
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I humbly join
The universal choir:
Thy grace can raise | And tune my song
My heart and tongue, | To lively praise.

L. M. TATE & BRADY

120. *Praise and Gratitude.* Ps. 150.

1 O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows
Praise him in heaven, where he his face
Unveiled in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let all who vital breath enjoy,
The breath he doth to them afford
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

121. H. M. TATE & BRADY.

Praise from Heaven and Earth. Ps. 148.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
Ye cherubim | To sing his praise

2 Let all adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last | His firm decree
From changes free; | Stands ever fast

122. 8s & 7s. DUBLIN COL.

Praise the Lord. Ps. 148.

1 PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him!
Praise him, angels, in the height;
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.

L. M. WATTS.

123. *All Praise due to God.* Ps. 57.

1 BE thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

2 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to his name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
His wondrous goodness to proclaim.

3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

L. M. TATE & BRADY.

124. *Praise due to God.* Ps. 57.

1 BE thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

125. L. M. WATTS.

God to be praised and feared. Ps. 95.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign King: rehearse
His honors in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures by his word:
He is our Shepherd: we, the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

5 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be forever blest.

126. S. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to Praise. Ps. 95.

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

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

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

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

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

6 The Lord in vengeance dressed
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despise my promised rest
Shall have no portion there."

10s & 11s. WINCHELL'S SEL

127. *God mighty to save.* Isai. 63:1.

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right.—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

THE TRINITY.

H. M. WATTS.

128. *Praise to the Trinity.*

1 WE give immortal praise
For God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own | To die for sins
Eternal Son | That we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, | And sees the fruit
And now he reigns, | Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes | And fills the soul
The great design, | With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where Reason fails, | There Faith prevails
With all her powers, | And Love adores.

C. M. WATTS.

129. *Praise to the Trinity.*

1 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.

6s & 4s. DOBELL'S COL-

130. *Praise to the Trinity.*

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend,
Nor let us fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

131. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 BLESSED be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

132. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 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.

H. M. WATTS.

133. *Praise to the Trinity.*

1 TO Him who chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him who bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To Him who formed | Are endless praise
Our hearts anew, | And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
The tribute of our tongues:
Our lips address | With equal praise,
The Spirit's name, | And zeal the same

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus heaven shall raise | When earth and time
His honors high, | Grow old and die.

C. H. M. BODEN'S COL.

134. *Praise to the Trinity.*

1 TO God who chose us in his Son,
Ere time its course began;
To Christ who left his radiant throne,
And died for wretched man;
To God the Spirit who applies
The Lamb's atoning sacrifice:

2 To the Eternal, equal three,
The undivided One,
Let saints and angels both agree
To give the praise alone;
In earth, in heaven, by all adored,
The holy, holy, holy Lord.

135. C. M. WATTS.

The Doctrine and Use of the Trinity. Eph. 2: 18

1 FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honors and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

DIVINITY AND INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

L. M. B. MANLY, JR.

136. *My Lord and my God.* John 20 : 28.

1 JESUS, my Lord, I own thee God,
Earth sprang to being at thy nod;
All things were made by thee, the Word,
Who wast, with God, as God adored.

2 Before the world's firm base was laid,
Thy glorious Godhead was displayed;
And after worlds have ceased to be,
Thy praise shall fill eternity.

3 Thou, gracious Lord, my soul would own,
The power to save is thine alone;
O'er me assert thy sovereign will,
And be my God, my Saviour still.

L. M. WATTS

137. *The Word was God.* John 1 : 1.

1 BEFORE the 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 angels fly at his command.

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

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

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

138. 7s. B. MANLEY, JR

Immanuel.

1 GOD with us, O glorious name!
Manifest in flesh he came,
Hiding in a form like mine
All his attributes divine.

2 Equal with the Father, still
He obeys his Father's will,
Lays his rightful glories by,
Comes as man, for man to die.

3 While as man on earth he dwelt,
As a God, his power was felt;
At his voice diseases fled,
Opening graves restored their dead.

4 As a man, he groans and dies,
Prisoned in the tomb he lies;
Soon he rises from the grave—
Man to die, but God to save.

139. C. M. MEDLEY

The Incarnation of Christ. Luke 2 : 14.

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

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

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

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

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

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

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

H. M. SALISBURY COL.

140. *The Angels' Song.* Luke 2 : 14.

1 HARK! what celestial sounds,
What music fills the air!
Soft warbling to the morn,
It strikes the ravished ear:
Now all is still; | In tuneful notes,
Now wild it floats | Loud, sweet, and shrill

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine:
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join:
"Fear not," say they; | Jesus, your King,
"Great joy we bring: | Is born to-day."

3 He comes, your souls to save
From death's eternal gloom;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the tomb:
Your voices raise, | Your songs unite
With sons of light; | Of endless praise.

4 Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound;
For peace on earth, | To man is given,
From God in heaven, | At Jesus' birth.

141. 7s. RIPPON'S COL.
Luke 2 : 14.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 See, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die—
Born to raise the sons of earth—
Born to give them second birth.

4 Hail, the holy Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Let us, then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

142. 8s & 7s. CAWOOD.
Luke 2 : 14.

1 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!"

L. M. DOBELL'S. COL.

143. Luke 2: 14.

1 WAKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour 's born;
See how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day!

2 Hark! what sweet music—what a song—
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
Sweet song—whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God, who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

S. M. WATTS.

144. Luke 2: 14.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this triumphant song:—

2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth:
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."

3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs:

4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

145. Isaiah 61 : 1. Luke 4 : 18–21.

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

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

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

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

C. M. WATTS.

146. Psalm 98.

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

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

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

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

L. M. RELIEF HYMNS

147. *A Man of Sorrows.* Isai. 53 : 3.

1 THE Lord of glory, moved by love,
Descends, in mercy, from above;
And he, before whom angels bow,
Is found a man of grief below.

2 Such love is great, too great for thought,
Its length and breadth in vain are sought;
No tongue can tell its depth and height;
The love of Christ is infinite.

3 But though his love no measure knows,
The Saviour to his people shows
Enough to give them joy, when known,
Enough to make their hearts his own.

4 Constrained by this, they walk with him;
His love their most delightful theme;
To glorify him here, their aim—
Their hope, in heaven to praise his name.

C. M. WESLEY.

148. Isaiah 9 : 2, 6, 7.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined
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,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
His throne shall justice guard above,
And peace abound below.

CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS AND DEATH

C. M. WATTS.

149. *The Types fulfilled.* Heb. 10 : 1-14.

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

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

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When 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 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;"
And then he shows his opened veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

150. C. M. Eng. Bap. Col.

A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.
Isai. 53 : 3.

1 BEHOLD, the Son of God appears,
To save from sin and woe;
He leaves his radiant throne on high,
To dwell with men below.

2 Clothing himself with mortal flesh,
He flies to our relief:—
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

3 How keen the anguish and the smart
That pained his holy mind,
When all the powers of earth and hell
Against him were combined!

4 But heavier, far, the mighty load,
When sorrow filled his breast,
And, in the garden's gloomy scene,
His mourning soul oppressed.

5 And darker still the awful hour
When on the cross he cried,
"'Tis finished," the full ransom 's paid,
Then bowed his head and died!

6 And did my Saviour thus expire,
Nailed to th' accursed tree?
To him I give my soul away,
Who lived and died for me.

151. L. M. Rippon's Col.

The Day of Vengeance. Isai. 61 : 2.

1 "I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
"A year of freedom to declare,
From debts and bondage to discharge;
And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share.

2 "A day of vengeance I proclaim,
But not on man the storm shall fall;
On me its thunders shall descend,
My strength, my love, sustain them all."

3 Stupendous favor! matchless grace!
Jesus has died, that we might live:
Not worlds below, nor worlds above,
Could so divine a ransom give.

4 To Him, who loved our ruined race,
And for our lives laid down his own,
Let songs of joyful praises rise,
Sublime, eternal as his throne.

152. C. M. HAWEIS.

The Agony of the Garden. Luke 22 : 42–44.

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed:

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3 Go to the garden, sinner: see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey:
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

153. L. M. PSALMIST.

God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross. Gal. 6 : 14.

1 COME, guilty sinners, come and see
Your great atoning Sacrifice:
Behold, on yonder gory tree,
The King of kings for rebels dies.

2 How gracious, how severe thou art,
Just God, in thy redeeming plan!
The spear that pierced Immanuel's heart
Revealed the fount of life for man.

3 Hail, hallowed cross, accursed no more;
Rich tree of life to all our race;
Blest tree of Paradise, which bore
The choicest fruit, the gift of grace.

4 Lord, shall our griet or joy prevail?
Our heart is rent amidst their strife;
Shall we the Victim's death bewail,
Or hail it as our way to life?

5 Thy dying, living, boundless love,
While here below, shall tune our tongue,
And when we join the choir above,
Thy love be our triumphant song.

154. C. M. STEELE.

Though he was rich, he became poor. 2 Cor. 8 : 9.

1 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 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man—O, wondrous grace!
For sinful man he bled.

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

5 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take my all, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

L. M. JAS. TUPPER.

155. *Gethsemane.*

1 DARK was the hour, when Jesus bore
The sorrows of Gethsemane;
Strong was the grief, which caused to flow
His bloody sweat of agony.

2 He came with fallen man to dwell,
And suffer in his guilty stead;
He came, and now God's anger fell
Unmixed, upon his sinless head.

3 O, hear the fainting Sufferer pray,
As all the powers of nature sink—
"O, Father, take this cup away,
The bitter cup, alone, I drink."

4 "Yet not my will," he humbly cries—
"Thine, Father, be as ever done."
Amazing wonder! heaven denies
The prayer of its own Holy One.

5 It could not pass, for he alone
Was strong to suffer and to save;
By him, in blood, our sins were borne,
And death he conquered in the grave.

C. M. HEMANS.

156. Matt. 26 : 36–44.

1 HE knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked, through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony:
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun went down in fearful hour;
The heavens might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
To thus o'ershadow him;
That he who gave man's breath might know
The very depths of human woe.

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

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead;
But there was sent him, from on high,
A gift of strength, for man to die

5 And was the sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way?
How, but through him that path who trod?
"Save, or we perish, Son of God."

157. 7s. (6 lines.) MONTGOMERY.

The Captain of our Salvation made perfect through sufferings. Heb. 2: 10.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned:
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

158. S. M. DODDRIDGE

I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.
John 12 : 32.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that painful smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For us he hung and bled,
For us in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.

159. C. M. S. WESLEY, SEN.

It is finished. John 19 : 30.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil 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!

8s, 7s, & 4 FRANCIS.

160.

It is finished. John 19 : 30.

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

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

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

L. M. S. STENNETT.

161.

John 19 : 30.

1 'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
'Tis finished—yes, the race is run.
The battle fought, the victory won.

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

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

4 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

162. L. M. STEELE.

Matt. 27 : 45, 51.

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred, crimson tide.

2 And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain,—
Unmoved by either love or pain!

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

163. S. M. WATTS.

Isai. 53 : 6–9, 12.

1 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."

164. C. M. S. STENNETT.

Truly this was the Son of God. Matt. 27 : 54.

1 YONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accurséd tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

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

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

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

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

165. L. M. WATTS.

The blind receive their sight. Matt. 11:5. John 5:37

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

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

3 He dies; the heavens 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.

166. L. M. C. WESLEY.

Behold the man. John 19:5.

1 YE that pass by, behold the man;
The man of grief condemned for you!
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2 See there! his temples crowned with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

3 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convulsed, when her Creator died:
Oh, may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified!

4 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
Could tremble, and asunder part;
Oh, rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

167. C. M. WATTS.

Victory through the cross. Col. 2 : 14, 15.

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death ;
He conquered when he fell :
'Tis finished, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 *Tis finished*, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done ;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He passed to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord ;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

168. L. M. WATTS.

This Jesus hath God raised up. Acts 2 : 23, 24, 32.

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

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

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

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

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

6 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O death, where is thy sting?"
And, "Where 's thy victory, boasting grave?"

169. 7s. COLLYER.

He is not here; He is risen. Matt. 28 : 6.

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

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

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

170. C. M. S. WESLEY, JR.

The Sun of Righteousness. Isai. 63 : 3. Matt. 27 : 52, 53.

1 THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more:
Exult; he banishes your fears;
Your rising God adore.

2 The saints, when he resigned his breath,
Unclosed their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death:
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod:
He died and suffered as a man;
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watch, and seal,
Forbid an early rise
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

H. M. S. STENNETT.

171. *The Saviour, the Judge.* Acts 1: 9–11.

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

2 Such was his zeal for God,
And such his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What Gabriel could not do:
His every deed of love and grace
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

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

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

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

6 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

172. L. M. WATTS.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, &c.
Phil. 2:9.

1 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.

173. 7s. CUDWORTH.

Resurrection with Christ. 1 Thess. 4:14.

1 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.

174. C. M. WATTS.

I am He that liveth and was dead. Rev. 1 : 18.

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

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

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

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

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

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

175. S. M. KELLY.

The Lord is risen indeed. Luke 24: 34.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed;"
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

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

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

176. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

He is not here, but is risen. Luke 24: 4–6.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour 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."

177. H. M. Bickersteth's Col.

He led captivity captive. Eph. 4:8. Rom. 8:33. 34.

1 THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them,
For whom their Ransom died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
By him our victory won:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

178. 7s. Spir. of the Psalms.

The King of Glory. Ps. 24.

1 "WIDE, ye heavenly gates, unfold.
Closed no more by death and sin;
Lo! the conquering Lord behold;
Let the King of glory in."

2 Hark! th' angelic host inquire,
"Who is he, th' almighty King?"
Hark again! the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing:—

3 "He whose powerful arm, alone,
On his foes destruction hurled;
He who hath the victory won;
He who saved a ruined world;—

4 "He who God's pure law fulfilled;
Jesus, the incarnate Word;
He whose truth with blood was sealed;—
He is heaven's all-glorious Lord."

5 "Who shall up to that abode
Follow in the Saviour's train?"
"They who in his cleansing blood
Wash away each guilty stain;—

6 "They whose daily actions prove
Steadfast faith and holy fear,
Fervent zeal and grateful love;—
They shall dwell forever here."

L. M. C. WESLEY.

179. *The King of Glory.* Ps. 24.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led—
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal 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 the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right:—
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

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 the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blessed!

180. C. M. WATTS.

All power is given unto me in heaven and earth. Matt. 28 : 18.

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

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

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

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

181. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

We have not an High Priest who cannot be touched, &c. Heb. 4 : 15.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathizing love.

2 Though raised to heaven's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crowned,—

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on our breasts
May thy dear name be worn,—
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

182. C. M. WATTS.

In all their afflictions he was afflicted. Isaiah 63 9.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is made of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his 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 power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

183. S. M. WATTS.

Christ entered into the holy place. Heb. 9 : 12, 24

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice call for sinner's blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves,
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing,
Jesus the priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high,
"Hosanna to the God of grace
That lays his thunder by."

184. L. M. STEELE

If any man sin, we have an Advocate. 1 John 2 : 1.

1 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 Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye dark, despairing 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.

185. C. M. C. WESLEY.

He ever liveth to make intercession. Heb. 7 : 25.

1 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 fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

186. L. M. MEDLEY

I know that my Redeemer liveth. Job 19 : 25.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives my ever living 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 to grant me fresh supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye;
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart;
He lives my kind, wise, heavenly Friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end;

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

187. L. M. MEDLEY.

I am He that liveth. Rev. 1 : 17, 18.

1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives, eternally to save.

2 He lives, to still his servants' fears;
He lives, to wipe away their tears;
He lives, their mansions to prepare;
He lives, to bring them safely there.

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears;
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.

4 His saints he loves, and never leaves;
The contrite sinner he receives:
Abundant grace will he afford,
Till all are present with the Lord.

188. C. M. TOPLADY.

The prevailing Intercessor. John 17 : 24.

1 AWAKE, my gratitude, and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love;
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears, he offered up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthroned in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim:
"Father, I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am:

5 "By their salvation, recompense
The sorrows I endured;
Just to the merits of thy Son,
And faithful to thy word."

6 Eternal life, at his request,
To every saint is given;
Safety below, and after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

L. M. LOGAN.

189. *Our High Priest.* Heb. 4 : 15; 5 : 7.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Advocate of saints appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known:
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

P. M. S. M. WARING.

190.

Plead thou my cause.

1 PLEAD thou, O plead my cause!
Each self-excusing plea
My trembling soul withdraws,
And flies to thee.
Where justice rears her throne,
Ah who, save thee alone,
May stand, O spotless One!
Plead thou my cause!

2 Ah! plead not aught of mine
Before thine altar thrown;
Fragments—when all is thine—
All, all thine own!
Thou seest what stains they bear;
O, since each tear, each prayer
Hath need of pardon there,
Plead thou my cause!

3 O, plead my cause above!
Plead thine within my breast;
Till there thy peaceful Dove
Shall build her nest.
Thou know'st this will—how frail—
Thou know'st, though language fail,
My soul's mysterious tale—
Plead thou my cause!

191.

C. M. WARDLAW.

I will remember my covenant. Ezek. 16:60.

1 THE Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom, on earth,
He heaved his dying groan.

2 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet 'tis the chief of all his joys
That souls are saved from hell.

3 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquished death:
For this he pleads in heaven.

4 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

TITLES OF CHRIST.

(ARRANGED IN ALPHABETIC ORDER.)

S. M. HOSKINS

192. *Bread.* John 6 : 41–51.

1 BEHOLD the gift of God:
Sinners adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood,
Who bore our curse and shame.

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

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

8s & 7s. MADAN'S COL.

193. *Consolation of Israel.* Luke 2 : 25.

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation—
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

194. C. M. WATTS.

Corner-stone. Isai. 28 : 16. 1 Pet. 2 : 6.

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

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
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.

195. H. M. BEDDOME.

Fountain. Zech. 13 : 1. John 4 : 10; 19 : 34.

1 FROM thy dear, pierced side,
Unspotted Lamb of God,
Came forth a mingled stream
Of water and of blood:
My sinful soul | Till every stain
There I would lay, | Is washed away.

2 'Tis from this sacred spring
A sovereign virtue flows,
To heal my painful wounds,
And cure my deadly woes:
Here, then, I'll bathe, | Till not a wound
And bathe again, | Or woe remain.

3 A fountain 'tis, unsealed,
Divinely rich and free,
Open for all who come,
And open, too, for me:
To this pure fount | Come, sinners, come;
Will I repair: | There 's mercy there.

196. 8s & 7s. PRESB. COL.

Friend. Prov. 18 : 24.

1 ONE there is, above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O! for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

197. L. M. NEWTON.

Is this thy kindness to thy friend? 2 Sam. 16 : 17.

1 POOR, weak, and worthless, though I am.
I have a rich almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name.
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ransomed me from hell with blood:
And, by his power, my foes controlled
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies:
O, what a friend is Christ to me!

4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns:
I've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Sure, were I not most vile and base,
I could not thus my God requite;
And were he not the God of grace,
He 'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

198. C. M. SWAIN.

A friend loveth at all times. Prov. 17 : 17.

1 A FRIEND there is—your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name—
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love 's a constant flame.

2 When most we need his gracious hand,
This friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

3 His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.

4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace
To make it better known.

5 And when our dearest comforts fall
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all—
Himself he gives us still!

6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm his word obeys—
His word its rage restrains.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

199. Head of the Church.

Gave him to be head—to the Church. Eph. 4 : 15, 16

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

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

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

4 O, may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

H. M. C. WESLEY.

200. *King of kings.* Rev. 7 : 14.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

C. M. HOSKINS.

201. *Lamb of God.* John 1 : 29, 36.

1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt;
Behold th' atoning precious blood
That for our sins he spilt.

2 O sinners, now to Christ draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.

3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood:
Arise, return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God.

4 In every state, and time, and place,
Naught plead but Jesus' blood;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.

5 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

L. M. STEELE.

202. *The Physician of the Soul.*

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds 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 Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow:
'Tis only that dear, sacred flood,
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

203.

Physician. John 5:6.

1 BEHOLD, the great Physician stands,
Whose skill is ever sure;
And loud he calls to sinful men,
And freely offers cure.

2 And will ye hear his gracious voice,
While sore diseased ye lie?
Or will ye all his grace despise,
And trifle till ye die?

3 Blest Jesus, speak the healing word,
And inward vigor give;
Then, raised by energy divine,
Shall helpless mortals live.

C. M. REF. DUTCH COL

204.

Prince of Peace. Isai. 9:6.

1 LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace;
With those above, proclaim his praise,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

2 Praise him who laid his glory by
For man's apostate race;
Praise him who stooped to bleed and die,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

3 We soon shall reach the heavenly shore,
To view his lovely face,
His name forever to adore,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

L. M. (6 lines.) DAVIES.

205. *Prophet, Priest, and King.*

1 JESUS, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's darling thou!
O, let me catch th' immortal flame,
With which angelic bosoms glow
Since angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the blessed above.

2 My *Prophet* thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear!
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
And imitate the blessed above.

3 My great *High Priest*, whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross;
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause;
In thee I trust; thee I would love,
And imitate the blessed above.

4 My *King* supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit;
My Saviour King this heart would love,
And imitate the blessed above.

206.

H. M. WATTS.

Prophet, Priest, and King. 1 Cor. 1 : 30.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean | Too mean to set
To speak his worth, | My Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news | Of hell subdued,
Of sins forgiven, | And peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood | And now it pleads
Did once atone, | Before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing:
Thine is the power; | In willing bonds
Behold, I sit | Beneath thy feet.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

207. *Our Righteousness.* Jer. 23 : 6.

1 SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great Surety clear.

4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.

208. 7s. TOPLADY.

Rock of Ages. Isaiah 26 : 4, (*margin.*)

1 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.

209. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Shepherd. John 10 : 28.

1 MY soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks:
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 "I know my sheep," he cries;
"My soul approves them well:
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3 "I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams, above.

4 "Unnumbered years of bliss
I to my sheep will give;
And while my throne unshaken stands,
Shall all my chosen live.

5 "This tried, almighty hand
Is raised for their defence;
Where is the power shall reach them there,
Or what shall force them thence?"

6 "Enough, my gracious Lord,"
Let faith triumphant cry;
"My heart can on this promise live,—
Can with this promise die."

S. M. STEELE.

210. *The good Shepherd.* John 10 : 14.

1 WHILE my Redeemer 's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

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

5 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

211. 7s. (6 lines.) C. WESLEY.

Sun of Rightcousness. Mal. 4 : 2. Luke 1 : 78.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;

Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see:
Let thy inward light impart
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit thou this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

212. C. M. TOPLADY.

Vine and the branches. John 15 : 1–5.

1 JESUS, immutably the same!
Thou true and living Vine!
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quickened by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit:
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigor from thy root.

3 I can do nothing without thee;
My strength is wholly thine:
Withered and barren should I be,
If severed from the Vine.

4 Upon my leaf, when parched with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop;
The plant, which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

5 Each moment, watered by thy care,
And fenced with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

213. C. M. G. W. DOANE.

The Way, the Truth, and the Life. John 14: 6.

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

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

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

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life:
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

214. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Wisdom. 1 Cor. 1: 30.

1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.

2 My wisdom, and my guide,
My counsellor, thou art;
O, never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

215. C. M. S. STENNETT.

The chiefest among ten thousand. Sol. Song, 5: 10.

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

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

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

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

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 his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

216. L. M. WATTS.

All the angels of God worship him. Heb. 1 : 6.

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky:
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

217. C. M. NEWTON.

Supreme in Heaven and Earth. Matt. 28 : 18.

1 HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains;
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumbered sound his praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 This land through which his pilgrims go
Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.

5 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty rock they run,
And find a pleasant shade.

6 How glorious He! how happy they,
In such a glorious friend,
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end!

218. C. P. M. MEDLEY.

We love him because he first loved us. 1 John 4 : 19.

1 O, COULD we speak the matchless worth,
O, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We 'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 We 'd sing the precious blood he spilt—
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
We 'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
We shall forever shine.

3 We 'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When our dear Lord will bring us home
And we shall see his face:
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we 'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

219. C. M. STEELE

He is altogether lovely. Sol. Song, 2 : 16.

1 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 Saviour died for me."

4 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Fill strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

220. L. M. WATTS.

The brightness of the Father's glory. Heb. 1:3.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star;

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thy hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace—'tis a sweet, a charming theme
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 O, may I reach the happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

221. L. M. WATTS.

Our Redeemer and Judge. Rev 1:5–7.

1 NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he who cleansed us from our sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed;
Let every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move:
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Now he displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

6s & 4s. SAC. LYRICS.

222. *Worthy the Lamb.* Rev. 5 : 12.

1 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 for evermore,
"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."

C. M. STEELE.

223. *Herein is love.* 1 John 4 : 10.

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

2 When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms,
Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms.

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

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

C. M. TOPLADY.

224. *Efficacious Grace.* Ps. 45 : 3–5.

1 HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give!
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh:
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And when thy victories are complete—
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
To sing thy conquering grace—

5 O, may my humble soul be found
Among that glorious throng;
And I with them thy praise will sound
In heaven's immortal song.

225. C. M. C. WESLEY.

The all-cleansing blood. 1 John 1 : 7.

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

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

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

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

226. C. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Desire of all Nations. Hag. 2 : 7.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odors spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

227. C. M. TOPLADY

Christ all in all.

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

2 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore:
More than thyself I cannot crave,
Nor canst thou give me more.

3 Loved of my God, for him again
With love intense I'd burn;
Chosen of thee, ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.

4 Whate'er consists not with thy will,
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
Since thou, my God, art mine.

228. L. M. WATTS.

Christ crowned by the Church. Sol. Song, 3 : 11.

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like that blest hour, when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comforts sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
And taste the supper of the Lamb.

H. M. SWAIN

229. *A New Song.* Rev. 14 : 3.

1 ON earth the song begins,
In heaven more sweet, more loud,
To him that drowns our sins
In his atoning blood;—
"To him," they cry, in rapturous strain,
"Be honor, praise, and power! Amen."

2 Ye saints on earth, repeat
What heaven with rapture owns;
And while before his feet
The elders cast their crowns,
Go imitate the choirs above,
And tell the world your Saviour's love.

3 Alone he took the field,
Alone the battle fought;
With his own sword and shield
The mighty work he wrought;
The mighty work was all his own,
And let him ever wear the crown.

4 Our feeble minds are lost
Beneath the lofty strain;
But Jordan's billows crossed,
We 'll catch the sound again;
In praise assist the heavenly choir,
Nor ever stop, nor ever tire.

230. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

Boundless Love of Christ. Eph. 3 : 18, 19.

1 COME, Holy Ghost! inspire our songs
With thine immortal flame;
Enlarge our hearts—unloose our tongues,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 How great the riches of his grace!
He left his throne above;
And, swift to save our ruined race,
He flew on wings of love.

3 Now pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich abundance flow,
For guilty rebels, dead in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

4 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our low abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed th' incarnate God.

5 Renew our souls with heavenly strength,
That we may fully prove
The height, and depth, and breadth, and length
Of such transcendent love.

C. M. RELIEF HYMNS.

231.

Rev. 1 : 5–8.

1 TO Him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God:

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

C. P. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

232.

Hosanna! Mark 11 : 9.

1 HOSANNA to the God of love,
Who condescended from above
To bring salvation down;
We bless his name who stooped so low,
To save us from eternal woe,
And raise us to a crown.

2 His majesty he laid aside,
Obedient lived, submissive died,
Our ruined souls to save:
The powers of hell he trampled down,
But sunk beneath his Father's frown,
From Calvary to the grave.

3 How vast the sufferings, who can tell,
When Jesus conquered death and hell,
And was in battle slain?
How great the triumph who can sing,
When from the grave, th' immortal King,
Triumphant rose again?

4 Still we attempt his name to bless,
While we pass through this wilderness,
To Canaan's happy shore:
And when we reach the plains above,
And every breath we draw is love,
We 'll sing his glories more.

233. C. M. STEELE.

Saviour. Matt. 1 : 21.

1 THE Saviour! O, 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 profusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The mighty Former of the skies
Descends to our abode,
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, 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 Saviour, and my all.

C. M. PERCY CHAPEL COL.

234. "*To him who loved us.*" Rev. 1 : 5–8.

1 O SING to Him who loved and bled,
Ye heaven-born sinners, sing;
'Twas Jesus suffered in your stead;
Own him your God and King.

2 He washed us in his precious blood,
From every guilty stain;
He made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall with him reign.

3 Sing of his everlasting love,
From whence salvation flows;
Sing to him here, then sing above,
Of all that he bestows.

4 To him that loved us when depraved,
When guilty, blind, and poor,
To him that loved, and died, and saved,
Be glory evermore.

235. C. M. WATTS.

Love strong as Death. Sol. Song, 8 : 6.

1 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 Saviour'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.

S. M. WATTS.

236. *Christ's Mediation.* John 3 : 6.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Belovèd chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears;
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

237. 6s & 4s. KINGSBURY.

Lord of lords, and King of kings. Rev. 17 : 14

1 LET us awake our joys:
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature, sing;
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
'Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell:
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore;
Praise him, now raised in power;
Praise him for evermore,
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come,
While they who pierced him wail;
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

238. 8s, 7s, & 4. KELLEY.

Jesus crowned with Glory. Heb. 2: 9.

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

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour'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.

239. C M. DUNCAN.

"*On his head were many crowns.*" Rev. 19 : 12.

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

2 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.

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

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

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

240. C M. WATTS.

Glory of the Lamb. Rev. 5 : 6–12.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints;
He loves to hear our praise.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoner free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

241. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Lamb. Rev. 5 : 12–14.

1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of life, that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
He wears a crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, "Amen."

8s & 7s. BAKEWELL.

242. *Our Intercessor.* Isaiah 53 : 12.

1 JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

243. C. M. BEDDOME.

The Lamb worshipped. Rev. 4 : 10.

1 HOW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Before his feet they cast their crowns,—
Those crowns which Jesus gave,—
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.

3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore,—
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

4 O, let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

C. M. WATTS.

244. *Worthy the Lamb.* Rev. 5 : 10-12.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

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

L. M. PERCY CHAPEL COX.

245. *Worthy the Lamb.* Rev. 5 : 10-12.

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

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

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

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

C. M. WATTS.

246. *The Everlasting Song.*

1 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 blest Man, my Saviour, 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 both 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!

H. M. DODDRIDGE.

247. *Seen of Angels.* 1 Tim. 3 : 16.

1 O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known:

On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace;
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the holy Child
In human flesh arrayed,
Supremely meek and mild,
While in the manger laid:
And praise to God, | For such a birth,
And peace on earth, | Proclaimed aloud.

3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoiled,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foiled,
And joyed to crown | When Satan fled
The Victor's head, | Before his frown

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye pressed with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes | Had dropped it there
Have known a tear, | In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then rolled the stone, | Your rising Lord
And all adored | With joy unknown.

6 When all arrayed in light
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hailed his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God,
And waved around | And struck your strings
Your golden wings, | Of sweetest sound.

8s & 7s, peculiar. KELLY.

248. *Christ the Lamb enthroned.*

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

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

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
Then, with golden harps, we 'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

PREPARATION FOR WORSHIP.

C. M. WATTS.

249. John 1 : 32.

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

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

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

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

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

250. L. M. BURDER'S COL.

John 6:63.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O, kindle now the sacred flame,
And make me burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see:
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

251. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Spirit of Wisdom. Eph. 1:17, 18.

1 GREAT Father of our feeble race,
Behold, thy servants wait;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O, shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 With speedy flight may he descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven,
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

5 Diffuse, O God, refreshing showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

252. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

The Holy Spirit fell on all who heard the word.
Acts 10 : 44.

1 THY Spirit pour, O gracious Lord,
On all assembled here :
Let us receive th' ingrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

2 By faith in thee, the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he who in thy name believes
Shall live, to die no more.

3 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love thy name ;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free ;
And, often since, our life had failed,
Unless renewed by thee.

5 To thee we look ; to thee we bow ;
To thee for help we call ;
Our life, our resurrection, thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

253. C. M. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

The Spirit's Power.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire ;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

8s, 7s, & 4. JAY.

254. Matt. 13 : 3.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

REGENERATION.

C. M. STEELE.

255. *Life from the Spirit.* Ezek. 37 : 14.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its 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,
And 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 O, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

S. M. TOPLADY.

256. *Preparation to meet God.* Amos 4 : 12.

1 PREPARE me, gracious God!
To stand before thy face:
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood;
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

S. M. BEDDOME.

257. *Spirit enlightening and warming.*

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

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

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

258.

L. M. COBBIN.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, &c. John 3 : 8

1 AS blows the wind, and, in its flight,
Escapes the glance of keenest sight:—
So are the wonder-working ways
Of God's regenerating grace.

2 As nothing can its power withstand,
But him who holds it in his hand—
So are the soul's corruptions slain
When once that soul is born again.

3 And as the herbs, the flowers, the trees,
Are seen to bend beneath the breeze—
So visible the change we view,
When grace doth thus the heart renew.

4 Come, Holy Sprit, and impart
Thy secret virtue to each heart;
And let this be the happy hour
To show thy mighty, quickening power.

259.

C. M. BEDDOME.

John 3:8.

1 THE blesséd 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.

260. C. M. WATTS.

Born not of blood, &c., but of God. John 1 : 13.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

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

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

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

261. 7s. STOCKER.

Eph. 2 : 1.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit!—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly 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;
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

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

SANCTIFICATION.

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

262. *God working in the Soul.*

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

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

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

S. M. HART.

263. *The convicting Spirit.* John 16:8.

1 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.

264. L. M. BROWNE.

He will guide you into all truth. John 16 : 13.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

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

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

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

265. L. M. BEDDOME.

He dwelleth with you and shall be in you. John 14: 17

1 COME, thou eternal Spirit, come
From heaven, thy glorious dwelling-place:
O, make my sinful heart thy home,
And consecrate it by thy grace.

2 There fix, O Lord, thy blest abode,
And drive thy foes forever thence:
There shed a Saviour's love abroad,
And light, and life, and joy, dispense.

3 My wants supply; my fears suppress;
Direct my way, and hold me up;
Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To pray in faith, and wait in hope.

266. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

I will put my Spirit within you. Ezek. 36 : 27.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

267. L. M. WATTS.

The Power of the Spirit.

1 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;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

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

268. L. M. BEDDOME.

John 14 : 26.

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

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

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

4 While through these dubious paths I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad;
O, show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

269. C. M. WATTS.

The Spirit and the Word. Ezek. 36 : 27.

1 FOREVER blessèd be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine,
My fainting hope shall raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

270. 7s. BATHURST.

1 Cor. 2 : 10.

1 HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
Now refresh the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our broken spirits heal.

4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

271. C. M. BATHURST

Gal. 5 : 5.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer;
And, when we tremble at thy frown,
O, bring thy comforts near.

2 The fear which thy convictions wrought,
O, let thy grace remove;
And may the souls which thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.

3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before;
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

4 Complete the work thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light,
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

5 Then, as our wondering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

272.

7s. REED.

Ezek. 11 : 19, 20.

1 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.

THE COMFORTER.

273.

S. M. PRATT'S COL

Ezek. 39 : 29.

1 BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

274. C. M. Relief Hymns.

He shall teach you all things. John 14 : 26.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us on earth to dwell.

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

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

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

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

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

275.

8s & 7s. NOEL'S COL.

Rom. 14 : 17.

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

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

276.

8s & 7s. JAY.

God.... who comforteth those that are cast down.
2 Cor. 7 : 6.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

277.

C. M. RELIEF HYMNS.

Rom. 5 : 5.

1 COME, blessed Spirit, from above,
Our longing breasts inspire
With the pure flame of heavenly love,
And fan the sacred fire.

2 Let no false comfort lift us up
To confidences vain;
Nor let our faith and courage droop,
For whom the Lamb was slain.

3 Breathe comfort where distress abounds,
Make the whole conscience clean,
And heal, with balm from Jesus' wounds,
Our natures bruised by sin.

278. L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

A Comforter, that may abide with you forever.
John 14 : 16.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly guest,
And make thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, make thy constant dwelling here:
Fill me with hope, dispel my fear;
Still let thy presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel thee to depart.

3 Thou God of love and peace divine,
O, make thy light within me shine!
Forgive my sins, my guilt remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

279. 7s & 6s. (8 lines.) TOPLADY.

The Spirit witnesseth with our spirits. Rom. 8; 16

1 SAVIOUR, 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 fulfil;
Send the witness to my heart;
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blessèd 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, O, 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.

280. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

He that believeth hath the witness in himself.
1 John 5 : 10.

1 THOU Lord of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a child would raise its cry,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God, how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my believing heart,
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 By such a heavenly signal cheered,
Unwavering, I believe,
And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

5 On wings of everlasting love
The Comforter is come;
All terrors at his voice disperse,
And endless pleasures bloom.

281. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. Eph. 4 : 30.

1 THE God of grace will never leave
Or cast away his own;
And yet, when we his Spirit grieve,
His comforts are withdrawn.

2 If noisy war or strife abound,
We grieve the peaceful Dove;
His gracious aid is ever found
In paths of truth and love.

3 Should we indulge one secret sin,
Or disregard his laws,
His succors and support, within,
The Spirit, vexed, withdraws.

4 Forbid it, gracious Lord, that we,
Who, from thy hand, receive
The Spirit's power to make us free,
Should e'er that Spirit grieve.

282. C. M. WATTS.

That Holy Spirit—the earnest of our inheritance. Eph. 1 : 14.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

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

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

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

283. L. M. C. WESLEY.

Take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Ps. 51 : 11.

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

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received,—
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,—

3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
O, guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

284. L. M. TOPLADY.

It is the Spirit that quickeneth. John 6 : 63.

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way!

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale!"

THE SCRIPTURES.

285. L. M. WATTS.

The Spirit of Inspiration. 2 Pet. 1 : 21.

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

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirmed the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
To save the holy words from death.

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

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

C. M. EPIS. COL.

286. *Sufficiency of the Scriptures.*

1 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.

L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

287. *A Saviour revealed in Scripture.*

1 ALL nature sings God's boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in his blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of his grace.

2 There what delightful truths I read!
There I behold the Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

3 There Jesus bids my sorrow cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
There lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

4 For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

288. L. M. WATTS.

The Glory of God in his Works and in his Word

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

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

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Around the earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

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

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

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

S. M. WATTS.

289. *Power of God's Word.*

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

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

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

C. M. WATTS.

290. *Excellency of the Scriptures.*

1 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.

6 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

291. C. M. FAWCETT.

Ps. 119 : 111.

1 THE word reveals a Saviour's grace,
Its height, and breadth, and length;
It points us to his righteousness,
And arms us with his strength.

2 It cheers our minds like heavenly dew,
Or kind, refreshing rain;
And when affliction brings us low,
It softens every pain.

3 This word shall be our heritage,
Our portion and delight,
In sickness or declining age,
When death appears in sight.

4 Then will it cheer the dreary path,
And brighten all the gloom;
While steadfast hope and humble faith
Shall triumph o'er the tomb.

292. L. M. BEDDOME.

Good tidings of great joy. Luke 2 : 10; 8 : 1.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day

4 O, grant us grace, almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

C. M. WATTS.

293. Matt. 13 : 45, 46. John 7 : 37–39.

1 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 Saviour'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.

5 This is the Judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail,
My Guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road
Which leads to thy right hand.

294. L. M. WATTS.

The power of God unto salvation. Rom. 1 : 16.

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

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

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

4 This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

295. C. M. STEELE.

Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth. 1 Sam. 3 9, 10

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

2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

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

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

296. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

The glorious gospel of the blessed God. 1 Tim. 1:11.

1 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.

297. C. M. COWPER.

The Bible the Light of the World.

1 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.

C. M. FAWCETT.

298. *Preciousness of the Bible.*

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

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

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

C. M. SYIR. OF THE PSALMS.

299. *The guiding Star.*

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star, that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly bed
Where our Redeemer lay.

2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

3 O, haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way

4 O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

S. M. BEDDOME.

300. *Superiority of the Scriptures*

1 O LORD, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.

2 Celestial light it sheds,
To cheer this vale below;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

3 True wisdom it imparts;
Commands our hope and fear;
O, may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there.

C. M. WATTS.

301. *Comfort from the Bible.*

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

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

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.

302. L. P. M. WATTS.

Delight and Instruction from the Bible.

1 I LOVE the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

303. C. M. WATTS.

Love of the Scriptures.

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

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

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

304. L. M. KELLY.

Now I know in part—but then shall I know even as also I am known. 1 Cor. 13 : 12.

1 I LOVE the sacred book of God,
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode;
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

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 Then shall I need thy light no more,
For nothing shall be then concealed;
When I have reached the heavenly shore,
The Lord himself will stand revealed.

4 When 'midst the throng celestial placed
The bright original I see,
From which thy sacred page was traced,
Blest book! I 've no more need of thee.

5 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.

305. L. M. WATTS.

Excellency of the Gospel.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessèd truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I 'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

MAN'S NATURAL STATE.

L. M. WATTS.

306. *Behold, I was shapen in iniquity.* Ps. 51.

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

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

3 Great God, create our hearts anew,
And form our spirits pure and true:
O, make us wise betimes, to see
Our danger and our remedy.

307. C. M. WATTS.

Madness is in their heart. Eccles. 9 : 3.

1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

C. M. WATTS.

308.

Psalm 14.

1 HOW is our nature spoiled by sin!
Yet nature ne'er hath found
The way to make the conscience clean,
Or heal the painful wound.

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

3 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress our souls with dread;
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes our spirits dead.

4 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands,
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come down by Jesus' hands.

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

C. M. WATTS.

309.

Ps. 51 : 3–7.

1 LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes:
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

3 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And, as my days advanced, I grew
A juster prey for death.

1 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
O, make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

C. M. WATTS.

310.

Sense of Depravity.

1 GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.

2 We live estranged, afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.

3 And can such rebels be restored?
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

4 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

311.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Effects of the Fall lamented. Ps. 119 : 136, 158

1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused; the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears forever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

S. M. EPIS. COL.

312. *Holy Fear of God.*

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

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

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

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

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

C. M. COTTERILL'S COL.

313. *Trusting in the Mercy of God.*

1 OUT of the deeps, O Lord, we call,
While guilty fears oppress;
Do thou, with ear attentive, hear
The voice of our distress.

2 If thou our sins severely mark,
And strict account demand,
O, who, of all the sons of men,
Before thy face shall stand?

3 But, Lord, 'tis thine to spare and save—
With mercy souls to win;
For mercy binds the grateful heart,
And makes it fear to sin.

4 We trust in thee; in thee, O Lord,
Is full redemption found;
Thy mercy pardons every sin,
And closes every wound.

314. C. M. WATTS.

By nature children of wrath. Eph. 2 : 3.

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

2 But, hark! a voice of sovereign love!
'Tis Christ's inviting word—
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From stains of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.

315. L. M. WATTS.
1 Cor. 1 : 30.

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

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

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

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

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

316. S. M. WATTS.
1 Cor. 1 : 30. 2 Cor. 5 : 21.

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
O'er our dark souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cruel chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

EXCELLENCE OF THE GOSPEL.

317. L. M. WATTS
Ps. 19 : 1–6. 2 Cor. 4 : 6.

1 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 grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased pleasures mine.

4 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved 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.

318. L. M. WATTS.

He sent his word and healed them. Ps. 107 : 20.

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

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind—
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

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

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

319. L. M. BOWRING

Never man spake like this man. John 7 : 46.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke.
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

C. M. WATTS

320. *I am thy salvation.* Ps. 35 : 3.

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

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

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

321. C. M. WATTS

A savor of life or death. 2 Cor. 2 : 16.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

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

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

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

L. M. GIBBONS.

322. *Divine Forgiveness.* Luke 7 : 47.

1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doomed to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine:
'Tis full, outmeasuring every crime
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 O'er sins, unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand—
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heaven
What grateful honors shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love in equal ardors glow.

GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

323.

8s, 7s, & 4. HART.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, &c. Isai. 55 : 1.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

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

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

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

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

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

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 sing the same.

H. M. BODEN.

324. *There yet is room.* Luke 14 : 22.

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

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

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

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

325.

H. M. C. WESLEY.

Lev. 25 : 9, 13. Isai. 61 : 2. Luke 4 : 19.

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

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

3 Ye, who have sold for naught
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come:
Return, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive·
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

326. L. M. WATTS.
Matt. 11 : 28–30.

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

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

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to the neck;
My grace shall make the burden light."

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

327. 7s. BARBAULD.

Matt. 11 : 28–30.

1 COME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrims, hither come.

2 Hither come; for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

328. C. M. MEDLEY.

The Gospel worthy of all acceptation. 1 Tim. 1 : 15.

1 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.

329. L. M. (6 lines.) EPIS. COL

Blessed are they that mourn. Matt. 5 : 4.

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

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

330. L. M. STEELE.

Ask for the old paths, &c., and ye shall find rest for your souls. Jer. 6 : 16.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with sin, a painful load,
O, come and spread your woes abroad:
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

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

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

5 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
O, sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

C. M. STEELE.

331. *Living Waters.* John 7 : 37.

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

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

3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?

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

C. M. STEELE.

332. *Yet there is Room.*

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

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

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

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

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

C. M. HUNTINGDON'S COL.

333. *The Gospel Feast.* Luke 14 : 22.

1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;
O, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2 There 's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There 's room within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng, convened,
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There 's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There 's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more:
O, come and welcome, to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

C. M. WATTS.

334. *The Gospel Feast.* Luke 14 : 22.

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

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

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

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

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

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

335. *All things ready.* Luke 14 : 22.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board:
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

5 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame:
Come, taste the dainties of the feast,
And bless the Master's name.

L. M. C. WESLEY.

336. *The thirsty invited.* Isai. 55 : 1.

1 HO! every 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 laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

7s. CH. PSALMIST.

337. *Come to Jesus.* Matt. 11:28.

1 BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean;
Contrite souls, with guilt opprest,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste;
Turn to God, O turn and live!
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide;
Jesus Christ for man has died.

4 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely;
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

7s. (6 lines.) HAWEIS

338. *Come and welcome.* Matt. 22:4.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with love's provision stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

339. C. M. WATTS.

The power of God unto salvation. Rom. 1 : 16.

1 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 pretence
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.

340. S. M. PRATT'S COL.

Liberty to the Captive. Gal. 5 : 1.

1 YE trembling captives, hear;
The gospel trumpet sounds:
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heartfelt wounds.

2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar:
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth the jubilee release,
With eager rapture, claims.

4 Far, far, to distant lands
The saving news shall spread,
And Jesus all his willing bands
In glorious triumph lead.

341. C. M. E. JONES

If I perish, I perish. Esther 4 : 16.

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

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

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

4 "I 'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
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."

7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

342. L. M. SMITH.

None that come cast out. John 6:37.

1 HARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,
Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear;
He saith, and who his word can doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out.

2 Doth Satan fill you with dismay,
And tell you, Christ will cast away;
It is a truth, why should you doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out.

3 Approach your God, make no delay,
He waits to welcome you to-day:
His mercy try, no longer doubt,
He will in no wise cast you out.

4 "Lord, at thy call, behold! I come,
A guilty soul, lost and undone:
On thy rich blood I now rely,
O, pass my vile transgressions by."

343. L. M. GRIGG.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock. Rev. 3:20.

1 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.

7s. HEWETT.

344. *Seek and ye shall find.* Matt. 7 : 7.

1 COME, poor sinner, come and see,
All thy strength is found in me;
I am waiting to be kind,
To relieve thy troubled mind.

2 Dost thou feel thy sins a pain?
Look to me and ease obtain:
All my fulness thou may'st share,
And be always welcome here.

3 Boldly come, why dost thou fear!
I possess a gracious ear;
I will never tell thee nay.
While thou hast a heart to pray.

4 Try the freeness of my grace,
Sure, 't will suit thy trying case;
Mourning souls will ne'er complain,
Having sought my face in vain.

5 Knock, and cast all doubt behind,
Seek, and thou shalt surely find;
Ask, and I will give thee peace,
And thy confidence increase.

6 Will not this encourage thee,
Vile and poor, to come to me?
Sure thou canst not doubt my will;
Come and welcome, sinner, still.

L. M. B. MANLY, JR.

345.

Free Grace. Rev. 22 : 17.

1 OUR God invites the wanderers home,
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
Let him that hears repeat the sound,
And spread the joyful accents round.

2 Let him that is athirst draw near,
And find a fountain flowing here;
Let whosoever will, receive
The freely-offered grace, and live.

346.

S. M. ERIS. COL.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come, &c. Rev. 22:17.

1 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.

L. M. COLLYER.

347.

Return unto me.

1 WAND'RER from God, return, return!
And seek an injured Father's face:
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Wand'rer from God, return, return!
The Father hears that deep-felt sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.

3 Wand'rer from God, return, return!
The Saviour calls, he bids you live;
Come bow before his feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Now is th' accepted day, return!
Imploring, fly to mercy's gate,
Ere slighted grace to anger turn,
And you begin to seek too late.

348.

11s & 10s. T. MOORE.

Revelation 22 : 2.

1 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.

349.

S. M. EPIS. COL.

Go thou, and all thy house, into the Ark. Gen. 7 : 1.

1 O, CEASE, my wandering 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;
O, 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.

12s. THORNBY.

350. *Escape to the Mountain.* Gen. 19 : 17.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain,"
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain:
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows so freely, in streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon,
We 'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour 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 his name now proclaims 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 we reach the blest shore;
With harps in our hands, we 'll praise him the more;
We 'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river
And sing of salvation forever and ever!

EXPOSTULATIONS AND WARNINGS

L. M. WATTS.

351. *The Way to Life Narrow.*

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

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.

C. M. WATTS.

352. *Difficulty and Dependence.*

1 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 Belovéd 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
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

C. M. HOWE'S HYMNS.

353. *The Way of Peace.* Luke 1:79.

1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin.
And dangers must be passed;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will come to heaven at last:

3 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, we know,
To walk with sinners there.

4 But, lest our feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be our guide,
And we shall never stray.

354. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

To-day harden not your hearts. Heb. 3 : 15.

1 THE Lord Jehovah calls;
Be every ear inclined;
May such a voice awake each heart,
And captivate the mind.

2 If he in thunder speak,
Earth trembles at his nod;
But milder accents here proclaim
The condescending God.

3 O, harden not your hearts,
But hear his voice to-day;
Lest, ere to-morrow's earliest dawn,
He call your souls away.

4 Almighty God, pronounce
The word of conquering grace;
So shall the flint dissolve to tears,
And scorners seek thy face.

355. S. M. DWIGHT.

The Day of Grace. Ps. 95 : 7, 8.

1 YE sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

2 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
O, sinners, then your injured God
Will heed your cries no more.

3 Then while 'tis called to-day,
O, hear the gospel's sound;
Come, sinner, haste, O, haste away,
While pardon may be found.

356. 11s. Sac. Songs.

Tarry not in all the plain. Gen. 19 : 17.

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

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

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

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

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

357. 8s, 7s, & 4. Reed.

Danger of Delay. Ps. 2 : 12.

1 HEAR, O sinner!—mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Hear, O sinner!—
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread;
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud, and louder o'er your head:—
Turn, O sinner!—
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

3 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour;
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.

358. S. M. PERENNIEL.

Now is the accepted time. 2 Cor. 6:2.

1 NOW is the day of grace;
Now to the Saviour come;
The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,
And I will guide you home."

2 A Father bids you speed;
O wherefore, then, delay?
He calls in love; he sees your need;
He bids you come to-day.

3 To-day the prize is won;
The promise is to save;
Then, O, be wise; to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

359. 12s & 11s. J. B. HAGUE.

The harvest passing. Jer. 8:20.

HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

2 How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee!
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee:
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3 Despised, rejected, at length he may leave thee
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power:
Our God will arise, with his foes to contend:
Haste, haste thee, O sinner; prepare for that hour;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

5 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before him
O, bow to his sceptre, and make him thy Friend;
Now yield him thy heart; make haste to adore him
"Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end."

360. S. M. DOBELL.

Now is the accepted time. 2 Cor. 6 : 2.

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

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

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

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

361. 7s. T. SCOTT.

Haste thee! Escape thither! Gen. 19 : 22.

1 HASTE, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner; now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

5 Lord, do thou the sinner turn,
Rouse him from his senseless state;
Let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor his choice deplore too late.

362. L. M. DWIGHT.

No work nor device in the grave. Eccles. 9 : 10.

1 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, O, 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 Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

363. S. M. HYDE

Despising the riches of Goodness. Rom. 2 : 4.

1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

364. S. M. PRATT'S COL.

Vigilance. Matt. 25 : 1-12.

1 ALL yesterday is gone;
To-morrow 's not our own:
O sinner, come, without delay,
To bow before the throne.

2 O, hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word—"Depart."

365. L. M. HYDE.

"*My Spirit shall not always strive.*" Gen. 6 : 3.

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

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

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

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

366. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The one thing needful. Luke 10 : 42.

1 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.

367. C. M. J. A. ALEXANDER.

Woe to them when I depart from them. Hos. 9 : 12.

1 THERE is a time, we know not when—
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

2 There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

3 O where is the mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost?

4 How long may we go on in sin;
How long will God forbear;
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair!

5 An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day repent,
And harden not your heart."

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

368. *Worth of the Soul.* Mark 8 : 36.

1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round;
That which was lost in paradise,
That which in Christ was found?

2 The soul of man, Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.

4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

369. 7s. URWICK'S COL.

What will ye do in the day of visitation? Isai. 10: 3.

1 SINNER, what has earth to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path, of fading flowers,
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

2 Doth a skilful, healing friend,
On thy daily path attend,
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?

3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O, can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?

4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth and soar to heaven?

370. 8s & 7s, peculiar. PSALMIST.

Things unseen and eternal. 2 Cor. 4: 18.

1 O, LAY not up upon this earth
Your hope, your joy, your treasure;
Here sorrow clouds the pilgrim's path,
And blights each opening pleasure.

2 Earth's joys, like dew-drops, fade away:
Like clouds its visions vanish;
Above, no night can chase the day;
Those joys no change can banish.

3 All, all below must fade and die;
The dearest hopes we cherish,
Scenes touched with brightest radiancy,
Are all decreed to perish.

4 Then, man, be wise; thy constant care
To purer joys be given,
Nor let delusive objects share
The place of bliss and heaven.

§ Let things unseen, with potent force,
Alone possessing merit,
Lead upward to its holy source
Thy pure, immortal spirit.

371. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Eternal life and death. Matt. 25 : 46.

1 O, WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean 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:
O, what eternal terrors 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.

372. C. M. FAWCETT.

Inward Religion.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

2 More needful *this* than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows
Nor reputation, food, or health
Can give us such repose.

3 *Religion* should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'T will fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

373. C. M. FAWCETT

Let the wicked forsake his way. Isai. 55 : 7.

1 SINNER, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

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

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

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

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

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults
Through our Redeemer's blood.

374. 7s. J. WESLEY.

Why will ye die? Ezek. 33 : 11.

1 SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
Will ye not in him believe?
He has died that ye might live.

3 Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, unpardoned sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

4 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
Often with you has he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

5 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

375. 7s. J. WESLEY.

What more could I do to my vineyard? Isai. 5: 4.

1 SINNERS, turn while God is near,
Dare not think him insincere:—
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands;
All day long he spreads his hands.

2 What could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?

3 If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry?
Why will you resolve to die?

4 Can you doubt if God is love?
If to you his bowels move,
Will ye not his word receive?
Will ye not his oath believe?

5 See, the suffering God appears;
Jesus weeps; believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry
"Why will ye resolve to die!"

376.

7s & 5s. E. W. FREEMAN.

Flee from the wrath to come. Matt. 3 : 7.

1 ROUSE ye at the Saviour's call,
Sinners, rouse ye, one and all;
Wake, or soon your souls will fall—
Fall in deep despair.
Woe to him who turns away!
Jesus kindly calls to-day:
Come, O sinner, while you may,
Raise your soul in prayer.

2 Heard ye not the Saviour cry?
Turn, O turn, why will you die?
And in keenest agony,
Mourn too late your doom!
Haste, for time is rushing on!
Soon the fleeting hour is gone,
The lifted arrow flies anon,
To sink you in the tomb!

3 By the Saviour's bleeding love,
By the joys of heaven above,
Let these words your spirit move;
Quick to Jesus fly!
Come and save your souls from death,
Haste! escape Jehovah's wrath;
Fly! for life 's a fleeting breath,
Soon, O soon you 'll die.

377.

L. M. STEELE.

Eternity.

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

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

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

4 But should my brightest hopes be vain!
The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!
My fears, O gracious God! remove;
Speak me an object of thy love.

5 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart:
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

L. M. KELLY.

378.

Prov. 1 : 24–28.

1 I HEAR a voice that comes from far;
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my spirit, calms my fear;
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

2 And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice,
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?

3 Alas for those!—the day is near
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then may they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

4 Yet, Lord, I penitently own
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
That conquers oft its proudest foes.

7s. (6 lines.) C. WESLEY.

379.

Zech. 12 : 10.

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done;
Crucified th' eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there.
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Plunged into his side the spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again?
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Break, O, break, my bleeding heart.

C. M.

380. *Behold the Lamb of God.* John 1 : 36.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy guilt upon the tree,
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee.

2 Behold him till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
His piercéd feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.

3 Behold him till his dying love
Thy every thought control;
Its vast, constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.

4 Behold him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing Friend;
He will complete the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

381. C. M. HYMNS OF ZION.

Wilt thou be made whole? John 5 : 6. Rev. 3 : 20.

1 AMAZING sight! the Saviour 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 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

382. 7s & 6s. (8 lines.) NEWTON.

As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Ezek. 33 : 11.

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

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

3 Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less:
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress:
By himself the Lord hath sworn,
He delights not in thy death,
But invites thee to return,
That thou may'st live by faith.

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

383. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

The wrath of the Lamb. Rev. 6: 16.

1 HARK! from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease!—
Sinner! that voice of love obey,
From Christ, the true, the living way.

2 How else his presence wilt thou bear,
When he in judgment shall appear?
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And all the earth like Sinai burn?

3 Now from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunder cease—
O, sinner, while 'tis called to-day,
That voice of saving love obey.

384. 8s, 7s, & 4. ALLEN.

Glad Tidings.

1 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 believéd?
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.

5 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way:
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners,
Glad the message will obey.

385. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Exhortation to Repentance. Acts 17 : 30.

1 "REPENT!" the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blesséd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

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

C. M. EPIS. COL.

386. *The barren Fig-tree.* Luke 13 : 6, 9.

1 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."

S. M. PRATT'S COL.

387. *Holiness necessary.*

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

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

3 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong!

4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hopes can e'er afford!
The pardoned and renewed shall see
The glory of the Lord.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

388. *Treasuring up wrath.* Rom. 2 : 4, 5.

1 UNGRATEFUL sinners, whence this scorn
Of God's long-suffering grace?
And whence this folly, that insults
Th' Almighty to his face?

2 Is it because his patience waits,
And his compassions move,
You multiply transgressions more,
And spurn his richest love?

3 Is all the treasured wrath so small,
You labor still for more?
Though not eternal rolling years
Can e'er exhaust the store.

4 Alarmed and melted at God's voice,
Before his sceptre bow,
And to escape his thunders then,
Embrace the Saviour now.

7s. EPIS. COL.

389. *The Sinner entreated to awake.*

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

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

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

4 O, then, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

390. 7s. NEWTON.

What wilt thou say, when he shall punish thee?
Jer. 13 : 21.

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

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

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

4 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

5 May we, through thy precious name,
Peacefully our journey end;
Then our foes shall lose their aim,
And the Judge shall be our friend.

391. 7s. S. F. SMITH.

The Sinner at the Judgment. 1 Pet. 4 : 18.

1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where, wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

L. M. S. STENNETT.

392. *Atoning Blood.* Heb. 9 : 14.

1 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.

7s. HAMMOND.

393. *Winning Souls to Christ.*

1 WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crowned,
And his heart in sorrow drowned;—

3 How he yielded up his breath;
How he agonized in death;
How he lives to intercede—
Christ our Advocate and Head.

4 Tell him it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face,
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

5 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven—
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

S. M. WATTS.

394. *Christ our Sacrifice.* Heb. 10 : 4.

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

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

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

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd 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.

S. M. BEDDOME.

395. *No Salvation by the Law.* Gal. 2 : 16.

1 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.

L. M. J. EAST.

396. *The Lord our Righteousness.*

1 O LORD, thy righteous law demands
Full satisfaction at thy hands:—
Faith points to thine atonement made,
And pleads thy full obedience paid.

2 Thou art, O God, my righteousness,
A robe of light—a spotless dress;
Thyself my title to thy love,
And to the heritage above.

C. M. WATTS.

397. *None justified by the Works of the Law.* Rom. 3 : 19-22.

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

2 Let Jew and Gentile silent bow,
Without a murmuring word;
Let all the race of man confess
Their guilt before the Lord.

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

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

L. M. FAWCETT.

398. *The Lamb of God.* John 1 : 29.

1 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.

C. M. WATTS.

399. *God in Christ.* 2 Cor. 5 : 19.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Saviour and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin;
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

L. M. WATTS

400. *The Law and Gospel.* Rom. 8:3.

1 WHILE Sinai roars, and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance fling
Jesus, thy dear, expiring breath,
And Calvary, speak gentler things.

2 Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood;
And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Purchased by our redeeming God.

3 Hark! how he prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips)—*Forgive:*
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, "Father, let the rebels live!"

4 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

5 But I'll retire beneath the cross;
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie:
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

401. L. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

No other name by which to be saved. Acts 4 : 12.

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;—
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 None other name will heaven approve:
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

3 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart:
O, let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps and cheer our heart.

402. L. M. WATTS.

Mercy and truth met in Christ. Ps. 85 : 9–13.

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven
By his atonement, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

403. L. M. WATTS.

Salvation through Christ only. 2 Tim. 1 · 9, 10.

1 NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell—we bless his name—
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies, and, in that dreadful night,
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

404. C. M. WATTS.

Pardon and Sanctification. Ezek. 36 : 25–28.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 But God can every want supply
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by covenant, and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

3 Come, and he 'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains
In that rich fountain which his Son
Poured from his dying veins.

4 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

5 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he, our God of grace.

C. M. WATTS.

405. *Salvation by Grace.* Tit. 3 : 3–7.

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

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done,
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

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

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

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

6s & 8s. PRESB. HYMNS.

406. *Christ the Refuge.* Ps. 139.

1 WHEN I behold my heart
With sin's deep stain impressed,
Fain would I draw a curtain dark
Across my guilty breast;
Hiding from all, but most from thee,
My God, its vast iniquity.

2 O, could I mount the wing
  Of the ascending morn,
And be to earth's remotest ring,
  Ere close of evening, borne,
I 'd haste, I 'd fly o'er land and sea,
To hide me from myself and thee.

3 Alas! how vain the thought!
  The Power that guides the sun,
Must bear the flying fugitive;
  And when the day is done,
Within thy hand must be my bed,
Beneath thy wing must rest my head.

4 O, whither shall I fly,
  Omniscient God, from thee?
Within the deep, impervious folds
  Of night's dark canopy?
'T were vain, I could not 'scape thy sight,
For thou thyself, my God, art light.

5 Jesus, to thee I fly,
  In thine embrace to rest;
O, shield me from thy Father's frown,
  Within thy sheltering breast;
But no! within that hiding-place,
Frowns turn to smiles, and wrath to grace.

407. C. M. S. STENNETT

The Converted Thief. Luke 23 : 42.

1 AS on the cross the Saviour 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 Saviour, 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."

408. L. M. WATTS

Sufferings of Christ for Sin. Ps. 69.

1 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.

409. C. M. COWPER.

The Fountain. Zech. 13 : 1.

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

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

3 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.

SALVATION BY FAITH.

S. M. BEDDOME.

410. *Office of Faith.*

1 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.

8s. HART.

411. *Victorious Faith.*

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood.

2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy or name—
The work of God's Spirit it is.

3 It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquishes death and despair;
And, what is still stranger to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer.

4 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul:
It binds up the broken in heart,
The wounded in conscience makes whole.

C. M. BEDDOME.

412. *Salvation by Faith.*

1 '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.

C. M. WATTS

413. *The Power of Faith.*

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares:

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

3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 Faith shows the precious promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

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

414. C. M. WATTS.

Faith the Evidence of Things not seen. Heb. 11:1.

1 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.

C. M. WATTS.

415. *A living Faith.*

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

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

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

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

C. M. POINDEXTER.

416. *Efficacy of Faith.*

1 FAITH is of endless life the spring
Uprising in the soul;
Its cheering waters healing bring
From Him, who makes us whole.

2 Faith takes the Bread which God has given,
The needy poor to feed—
The broken Bread which came from heaven,
And finds a feast indeed.

3 O, may we of this fountain drink—
Eat of this living Bread:
Then from life's woes we shall not shrink,
Nor death's pale horrors dread.

CONVICTION.

S. M. COWPER.

417. *Trembling Solicitude.*

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

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

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

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

C. M. WATTS.

418. *Conviction by the Law.*

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With such convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath,
Exert thy power to save;
O, break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

419. C. M. GIBBONS.

Let him take hold of my strength. Isa. 27: 5.

1 LORD, we are sinners in thy sight,
Transgressors of thy laws;
Nor dare we to our innocence
Presume to trust our cause.

2 Thy lightest stroke or mildest frown
Our feeble souls alarms:
O, where 's the worm prepared to meet
Omnipotence in arms?

3 Omnipotence arrayed in love!
Do thou our refuge be;
On strength divine may we take hold,
And thus make peace with thee.

420. S. M. TOPLADY.

The evil Heart. Jer. 17: 9.

1 ASTONISHED and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within:
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
The seat of every sin.

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

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

421. 7s. RAFFLES.

Confession of Sin.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, O, hear my earnest cry;
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners I have been;
Oft have sinned before thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy fatal dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.

4 Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make my broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

422. C. M. WATTS.

Repentance in View of divine Patience.

1 AND are we, wretches, yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell.

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threatening vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty Goodness cries, "Forbear,"
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts now bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

7s. LUTH. COL.

423. *The penitent Inquirer.*

1 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.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

424. *Prayer for Repentance.*

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles 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 O Lord, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.

S. M. C. WESLEY.

425. *Praying for Repentance.*

1 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 oppressed
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 softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

5 Saviour and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.

6 Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

REPENTANCE.

C. M. MIDDLETON.

426. *Painful Recollections.*

1 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.

7s. J. TAYLOR.

427. *Confession of Sin.*

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

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

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

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

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

C. M. NEWTON.

128. *The Prodigal Son.* Luke 15 : 11-24.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

429. *The Prodigal's Return.*

1 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!

7s. PRESB. HYMNS.

430. *Invitation accepted.*

1 AM I called? and can it be!
Has my Saviour chosen me?
Guilty, wretched as I am,
Has he named my worthless name?
Vilest of the vile am I,
Dare I raise my hopes so high?

2 Am I called? I dare not stay,
May not, must not disobey;
Here I lay me at thy feet,
Clinging to the mercy-seat:
Thine I am, and thine alone;
Lord, with me thy will be done.

3 Am I called? what shall I bring,
As an offering to my King?
Poor, and blind, and naked, I,
Trembling at thy footstool lie;
Naught but sin I call my own,
Nor for sin can sin atone.

4 Am I called? an heir of God!
Washed, redeemed, by precious blood!
Father, lead me in thy hand,
Guide me to that better land,
Where my soul shall be at rest,
Pillowed on my Saviour's breast.

431. 7s. STENNETT.

I have sinned against heaven and before thee.
Luke 15 : 18.

1 FATHER! at thy call I come!
In thy bosom there is room
For a guilty soul to hide—
Pressed with grief on every side.

2 Here I 'll make my piteous moan!—
Thou canst understand a groan:
Here my sins and sorrows tell;
What I feel thou knowest well.

3 Ah! how foolish I have been
To obey the voice of sin—
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee!

4 Darkness fills my trembling soul;
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll;
Pity, Father! pity me;
All my hope 's alone in thee.

432. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Struggling after Christ.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint!
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour 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 Saviour take
Possession of my heart!

4 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared 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 corners shine,
And take the veil away.

S. M. WATTS.

433. *The Heart subdued by Love.*

1 MY sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God!
Pour out a long complaint.

2 This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin
In presence of thy sword.

3 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
And yet, O wondrous, matchless grace
Thy thunder silent lies.

4 O, shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love!
And have I such a heart of steel,
That mercy cannot move?

5 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw myself, my soul, my all,
And for thy mercy cry.

C. M. WATTS.

434. *Godly Sorrow at the Cross.*

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

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

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

435.

S. M. BEDDOME.

Repentance in View of Christ's Compassion.

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

2 The Son of God in tears
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.

436. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Repentance in View of the Cross.

1 AND can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groaned and died for me?

2 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

PLEADING FOR PARDON.

437. L. M. RELIEF HYMNS.

Forgiveness sought.

1 FROM sin's dark depths, my God, to thee
I pour my tears, my faltering prayer:
O, hear my cry of agony!
O save me, save me from despair!

2 For if thy justice should pursue
Whate'er of guilt thine eye hath known,
O, who could bear thy piercing view,
Or stand before thine awful throne?

3 O, free me, cleanse me, bid me live,
And bondage, guilt, and death remove;
And while I tremble, still forgive;
For thou art mercy—thou art love.

4 Then, by thy mercy reconciled,
Boundless, unmerited, and free,
Saviour! receive me as a child;
My life, my hope, my all 's in thee.

S. M. TATE & BRADY.

438. *Pleading for Mercy.*

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted pardon find.

2 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though condemned,
Must own thy judgments right.

3 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that 's clean,
An upright mind renew.

4 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight,
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

5 The joy thy favor gives
Let me again obtain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

S. M. BEDDOME.

439. *Mercy implored.*

1 THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Before thy feet I prostrate fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
O, bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thy incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove
Display, O Lord, thy pardoning grace,
And thy unbounded love.

5 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast;
O, let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

C. M. WATTS.

440. *Pleading the Death of Christ.*

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call;
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul, oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A broken and a contrite heart
Is our best sacrifice.

C. M. S. STENNETT.

441. *The Penitent.*

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

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

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

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

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

142. C. M.

Lord, remember me. Luke 23 : 42.

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

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

3 Thou wond'rous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me!

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

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me!

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

L. M. WATTS

143.

Pardon penitently implored.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

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

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

4 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.

8s & 7s. TURNER.

144.

God, be merciful to me a sinner. Luke 18:13

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

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

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?

4 On the word thy blood hath sealed,
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed,
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

445. L. M. B. Manly, Jr.

God, be merciful to me a sinner. Luke 18 : 13.

1 LORD, I deserve thy deepest wrath,
Ungrateful, faithless I have been;
No terrors have my soul deterred,
Nor goodness wooed me from my sin

2 My heart is vile, my mind depraved,
My flesh rebels against thy will;
I am polluted in thy sight,
Yet, Lord, have mercy on me still!

3 Without defence, to thee I look,
To thee, the only Saviour, fly;
Without a hope, without a friend,
In deep distress to thee I cry.

4 Speak peace to me, my sins forgive,
Dwell thou within my heart, O God,
The guilt and power of sin remove,
And fit me for thy blest abode.

446. 7s. Spir. Songs.

Pleading for Mercy.

1 JESUS, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joys of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

All my guilt to thee is known;
Thou art righteous, thou alone.
All my help is from thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.

3 Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

C. M. CURTIS'S COL.

447. *Miracles of Christ.*

1 AND didst thou, Jesus, condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And cause the blind to see?
Thou Son of David, hear—O, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
O, pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord; O, save my soul;
For thou alone canst save.

C. M. BROWNE

448. *Humble pleading for Mercy.*

1 LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye
Thy favor we implore.

2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

3 We sink—with all this weight oppressed,
Sink down to death and hell;
O, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our numerous fears dispel.

4 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore;
O, may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

5 O for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break;
And, breaking, soon relieve.

6 Thus melt us down; thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

PLEADING FOR CONVERTING GRACE.

C. M. STEELE.

449. *Contrition.*

1 O LORD, thy tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Thy hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A sinful wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return?"

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

4 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

L. M. BEDDOME.

450. *Longing to be set free.*

1 LORD, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart
O, hear an humble prisoner's sigh.

2 Here on my soul the burden lies;
No human power can ease the load;
My numerous sins against me rise,
And far remove me from my God.

3 Break, break, O Lord, these tyrant chains,
And set the struggling captive free;
Redeem from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

C. M. PSALMIST.

451. *A new Heart desired.*

1 WITH guilt oppressed, bowed down with sin,
Beneath its load I groan;
Give me, O Lord, a heart of flesh:
Remove this heart of stone.

2 A burdened sinner, lo! I come,
In dread of death and hell;
O, seal my pardon with thy blood,
And all my fears dispel.

3 Nor peace, nor rest, my soul can find,
Till thy dear cross I see;
Till there in humble faith I cry,
"The Saviour died for me."

4 O, give this true and living faith,
This soul-supporting view;
Till old things be forever past,
And all within be new.

L. M. WATTS.

452. *The Spirit longed for.*

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

L. M. WATTS.

453.

Returning to God.

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 O, may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

454.

L. M. (6 lines.) ROWLAND HILL.

The promised Rest. Isaiah 26 : 3.

1 DEAR Friend of friendless sinners, hear,
And magnify thy grace divine;
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to thee resign:
A worm, by self and sin opprest,
That pants to reach thy promised rest.

2 With holy fear and reverent love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne;
I long in thee to live and move,
And stay myself on thee alone:
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee the promised rest.

3 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
With all its wrathful fury, die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my sorrows into joy:
O, may my heart, by thee possessed,
Know thee to be my promised rest.

C. P. M. TOPLADY.

455. *Trusting in Christ for Pardon.*

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death;
The Spirit of adoption breathe;
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

C. M. NEWTON.

456. *Pleading the Promise.*

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

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

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

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

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

6 "Poor tempest-tosséd soul, be still,
My promised grace receive:"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

457.

Thy face, O Lord, will I seek. PS. 27 : 8.

1 JEHOVAH speaks, "Seek ye my face,"
My soul admires the wondrous grace;
I'll seek thy face—thy Spirit give!
O, let me see thy face and live.

2 Daily I'll seek, with cries and tears,
With secret sighs, and fervent prayers;
And, if not heard, I'll weeping sit,
And perish at the Saviour's feet.

3 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive—
The soul that seeks thy face *shall* live.

L. M. T. Scott.

158. *Relying upon Grace.*

1 WHY droops my soul, with grief oppressed?
Whence these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my 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 Blest Saviour, 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.

S. M. Newton.

159. *Bethesda.* John 5 : 1–9.

1 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 seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove!

3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O, would the Lord appear,
My maladies to heal;
He knows how long I 've waited here,
And what distress I feel.

5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie—
Surely the mercies I have sought
Are not for such as I!

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

7 Here, then, from day to day,
I 'll wait, and hope, and cry;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

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

L. M. B. MANLY, JR.

460. *Bethesda.* John 5 : 1–9.

1 BEFORE the pool a sufferer lay,
With hope deferred from day to day;
Beheld the waters often move,
But others first their virtues prove.

2 Helpless and weak was he: no friend
Was there, the needful aid to lend;
But One passed by, who heard his moan,
And healed him by a word alone.

3 Bethesda's waters move no more,
No angel stirs them into power;—
The mightier One, who healing gave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

4 To sin-sick souls he offers grace,
Confined to neither time nor place;
Where'er is offered heartfelt prayer
The fount of life is open there.

5 Thou loving, gracious, healing Lord,
Speak to my soul the pardoning word;
My sins remove, new strength impart;
O cleanse, and dwell within my heart.

461. 7s. NEWTON.

Ask what I shall give thee. 1 Kings 3 : 5.

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

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

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

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

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

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

462. 7s. HAMMOND.

Lord, save us: we perish. Matt. 8 : 25.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear!
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honor I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt:
Suppliant at thy feet I lie—
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin:
On thy mercy I rely—
Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy grace alone I trust:
With my earnest suit comply—
Give me Christ, or else I die.

L. M. C. WESLEY.

463. *Seeking perfect Rest in Christ.*

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

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

3 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.

4 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.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay:
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

7s, 6s, & 8s. C. WESLEY.

464. *Remember Calvary.*

1 LAMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Never let us hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve;
Write forgiveness on each heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
And long for perfect holiness;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

C. M. FAWCETT.

465. *Prayer for Holiness.*

1 O, MAY my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

2 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

3 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

4 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies!

L. M. HART.

466. *Hardness of Heart lamented.*

1 LORD! shed a beam of heavenly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountain shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt?
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4 But One can yet perform the deed;
That *One*, in all his grace, I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5 O, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul,
On me let streams of mercy roll:
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

467.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

Faith coming from God. Rom. 12 : 3. Eph. 6 : 23
Phil. 1 : 29.

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

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

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power!
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one 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 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O, let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

BELIEVING IN CHRIST

L. M. WATTS

468. *Depending on Christ's Righteousness.*

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

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

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

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

469. L. M. CENNICK.

The Wedding Garment. Matt. 22 : 11.

1 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 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

3 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath died, and lives for me."

4 O, let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banished ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord our righteousness.

470. L. M. WATTS.

Salvation in the Cross.

1 HERE at thy cross, incarnate God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that 's my last defence,
If I must perish, here to die.

3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4 Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my Saviour God!
And my best honors to his name.

471. S. M. Rippon's Col.

A broken Heart and a bleeding Saviour.

1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes:
Thou may'st reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up his life,
The law was satisfied;
And now, to its severer claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

472. L. M. Songs in the Night.

Him that cometh, I will in nowise cast out.
John 6 : 37.

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

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

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

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

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

473. L. M. BEDDOME

A rainbow round about the throne. Rev. 4 : 3.

1 SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God;
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!

2 Let me my grateful homage pay;
With courage sing, with fervor pray;
And though myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance through thy Son—

3 Thy Son, who on th' accursèd tree
Expired, to set the vilest free;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

474. C. P. M. NEWTON.

The love of Christ constraineth us. 2 Cor. 5 : 14

1 LORD, thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?—
Love conquers even me.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand
To be employed by thee.

C. M. NEWTON.

475. *Subdued by the Cross.*

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

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

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

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

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

L. M. CENNICK.

476. *I am the way.* John 14 · 6.

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

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

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

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

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

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

H. M. C. WESLEY

477. *Christ's Intercession.* Rev. 5 : 6.

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

2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear Anointed One;—
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 To God I 'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child:
I can no longer fear:
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father," cry.

178. H. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

Neither is there salvation in any other. Acts 4 · 12.

1 THE vengeance of a God
What human heart can bear—
Involved in endless night,
Consigned to black despair?
Yet there is hope, since Christ has died,
For he can help, and none beside.

2 Then to his cross I flee,
My last, my sure defence;
Justice can't seize me there,
Nor Satan pluck me thence:
If Christ is mine, and I am his,
I 'm heir to all the promises.

3 His griefs create my joys,
His death my life procures;
His agonizing pain
Eternal bliss insures:
His blood poured out, atoned for sin—
Applied, it makes the conscience clean.

4 Then here I 'll put my trust
When terrors spread around,
For here, and here alone,
Salvation can be found:
Exult, my faith, subside, my fear,
Here I am safe, and only here.

179. L. M. CRUTTENDEN.

Trusting for Salvation.

1 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardons rich and free?
And grace an overwhelming flood?

2 I own my guilt, my sins confess,
Their prevalence, their fatal power,
Without excuse, and numberless,
Increasing; blackening every hour.

3 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
'T would only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.

4 Low at thy feet I 'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I 'll be the *first* who perished there.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

480. *Pardon spoken by Christ.* Matt. 9 : 2.

1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace!
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear,
All like the harps of heaven.

3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I 'll tread;
Cheerful I 'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand which scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

S. M. WATTS.

481. *Blessedness of the Pardoned.* Ps. 32.

1 O, BLESSÉD 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.

482. L. M. BEDDOME.

Jesus the author and finisher of our faith.
Heb. 12 : 2.

1 THAT was a time of wondrous love,
When Christ my Lord was passing by;
He felt his tender pity move,
And brought his great salvation nigh.

2 Guilty and self-condemned I stood,
Nor thought his mercy was so near;
When he my stubborn heart subdued,
And planted all his graces there.

3 My eyes were sealed, the shades of night
O'er all my mental powers were drawn;
He spake the word, "Let there be light,"
And straight the day began to dawn.

4 When, on the verge of endless pain,
He gently whispered, "I am thine,"
I lost my fears, and dropped my chain,
And felt a transport all divine.

5 Now he supports the work begun,
Strengthens my hands, and guides my ways,
To him be endless honors done,
Let heaven and earth resound the praise.

L. M. WATTS.

183. *Confession and Pardon.* Ps. 32 : 3–7.

1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
How keen the pangs of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses at thy feet;
When floods of strong temptation roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark and storms appear;
And, when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

184. L. M. MEDLEY.

I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord
Isai. 63 : 7.

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

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

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

4 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;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

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

L. M. H. K. White.

485. *The Star of Bethlehem.*

1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
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!

C. M. WATTS.

486. *The Change effected by Grace.*

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

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

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

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

5 Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

487. L. M. S. STENNETT.

Praise to God for renewing Grace.

1 TO God, my Saviour and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;
He saw me weltering in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.

3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and soothed my grief;
Poured joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
Deep in my breast I will record:
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Through the remainder of my days;
And, when I join the choir above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

C. M., WATTS.

488. *Deliverance from deep Distress.*

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord;
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a gloomy pit,
Where, mourning, long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet—
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In new and thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

L. M. DAVIES.

489. *Searching Inquiry.*

1 O WHAT am I? My soul, awake,
And search with care, there 's much at stake;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

2 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?

3 Searcher of hearts! O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My sins remove; let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear.

4 Scatter the clouds that o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread;
Lead me into celestial day,
And, to myself, myself display.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

490. *Lovest thou me?* John 21 : 15.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 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 Would not my ardent spirit vie,
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

7s. COWPER.

491. *Lovest thou me?* John 21:15–17.

1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord,
'T is the Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love's so weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more

C. M. COWPER.

492. *The contrite Heart.* Isai. 57 : 15.

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

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

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that 's good.

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

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

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

7s. NEWTON.

493. *Lovest thou me?* John 21 : 16.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame;
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain—
Prayer a task and burden prove—
Every trifle give me pain—
If I knew a Saviour's love!

4 When I turn mine eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild,
Filled with unbelief and sin—
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will—
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet;
Choose the ways I once abhorred;
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray!
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

7s. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

494. *Character of the Saved.* Ps. 24.

1 WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose words and thoughts are one;—

3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by thee ordained;—

4 He who trusts in Christ alone;
Not in aught himself has done;-
He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessing share.

RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

C. M. STELLE.

495. *The World crucified.* Gal. 6 : 14.

1 YE earthly vanities, depart;
Forever hence remove;
For Christ alone deserves my heart,
And every thought of love.

2 His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their softest forms,
Sustained the heavy load of guilt
For lost, rebellious worms.

3 Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
And yet ungrateful prove?
And pierce his wounded heart anew,
And grieve his injured love?

4 Great God, forbid! O, bind this heart,
This roving heart of mine,
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine.

L. M. WATTS.

496. *Earthly Joys renounced.*

1 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.

C. M. WATTS.

497. *Parting with carnal Joys.*

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
On things of sense why fix my sight?
Why on its pleasures dwell?

2 There 's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my soul's desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

3 No longer will I ask its love,
Nor seek its friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within its power.

4 O for the pinions of a dove,
T' ascend the heavenly road:
There shall I share my Saviour's love,
There shall I dwell with God.

498. C. M. BEDDOME

Self-denial for Christ. Mark 8:34.

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

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

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

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

499. L. M. STELLE

Vanity of Earth.

1 IN vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind;
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.

2 Can lasting happiness be found
Where seasons roll their hasty round,
And days and hours, with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?

3 Arise, my thoughts; my heart, arise;
Leave this vain world, and seek the skies;
There purest joys forever last,
When seasons, days, and hours, are past.

4 Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart;
Thy grace can raise my wandering heart
To pleasure, perfect and sublime,
Unmeasured by the wing of time.

500. C. P. M. HARRISON.

Looking at the things unseen. 2 Cor. 4 : 18.

1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I loved before;
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Tell me no more of ease and health,
For these have all their snares;
Let me but know my sins forgiven,
And see my name enrolled in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

3 Give me the Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand
And faith to trust the Lord;
I 'd sit alone from day to day,
Nor urge my company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.

501. 10s & 11s. GAMBOLD.

Pilgrims on the Earth. Heb. 11 : 13.

1 O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I 've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I 'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe in glory shall live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don 't delay—he calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go;
Lo! onward I move to a city above;
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within;
And when I 'm to die, receive me, I 'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He 'll not live in glory and leave me behind;
So this is the race I 'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

502. C. M. STEELE.

Seek first the Kingdom of God. Matt. 6 : 33.

1 IN vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of solid rest;
The whole creation is too poor
To make me truly blest.

2 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone this restless heart
Enduring bliss can find.

3 Thy favor, Lord, is all I want;
Here would my spirit rest:
O, seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

503. C. M. NEWTON.

All things counted loss for Christ. Phil. 3 : 7, 8.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless one like me?

4 Yes, though of sinners I were worst,
I could not doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

504. 7s, 6s, & 8s. C. WESLEY.

Nothing, save Christ and him crucified. 1 Cor. 2:2.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

2 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

4 O, that I could all invite
This saving truth to prove—
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth, of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The precious blood by faith applied!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

DEDICATION TO GOD.

C. M. WATTS.

505. *God our Portion.* Ps. 73 : 25, 26.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

4 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.

S. M. WATTS.

506. *God all, and in all.* Ps. 73 : 25.

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

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

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

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

C. M. STEELE.

507. *God our Father.*

1 MY God, my Father—blissful name!—
O, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
I calmly would resign:
For thou art good, and just, and wise;
O, bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O, give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

L. M. WATTS.

508. *Filial Affection.* Ps. 63.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art 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 early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

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 bless the remnant of my days.

509. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in God and his Word. Ps. 119.

1 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 mine 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.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine;
O, save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.

510. L. M. (6 lines.) REL. HYMNS

Despising Shame for Christ.

1 AND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there forever sit with thee?
Then, let the world approve or blame,
I 'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own;
What shame would fill me in that day,
When thou thy glory wilt display!

3 No! let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me, if they will;
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still:
For thee, my God, I all resign,
Content if I can call thee mine.

4 What transport then shall fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name wilt own!
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know, as I myself am known!
From sin, and fear, and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

511. *Mary's Choice.* Luke 10 : 42.

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

2 O may this roving, treacherous heart,
Be wise, and choose the better part;
And scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

S. M. WATTS.

512. *Daily Devotion.*

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death.
But in the worship of my God
I 'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I 'll seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O, my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I 'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

513. L. M. HOSKINS.

To live is Christ, to die is gain. Phil. 1 : 21.

1 LET thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God;
This happiness, O Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine!

2 Christ is my everlasting all,
To him I look, on him I call;
He will my every want supply
In time, and through eternity.

3 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here:
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain;
To live is Christ, to die is gain!

4 Soon will the saints in glory meet;
Soon walk through every golden street;
And sing on every blissful plain,
To live is Christ, to die is gain!

C. M. BEDDOME.

514. *Security in God.* Ps. 73 : 25.

1 THIS world would be a wilderness,
If banished, Lord, from thee;
And heaven, without thy smiling face,
Would be no heaven to me.

2 My Friend art thou where'er I go,
The object of my love,
My kind Protector here below,
And my reward above.

3 When foes intrude or tyrants frown,
Thou art my sure relief;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And tell thee all my grief.

4 'Midst rising winds and beating storms,
Reclining on thy breast,
I find in thee a hiding-place,
And there securely rest.

515. L. M. WATTS.

Prosperity of Sinners deceptive. Ps. 73.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But O, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee.
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their plagues.

4 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

516. 8s & 7s. GRANT.

Forsaking all to follow Christ. Mark 10. 28.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
And whilst 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.

2 Man may trouble and distress me;
'T will but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, '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.

517. S. M. C. WESLEY

Yielding to Love. 2 Cor. 5: 14.

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

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

3 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,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

S. M. BEDDOME.

518. *Entire Surrender.*

1 O LORD, thou art my Lord,
My portion and delight;
All other lords I now reject,
And cast them from my sight.

2 Thy sovereign right I own,
Thy glorious power confess;
Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
While I adore thy grace.

3 Too long my feet have strayed
In sin's forbidden way;
But since thou hast my soul reclaimed,
To thee my vows I 'll pay.

4 My soul, to Jesus joined
By faith, and hope, and love,
Now seeks to dwell among thy saints,
And rest with them above.

5 Accept, O Lord, my heart;
To thee myself I give;
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
Or cause thy saints to grieve.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

519. *Living to Christ.* Phil. 1 : 21.

1 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 Saviour 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.

C. M. BOURNE'S COL.

520.

Self-dedication.

1 O SAVIOUR, welcome to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake;
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Saviour, 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.

C. M. NEWTON.

521.

Will ye also go away? John 6 : 67.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
Alas, what numbers do!
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels joined
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stirred—
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No!

L. M. STEELE.

522. *Christ the only Refuge.*

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call:
One smile, one blissful smile, of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

523. L. M. GREGG.

Not ashamed of Christ. Mark 8 : 38.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

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

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I 've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

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

5 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

524. L. M. CONDER.

None but Christ. John 6 : 68.

1 JESUS, in whom but thee above,
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?

2 Thy counsels and upholding care
My comfort and my safety are;
Thou, Lord, shalt guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

3 My flesh is hasting to decay:—
Soon shall the world have passed away,
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and flesh shall fail?

4 But O! be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph when I die;
My strength, my portion is divine,
And Jesus is forever mine!

525. C. M. SAC. SONGS.

To whom shall we go? John 6 : 68.

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

2 Lord, I have felt thy dying love,
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above;—
And can we ever part?

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

526. L. M STEELE.

The Christian's Resolution.

1 NOW I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint or tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

527. C. M. WATTS.

Vows paid. Ps. 116 : 12.

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

2 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.

528. C. M. NEWTON.

Acknowledgment of God's Goodness. Ps. 116 : 12.

1 FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive,
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stained, and dyed in sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestowed;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best return from one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is, from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

S. M. DODDRIDGE.

529. *Joined unto the Lord.* 1 Cor. 6 : 17.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

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

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thine image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

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

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

530. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

A Covenant to serve God. 2 Chron. 15 : 12-15.

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice,
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction 's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

531. C. M. BEDDOME.

The Pledge of Fidelity.

1 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.

532.

L. M. DAVIES.

Bought with a Price. 1 Cor. 6 : 20, and 7 : 23.

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform:
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

533.

S. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Filial Confidence.

1 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 Saviour'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.

C. M. MILMAN.

534.

Help, Lord. Ps. 12 : 1.

1 O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O, help us, Lord, the more.

3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O, help us, Father, from on high;
We know no help but thee;
O, help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

535.

C. M.

Every good and perfect gift from God. Jam. 1 : 17.

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

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

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

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

S. M. PRATT'S COL.

536. *Help implored.*

1 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.

8s, 7s, & 4. OLIVER.

537. *The Pilgrim's Guide.* Isai. 58 : 11.

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

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

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

C. M. EXETER Co:

538.

A safe Guide. Ps. 48 : 14.

1 LORD, through the dubious paths of life
Thy feeble servant guide;
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

2 To thee, O my unerring Guide,
I would myself resign,
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will by thine.

3 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me;
And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

4 Lord, by thy counsel, while I live,
O, guide my wandering feet;
And, when my course on earth is run,
Conduct me to thy seat.

539.

L. M. B. MANLY, JR

Christ's cheering Presence desired. Luke 24 : 29

1 IN doubt's dim twilight here I stray,
Upon me shines no cheering ray;
My Saviour, drive away my fear,
Abide with me, for night is near.

2 Though sin and Satan o'er my soul
Would throw their hated strong control—
O, help me in th' unequal fight,
Abide with me through sin's dark night.

3 Dwell thou within my heart; O come
Not as a stranger, but at home;
Here reign supreme, it is thy right;
Abide with me both day and night.

4 And when my day of toil is done,
When weak and weary age comes on,
Uphold me, Saviour, as I die;
Abide with me, when night is nigh.

5 Soon shall a voice my slumbers wake,
A glorious, endless morning break;
When night and grief forever flee,
May I in heaven abide with thee.

540. 6s & 4s, peculiar. HEMANS.

Prayer for Help in Necessity. Ps. 73 : 26.

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine—
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow—
When spear, and shield, and crown
In faintness are cast down—
Sustain us, thou!

3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod—
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away—
Aid us, O God.

4 While trembling o'er the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine:
Hear, hear our suppliant breath
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

6s & 4s. R. PALMER.

541. *Confidence in Christ.*

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

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

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

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

542.

L. M. (6 lines.) C. WESLEY.

Our Hope amid Billows.

1 STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Support by thy almighty hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thine arm my sure defence;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

2 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
And high the storms of trouble rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul—
My heart a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace—be still!"

3 In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
O Saviour, in that trying hour,
In death, as life, be thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

543.

7s. C. WESLEY.

A Refuge from the Storm. Isai. 25 : 4; 32 : 2.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be 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, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust or thee is stayed,
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!

544. 7s, 6s, & 8s. C. WESLY.

A Covert from the Tempest. Isai. 32:2.

1 TO the haven of thy breast,
O, Son of man, I fly!
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O, the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast;
A covert from the tempest be;
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The fearful storm I see.

2 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succor been,
In my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin;
O, how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

3 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun:
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun;
Weary, parched with thirst and faint,
Till thou th' abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

545. 7s. C. WESLEY.

The branch cannot bear fruit of itself. John 15 : 4.

1 SON of God, thy blessing grant;
Still supply our every want!
Tree of life, thy influence shed!
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,
Without thee I droop and die;
Weak as helpless infancy;
O confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustained by thee I fall;
Send the help for which I call:
Weaker than a bruiséd reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

FAITH IN GOD.

546. C. M. BEDDOME.

I know in whom I have believed. 2 Tim. 1 : 12.

1 'TIS faith supports my feeble soul
In times of deep distress;
When storms arise and billows roll,
Great God, I trust thy grace.

2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And thou my all in all.

3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose;
In thee my help is found.

4 In every want, in every strait,
To thee alone I fly;
When other comforters depart,
Thou art forever nigh.

547. L. M. WATTS.

Walking by Faith, not by Sight. 2 Cor. 5 : 7.

1 '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.

548. C. M. BATH COL.

Prayer for strong Faith.

1 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.

L. M. STEELE.

549. *Christ our Life.* Col. 3 : 4.

1 WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort, die?
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here I may build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Forever sure the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

C. M. WATTS.

550. *God our Support.* Ps. 73 : 22–28.

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

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

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

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

5 Behold the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

C. M. J. RYLAND.

551. *Delight in God.* Ps. 37 : 4.

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
My great concern shall ever be
To love and please thee more.

552. L. M. WATTS.

Deriving Strength from Christ. 2 Cor. 12 : 7–10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day"—
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things, or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

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

553. C. M. NEEDHAM

Grace sufficient. 2 Cor. 12 : 9.

1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint.
"My grace sufficient is for you,
Though nature's powers may faint.

2 "My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove;
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love."

3 What though my griefs are not removed;
Yet why should I despair?
For, if my Saviour's arm support,
I can the burden bear.

4 O thou, my Saviour and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
I all things can perform,
And, smiling, triumph in thy name,
Amid the raging storm.

554. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

God our Defence and Deliverer. Ps. 18 : 1-3.

NO change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A sure defence to me.

2 Thou our deliverer art, O God;
Our trust is in thy power;
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard and our tower.

3 To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe;
O, may we, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every foe.

4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend?

555. H. M. WATTS.

God our Preserver. Ps. 121.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid—
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep
Which never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not pledged thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I 'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

556. C. M. WATTS.

Filial Confidence in God. Ps. 27 : 8–14.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied, without delay,
"I 'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In each distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He 'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

C. M. TATE & BRADY.

557. *Safety in God.* Ps. 34 : 1–10.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

3 O, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He 'll make your wants his care.

558. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's Presence cheering.

1 ETERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire thy matchless grace—
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell,
With such a sinful race.

2 Cheered with thy presence, I can trace
The desert with delight:
Through all the gloom, one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.

3 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Will soon convey me home.

4 With joy my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load,
And hail the messenger of death,
That bids it rise to God.

559. L. M. WATTS.

Trusting in God alone. Ps. 62 : 5.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

560. C. M. LOGAN.

Rejoicing in Adversity. Hab. 3 : 17, 18.

1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply;—

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be;—

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I 'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy—
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

561. L. M. C. WESLEY.

Trust and Confidence. Hab. 3 : 17, 18.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Let fear in me no more take place;
My Saviour 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 withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude 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 Away, each unbelieving fear!
Let fear to cheering hope give place:
My Saviour *will* at length appear,
And show the brightness of his face:
Though now my prospects all be crossed—
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Still will I in my Jesus trust,
Whose boundless love has reached to me.

LOVE TO GOD.

C. M. WATTS.

562. *The Importance of Love.*

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

L. M. WATTS.

563. *Religion vain without Love.*

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I 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 hungry, clothe the poor—
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name—

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

564. C. M. ADDISON.

Gratitude for unnumbered Mercies. Gen. 48 : 15.

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

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

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

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

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

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

S. M. STEELE.

565. *Grateful Acknowledgment.*

1 MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

3 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart—
The gift, alas! how poor!

4 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

5 O, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

566. *God our Father.*

1 MY Father, God!—and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

2 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all these comforts flow.

3 Forever let my grateful heart
His bounteous grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

567. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Gratitude and Praise.

1 GOD of my life, through all my days
I'll tune the grateful notes of praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
The notes of praise, ascending high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, O, when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

5 Then shall I learn th' exalted strains
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

568. L. P. M. WATTS

Praise at all Times. Ps. 146.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my 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.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 How blest the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 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.

569. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise now and ever. Ps. 104 : 33.

1 MY soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
My soul shall then to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6 My powers shall then, in lofty strains,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue
An everlasting day.

570. L. M. WATTS.

Praise for Divine Protection.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I 'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 Grace will complete what grace begins
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

571. C. M. WATTS.

God praised for his Grace. Ps. 145.

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

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

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

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

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

572. *Praise for Mercies.* Ps. 103.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join.
To bless his holy name.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O, bless the Lord, my soul.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

573. *Gratitude and Hope.*

1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad,
And march with holy vigor on,
Supported by thy God.

2 Through every winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide;
And in his long-experienced care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of time,
Thy courts on earth I love;
But, O, I burn with strong desire
To dwell with thee above.

5 There, joined with all the shining band,
My soul would thee adore,
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

C. M. NEWTON

374. *Amazing Grace.*

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

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieve:
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 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

C. M. WATTS.

575. *Rejoicing in God.* Isai. 61 : 10.

1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

5 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great Sacred Three:
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

576.

C. M. WATTS.

Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.

1 I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I 'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away:
O, let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

C. M. WATTS.

577. *Triumphing in the Grace of God.*

1 ARISE, my soul. my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 't was before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar,
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing:
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

578.

8s & 7s. ROBINSON

Grateful Recollection. 1 Sam. 7 : 12.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love,

3 Here I raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at 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 that 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, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

S. M. WATTS.

579. *Christ unseen, yet beloved.*

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

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

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

C. M. STEELE.

580. *King of Saints.*

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

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

3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays:
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

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

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

6 O, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

581. C. M. WATTS.

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

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

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

3 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.

S. M. HAMMOND.

582. *Song of Moses and the Lamb.*

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

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For 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 blesséd 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.

C. M NEWTON.

583. *Thy name is as ointment poured forth.*

Sol. Song, 1:3.

1 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 By him my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

C. M. CENNICK.

584. *Christ the Burden of the Song.*

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

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

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

C. M. BEDDOME.

585. *Christ precious.*

1 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.

8s & 7s. ROBINSON.

586. *The Christian at the Cross.*

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

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

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

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

587. *Jesus precious to them that believe.*

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine 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.

588. 7s. TOPLADY.

Christ the Object of supreme Love. Ps. 73 : 25.

1 OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me,
I to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee.

2 Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.

4 Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine;
Mine they are, if thou be mine

8s. DE FLEURY.

589. *Longing to be with Christ.*

1 YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise:
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
While others, sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong.
I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name:
I want—O I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

LOVE TO CHRISTIANS.

S. M. WATTS.

590. *Union and Peace.*

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And fragrance filled the room.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

C. M. SWAIN.

591. *Brotherly Love.*

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil 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 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.

C. M. WATTS.

592. *Christian Union.*

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

2 Where streams of love 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 distil.

S. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

593. *Christian Loveliness.*

1 I LOVE the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness,
And fly from every sin.

2 They will my faults reprove,
When heedlessly I err:
How do I prize their faithful love,
Their kind and tender care!

3 They Jesus' image bear;
How lovely is the sight!
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.

4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will;
They humbly follow Christ, the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.

5 Their footsteps I 'll pursue
With vigor till I die,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.

6 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here
But how divine will be the joy
To see each other there!

L. M. BARBAULD.

594. *Christian Affection.*

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

595.

7s. RELIEF HYMNS.

Bear ye one another's burdens. Gal. 6; 2.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our strifes forever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church a pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

5 May we then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

596. L. M. WATTS.

We ought to love one another. 1 John 4 : 11.

1 NOW by the mercies of our God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
We charge our souls to love the saints.

2 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

3 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

597. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Saints on Earth and in Heaven.

1 IN one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

3 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.

598. S. M. BEDDOME.

One in Christ. Gal. 3 : 26.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found:
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let bitterness and wrath
Be banished far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

LOVE TO MAN.

599. C. M. BEDDOME.

Tender Regard for the Poor.

1 HAPPY, forever happy he
Whose heart is cleansed from sin;
His life is from reproaches free,
His conscience is serene.

2 With tender pity for the poor,
He hears their plaintive cries,
And, out of his increasing store,
Their urgent want supplies.

3 In sickness God will soothe his grief,
And be his constant Friend;
At death will yield him kind relief,
And crown his journey's end.

C. M. WATTS.

600. *Liberality rewarded.* Ps. 112.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honor on earth and joys above
Shall be his sure reward.

L. M. (6 lines.) PRATT'S COL.

601. *Mercy to the Merciful.* Ps. 41.

1 BLEST, who with generous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes;
Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear:—
In every want—in every woe,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.

2 Thy love his life shall guard—thy hand
Give to his lot the chosen land;
Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,
To unrelenting foes a prey.
In sickness thou shalt raise his head,
And make with tenderest care his bed.

L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

602. *Care of Widows and Orphans.*

1 THOU God of hope, to thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless.

2 The poor are thy peculiar care;
To them thy promises are sure:
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
O, may we always thus be poor.

3 May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here,
Endure and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

603. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Providing bags that wax not old. Luke 12 : 33.

1 YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store:
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

3 Whate'er my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And grace at large repay.

L. M. WATTS.

604. *Blessedness of the Righteous.*

1 BLEST are the men whose mercies move
To acts of kindness and of love;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

2 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
Who never tread the ways of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

3 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God—the God of peace.

4 Blest are the faithful, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Eternal life is their reward.

C. M. BARBAULD.

605. *Sympathy with the Afflicted.*

1 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 fulfil
The perfect law of love.

606. C. M. Relief Hymns.

The Fast that God hath chosen. Isai. 58 : 5–11.

1 ATTEND, and mark the solemn fast,
Which to the Lord is dear;
Disdain the false, unhallowed mask,
Which vain dissemblers wear.

2 Do I delight in sorrow's dress?
Saith he who reigns above;
The downcast head, and rueful look,
Will they attract my love?

3 Let such as feel oppression's load
Thy tender pity share;
And let the helpless, homeless poor,
Be thy peculiar care.

4 Go, bid the hungry orphan be,
With thy abundance, blest;
Invite the wanderer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.

5 Let him who pines with piercing cold,
By thee be warmed and clad;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.

6 Then bright as morning shall come forth,
In peace and joy, thy days;
And glory, from the Lord above,
Shall shine on all thy ways.

607. C. M. Doddridge.

Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, &c. Matt. 25 : 40.

1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our 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
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O, rather, let us beg our bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

608. C. M. BODEN.

Gratitude prompting Benevolence. Ps. 16 : 2, 3.

1 WHAT shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
The goodness feeble man can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

2 To scenes of woe, to beds of pain,
We 'll cheerfully repair,
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the sufferers there.

3 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.

4 Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

609. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christian Kindness.

1 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 Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground;
For us he shed his precious blood—
A balm for every wound.

610. L. M. GIBBONS.

The Beneficence of Christ for our Imitation.

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 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.

3 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:

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way;
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

611. L. M. RIPPON'S COL

Love your enemies. Matt. 5 : 44–48.

1 FATHER, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heaven descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

2 Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;
So shall I feel another's woe,
And, cheerful, feed a hungry foe.

3 I hope for pardon, through thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done;
O, may the grace that pardons me
Constrain me to forgive like thee!

612. C. M. ENFIELD.

Ye should do as I have done to you. John 13 : 15

1 BEHOLD! where, in the friend of man,
Appears each grace divine:
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends,
A friend and servant found;
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
He labored for their good.

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear!
O, may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share!

C. M. BODEN'S COL.

613. *Love to Enemies.* Luke 23 : 34.

1 "FATHER, forgive," the Saviour cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

2 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
And whilst we sing, admire;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

3 By thine example ever swayed,
We for our foes will pray;
With love their hatred, and their curse
With blessings, will repay.

L. M. STERLA.

614. *The Example of Christ.* Heb. 12 : 3.

1 WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

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

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.

5 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

HOPE.

S. M. WATTS.

615. *We shall be like Him.* 1 John 3 2.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

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

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

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

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

C. M. WATTS

616. *This is not your rest.* Mic. 2 : 10.

1 LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply!
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

3 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And press to Zion's hill.

4 There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of our feet.

5 Eternal glory to the King,
That brought us safely through!
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

617. L. M. KELLY

Here have we no continuing city. Heb. 13 : 14.

1 WE 'VE no abiding city here:—
This may distress the worldly mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here:
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
Its glorious, everlasting light.

3 O, sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest!
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

4 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

618. 7s. (Double.) SWAIN.

Come up hither Rev. 11 : 12.

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we 've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls –come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

C. M. C. WESLEY.

619. *The happy Child of Grace.*

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

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

3 "O, what a blessèd hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

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

620. C. M. TOPLADY

I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likenes
Ps. 17 : 15.

1 'TIS sweet to rest in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold him and adore;
Be in his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

621. 8s & 6s. P. M.

Strangers and Pilgrims on the Earth.
Heb. 11 : 13–16.

1 A FEW more days on earth to spend,
And all my toils and cares shall end,
And I shall see my God and friend,
And praise his name on high:
No more to sigh nor shed a tear,
No more to suffer pain or fear;
But God, and Christ, and heaven appear
Unto the raptured eye.

2 Then, O my soul, despond no more;
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest.
O, happy day! O, joyful hour!
When, freed from earth, my soul shall tower
Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
To be forever blest.

3 My soul anticipates the day,
I 'll joyfully the call obey,
Which comes to summon me away
To seats prepared above.
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fulness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love.

622. L. M. NEWTON.

Faith anticipating Heaven. Heb. 11 : 9, 10.

1 WHENE'ER 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.

2 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
Assured he 'll safe arrive at last.

3 Jesus, on thee our hope depends;
O, lead us on to thine abode!—
That heavenly home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

JOY.

623. S. M. WATTS.

Rejoice in the Lord always. Phil. 4 : 4.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be 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 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

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

624. C. M. WATTS.

Yet will I rejoice in the Lord. Hab. 3: 18.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's 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,
Run up, 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.

625. P. M. C. WESLEY.

My heart rejoiceth in the Lord. 1 Sam. 2 : 1.

1 HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And whose treasures are laid up above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

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

3 'T was 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 Saviour of sinners adore.

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

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

6 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
Overwhelmed with the fulness of God.

7 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favored am I
Gathered into the fold,
With believers enrolled,
With believers to live and to die!

8 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due;—
May they all be devoted to him.

626. Peculiar. CENNICK.

Rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Rom. 5 : 2.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from all terrestrial things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that 's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

627. 7s. CENNICK.

Fear not, little flock. Luke 12 : 32.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, your Father's darling Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

628. C. M. NEWTON.

Light sown for the Righteous. Ps. 97 : 11.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Gives joys like those above.

4 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

C. M. POINDEXTER.

629.

Sorrowful, yet rejoicing.

1 WHILE through this wilderness below,
We seek the promised rest,
Oft are our ways o'ercast with woe,
Our hearts by grief oppressed.

2 "We tread the path our Master trod,
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before."

3 And though our sorrows overflow,
Joy mingles with the tears;
With blissful hope our bosoms glow,
Which every conflict cheers.

4 Yes! soon, our toils and sufferings o'er,
We 'll leave his path of pain,
In life and joy for evermore
With Christ our Lord to reign.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

630.

The Ransomed of the Lord. Isai. 35:8–10.

1 SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Ye pilgrims now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head,
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And fix your eye, with joyful hope,
On Zion's heavenly hill.

HUMILITY.

631. 8s & 7s. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for Humility. Col. 3 : 12.

1 LET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly,
Humble all my swelling pride:
Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
Greatness from mine eyes I 'll hide.

2 I 'll forbid my vain aspiring,
Nor at earthly honors aim,
No ambitious heights desiring,
Far above my humble claim.

3 Weaned from earth's delusive pleasures,
In thy love I 'll seek for mine;
Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,
Earth I quietly resign.

4 Thus, the transient world despising,
On the Lord my hopes rely;
Thus my joys, from him arising,
Like himself, shall never die.

632. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

The mind which was in Christ Jesus. Phil. 2 : 1-11.

1 JESUS! exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given;
A name surpassing every name,
That 's known in earth or heaven!

2 Before thy throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord:
Before thy throne shall every tongue
Confess that thou art Lord.

3 Jesus! thou, in the form of God,
Didst equal honor claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame!

4 O, may that mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in thee;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free!

5 To others we would stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

633. C. M. WATTS.

Psalm 131.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see:
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

634. 7s. MADAN'S COL.

Learn of me. Matt. 11 : 29.

1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Rooted in humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides;
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above—
Happy in thy precious love.

4 O, that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

635. 7s. EPIS. COL.
Ps. 131.

1 LORD, forever at thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath revealed:
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

3 Humble as a weanéd child,
By no anxious doubts distressed,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy word, O may I rest.

636. L. M. ENFIELD.
A high look and a proud heart is sin. PROV. 21 : 4.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the tenant of a day—
O, why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions but appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear
A breath may level with the ground.

3 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

4 God of my life, Father divine!
Give me a meek and lowly mind:
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

ZEAL AND ENERGY.

S. M. DODDRIDGE.

637. *Watchfulness.* Luke 12 : 35–38.

1 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.

638. S. M. HEATH.

We wrestle against principalities and powers.
Eph. 6 : 12.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray.
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

639. L. M. WATTS.

The Lord your God fighteth for you. Josh. 23 : 10.

1 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 Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

640. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Awake, thou that sleepest. Eph. 5 : 14.

1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,
And view the threatening scene;
See how thy foes encamp around,
And treason lurks within.

2 'Tis not this mortal life alone
These hostile powers assail:
How canst thou hope for future bliss,
If their attempts prevail?

3 Then to the work of God awake;
Behold thy Master near;
The various, arduous task pursue
With vigor and with fear.

4 The awful register goes on;
Th' account will surely come;
And opening day, or closing night,
May bear me to my doom.

5 Tremendous thought! how deep it strikes!
Yet like a dream it flies,
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase
From these deluded eyes.

641. C. M. WATTS.

Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.
2 Tim. 2 : 3.

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

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

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

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

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

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

642. S. M. C. Wesley.

Fight the good fight of faith. 1 Tim. 6 : 12.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;—

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

643. L. M. Watts.

The strengthening God. Isai. 40 : 28–31.

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

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

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

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who 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.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

644. Heb. 12 : 1. Phil. 3 : 13, 14.

1 AWAKE, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

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

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

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

645. C. M. WATTS.

Victory through the Lamb. Rev. 5 : 9–12.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, 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.

646. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Be followers of them who inherit the promises. Heb. 6 : 12.

1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
To his almighty power and grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

647. C. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

Patience under Trials. Heb. 12 : 1, 2.

1 BEHOLD what witnesses unseen
Encompass us around,
Men once like us with sufferings tried,
But now with glory crowned.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Pursue the Christian race,
And, freed from each encumbering weight,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a Witness, nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, at once the finisher,
And author of our faith.

4 He, for the joy before him set,
So generous was his love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 If he the scorn of wicked men
With patience did sustain,
O, how can those for whom he died
Once murmur or complain?

648. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Diligence in Duty. Eccles. 11 : 6

1 SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land;—

2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

C. M. J. RYLAND.

649. *Hinder me not.* Gen. 24 : 56.

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

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

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

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death;
I 'll gladly go with thee.

650.

C. M. WATTS.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Prov. 6 : 6.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing 's half so dull.

2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and toil, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven 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 labored for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love
We'll fly and take the prize.

651. S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. Eccles. 9 : 10.

1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

5 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

HOLY DESIRES.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

652. *Purity of Heart.*

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that 's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 O for a heart submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

O for an humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
O, write thy name upon my heart;
Thy name, O God, is love.

S. M. PERCY CHAPEL COL.

653. *Christ's Presence desired.*

1 MY Saviour, fill my soul
With holiness and peace;
Arise with healing in thy wings;
Bid sin and doubting cease.

2 May things beneath the sky
Engross my heart no more;
Be thou my first, my chief delight,
My soul's unbounded store.

3 In thee all treasures lie;
From thee all blessings flow;
Thou art the bliss of saints above,
The joy of saints below.

4 O, come and make me thine,
A sinner saved by grace;
Then shall I sing, with loudest strains,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place.

C. M. WATTS

654. *Prayer for quickening Grace.*

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

L. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

655.

1 Thess. 5 : 23.

1 PITY, O Lord, thy feeble child,
By sin, alas! too oft beguiled;
Thou hast compassion for the weak,
The bruiséd reed thou wilt not break.

2 O, settle my unstable heart,
Nor let me from thy truth depart;
Confirm my faith, increase my love,
And fix my thoughts on things above.

3 Let my whole heart united be.
By firmer ties, O Lord, to thee:
Let me, my few remaining days,
Be steadfast in thy work and ways.

C. M. CH. PSALMODY.

656. *Desires for Holiness.*

1 O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I 'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

657. C. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

The Law written in the Heart. Jer. 31 : 33. Heb. 8 : 10.

1 O FOR a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear—
A sensibility to sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 The filial awe, the contrite heart,
The tender conscience give,
That I from God no more may part,
No more his goodness grieve.

3 Quick as the pupil of the eye,
O Lord, my conscience make—
Arouse my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

4 O, may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to that blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

658. C. M. STEELE.

Prayer for divine Aid.

1 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 Saviour, 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.

659. C. M. WATTS

Prayer for divine Guidance. Ps. 119 : 5.

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

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

3 From folly turn away mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire, arise
Within this soul of mine.

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

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

C. M. WATTS.

660. *The true Improvement of Life.*

1 AND is this life prolonged to me?
Are days and seasons given?
O, let me then prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.'

2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept thine offered grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin
By my Redeemer's blood;
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honors of my God.

4 Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys:
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
Approach to heavenly joys.

5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savor of thy name
Where'er I spend my days.

6 On earth let my example shine,
And when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine
To bliss supremely great.

661. L. M. J. F. Oberlin

Christ is all and in all. Col. 3 : 11.

1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

662. S. M. C. Wesley.

Prayer for Perseverance.

1 O GOD, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.

2 O for a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly!—

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer!

4 Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove.
Till thou my patient spirit guide
To better worlds above.

S. M. WATTS.

663. *Renouncing Sin.*

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

8s & 7s. C. WESLEY.

664. *Desiring Sanctification.*

1 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.

665. L. M. COWPER.

The Purity of heavenly Bliss. Rev. 21 : 27.

1 HAD I a throne above the rest,
Where angels in God's presence dwell,
One sin, unslain, within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as hell

2 The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,
And blest with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemned to wear
One link of all his former chain.

3 But O, no foe invades the bliss
Where glory crowns the Christian's head!
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin forever dead.

666. C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

Redeeming Love. Rom. 5 : 5.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God,
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

667. L. M. J. WESLEY.

The love of Christ constraineth us. 2 Cor. 5 : 14.

1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.

3 O, let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame.
And mould me wholly to thy mind.

4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

668. L. M. WATTS.

Crucified unto the world. Gal. 6 : 14.

1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 O, might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be;
How despicable to mine eyes!

3 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

4 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave.
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar.

5 Great All in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

669. L. M. GIBBONS.

Our conversation is in heaven. Phil. 3 : 20.

1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

670. L. M. WATTS.

Communing with God.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can 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.

671. S. M.

The Spirit of Prayer desired. Job 23 : 3.

1 O THAT I knew the place
Where I might find my God,
And make the arms of his embrace
My soul's secure abode!

2 Near to his mercy-seat,
Where grace triumphant reigns,
I'd come and worship at his feet,
And tell him all my pains.

3 The arguments I 'd use
My troubles shall suggest;
Nor can my blesséd Lord refuse
The cause of the distressed.

4 O Saviour, bring me near;
New life, new strength impart;
Cast out at once my slavish fear,
And dwell within my heart.

672. C. M. SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Things Unseen. 2 Cor. 4 : 18.

1 THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be;
And but a step may be between
That world of souls and me.

2 I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

3 The Saviour, whom I long have sought,
And would, but cannot see:
And is he here? O, wondrous thought!
And will he dwell with me?

4 I ask not, with my mortal eye,
To view the vision bright;
I dare not see thee, lest I die;—
Yet, Lord, restore my sight.

5 Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

C. M. CENNICK.

673. *Endless Sabbath.*

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene,
Blest in perpetual Sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

C. M. BEDDOME.

674. *Imitation of Christ.*

1 IN duties and in sufferings, too,
Thy path, my Lord, I 'd trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 't was thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
O, may that zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Unsullied meekness, truth, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
O, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

675. L. M. WATTS.

Following the Example of Christ.

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

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

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

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

676. L. M. WATTS.

Adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour.
Tit. 2 : 10–14.

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

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

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

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

677. C. M. KIRKHAM.

Bearing the Cross.

1 DIDST thou, dear Saviour, 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.

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

678. S. M. NEWTON.

The Throne of Grace. Heb. 4 : 16.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

3 Beyond thy utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

679. L. M. STOWELL.

The Mercy-seat. Exod. 25 : 22.

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

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all 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.

680. C. M. COBBIN.

The Throne of Grace. Heb. 4 : 16.

1 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 Saviour, 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.

C. M.

681. *Blessedness of Prayer.*

1 THERE is a heavenly mercy-seat,
To calm the sinner's fears;
There is a Saviour, at whose feet
The mourner dries his tears.

2 When friends depart, and hopes are riven,
And gathering storms I see,
My soul is but the sooner driven,
Eternal Rock, to thee.

3 No, never shall my heart despond,
Long as my lips can pray;
My latest breath, with effort fond,
Shall pass in prayer away.

682. S. M. NEWTON.

Christ will hear Prayer. Luke 18: 1-8.

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain,
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen, when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

4 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage him on their side;
Their griefs his gracious pity move,
And can they be denied?

5 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

683. C. M. BEDDOME.

Is any afflicted? Let him pray. Jam. 5 : 13.

1 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.

684. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Sincere Devotion. John 4 : 24.

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

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

685. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Lord, teach us how to pray. Luke 11 : 1.

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

2 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

3 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

4 O Thou, by whom we come to God—
The life, the truth, the way—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

C. M. CARLISLE.

686. *Prayer for Sincerity.*

1 LORD, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still,
That grants it, or denies.

687. 7s. NEWTON.

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.
Gen. 32 : 26.

1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine 's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;—
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can n› denial take,
When ı plead for Jesus' sake.

L. M. STEELE.

688. *Devout Breathings.*

1 WHI RE is my God? does he retire
B›yond the reach of humble sighs?
Are the›e weak breathings of desire
Too la›guid to ascend the skies?

2 He hear› the breathings of desire;
The ›eak petition, if sincere,
Is not f› rbidden to aspire,
And hope to reach his gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye;
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

He sweetens every humble groan;
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

L. M. COWPER.

689. *Hindrances to Prayer.*

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

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

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 your 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,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me.

690. L. M. HART.

Constancy in Prayer. Eph. 6 : 18.

1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live, should Christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.

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

3 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy 's before thee—pray.

4 '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.

691. C. M. MRS. BROWN.

Prayer at Evening. Matt. 14 : 23.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

692. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Prayerful Confidence.

1 BLEST Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour and my God.

2 On thy dear cross I fix mine eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.

3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms,
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foe without,
That Jesus reigns within.

693. C. M. Relief Hymns.

The Lord's Prayer. Matt. 6 : 9–13. Luke 11 : 2–4.

1 FATHER of all! we bow to thee,
Who art in heaven adored;
But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.

2 Forever hallowed be thy name,
By all beneath the skies;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.

3 A grateful homage may we yield,
With hearts resigned to thee;
And as in heaven thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still;
Give us our bread, teach us to rest
Contented in thy will.

5 Our sins before thee we confess;
O, may they be forgiven!
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from heaven.

6 Still let thy grace our life direct;
From evil guard our way,
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.

7 For thine the power, the kingdom thine,
All glory 's due to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

694. C. M. Judson.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

2 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

4 Thus taught in humble faith to pray,
By thy belovèd Son,
Through him we come to thee and say,
All for his sake be done.

L. M. POPE'S COL.

695. *The Lord's Prayer.*

1 FATHER, adored in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake;
And let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour!
Thy kind protection we implore:
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
Be thine the glory evermore.

696.

S. M. SAC. LYRICS.

Prayer at Dawn of Day. Mark 1 35.

1 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.

TEMPTATIONS AND VICISSITUDES.

C. M. PRESB. HYMNS.

697. *Trust in Distress.* Ps. 42.

1 O LORD, when billows o'er me rise,
When deep cries out to deep,
When angry clouds obscure the skies,
My soul in safety keep.

2 Thy promise has in troubles past
My staff of succor been;
Support me now, while trials last,
Nor leave me in my sin.

3 No sacrifice my soul can plead,
But that rich offering paid,
When Christ on Calvary deigned to bleed,
And full atonement made.

4 Forever here I rest my cause;
In faith I make this plea:
Christ hath obeyed thy righteous laws;
Christ hath expired for me.

698. C. M. WATTS.

Pleading the Promises. Ps. 119: 49, 74.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear:
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O, bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
That dare reproach my hope.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

699. C. M. STEELE

Keep me from the snare. Ps. 141 : 9.

1 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.

700. L. M. WATTS.

Songs in the Night. Ps. 42 : 6–11.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Still will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

3 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too,
He is my rest, my sure relief.

4 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy words shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy holy hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

701. 8s. TOPLADY

Prayer in Despondency. Ps. 130.

1 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
O'erwhelmed and cast out from thy sight,
The tempter suggests in that hour,
The Lord has forgotten me quite,
My God will be gracious no more.

3 Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I.
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower:
O, gladden my desolate heart;
Let this be the day of thy power.

L. M. GISBORNE.

702.

Seeking God. Ps. 42.

1 AS, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee.

2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe and mock my fear.

3 For I have walked the happy round
That circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swelled the choral lays
That hymned my great Redeemer's praise.

4 Ah, why, by passing clouds oppressed,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast,
And silent memory weep alone,
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown?

5 Turn, turn to him in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain;
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has passed away.

C. M. WATTS.

703.

Earnest Longings. Ps. 42 : 1–5.

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

4 But why, my soul, sunk down so far,
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

5 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

704. S. M. NEWTON.

What I would, I do not. Rom. 7 : 15.

1 I WOULD, but cannot sing;
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavor oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus make it soft.

3 O, could I but believe!
Then all would easy be:
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve,
My help must come from thee!

4 But if indeed I *would*,
Though I *can* nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

5 Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou hast begun?
And with a will afford me strength
In all thy ways to run?

705. C. M. STEWARD.

Hoping, yet trembling.

1 MY soul would fain indulge a hope
To reach the heavenly shore,
And when I drop this dying flesh,
That I shall sin no more.

2 I hope to hear, and join, the song
That saints and angels raise,
And, while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.

3 But O, this dreadful heart of sin!
It may deceive me still,
And, while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.

4 Come, then, O blessèd Jesus, come!
To me thy Spirit give;
Shine through a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.

706. S. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Prayer in Difficulties. Exod. 14: 1–22.

1 LIKE Israel, Lord, am I;
My soul is at a stand;
A sea before, a host behind,
And rocks on either hand.

2 O Lord, I cry to thee,
And would thy word obey;
Bid me advance; and, through the sea,
Create a new-made way.

3 The time of greatest straits
Thy chosen time has been
To manifest thy power is great,
And make thy glory seen.

4 O, send deliverance down;
Display the arm divine;
So shall the praise be all thine own,
And I be doubly thine.

C. M. STEELE.

707. *Longing for Jesus' Presence.*

1 THOU lovely Source of true delight!
Unseen, whom I adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But, ah, too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears arise between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O, come with blissful ray;
Break, radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
Then shall I see thy glorious face
In endless joy above.

L. M. COWPER.

708. *The Tempest-tossed.*

1 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 Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy rain
Force back my shattered bark again.

709. C. M. B. Manly, Jr.

Neither sun nor star for many days. Acts 27 : 20.

1 GOD of the seas, whose ruling voice
Their mighty power restrains,
And guides the courses of the winds
O'er all those rolling plains;—

2 'Tis thine to calm the troubled breast,
To quell the storm of cares,
To guard the mind, when tempest-tossed
By all its wrecking fears.

3 When floods of doubts, and billows dark
Crowd in to overwhelm,
Though sun nor star appear, I know
My Father 's at the helm.

4 He breathes the winds, he sends the waves
Which round me rage or sleep;
What I 've committed to his hands,
He will securely keep.

710. C. M. Steele.

The Lord a Refuge in Affliction. Jer. 16 : 19.

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

2 To thee I 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.

L. M. S. STENNETT.

711. *Backsliding deprecated.*

1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thou hast redeemed me with thy blood;
By ties perpetual and divine,
I am, and ever will be, thine.

2 But, ah! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I 'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me
For such ingratitude to thee!

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate;
And yet, so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord!
Grace in the needful hour afford:
O, steel this timorous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.

5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears;
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honors of the Christian name.

712. L. M. WATTS

Christ's Presence our Joy.

1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest!
Love the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the blest.

2 While we are held in thine embrace,
There 's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile upon thy beauteous face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 While of thy absence we complain,
And long, or weep, in all we do,
There 's a strange pleasure in the pain;
And tears have their own sweetness too

4 Jesus, our God, yet rather come!
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face:
'Tis best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

713. P. M. NEWTON

Former Joys remembered.

1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine, and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive:
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

L. M. STEELE.

714. *The indwelling Spirit.*

1 DEAR Lord! and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine!
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favor astonishing, divine!

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great Spring of comfort, life, and light?

3 Sure, the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

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

L. M. STEELE.

715. *The Spirit of Holiness and Hope.*

1 WHENE'ER to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?

2 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?

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

4 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

716. 8s. NEWTON.

Presence of Christ longed for.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness with 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 resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

717. L. M. COWPER.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul. Ps. 116 : 7.

1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

3 O let me, then, at length be taught—
What I am still so slow to learn—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But O, my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine;
Thou therefore all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

8s, 7s, & 4. FAWCETT.

718. *Waiting on the Lord.* Ps. 27 : 14.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay:
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith he 'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 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.

719. C. M. WATTS.

Inconstancy deplored.

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

2 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

3 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

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

REPENTANCE FOR BACKSLIDING.

720. C. M. STEELE.

I remember my faults this day. Gen. 41 : 9.

1 DEAR Saviour, 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 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

4 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

5 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Is thy forgiving grace.

721. S. M. WATTS.

Turn unto me and have mercy. Ps. 25 : 15-22.

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promised grace,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
From every deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 O, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

5 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
"He sought the Lord in vain."

S. M. WATTS.

722. *Ingratitude lamented.*

1 IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?—
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow

2 To what a stubborn frame.
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

C. M. S. STENNETT.

723. *Who shall deliver me?* Rom. 7:24.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!

3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

S. M.

724. *Confession of Sin.*

1 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 cuse,
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.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

725. *Drawing nigh to God.* Jam. 4 : 8.

1 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

726. C. M. WATTS.

O that I knew where I might find him. Job 23 : 3, 4.

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

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

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

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

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

727. L. M. KELLY.

Turning again to the Lord. Lam. 3 : 40.

1 O, WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away, though vile:
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

728. H. M. WINCHELL'S SEL.

We would see Jesus. John 12 : 21.

1 WHERE is my Saviour 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 Where 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.

729. C. M. STEELE.

Pardoning Love implored. Jer. 3 : 22.

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

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

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

4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

C. M. COWPER.

730. *Walking with God.* Gen. 5: 24.

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

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

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

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

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

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

C. M. WATTS.

731. *Unfruitfulness deplored.*

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

732. 7s, 6s, & 8s. C. WESLEY.

The Lord looked on Peter. Luke 22 : 61

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

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

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

733. 6s & 8s, peculiar. C. ELIZABETH.

I will arise and go unto my Father. Luke 15 : 18.

1 WHEN burdened is my breast,
When friendless seems my lot,
When earth affords no rest,
And refuge I have not:
Father! if thou wilt suffer me,
I will arise and come to thee.

2 When conscience thunders loud,
When sins in dread array
Upon my memory crowd,
And fill me with dismay;
Yet glancing once on Calvary,
Father! I 'll rise and come to thee.

3 And if I am a child,
But have backslidden still,
And, filled with projects wild,
Have followed my own will;
Yet penitent, resolved I 'll be,
Father! to rise and come to thee.

4 And thou in love wilt turn
To thy poor rebel child;
Nor let thine anger burn,
Though sin my heart beguiled:
Thy voice shall greet me graciously,
"Arise! arise! and come to me."

734. C. M. NEWTON.

O that I were as in months past. Job 29 : 2.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glories 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.

735. L. M. DODDRIDGE

Wanderings confessed. Ps. 119 : 176.

1 LORD, we have wandered from thy way,
Like foolish sheep have gone astray;
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of their guard our souls bereft:—

2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm,
Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm;
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,
Till thou reveal the path of peace.

3 O, seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord,
Nor let us quite forget thy word;
Our erring feet do thou restore,
And keep us, that we stray no more.

736. L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Faith struggling against Doubts. Mark 9 : 24.

1 AND be it so—that, till this hour,
We never knew what faith has meant;
And, slaves to sin and Satan's power,
Have never felt these hearts relent.

2 What shall we do?—shall we lie down,
Sink in despair, and groan, and die?
And, sunk beneath th' Almighty's frown,
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?

3 Forbid it, Saviour! to thy grace
As sinners, strangers, we will come;
Among thy saints we ask a place—
For in thy mercy there is room.

4 Lord, we believe! O, chase away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief:
Lord, we repent! O, let thy ray
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief!

5 Now spread the banner of thy love,
And let us know that we are thine;
Cheer us with blessings from above—
With all the joys of hope divine!

RESIGNATION.

737. C. M. H. M. WILLIAMS.

The way of man is not in himself. Jer. 10 : 23.

1 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.

738. S. M. NOEL'S COL.

All things work together for good. Rom. 8 : 28.

1 IF on a quiet sea
Towards 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 at 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.

739. S. M. BEDDOME.

Fearless Trust in God. Ps. 56 : 11.

1 WHEN sorrows round us roll,
And comforts we have none,
Dear Saviour, say that thou art ours,
And all our griefs are gone.

2 Is there no friend to cheer
In times of deep distress—
A smile from thee will help to bear,
Or make the burden less.

3 Though in the gloomy vale
Of death, we fear no harm,
Supported by thy powerful grace,
Reclining on thine arm.

4 This is our utmost wish,
O Lord—that thou wouldst be,
Forever, ever near to us,
And keep us near to thee.

740. 7s.

Our times in God's hand. Ps. 31 : 15.

1 LORD, my times are in thy hand:
All my fondest hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

2 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live:
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

3 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot:
Anxious, busy cares, away;
I'm provided for to-day.

4 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

741. C. M. BEDDOME.

Holy Contentment. Ps. 31 : 15.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though all the world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

742. S. M. Songs in the Night.

My times are in thy hand. Ps. 31 : 15.

1 MY times are in thy hand;
My God, I 'd have them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave,
Entirely to thy care.

2 My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 My times are in thy hand:
Why should I doubt, or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in thy hand;
I leave them, Lord, with thee:
O, guide me to the blissful land
Of love and purity!

743. C. M. Haweis.

Submission.

1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
All to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod;
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love,
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short are all my sufferings here!
How needful every cross!
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give, O Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name:
Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

C. M. MERRICK'S COL.

744. *Thy will be done.* Matt. 6 : 10.

1 AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn:
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 O, let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny.

7s. (6 lines.) NEWTON.

745. *Childlike Confidence.* Matt. 18 3.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weaned child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own—
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;—
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus, preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

746. C. M. RAFFLES.

A Light in Darkness. Mic. 7 : 8.

1 THOU boundless Source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil;
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.

747. Peculiar. PERENNIAL.

Thy will be done. Luke 11 : 2.

1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine—
I only yield thee what is thine;
"Thy will be done."

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
In life or death teach me to say,
"Thy will be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

C. M. PERCY CHAPEL COL.

718. *Thy will be done.* Matt. 26 : 42.

1 FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done."

2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

3 Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy sovereign right I'll own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

4 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
Before thy gracious throne,
Concerning every thing to cry,
"My Father's will be done."

749. C. M. STEELE.

Giving thanks always for all things. Eph. 5 : 20.

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

2 Give me a calm, 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.

750. C. M. COWPER.

No good thing withheld from the upright. Ps. 84: 11.

O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

C. M. STEELE.

751. *Filial Submission.* Heb. 12 : 7.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high
To say, "My Father," God?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father,"—O, permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

C. M. WATTS.

752. *Affliction wisely sent.* Job 5 : 6–8.

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A sad inheritance.

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne,
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

753. Peculiar. CONDER.

Partaking the Sufferings of Christ. 1 Pet. 4 : 13

1 AS much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had,
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad,
Though plain my garb, though scant my board
As Mary's Son and nature's Lord.

2 The manger was his infant bed,
His home the mountain-cave;
He had not where to lay his head,
He borrowed e'en his grave:
Earth yielded him no resting spot—
Her Maker—but she knew him not.

3 As much the world's good-will I share,
Its favors and applause,
As he whose blessèd name I bear—
Hated without a cause;
Despised, rejected, mocked by pride;
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.

4 Why should I court my Master's foe?
Why should I fear its frown?
Why should I seek for rest below,
Or sigh for brief renown?
A pilgrim to a better land—
An heir of joy at God's right hand.

754. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Benefit of Affliction. Ps. 119 : 71, 75.

1 I CANNOT call affliction sweet;
And yet 't was good to bear:
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

2 My wearied soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will:
O had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

3 Where are the vows which then I vowed?
The joys which then I knew?
Those vanished like the morning cloud;
These, like the early dew.

4 Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me."

755. C. M. WATTS.

Afflictions instructive. Ps. 119:153, 81, 82.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Affliction made me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

4 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

756. C. M. PSALMIST.

Advantages of Affliction.

1 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 make me cling to God the more—
To God, my sheltering rock.

757. S. M. Sac. Songs.

He doth not afflict willingly. Lam. 3 : 33.

1 HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

758. L. M. Cowper.

In their affliction they will seek me early.
Hos. 5 : 15.

1 LORD, unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed;
Thou mad'st me feel affliction's rod,
And straight I turned unto my God.

2 What though it pierced my fainting heart!
I bless the hand that 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.

759. L. M. WATTS.

Sanctified Afflictions. Ps. 119 : 67, 59, 71.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

760. 6s & 10s. MARTINEAU

Christ a Man of Sorrows. Isai. 53 : 3.

1 THOU, who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality—
Thy blessèd labors done,
Thy crown of victory won—
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high.

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

3 O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thine own meek head by rudest storms was bowed;
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

H. M. BENGEL.

761. *Patience in Suffering.*

1 I'LL think upon the woes,
Most spotless Lamb of God,
To which thou didst expose,
Upon th' accurséd wood,
Thyself for mine iniquity,
And bless thee still in chastening me.

2 Why should my will complain,
When all he means is kind?
Though great my grief and pain,
To him I'll be resigned;
Yes, wait and hope, as me behooves:
The Father chastens whom he loves.

3 I cannot take amiss
These sufferings, as too great;
Thou 'rt good, though they increase;
Still patiently I'll wait:
Ill it becomes me to repine;
Make me in life and spirit thine.

4 My heart shall envy none
Who seem to prosper more;
Only may I be one
Of thine who so endure,
That here in piety they thrive,
Till heavenly perfectness arrive.

5 Thou fount of all delight,
And secret of my joy,
Though many a tearful night
May still my heart employ,
Yet will I hope one day to see
A blest eternity with thee.

762. 7s. COWPER.

Chosen in the furnace of affliction. Isai. 48 : 10.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

4 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?

5 Aliens may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

763. L. M. (6 lines.) R. GRANT.

The Fellowship of Christ's Sufferings. Phil. 3 : 10.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while—
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

764. L. M. FAWCETT.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. 33: 25.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near;
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5 When called to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty—
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

765. 7s.

Strength equal to the Day. Deut. 33; 25.

1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar, still to thee
God has promised needful grace;
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see—
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

766. L. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

Afflictions working Glory. 2 Cor. 4: 17.

1 YES, 'tis a rough and thorny road
That leads us to the saints' abode;
But when our Father's house we gain,
'T will make amends for all our pain.

2 And what is all we suffer now,
Or all we can endure below,
To that bright day when Christ shall come,
And take his weary pilgrims home?

3 Then let us walk without complaint
The thorny road, and never faint;
Though now by weariness oppressed,
The end is everlasting rest.

4 And when we gain the saints' abode,
We'll then look back upon the road:
The recollection of the past
Will sweeten our repose at last.

767. C. M. SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

It is I, be not afraid. Matt. 14 : 27.

1 WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well—
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquillize each fear—
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed—
Saviour, be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

768. C. M. T. GREEN

The Lord gave. Job 1 : 21.

1 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 blessèd 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.

769. C. M. EDMESTON.

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Heb. 12:6.

1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here.

2 O, grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's alluring gain
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though thou bow my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The very hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

770. 8s. SEARLE.

An Anchor to the Soul.

1 HOW sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near!
The soul that can trust thee is blest;
Thy smiles bring my freedom from fear.

2 The Lord has in kindness declared
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.

3 This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.

4 O Saviour, the promise fulfil;
Its comfort impart to my mind;
Then calmly I 'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resigned.

771. 8s. BATH COL.

Thou hast known my soul in adversities. Ps. 31 : 7.

1 O THOU whose compassionate care
Forbids my fond heart to complain,
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.

2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!

3 A tender physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.

4 O, let this correction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

772. S. M. WATTS.

The Rock that is higher than I. Ps. 61.

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

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

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

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

773. 10s & 11s. NEWTON.

I will trust, and not be afraid. Isai. 12 : 2.

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

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

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

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

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

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

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 't will cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

C. M. COTTON.

774. *Hope amid Billows.* Ps. 42 and 43.

1 WHY, O my soul, O, why depressed,
And whence thine anxious fears?
Let former favors fix thy trust,
And check thy rising tears.

2 Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave succeeds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

3 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can give my spirit peace;
And he who bade the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.

4 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord has still sustained my steps,
And still has been my guide.

5 On him I trust and build my hope,
Nor murmur at his rod:
In vain the waves of trouble roll,
While he is still my God.

775.

L. M. NEWTON.

They shall not be ashamed that wait for me.
Isai. 49 : 23.

1 BE still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide?
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise passed,
And thou shalt overcome at last?

4 Though rough and thorny be thy road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

776. L. M. HEBER.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?
Rom. 8 : 35.

1 THOUGH sorrows rise, and dangers roll,
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
Though friends are false, and love decays,
And few and evil are my days;
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes—
Yet even in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord, I love thee still.

2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er my unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain,
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell t' escape from life—
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord, I love thee still.

3 O, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn,
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;
By these, my pangs, whose healing smart
Thy grace has planted in my heart,
I know, I feel thy bounteous will;
Thou lov'st me, Lord, thou lov'st me still.

777. C. M. WATTS.

They that wait upon the Lord renew their strength.
Isai. 40 : 27–31.

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where 's our courage fled?
Has restless sin or raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Almighty strength and boundless grace
In our Jehovah dwell!
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And dooms their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease;
But we, that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

778. C. M. FAWCETT.

Then shall I know even as also I am known.
1 Cor. 13 : 12.

1 THY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 When I behold thine awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason, why?

3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love,
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

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

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

779. C. M. COOMBS.

A strength to the needy, a refuge from the storm.
Isai. 25 : 4.

1 IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name!
In joy or sorrow, life or death,
His love is still the same.

780. C. M. URWICK'S COL.

God is the strength of my heart. Ps. 73 : 26.

1 FATHER of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

2 When, harassed by ten thousand foes.
Our helplessness we feel,
O, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

5 Let earthly joys and cares depart;
Let pain and sorrow cease;
Be thou the portion of our heart;
In thee may we have peace.

781. C. M. HAWEIS.

Remember me. Ps. 25 : 7; 106 : 4.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2 When, with an aching, burdened heart,
I seek relief of thee,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
O Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day;
O Lord, remember me.

4 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame:
O Lord, remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me.

6 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath—
O Lord, remember me.

7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

782. C. M. T. MOORE.

Life without God, Darkness.

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sins and sorrows 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 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?

4 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.

783. 8s, 7s, & 4.

The inward man renewed, day by day. 2 Cor. 4:16.

1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears!
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us!—
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
O refresh us!—
Travelling through this wilderness!

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
O refresh us!—
Travelling through this wilderness.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
O refresh us!—
When we've passed the wilderness.

L. M. COWPER.

784. *A never-failing God.*

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
O, while the swelling floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse the humble plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer:
The promise of a faithful God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
That man is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

C. M. WATTS.

785. *Prayer in Sickness.* Ps. 39 : 9–13.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.

3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 I 'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go
When I the summons hear.

5 But if my life be spared a while,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I 'll declare thy love.

C. M. WATTS.

786. *The Lord gave.* Job 1 : 21.

1 NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are only favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we 'll adore the justice, too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

787.

C. H. M. CONDER.

The Heart stayed on God. Isai. 26 : 3, 4.

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet,
For he will hear my prayer:
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

3 O, blessèd be the hand that gave--
Still blessèd when it takes;
Blessèd be he who smites to save--
Who heals the heart he breaks
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

788. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Submission. Ps. 46 : 10.

1 PEACE!—'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis He—the King and Lord supreme
Of all the worlds above—
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 Tis He, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand,
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

789. L. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

Trusting in Darkness. Isai. 50 : 10.

1 THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
The almighty, ever-living friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and Husband, Guard and Guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5 Our Father, God, to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;
And on thy covenant love and truth
Our steadfast hope shall still depend.

12s. SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

790. *I am weary.*

I AM weary of straying—O, fain would I rest
In the far-distant land of the pure and the blest;
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

2 I am weary of hoping—where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting as morning's bright dew;
I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth;
O'er the pangs of the loved, that we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth and the weakness of age.

4 I am weary of loving what passes away!—
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not stay!
I long for that land where these par'ings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

5 I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love;
O! when shall I rest in thy presence above?
I am weary!—but O! let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine.

791. C. M. TOPLADY.

His fruit was sweet to my taste. Sol. Song, 2 : 3

1 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!

792. L. M. WATTS.

Light in Darkness. Ps. 30.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak, and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove
How large his grace, how kind his love;
Let all your powers rejoice, and trace
The wondrous records of his grace.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning-star restores the joy.

793. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Who healeth all thy diseases. Ps. 103 : 3.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 I calmly bowed my fainting head
On thy dear, faithful breast,
And waited for my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come;
Nor will I ask a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

794. C. M. NEWTON.

Pleading in Distress. Ps. 6.

1 IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, my God:
My spirit dreads thine angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.

2 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak;
Regard my humble cry:
O, let thy voice of comfort speak,
And bring salvation nigh.

3 O come, and show thy power to save,
And spare my fainting breath;
For who can praise thee in the grave,
Or sing thy name in death?

4 Satan, my cruel, envious foe,
Insults me in my pain;
He smiles to see me brought so low,
And tells me hope is vain:—

5 But hence, thou enemy, depart,
Nor tempt me to despair;
My Saviour comes to cheer my heart;
The Lord has heard my prayer.

795. C. P. M. Songs in the Night.

Deliver him from going down into the pit.
Job 33 : 19–30.

1 O LORD, our strength and righteousness,
Our hope and refuge in distress,
Our Saviour and our God!
See here, a helpless sinner see,
Weak and in pain, he looks to thee,
For healing in thy blood.

2 In sickness make thou all his bed,
Thy hand support his fainting head,
His feeble soul defend;
Teach him on thee to cast his care,
And all his grief and burden bear,
And love him to the end.

3 If, in the vale of tears, thy will
Appoints him to continue still,
O, sanctify his pain;
And let him patiently submit
To suffer as thy love sees fit,
And never once complain.

4 O, let him look to thee alone,
That all thy will on him be done;
His only pleasure be,
Alike resigned to live or die,
As most thy name may glorify;—
To live or die to thee.

796. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

A desire to depart and be with Christ. Phil. 1 : 23.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;
It faints my much-loved Lord to see:
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.

4 Lord, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below.

977. C. M. RELIEF HYMNS.

Trust in God in Old Age. Ps. 71 : 9-18.

1 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 I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
Thou wilt my Saviour ever be,
Who hast my Saviour been.

4 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair
To mourn my latter end.

5 Therefore, through life I 'll trust in thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

798. C. P. M. R. GRANT.

Even to your old age I am he, and even to hoary hairs will I carry you. Isai. 46 : 4.

1 WITH years oppressed, with sorrows worn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To thee, O God, I pray;
To thee my withered hands arise,
To thee I lift these failing eyes,
O cast me not away!

2 Thy mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days;
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

3 O Saviour, has thy grace declined?
Can years affect the Eternal Mind?
Or time its love decay?
A thousand ages pass thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
Is gone like yesterday.

4 Then, e'en in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee.
O, yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for thee.

5 Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long:
Till sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away,
Into a seraph's song.

C. M. WATTS.

799. *Old Age.* Ps. 71 : 9, 17, 18.

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
Before the rising age,
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O, may these poor remains of breath
Teach all the world thy love.

C. M. WATTS.

800. *Hope in Old Age.* Ps. 71 : 9–18.

1 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.

BLESSEDNESS OF BELIEVERS.

C. M. WATTS.

801. *Sustaining Joy.* Ps. 89 : 15–18.

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

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

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

802. C. M. HUDSON.

Thy rod and thy staff comfort me. Ps. 23 : 4.

1 HOW happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiven;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.

2 Though, in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh,
Yet, trusting in the Lord, he finds
Supporting grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wandering steps,
He feels the chastening rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes,
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures will ascend
To everlasting day.

803. C. M. NEWTON.

1 HOW happy they who know the Lord;
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He cheers and guides them by his word;
His arm supports them well.

2 His presence sweetens all their cares,
And makes their burdens light;
A word from him dispels their fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

804. S. M. WATTS.

Psalm 1.

1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place—

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He, like a tree, shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

L. M. WATTS.

805. *Blessedness of Piety.* Ps. 1.

1 HOW blest the man whose cautious feet
Avoid the way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do!

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

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

4 But sinners find their counsels crossed:
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

S. M. MASON.

806. *The Pure in Heart.* Matt. 5 : 8.

1 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.

L. M. WATTS

807. *Beatitudes.* Matt. 5 : 3–6.

1 BLEST 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 Blest 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 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

L. M. WATTS.

808. *Joy of Pardon.* Ps. 91 : 1–10.

1 LORD, how secure and blessed are they,
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides swiftly 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 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

C. M. WATTS.

809. *Thoughts of Heaven.*

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil:
There springs of endless pleasure rise
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands forever firm;
His grace shall ne'er depart:
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

810. C. M. WATTS.

Your life is hid with Christ in God. Col. 3: 3.

1 O HAPPY soul! that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

5 He looks to heaven's eternal hill
To meet that glorious day;
But patient waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

C. P. M. J. WESLEY.

811. *Treasure in Heaven.* Matt. 6 : 20.

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

2 His happiness in part is mine;
Already saved from self-design,
From every creature-love—
Blessed with the scorn of finite good—
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

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

5 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.

6 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 Saviour, brother, friend!—
Receive me to thy breast!

812. L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Heavenly Wisdom. Prov. 3 : 13–18.

1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
And faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he,
Who feels "the Saviour died for me,"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace:
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared with her.

4 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns;
He owns, and will forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

813. S. M. WATTS.

To him that is able to keep you from falling.
Jude 24, 25.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

6s, 8s, & 4s. OLIVER.

814. *The God of Abraham.* Matt. 22 : 32.

1 THE God of Abr'am praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood!

2 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend:
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

3 Though nature's strength decay
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

4 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

5 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

815. C. M. WATTS.

The eternal God is thy refuge. Deut. 33 : 27.

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

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

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

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

816. S. M. LUTH. COL.

Religion a Support in Gloom.

1 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.

817. 7s. MASTERS

The Pleasures of Religion.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

818. 7s. HUMPHREYS.

All spiritual Blessings in Christ. Eph. 1:3.

1 BLESSÉD are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them, &c.

3 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them, &c.

4 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy:
With them, &c.

5 They alone are truly blest—
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are filled;
They are by his Spirit sealed:
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

819. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

Cast thy burden on the Lord. Ps. 55 : 22.

1 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.

820. C. M. WATTS.

Confiding in the Promises. Heb. 6 : 17, 18.

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

2 Then why, my soul, these sad 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 praise his name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

821. L. M. J. E. Smith.

Trusting amidst Trouble. Matt. 14: 27.

1 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."

822. C. M. Campbell's Col.

Blessedness of waiting upon God. Isai. 40: 27-31.

1 SUPREME in wisdom, as in power,
The Rock of Ages stands,
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
The workings of his hands.

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the sinking heart,
And courage, in the evil hour,
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human power shall fast decay
And youthful vigor cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine,
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar;
Their wings are faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

823. S. M. J. WESLEY.

Committing our Ways to God. Ps. 37 : 5–8.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:

2 He points the clouds their course,
He shall prepare thy way:
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
Whom winds and seas obey.

3 Firm on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

5 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

824. C. M. BEDDOME.

Fear none of those things. Rev. 2 : 10.

1 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.

C. M. WATTS.

825. *Safety in God.* Ps. 125.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be—
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on,
Within the gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

7s. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

826. *Protection in Danger.* Ps. 91.

1 THEY who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger 's nigh;
Wide his sheltering wings are spread
O er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
Christians are Jehovah's care;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep:
Death and danger may be near;
Faith and love have naught to fear.

S. M. TOPLADY.

827. *Rejoicing in Sorrow.*

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ, our Lord,
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 shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

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

5 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

11s. KIRKHAM.

828. *Precious 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?

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

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

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

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

6 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

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

829. L. M. WATTS.

God's Protection amidst Dangers. Ps. 91.

1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

3 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

4 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire,
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

830. C. M. Rippon's Col.

Having Christ, we have all things. Rom. 8 : 32.

1 IF God is mine, then present things,
And things to come, are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

2 If he is mine, then from his love,
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.

4 If he is mine, let friends forsake—
Let wealth and honors flee—
Sure he, who giveth me *himself*,
Is more than these to me.

5 If he is mine, I 'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale:
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.

6 O, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the *fountain* live,
When all the streams are dried.

PERSEVERANCE OF THE SAINTS.

831. C. M. WATTS.

They shall never perish. John 10 : 27-29.

1 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 chosen from his breast;
Within the bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

832. C. M. WATTS.

He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him. 2 Tim. 1 : 12.

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

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

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

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

833. C. M. BEDDOME.

Names written in Heaven. Phil. 4 : 3.

1 O LORD, if in the book of life
My worthless name should stand,
In fairest characters, inscribed
By thine unerring hand—

2 My soul thou wilt by grace prepare
For crowns above the skies,
And on my way, from heavenly stores,
Wilt grant me fresh supplies.

3 Then I to thee, in sweetest strains,
Will grateful anthems raise;
But life 's too short, my powers too weak,
To utter half thy praise.

4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I 'd give them all to thee.

834. 8s. TOPLADY.

Covenant Mercy.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring:
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is yea, and amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things, below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase:
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given:
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

835. L. M. BEDDOME.

Enduring Love. Rom. 8: 33–39.

1 WHO shall condemn to endless flames
The chosen people of our God!
Since in the book of life their names
Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood.

2 Not tribulation, nakedness,
The famine, peril, or the sword;
Not persecution, or distress,
Can separate from Christ the Lord.

3 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above;
Not present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.

4 His sovereign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulness shall still endure:
And those who on his word depend,
Shall find his word forever sure.

836. L. M. WATTS.

The Security of the Elect. Rom. 8: 33–39.

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

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

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

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

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

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

837. C. P. M. SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

The Earnest of the Inheritance. Eph. 1 : 14.

1 O STRANGE infirmity! to think
That he will leave my soul to sink
In darkness and distress,
Who has appeared in times of old,
Who saved me while the billows rolled,
And cheered me with his grace.

2 What sweeter pledge could God bestow,
Of help, in future scenes of woe,
Than grace already given?
But unbelief, that hateful thing,
Oft makes me sigh, when I should sing
Of confidence in heaven!

838. L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

He will gather his wheat into the garner. Matt. 3:12.

1 LIFT up your joyful eyes and see
A plenteous harvest all around,
Ripening for bliss, and not a grain
Shall ever fall unto the ground:

2 A harvest of immortal souls,
Secured by an almighty power;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor storms shall hurt,
Nor ravenous beasts of prey devour.

3 O happy day, when all th' elect
Complete in number shall be found,
And, like their great, their mystic Head,
Be with eternal honors crown'd.

THE LORD'S DAY.

S. M. WATTS.

839. *The Lord's Day welcomed.*

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

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

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

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

C. M. POINDEXTER.

840. *The Sabbath welcomed.*

1 BLEST Sabbath! day of holy rest,
I hail thy glad return:
Ye worldly cares, now leave my breast;
My soul, with fervor burn.

2 Dear to my heart the holy day
Which thou, my God, hast given,
To bear the mind from earth away,
To thoughts of thee, and heaven.

3 Now let thy love my spirit cheer,
Thy grace my song inspire,
And grant me, Lord, communion near
With thee, my heart's desire.

4 Then, when my earthly Sabbaths cease,
When time with me is o'er,
Receive my soul to joy, and peace,
And rest for evermore!

C. M. EDMESTON

841. *The Lord's Day Morning.*

1 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?

H. M. T. SCOTT.

842. *Resurrection of Christ celebrated.*

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise

2 At thy approaching dawn,
  Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
  In dark domains confined:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And he amid their shouts ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
  Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
  Thy praise responsive sings:
"Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign."

4 Gird on, great Prince, thy sword;
  Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love,
  Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

C. M. WATTS.

843. *The Resurrection Morning.*

1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
  Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
  And leave his dark abode.

2 A silent prisoner in the tomb
  The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
  The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
  To hold our God in vain:
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
  And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
  These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
  The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
  To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
  With glad hosannas ring.

C. M.

844. *Resurrection of Christ.*

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

2 O, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O, what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
By his expiring breath.

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

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

6 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

C. M. WATTS.

845. *Praise for Salvation.*

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

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

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

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

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

846.

H. M. COTTERILL.

Our victorious Lord.

1 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.

847.

10s. W. MASON.

The Sabbath. Gen. 2:2, 3.

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.

848. H. M. HAYWARD.

Prayer for a Blessing on the Lord's Day.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn!
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest:
From low desires | I soar to reach
And fleeting toys, | 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 | And learn to know
Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbaths be
New life obtain, | Enjoyed in vain.

849. C. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS

Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

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

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

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

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

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

850. L. M. BARBAULD.

Offerings of the Heart. Mic. 6 : 6–8.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign name abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems, and gold, and garlands, deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

4 O, grant us, in this solemn hour,
From earth and sin's allurements free,
To feel thy love, to own thy power,
And raise each raptured thought to thee!

851. L. M. WINCHELL'S SEL.

Invocation of the Divine Presence.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let 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.

C. M. RIPPON'S COL.

852. *The Eternal Sabbath.*

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 There we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;

5 There we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

853. *Rejoicing in Hope.*

1 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,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

7s. (6 lines.) NEWTON.

854. *The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.*

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy 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.

6s. UNION HYMNS.

855. *Sabbath Evening.*

1 THE light of Sabbath eve
Is fading fast away;
What record will it leave,
To crown the closing day?
Is it a Sabbath spent,
Of fruitless time destroyed:
Or have the moments lent
Been sacredly employed?

2 How dreadful, and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
That cannot come again!
Then in that hopeless place,
The wretched soul will say,
"I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away."

3 To waste these Sabbath hours,
O, may we never dare;
Nor taint with thoughts of ours
These sacred days of prayer.
But may our Sabbaths here
Inspire our hearts with love,
And prove a foretaste clear
Of that sweet rest above.

856. L. M. J. STENNETT.

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.
Exod. 20: 8.

1 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!

DELIGHT IN WORSHIP.

857. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in Public Worship. Ps. 122.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

S. P. M. WATTS.

858. *Prayer for the Church.* Ps. 122.

1 HOW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saint be glad;
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

4 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

C M. WATTS.

859.

God present with his Church. Ps. 84.

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

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

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

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

L..M. WATTS.

860.

Delight in God. Ps. 84.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

861.

L. M. WATTS.

Longing for the Privilege of Public Worship.
Ps. 84.

1 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 saints, who dwell on high,
Around thy throne, above the sky;
Their brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the saints who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 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.

6 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.

H. M. WATTS.

862. *Happiness in Worship.* Ps. 84.

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

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

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring
When God our King | Our willing feet.

863. H. M. WATTS

God's Presence the Joy of his Worshippers.
Ps. 84 : 10–12.

1 TO spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, | To keep the door
I love it more | Than shine in courts.

2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are filled:
We draw our blessings thence:
He will bestow | Peculiar grace,
On Jacob's race | And glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves—
From pure and upright souls.
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts
O God of hosts, | Alone in thee.

864. S. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Sweetness of Divine Worship. Ps. 92.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word
And grateful offerings bring;—

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell;—

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

L. M. WATTS.

865. *Lord's Day Hymn.* Ps. 92.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal 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 works 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.

L. M. RAFFLES.

866. *Private Devotion.*

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

867. S. M. S. STENNETT.

I will appear upon the mercy-seat. Lev. 16 : 2.

1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties 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 humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

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

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

868. L. M. KELLY.

It is good to be here. Matt. 17 : 4.

1 HOW sweet to leave the world a while,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
O 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 view thy face;
O, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill the place.

869. 7s. HYMNS OF ZION.

Communion of Saints.

1 SWEET the time—exceeding sweet—
When the saints together meet;
When the Saviour is the theme;
When they join to sing of him!

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world—and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature, and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our wretched hearts he strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.

870. C. M. WATTS.

Delighting in God.

1 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.

C. M. WATTS.

871. *Longing for God.* Ps. 63.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink, or die.

3 I 've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I 'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray
And tune my lips to sing.

REVIVALS.

8s, 7s, & 4. NEWTON.

872. *O Lord, revive thy work.* Hab. 3 : 2.

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

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

3 Surely, once thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green:
Then thy word our spirits nourished—
Happy seasons we have seen!
Lord, &c.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed—
Help can only come from thee:
Lord, &c.

5 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear, are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show:
Lord, &c.

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

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

8 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!

873. L. M. KINGSBURY

Wilt thou not revive us again? Ps. 85 : 6.

1 GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer:
Perfumed by thee, O may it rise,
Like fragrant incense, to the skies.

2 Revive the churches with thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

3 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.

4 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

874. L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Build thou the walls of Jerusalem. Ps. 51 : 18.

1 O GOD of Zion! from thy throne
Look with an eye of pity down;
Thy church now humbly makes her prayer—
Thy church, the object of thy care.

2 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of prayer and praise—
When holy services gave birth
To joys resembling heaven on earth.

3 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
Her gates neglected and forlorn:
Our life and liveliness are fled,
And many numbered with the dead.

4 We need defence from all our foes,
We need relief from all our woes;
If earth and hell should yet assail,
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

5 Near to each other and to thee,
Lord, bring us all in unity;
O, pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our numerous wants supply.

S. M. HASTINGS

875. *O Lord, revive thy work.* Hab. 3:2.

1 O LORD, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour;
And make our feeble graces thrive,
By thy restoring power.

2 O, 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;
O, come, and bring salvation near!—
Our souls on thee rely.

L. M. WATTS

876. Psalm 80.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:—

2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high, and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

4 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with their fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

5 Return, almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

L. M. BEDDOME.

877. *Thy kingdom come.* Matt. 6 : 10.

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

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

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

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

878. *Invocation of the Spirit.* Ezek. 36 : 26–37.

1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy Godlike power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne,
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 O, let a holy flock await
In crowds around thy temple gate;
Each pressing on, with zeal, to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

4 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

879. L. M. DODDRIDGE

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear
Perplexed, distressed, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right;
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

3 Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

880. S. M. POINDEXTER

Return, for thy servants' sake. Isai. 63 : 17.

1 OUR Redeemer God,
On thee thy people wait;
We faint beneath thy chastening rod,
Thy house is desolate.

2 Yet are we not thine own,
Though now in deep distress?
Then be to us thy mercy shown,
Thy mourning people bless.

3 Spirit of God, return,
Thy cheering light impart:
O, may thy love within us burn,
And warm each languid heart.

4 O'er all assembled here
Assert thy gracious power,
And to our friends and kindred dear
Be this salvation's hour.

5 O Lord, our God, descend!
Our fainting hearts revive:—
On thee alone our hopes depend,
For thou canst make us live.

881. H. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

The Holy Spirit sought. Luke 11 : 13.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry—
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply—
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
O, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

882. L. M. NEWTON

Trusting the Promise. Isai. 54 : 7–10.

1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears—the ark is mine.

2 "Though for a time I hide 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 v'e 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.

883. C. M.

Great Joy in that City. Acts 8 : 8.

1 HOW much the drooping hearts revive
Of those who fear the Lord;
When sinners, dead, are made alive
By his reviving word!

2 The ministers of Christ rejoice
When souls receive the word:
When ransomed sinners hear his voice,
Return, and love the Lord.

3 The Church of God their praises join,
And of salvation sing;
They glorify the grace divine
Of their victorious King.

4 In heaven above, th' angelic throng
Around the throne rejoice:
But sinners saved should swell the song,
With loudest, sweetest voice.

L. M. T. SCOTT.

884. *Return, O Lord.* Ps. 90 : 13.

1 O LORD, and shall our fainting souls
Thy just displeasure ever mourn?
Thy Spirit grieved, and long withdrawn,
Will he no more to us return?

2 Great source of light and peace, return,
Nor let us mourn and sigh in vain;
Come, repossess our longing hearts
With all the graces of thy train.

3 This temple, hallowed by thy hand,
Once more be with thy presence blest;
Here be thy grace anew displayed;
Be this thine everlasting rest.

885. L. M. BEDDOME.

Who are these that fly as a cloud, &c. Isai. 60 : 8.

1 REJOICE, for Christ the Saviour reigns;
He spreads his triumphs all abroad;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour, and their God.

2 His sons and daughters from afar
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 O, may his conquest still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, from all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name—
In songs as lofty as his love.

886. L. M. WATTS.

Joy over Penitents. Luke 15 : 7–10.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a penitent return—
To see an heir of glory born?

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

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

C. M. NEEDHAM.

887. *The lost found.* Luke 15 : 7–10.

1 O, HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

S. M. SWAIN.

888. *Joy in the Salvation of Sinners.*

1 WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King,
His saving power displays?—

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall?
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all?

3 Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

BAPTISM

889. L. M. BALDWIN.

Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.
Matt. 3 : 15.

1 COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

890. C. M. FELLOWS

Not ashamed of Christ. Mark 8 : 38.

1 O LORD, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That 's worthy of my God?

4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

891. C. M. BEDDOME.

Buried with him by Baptism. Rom. 6 : 4.

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave,
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints to-day
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain—
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

5 Now we, blest Saviour, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

892. L. M. JUDSON.

Christ our Example. Matt. 3 : 13–17.

1 OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave:
Come, see the sacred path he trod—
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

893. L. M. POINDEXTER.

The Example and Command of Christ.

1 HIS sacred head the Holy One
Obedient bowed in Jordan's wave;
The Father's voice proclaimed the Son,
The Holy Dove his witness gave.

2 Thus Jesus blessed this solemn rite,
While heaven, well pleased, approved the deed;
Then, ere he rose to realms of light,
The universal law decreed.

3 "Believe and be baptized," he said:—
Sinners, regard his gracious word;
To him be your submission paid,
Tread in the footsteps of your Lord.

4 Thy glorious gospel we believe,
To thy command we gladly yield;
Our homage now, O Lord, receive,
And be thy love our constant shield.

894. 8s, 7s. & 4. J. E. GILES.

Taking up the Cross. Matt. 16 : 24.

1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me;"
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I 'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

2 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

3 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

895. *Delight in Obedience.*

1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And, with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favored feet are led;—

3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

896. *Confessing Christ.*

1 IN thine assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us through.

2 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite and be denied;
Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Interred in such a liquid grave?

3 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

897. L. M. STENNETT.

Buried in Baptism. Col. 2 : 12.

1 THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save,
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath its wave.

2 With thee, into thy watery grave,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us leave
To be baptized like Christ our Friend.

3 Yet, as the yielding waves give way,
To let us see the light again,
So, on thy resurrection day,
The bands of death proved weak and vain.

4 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide;
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

898. L. M. E. W. FREEMAN

Following the Lamb. Rev. 14 : 4.

1 HITHER we come, our dearest Lord,
Obedient to thy sacred word;
'Tis thou hast called our hearts to flee
From sense and sin, and follow thee.

2 Here ranged along the water's side,
Where gently rolls the silent tide,
O, what on earth can sweeter be,
Than thus to come and follow thee!

3 When wandering in the vale of tears,
Enslaved by sins, and doubts, and fears,
Then didst thou come, our souls to free,
And gav'st us grace to follow thee.

4 Thou wast immersed beneath the wave,
The emblem of thy future grave;
O, while the way so plain we see,
What can we do but follow thee?

899. C. M. ENG. BAP. COL.

My sheep follow me. John 10:27.

1 O LORD, we in thy footsteps tread,
With joy thy cause maintain;
Like Jesus numbered with the dead,
Like him we rise and reign.

2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
Obedient to thy word;
'Tis thus the world around shall know
We 're buried with the Lord.

3 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in:
O, may we rise to live anew,
And only die to sin.

900. H. M. FELLOWS.

The Spirit descending. Matt. 3:16.

1 DESCEND, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own:
Unblest by thee, | Nor can we e'er
Our works are vain; | Acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Received the holy rite,
In open view | And, dove-like, flew
Thy form came down, | The King to crown.

3 Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire:
This ordinance is thine;
Do thou our souls inspire:
Thou wilt attend | "Till time shall end,"
On all thy sons: | Thy promise runs.

C. M. OLD ENG. COL.

901. *Significance of Baptism.*

1 THE Lord my heart has now prepared
To walk in wisdom's ways;
My purpose is to do his will,
And serve him all my days.

2 I to this watery grave descend,
Because my Lord has died;
And by his powerful blood alone
My soul is justified.

3 I 'm buried in this liquid tomb,
To show what Christ endured;
And that with him I die to sin,
Whose death my life procured.

4 I rise again to live anew,
Because my Saviour lives;
He clothes me with his righteousness,
And every comfort gives.

5 Thus does this solemn rite display
The doctrines of my Lord;
I haste to follow where he leads,
Obedient to his word.

L. M. WATTS

902. *The Commission.* Matt. 28 : 19.

1 'TWAS the commission of the 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 his gospel means.

3 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!

C. M.

903. *Baptismal Vows.*

1 LORD, I am thine, and in thine aid
I place my firmest trust:
How large the price thy love has paid
For vile, polluted dust!

2 In thine assembly now I stand;
My vows to thee I bring,
Obedient to thy great command,
My Saviour and my King.

3 I stand before the sacred flood;
Thy gracious words invite:
How poor an offering, O my God,
I make thee in this rite!

4 Thine ordinance, great Saviour, bless;
Support me all my days:
May I each gospel truth confess,
And walk in all thy ways.

S. M. ENG. BAP. COL.

904. *Obeying Christ.*

1 HERE, Saviour, we would come,
In thine appointed way;
Obedient to thy high commands,
Our solemn vows we pay.

2 O, bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to thee;
And may we find that as our day
Our strength shall also be.

L. M. WATTS.

905. *Baptism an Emblem.* Rom. 6 : 4.

1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Within our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

906. L. M. JUDSON.

The Holy Spirit invoked. Matt. 3 : 16.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath the mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

907. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Spiritual Resurrection. Rom. 6 : 4.

1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There, by his Father's side, he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair,
Yet owns himself our Brother still,
And our Forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above our choicest treasure lies—
And be our hearts above.

4 But earth and sin will draw us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong, attractive power
To fix our souls on high.

908. L. M. STENNETT.

They that gladly received the word were baptized.
Acts 2 : 41.

1 SEE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod,
And follow through his liquid grave
The meek, the lowly Son of God!

2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire;
Relying wholly on his grace
Who waked in them the pure desire.

3 O sacred rite, by thee, to own
The name of Jesus we begin:
This is our resurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men.
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud amen.

909. 8s & 7s. ROBT. T. DANIEL.

Baptism the Answer of a good Conscience.
1 Pet. 3 : 20, 21.

1 LORD, in humble, sweet submission,
Here we meet to follow thee;
Trusting in thy great salvation,
Which alone can make us free.

2 Naught have we to claim as merit;
All the duties we can do
Can no crown of life inherit:
All the praise to thee is due.

3 Yet we come in Christian duty,
Down beneath the wave to go;
O, the bliss! the heavenly beauty!
Christ, the Lord, was buried so.

4 Come, ye children of the kingdom,
Follow him beneath the wave;
Rise, and show his resurrection,
And proclaim his power to save.

5 Is there here a weeping Mary,
Waiting near the Saviour's tomb;
Heavy-laden, sick, and weary,
Crying, "O, that I could come!"

6 Welcome, all ye friends of Jesus,
Welcome to his church below;
Venture wholly on the Saviour,
Come, and with his people go.

L. M.

910. *Single Verses on Baptism.*

1 WHATE'ER to thee, our Lord, belongs,
Is always worthy of our songs;
And all thy works, and all thy ways,
Demand our wonder and our praise.

---

2 Hosanna to the church's Head,
Who suffered in our room and stead!
He was baptized in Jordan's flood,
And then baptized in sweat and blood!

---

3 Come, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died, and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

4 Ye who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who see your wretched state by sin,
"Ye blessèd of the Lord, come in."

---

5 Apostles trod this holy ground,
This is the road believers go:
My Jesus in this way was found,
I charge my soul to tread it too.

---

6 Come, saints, adore your Saviour, God,
Who led your willing footsteps here
Walk in the blessèd paths he trod,
Nor duty dread, nor danger fear.

---

7 Come, sacred Dove, in peace descend,
As once thou didst on Jordan's wave;
Now with this scene thine influence blend,
And hover o'er this solemn grave.

---

8 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptized believers move;
That they, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

---

9 All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light!
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

911. *Ask the Way to Zion.* Jer. 50 : 5.

1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer!

4 O come, and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

C. M. JAS. NEWTON.

912.

After Baptism.

1 LET plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

913.

7s. MONTGOMERY.

We will go with you: God is with you. Zech. 8:23.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

L. M. KELLY.

914. *Welcome to Fellowship.*

1 "COME in, thou blessèd of the Lord;"
O, come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour 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.

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

915. *Come with us.* Numb. 10 : 29.

1 COME in, thou blessèd of the Lord:
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break—
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,
Freely with us partake.

4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual powers.

5 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost, and found in him.

L. M. NEWTON.

916. *Christian Welcome.*

1 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.

L. M. BEDDOME

917. *Receiving Members.*

1 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 Saviour'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.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

L. M. WATTS.

918. *A heavenly Feast.*

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Ne'er did the angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

C. M.

919. *A Remembrancer.*

1 LET vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banished from the heart,
The Saviour'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 refreshment 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.

C. M. BEDDOME.

920. *Keeping the Feast.* 1 Cor. 5 : 8.

1 HOW great, how solemn is the work,
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.

2 O, may we feel as once we felt,
When pained and grieved at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Relieved our every smart.

3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercised again;
And, nurtured by celestial power,
In exercise remain.

4 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,
To all around we own,
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.

5 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

921. L. M. WATTS.

Institution of the Supper. 1 Cor. 11 : 23–26.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, 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.

922. L. M. WATTS.

The Pastures of Christ. Sol. Song, 1 : 7.

1 THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

4 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Belovéd leads me home.

923. L. M. RELIEF HYMNS.

Lord's Supper established. 1 Cor. 11 : 23–26.

1 'TWAS on that night when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe—
That night in which he was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread:

2 And, after thanks and glory given
To Him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke:

3 "My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view."

4 Then in his hands the cup he raised,
And God anew he thanked and praised;
While kindness in his bosom glowed,
And from his lips salvation flowed.

5 "My blood I thus pour forth," he cries,
"To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And Heaven's eternal grace revealed.

6 "With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour,
In memory of my dying hour."

924. C. M. HART.

Commemoration of a dying Saviour.

1 THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his latest breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we are met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
"The Saviour died for me."

3 Thy sufferings, 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, with zeal inflame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me."

925. S. M. MONTGOMERY

Do this in remembrance of me. 1 Cor. 11 : 24.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord—
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

C. M. CH. LYRE.

926. *Remembering Jesus.* Heb. 12:3.

1 JESUS, thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
Thy grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

2 Shall we thy life of pain forget?
Thy fasting and thy prayer?
Thy locks with mountain vapor wet,
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane can we forget:—
Thy struggling agony,
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Can we the crown of thorns forget—
The buffeting and shame;
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth reviled thy name?

5 The nails, the spear, can we forget—
The agonizing cry—
"My God, my Father! wilt thou let
Thy Son forsaken die?"

6 Life's brightest joys we may forget;
Our kindred cease to love;
But he, who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

7 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee—alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be.

L. M. WATTS.

927. *Glorying in the Cross.* Gal. 6 : 14.

1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce its shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

L. M. WATTS

928. *Boundless Love.*

1 OUR spirits join to praise the Lamb;
O, that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love.

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death!

3 The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

4 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

929. C. M. WATTS.

The Compassion of Christ. Rom. 5 : 6–8.
Zech. 12 : 10.

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

2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

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

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

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

C. M. B. W. NOEL.

930. *The best Friend.* John 15 : 13.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!—
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

931.

L. M. KRISHNA PAL.

Remembering the Wonders of Christ's Love.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

4 O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

932. L. M. WATTS.

I go to prepare a place for you. John 14 : 2, 3.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful joys be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

933. L. M. WATTS.

Glorying in the Cross. Gal. 6 : 14.

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

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

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

4 Were 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.

934. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

Looking on Him we have pierced. Zech 12 : 10.

1 PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne:
To look on thee, whom we have pierced;
To look on thee, and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice;
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

935. C. M. WATTS.

The Covenant sealed. John 3 : 33.

1 "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 th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 I call that legacy mine own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'T was purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

4 Thy light and strength, and pardoning grace
And glory, shall be mine:
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers, are thine.

936. C. M. S. STENNETT

My flesh is meat indeed. John 6 : 53-55.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
O, what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

4 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine;
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

5 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all:
With life itself I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at thy call.

C. M. WATTS.

937. *Loving-kindness.* Jer. 31: 3.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'T was the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come,
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

938. S. M. WATTS.

Communion with Christ. 1 Cor. 10 : 16, 17.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh,
And bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor, matchless grace,
Of our descending God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

4 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind.
And every voice be praise.

939. C. M. J. STENNETT

Jesus inviting to the Feast. Sol. Song, 5 : 1.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place:—

2 I, that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I, that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumphed too."

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had—
What will it be above!

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

940. 7s. CONDER.

Body and Blood of Christ. John 6 : 54–57.

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

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

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

941. C. M. E. TAYLOR.

All made to drink into one Spirit. 1 Cor. 12 : 13.

1 O HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease,
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.

2 Not here, where met to think on Him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4 "Thy kingdom come:" we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

ORDINATIONS.

942. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Ministry divinely appointed. Eph. 4 : 8–12.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house
We pay our homage and our vows,
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Conferred his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostle's honored name,
Sacred beyond all earthly fame;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Our pastors hence and teachers rise.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through latest courses of the sun;
While numerous churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

943. S. M. WATTS.

The Bearers of good Tidings. Isai. 52 : 7–10.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!—
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blesséd 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 Saviour and their God.

944. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Watching for Souls. Ezek. 33 : 1–9. Heb. 13 : 17.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—
For souls, which must forever live,
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

945. L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

A Messenger for God. Isai. 6 : 1–8.

1 OUR God ascends his lofty throne,
Arrayed in majesty unknown;
The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the Seraphim adored.

2 Lord, how can sinful lips proclaim
The honors of so great a name?
O, for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch his lips, to fire his soul!

3 Then if a messenger thou ask,
A laborer for the hardest task,
Through all his weakness and his fear,
Love shall reply, "Thy servant 's here."

4 Nor let his willing soul complain,
Though every effort seem in vain;
His ample recompense shall be,
But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

946. C. M.

Preaching Christ crucified. 1 Cor. 2 : 2.

1 JESUS, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

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

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

4 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold! behold the Lamb!"

947. L. M. WATTS.

The Commission. Mark 16 : 15–20.

1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
And he condemned who 'll not 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."

4 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

948. L. M. J. WESLEY.

Fearless Sincerity. Eph. 6 : 19, 20.

1 SAVIOUR 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 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

3 No, 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.

4 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

5 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

6 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

949. L. M. BEDDOME

Full of power by the Spirit. Mic. 3 : 8.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee—
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge;
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine:
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed:
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

950. L. M. POINDEXTER.

Prayer of a Church for their Pastor.

HEAD of the Church! to thee we bow,
With our united, fervent prayer;
Thou, Lord, hast heard our solemn vow,
Now let us in thy mercy share.

2 Behold the Pastor of our choice:—
Guide thou his feet, and guard his way;—
O, may he ever hear thy voice,
And we thy gracious word obey.

3 For Christless sinners may his heart
Burn with intensest love and zeal;
And, Lord, thy powerful grace impart,
The truth upon their minds to seal.

4 And when our service here shall end,
When earthly scenes and toils are o'er,
O, may we all to heaven ascend,
To dwell with thee for evermore.

951.

S. M. C. WESLEY

The Harvest great—Laborers few. Matt. 9 : 37, 38.

1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' 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.

952.

C. M. LAWSON

Departure of Missionaries. 1 Sam. 17 : 37.

1 FATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While these, our brethren, we commend
To thy paternal care.

2 Before them set an open door;
Their various efforts bless;
On them thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown them with success.

3 Endow them with a heavenly mind;
Supply their every need;
Make them in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold them by thy grace,
And guard them by thy mighty power,
Till they shall end their race.

5 Then, followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may they obtain
From their Redeemer's hands.

C. M. . ENG. BAP. COL.

953. *Choice of Deacons.* Acts 6 : 1–6.

1 VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence now;
Direct us in thy fear:
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose
Thy house on earth to guide—
Those who shall ne'er their power abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.

3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
And with discretion blessed;
Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
Of every grace possessed:—

4 These are the men we seek of thee,
O God of righteousness;
Such may our deacons ever be,
With such thy people bless.

L. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

954. *Prayer for the Minister ordained.*

1 LORD, let thy presence now attend
Him whom we to thy grace commend;
Nor let him as a pilgrim rove,
Without the conduct of thy love

2 Thy promise stands upon record,
To be with those who preach thy word;
Be with him, Lord! the work is thine;
Support him with thy strength divine.

3 Inflame his zeal, enlarge his heart,
Courage and utterance impart;
His love be ardent, pure his aim,
The great salvation be his theme.

4 While thronging multitudes around
Hear from his lips the joyful sound,
Thy power exert, thy gospel bless,
And crown his labors with success.

5 O, may his eyes with joy behold
Thy grace, as in the days of old:
May sinners tremble at thy word,
Believe, and turn unto the Lord.

955. L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Qualifications of Deacons. 1 Tim. 3: 8–13.

1 O KING of Zion, thee we praise,
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
Her holy deacons are thine own,
With all the gifts thy love employs.

2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice,
Of those whose generous, prudent zeal,
Shall make thy favored ways rejoice.

3 When pastor, saints, and poor they serve,
May their own hearts with grace be crowned
While patience, sympathy, and joy,
Adorn, and through their lives abound.

4 By purest love to Christ, and truth,
O, may they win a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee!

5 And when the work to them assigned—
The work of love—is fully done,
Call them from serving tables here,
To sit around thy glorious throne.

CONSTITUTION AND DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

956. C. M. NEWTON.

A House of Prayer. Isai. 56 : 7.

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

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

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

957. L. M. PIERPONT.

Opening of a Church.

1 O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To only thee, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

2 Not now, on Zion's height alone,
Thy favored worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart—may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 In this thy house, whose doors we now
For sacred worship first unfold,
To thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
While circling years on years are rolled!

5 To thee shall Age, with snowy hair,
And Strength and Weakness, bend the knee.
And Childhood lisp with reverent air
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

958. L. M. WATTS.

A Habitation for God. Ps. 132 : 5, 13–18.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God?
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blessed.

3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign forever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With sweet provisions shall be fed.

959. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

I have put my name there forever. 1 Kings 9 : 3

1 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.

960. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

God's Earthly House. 1 Kings 8 : 13.

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
O, 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 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

5 Thy glory never hence depart:
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

961. C. M. DOBELL'S COL.

The House of God. Isai. 66 : 1, 2.

1 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 Here may salvation be proclaimed
By thy most precious blood;
Let sinners know the joyful sound,
And own their Saviour, God.

L. M. N. P. WILLIS.

962. *Nature's Temple.* Job 38 : 4–11.

1 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 humbler temple, built with hands.

963.

C. M. REED.

Ye are the temple of God. 1 Cor. 3 : 16. Acts 17 : 24.

1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
O come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
Let barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as a dove, and spread thy wings—
The wings of peaceful love—
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

6 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make these hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
O come, great Spirit, come.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

964. *A Blessing sought.* 1 Kings 8 : 27

1 AND will the great, eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his heavenly throne,
Avow our temples for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, sinful mortals, near.

3 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.

4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his words attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

5 And in the great, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

965. C. M. Shepherd's Col

God dwelling among Men. 2 Chron. 6 : 18.

1 WILL God in very deed descend,
And dwell with men below?
An ear to mortal worship lend?
To us his glory show?

2 While heaven's exalted spheres resound
With hymns which angels sing,
Will God in mercy so abound,
T' accept the praise we bring?

3 Allowed within thy courts to meet,
Thy presence we implore;
Smile on us from thy mercy-seat,
And we desire no more.

4 Here let thy gospel be declared;
Here make thy power be known;
May every heart, by grace prepared,
Be the Redeemer's throne.

5 Here make thyself a glorious name,
And form us for thy praise;
Thy promised presence, Lord, we claim,
And supplicate thy grace.

966. C. M. J. R. Scott

Peace be within thy walls. Ps. 122 : 7.

1 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 Saviour'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.

C. M. J. D. KNOWLES.

967. *Blessing supplicated.*

1 O LORD, where'er thy saints apart
Are met for praise and prayer,
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,
Thou, gracious God, art there.

2 With grateful joy, thy children rear
This temple, Lord, to thee;
Long may they sing thy praises here,
And here thy beauty see.

3 Here, Saviour, deign thy saints to meet;
With peace their hearts to fill;
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,
May grace divine distil.

4 Here may thy truth fresh triumphs win.
Eternal Spirit, here,
In many a heart, now dead in sin.
A living temple rear

GLORY AND SAFETY OF THE CHURCH.

968.

S. M. WATTS.

Beauty of the Church. Ps. 48 : 10–14.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care thy holy ground,
And mark the building well—

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die—
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

8s & 7s. NEWTON.

969. *Promises to the Church.*

1 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 her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

4 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

5 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

6 Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

970. L. M. WATTS.

Safety of the Church. Isai. 60 : 14–20.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

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

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

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

971. L. M. EPIS. COL.

Triumphs of Zion. Isai. 52 : 1, 2, 11, 12.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

972. L. M. WATTS

God the Refuge of his People. Ps. 46 : 1–5.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

973. S. M. WATTS.

Zion a glory in the earth. Isai. 26 : 1–4.

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

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

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

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

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

974. S. M. WATTS.

God the Safety of the Church. Ps. 48 : 1-8.

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

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

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

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

5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

975. 8s, 7s, & 4. KELLY.

God's Faithfulness to his Church. Isai. 49 : 14–16.

1 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 favored 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 everiasting light.

976. L. M. WATTS.

The Church's Defence. Ps. 46 : 6–11.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made!

3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
I will be known and feared abroad,
But still my throne in Zion stands."

5 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

977. L. M. BEETHOVEN COL.

Tender Solicitude for the Church. Ps. 137.

1 WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest—
And Zion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that withered there.

3 Regardless whence our sorrows spring,
Th' insulting foe a song demands;—
How can we tune our voice to sing
Jehovah's song in foreign lands!

4 O Salem! our once happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let, then, my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.

5 If I to mention thee forbear,
My faithless tongue in silence seal-
If aught to Zion I prefer,
Or cease for her distress to feel.

978. 11s. RIPPON'S COL.

Comfort to the Church in Trouble. Isai. 54 : 7–14

1 O ZION! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful 's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing I 'll bring thee to land.'

4 "Forget thee I will not, I cannot—thy name
Engraved on my heart doth forever remain;
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

5 "Then trust me and fear not, thy life is secure,
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power:
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

6 "The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows the louder they 'll sing."

979. C. M. WATTS.

God's Favor to Zion. Ps. 102 : 13–21.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins, that remain,
Are precious in his eyes;
These ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
All nations bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits, a Sovereign, on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the soul condemned to death;
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And praise and trust the Lord.

H. M. DODDRIDGE

980. *Glory of the Church.* Isai. 60 : 1–3.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God, | While rays divine
Arise and shine, | 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

981.

C. M. WATTS.

The Church our Delight. Ps. 27 : 1–6.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do

2 One privilege my heart desires:
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

S. M. DWIGHT.

982. *Love to the Church.* Ps. 137.

1 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 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

983. C. M. WATTS.

The Church of the First-born. Heb. 12 : 18–24.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the great, the glorious host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven,
And God, the Judge, who doth declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
Our weary souls would rest;
The man who dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

984. C. M. C. WESLEY.

The whole family in heaven and earth. Eph. 3 : 15.

1 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 Saviour, be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

985. *One in Christ.* Eph. 1 : 10.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

C. M. BEDDOME.

986. *The Church above.* Rev. 7 : 9–13.

1 A HOST of spirits round the throne
In humble posture stand,
On every head a starry crown,
A palm in every hand.

2 From different regions of the globe
These happy spirits came;
In Jesus' blood they washed their robes,
And triumphed in his name.

3 One glorious body now they make—
More glorious far their Head;
Their souls to rapturous joys awake;
Their sorrows all are fled.

4 Without a jarring note, they join
In ceaseless songs of praise,
And to the sacred Three in One
Loud hallelujahs raise.

MISSIONS.

987. L. M. COLLYER.

Meeting of Convention or Association.

1 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 heralds come:
Recall the wandering spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

988. L. M. B. FRANCIS

Meeting of Convention or Association.

1 BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring—
Their tribute of united praise,
For heavenly news and peaceful days.

2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word;
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
And while we feel thy heavenly love,
We burn like seraphim above.

4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise,
With us, an equal song of praise:
They are the noblest work of God,
But we, the purchase of his blood.

5 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, our crown above:
Thy praise shall be our best employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

989. L. M. SACRED SONGS

Meeting of Convention or Association.

1 INDULGENT God of love and power,
Be with us at this solemn hour;
Smile on our souls, our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one:
Let all we *have* and *are* combine
To forward objects so divine.

8s, 7s, & 4. KELLY

990. *Prospects of Triumph.*

1 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 Saviour, 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.

7s. BOWRING.

991. *What of the Night?* Isai. 21 : 11.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! 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.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

8s, 7s, & 4. KEILY.

992. *Zion encouraged.*

1 ON the mountain-top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands,
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
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 Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

11s & 10s. SPIR SONGS.

993. *Dawn of the Millennium.*

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning;
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning;
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning:
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

7s. MONTGOMERY.

994. *Jubilee Song.*

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!

2 See, Jehovah's banner furled;
Sheathed his sword:—he speaks—'tis done;
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.

4 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah!—let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

5 Hallelujah !—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.

7s & 8s. MONTGOMERY

995. *Messiah's Kingdom.*

1 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, condemned 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.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand forever:
That name to us is love.

L. M.

996. *The Missionary Angel.* Rev. 14 : 6.

1 THAT mighty angel, to whose hand
The everlasting word is given,
Waves his broad wing o'er sea and land,
And soaring, cleaves the vault of heaven.

2 And, say—shall aught impede his flight,
Or dim with clouds his flaming scroll?
No! not till Truth, with holy light,
Shall visit every heathen soul:

3 Not till blest Peace shall spring to birth,
Till Hatred sheathe his useless sword—
Not till the nations of the earth
Become the kingdom of the Lord.

10s. ANDERSON'S COL.

997. *Messiah's Triumph.* Isai. 11 : 9.

FROM shore to shore shall Jesus stretch his sway;
His boundless blessings flow to every sea!
Lo! round his altar suppliant kings attend;
Before his throne obedient nations bend.

2 Through him, the curse in boundless bliss shall end;
From evil, good—from darkness, light ascend;
Fresh springs of life in thirsty deserts flow,
And savage tribes th' immortal Saviour know.

3 Prostrate in dust his humbled foes shall lie,
Or send their hymns of transport to the sky,
And each blest land rehearse his praises o'er,
Till moons shall walk their evening round no more.

998.

C. M. GIBBONS.

Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power:
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
No murderous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

6 "Amen," with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
"Amen," with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

999. C. M. LOGAN.

The Glory of the latter Day. Isai. 2:2. Mic. 4 1.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering 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 beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 Come, then, O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

L. M. BACON.

1000. *Diffusion of Gospel Light.*

1 THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall beam o'er distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste, to prove
The power and greatness of his love.

3 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace;
Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

C. M. WATTS.

1001. *The Saviour and the Judge.* Ps. 96.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations, as their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

5 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

L. M. WATTS.

1002. *Blessings of Christ's Reign.*

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

C. M. GIBBONS.

1003. *Indians.*

1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

2 When shall th' untutored Indian tribes,
A dark, bewildered race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

3 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption, given?

4 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored!
O, earth, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to thy Lord!

1004. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

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

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

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

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

1005. C. M. W. WARD

Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

1006. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 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.

1007. C. M. BURDER'S COL.

Thy Kingdom come. Luke 11 : 2.

1 JESUS, immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O, may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

H. M. E. SCOTT

1008. *Come, Lord Jesus.* Rev. 22:20.

1 ALL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still doth thine arm | And monuments
New trophies wear, | Of glory rear.

2 O, haste, victorious Prince,
That glorious, happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O, may it bless | And bear our shouts
Our longing eyes, | Beyond the skies.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be thy reign:
Behold, the nations wait
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time | Thy throne shall stand
Are known no more, | Forever sure.

1009. H. M. RIPPON'S COL.

All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.
Matt. 28:18.

1 REJOICE! the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men;
He breaks the prisoners' chains,
And makes them free again:
Though hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

2 The cause of Righteousness,
And truth, and holy peace,
Designed our world to bless,
Shall spread, and never cease:
Gentile and Jew, their souls shall bow,
Allegiance due with rapture vow.

3 All power is in his hand,
His people to defend;
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heaven with smiles approve his cause
And distant isles receive his laws.

L. M.

1010. *Divine Power supplicated.*

1 AWAKE, all-conquering Arm, awake,
And Satan's mighty empire shake:
Assert the honors of thy throne,
And make this ruined world thine own.

2 Thine all-successful power display;
Convert a nation in a day;
Until the universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

1011. L. M. SLINN.

Prayer for the Display of Power.

1 ARISE in all thy splendor, Lord;
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.

2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known th' Almighty God;
Make bare thine arm, thy power display,
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.

3 Send forth thy messengers of peace;
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy power may own.

1012. S. M. Anderson's Col.

The universal Diffusion of the Gospel.

1 O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of Truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blesséd reign.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 O Holy Spirit, rise,
Expand thy heavenly wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 O, all ye nations, rise;
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

1013. L. M. Burder's Col.

Divine Power supplicated.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O, bring the tribes of Israel home:
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

1014. L. M. Ch. Psalmody.

Prayer for the Subjection of the Nations to Christ.

1 SOON may the last, glad song arise
Through all the myriads of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3 O, let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

1015. 7s & 6s. Psalmist.

Universal Hallelujah.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

1016. L. M. Watts.

Exhortation to universal Praise.

1 FROM all who 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.

7s & 6s. HASTINGS.

1017. *The Gospel Banner.*

1 NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

7s. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS

1018.

The speedy Triumph of Messiah prayed for. PS. 72.

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Highest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

1019. 7s & 8s. HEBER.

The Heathen unblessed without the Gospel.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to 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.

8s, 7s, & 4. T. COTTERILL.

1020. *Prayer for the Heathen.*

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding
O'er 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 heathen, now adoring
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping 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 company of heralds
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord, be with them,
Alway, to the end of time.

1021. 8s & 7s. CAWOOD.

Come over and help us. Acts 16 : 9.

1 HARK!—what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
"Come and help us, or we die!"

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining—
Christians, hear their dying cry:
And the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them, ere they die.

3 God, Messiah's cause maintaining,
Shall his righteous throne extend:
O'er the world the Saviour reigning,
Earth shall at his footstool bend.

1022. 8s, 7s, & 4. P. Williams.

Desiring the Spread of the Gospel.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace:
Blesséd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night:
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, 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,
Saviour, all the world around.

1023. L. M. B. Manly, Jr.

Freely ye have received, freely give. Matt. 10:8.

1 THERE is a light which shines from heaven
On thee, but not alone for thee;
Light of the world, for all 'tis given,
And each may say 't was sent for me.

2 There is a fountain sweeter far
Than aught earth's turbid springs can give;
It makes the thirsting heart rejoice,
The faint be strong, the dying live.

3 Drink of that fountain; rich it flows,
Of life and joy a ceaseless spring;—
Drink deep; nor hide it for thyself,
But all men to the fountain bring.

4 Wide let the healing water spread,
Tell distant nations where 'tis found;—
It comes from God, to him it leads.
Its murmur is the gospel's sound.

5 Let the light shine, the waters flow,
The blesséd news to all men take,
That dying they may rise to life,
And in the bliss of heaven awake.

1024. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Zion encouraged.

1 ZION, awake; thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
All shall admire and love thee too.

1025. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The universal Effusion of the Spirit.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all the fulness of thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word:
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath!

4 Baptize the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

5 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall his salvation see:
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through thee!

8s, 7s, & 4. WINCHELL'S SEL.

1026. *Influences of the Spirit.* 1 Cor. 3:7.

1 WHO but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till thou favor,
Heathens still will be the same:
Mighty Spirit,
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations;
Change our prayers and tears to praise:
Promised Spirit,
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors,
Must be vain without thine aid;
But thou wilt not disappoint us;
All is true that thou hast said:
Gracious Spirit,
O'er the world thine influence shed.

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

1027. *Prayer for the Spirit.*

1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed:
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the Word: that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ
When thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5 Lo! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

6s & 4s. PRATT'S COL.

1028. *Prayer to the Trinity.*

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now, to all mankind,
"Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

C. M. LYTE.

1029. *Prayer for the Church.*

1 BE merciful to us, O God;
Upon thy people shine;
And spread thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live be thine.

2 Give light and comfort to thine own;
And let that light extend,
Till thy prevailing name be known
To earth's remotest end.

3 Let all the people praise thee, Lord;
Let all their homage bring;
From sea to sea be thou adored,
Redeemer, Judge, and King.

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

1030. *Zion's Return.*

1 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 ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

S. M. TATE & BRADY.

1031. *Prayer for God's Chosen.*

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;—

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 O, let them shout and sing
Glad songs of pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

1032. L. M.

Prayer for the Jews. Ezek. 20: 34–44.

1 O THOU, who once on Israel's ground
A homeless wanderer wast found—
Redeemer, on thy heavenly throne,
Still call those ancient tribes thine own.

2 Bid their departed light return;
Thy holy splendor round them burn;
From prostrate Judah's ruins raise
A living temple to thy praise.

1033. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

The Conversion of the Jews. Ps. 137.

1 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.

1034. C. M. MOORE.

Spiritual Restoration of the Jews.

1 BUT who shall see the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which blinds the nations now?

2 When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie—
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye—

3 Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.

4 The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace, by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

1035. 7s. MARSDEN.

Go ye into all the world. Mark 16:15.

1 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.

1036. 6s & 4s. URWICK'S COL.

Preach the gospel to every creature. Mark 16:15.

1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad;
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done;
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Swiftly, on wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who his message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear
He will their Friend appear;
He will be nigh.

3 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand—
Jesus, their Lord.

4 Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign,
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Ye soon shall shine.

L. M. WINCHELL'S SEL.

1037. *Missionaries encouraged.*

1 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 Saviour Lord of all.

S. M. VOKE.

1038. *Missionaries encouraged.*

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Go, spread the Saviour'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.

C. M. MORELL.

1039. *Fidelity enjoined.*

1 GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye favored men of God;
Go, publish, through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 Go, with determined courage go,
And armed with power divine;
Your God will needful strength bestow,
And on your labors shine.

3 He who has called you to the war
Will soon reward your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car
Shall mountains sink to plains.

4 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause,
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes
Shall bow before his cross.

L. M.

1040. *Missionaries prayed for.*

1 INDULGENT God, to thee we pray;
Be with us on this solemn day:
Our brethren bless, their zeal approve,
That zeal which burns to spread thy love.

2 With cheerful steps may they proceed,
Where'er thy providence shall lead:
Let heaven and earth their work befriend,
And mercy all their paths attend.

3 Let numerous, solemn crowds be found,
Anxious to hear the gospel sound;
And rude barbarians, bond and free,
In suppliant throngs, resort to thee.

Where pagan altars now are built,
And brutal blood, or human, spilt,
There may the bleeding cross be reared,
And God, our God, alone revered.

7s & 6s. NOEL'S COL.

1041. *Departure of Missionaries.*

1 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.

C. M. PSALMIST.

1042. *Missionaries' Farewell.*

1 KINDRED, and friends, and native land,
How shall we say, "Farewell?"
How—when our swelling sails expand—
How will our bosoms swell!

2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights
And tender ties we know;
But love more strong than death unites
To Him 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."

8s, 7s, & 4. S. F. SMITH.

1043. *The Missionary's Farewell.*

1 YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well:
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell:
Happy home, indeed I love thee;
Can I, can I say, "Farewell?"
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell.

THE YOUNG.

1044. C. M. GIBBONS.

Youth exhorted. Eccles. 12 : 1.

1 IN the bright season of thy youth—
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrives, and trembling waits
Its 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,
The heaven prepared for thee.

1045. C. M. WATTS.

The pious Instruction of Children. Ps. 78.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we 'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

1046. C. M. WATTS.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?
Ps. 119 : 9.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise;
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth:
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

1047. S. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

Seek the Lord while he may be found. Isai. 55 : 6.

1 MY son, know thou the Lord;
Thy fathers' God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

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

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

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

1048. C. M. LOGAN

Wisdom's Ways. Prov. 3 : 13–17.

1 HOW happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

1049. L. M. WATTS.

Religious Education.

1 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 sinful 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;
They in his praise employ their breath.

8s, 7s, & 4. UNION MINSTREL.

1050. *Children exhorted.*

1 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?
O, 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 Saviour's richest blessing;
On his precious name believe:
He is waiting;
Will you not his grace receive?

1051. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Encouragement to young Persons to seek Christ.
Prov. 8 : 17.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

1052. C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

Children's Song.

1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

5 Great God, impress this serious thought,
To-day, on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest.

1053. S. M.

My Father, the Guide of my Youth. Jer. 3 : 4.

1 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 path 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 O, let us never tread
The broad, destructive road;
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

1054. L. M. CH. MELODIST.

Thou art our Father. Isai. 63 : 16.

1 GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky.

2 Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3 Art thou my Father? I 'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4 Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

S. M. WATTS.

1055. *Praise for early Instruction.*

1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learned so young
To read his holy word.

2 Dear Lord! this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

3 O, may thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

4 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learned in vain.

S. M. FAWCETT

1056. *Prayer of the Young.*

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray:
O, bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 O, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined:
O, let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

C. M. UNION HYMNS.

1057. *Youthful Praise.*

1 GREAT God, in whom we live and move,
Accept our feeble praise
For all the mercy, grace, and love,
Which crown our youthful days.

2 For countless mercies, love unknown,
Lord, what can we impart?
Thou dost require one gift alone—
The offering of the heart.

3 Incline us, Lord, to give it thee;
Preserve us by thy grace,
Till death shall bring us all to see
Thy glory face to face.

C. M. COWPER.

1058. *Youthful Piety.*

1 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.

3 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.

1059. H. M. PRATT'S COL.

United Praise of Teachers and Children.

1 COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we 'll raise
To God alone all praise belongs—
Our earliest and our latest songs.

2 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:
To God alone your offerings bring;
Let young and old his praises sing.

3 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success;
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy sacred name here bless:
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
We 'll raise throughout eternity.

1060. 7s. CAMPBELL'S COL

Prayer for the Salvation of Children.

1 GOD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given;
Let them all thy blessings share—
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.

2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

3 When we see their passions rise,
Sinful habits unsubdued,
Then to thee we lift our eyes,
That their hearts may be renewed.

4 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.

5 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer—in mercy hear.

C. M. SEL. HYMNS.

1061.

Parental Prayer.

1 GREAT God, we would to thee make known
Each fond, parental 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.

1062.

S. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Solicitude for the Conversion of Children.

1 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, we pray,
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.

1063. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's condescending Regard to little Children

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
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 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
With humble trust that we are thine
Thine let our offspring be.

4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

1064. C. M. MOTHERS' HYMNS.

Prayer for Children.

1 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.

1065. C. M. CH. PSALMIST.

I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed. Isai. 44 : 3

1 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.

1066. S. M. FELLOWS

Parental Prayer.

1 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.

1067. S. M. DODDRIDGE

Children dedicated to Christ. Mark 10: 14.

1 THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms;
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these;
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

1068. 7s. MOTHERS' HYMNS.

Parents' Prayer for Divine Aid. Deut. 6: 7.
Isai. 38: 19.

1 LORD, assist us by thy grace
To instruct our infant race;
Grant us wisdom from above,
Fill us with a Saviour's love.

2 May we teach them day by day,
In the house, and by the way;
When they rise, or go to rest,
Till thy truth shall make them blest.

3 Gracious Saviour, hear our prayer;
We commit them to thy care;
Be their Shepherd and their Guide,
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

7s. GRAY.

1069. *Sabbath-school Hymn.*

1 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 blessed;
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.

L. M. UNION COL.

1070. *Sabbath-school Hymn.*

1 ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray;
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
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.

SEAMEN AND TRAVELLERS.

1071. C. M. Sel. Hymns.

The abundance of the sea converted. Isai. 60 : 5

1 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 Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

1072. L. M. Watts.

God's Wonders in the Sea. Ps. 107.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind,
Till God commands, 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 the loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm, and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wished to be.

5 O, may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private offerings bring
And in the church his glory sing.

C. M. ADDISON.

1073. *The Traveller's Psalm.*

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
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.

6 Our life, whilst thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

1074.

C. M. MADAN'S COL.

Who stilleth the noise of the seas. Ps. 65:7.

1 OUR little bark, on boisterous seas,
By cruel tempests tossed,
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 ceased 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 Saviour and our King.

1075. C. M. SACRED SONGS

The Lord of the Seas. Ps. 135:6.

1 WHEN o'er the mighty deep we rode,
By winds and storms assailed,
We called upon the ocean's God,
Whose mercy never failed.

2 The raging tempest heard thy voice,
The winds obeyed thy will;
The elements withheld their noise,
And all the floods were still.

3 With joy we hailed the distant shore,
And safe the vessel moored;
With grateful hearts, that happy hour,
We praised the ocean's Lord.

4 Thus, while o'er floods and seas we roam,
Thy goodness still we see;
Though distant from our native home,
We are not far from thee.

5 And when life's voyages are past,
And we are called to die,
O, may we see thy face at last,
In realms beyond the sky.

6 Then, as we join the heavenly bands,
Beyond the swelling wave,
We 'll praise thee with uplifted hands,
And sing thy power to save.

1076. 12s. HEBER.

Save, Lord, or we perish. Matt. 8:25.

1 WHEN through 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 seaman 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."

NEW YEAR.

1077. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam. 7:12.

1 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.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

1078. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God our Helper. Acts 26 : 22.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported, still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

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

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

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

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

1079. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Every good Gift from God. Jam. 1 : 17.

1 GOD of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound:
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see;
And constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.

3 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

4 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God:
In our affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

1080. L. M. COTTON

Grateful Recognition of God's Forbearance.

1 TEN thousand favors claim my song,
And each demands an angel's tongue;
Mercy sits smiling on the wings
Of every moment as it springs.

2 But O, with infinite surprise
I see returning years arise!
When unimproved the former score,
Lord, wilt thou trust me still with more?

3 The tribute of my heart receive,
'Tis the poor all I have to give;—
Thine by creation, make it thine
By sealing it with grace divine.

1081. 5s & 12s. C. WESLEY.

The New Year. 2 Tim. 4:7.

1 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 fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life is 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 near.

3 O, that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have 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."

C. M. NEWTON.

1082. *New Year Prayer.*

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

2 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin
Begin and end with thee.

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

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

C. M. BROWNE.

1083. *A solemn Charge to the Soul.*

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

2 Much of my 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 thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

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

1084. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation drawing near. Rom. 13 : 11.

1 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.

1085. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Flight of Time. Ps. 90 : 9.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of each revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

2 So 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 Awake, O God, my careless heart
Its great concerns 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 joy beyond the skies.

1086. C. P. M. EXETER COL.

Serious Reflection at the Year's End.

1 ETERNAL bliss and lasting woe
Hang on this inch of time below—
This short, uncertain breath:
My heavenly Father only knows
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

2 Before thy throne, great God, I bow,
And in these solemn moments, now
Would learn my real state:
While life, and health, and time endure,
May I thy pardoning grace secure,
Before it is too late.

3 If in destruction's road I stray,
Teach me to choose that better way,
Which leads to joys on high;
My soul renew, my sins forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live
Such as I dare not die.

4 With thee let every day be past;
And when that comes which proves my last,
May glory dawn within!
Relieve me then from every doubt,
And, ere life's glimmering lamp goes out,
Let endless joys begin.

1087. 7s. NEWTON.

One taken, and the other left. Matt. 24 : 40.

1 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 As the wingéd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love:
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

1088. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Uncertainty of Life.

1 GOD of my life, thy constant care
With blessings crowns each opening year;
This guilty life thou dost prolong,
And wake anew my annual song.

2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since, from this day, the changing sun
Has through his yearly period run!

3 We yet survive—but who can say
That through the year, or month, or day,
He shall retain his vital breath—
Or who has made a league with death?

4 To thee our spirits we resign—
O, keep and own them still as thine:
So shall we smile, secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

1089. 7s. FAWCETT

A Birth-day Hymn. Acts 26 : 22.

1 I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I 've known.

2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.

3 I my all to thee resign:
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.

4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power,
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let thine unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.

5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.

6 To thy will I leave the rest:
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

1090. 7s. BARBAULD

The Year crowned with Goodness. Ps. 65 : 11.

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

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

3 These, to that dear Source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4 Lord, to thee my soul should raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And, when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee for THYSELF alone.

1091. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Constancy of the Seasons. Gen. 8 : 22.

1 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 veil 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.

1092. L. M. PRESB. HYMNS.

Goodness of God in the Seasons.

1 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.

1093. L. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

He gave us fruitful Seasons. Acts 14 : 17.

1 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.

1094. C. M.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it. Ps. 65 : 9, 10

1 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 harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

1095. C. M. NEWTON.

Lo, the winter is past. Sol. Song, 2 : 11.

1 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.

4 My faith exults, that yet the spring
Of righteousness and praise
Our gracious God will surely bring,
And in all nations raise.

H. M. DWIGHT.

1096. *Spring.* Jer. 33 : 20–25.

1 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, | Through 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.

C. M. W. B. PEABODY.

1097. *Spring.* Sol. Song, 2 : 12.

1 WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
What prospects bright appear!

2 Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.

3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild-bird soars on high.

4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

5 No winter there, no shades of night,
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

1098.

7s & 6s.

Autumn.

1 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 bloom resigning,
Its lot foreshadows mine.

2 The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing—
All, all, like stars at even,
Just gleam and shoot away,
Pass on before to heaven,
And chide at my delay.

3 The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high,
And happy angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky
"Why wait," they say, "and wither,
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
O, rise to glory, hither.
And find true life begin."

4 I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,
A sinner, to salvation,
An exile to his home;
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

1099.

8s & 7s. HORN.

We all do fade as a leaf. Isai. 64 : 6.

1 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.

1100.

C. M. WATTS

Winter. Ps. 147 : 16, 17.

1 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 rattling hail,
The man that dares 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.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING AND FAST.

1101. 11s & 8s. MONTGOMERY.

God the Ruler of all. Ps. 100.

1 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.

1102. L. M. DR. FURMAN.

The Kingdom is the Lord's. Ps. 22: 23.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds above,
Thy glory, with unclouded rays,
Shines through the realms of light and love,
Inspiring angels with thy praise.

2 Thy power we own, thy grace adore;
Thou deign'st to visit man below!
And in affliction's darkest hour,
The humble shall thy mercy know.

3 These western States, at thy command,
Rose from dependence and distress;
Prosperity now crowns the land,
And millions join thy name to bless.

4 Praise is thy due, eternal King!
We 'll speak the wonders of thy love,
With grateful hearts our tribute bring,
And emulate the hosts above.

5 O! be thou still our guardian God;
Preserve these States from every foe;
From party rage, from scenes of blood,
From sin, and every cause of woe.

6 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
Display his grace, and saving power!
Here liberty and truth maintain,
Till empires fall to rise no more.

7s. SAC. LYRICS.

1103. *National Thanksgiving.*

1 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.

1104. 6s & 4s. S. F. SMITH

National Hymn.

1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

1105. L. P. M. ROSCOE.

The God of Nations. 1 Sam. 2:8.

1 GREAT God, beneath whose piercing eye
The world's extended kingdoms lie,
We bow before thy heavenly throne:
Thy favoring smile upholds them all;
Thine anger smites them, and they fall;
Thy power we see, thy greatness own.

2 To thee, with grateful hearts, we raise
The tribute of exulting praise,
Our country's Guardian, Guide, and Friend:
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last,
And still thy sheltering care extend.

L. M. PRESB. HYMNS.

1106. *National Praise.*

1 WE bless thy name, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land our fathers trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

2 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
For thou our country's arms didst guide,
And lead them on their conquering way.

3 We praise thee, that the gospel light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Scatters the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

4 When foes without, and foes within,
With threatening ills our land have pressed,
Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,
And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest.

5 O God, preserve us in thy fear,
In troublous times our helper be;
Diffuse thy truth's bright precepts here,
And may we worship only thee.

C. M. UREFORD.

1107. *Prayer for our Country.*

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O, hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most.

2 O, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend:
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

1108. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

A holy Nation.

1 LORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let every peaceful, private home,
A temple, Lord, to thee become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still, in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

1109. Peculiar. H. S. WASHBURN

God's Goodness adored.

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

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

C. M. HART.

1110. *Public Humiliation.* Ezek. 9:4.

1 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.

1111. C. M. WATTS.

National Fast. Lam. 5: 1-21.

1 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.

1112. C. M. Rippon's Col.

National Sins deplored. Ps. 80 : 3.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this 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,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

5 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

1113. 8s & 7s. Epis. Col

National Transgressions confessed.

1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface,
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

4 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

1114. L. M. DAVIES.

National Blessings implored. Deut. 4 : 29–31.

1 ON thee, our guardian God, we call;
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there;
And must we perish in despair?

2 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
O, spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here.

3 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises—
And are they unavailing pleas?

4 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

1115. L. M. BEDDOME.

Prayer for Peace. Ps. 46 : 9.

1 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 Let peace descend, with balmy wing,
And all its blessings round her shed;
Her liberties be well secured,
And commerce lift its fainting head.

3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.

4 Thus save, O Lord, a guilty land;
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

L. M. STEELE.

1116. *Prayer in Time of War.*

1 WITH all the boasted pomp of war
In vain we dare the hostile field;
In vain, unless the Lord be there;
Thine arm alone our land can shield.

2 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,
Let thy right hand our cause maintain
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.

3 Great God, the promised period bring,
Let standards be no more unfurled;
Come, peace, and bless with balmy wing
The eastern and the western world.

1117.

C. M. GIBBONS.

In Time of Drought. 1 Kings 8:35, 36.

1 HOW hast thou, Lord, in righteous wrath,
Blasted our promised joy!
The elements obeyed thy nod,
Our prospects to destroy.

2 The sun, at thy dread order, now
Darts down destructive fires;
Hills, plains, and vales, are parched with drought,
And blooming life expires.

3 Like burnished brass the heaven around
In angry terrors burns,
While earth appears a joyless waste,
And into iron turns.

4 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging skies relent,
And showers of mercy send.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1118. *After a Fire.*

1 ETERNAL God, our humbled souls
Before thy presence bow;
With all thy magazines of wrath,
How terrible art thou!

2 Enrobed in glowing sheets of flame,
Destruction rears its head;
And blackened walls, and smoking heaps,
Through all our streets are spread.

3 Lord, in the dust we lay us down,
And mourn thy righteous ire,
Yet bless the hand of guardian love
That snatched us from the fire.

4 O, may we view with dauntless eyes
The last tremendous day,
When earth, and seas, and stars, and skies,
In flames shall melt away.

C. M. BEDDOME

1119. *In Time of Pestilence.*

1 THE Lord in judgment now appears.
And spreads his wrath abroad;
Sinners are filled with boding fears,
By righteous vengeance awed.

2 Seized by inveterate disease,
What crowds of victims fall!
Insatiate death relentless preys.
Nor spares the great or small.

3 Lord, we our sin and guilt confess,
Yet mercy would implore;
To mitigate our sore distress,
Display thy mighty power.

4 Say, "'Tis enough," and give command—
Disease shall then retire,
And rosy health revive our land,
Now trembling at thine ire.

1120. C. M. BREVIARY.

Rend your hearts, and not your garments. Joel 2: 13

1 O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee:
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

4 O, righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

MORNING AND EVENING.

1121. L. M. WATTS

Morning Hymn. Ps. 19: 5–8.

1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way

3 But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow every wandering star.

4 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

1122. L. M. WATTS.

God the Former of Light and Darkness. Isai. 45:7

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

1123. L. M. KEN

Morning Vows.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I to thee my vows renew;
Dispel my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with true delight,
In thy sole glory may unite.

C. M. WATTS.

1124. *Lord's Day Morning.* Ps. 5.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his 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 But 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 straight
And plain before my face.

1125. C. M. WATTS.

His compassions new every morning. Lam. 3 : 13

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To hurry us away.

4 Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's most righteous law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

5 God is our Sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frame lies safe, at night,
Beneath his guardian wings.

1126. C. M. WATTS

Morning Thanksgiving.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats:
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the 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 would rouse his wrath to flame
And yet his wrath delays.

4 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

1127. C. M. STEELE.

When I awake, I am still with thee. Ps. 139: 18.

1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed mine eyes,
And woke from sweet repose.

4 O, let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

1128. 7s. CH. PSALMODY

Morning Thanksgiving and Prayer.

1 THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful, from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh:
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

3 Thou hast kept me through the night;
'T was thy hand restored the light:
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

4 Still my feet are prone to stray;
O, preserve me through the day:
Dangers everywhere abound;
Sins and snares beset me round.

5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

1129. S. M. DWIGHT

Dedication to God, our Preserver. Ps. 3:5

1 SERENE I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near!

2 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?

3 O! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

4 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Tinged with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

5 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

1130. C. M. KIPPIS.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray.
Ps. 55 : 17.

1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend,
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys,
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
The sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press mine eyes,
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wondrous acts proclaim,
Whilst all with me shall praise and sing,
And bless thy sacred name.

6 At morn, at noon, at night, I 'll still
The pleasing work pursue,
And thee alone will praise, to whom
All praise is ever due.

1131. 7s. EPIS. C. L

Morning Prayer.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now is passed the early dawn:
Lord, we would be thine to-day:
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noonday clear;
Banish every doubt and fear:
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor we would pray.

3 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us all at last:
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

L. M. WATTS.

1132. *Early Vows.*

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

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

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

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

C. M. RIPPON'S COL.

1133. *The First-fruits of the Day.*

1 TO thee let our first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favoring hand be nigh!
So oft vouchsafed before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore!

3 Be this, and every future day,
Still wiser than the past;
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1134. *Happiness of serving God.*

1 THRICE happy souls, who, heirs of heaven
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2 Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

L. M. WATTS.

1135. *Evening Hymn.* Ps. 4:8.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

C. M. WATTS.

1136. *Evening Hymn.* Ps. 141:2.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But, O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul?
Alas! my sins are multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

1137. L. M. STEELE.

An Evening Prayer. Prov. 3 : 24.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude, I raise;
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance, at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

S. M. CURTIS'S COL.

1138.

Isai. 26 : 3.

1 ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.

2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

S. M.

1139.

Solemn Reflections.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O, may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near!

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

C. M. H. K. WHITE.

1140. *Family Worship.*

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lowly band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray,
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

4 O, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

6 And thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,
And thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

1141. L. M. KEN.

I meditate on thee in the night watches. Ps. 63; 6.

1 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 ills 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
With joy behold the judgment-day.

4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

5 Lord, let my heart forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

1142. 7s. G. W. DOANE.

The Night cometh. John 9 : 4.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

1143. 8s & 7s. EDMESTON

Evening Prayer. Prov. 3 : 24.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits 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 cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

C. M. WATTS.

1144. *Relying on God.* Ps. 4 : 3–8.

1 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 mine 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.

C. M. MASON.

1145. *Evening Devotion.*

1 NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let holy incense rise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favor, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

4 Lord of our lives, whose hand hath set
New time upon the score—
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

S. M. RELIEF HYMNS.

1146. *Family Religion.* Gen. 12 : 7, 8.

1 IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee,
And seek to keep my heart and home
From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I pitch my tent
An altar I would raise,
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

PARTING HYMNS.

7s. NEWTON.

1147. *Mizpah.* Gen. 31 : 49.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

S. M. FAWCETT.

1148. *Mutual Love.*

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

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

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

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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

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

C. M. A. SUTTON.

1149. *Separated, yet united.*

1 HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail! sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven:
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around your cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot:
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again:
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

1150. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Every one members one of another. Rom. xii. 5.

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

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

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

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

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

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

1151. S. M. C. Wesley.

One fold and one Shepherd. John 10 : 16.

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O, let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below,
And, following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

5 When all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering, and our pain,
We 'll meet on that eternal shore,
And never part again.

1152. L. M. H. K. White

We shall meet again.

1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

1153. S. M. HAWKES'S COL

Parting in hope of meeting in Heaven.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
O, bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
We 'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

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

1154. 8s & 7s, peculiar. MRS. MACGOWAN.

Eternal Union.

1 WHEN in this world of grief and pain,
We from our friends must sever,
'Tis sweet to look beyond this scene,
Where we shall meet forever.

2 Though time and absence may estrange
The hearts once knit together,
Yet severed friends shall meet again,
To part no more forever—

3 Where partings ne'er shall sink the heart,
Where sorrow enters never,
And sin no longer can defile
Those whom we love forever.

4 Sweet thought! this earth is not our rest,
When troubles crowd together;
But one with Jesus we shall dwe'l,
And reign with him forever.

L. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

1155. *Joyful in Hope.*

1 WHILE in the world we still remain,
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.

2 The hope that we shall see that day,
Should chase our present griefs away;
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.

3 Then let us here improve these hours,
Improve them to a Saviour's praise;
To him with zeal devote our powers,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

1156.

C. P. M. SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

And he shall go no more out. Rev. 3 : 12.

1 NAY, shrink not from the word "farewell,"
As if 't were friendship's final knell;
Such fears may prove but vain:
So changeful is life's fleeting day,
Whene'er we sever, Hope may say—
"We part *to meet again.*"

2 E'en the last parting earth can know,
Brings not unutterable woe
To souls that heavenward soar:
Faith shows a brighter world on high,
Where hearts that here at parting sigh,
May meet—*to part no more.*

1157. *Dismission.*

8s, 7s, & 4. BURDER.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

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

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angels' wings, to heaven—
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

1158.

6s & 5s, peculiar. SEL. HYMNS.

Reunion in Heaven.

1 WHEN shall we meet again?—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

L. M. HART.

1159. *Dismission.*

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

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.

8s & 7s. NEWTON.

1160. *Benediction.* 2 Cor. 13: 14.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

1161. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Thou carriest us away as with a flood. Ps. 90 : 5.

1 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.

1162. C. M. WATTS.

We spend our years as a tale that is told. Ps. 90 : 9.

1 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.

C. M. WATTS.

1163. *Shortness of Life.* Ps. 39 : 4–7.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast—
An inch or two of time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 What can I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures—earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

1164.

S. M. WATTS.

The Frailty of Life. Ps. 90 : 10–12.

LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas! 't was brittle clay
That formed our body first;
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace;
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
We soon shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity

L. M. STEELE.

1165. *Vanity of Life.* Ps. 39.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days!
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O, be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

C. M. WATTS.

1166. *Earthly Pleasures dangerous.*

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

2 The brightest things below the sky
Shine with deceiving light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

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

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

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

1167. S. M. DODDRIDGE

Boast not thyself of to-morrow. Prov. 24:1.

1 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.

1168 C. M. WATTS.

Our days few and evil. Gen. 47 : 9.

1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days,
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few," the patriarch says:
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

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

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

1169. C. M. WATTS.

The Solemnity of Life and Death.

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

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're travelling to the grave.

3 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!—
The final state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

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

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

1170.

L. M. FAWCETT.

Job 7 : 6.

1 THE short-lived day declines in haste,
The night of death approaches fast;
With rapid speed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.

2 As vanishes the fleeting shade,
As flowers before the evening fade,
Such is the life of feeble man;
His days are measured by a span.

3 Be this my one, my great concern,
The way of life and peace to learn—
To know my dear Redeemer's love,
And his renewing grace to prove.

1171.

8s & 4s.

They are as a sleep. Ps. 90 : 5.

1 ALAS! how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here!—
Dreams of a sleep that death must break:
Alas! before it bids us wake,
They disappear.

2 Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe
When age comes on.

3 Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all those glittering toys are brought;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

2 O, let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, like its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

1172. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. Eccles. 1 : 2.

1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind 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 vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we 're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

1173. C. M. WATTS.

All flesh is grass. Isai. 40 : 6 1 Pet. 1 : 24.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear;
But we 'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

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

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

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first;
All glory to th' Almighty Name
That reared us from the dust.

1174. L. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to improve our time. Eccles. 9 : 4–10

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure 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 is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 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.

5 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

1175. C. M. WATTS.

What is man? Ps. 144 : 3–6.

1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.

2 O, what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace?

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love!

4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share;
Help us to spend them in thy praise,
Unworthy as we are.

1176. C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

One thing is needful. Luke 10 : 42.

1 NO room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

2 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

3 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

4 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way,
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart;
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

DEATH.

1177. L. M. WATTS.

God eternal, and Man mortal. Ps. 90.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne e'er heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man:
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, is just—
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an ever-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life 's a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower
Cut down and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be
Prepared to die, and dwell with thee.

1178. C. M. WATTS

A Funeral Thought.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
Mine 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,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

1179. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

It is appointed unto all men once to die. Heb. 9 : 27.

1 HEAVEN has confirmed the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die:
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell!

3 Once you must die, and once for all:
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heaven or hell depends
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O, may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend,
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

1180. C. M. HEBER.

Warnings.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, sinner, turn: thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

4 Turn, Christian, turn: thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live in heaven—or hell.

1181. C. M. RELIEF HYMNS.

Job 3: 17–22.

1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
When days of grief are past!
The silent, solitary house
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 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

4 All, levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb—
Till God in judgment call them forth,
To meet their final doom.

1182. C. M. WATTS

Thoughts of Death and Glory. Ps. 90: 12.

1 MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 O, could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:

3 Then we should see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our soul should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away,
To their eternal home.

1183. L. M. WATTS.

Prayer for Life. Ps. 102: 23–28.

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Impairs our strength amid the race;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare, gracious Lord, O spare, we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day;
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief
This thought our sorrows shall assuage—
"Our Father and our Saviour lives;
Thou art the same through every age."

4 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This fading world shall they survive,
And rise to glorious life again.

1184. C. M. WATTS.

Longing to Die. 2 Tim. 4: 8.

1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

3 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

4 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From every ill design,
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

5 God is my everlasting aid,
My portion and my friend;
To him be highest glory paid,
Through ages without end.

1185. C. M. COLLYER.

He will be our Guide even unto death. Ps. 48 : 14.

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command;—

2 When weeping friends surround my bed,
To close my sightless eyes,
And, shattered by the dire disease,
This broken body lies;—

3 When every long-loved scene of life
Stands ready to depart,
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart;—

4 Then, O thou source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

5 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my fainting head,
And with a ray of love divine
Illume my dying bed.

1186. L. M. WATTS.

The Presence of Christ makes Death easy.

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

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

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

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

1187. C. M. WATTS.

Faith triumphant. 1 Cor. 15 : 55.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing—
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, 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 conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

1188. C. M. WATTS.

The Death of Moses. Deut. 32 : 49, 50.

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

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

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

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

1189. C. M. BEDDOME.

Prayer for a happy Death.

1 IF I must die, O, let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, O, let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.

3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view,
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I 'll boldly venture through.

1190. L. M. LOGAN.

Now let thy servant depart in peace. Luke 2 : 29.

1 THE hour of my departure 's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run,
The combat 's o'er, the prize is won,
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record 's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust,
And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless, prove a friend.

5 I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand:
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms!

1191. 7s & 4. MRS. GILBERT.

Christ's Presence desired. Ps. 23 : 4.

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Blest Redeemer, soothe my fears,
Light me through the gloomy way:
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day;—

2 Upward from this dying state
Bid my waiting soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate;
To thy praise attune my lyre
Then, triumphant,
I will join th' immortal choir.

3 When the mighty trumpet blown,
Shall the judgment dawn proclaim—
From the central burning throne
Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransomed,
Thou wilt own my worthless name.

1192. 8s & 4s, peculiar.

What mean ye to weep, and to break my heart?
Acts 21 : 13.

1 WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing;
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me:
Christ is mine—he will not fail me;
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength forever!
Weep not for me.

1193. *Faith triumphing.* C. M. WATTS. Job 19 : 25.

1 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;
For Jesus my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour, 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.

1194. 7s. TOPLADY.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

1 DEATHLESS Spirit, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Go to shine before the throne,
Deck the Mediator's crown.

2 Lo, he beckons from on high;
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.

3 Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on him—
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

4 Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

1195. L. M. WATTS.

The peaceful Slumber of the Grave.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
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.

1196. C. M. STEELE.

But a step between me and death. 1 Sam. 20 : 3.

1 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 engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

4 O, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

5 Great God! thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

C. M.

1197. *Death of a Youth.* Prov. 8 : 17.

1 HOW short the race our friend has run!
Cut down in all his bloom;
The course but yesterday begun,
Now finished in the tomb!

2 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon
Thy years may end their flight;
Long, long before life's brilliant noon,
May come death's gloomy night.

3 To serve thy God no longer wait,
To-day his voice regard:
To-morrow Mercy's open gate
May be forever barred.

4 Hear how the Lord reveals his grace,
Thy youthful love to gain:—
"The soul that early seeks my face
Shall never seek in vain."

1198. C. M. WATTS.

The righteous hath hope in his death. Prov. 14 32.

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

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'T was there 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, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

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

1199.

6s & 8s, peculiar. MONTGOMERY.

Reunion above.

1 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 final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 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.

4 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.

1200.

7s. COLLYER.

To die is gain. Phil. 1 : 21.

1 WHEN I tread the mortal vale,
Where the shades of death prevail,
Saviour, guide my trembling feet,
Through this last, this still retreat;
Let thy glory chase its gloom,
Light the feeble traveller home,
Never leave me till I stand
Safe in yonder heavenly land.

2 When I bow my sinking head,
Seeking rest among the dead;
When my pulses, throbbing slow,
Tell the tide of life runs low:
Hear me, my Almighty Friend!
Watch, sustain me to the end;
Smiling through my dying tears,
I will then dismiss my fears

3 Thee, Redeemer, I pursue,
All life's weary journey through
Other interests I resign,
Only tell me thou art mine;
And when mortal agonies
Break my heart-strings, glaze mine eyes,
Let me but this prize obtain,
I shall prove—"to die is gain."

1201. L. M. BARBAULD.

The righteous Dead blessed. Rev. 14 : 13.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
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 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' 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!"

1202. C. M. Relief Hymns.

Not dead, but sleeping. Matt. 9 : 24.

1 IT is not dying, when our friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends—
Then why dejected weep?

2 Why inconsolable as those
To whom no hope is given?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heaven.

3 As Jesus died, and rose again,
Victorious from the dead,
So his disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.

1203. Peculiar. Montgomery.

The righteous taken away from the evil to come.
Isai. 57 : 1.

1 THIS place is holy ground;
World, with its cares, away;
A holy, solemn stillness round
This lifeless, mouldering clay:
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

2 Behold the bed of death—
The pale and mortal clay;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
No; life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

3 Why mourn the pious dead?
Why sorrows swell our eyes?
Can sighs recall the spirit fled?
Shall vain regrets arise?
Though death has caused this altered mien,
In heaven the ransomed soul is seen.

4 Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead: in Christ they sleep
Who bore on earth his cross;
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image, to the skies.

1204. P. M. POPE.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark!—they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away;"
What is this absorbs me quite?—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears;
Heaven opens on mine eyes; mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

1205. 8s & 7s. PRESB. HYMNS.

Death abolished. 1 Tim. 2: 10.

1 WHY lament the Christian dying?
Why indulge in tears or gloom?
Calmly on the Lord relying,
He can greet the opening tomb.

2 What if death, with icy fingers,
All the fount of life congeals?
'Tis not there thy brother lingers,
'Tis not death his spirit feels.

3 Though for him thy soul is mourning,
Though with grief thy heart is riven,
While his flesh to dust is turning,
All his soul is filled with heaven.

4 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
Now forbid his longer stay;
See him rise o'er death victo'ious,
Angels beckon him away.

5 Hark! the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds unearthly fill his ear:
Millions now in heaven singing,
Greet his joyful entrance there.

1206. L. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

The still and peaceful grave. Job 3: 17.

1 THE grave is now a favored spot
To saints, who sleep in Jesus blest;
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest;—

2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms,
At rest as in a peaceful bed,
Secure from all the dreadful storms
Which round this sinful world are spread.

3 Thrice happy souls, who 've gone before
To that inheritance divine!
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

1207. C. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of the righteous Dead. Rev. 14: 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 "They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
They 're freed from every snare.

3 "Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

1208. 12s & 11s. HEBER.

Sorrow mingled with Hope. 1 Thess. 4 : 13.

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour 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 behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

1209. 8s & 7s. MOTHERS' HYMNS.

Thy will be done. Matt. 26 : 39.

1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
Let us, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2 Though cast down, we 're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, thy will be done.

3 Fill us now with deep contrition;
Take away these hearts of stone;
While we all, with true submission,
Meekly say, "Thy will be done."

4 Though to-day we 're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

1210. C. M.

Death of the Righteous. Numb. 23 : 10.

1 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 mourner's 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.

1211. S. M. Ch. Psalmody.

Death of the Righteous. Numb. 23 : 10.

1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long-succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give—
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

1212. 8s & 7s. COLLYER.

Now he is comforted. Luke 16 : 25.

1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Endless pleasure pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There, no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

1213. C. M. NEWTON.

Present with the Lord. 2 Cor. 5 : 8.

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death—
The glories that surround the saint
When he resigns his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, "He 's gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne!

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace its heavenward flight:
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much—and this is all—we know:
They are supremely blest—
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with the Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
His presence always view;—
And, if we here their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise him too.

C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

1214. *Hope of Reunion in Heaven.*

1 IF death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Or frown my tears to see;
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bidd'st me mourn in calm distress
For them that rest in thee.

2 I feel a strong, immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up
Beneath its mountain-load:
Redeem'd from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again
Within the arms of God.

3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death has snatched away;
For me thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend,
In that eternal day.

1215. L. M. Mrs. Mackay.

Asleep in Jesus. 1 Thess. 4 : 14.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep—
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

1216. L. M. Relief Hymns.

Not lost, but gone before.

1 SAY, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

2 How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er!
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth,
They are not lost—but gone before.

3 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost—but gone before.

4 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love,
The friends not lost—but gone before.

1217. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Death of a Minister. Josh. 1 : 2–5.

1 WHAT though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade;
What though our teacher and our friend
Is numbered with the dead;—

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The agéd and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And dumb th' instructive tongue;—

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
His teaching to impart:
Lord, be our Leader and our Guide,
And rule and keep our heart.

4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what He gives,
Who lives for evermore.

1218. S. M. MONTGOMERY

Death of a Minister. Matt. 25 : 21, 28.

1 "SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the vict'ry 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 Saviour's joy.

C. M. PRESB. HYMNS.

1219. *Death of a Pastor.*

1 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 victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,
And miss his tender care;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The crown shall soonest wear.

5 And is not He who called them home,
Still to his church most nigh;
To bid yet other laborers come,
And all her need supply?

6 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!"

C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

1220. *Death of a Minister.*

1 FAR from affliction, toil, and care,
The happy soul is fled;
The breathless clay shall slumber here,
Among the silent dead.

2 The gospel was his joy and song,
E'en to his latest breath;
The truth he had proclaimed so long
Was his support in death.

3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this changeful sphere;
His soul was ripened for that bliss,
While yet he sojourned here.

4 The church's loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear;
Since we shall see his face no more,
Till Jesus shall appear.

5 But we are hasting to the tomb;
O, may we ready stand;
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand.

C. M. PRESB. HYMNS.

1221. *Death of a Pastor.*

1 THY visitation, Lord, is come,
Our pastor is no more;
We meet within thy sacred dome,
And here our loss deplore.

2 Great God, while we are desolate,
O leave us not alone;
Help us to watch, and pray, and wait,
Till thou in love return.

3 Let not the candlestick remove
From this thine own abode;
But let our supplications prove
That we prevail with God.

4 O, send a messenger of peace,
A pastor of thy choice;
Bid all our sighs and sorrows cease,
And cause us to rejoice.

1222. 6s. LUTHER.

The Blood of the Martyrs the Seed of the Church

1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

2 Jesus hath now received
Their latest living breath;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death:
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, triumph-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one availing Name.

1223. L. M. C. WESLEY.

It is well with the child. 2 Kings 4 : 26.

1 WITH all our soul, O Lord, we give
The child thy love hath snatched away;
On earth we would not have him live,
With us we would not have him stay.

2 When Jesus in the clouds appears,
With him we shall in glory reign,
We and the children he hath given,
Inseparably joined in heaven.

3 No, if a wish could call him back,
We would not have our darling son
Brought from his everlasting rest,
Snatched from his heavenly Father's breast.

1224. 7s. C. WESLEY.

On the Death of a Child. 2 Sam. 12 : 23.

1 WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay,
God recalls the precious loan,
God hath taken him away,
From my bosom to his own:
Surely what he wills is best,
Happy in his will, I rest.

3 Faith cries out, It is the Lord,
Let him do as seems him good;
Be thy holy name adored,
Take the gift awhile bestowed:
Take the child no longer mine,
Thine he is, forever thine.

1225. C. M.

Another Lily gathered.

1 THE measured journey to the grave
Is dark to him who fears
To scan the blotted memories
Of unrepented years.

2 To us who bear this child to-day,
No pang like this is given;
The door we shut upon its tomb,
Incloses it in heaven.

1226. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Loss of Children. Isai. 56 : 5.

1 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 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly Parent nigh.

3 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In mine own house a place;
No names of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace.

4 "Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give;
In endless honor and delight
My children all shall live."

5 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which, thro' our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

1227. L. M. E. BRADFORD.

Death of a Sabbath-school Teacher.

1 IN vain we wait his presence now;
He comes not to his wonted seat;
No more with us in prayer he'll bow,
Or join our tuneful numbers sweet.

2 No more his youthful charge he'll lead
Along the straight and narrow way;
Urge them true wisdom's voice to heed,
And seek their God without delay.

3 For him in vain his class will seek—
His empty seat but mocks their gaze;
He will not come from his long sleep
Till God's last trump his dust shall raise.

4 But though from these loved scenes withdrawn,
And from the earthly Sabbath's light,
We trust his spirit hails the dawn
Of heaven's eternal Sabbath bright.

5 Thus, one by one, we all shall go,
And leave our places vacant here;
But in the better land, we know
They never shed the parting tear.

1228. C. M. Ch. Melodist.

Death of a Sabbath-school Scholar.

1 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 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first, but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

3 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.

4 Then to thy wisdom and thy care
We would resign our days;
Content to live and serve thee here,
Or die and sing thy praise.

RESURRECTION.

1229. S. M. Watts.

My flesh shall rest in hope. Ps. 16 : 9.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

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

5 O Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till strains of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

1230. C. M. STEELE.

The Corruptible raised. 1 Cor. 15 : 53.

1 LIFE is a span—a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears;
There joys shall never die.

1231. C. M. RELIEF HYMNS.

Resurrection anticipated. 1 Thess. 4 : 14–17.

1 THE time draws nigh when, from the clouds,
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

2 Then they who live shall changéd be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves their ancient charge shall yield,
And earth's foundations shake.

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly host, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together to their Father's house,
With joyful hearts they go,
And dwell forever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

5 A few short years of evil passed,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

1232. C. M. RELIEF HYMNS.

Death vanquished. 1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17.

1 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?"

1233. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Resurrection a Pledge of ours. Rom. 8 : 11.

1 WHEN from the dead God raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

2 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

3 There 's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

4 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

1234. L. M. WATTS.

Christ the Resurrection and the Life. John 11 : 25.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is mine 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.

1235. C. M. H. K. WHITE.

Passing 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!

C. M. WATTS.

1236. *The Dead called forth.*

1 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!

1237. 7s. (6 lines.) J. East.

The Resurrection Harvest. 1 Cor. 15 : 42–44.

1 IN thy furrow, darksome grave,
Low, beneath thy heavy clod—
Deep, below the keel-ploughed wave—
Earth or ocean their abode,
Safe, though long forgotten, lie
Seeds of immortality.

2 They must live, like precious grain
Starting into life and bloom:
They must rise, for "He must reign"—
Jesus, who despoiled the tomb —
He, the Resurrection, lives:
He the promised harvest gives.

3 See! the mighty angel stands!
Hark! the resurrection blast!
Lo! the sickle in his hands
Reaps the harvest in at last:
Heaven is filled with glorious store,
Gathered to its golden floor.

4 O my soul! is Jesus thine—
Thine his resurrection power?
'Tis enough:—thy dust resign,
Till thy Lord's triumphant hour;
Vile and worthless as it is,
It shall share thy spirit's bliss.

JUDGMENT.

1238. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Anticipation of Judgment. Rev. 20 : 11–15.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
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?

4 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come, at his command, to heaven,
Or else depart—to hell.

5 O Thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die—
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery—

6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

1239. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Judgment for every Deed. Matt. 12 : 36.

1 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, ought I 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 power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
In all I speak or do.

5 Behold, thou standest at the door;
O, let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear!

1240. C. M. WATTS.

The Day of the Lord will come. 2 Pet. 3 : 10.

1 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 mine 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.

1241. C. P. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Apprehension of Judgment. Matt. 25 : 31–46.

1 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.

1242. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Death followed by Judgment. Heb. 9 : 27.

1 THE day approaches, O my soul–
The great decisive day—
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another day more awful dawns,
And, lo! the Judge appears:
Ye heavens, retire before his face;
And sink, ye darkened stars.

3 Yet does one short, preparing hour—
One precious hour—remain:
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

1243. C. M. ADDISON.

A fearful looking for of judgment. Heb. 10 : 27.

1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O, how shall I appear?

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear?

4 Yet never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.

1244. C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

Realizing Views of Eternity. Rev. 20 : 11–15.

1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

3 Before me place in dread 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 serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above—
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

1245. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Prepare to meet God. Rev. 6: 13–17.

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

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

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
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 his cross,
And find salvation there.

7s. T. VON CELANO.

1246. *Pleading for Acceptance.*

1 ON that great, that awful day,
This vain world shall pass away,
And before the Maker stand
All the creatures of his hand—

2 Then shall all the nations meet
At th' eternal judgment-seat,
And, unveiled before his eye,
All the works of man shall lie.

3 O, in that destroying hour,
Source of goodness, Source of power,
Show thou, of thine own free grace,
Help unto a helpless race.

4 Hear, and pity: hear, and aid;
Spare the creatures thou hast made
Fold us with the sheep that stand
Pure and safe at thy right hand.

1247.

Peculiar M. LUTHER.

Prepare to meet thy God. Amos 4 : 12.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne.
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Before his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

L. M. ROSCOMMON

1248. *The Last Day.*

1 THE day of wrath, that awful day,
Shall all the world in ashes lay;
The last loud trumpet's mighty sound
Shall wake the nations under ground.

2 The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known;
Nature and death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise.

3 Thou great Redeemer of mankind,
Let guilty souls now favor find;
My God, my Saviour, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

4 O, save me from the dark abyss,
And raise me to the world of bliss;
Give my preparéd soul a place
Among the chosen heirs of grace.

L. M. WALTER SCOTT.

1249. *The Last Day.*

1 THE 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?—

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

3 O, 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.

1250. S. M. BEDDOME.

Scenes of the Judgment. Matt. 16 : 27.

1 BEHOLD, the day is come;
The righteous Judge is near;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 Angels, in bright attire,
Conduct him through the skies;
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,
Attend him as he flies.

3 How awful is the sight!
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

4 The whole creation groans;
But saints arise and sing:
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

1251. 8s, 7s, & 4. RIPPON'S COL.

Come, ye blessed of my Father. Matt. 25 : 34.

1 LO! he cometh: countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels
See their great exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him;
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father;
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

252. 8s, 7s, & 4. OLIVER.

Christ coming to Judgment. Rev. 1:7.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall forever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
"Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment!—come away!"

4 Now the Saviour, 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.

1253. S. M. DWIGHT.

A coming Judgment.

1 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—
And soon, your injured, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.

11s & 12s. MILMAN.

1254. *The Chariot.*

1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are 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 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.

C. M. ANDERSON'S COL.

1255. Rev. 20 : 11-15.

1 SOON will a day of clouds and fire
Upon the earth appear,
When all the living and the dead
Shall stand at Jesus' bar.

2 The sea, by mighty tempests stirred,
With all her waves shall roar,
Shall back return the dead therein,
And put her prey on shore.

3 The trembling mountains far shall move,
And hearts for fear shall fail,
And all the kindreds of the earth
In great distress shall wail.

4 O Lamb of God, thou King of saints,
Thou righteous Judge, to thee
I fly for help; at thy right hand
Shall my asylum be.

5 Before thy feet, once pierced for sin,
With reverence, I'll adore;
And sing thy grace, and praise thy name,
My God, for evermore.

1256. L. M. HEBER.

The Lord will come. Matt. 26 : 64.

1 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 Lord will come; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed 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?
The Nazarene? The Crucified?

5 The guilty to the rocks complain,
And seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy "The Lord is come."

L. M. WATTS.

1257. *Christ the Judge.* Ps. 97

1 HE reigns! the Lord the Saviour reigns!
Sing to his name in lofty strains;
Let all the earth in songs rejoice,
And in his praise exalt their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption 's nigh.

L. M. DAVIES.

1258. Isai. 24 : 18-20.

1 HOW great, how terrible that God
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame.

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

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

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

1259. L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

The Judgment anticipated. Rev. 20 : 11–15.

1 METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Awed by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful books displayed,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by Heaven's unerring pen.

4 To every soul, the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward:
Sinners in vain lament and pine;
No pleas the Judge will here regard.

5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve
There may I read my name enrolled,
And triumph in redeeming love.

HEAVEN.

1260. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

A Rest for the People of God. Heb. 4 : 9.

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

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues;—

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

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

8s & 6s. W. B. TAPPAN.

1261. *The Heavenly Home.*

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven—
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

8s & 6s.

1262. *There's Rest in Heaven.*

1 THERE is a land of calm delight
To sorrowing mortals given:
There rapturous scenes enchant the sight,
And all to soothe their souls unite;
Sweet is their rest in—heaven.

2 There glory beams on all the plains,
And joy for hope is given;
There music swells in sweetest strains,
And spotless beauty ever reigns,
And all is love in—heaven.

3 There is a stream that ever flows
To passing pilgrims given;
There fairest fruit immortal grows;
The verdant flower eternal blows
Amid the field of—heaven.

4 There is a great and glorious prize
For those with sin who 've striven;
'Tis bright as star of evening skies,
And far above it glittering lies
A golden crown in—heaven.

1263. C. M. R. TURNBULL.

Mansions of the Blessed. John 14 : 2.

1 THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies;—
My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.

2 In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete:
There, there adieus are sounds unknown;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.

1264. L. M.

No need of the Sun. Rev. 21 23.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant 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.

C. H. M. BEETHOVEN COL.

1265.

Rev. 21 : 4.

1 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 the shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

2 Heaven is the place where Jesus lives
To plead his dying blood;
While to his prayers the Father gives
An unknown multitude,
Whose harps and tongues, through endless days,
Shall joy to swell his lasting 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 th' eternal throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

1266.

L. M. BERRIDGE.

They shall walk with me in white. Rev. 3 : 4, 5.

1 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 height 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.

267. *Saints in Heaven.* Isai. 25 : 8. 7s. RAFFLES.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed 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;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

1268. 8s & 7s. KELLY.

Glorious Hope.

1 WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There 's an end of war forever;
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.

2 After warfare, rest is pleasant:
O, how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this:
Toil, and pain, and conflict, past,
All endear repose at last.

3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore—
Blessed thought!—no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4 O, that hope! how bright, how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest.

1269. L. M. SAC. LYRICS.

The Song of Triumph. Rev. 7 : 13-17.

1 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 Saviour 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.

1270. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

The glorified Saints. Rev. 7 : 13–17.

1 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;
Them 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.

10s & 11s, peculiar. J. STRAPHAN.

1271. *The Bliss of Heaven*

1 ON wings of faith, mount up, my soul, and rise;
View thine inheritance beyond the skies;
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell:
There our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

2 No withering grief, no sad, heart-rending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain;
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear:
There our Redeemer lives, &c.

3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides:
Here the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears:
There our Redeemer lives, &c.

4 No rising sun his needless beams displays.
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads
There our Redeemer lives, &c.

5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires!—
Jesus! to thee my longing soul aspires!
When shall I at my heavenly home arrive—
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
For there my Saviour is all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious

C. M. WATTS.

1272. *The Purity of Heaven.*

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath 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.

1273. C. M. WATTS.

His servants shall serve him. Rev. 22 : 3.

1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they are!
And, like a raging flood,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And force us from our God.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There to fulfil his sweet commands
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our wingéd zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we ever sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
While heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 Forever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

1274. L. M. WATTS.

I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness
Ps. 17 : 15.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream—an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O, glorious hour! O, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

C. M. WATTS.

1275. *Rejoicing in Hope.*

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

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

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

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

C. M. WATTS.

1276. *The promised Land.*

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

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

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

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

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
'd fearless launch away.

1277. C. M. WATTS.

The heavenly Jerusalem. Rev. 21 : 1-4.

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

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

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And heavenly armies sing—
"Ye saints, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode—
His saints the objects of his grace,
And he their faithful God.

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

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

1278. C. M. WATTS.

A house eternal in the heavens. 2 Cor. 5 : 1–8.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

1279. C. M. WATTS.

The heavenly Canaan.

1 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.

1280. 11s. MUHLENBURG.

I would not live alway. Job 7 : 16.

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

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

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

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

1281. L. M. WATTS.

A Vision of Heaven. Rev. 19 : 6.

1 O FOR a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed with a body like our own.

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

3 O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And echo, from each heavenly hill,
The glorious triumphs of their King!

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

1282. C. M. BEDDOME.

The final Adieu.

1 THERE is a world of perfect bliss
Above the starry skies;
Oppressed with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift mine eyes.

2 'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind, with guilt no more oppressed,
Is tranquil and serene.

3 Discord and strife are banished thence,
Distrust and slavish fear;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.

4 Farewell to earth and earthly things:
In vain they tempt my stay:
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away.

5 I long to see my Father's face,
And sing his praises too:
Adieu, companions, dearest friends;
Vain world, once more adieu.

1283. C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS

Your redemption draweth nigh. Luke 21 : 28.

1 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.

1284. C. M. MONTGOMERY

The Holy City. Rev. 21 : 2.

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

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

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

4 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 Saviour 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.

1285. C. M.

The heavenly Jerusalem. Rev. 21:2.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

C. M. STEELE.

1286. *The heavenly Glory.*

1 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.

C. M. C. WESLEY.

1287. *Rejoicing in Hope.* Rom. 5:2.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die!
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;—
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I travel my appointed years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O, what hath Jesus done for me!—
Before my raptured eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

C. M. STEELE.

1288. *Eternal Joys.* 1 Cor. 2 : 9.

1 O, LET 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,
Exposed to no decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim:
With one reviving look of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 O, then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent souls shall rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

8s. COWPER.

1289. *Longing to be with Christ.*

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, 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;
O, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline—

5 O, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall see him whom, absent, I loved,
Whom, not having seen, I adored.

C. M. STEELE.

1290. *The Joys of Heaven.*

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin forever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines,
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

C. M. WATTS

1291.

Desiring to be with God. 1 Cor. 13 12.

1 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 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

4 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
Before th' eternal All.

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

1292. S. M. MONTGOMERY

And so shall we ever be with the Lord
1 Thess. 4 : 17.

1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"—
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the death is in that word—
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to Faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!

4 Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot—
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

5 All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees, as he hath ever seen,
And shall forever see.

6 How can I meet his eyes!
Mine on the cross I cast;
And own my life a Saviour's prize—
Mercy from first to last.

1293. 8s. Baptist Harp.

The Bliss of Heaven beyond our Thoughts.

1 WE speak of the realms of the blessed,
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 freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;—
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love;
The robes which the glorified wear;
The church of the first-born above:
But what must it be to be there!

4 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there!

1294. C. M. Bernard Barton

A city which hath foundations. Heb. 11 : 10.

1 O, FOR that city, fair and bright,
Which shall not pass away,
The glory of the Lord its light,
The Lamb its cloudless day!

2 Its gates are pearl, its street is gold,
Its wall of jasper stands
On precious stones of worth untold,
Reared not by mortal hands.

3 There tears are wiped from every eye,
And none with anguish groan;
Death lost in immortality,
And former things unknown.

4 Who only shall admittance win?
The nations of the saved,
Whom Jesus hath redeemed from sin,
And in his blood hath laved.

5 Who shall in nowise enter there?
Those who their Lord deny;
Who have not knelt to him in prayer,
But trusted to a lie.

6 Shall I those untold raptures share?
Will Jesus own my name?
Inquire, my heart, with reverent fear,
Can I an entrance claim?

1295. S. M. MRS. DANA.

O, sing to me of Heaven.

1 O, SING to me of heaven,
When I am called 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 ravished ears,
Let one sweet song be given:
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love;
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven!
My glorious home above!

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

3. C. M.

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

4. C. M.

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

5. S. M.

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

6. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

7. 7s.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give.

8. 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love.
Praise him, all ye heavenly host.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

9. H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,
Eternal King, | While faith adores

10. 8s & 7s. (6 lines.)

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Everlasting three in one:
Thee let heaven and earth adore,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

11. 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation—
Priest and King, enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

12. 8s, 7s, & 4.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

13. 7s & 6s.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

14. 6s & 4s.

TO God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—three in one,
All praise be given:
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth—in heaven.

15. L. P. M.

NOW to the great and Sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known.
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

16. C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.