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# HYMNS,

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL,

FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP,

PUBLISHED BY THE

GENERAL SYNOD

OF THE

Evangelical Lutheran Church

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

STEREOTYPED EDITION.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY ALTERTZ,

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1857.

# HYMNS,

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## GENERAL SYNOD

FOR THE

## Evangelical Lutheran Church.

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SEVENTIETH EDITION.

TENTH REVISED EDITION.

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BALTIMORE:

T. NEWTON KURTZ,

No. 151 WEST PRATT STREET.

1857.

Hymn
1857
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Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty, by Lewis Kemp, Chas. D. Hinks, and Geo. Slothower, (Committee) *in trust* for the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States of North America, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maryland.

# PREFACE.

SINGING the praises of God is justly regarded as one of the most delightful and profitable parts of worship, both public and private. It was introduced by divine command into the worship of the Old Testament; the blessed Savior himself recommended it by his practice; and it is enjoined by the apostle Paul on Christians in general. Its separate utility, in addition to that of prayer and hearing the word of God, is based upon the very nature of the human mind, as it calls into action additional powers of the soul. Yet as the materials for the exercise of this Christian duty in any other than the Hebrew language, whether translations of the Psalms or original effusions on the doctrines and facts of the Scriptures, are necessarily the products of uninspired pens; they are characterized by different degrees of merit, both in respect to poetic excellence and devotional tendency. In no other language, it is thought, is there extant so copious and excellent a collection of Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, as that of the Lutheran Church in Germany. And from this copious source our German churches in this country have drawn ample supplies. Yet the prevalence of the English language has, in some places, long since led to its introduction into the services of our sanctuaries, as well as to the publication of several collections of hymns in the same tongue. Among these, that made by the learned and pious Dr. Kuntze, then Senior of the New York Ministerium, and published in 1795, is excellent in its devotional tendency, but lamentably deficient in poetic beauty and purity of diction. The collection, subsequently made by a Committee of the

New York Synod, appointed in 1812, not only merits a decided preference, but is indeed a most excellent work. Yet long experience has evinced that this selection does not afford a sufficient variety for all the purposes of ministerial duty and Christian practice, and many of the choicest and most devotional productions of the English muse are not contained in it.

Under these circumstances, the General Synod deemed it their duty, in accordance with their Constitution, and in obedience to the numerous calls made on them, to provide a hymn-book possessing alike sufficient amplitude, classical excellence, and devotional spirit, to serve as a permanent book for the churches of their connection, and for all others who may be disposed to use it. For this purpose the undersigned were appointed a committee in 1825, and have for several years devoted their most particular and prayerful attention to the important duty assigned them. They have found the work arduous far beyond their early expectations; but their conviction of its importance and necessity has continually increased. Their aim has been to combine in the highest possible degree practical excellence with the charms and graces of poetry. They have procured all the most excellent and valuable hymn-books used by sister churches, and have also examined very many hymns dispersed through the works of individual authors. They feel assured that the selection made will contain the major part of the best hymns extant in the English language. They have also, after mature consideration, constructed a new arrangement, which they deem decidedly more practical than any other which they have seen, and calculated to be more useful both to ministers and laymen.

A view of the general subjects, sufficiently minute for reference, is prefixed to the book. A portable size was adopted, not only for the sake of cheapness and convenience in public and domestic worship, but also that Christians who strive to walk with God, and

delight to sing the songs of Zion, may carry this volume with them on their journeys, and in their social walks, and into the field of labor, and as opportunity may offer, kindle anew the flame of their devotion at the fire of the sacred muse.

In conclusion, we would commend this work to the serious use of the disciples of our Lord in general, and our churches in particular; and more especially to the favor and blessing of that divine Redeemer, whose dying love will be the theme of our more perfect praises in the realms of celestial bliss.

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C. P. KRAUTH,
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B. KELLER,
Pastor of the Lutheran Church, Germantown, Pennsylvania.

GETTYSBURG, PA., May 16, 1828.

# PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

VARIOUS changes in this Hymn book having been called for, a committee was, at the meeting of the General Synod in 1845, appointed to examine what was desirable in this respect, and directed to report to the Synod at its next meeting in the city of New York in 1848. The committee having done so, their report was accepted, and their number having been increased by the addition of one member from each Synod not already represented in that committee, they were directed to make the alterations and improvements indicated as necessary, and to have the book stereotyped and published.

The committee, consisting of fifteen, being too unwieldy and too widely separated for frequent consultation, having had a meeting during the session of the General Synod, and agreed upon a mode of action for the decision of one or two points, committed the details of the work to a sub-committee of three who resided in the same place, (Gettysburg, Pa.,) and could therefore perform the task assigned them with the greatest deliberation. The results of their labors are herewith presented to the church.

It is needless to specify in detail the changes that they have made, but they may state in general that, in accordance with the report and resolutions under which they were appointed, they carefully revised the text of the whole work, making such verbal changes as seemed necessary or desirable, removed some fifty of the most objectionable hymns from the body of the book as originally prepared, threw out all duplicates, substituted improved editions of hymns where they presented themselves, rejected such stanzas of hymns as seemed injurious to them, and re-arranged

the whole Appendix, from which they removed those hymns generally to which well grounded exception appeared to have been taken in our churches. For the hymns removed they, of course, substituted others, and without increasing the size or price of the book, have added some forty others, so as to make the whole number of new hymns in this edition about one hundred and fifty.

These changes, they believe, will generally commend themselves to those interested in this work. They might indeed have been carried further, but it was not contemplated that the book should be so remodeled as to be incapable of being used in connection with the previous editions. On a subsequent page will be found directions for the use of the new in connection with the old book, and the plan is so plain and simple that it is hoped that no inconvenience will be experienced in this respect.

To facilitate the use of hymns translated from the German, of which as many as seemed desirable under existing circumstances have been introduced, a table of tunes suitable to them, or the melodies of their originals, the metres of which have been preserved, is appended.

No table of scriptural passages has been introduced, because very little use seems to be made of such tables, and because the few references which were made to such passages at the headings of hymns in former editions, have been omitted in this for the sake of brevity and of uniformity. It is hoped that a careful statement of the subject of each hymn, at its head, and a copious index of subjects will supply all that is here needed.

Hoping that the book, thus revised and enlarged, will meet the wants and expectations of those for whom it is intended, and animate more and more the devotions of our churches and of individual Christians, and praying that all who use it may "*sing with the spirit and with the understanding*," and that the Tri-

une God may accept of the praises, and answer the prayers thus addressed unto Him, we herewith commit this volume to our ministers and people.

*Committee of the General Synod.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Wm. M. Reynolds, | Synod | East Penna., |
| H. L. Baugher, | " | Maryland, |
| S. S. Schmucker, | " | West Penna., |
| Chas. F. Schaeffer, | " | New York, |
| H. I. Schmidt, | " | Hartwick, |
| L. Eichelberger, | " | Virginia, |
| G. Scherer, | " | West'n Virginia, |
| J. D. Scheck, | " | North Carolina, |
| P. A. Strobel, | " | South Carolina, |
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| W. H. Harrison, | " | Miami, |
| F. Springer, | " | Illinois, |
| J. Winecoff, | " | Alleghany, |
| P. Glenn, | " | South West, |

Gettysburg, Pa., April 9, 1850.

## EXPLANATIONS.

† Placed after the number of a hymn shows that it is a new one, not found in former editions.

†† After the number of a hymn shows that it is not in the first revised edition.

* At the end of a stanza shows that the following stanza of the older editions has been omitted.

** Indicates the omission of two stanzas, &c.

Where a hymn has two numbers, thus, 537, (856,) the second number indicates the place of the hymn in the old books.

# TABULAR VIEW OF CONTENTS.


| | | Hymn |
|---|---|---|
| I. | The Scriptures, | 1 |
| II. | Being and Perfections of God, | 13, 772 |
| III. | Trinity, | 41, 805 |
| IV. | Praise to God, | 44, 767 |
| V. | The works of God, | 58 |
| VI. | Providence of God, | 65 |
| VII. | Fall and depravity of man, | 89 |
| VIII. | Christ, | 99, 776 |
| IX. | Holy Spirit, | 172, 793 |
| X. | Angels, | 808 |
| XI. | The Gospel call, | 182, 811 |
| XII. | Penitence of the awakened sinner, | 248, 831 |
| XIII. | Supplication for divine mercy, | 270, 836 |
| XIV. | Salvation through Jesus Christ, | 303, 841 |
| XV. | Christian experience, | 355, 851 |
| XVI. | The means of grace, | 483, 876 |
| XVII. | Kingdom and Church of Christ, | 528, 881 |
| XVIII. | Missionary hymns, | 881 |
| XIX. | Particular occasions and circumstances, | 598, 896 |
| 1. | Social meetings, | 896 |
| 2. | Revivals, | 907 |
| 3. | Confirmation, | 917 |
| 4 | Consecration of places of worship, | 928 |
| 5. | Special occasions, | 932 |
| 6 | Sickness and affliction, | 956 |
| 7 | Seamen, | 960 |

HYMN
8. Reformation festival, ..... ...963
9. National occasions,.....968
10. Temperance,.....973
11. Bible Societies, .....978
XX. Death,.....598, 896
XXI. Resurrection,.....727, 989
XXII. Judgment,.....731, 989
XXIII. Eternity,.....738, 933
XXIV. Dismissions and Doxologies,.....752, 1005
APPENDIX,.....767

# HYMNS.

## THE SCRIPTURES.

**1** *The Bible the source of religious knowledge.* **L. M**

1 ETERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath
The oracles of truth inspired;
And kings and holy seers of old
With strong prophetic impulse fired.

2 Mov'd by thy great almighty pow'r,
Their lips with heavenly wisdom flow'd;
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.

3 With gladsome hearts they spread the news
Of pardon, through a Savior's blood;
And to a num'rous seeking crowd
Mark'd out the path to his abode.

4 The pow'rs of earth and hell in vain
Against the sacred word combine;
Thy providence through ev'ry age
Securely guards the work divine.

5 Thee, its great author, source of light,
Thee, its preserver, we adore;
And humbly ask a ray from thee
Its hidden wonders to explore.

**2** *Divine authority of the Bible.* **L. M.**

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

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought:

The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death

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

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

## 3 *The Bible suited to our wants.* C. M

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

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

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

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

5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there.

## 4 *The word of God a rich treasure.* C. M.

1 LET av'rice, borne from shore to shore,
Her chosen good pursue:
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

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

4 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heav'nly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our num'rous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied;
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.*

## 5 *The value and comprehensiveness of the Bible.* C. M

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book:
Great God! if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave:
But thine conduct to heav'n.

3 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

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

5 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seed of immortal bliss is sown,
And hidden glory lies.

6 *The Bible precious.* P. M. 8.7.8.7 7 7

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

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

7 *Power of the Bible.* P. M. 8s & 7s

1 BY the thoughtless world derided,
Still I love the word of God;
'Tis the crook by which I'm guided,
Often 'tis a chast'ning rod.
'Tis a sword that cuts asunder
All my pride and vanity,
When abased I lie, and wonder
That he spares a wretch like me.

2 This confirms me when I waver,
Sets my trembling judgment right;
When I stray, how much soever,
This is my restoring light.

Satan oft, and sin, assail me
With temptations ever new;
Then there's nothing can avail me,
Till my bleeding Lord I view.

3 Faith I need; O Lord, bestow it,
Give my lab'ring mind relief;
Oft, alas! I doubt, I know it,
Help, O help my unbelief.
Dearest Savior, by thy merit
May I gain a future crown;
Guide, O guide me by thy Spirit,
Till these storms are overblown.

## 8 *The usefulness of the Scriptures.* L. M

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

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

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

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

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

**9** *Value of the Bible to the young.* C. M.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it ent'reth to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate mine own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

6 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

**10** *The glory of the Word.* C M

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

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

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

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

## 11 *The Scriptures consolatory to the Penitent.* C. M.

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

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

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

4 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

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

## 12 *The reasonableness of the Gospel.* C. M.

1 SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our Redeemer God?
Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?

2 What if he chose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults?

May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if the gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright,
Which we are call'd to win?

4 What if the foolish and the poor
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.

5 Do some, that own his sacred name,
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus should never bear the blame,
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush, nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

## BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD

**13†** *God exalted above all praise.* L M.

1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Far in the depths of space, thy throne
Burns with a lustre all its own:
In shining ranks, beneath thy feet,
Angelic pow'rs and splendors meet.

3 Lord, what shall feeble mortals do?
We would adore our Maker too:
With lowly minds to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 God is in heav'n, and man below;
Short be our tunes, our words be few:
Let sacred rev'rence check our songs,
And praise sit silent on our tongues.

## 14 *The spirituality of God.* L. M.

1 THOU art, O God! a spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal, and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.

2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thine essence pure no change shall see,
Secure in immortality.

3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thine image spotless fair!
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare!

4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold and silver, wood and stone;
Ours is the God that made the heav'ns;
Jehovah he, and God alone.

5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice,
Than outward forms delight him more.

## 15 *The Infinite.* C. M.

1 SOME seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our eternal King.

2 Thy names, how infinite they be!
Great EVERLASTING ONE!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne.

3 Thy glory shines immensely bright;
Exhaustless is thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

4 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound;

An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

5 The myst'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky
And fly before the winds;

6 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.*

## 16 *God supreme and independent.* L. M

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

2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
How dark are they, and he how bright!
Nothing are they, and God is all.

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

4 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

## 17† P. M. 14,14,4,7,8.

*Praise to God for his goodness and mercy.*

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah! with anthems of praise
come before him;
Great is his mercy! with hearts of thanksgiving
adore him;
Firm is his word, Freely his grace is conferr'd;
Humbly for pardon implore him.

2 Praise him all nations! 'Tis he that has crown'd
you with blessing:
O come before him, your sins and transgressions
confessing;
Worship the Lord; Bow to the claims of his word;
Songs to his glory addressing.

3 Angels, rejoicing, unite in the shout of salvation;
Daily and nightly they sing to the God of creation:
" Worthy to reign, Keeper and Savior of men,
O'er every kingdom and nation "

4 Praise ye Jehovah! the sov'reign of earth and of
heaven,
Unto his holy name honor and glory be given;
Wake ev'ry string! Tune all your voices and sing;
Heaven and earth reply, amen.

## 18 *Unity of God.* L. M.

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, possest;
By none control'd in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.

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

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

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

6 Spread thy great name through heathen lands,
Their idol-deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign as thou art, God alone.

## 19 *God incomprehensible.* L. M.

1 GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'rence 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
Enough for mortal men to know;
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace,
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will!

## 20 *God eternal and unchangeable.* C. M.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heav'n was made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time all open lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
To thee there's nothing new.

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

6 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee.

**21** *God self-existent, eternal, unchangeable.* L. M.

1 ALL-POW'RFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fix'd and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminish'd lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! source of good!
Immutable dost thou remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.**

4 Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou for ever art the same;
"I am" is thy memorial still.

**22** *God almighty.* L. M.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,
O'er the vast ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.*

3 His thunders rend the vaulted skies,
And palaces and temples shake;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake

4 The Lord sits sov'reign o'er the flood;
Jehovah reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

5 We see no terrors in his name,
But in our God a Father find:
The voice that shakes all nature's frame
Speaks comfort to the pious mind.

## 23 *God the governor of the universe.* C. M.

1 'TWAS God who hurl'd the rolling spheres
And stretch'd the boundless skies;
Who form'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2 From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfin'd:
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3 He darts along the burning skies;
Loud thunders round him roar:
All heav'n attends him as he flies;
All hell proclaims his pow'r.

4 He scatters nations with his breath;
The scatter'd nations fly:
Dire pestilence and wasting death
Confess the Godhead nigh.

5 Ye worlds, with ev'ry living thing,
Fulfil his high command:

Mortals, pay homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

**24** *God seen in the elements.* P. M. 7s.

1 WHEN in dark and dreadful gloom,
Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black as if the day of doom
Hung o'er nature's shrinking head;
When the lightning breaks from high,
God is coming—God is nigh!

2 Then we hear his chariot wheels,
As the mighty thunder rolls;
Nature, startled nature reels
From the centre to the poles;
Then the ocean, earth and sky,
Tremble as he passes by!

3 Darkness, wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding-place;
Should he from his ark of storms,
Rend the veil and show his face,
At the judgment of his eye,
All the universe would die.

4 God of vengeance! from above,
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember thou art love!
Spare—O spare a guilty world!
Stay thy flaming wrath awhile,
Let the bow of promise smile!

**25** *God omnipresent and omniscient.* L. M.

1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through,
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

2 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?

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 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thine all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.

6 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.

## 26 *God omniscient.* C. M.

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

2 Thine 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 thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

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

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

## 27 *God's Wisdom.* C. M

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God:
He hath my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought
How glorious in our sight!
And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind;
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd the sons of men
He fix'd his cov'nant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth, and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
Who best obeys thy will.

## 28 *God holy and just.* C. M.

1 HOLY and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy, Lord! the angels cry:
Thrice holy let us sing.

2 Holy is he in all his works,
And saints are his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Are hateful in his sight.

3 The deepest rev'rence, homage, love,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

4 Thou, righteous God! preserve my mind
From all pollution free;
Thine image form within my breast,
That I thy face may see.

## 29 *God the searcher of hearts.* C. M

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

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

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended 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.

## 30 *God no respecter of persons.* C. M

1 WITH eye impartial, heav'ns high King
Surveys each human tribe;
No earthly pomp his eyes can charm,
Nor wealth his favor bribe.

2 The rich and poor, of equal clay,
His pow'rful hand did frame;
All souls are his, and him alike
Their common Parent claim.

3 Ye sons of men of high degree,
Your great Superior own;
Praise him for all his gifts, and pay
Your homage at his throne.

4 Trust in the Lord, ye humble poor,
And banish ev'ry fear:
The God you serve will ne'er forsake
The man of heart sincere.

## 31 *God faithful.* P. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8

1 THE promises I sing,
Which love supreme once spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke,
They stand secure
And steadfast still:
Not Sion's hill
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,
In radiant lines,
His promise shines
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
Of that dread scene,
I'll stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

**32** *God benevolent and merciful.* C. M.

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

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

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To ev'ry soul abound;
A vast unfathomable sea
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

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

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are;
A rock which cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And, while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

**33** *God is love.* P. M

1 MY God, thy boundless love I praise,
How bright on high its glories blaze,
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heav'n its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;

In ev'ry vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in ev'ry gale that blows,
And glides in ev'ry rill.

3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flow'ry beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale:
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on ev'ry vale.

4 But in thy gospel see it shine,
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiv'n,
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heav'n.

5 Then let the love, that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

## 34 *God gracious to all.* C. M

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

2 God reigns on high, but not 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 pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

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

## 35 *God's mercies unutterable.* C. M

1 OUR souls with pleasing wonder view
The bounties of thy grace;
How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd
For those that seek thy face.

2 Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er;
And in the cov'nant of thy love
They find diviner store.

3 Here mercy hides their num'rous sins;
Here grace their souls renews;
Here hope, and love, and joy, and peace
Their heav'nly beams diffuse.

4 But oh! what treasures yet unknown
Are lodg'd in worlds to come!
If these th' enjoyments of the way,
How happy is their home!

5 And what shall wretched man reply?
Or how such goodness own?
But 'tis our joy that, Lord, to thee
Thy servants' hearts are known.

6 Since time's too short, all gracious God,
To utter half thy praise;
Loud to the honor of thy name
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

## 36 *God's mercy great and eternal.* S. M.

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 wrath is felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

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

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

6 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower!
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

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

## 37 *The glory of God.* L. M

1 YE sons of men, in sacred lays
Attempt the great Creator's praise;
But who an equal song can frame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 He sits enthron'd amidst the spheres,
And glory like a garment wears;
While boundless wisdom, pow'r, and grace
Command our awe, transcend our praise.

3 Before his throne a shining band
Of cherubs and of seraphs stand;
Ethereal spirits, who in flight
Outstrip the rapid speed of light.

4 To God all nature owes its birth;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth,
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.

5 In all our Maker's grand designs
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

6 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Let us his high perfections sing:
O let his praise employ our tongue,
Whilst list'ning worlds applaud the song!

## 38 *God is Love.* C. M

1 AMID the splendors of thy state,
My God, thy love appears
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2 Nature through all her ample round
Thy boundless power proclaims,
And in melodious accent speaks
The goodness of thy names.

3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite;
But the sweet charms of sov'reign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.

4 Sinai, in clouds and smoke and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Sion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.

5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,

In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,
Thy love supremely shines.

6 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heav'n above,
The joyful, the transporting news,
That God, the Lord, is love!

**39** *A Song of Praise to God.* **L. M**

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

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

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

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

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

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

**40** *God seen by Faith.* **L. M.**

1 ETERNAL and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendors none can bear,
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fix'd regards, great God! to thee.

3 Then ev'ry tempting form of sin,
Aw'd by thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptur'd soul
The likeness, it contemplates, wears.

4 O ever present to my heart!
Witness to its extreme desire;
Behold it presses on to thee,
For it hath caught the heav'nly fire.

5 This one petition would I urge:
To bear thee ever in my sight!
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
My only portion and delight.

## THE TRINITY.

### OFFICES OF FATHER, SON AND SPIRIT.

**41** *The doctrine and use of the Trinity.* C. M

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

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

3 To thine almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory giv'n,
Whose influ'nce brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heav'n.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,

And spread his honors and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

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

## 42 *A song of praise to the ever-blessed Trinity.* L. M

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

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

3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and wo
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.

## 43† *Christian Thanksgiving.* P. M. 9.8.9.8.8.8.

1 O THAT I had a thousand voices!
A mouth to speak with thousand tongues
Then, with a heart his praise rejoices,
Would I proclaim in grateful songs,
To all, wherever I might be,
What 'tis the Lord hath done for me.

2 Dear Father, endless praise I render,
For soul and body strangely join'd;
I praise thee, Guardian kind and tender,
For all the noble joys I find

So richly spread on every side,
And freely for my use supplied.

3 What equal praises can I offer,
Dear Jesus, for thy mercy shown?
What pangs, my Savior, didst thou suffer,
And thus for all my sins atone!
Thy death alone my soul could free
From Satan, to be blest with thee.

4 Honor and praise, still onward reaching,
Be thine too, Spirit of all grace,
Whose holy pow'r and faithful teaching
Give me among thy saints a place:
Whate'er of good in me may shine
Comes only from thy light divine.

5 Accept, O Lord, I now implore thee,
The meagre praise I give below:
In heav'n I better will adore thee,
When I an angel's strength shall know.
There would I lead the sacred choir,
And raise their hallelujahs high'r!

## PRAISE TO GOD.

**44** *Praise to God as the Creator and Preserver.* L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

## 45 *Praise for Preservation and Redemption.* C. M.

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

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

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
On this 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 thine almighty love
What honors shall we raise
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

## 46 *Praise for the Mercies of God.* L M

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways.
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high.
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave.
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

## 47 *Praise at all times.* P. M

1 I'LL praise my Maker whilst I've breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
Whilst life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God, who made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train.

His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace.
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
Whilst life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

## 48 P. M. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4

*All creatures praise God.*

1 TO your Creator God,
Your great Preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise.
Let ev'ry voice
Proclaim his pow'r,
His name adore,
And loud rejoice

2 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sov'reign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round
With all diffusive ray;
From morn to night,
With ev'ry beam,
Record his name,
Who made thee bright.

3 Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,

Which rise in silent hosts,
To gild the azure plain;
With countless rays
Declare his name,
Prolong the theme,
Reflect his praise.

4 Let all the creatures join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various pow'rs
Assist th' exalted theme.
Let nature raise
From ev'ry tongue
A general song
Of grateful praise.

5 But oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And ev'ry thankful heart
With warm devotion glow.
Your voices raise,
Ye highly blest
Above the rest;
Declare his praise.

49 *Praise for Divine Goodness.* P. M. 7s

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well belov'd of heav'n.
Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky.

2 Favor'd mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong:
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise:
Glory be, &c.*

3 Mark the wonders of his hand!
Pow'r, no empire can withstand;

Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream:
Glory be, &c.

4 Awful Being! from thy throne
Send thy promis'd blessing down;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease:
Glory be, &c.

**50** *Exhortation to Praise.* **S. M.**

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

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

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

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

**51** *Praise to God for Redemption.* **C. M.**

1 INDULGENT Father! how divine,
How bright thy bounties are!
Through nature's ample round they shine,
Thy goodness to declare.

2 But in the nobler work of grace,
What sweeter mercy smiles
In my benign Redeemer's face,
And ev'ry fear beguiles!

3 Such wonders, Lord, while I survey,
To thee my thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or ev'ning veils the skies.

4 When glimm'ring life resigns its flame.
Thy praise shall tune my breath;
The sweet remembrance of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death.

5 But, oh! how blest my song shall rise,
When freed from feeble clay,
And all thy glories meet mine eyes
In one eternal day.

6 Not seraphs, who resound thy name,
Through yon ethereal plains,
Shall glow with a diviner flame,
Or raise sublimer strains.

## 52 *Praise in time and in eternity.* C. M.

1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
God of eternal love!
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

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

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

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

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date,
Shall through the world be known:
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendor shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

## 53 *Praise for mercies.* S. M

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 rescued from the grave,
He, that redeem'd our souls from death,
Hath boundless pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rers rest.
The Lord hath justice for the proud,
And mercy for th' oppress'd.

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

## 54 *God worthy of the highest praise.* L. M

1 IN glad amazement, Lord, I stand
Amidst the bounties of thy hand;
How numberless those bounties are!
How rich, how various, and how fair.

2 But O! what poor returns I make!
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back
Lord! I confess, with humble shame,
My off'rings scarce deserve the name

3 Fain would my lab'ring heart devise
To bring some nobler sacrifice.
It sinks beneath the mighty load:
What shall I render to my God?

4 To him I consecrate my praise,
And vow the remnant of my days.
Yet what, at best, can I pretend,
Worthy such gifts from such a friend?

5 In deep abasement, Lord, I see
My emptiness and poverty.
Enrich my soul with grace divine,
And make me worthier to be thine.

6 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
That heav'n may echo with my song.
The theme, too great for time, shall be
The joy of long eternity.

## 55 *God all and in all.* S M

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 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

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

## 56 *God glorious and Sinners saved.* C. M.

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

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill,
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious man,
Our souls are fill'd with awe divine,
To see what God performs.

4 When sinners break the Father's law,
The dying Son atones;
Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

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

**57** *God exalted above all praise.* P. M. 8.8.6.8.8.6

1 PARENT of good! thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight;
Thy name is all divine.
There's naught in earth or sea or air,
Or heav'n itself, that's good or fair,
But what is wholly thine.

2 Immensely high thy glories rise;
They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
And sacred pleasure yield;
An ocean wide without a bound,
Where ev'ry noble wish is drown'd,
And ev'ry want is fill'd.

3 To thee my warm affections move,
In sweet astonishment and love,
While at thy feet I fall;
I pant for naught beneath the skies;
To thee my ardent wishes rise,
O mine eternal All!

4 What shall I do to spread thy praise,
My God! through my remaining days,
Or how thy name adore?
To thee I consecrate my breath;
Let me be thine in life and death,
And thine for evermore.

## THE WORKS OF GOD

**58** *God's love displayed in creation.* C. M.

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

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

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

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

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage!
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

6 And while in all thy wondrous works
Thy varied love we see,
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee!

## 59 *All the works of God praise him.* L. M.

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

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

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

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine—
The hand that made us is divine.

## 60 *All things dependent on God.* C. M

1 WE sing th' almighty pow'r of God
Who bade the mountains rise,
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 We sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,
Who fills the earth with food;
Who form'd his creatures by a word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er we turn our eyes,
Whether we view the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies!

5 There's not a plant nor flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known:
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 On thee each moment we depend;
If thou withdraw, we die.
Oh may we ne'er that God offend,
Who is for ever nigh!

**61** *The riches of divine goodness.* L. M.

1 LET the high heav'ns your songs invite;
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

2 Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade,
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.*

3 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love.
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made!

4 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
There in the land of praise adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

**62†** *All nature praises God.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7

1 THE earth, where'er I turn mine eye,
Reveals her Maker's glory;
Through day and night the shining sky
Of praise repeats its story;
Who for the sun there fix'd his place?
Who clothes him with majestic grace?
The starry hosts—who leads them?

2 Who rules the restless raging winds?
The clouds, in rain distilling?
And who the lap of earth unbinds,
Our stores with plenty filling?
Great God, thy praises shall abide,
And, with thy goodness, reach as wide
As wide creation reaches.

3 But man,—a body, of thy hand
The marvellous formation;
'Tis man,—a soul to understand
Thy wonders of creation;

'Tis man,—who to himself supplies
Best proof that thou art good and wise,—
Who best should sing thy praises.

4 Now pay thine honors to his name,
My soul, his glories telling:
Thy Father and thy God proclaim,
The world's glad anthem swelling:
Let all our race, with one accord,
Love, trust, and serve our common Lord:
Who can refuse to serve him!

## 63 *The Ministry of Angels.* L. M.

1 GREAT God! what hosts of angels stand
In shining ranks at thy right hand,
Array'd in robes of dazzling light,
With pinions stretch'd for distant flight!

2 Immortal fires! seraphic flames!
Who can recount their various names?
In strength and beauty they excel;
For near the throne of God they dwell

3 How eagerly they wish to know
The duties he would have them do:
What joy their active spirits feel,
To execute their Sov'reign's will!

4 Hither, at his command, they fly
To guard the beds on which we lie;
To shield our persons night and day,
And scatter all our fears away.

5 Send, O my God, some angel down,
(Though to a mortal eye unknown,)
To guide and guard my doubtful way
Up to the realms of endless day.

## 64 *The soul.* C. M.

1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is 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, deign'd 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.

## PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

**65** *Volume of Divine Providence.* C. M.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before the Lord!
Whate'er his pow'rful hand has form'd,
He governs with a word.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow or a worm
O'erlook'd in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to a throne,
Or sinks with equal ease.

4 If light attend the course I go,
'T is he provides the rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Trusting his wisdom and his love,
I would not wish to know
What in the book of his decrees
Awaits me here below.

6 Be this alone my fervent pray'r,
Whate'er my lot shall be,
Or joys, or sorrows, may they form
My soul for heav'n and thee!

**66** *God's dispensations merciful.* C. M

1 THE Lord, how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe,
Whilst, with a smile or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 Adoring angels round him fall,
In all their shining forms;
His sov'reign eye looks o'er them all,
And pities mortal worms *

4 Now, let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will;
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
We are his fav'rites still.

**67** *God provides for all.* L. M.

1 GREATEST of beings, source of life,
Sov'reign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy pow'r; but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies;
And when, oppress'd with guilt, he mourns
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

3 Children, whose little minds, unform'd,
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heav'n;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driv'n;*

4 All, great Creator! all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;
And, through each varying scene of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.

5 And, whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast,
Or life still keep its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest:

6 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

## 68 *God's appointments wise and good.* L. M

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 all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

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

4 Thy pow'rful consolations cheer;
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh;
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,
That secret wets the widow's eye.

5 All things on earth, and all in heav'n
On thine eternal will depend;

And all for greater good were giv'n,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.

6 Be this my care;—To all beside,
Indiff'rent let my wishes be.
Passion be calm, abas'd be pride,
And fix'd my soul, great God! on thee.

**69** *God's ways incomprehensible.* C. M

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

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

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

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

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

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

**70†** *Hope in God's mercy.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.8 8.

1 FROM deep distress to thee I pray;
O God, hear my entreaty!
Turn not thy face from me away,
But show thy tender pity:

As judge, shouldst thou my deeds regard,
In justice weighing due award,
How could I stand the trial!

2 With thee should mercy not prevail
To show to man thy favor,
His ev'ry act his guilt would swell,
Vain were his best endeavor.
His goodness, in its utmost length,
Reveals his utter want of strength,—
He must rely on *mercy*.

3 On God alone, and on his grace,
Can I securely rest me;
He sees my heart, heals my distress,—
To him, then, why not trust me?
He owns a Father's name, and knows
The full amount of human woes—
On him be my reliance!

4 Should comfort seem afar to keep,
I'll not sink down despairing;
They who in godly sorrow weep
Shall find a gracious hearing:
Thus Christians do, and they are blest
In God, their confidence and rest,
Their comfort and Redeemer.

5 Many and great my sins, I own,
But greater God's free mercies:
From wrath I flee to his dear Son,
Who bore for me its curses:
And he will be my shepherd too,
Will all my troubles guide me through,
To rest with him in glory.

## 71 *God the refuge of his children.* L. M.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of deep distress invade,
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
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 ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 'Midst storms and tempests, Lord, thy word
Does ev'ry rising fear control;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And well sustain the fainting soul.

## 72 *Divine goodness a ground of trust.* S. M

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
And shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

5 And whatsoe'er thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings;
What thine unerring wisdom chose,
Thy pow'r to being brings.

6 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

## 73 *God appointeth affliction.* L. M.

1 NOT from relentless fate's dark womb,
Or from the dust, our troubles come.
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,
To cause the pain, or send relief.

2 Look up, and see, ye sorrowing saints!
The cause and cure of your complaints.
Know, 'tis your heav'nly father's will:
Bid ev'ry murmur then be still.

3 He sees we need the painful yoke;
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke.
He takes no pleasure in our smart,
But wounds to heal and cheer the heart.

4 Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,
And make the soul all pure within,
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys,
To seek and taste celestial joys!

## 74 *God a present help in trouble.* C. M.

1 TO calm the sorrows of the mind,
Our heav'nly Friend is nigh,
To wipe the anxious tear that starts
Or trembles in the eye.

2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret wo control;
The inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.

3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh;
Canst soothe each mortal care;
And ev'ry deep and heart-felt groan
Is wafted to thine ear.

4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still;
Thy potent arm can save
From threat'ning danger and disease,
And the devouring grave.

5 When, pale and languid all the frame,
The ruthless hand of pain
Arrests the feeble pow'rs of life,
The help of man is vain.

6 'Tis thou, great God! alone canst check
The progress of disease;
And sickness, aw'd by pow'r divine,
The high command obeys.

7 Eternal source of life and health,
And ev'ry bliss we feel!
In sorrow and in joy, to thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.

## 75 *Man's dependence on God.* C. M.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
While we 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 thousands springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

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

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

## 76 *God our pleasure.* P. M. 6.6.6 6.8.8

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all mine aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth's foundations laid
God is the tow'r
To which I fly:
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide
Or fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
His children keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.*

## 77 *The people of God safe.* L. M.

1 THEY, that have made their refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest their head.

2 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; his wings are spread,
To shield them 'midst ten thousand dead.

3 If vapors with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death:

Still they are safe; the poison'd air
Again grows pure, if God be there.

4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and death are blest.

5 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.

## 78 *Trust in the Promises of God.* C. M

1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?

2 Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?

3 And wilt thou lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene
Where rivers of salvation flow
Through pastures ever green?

4 On thy support our souls shall lean,
And banish ev'ry care;
The gloomy vale of death shall smile,
If God be with us there.

5 While we his gracious succor prove,
'Midst all our various ways,
The darkest shades through which we pass
Shall echo with his praise.

## 79 *God our Shepherd.* P. M. 6 8s.

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 noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy goodness shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 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 crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

## 80 *Prosperity from God.* C. M.

1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
With rays of mercy shine:
O let thy favor crown our days,
And their whole course be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain:
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain:
'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
And to command the rain.

4 With thee let ev'ry week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.

5 Thus cheer us through this toilsome road
Till all our labors cease;
And thus prepare our weary souls
For everlasting peace.

## 81 *In traveling.* C. M.

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,
They pass unhurt through burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy gladdens ev'ry soil,
Makes ev'ry region please;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smoothes the boist'rous seas.

4 Though by the dreadful tempest toss'd
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

6 From all my griefs and straits, O Lord!
Thy mercy sets me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My heart takes hold on thee.

7 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

8 My life, while thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And oh! may death, when death shall come,
Unite my soul to thee!

## 82 *Dark Providence.* C. M.

1 THY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

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

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

## 83 *Elijah fed by Ravens.* L. M

1 WHEN God's own people stand in need,
His goodness will provide supplies:
Thus, when Elijah faints for bread,
A raven to his succor flies.

2 At God's command, with speedy wings,
The hungry bird resigns its prey,
And to the holy prophet brings
The needful portion day by day.*

3 This wonder oft has been renew'd,
And saints by sweet experience find
Their evil overrul'd for good,
Their foes to friendly deeds inclin'd.

4 Who can distrust that mighty hand
Which rules with universal sway,
Which nature's laws can countermand,
Or feed us by a bird of prey!

84 *Providence.* L. M.

1 THY ways, O Lord! with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thine arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thine own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way:
But whilst they trust thy guardian eye,
Their feet shall ne'er to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favor'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

85† *God our Father.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.8.7.7.8.7.7.

1 AS the eagle fondly hovers
O'er its young defenceless brood,
So my God from danger covers,
Granting me all needed good.
With a father's love he eyed me,
When began mine infant days;
Ere my heart could mean his praise.
He with watchful care supplied me.
All things else their time will last,
But His love, when time is past.

2 For me, wretched—hopeless lying,—
Worthy of his wrath alone,
He to shame, and griefs, and dying,
Gave his well beloved Son.

Who the love of God can measure?
None of all our feeble race,—
While, on ev'ry side, we trace
Proofs that mercy is his pleasure.
Great my sins, but high above
Reaches his unbounded love.

3 As my teacher, to direct me,
He has sent his Spirit too:
Who, to comfort and protect me,
Should his scheme of love pursue;
And, while I am sin bewailing,
Give me hope;—in weakness, strength,
Light in darkness;—till, at length,
I might sing his grace unfailing,
And, though earthly griefs annoy,
Triumph still with holy joy.

4 Shall I, weary of confiding,
Fear what may the future be?
Since on earth I've been residing,
God has daily cared for me.
When I think what he has sent me,—
Comforts for my earthly home,
Pledges for the life to come,—
What more need I to content me?
Shall I mine own weakness fear?
*He*, my confidence, is near.

5 O how many springs of sadness
Has my God in mercy dried!
And how many streams of gladness
To my soul has he supplied!
When his purpose he's concealing,
On his wisdom I will rest,—
Still he's doing what is best,
All my ills and anguish healing:
His, a father's love to me,
Has been, and will ever be.

**86** *Consolatory reflections on Providence.* **L. M**

1 'TIS wisdom, mercy, love divine,
Which mingles blessings with our cares,
And shall our thankless heart repine
That we obtain not all our prayers?

2 From want of faith our sorrows flow,
Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind,
Bend down their eyes to earth and woe,
And doubt if Providence be kind.

3 Should heaven with every wish comply,
Say, would the grant relieve the care?
Perhaps the good for which we sigh
Might change its name and prove a snare.

4 Were once our vain desires subdued,
The will resign'd, the heart at rest;
In every scene we should conclude
The will of heaven is right, is best.

**87†** *Praise for God's providence and grace.* **C. M**

1 ALMIGHTY Father! gracious Lord!
Kind guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.

3 When reason with my stature grew,
How weak her brightest ray!
How little of my God I knew!
How apt from thee to stray!

4 Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares o'erspread my road!
No pow'r could guard me from my foes,
But my preserver, God.

5 When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thy unceasing love
That sav'd me from impending death,
And bade my fears remove.

6 Lord, though this mortal frame decays,
And earthly comfort flies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

## 88 *Fear not.* C. M.

1 YE trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the pow'rs of earth and hell:
God will these pow'rs restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good:
He still for his provides,
Grants them supplies of daily food,
And gives them heav'n besides.

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 tremendous sting:
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

6 You in his wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
May confidently trust:
His wisdom guides, his pow'r protects,
His grace rewards the just.

## FALL AND DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

### 89 *Corrupt Nature from Adam.* C M.

1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Our father Adam stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh and sense and passion reign,
Sin is the sweetest good:
We fancy music in our chain,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God, renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs restore,
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

### 90† *Original Sin.* C. M.

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 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

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.

4 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

5 Let not thy Spirit e'er depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my sinful heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

## 91 *The deceitfulness of Sin.* C. M.

1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

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

3 She pleads for all the joy she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

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

## 92 *Adam and Christ, Lords of Creation.* L. M.

1 LORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou shouldst set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3 But, oh, what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!

What honors shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made,
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin;
But he shall reign with pow'r divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New-made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Savior's feet.

**93†** *Desiring assurance of the Divine Favor.* **L. M**

1 IN vain the world's alluring smile
Would my unwary heart beguile;
Deluding world! its brightest day—
Dream of a moment—flits away.

2 To nobler bliss my soul aspires;
Come, Lord, and fill these large desires
With power, and light, and love divine;
O, speak, and tell me thou art mine.

3 The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat;
And heavenly hope, serenely bright,
Illume and cheer my darkest night.

4 So shall my joyful spirit rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies,
Then dwell for ever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

**94** *The prosperity of sinners cursed.* **L. M**

1 LORD, wnat a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But, oh, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.*

3 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Like dreams as fleeting and as vain,
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their pain.

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.

**95** *The world's three chief temptations.* **C. M.**

1 WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honor, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too!

2 Honor's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They sacrifice eternal bliss
To mean and sordid lust.

4 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dang'rous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.*

**96** *The end of the world.* **C. M.**

1 WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleasure dies?

2 While time his sharpest tooth prepares
Our comforts to devour,

There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd, and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea away shall fly
Before my Savior's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

## 97 *The vanity of earthly things.* L. M.

1 WHAT are possessions, fame, and pow'r,
The boasted splendor of the great?
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,
And seek with endless toils and sweat?

2 Express their charms, declare their use,
That we their merits may descry;
Tell us what good they can produce,
Or what important wants supply.

3 If, wounded with the sense of sin,
To them for pardon we should pray,
Will they restore our peace within,
And wash our guilty stains away?

4 Can they celestial life inspire,
Nature with pow'r divine renew,
With pure and sacred transports fire
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue?

5 When with the pangs of death we strive,
And yield all comforts here for lost,
Will they support us, will they give
Kind succor, when we need it most?

6 When at th' Almighty's awful bar
To hear our final doom we stand,
Can they incline the Judge to spare,
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?

7 Can they protect us from despair,
From the dark reign of death and hell,
Crown us with bliss, and throne us where
The just, in joys immortal, dwell?

8 Sinners, your idols we despise,
If these reliefs they cannot grant;
Why should we such delusions prize,
And pine in everlasting want?

98† *Expostulation.* P. M. 7s.

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 skillful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on ev'ry wound?

3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, oh, 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 giv'n,
Burst from earth, and soar to heav'n?

## CHRIST.

99 *The Deity and Humanity of Christ.* L. M.

1 ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own 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 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

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

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

## 100 *God the Son equal with the Father.* L. M

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

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

3 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is for ever one,
Though they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

5 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honors be ador'd;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

**101** *The Divinity of Christ.* C. M.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Word!
The Father's equal Son;
By heaven's obedient hosts ador'd
Ere time its course begun.

2 The first creation has display'd
Thine energy divine;
For not a single thing was made
By other hands than thine.

3 But ransom'd sinners, with delight,
Sublimer facts survey,—
The all-creating Word unites
Himself to dust and clay.

4 Creation's Author now assumes
A creature's humble form;
A man of grief and woe becomes,
Is trod on like a worm.

5 The Lord of glory bears the shame
To vile transgressors due;
Justice the Prince of life condemns
To die in anguish too.

6 God over all, for ever blest,
The righteous curse endures;
And thus, to souls with sin distrest,
Eternal bliss insures.

7 What wonders in thy person meet,
My Savior, all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.

**102** *Messiah.* L. M.

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

2 O what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send!

That man, condemn'd to die, might live
And God be glorious to forgive!

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

4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,—
The time prophetic seals requir'd;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
The Prince, Messiah, doth atone.

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

## 103 *The Angel's message to the shepherds.* C. M

1 ON Judah's plains as shepherds sat,
Watching their flocks by night,
The angel of the Lord appear'd,
Clad in celestial light.

2 Awe-struck the vision they regard,
Appall'd with trembling fear;
When thus a cherub-voice divine
Breath'd sweetly on their ear:

3 "Shepherds of Judah! cease your fears,
And calm your troubled mind;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

4 This day almighty love fulfils
Its great eternal word;
This day is born in Bethlehem
A Savior, Christ the Lord.

5 There shall you find the heav'nly babe
In humblest weeds array'd;
All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling clothes
And in a manger laid."

6 He ceas'd, and sudden all around
Appear'd a radiant throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Warbling their choral song:

7 "Glory to God, from whom on high
All-gracious mercies flow!
Who sends his heav'n-descended peace
To dwell with man below."

## 104 *The birth of Christ joy to the world.* P. M

1 HARK! what celestial notes,
What melody we hear!
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravish'd ear.
The tuneful shell,
The golden lyre
And vocal choir
The concert swell.

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

3 He comes, from error's night
Your wand'ring feet to save;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the grave.
This glorious morn,
(Let all attend!)
Your matchless friend,
Your Savior's born.

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,
From God in heav'n,
To man is giv'n,
At Jesus' birth.

## 105 *The advent of the Savior.* C. M.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Savior comes,
The Savior promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

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

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes, oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

## 106 *Christ the Messenger of mercy.* S. M

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
No wrath stood frowning by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

**107** *Christ comes to destroy sin.* C. M

1 JOY to the world! the Lord has come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

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

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

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

## 108 *Glory and goodness in Christ's mission.* C. M.

1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
T' awake a cheerful song.

2 Good will to guilty men is shown,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo! th' incarnate Savior comes,
A messenger from heav'n.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn:
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
Now such a child is born.

4 Glory to God, in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid!
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd!

5 When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of yon celestial choir
Their own immortal strains?

## 109 *Christ sent not to condemn but to save.* L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, who reigns above,
Fix'd on his throne of truth and love:
Behold the finger of his pow'r;
Contemplate, wonder, and adore.

2 When man, debas'd and guilty man,
From crime to crime with madness ran,
Well might his arm its thunders launch,
And blast th' ungrateful, root and branch.

3 But clemency with justice strove,
To save the people of his love:
"Go, my beloved Son!" he cried,
"Be thou their Savior, thou their guide."

4 The eastern star with glory streams,
It comes, with healing on its beams;
Dark mists of error flee away,
And Judah hails the rising day.

5 His sacred memory we bless
Whose holy gospel we profess;
And praise his great almighty name
From whom such light and favor came

**110** *Praise for the Mission of Jesus.* P. M.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise

2 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

## 111 *God our Savior.* L. M

1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Savior, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim:
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears
And owns Immanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see:
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worship him who died for me.

## 112 *The Birth of Christ.* S. M.

1 YE saints, proclaim abroad
The honors of your king;
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.

2 Not angels round the throne
Of majesty above,
Are half so much oblig'd as we
To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sunk so low,
They are not rais'd so high;

They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.

4 The Savior did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breath'd a single groan.

5 May we with angels vie
The Savior to adore;
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
O be our praises more!

## 113 *Praise to the Savior.* 11.10.11.10.

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

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

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

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

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

## 114 *The life of Christ a pattern for Christians.* L. M.

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

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

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too!

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

## 115 *Jesus went about doing good.* C. M.

1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy;
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found;
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labor'd for their good.

5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued;
While humble pray'r and holy faith
His fainting strength renew'd.

6 In the last hours of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,

With soul resign'd he bow'd, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

**116** *Forgiveness from the example of Jesus.* C. M

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise!
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compassion mov'd;
Their peace he still pursued:
They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'rers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

5 O may his conduct, all-divine,
To me a model prove;
Like his, O God! my heart incline
My enemies to love.

**117** *Resignation from the example of Jesus.* L. M

1 "FATHER divine," the Savior cried,
While horrors press'd on ev'ry side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away.

2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,
And stripes, and wounds, and cruel scorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say, Thy will, not mine, be done."

3 Thus *our* submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low:
Our *hearts*, and not our lips alone,
Would say, "Thy will, not ours, be done."

4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,
We'll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

## 118 *Christ's Transfiguration.* L. M.

1 WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport glows in ev'ry breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

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

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

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

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

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

**119** *The miracles of Christ.* L. M.

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

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

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

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

**120** *Christ an example of benevolence.* L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

**121†** *The way, the truth, and the life.* **C. M.**

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 conqu'ring 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.

**122** *Gethsemane.* **L. M**

1 'TIS midnight—and on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now
The suff'ring Savior prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's griefs and tears.

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

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

**123** *The passion of Christ.* **L. M.**

1 COME, let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he expir'd in shame and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn;
"He rescued others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save."

3 O harden'd people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts!
Like lions ready to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r!

4 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

5 But gracious God! thy pow'r and love
Have made his death a blessing prove:
Though once upon the cross he bled,
Immortal honors crown his head.

6 Through Christ the Son our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live!
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

**124** *The love of a dying Savior.* **C. M.**

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

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

**125** *A dying Savior.* L. M.

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

2 But life attends the dreadful sound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Savior, why?

4 And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

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

P. M. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

**126** *"Stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted."*

1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
See him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected;
Yes, my soul, 'tis he! 'tis he!

'Tis the long expected prophet,
David's son, yet David's Lord;
Proofs I see sufficient of it:
'Tis a true and faithful word.

2 Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,
Was there ever grief like his?
Friends through fear his cause disowning,
Foes insulting his distress:
Many hands were rais'd to wound him,
None would interpose to save;
But the deepest stroke that pierc'd him
Was the stroke that justice gave.

3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great;
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the sacrifice appointed!
See *who* bears the awful load;
'Tis the WORD, the LORD'S ANOINTED,
Son of man, and Son of God.

4 Here we have a firm foundation;
Here's the refuge of the lost:
Christ's the rock of our salvation:
His the name of which we boast:
Lamb of God for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on him their hope have built.

## 127 *Christ our substitute.* L M.

1 'TWAS for our sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.

2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd him when he check'd their sin;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hated him without a cause.

3 Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.

4 His friends forsook, his foll'wers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head:
They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung my Lord, who died for me.

5 But God his Father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

**128** *Christ the resurrection and the life.* **P. M**

1 WITH ecstasy of joy
Extol his glorious name,
Who rear'd the spacious earth,
And rais'd our mortal frame:
He built the church,
Who spread the sky;
Shout and exalt
His honors high.

2 See the foundation laid
By pow'r and love divine,
Jesus, his first-born Son,
How bright his glories shine!
Low he descends,
In dust he lies,
That from his tomb
A church might rise.

3 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone;
Each saint new life derives
From him, the living stone.
His influence spreads
Through ev'ry soul,
And in one house
Unites the whole.

4 To him with joy we move;
In him cemented stand;
The living temple grows,
And owns the founder's hand.
That structure, Lord,
Still higher raise,
Louder to sound
Its builder's praise.

**129** *Crucifixion to the world by the Cross.* **L. M.**

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

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

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

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

**130** *Freedom in the death of Jesus.* **S. M.**

1 AND shall we still be slaves,
And in our fetters lie,
When summon'd by a voice divine
T' assert our liberty?

2 Did the great Savior bleed,
Our freedom to obtain?
And shall we trample on his blood,
And glory in our chain?

3 Shall we go on in sin,
Because thy grace abounds;

Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

4 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said
That those, for whom thy Son has died,
In vice are lost and dead.

5 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

6 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

## 131 *Christ's compassion.* C. M.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

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

3 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor should his saints forget.*

4 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the heart that never feels
One soft affection move.

5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

## 132 *Salvation in the Cross.* L. M.

1 HERE at thy cross, my dying Lord,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.

4 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.

5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim,
Hosanna to my dying Lord,
And my best honors to his name.

## 133 *Sorrow for the sufferings of the Savior.* C. M

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

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

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

**134** (820) *Christ and Moses.* **S. M**

1 THE law by Moses came;
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sov'reign and the Head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

**135** *Praise for redemption.* **S. M**

1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And seal'd it with his blood!

2 To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless blessings giv'n!
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

**136** *Tribute to the Lamb.* **C. M.**

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord! for ever thine.

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

**137** *Praise for Redemption.* **S. M**

1 AUTHOR of life and bliss!
Thy goodness I adore;
O give me strength to speak thy praise,
And grace to love thee more!

2 First for this world, so fair,
My daily thanks shall rise;
For ev'ry comfort, ev'ry joy,
Thy bounteous hand supplies.

3 But yet a nobler cause
Demands my warmest love—
Can words describe the wondrous gift
Descending from above?

4 The Savior dwelt on earth;
He died, that we might live;
Endur'd the sorrows of the cross,
Immortal hope to give.

5 Ah who can tell the scorn
The dear Redeemer bore?

Or who describe the heavy grief,
Which his blest bosom tore?

6 Low in the grave he lay,
While darkness veil'd the skies:
But lo! he bursts the bands of death;
To glory see him rise!

7 Father! this work is thine;
For us thou gav'st thy Son:
O may we all devoted be,
And live to thee alone!

## 138 *Prophecies fulfilled in Christ.* L. M

1 "'TIS *finished!*"—so the Savior cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died;
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 *'Tis finish'd!*—all that heav'n decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In thee, the Savior of mankind.

3 *'Tis finish'd!*—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 *'Tis finish'd!*—man is reconcil'd
To God, and pow'rs of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

5 *'Tis finish'd!*—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
*'Tis finish'd!*—let the echo fly
Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky!

## 139 *Finished Redemption.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4.7

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 finish'd!"
Hear the dying Savior cry!

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

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

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

**140** *Joy in the victory of a crucified Savior.* **C. M.**

1 COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise;
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the Lord that fought and bled,
How kind his smiles appear!
What melting, soothing words he says
To ev'ry humble ear!

3 "For you, the objects of my love,
It was for you I died:
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And look into my side.

4 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,
When I was sent to free your souls
From misery and chains."

5 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise
For goodness so divine:
O may we ever feel thy grace,
And die to ev'ry sin!

## 141 *Love of Christ to men.* S. M

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Savior 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 piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
And op'd his gushing side.

4 In sympathy of love
Let all the earth combine;
And, drawn by cords so gentle, prove
The energy divine.

5 In him our hearts unite,
Nor share his griefs alone,
But from his cross pursue their flight
To his triumphant throne.

## 142 *Love to the brethren a proper return.* L. M.

1 NOW be that sacrifice survey'd,
Which for our souls the Savior made,
While love to sinners fired his heart,
And conquer'd all the killing smart.

2 Blest Jesus, while thy grace I sing,
What grateful tribute shall I bring,
That earth and heav'n and all may see
My love to him who died for me?

3 That off'ring, Lord, thy word hath taught;
Nor be thy new command forgot,

That, if their Master's death can move,
Thy servants should each other love.

4 When on the cross I fix mine eye,
Let ev'ry sinful passion die;
And may I ever ready be
To serve, forgive, and love like thee.

**143** *Christ encouraging his disciples.* **C. M.**

1 HARK! 'tis our heav'nly Leader's voice
From the bright realms above;
Amidst the war's tumultuous rage,
A voice of pow'r and love.

2 "Maintain the fight, my faithful band,
Nor fear the mortal blow;
He that in such a warfare dies
Shall speedy vict'ry know.

3 "I have my days of combat seen,
And in the dust was laid;
But now I sit upon my throne,
And glory crowns my head.

4 "This throne, this glory, you shall share;
My hands the crown shall give:
And you the sparkling honors wear,
While God himself shall live."

5 Lord! 'tis enough, our souls are fir'd
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell;
Our hopes are fix'd above.

6 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn
To triumph and renown;
Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
May we but share thy crown.

**144** *Christ dying, rising, and reigning.* **L. M.**

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

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load,
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of 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,
In vain the tomb forbids his rise:
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

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

6 Say: "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster: "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

**145** *Christ's resurrection and ascension.* P. M. 7s

1 ANGEL, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Savior! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.*

3 Heav'n displays her portals wide;
Glorious hero! through them ride:
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's, and thine own.

4 Hosts of heav'n, seraphic fires!
Raptur'd, sweep your sounding lyres

Sons of men! in humbler strain
Sing your mighty Savior's reign.

5 Ev'ry note with wonder swell;
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell!
Where is now, O Death! thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king?

**146** *The resurrection of Christ.* **C. M**

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away,
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you!

3 A moment give a loose to grief;
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Savior lives again!
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqu'ror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonor'd head;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his, shall ev'ry saint
His empty tomb survey;
And rise with his ascending Lord
Through all his shining way.

**147** *Christ victorious over death.* **P. M.**

1 "CHRIST, the Lord, has ris'n to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

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

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal
Christ has burst the gates of hell.
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

## 148 *Resurrection of Christ.* S. M.

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

3 Since he hath left the grave,
His promises are true;
And each exalted hope he gave,
Confirm'd of heav'n we view.

4 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood!
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

5 O come the happy hour
When all the world shall own
Thy Son, O God, declar'd with pow'r,
And worship at thy throne!

6 We bless thy holy word
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord!
Our sacrifice of praise.

**149** *Christ's triumph.* P M. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose,
The Savior left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring head.
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground
And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet.
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

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

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell,
With Christ we rise,
With Christ we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

**150** *"The Lord is risen indeed."* S. M.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed."
And are the tidings true?
Yes, we beheld the Savior bleed,
And saw him living too.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood oppos'd before.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then is his work perform'd;
The captive surely now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarm'd.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

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

**151** *Christ's ascent to heaven.* **L. M**

1 REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high;
Behold the king of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Savior's he.

2 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Savior, way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqu'ror comes, with God to dwell.

3 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

**152** *Christ glorified.* **P. M. 7s.**

1 JESUS, our triumphant Head,
Ris'n victorious from the dead,
To the realms of glory's gone,
To ascend his rightful throne.

2 Cherubs on the Conqu'ror gaze,
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze;

Each bright order of the sky
Hails him as he passes by.

3 Heav'n its King congratulates,
Opens wide her golden gates:
Angels songs of vict'ry bring;
All the blissful regions ring.

4 Sinners, join the heav'nly pow'rs,
For redemption all is ours.
Humble penitents shall prove
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.

5 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord!
Holy Lamb! incarnate word!
Hail, thou suff'ring Son of God!
Take the trophies of thy blood.

## 153 *Christ's intercession.* C. M

1 THE Lord of life, with glory crown'd,
On heav'n's exalted throne,
Forgets not those for whom on earth
He heav'd his dying groan.

2 His greatness now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell;
Yet still the chief of all his joys,
That souls are sav'd from hell.

3 For this he taught, and toil'd, and bled;
For this his life was giv'n;
For this he fought, and vanquish'd death;
For this he reigns in heav'n.

4 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to his name,
With whom you too shall live.

## 154 *Christ's humiliation and exaltation.* L M.

1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of peace that groan'd and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charg'd with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss:
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who nail'd his weakness to the cross.

5 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, Amen.

## 155 *Christ's ascension.* L. M.

1 OUR Lord has risen from the dead;
Our Jesus has gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

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

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

**156** *Christ's intercession.* S. M.

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

2 No fiery vengeance now,
Nor burning wrath, comes down;
If justice call for sinners' blood,
The Savior shows his own.

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

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

5 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above;"
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

**157** *Christ pleads for us.* P. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

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

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

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

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

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

## 158 *"I know that my Redeemer liveth."* L. M

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 rich 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 silence all my fears,
He lives to stop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.

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!

## 159 *Christ exalted.* L. M.

1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Savior reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love

2 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd,
To save us rebels,—yes, 'tis he
How bright, how lovely, how admir'd!

3 Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place,
O what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace!

4 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their pow'rs,
Would still confess the off'rer poor.

5 Yet, though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honors raise,
Jesus! may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

## 160 *Christ adored by the heavenly host.* C. M

1 O THE delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through ev'ry heav'nly street;

And lay their highest honors down,
Submissive at his feet.

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

5 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head!

6 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

## 161 *The Star of Bethlehem.* L. M.

1 WHEN marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd 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.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

**162** *The Morning Star.* L. M.

1 O THOU, whose beams serenely bright
Can chase the darkness of my soul,
And pour a flood of purest light
Where now the shades of midnight roll:
Ah! why so long should horror shroud
This mourning breast with deep despair?
Break through the dark and envious cloud,
Arise, arise, O Morning Star.

2 Through a long night of griefs and fears,
With gloom and sorrow compass'd round,
I drop my uncomplaining tears,
Nor yet the radiant dawn have found;
Still towards the chambers of the day,
With eyes intent, expecting there,
With patient hope, thy promis'd ray,
I long for thee, sweet Morning Star.

3 Increasing clouds announce thee nigh,
Slumber my weary eyes invades;
Death spreads his horrors o'er the sky,
And thickens all the gather'd shades.
I yield, I bow my drooping head,
Resign, at length, my anxious care;
I sink awhile among the dead,
To wake and hail my Morning Star.

**163** *Bright and morning Star.* L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

## 164 *Rock smitten; or the Rock of Ages.* P. M. 7s.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This 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 eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

## 165 *Christ our Friend.* P. M. 8.7 8.7

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 Savior died to save us
Reconcil'd in him to God.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

**166** *Ingratitude to Christ.* **L. M.**

1 POOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,
I have a rich almighty friend;
Jesus, the Savior, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood;
And, by his pow'r, my foes controll'd:
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 But, ah! my inmost spirit mourns;
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns:—
I've been a faithless friend to him.

4 Often my gracious friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey;
And often Satan's lies believe
Rather than all my friend can say.

5 Sure, were I not most vile and base,
I could not thus my friend requite!
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight

**167** *Christ our Refuge.* **P M 7s**

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high,

Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Lo! I, helpless, hang on thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Lest I basely shrink and flee:
Thou art all my trust and aid,
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;
Boundless love in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am:
Thou art full of truth and grace

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Reign, O Lord, within my heart.
Reign to all eternity.

## 168 *Physician of souls.* L. M.

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

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in ev'ry part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sov'reign balm be found?
And is no kind Physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

4 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heav'nly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

5 See, in the Savior's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

## 169 *Christ the great Physician.* P. M.

1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till JESUS made me whole!
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul!—
The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within.

2 From men great skill professing
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain—
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost,
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd

3 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case—
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

4 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death—
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look—and live.

## 170 *Types of Christ.* P. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8

1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too:
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Savior's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,
The blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once applied with pow'r,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he who can for sin atone
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more;
In him our sur'ty seem'd to say,
"Behold I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free:
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea--
Describ'd the guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by the Savior's death discharg'd.

6 Jesus, I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in ev'ry age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me!

**171** *Christ the Paschal Lamb.* P. M. 8s & 7s.

1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
Adam's sons are now forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood!
Open'd is the gate of heaven—
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

2 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading—
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Glory, honor, pow'r, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
When we join th' angelic spirits,
In their sweetest, noblest lays,
We will sing our Savior's merits—
Gladly chant Immanuel's praise.

## HOLY SPIRIT.

**172** *The operations of the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day:
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy glorious power works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning sin,
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms 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.

## 173 *Prayer for the Spirit.* L. M.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above.
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare:
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and love thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from thee may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to righteousness, the road
That we must take, to dwell with God;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

## 174 *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.* C. M.

1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys!

Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

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

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

**175** *Prayer for renewal by the Holy Spirit.* C. M

1 MY hope, my portion, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!

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

3 Great God! thy gracious aid impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
That I may learn thy grace.

4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high:
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

**176** *Aid of the Spirit.* C. M

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Savior and my shield!
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When all my foes their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise:
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

## 177 *The Holy Spirit the Comforter.* L. M

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

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

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

4 And when my cheerful 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?

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

## 178 *Prayer for the Spirits guidance.* L. M

1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A world of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat:

2 Send down, O Lord! a heav'nly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r,
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.

3 Teach me the flatt'ring paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,

Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wand'ring soul aside;
But through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.

5 There glories shine, and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport the soul,
And every longing wish shall be
Possess'd of boundless bliss in thee.

**179** *Breathing after holiness.* C. M.

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

3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep;
And, should I e'er forget thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

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

**180** *To the blessed Spirit.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.7.7.8.8.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night:
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light;
Loving SPIRIT, GOD of peace,
Great distributer of grace,
Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, O! hear our supplication

2 From that height which knows no measure
As a gracious show'r descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O thou GLORY, shining down
From the FATHER and the SON,
Grant us thine illumination!
Rest on all this congregation.

3 Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more;
HOLY SPIRIT, heav'nly DOVE,
Now descending from above,
Rest on all this congregation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

## 181 *Address to the Spirit.* P. M. 8s. as 112th

1 ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend, and, with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, condescending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts O strike a spark
Of that pure flame which seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Nor lie benumb'd and stupid still.
Come, vivifying Spirit, come!
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Let pure devotion's fervors rise!
Let ev'ry pious passion glow!
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below.
Come, purifying Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home!

# THE GOSPEL CALL.

## GENERAL INVITATIONS.

**182** *Behold, now is the accepted time.* **S. M.**

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

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

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And ev'ry promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.*

**183** *Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.* **P. M.**

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with pow'r:
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,
Ev'ry 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 ruin'd 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 finish'd!"
Sinner, will not *this* suffice?

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

7 Saints and angels, join'd 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.

**184†** *Yet there is room.* **C. M.**

1 COME, sinners, 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 vict'ry 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.

## 185 *God desires not the death of the sinner.* P. M. 7s

1 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?

2 After all his proofs of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye resolve to die?

3 Turn, he cries, ye sinners turn:
By his life your God hath sworn;
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.

4 If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will ye resolve to die?

5 Sinners, turn, while God is near!
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, e'en now, your Savior stands,
All day long he spreads his hands!*

6 See, the suff'ring God appears,
Jesus weeps, believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood they cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

**186** *The Gospel Jubilee.* P. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

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

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

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

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

**187** *Sinners invited.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4 7

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—Oh, how tender!
Ev'ry 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,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"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 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

5 O ye angels, hov'ring round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the courts of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

## 188 *Gospel invitation.* S. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**189** *Inexhaustible grace.* C. M.

1 JEHOVAH'S grace, how full, how free!
His language how divine!
"My Son, thou ever art with me,
And all I have is thine.

2 "My saints shall each a portion share
That's worthy of a God;
They are my chief, my constant care—
The purchase of my blood.

3 "Both grace and glory I will give,
And nothing good deny;
With me my saints shall ever live,
And reign with me on high.

4 "And should a hundred thousand more
Accept the proffer'd grace,
I have a heaven prepared for all;
Nor shall you have the less."

5 Yea, dearest Lord, let millions come,
And feast on pard'ning grace;
Bring prodigals, bring exiles home,
And we will sing thy praise.

**190** *My son, give me thy heart.* C. M

1 WHAT language now salutes the ear,
And 'tis our Father's voice!
Let all the world attentive hear,
And ev'ry soul rejoice.

2 Sinner, he kindly speaks to thee,
However vile thou art;
Here's grace and pardon, rich and free,
My son, give me thy heart.*

3 Though thou hast long my grace withstood,
And said to me, "Depart,"
I claim the purchase of my blood—
My son, give me thy heart.

4 I'll form thee for myself alone,
And ev'ry good impart;
I'll make my great salvation known—
My son, give me thy heart.

M. 5 Come, Lord, and conquer now my heart,
Set up in me thy throne;
Bid sin and Satan hence depart,
And claim me as thine own.

**191** *"Whosoever will, let him come."* C. M.

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

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring!
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring!

4 Whoever will, (O gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake!

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

## 192 *"I will in no wise cast out."* L. M

1 HARK! 'tis the Savior'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 Doth sin appear before your view,
Of scarlet or of crimson hue?
If black as hell, why should you doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out!

4 The publican and dying thief
Applied to Christ, and found relief;
Nor need you entertain a doubt:
He will in no wise cast you out!

5 Approach your God, make no delay,
He waits to welcome you to-day;
His mercy try, nor longer doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

## 193 *Christ's invitation.* L. M.

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

2 "They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke and bear it with delight!
My yoke is easy to his neck;
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus! we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will

**194** *Mercy for sinners.* C. M.

1 THE Savior calls; let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound:
Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

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

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your ev'ry pain:
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

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

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

**195** *Room at the gospel feast.* C. M

1 THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board:
Not all the boasted joys of earth
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n;
And the rich blood, which Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heav'n.

3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace will find you room.

4 Thousands of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;

And thousands more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That thousands more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready; enter in,
Nor weak excuses frame:
Come, take your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

## 196 *A Fountain opened.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4 7

1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain
Streams of living water flow:
God has open'd there a fountain;
This supplies the plains below:
They are blessed
Who its sov'reign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O, ye nations!
Hail the long expected day.

3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose,
Ev'ry object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are sav'd from mourning,
Pleasure comes and hopes abound:
Fair their portion!
Endless life with glory crown'd.

## 2. FROM THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

**197**† (830) *Looking at the cross.* C. M.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame and fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

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

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

5 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

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

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.

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

**198** *And yet there is room.* C. M.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry humble guest.

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

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

4 In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come:
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

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

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.*

**199** *Youth invited to love Christ.* C. M.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Savior's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;

And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like that in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

**200** *Christ came not to condemn but to save.* C. M.

1 AMAZING sight, the Savior stands
And knocks at ev'ry 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 for ever blest.

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

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

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

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

## 201 *Salvation offered to all.* C. M

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

## 202 *Christ's condescension.* C. M.

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
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue—
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd?

4 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant pow'r
The lodging has possest;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heav'nly guest.

5 Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart:
Dear Savior, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out ev'ry sin.

**203** *The wanderer invited to return.* L. M

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thy inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear:
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

**204** *"Behold, I stand at the door."* L. M

1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knock'd before,
Hath waited long—is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, 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 dy'd on Calvary.

4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heav'nly 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.

### 3. FROM THE EXAMPLES OF SINNERS RECEIVED.

**205** *The repenting prodigal.* C. M.

1 THE Prodigal, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wand'rings 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 call'd a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

4 Far off he saw him slowly move,
In pensive silence mourn;
The Father ran with arms of love
To welcome his return.

5 Thro' all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tun'd their harps anew;
The Prodigal is found!

**206** *The converted thief.* C. M.

1 AS on the cross the Savior hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:

3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven!
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Savior, think on me,
And in the vict'ries 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."

## 207 *The leper healed.* C. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**208†** *Bartimeus's prayer.* P. M. 8s. & 7s.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## FROM THE HAPPINESS OF THE CHRISTIAN IN THE PRESENT AND FUTURE LIFE.

**209** *The beatitudes.* L. M

1 BLEST are the humble souls who see
Their ignorance and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
For them divine compassion flows,
And 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 peaceful state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness:
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts still move
And melt with sympathy and love:
They shall themselves from God obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin:
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Blest are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake:
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

## 210 *The blessings of obedience.* C. M.

1 BLEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean,
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practice thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name.

## 211 *Religion.* L. M

1 THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
The fainting trav'ler wends his way;
Bewild'ring meteors glare around,
And tempt his wand'ring feet astray,**

2 Till mild religion from above
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heav'nly love,
The bow of promise 'mid the storm.

3 Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

4 At her approach the grave appears
The gate of Paradise restor'd;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double-flaming sword.

5 Baptiz'd with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain,
Rise when the hosts of heav'n expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign!

## 212 *The righteous--the wicked.* S. M.

1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners' ways;
Amongst 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 heav'nly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go:
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

### AWAKENING. THE EVIL OF SIN.

**213†** *The evil heart.* S. M

1 ASTONISHED and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within;—
My heart with heavy guilt oppressed,
The seat of ev'ry sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear!

3 Almighty King of saints!
These hateful sins subdue;
Dispel the darkness from my mind,
And all my pow'rs renew.

4 Then shall my cheerful voice
To thee hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,—
My lips pronounce thy praise.

**214†** *Sense of ingratitude.* C. M.

1 DEAR Savior, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low, at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detained, betrayed
From Jesus to depart;—

3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest;—
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wand'ring soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

6 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Is thy forgiving grace.

## 215 *We must be born again.* C. M

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

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

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

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

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

## THE SINNER'S HELPLESSNESS.

**216** *The successful resolve.* C. M.

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 sov'reign grace.

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

5 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv'd to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

6 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
That were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

## VANITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

**217** *Life the day of grace and hope.* L. M

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has 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,
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

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.

**218** *To-day.* **L. M.**

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

2 Oh, hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this ev'ning's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

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

**219** *The rich worldling.* **C. M.**

1 "MY barns are full, my stores increase;
And now for many years,
Soul, eat and drink, and take thine ease,
Secure from want and fears."

2 Thus, while a worldling boasted once,
As many now presume,
He heard the Lord himself pronounce
His sudden, awful doom:

3 "This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass
Into a world unknown;
And who shall then the stores possess
Which thou hast call'd thine own?"

4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme
For happiness below,
Till death destroys the pleasing dream,
And they awake to woe.

## 220† *Treasure in heaven.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7

1 ASPIRE, my heart, *on high* to live!
For *there* is found thy treasure:
What's *here*, would all thy hopes deceive,—
*There* only is true pleasure.
Poor is the wealth that soon must fail,
None other can for thee avail
Than riches stor'd in heaven.

2 'Tis all a gift,—not wages paid,—
This treasure none can merit;
And Jesus, who atonement made,
He, only, can confer it.
The soul can have no higher good,
Than God's belov'd Son, with blood,
For us hath dearly purchas'd.

3 This is a treasure will remain,—
By faith in him, we seal it:
No foe can make its title vain,
No thief can ever steal it.
Nor death nor time its worth destroys,
'Twill be a source of holy joys,
Long as the soul is living.

**221** *Jesus's invitation to the afflicted.* **P. M.**

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home!
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste;
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3 Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, whose swoll'n and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt, in strong remorse, who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care:
Conscience wounded who can bear?

5 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound;
Peace that ever shall endure;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

**222** *Love to the creatures is dangerous.* **C. M.**

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

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

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

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

**223** *The shortness and misery of life.* C. M.

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 heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

**224** *Frailty and folly.* C. M.

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

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

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O Savior, with thy grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

225 *The vanity of creatures.* L. M.

1 MAN has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within with restless fires;
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We change from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

226† *The Spirit inviting.* S. M

1 THE Spirit in our hearts
Is whisp'ring, "Sinners, 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 thine hour;
O, blest Redeemer, come.

227 *Time is short.* C. M.

1 THE time is short! the season near
When death will us remove;
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

2 The time is short! sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear
While it is call'd to-day.

3 The time is short! ye rebels, now
To Christ the Lord submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

4 The time is short! ye saints rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come:
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

5 The time is short! it swiftly flies—
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wish'd-for land.

6 The time is short!—the moment near
When we shall dwell above,
And be for ever happy there
With Jesus, whom we love.

## DANGER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT'S WITHDRAWING HIS INFLUENCE.

228 *The returning backslider.* L. M.

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

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
Oft shaken off my guilty fears,
And vex'd and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

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

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

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

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

## 229 *My Spirit shall not always strive.* L M.

1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urg'd 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 warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heav'nly 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.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

6 Sinner—perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

**230** *Now is the accepted time.* **C. M.**

1 NOW is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners, come away;
The Savior 's knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.

2 Oh! don't refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.

3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
And stand before his face.

4 Oh! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye!

5 The dead awak'd must all appear,
And you among them stand,
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

### THE CERTAINTY OF DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

**231** *Anticipations of eternity.* **S. M.**

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Soon as from earth I go
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be!

3 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd
And see the flaming skies.

4 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

5 Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away
To meet its sentence there?

6 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?

7 I must from God be driv'n,
Or with my Savior dwell;
Must come at his command to heav'n,
Or else depart to hell.

8 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery,

9 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

8.8.6.8.8.6.

## 232 *Life a time of trial and preparation.* P. M

1 AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?

What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay;
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day!

3 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!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ
A moment's misery or joy:
But oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destin'd place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 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.

6 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!

**233** *Sickness and death.* L. M.

1 MY soul, the minutes haste away,
Apace comes on th' important day,
When in the icy arms of death
I must give up my vital breath.

2 Look forward to the moving scene;
How wilt thou be affected then?
When from on high some sharp disease
Resistless shall my vitals seize.

3 When all the springs of life are low,
The spirits faint, the pulses slow;
The eyes grow dim and short the breath,
Presages of approaching death;

4 When clammy sweats through ev'ry part,
Show life 's retreating from the heart;
Its last resistance there to make,
And then the breathless frame forsake;

5 When all eternity's in sight,
The brightest day, or blackest night,
One shock will break the building down
And hurl thee into worlds unknown.

6 O come, my soul, the matter weigh!
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay!
And how those unknown regions try,
And launch into eternity!

## 234 *The night cometh.* L. M

1 AWAKE, awake, my sluggish soul,
Awake and view thy setting sun;
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done.

2 Death!—'tis an awful, solemn sound;
Oh! let it wake the slumb'ring ear!
Apace the dreadful conqu'ror comes,
With all his pale companions near.

3 Thy drowsy eyes will soon be clos'd—
These friendly warnings heard no more;
Soon will the mighty Judge approach;
E'en now he stands before the door.

4 To-day attend his gracious voice;
This is the summons that he sends:
"Awake,—for on this transient hour
Thy long eternity depends."

## 235 *The sinner weighed and found wanting.* L. M

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye;
Behold God's balance lifted high!
There shall his justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one scale his perfect law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw:
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain?—
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain?

3 Behold, the hand of God appears
To trace in dreadful characters;
"Sinner—thy soul is wanting found,
And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."*

4 One only hope may yet prevail—
Christ hath a weight to turn the scale;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Savior's righteousness.

5 Great God, exert thy power to save;
Deep on the heart these truths engrave,
The pond'rous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

## 236 *The scoffer.* C. M

1 ALL ye who laugh and sport with death,
And say there is no hell,
The gasp of your expiring breath
Will send you there to dwell.

2 When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigor springs afresh,
And tortures wake the mind!

3 Then you'll confess the frightful names
Of plagues you scorn'd before,
No more shall sound like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.*

**237** *The harvest is past.* S. M

1 I SAW, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepar'd to scan with strict account
My blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath, like flaming fire,
Burn'd to the lowest hell—
And in that hopeless world of woe,
He bade my spirit dwell.

3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis call'd to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

4 Soon may the harvest close—
The summer soon be o'er—
And then your injur'd, angry God
Will hear your pray'rs no more.

**238** *Death and judgment.* P. M.

1 WHEN frowning death appears,
And points his fatal dart,
What dark foreboding fears
Distract the sinner's heart!
The dreadful blow
No arm can stay,
But, torn away,
He sinks to woe.

2 Now ev'ry hope denied,
Bereft of every good,
He must the wrath abide
Of an avenging God;
No mercy there
Will greet his ear,
Nor wipe the tear
Of black despair.

3 Sinners, awake, attend,
And flee the wrath to come;

Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,
And heav'n shall be your home:
His mercy nigh,
Now points the path
That leads from death
To joys on high.

**239** *Prepare to meet thy God.* P. M. 7.7.7.7

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 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapt in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice:
Seek the things that are above:
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

**240** *The alarm.* P. M. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7 6

1 STOP, poor sinners, stop and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe!

On the verge of ruin stop—
Now the friendly warning take—
Stay your footsteps—ere ye drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear ye not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair!
All your sins will round you crowd,—
You shall mark their crimson dye,—
Each for vengeance crying loud;
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass;
Sinners then in vain will call,
Those who now despise his grace,
"Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

## 241 *Trust in Jesus.* C. M

1 THERE is a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

2 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh! help my unbelief.

3 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.*

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all!

**242** *Eternity.* L M

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

2 But an eternity there is
Of endless woe, or endless bliss;
And swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.

3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind!
They're gone! but where?—ah, pause and see,
Gone to a long eternity.

4 Sinner! canst thou for ever dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell;
And is death nothing, then, to thee,
Death, and a dread eternity?

**243** *The misery and danger of sinners.* C. M

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

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

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?

Can you in frightful torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing ev'ry sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

## 244 *The folly of neglecting religion.* L. M.

1 WHY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind
And famish an immortal mind,
While angels with regret look down
To see you spurn a heav'nly crown?

3 Th' eternal God calls from above
And Jesus pleads his dying love;
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain:
And shall they join their pleas in vain?

4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which ye now pursue;
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear
When the decisive hour is near.

5 Almighty God! thine aid impart,
To fix conviction on the heart:
Thy pow'r can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

## 245† *The terrors of eternity.* P. M. 8.8.7.8.8.7.8.8

1 ETERNITY! terrific word,
Within the heart a piercing sword!
Beginning without ending!
Eternity! unmeasur'd time!
I sink beneath the thought sublime
That I to thee am tending:
Deep horror fills my quaking heart,
My lips in speech refuse to part.

2 Eternity! O what a pang!
Eternity! no serpent's fang
Could send that thrill of terror.
When I revolve thy clanking chains,
Thy dark abyss of deathless pains,
My soul is fill'd with horror.
O search the universe around,
No equal terror can be found!

3 Awake, O man, from sinful sleep;
Bethink thyself, thou straying sheep,
Seek God by true repentance!
Awake, behold thy wasting sand,
Eternity is just at hand
And brings thine awful sentence.
This is, perchance, thy final day:
Who knows how soon he's snatch'd away?

4 Eternity! terrific word,
Within the heart a piercing sword!
Beginning without ending!
Eternity! unmeasur'd time!
I sink beneath the thought sublime
That I to thee am tending:
Lord Jesus, when it pleaseth thee,
Grant me thy blest eternity!

## 246 *Youth and judgment.* L. M.

1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire:

2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror through:
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities,
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

## 247 *Death and eternity.* C. M.

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies.
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu.

3 But, O! the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there,
Or devils plunge it down to hell
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O for some guardian angel nigh
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust,
And my flesh waits for thy command
To drop into my dust.

## THE AWAKENED SINNER.

**248** *A prayer for seriousness.* P. M. 8.8 6.8.8.6.

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to that heav'nly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 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

4 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?

5 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' insure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then Savior, 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.

**249** *The true repentance.* **S. M.**

1 O LET me now repent!
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble contrite heart!

2 A heart with grief opprest,
For having griev'd my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood!

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire;

4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

**250** *For true repentance.* **C. M**

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledges how just 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 Savior, to me in pity give
The sensible distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace;

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove
Before the evil come,
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

**251** *Prayer for a renewed heart.* C. M.

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

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

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

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

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

**252** *Prayer for penitence.* S. M.

1 O LET me now repent!
O let me now believe!
Thou, by whose voice the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!
Thou, by thy two-edg'd sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Savior and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:—
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

3 For thine own mercy's sake,
The hindrance now remove,
And into thy protection take
The pris'ner of thy love;
In ev'ry trying hour
Stand by my feeble soul,
And screen me from my nature's pow'r,
Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be;
Should all my sins at once forsake,
This moment turn to thee:
O may I now embrace
Thine all-sufficient pow'r!
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

## 253 *Hardness of heart lamented.* L. M

1 O FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake,
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant might melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too, which devils fear,
(Amazing thought!) unmov'd I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 Eternal Spirit! mighty God!
Apply to me the Savior's blood;
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

## 254 *Original and actual sin confessed.* L. M.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

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

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

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

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

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.*

## 255 *The contrite heart.* C. M.

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 inclin'd
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 therefore 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.

## 256 *Penitential sighs.* P. M. 7 7. 7. 7.

1 FATHER! at thy call I come,
In thy bosom there is room
For a guilty soul to hide,—
Press'd with grief on ev'ry side.

2 Darkness fills my trembling soul;
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll;
Pity, Father! pity me;
All my hope is plac'd in thee.

3 But may such a wretch as I,—
Self-condemn'd and doom'd to die,
Ever hope to be forgiv'n,
And be smil'd upon by heav'n?

4 Yes, I may! for I espy
Pity trickling from thine eye;
'Tis a Father's heart that moves,
Moves with pardon and with love.

5 Well I do remember, too,
What his love hath deign'd to do;
How he sent a Savior down,
All my follies to atone.

6 Has my elder brother died?
And is justice satisfied?
Why,—oh, why should I despair
Of my Father's tender care?

**257** *The penitent.* **C. M.**

1 DEAR Jesus! prostrate at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh 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.

**258** *Confession of sin.* **P. M. 7.7.7.7**

1 GOD of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our penitential songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs!

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debas'd 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 ev'ry secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.*

**259** *Indwelling sin lamented.* **C. M.**

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 ev'ry sin!

3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Savior, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will
And give my conscience rest?

6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

**260** *Conflict between flesh and spirit.* **L. M**

1 HOW sad and awful is my state!
The very thing I do I hate!
When I to God draw near in pray'r,
I feel the conflict even there!

2 I mourn, because I cannot mourn;
I hate my sin, yet cannot turn;
I grieve, because I cannot grieve;
I hear the truth, but can't believe.

3 Where shall so great a sinner run?
I see I'm ruin'd and undone;
Dear Lord, in pity now draw near,
And banish ev'ry rising fear.

4 Thy blood, dear Lord, which thou hast spilt,
Can make this rocky heart to melt;
Thy blood can make me clean within—
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.

5 'Tis on th' atonement of that blood,
I now approach to thee, my God;
This is my hope, this is my claim—
Jesus has died to hide my sin.

## 261 *The thoughtless sinner converted.* L. M.

1 ALAS, alas, how blind I've been,
How little of myself I've seen!
Sportive I sail'd the sensual tide,
Thoughtless of God, whom I defied.

2 Oft have I heard of heav'n, and hell,
Where bliss and woe eternal dwell;
But mock'd the threats of truth divine,
And scorn'd the place where angels shine.

3 My heart has long refus'd the blood
Of Jesus, the descending God;
And guilty passion boldly broke
The holy law which heav'n had spoke.

4 Th' alluring world controll'd my choice;
When conscience spake, I hush'd its voice;
Securely laugh'd along the road,
Which hapless millions first had trod.

5 But now, th' Almighty God comes near
And fills my soul with awful fear—
Perhaps I sink to endless pain,
Nor hear the voice of joy again.

**262** *Neglected opportunities.* C. M.

1 AH, what can I, a sinner do,
With all my guilt opprest?
I feel the hardness of my heart,
And conscience knows no rest.

2 Great God, thy good and perfect law
Does all my life condemn;
The secret evils of my soul
Fill me with fear and shame.

3 How many precious Sabbaths gone,
I never can recall;
And, oh, what cause have I to mourn,
Who misimprov'd them all!

4 How long, how often have I heard
Of Jesus, and of heav'n;
Yet scarcely listen'd to his word,
Or pray'd to be forgiv'n!

5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,
And grant renewing grace;
For thou this flinty heart canst break,
And thine shall be the praise.

**263** *Prayer for the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

1 O TURN, great Ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes,
Nor let th' offences of my hand,
Within thy book recorded stand.

2 Give me a will to thine subdu'd,
A conscience pure, a soul renew'd;
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.

3 O, let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quick'ning aid impart,
My mind from ev'ry fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace

4 So shall the souls, whom error's sway
Has urg'd from thee, blest Lord, to stray,
From me thy heavenly precepts learn,
And, humbled, to their God return.

**264** *Conviction.* S. M.

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 sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

**265** *Sin bewailed.* P. M. 7.7.7.7

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin;
Lord! remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy sov'reign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 Show me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

**266** *Confession and repentance.* **L. M.**

1 O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To thee I call, to thee I cry,
O leave me, leave me not to die!

2 O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.

3 For pleasure I have giv'n my soul;
Now, justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now, vengeance, smile—and with a blow
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

4 Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll crowd beneath his shelt'ring wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
E'en me, oh bliss!—his wrath may spare.

**267** *Repentance at the cross.* **C M.**

1 OH, if my soul were form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my Lord,
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed,
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Savior bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'rers too.

**268** *Terror turned to joy.* C. M.

1 SMOTE by the law, I'm justly slain;
Great God, behold my case;
Pity a sinner fill'd with pain,
Nor drive me from thy face.

2 Dread terrors fright my guilty soul—
Thy justice, all in flames,
Gives sentence on this heart so foul,
So hard, so full of crimes.

3 'Tis trembling hardness that I feel;
I fear, but don't relent,—
Perhaps of endless death the seal;
O that I could repent!

4 My pray'rs, my tears, my vows are vile;
My duties black with guilt;
On such a wretch can mercy smile,
Though Jesus' blood was spilt?

5 Speechless I sink to endless night,
I see an op'ning hell:
But lo! what glory strikes my sight!
Such glory who can tell?

6 Enrapt in these bright beams of peace,
I feel a gracious God:
Swell, swell the note—O tell his grace;
Sound his high praise abroad!

**269**† *Parting with all for Christ.* C. M

1 YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu;
A nobler choice be mine;
A heavenly prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,—
O name divinely sweet!—
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
True wealth and honor meet.

3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possest,

I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever blest.

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

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## SUPPLICATION FOR DIVINE MERCY.

**270** *The penitent suing for pardon.* P. M. 8.7.8.7

1 SAVIOR, canst thou love a traitor?
Canst thou love a child of wrath?
Can a hell-deserving creature
Be the purchase of thy death?

2 Is thy blood so efficacious
As to make my nature clean?
Is thy sacrifice so precious,
As to free my soul from sin?

3 Sin on ev'ry side surrounds me,
I can hear of no relief;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Help me, Lord, to bear my grief.

4 This is now my resolution,
At thy dearest feet to fall;
Here I'll meet my condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.

5 If I meet with condemnation,
Justly I deserve the same;
If I meet with free salvation,
I will magnify thy name

**271** *Seeking pardon.* L. M

1 LORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,
Opprest with fears to thee I call:
Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face?"
The invitation I embrace;
I'll seek thy face; thy Spirit give!
O let me see thy face, and live.

3 I'll wait, perhaps my Lord may come;
If I turn back, hell is my doom;
And, begging, in his way I'll lie
Till the dear Savior passes by.

4 I'll seek his face with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent prayers;
And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Savior's feet.

5 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
No! Jesus will not, can't deceive:
The soul that seeks his face shall live.

**272** *"What must I do to be saved?"* L. M.

1 WITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me?

2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh;
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.

3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
"O save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

**273** *Apprehension confessed.* L. M.

1 THOU man of griefs, remember me,
Thou surely never canst forget
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat!

2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load!
Thy feeble flesh afraid to bear
The wrath of an almighty God!

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire,
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

4 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll!*

5 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee!
O save me, through thine only Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

**274** *Penitence.* L. M.

1 SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting sinner live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not the contrite trust in thee?

2 With shame my num'rous sins I trace
Against thy law, against thy grace;
And, though my pray'r thou shouldst not hear,
My doom is just and thou art clear.

3 Yet save a penitent, O Lord!
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,

Seeks for some precious promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

4 My sins are great, but don't surpass
The riches of eternal grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

5 O wash my soul from ev'ry stain,
Nor let the guilt I mourn remain;
Give me to hear thy pard'ning voice,
And bid my bleeding heart rejoice.

6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And ev'ry pow'r shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

## 275 *Prayer for a new heart.* L. M.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, O God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 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.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

**276** *Pleading Christ's promises* L. M.

1 JESUS, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor.

2 Thou hast pronounc'd the mourner blest,
And lo! for thee I ever mourn;
I cannot, no, I will not rest
Till thou my only rest return.

3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God!
See the poor fainting sinner, see.

4 Ah, Lord! if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray,
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my lab'ring soul would say.

5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom;
Light in thy light I then shall see:
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,
Glory divine is ris'n on thee."

6 Lord, I believe thy promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay;
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay.

**277** *Spiritual miracles.* C. M.

1 JESUS, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name.**

2 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorr d,
I sink beneath my sin:
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

3 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, my ear;

Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands
And lift them up in prayer.

4 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long,)
My voice I cannot raise;
But O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

5 Lame at the pool I still am found:
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

6 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

7 But thou, they say, art passing by,
O let me find thee near!
Jesus, in mercy, hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

8 Long have I waited in the way
For thee the heav'nly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight."

## 278 *To obtain mercy.* S M

1 MY gracious, loving Lord,
To thee what shall I say?
Well may I tremble at thy word,
And scarce presume to pray.

2 Ten thousand wants have I;
Alas! I all things want!
But thou hast bid me always pray,
And never, never faint.

3 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,
Fear e'en to ask thy grace,
So oft have I, alas! drawn near,
And mock'd thee to thy face.

4 With all pollution stain'd,
Thy hallow'd courts I trod;
Thy name and temple I profan'd,
And dar'd to call thee God!

5 Nigh with my lips I drew—
My lips were all unclean;
Thee with my heart I never knew—
My heart was full of sin.*

**279** *My peace I give unto you.* P. M. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

1 LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray:
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away.
From this bondage, Lord, release;
No longer let me be opprest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee!
No, my God, I cannot doubt:
Thy mercy is for me:
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possest:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

3 Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others given;
Only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth or heav'n;
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest;
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

4 This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath!
Join the happy few whose love
Was mightier than death!

Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be thy guest!
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!

**280** *Pleading for mercy.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.

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,
Overwhelm'd 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 While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

5 Without thee, the world possessing,
I should be a wretch undone;
Search through heaven,—the land of blessing;
Seeking good, and finding none.

6 Hear, then, blessed Savior, hear me!
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in thee I put my trust.

7 Sav'd—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above!
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptur'd with thy love!

**281**† *Seeking all in Christ.* C. M.

1 SOURCE of eternal joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
O could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.

2 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love;
O speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

## 282 *The penitent's prayer.* P. M. as 112

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love!
O hear a humble suppliant's cry:
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
O deign to listen to my voice,
And bid this drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,
For I, alas! am all that's vile:
No—when I bow before thy throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,
That dearest, sweetest name to me!

3 Within this heart of mine I feel
The weight of sin's oppressive load:
Oh! help! or else I sink to hell,
Crush'd by thine arm, avenging God!
Entomb'd within that dread abyss,
And exil'd from the realms of bliss!

## 283 *The penitent pardoned.* P. M. 7.7 7.7.

1 SOV'REIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall:
Hear, oh hear my ardent cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die!

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels I have been!
Oft abus'd thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this broken, bleeding heart;
Justly might thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.

4 But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my ev'ry wound;
Thou canst soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wand'rer rest.

5 Then my humble prayer attend,
Show thyself the sinner's friend;
Bid the suff'rer cease to mourn,
Bid the prodigal return!*

**284** *The dying sinner's prayer.* **L. M.**

1 O THOU that dost in secret see,
Regard a dying sinner's prayer;
Out of the deep I cry to thee—
Save, or I perish in despair.

2 Weeping, to thee I lift mine eyes,
Mine eyes which fail with looking up;
For thee my heart laments and sighs—
Sick with desire and ling'ring hope.

3 O that I could but surely know
If I at last shall mercy find;
For what am I reserv'd below?
Tell me, thou Savior of mankind.

4 Let others walk with thee in light,
But bless me with one parting ray,
And ere I close mine eyes in night,
Give me to see thy perfect day.

**285** *Supplication for God's grace* **C M.**

1 TO thee, O God! my pray'r ascends,
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet I the brightest gems
On the rich eastern shores:

2 Nor that deluding empty joy
Men call a mighty name,

Nor greatness with its pride and state,
My restless thoughts inflame:—

3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms
My fond desires allure:
But nobler things than these from thee
My wishes would secure.

4 The faith and hope of joys to come,
My best affections move;
Thy light, thy favor, and thy smiles,
Thine everlasting love.

5 These are the blessings I desire;
Lord, be these blessings mine,
And all the glories of the world
I cheerfully resign.

## 286 *God the portion of the soul.* C. M.

1 MY God, my portion and my love!
My everlasting all!
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 In vain the bright meridian sun
Scatters his feeble light:
Thy brighter beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

3 And while upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If God his light around me shed,
'Tis morning with my soul.

4 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

5 If I possess'd the spacious earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy mercy and thy love,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me to see thy blissful face,
And I desire no more!

## 287 *God the Christian's portion.* C. M.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near!
Thine arm of mercy holds me up,
And saves me from 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 heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

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

5 Behold, the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when thy 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.

## 288 *Prayer for pardon.* C. M.

1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare,
God inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner's prayer.

2 A sinner welt'ring in his blood;
Unpurg'd and unforgiv'n;
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heav'n,—

3 An unregen'rate child of man,
To thee for faith I call;
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall.

4 The darkness which, through thee, I feel,
Thou only canst remove:
Thine own eternal power reveal,
The Deity of love.*

5 Show me the blood that bought my peace,
The cov'nant blood apply,
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.*

289 *Prayer for christian graces.* S. M.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer,
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples on and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.
A soul inur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay
Or wish my suff'rings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, deep concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

**290** *Imploring mercy.* C. M

1 LORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With humble heart and weeping eye,
Thy favor I implore.

2 On me, O Lord, do thou display
Thy rich, forgiving love;
O take my heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

3 Without thy grace, I sink opprest
Down to the gates of hell;
O give my troubled spirit rest,
And all my fears dispel.

4 'Tis mercy, mercy I implore,
O may thy goodness move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

5 Should I at last in heaven appear,
To join thy saints above,
I'll tell that mercy brought me there,
And sing thy bleeding love.

## 291 *Inconstancy lamented.* S M.

1 I WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavor oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Though woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest,
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would but cannot—Lord, relieve;
My help must come from thee!

## 292 *Bethesda's pool.* S. M

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 malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.**

5 Yet here, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
And suffer him to die?

6 No—he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

**293** *Prayer for the witness of the Spirit.* 8.8.6.8.8.6

1 THOU great, mysterious, God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on
E'en from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd with a heart sincere
Thy drawing from above,
Now, now the farther grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiv'n;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without thine inward witness live,
That antepast of heav'n.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconcil'd?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
I know myself thy child?

5 Ah! never let thy servant rest,
Till of my part in Christ possess'd,
I on thy mercy feed:
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by him who died for all,
To eat the children's bread.

6 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,
Or sin, or righteousness, remove,
Thy glory to display;
My heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

## 294 *The sinner's plea.* P. M. 7.7.7 7

1 WILL the pard'ning God despise
A poor mourner's sacrifice,
One who brings his all to thee,
All his sin and misery?

2 Savior, see my troubled breast,
Heaving, panting after rest;
Jesus, mark my hollow eye,
Never clos'd and never dry.

3 Listen to my plaintive moans,
Deep uninterrupted groans,
Keep not silence at my tears,
Quiet all my griefs and fears.

4 Good physician, show thine art,
Bind thou up my broken heart;
Aches it not for thee, my God,
Panting for thy healing blood?

5 Jesus, answer all thy name,
Save me from my fear and shame;
Sunk in desp'rate misery,
Sinners' friend, remember me!

**295** *God the preserver of his people.* S. M

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Savior 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 ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all his faithful sons
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

**296** *A prayer for the promised rest.* P. M. as 112th

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 promis'd rest.

2 With holy fear and rev'rend 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 promis'd rest.

3 Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, dear Lord! on thee.
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust on thee the promis'd rest.

4 Take me, my Savior, as thine own,
And vindicate my righteous cause;
Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,
Incline me to obey thy laws:
In thy dear arms of love caress'd,
Give me to find thy promis'd rest.

5 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 possess'd,
Know thee to be my promis'd rest.

**297** *Pleading the atonement.* P. M. 7.7.7.7.7.7

1 FATHER, God, who se'st in me
Only sin and misery,
Turn to thine Anointed One,
Look on thy beloved Son;
Him, and then the sinner, see:
Look through Jesus' wounds on me.

2 Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Hear and show thou hear'st my call!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Smile on me, a sinner, now!
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and melt my heart.

3 Lord, I cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine,
Lo! to his, my suit I join;

Join'd with his, it cannot fail:
Let me now with thee prevail!

4 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Pity from thine eye let fall;
Bless me whilst on thee I call:
Am I thine, thou Son of God?
Take the purchase of thy blood.

**298** *Pleading for mercy.* C. M.

1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd 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 disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee;
Thy nature is benign;
Thy pard'ning mercy I implore,
For mercy, Lord, is thine.

5 O let thy boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul!
Correct my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears control.

6 And may I taste thy richer grace
In that decisive hour,
When Christ to judgment shall descend,
And time shall be no more.

**299** *Prayer for the light of God's countenance.* C. M

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, return?

3 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine:
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

## 300 *For a new nature.* C. M.

1 SUPREME High-priest, the pilgrim's light,
My heart for thee prepare;
Thine image stamp, and deeply write
Thy superscription there.

2 Ah, let my forehead bear thy seal,
Mine arm thy badge retain,
My heart the inward witness feel
That I am born again.

3 Into thy humble mansion come,
Set up thy dwelling here;
Possess my heart, and leave no room
For sin to harbor there.

4 Ah, give me, Lord, the single eye
Which aims at naught but thee:
I fain would live, and yet not I—
Let Jesus live in me.

5 O that the penetrating sight
And eagle's eye were mine!
Undazzled at the boundless light
Of majesty divine;

6 That with the armies of the sky
I too may sit and sing,
Add, Savior, to the eagle's eye
The dove's aspiring wing.

**301** *Deliverance from sin.* C. M.

1 O WHEN wilt thou my Savior be?
O when shall I be clean?
The true eternal Sabbath see,
A perfect rest from sin?

2 Jesus! the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While thou art absent from my heart,
I look for rest in vain!

3 The consolations of thy word
My soul have long upheld;
The faithful promise of the Lord
Shall surely be fulfill'd:

4 Joining thy sheep in yonder fold,
Like them I shall rejoice;
Like them thy glory shall behold,
And hear my Shepherd's voice.

5 O that I now the voice might hear
That speaks my sins forgiven;
Thy word is past to give me here
The inward pledge of heaven.

**302** *Prayer of a penitent.* L. M.

1 O THAT the Lord would hear my cry,
And stay his anger, lest I die!
Thy wrath is just—yet, oh, forgive!
And let a mourning sinner live.

2 In all my frame, without, within,
I feel the sad effects of sin;
How long, my God, must I complain,
And deprecate thy wrath in vain?

3 O should I die depriv'd of thee!
What being else can succor me?
Thy frowns would rend my soul in death,
And sink it to the depths beneath.

4 Ye darling sins that plague me so,
The greatest enemies I know,

Depart, for God has heard my pray'r,
And will not let me long despair.

5 No—I shall yet his goodness bless;
And when this transient life shall pass,
Then, full of glory, I shall prove
He can be just, and sinners love.

## SALVATION THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

**303** *Humble trust, or despair prevented.* L. M

1 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardon, rich and free?
And grace, an overwhelming flood?

2 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound—
To limit mercy's sov'reign reign:
What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek; nor shall I seek in vain.

3 I own my guilt, my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score

4 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.

5 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 perish'd there.

**304** *The anticipations of faith.* L. M.

1 FAR from thy fold, O God, my feet
Once moved in error's devious maze;
Nor found religious duties sweet,
Nor sought thy face, nor lov'd thy ways.

2 With tend'rest voice thou bad'st me flee
The paths which thou couldst ne'er approve;
Didst gently draw my soul to thee,
With cords of sweet, eternal love.

3 Now to thy foot-stool, Lord, I fly,
And low in self-abasement fall;
A vile, a helpless worm, I lie,
And thou, my God, art all in all.

4 Dearer, far dearer to my heart,
Than all the joys that earth can give;
From fame, from wealth, from friends I'd part,
Beneath thy countenance to live.

5 And when, in smiling friendship drest,
Death bids me quit this mortal frame,
Gently reclin'd on Jesus' breast,
My latest breath shall bless his name.

6 Then my unfetter'd soul shall rise,
And soar above yon starry spheres,
Join the full chorus of the skies,
And sing thy praise through endless years.

**305** *The surrender.* P. M. 8.7.8.7 4.7.

1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeeme
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Ev'ry pow'r and thought be thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near—
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

**306†** *Trusting Christ, the only refuge.* M.

1 THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, mine almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer 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.

## 307 *Old things passed away.* C. M

1 LET carnal minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its fading charms no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The stars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice—
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

**308†** *Comfort in God.* C. M.

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 ev'ry 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.

**309** *The sinner trusting in God.* L. M.

1 WHAT mean these jealousies and fears?
As if the Lord was loth to save,
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.

2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant, or a God?

3 Not all the sins which we have wrought,
So much his tender mercy grieve
As this unkind, injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.

4 What though our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn?
Immanuel's blood will make them white
As snow through the pure ether borne.

5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,
And well may rebel worms surprise;

But was not thine incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice?

6 "I've found a ransom," saith the Lord,
"No humble penitent shall die;"
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thine unbounded mercies try!

## 310 *Parting with carnal joys.* L. M

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 black despair,
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies;

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

## 311 *Reasonableness of the gospel.* L. M.

1 BY various maxims, forms and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passions to restrain;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2 But since the Savior I have known,
My rules are all reduced to one—
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view;
This strength supplies and motives too.

3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife;
And from this pattern courage take
To bear and suffer for his sake.

4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And, by the sight, from fear am freed;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my hope, disarms my foes:
The world I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Savior's tomb.

6 I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conqu'ror's crown:
If press'd with griefs and cares before,
My soul revives, and asks no more.*

312 *Trusting in God.* L. M.

1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names:
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 Awake, our noblest pow'rs, to bless
The God of Abra'm, God of peace;
Now, by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ, his Son.

3 Through ev'ry age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' pray'r;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That it hath sought its God in vain.

4 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his pow'r, his love the same!

5 To thee our souls in faith arise;
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread;
For God will guard, where God shall lead.

**313** *The power of faith.* C. M.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all my cares;

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain;

5 Shows me the precious promise seal'd
With my Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies,
And then on faith's triumphant wings
At once to glory rise.

**314** *Faith a substitute for vision.* L. M

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heav'n 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 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,

Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And cheer'd him on his toilsome road.

**315** *Salvation in none other than Jesus.* L. M

1 IN vain would boasting reason find
The path to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.

2 Jesus, thy words alone impart
Eternal life; on these I live;
Diviner comforts cheer my heart
Than all the pow'rs of nature give.

3 Here let my constant feet abide;
Thou art the true, the living way:
Let thy good Spirit be my guide
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 The various forms that men devise,
To shake my faith with treach'rous art,
I scorn as vanity and lies,
And bind thy gospel to my heart.

**316** *Salvation by grace.* S. M

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

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

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

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

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

**317** *By grace ye are saved.* L. M.

1 SELF-righteous souls on works rely,
And boast their moral dignity;
But if I lisp a song of praise,
Grace is the note my soul shall raise.

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

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

4 'Tis grace defends when danger's near;
And 'tis by grace I persevere;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love—
Free grace is all they sing above.*

5 Through endless years, of grace I'll sing,
Adore and bless my heav'nly King;
I'll cast my crown before his throne,
Sav'd by his sov'reign grace alone.

**318** *Faith connected with salvation.* L. M.

1 NOT by the law of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n;
New works can give us no pretence
To have our former sins forgiv'n:

2 Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole!

Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heav'nly word!
Fain would I have my soul renew'd:
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4 O may thy grace its pow'r display!
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain!

**319** *Redeeming grace.* P. M. 11.8.11.8

1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and unmerited grace.

2 His love, from eternity, burn'd for our race
Broke forth and discover'd its flame:
And now with the cords of his kindness he draws,
And brings us to love his great name.

3 O had he not pitied the state we were in,
Our bosoms his love had ne'er felt:
We all would have liv'd, would have died too in sin,
And sunk with the load of our guilt.

4 What was there in man that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "even so, Father," we ever must sing,
Because it seem'd good in thy sight.

5 Urg'd on by his grace, did the Savior appear,
The bearer of help from above:
Now all who are thirsting may freely draw near
And drink in the streams of his love.

Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs;
Be ours the high joys still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of our songs.

**320** *Lamb of God.* S. M.

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 heav'nly 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 as a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

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

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

**321** *Salvation is of grace.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4.7

1 EV'RY fallen soul, by sinning,
Merits everlasting pain;
But thy love, without beginning,
Has redeem'd the world again.
Countless millions
Shall in life, through Jesus reign.

2 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!
Ask, "O why such love to me?"
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Savior's family:
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!

3 Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease;

Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning!
Guide me in the way of peace!
Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness.

4 When I quit this feeble mansion,
And my soul returns to thee;
Let the pow'r of thy ascension
Manifest itself in me;
Through thy Spirit,
Give the final victory!

5 When the angel sounds the trumpet;
When my soul and body join;
When my Savior comes to judgment,
Bright in majesty divine;
Let me triumph
In thy righteousness as mine.

**322** *Redemption by Christ alone.* L. M.

1 ENSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid:
O matchless price! his precious blood
For vile, rebellious traitors shed.

4 Jesus the sacrifice became
To rescue guilty souls from hell;
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,
Beneath avenging justice fell.

5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

**323** *A living faith.* C. M.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead:
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ, the living Head:—

3 A faith that changes all the heart;
A faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 Faith must obey our Father's will,
As well as trust his grace:
A pard'ning God requires us still
To perfect holiness.

**324** *Unsearchable love of Christ.* P. M. 8.8.6.8.6.6.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee!
I long, and thirst, and faint, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire, in vain, its depth to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

**325** *Miracle of grace.* P. M. 8.7.8.7

1 HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my prophet, priest, and king.

2 O what mercy flows from heaven,
O what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiv'n,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Savior pass'd this way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace

5 Sing, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
Whilst astonish'd, I admire
God's frec grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I receiv'd him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

**326** *Excellency of Christ.* P. M. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,

And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heav'nly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Savior, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend
Triumphant in his grace.

## 327 *Praise for the fountain opened.* C. M

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

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

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

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

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

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

## 328 *The loving kindness of the Lord.* L. M.

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

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd 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 raptures and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

## 329 *Christ precious.* P. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Savior of mankind;
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.*

2 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the host above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

3 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I know, I feel he died for me.

4 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race:
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

5 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all, my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Savior died.

6 To serve thy blessed will,
Thy dying love to praise,

Thy council to fulfil,
And minister thy grace,
Freely what I receive to give
The life of heaven on earth I live.

**330†** *A name above every name.* C. M.

1 JESUS, in thy transporting name
What glories meet our eyes!
Thou art the seraph's lofty theme,
The wonder of the skies.

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

3 And didst thou, Savior, leave the sky,
To sink beneath our woes?
Didst thou descend to bleed and die
For thy rebellious foes?

4 O may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

**331** *Christ all in all.* L. M.

1 MY hope, my all, my Savior thou,
To thee, lo! now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Savior, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Savior, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Savior be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Savior, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's pow'r;

Tear ev'ry idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Savior, reign alone.

5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more,
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

## 332 *Jesus above all praise.* P. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To speak his worth;
Too mean to set
My Savior forth.

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

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands;
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God!
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news
Of sin forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.

## 333 *Holiness, justice and mercy united.* L. M.

1 INFINITE grace! and can it be
That heaven's Supreme should stoop so low!
To visit one so vile as I,
One who has been his bitt'rest foe!

2 Can holiness and wisdom join,
With truth, with justice, and with grace,
To make eternal blessing mine,
And sin, with all its guilt, erase?

3 O love! beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast, stupendous plan!
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man!

4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains!
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too—
In Christ, harmoniously they meet:
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

6 Such are the wonders of our God,
And such th' amazing depth of grace,
To save from wrath's vindictive rod,
The sons of Adam's fallen race.

7 With grateful songs, then let our souls
Surround our gracious Father's throne:
And all between the distant poles
His truth and mercy ever own.

## 334 *Hiding-place.* L. M.

1 HAIL, boundless love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high;

Despis'd his rich abounding grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
I felt the arrows of distress,
But found I had no hiding-place.

4 Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd;
Conducted me to rest and peace
In Jesus Christ my hiding-place.

**235** *Christ the eternal life.* L. M

1 WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
The sov'reign good to fill the mind?
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
The spring whence living waters flow.*

2 In vain I ask—for nature's pow'r
Extends but to this mortal hour;
'Twas but a poor relief she gave
Against the terrors of the grave.

3 Jesus, our kinsman, and our God,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life! our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity!

4 All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee our surety and our head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are fraught with glories yet unknown.

5 Here let my soul for ever lie,
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face, to taste thy love.

**336** *Christ the believer's all.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross;
That alone be all our glory,
All things else are only dross.

Thee we own a perfect Savior,
Only source of all that's good.
Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favor
Comes to us through Jesus' blood

2 Jesus gives us true repentance,
By his Spirit sent from heav'n;
Whispers this transporting sentence,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n."
Faith he grants us to believe it,
Grateful hearts his love to prize:
Want we wisdom? he must give it;
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

3 Jesus gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what he requires;
Makes us follow his directions,
And what he commands—inspires.
All our prayers, and all our praises,
Rightly offer'd in his name,
He that dictates them is Jesus;
He that answers is the same.

## 337 *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M

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 pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Let us obey—we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiv'n;
Anticipate our heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

## 338 *Salvation by grace.* C. M

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 339 *Salvation in Christ for Jew and Gentile.* P. M

1 WE sing the wise, the gracious plan,
Which God devis'd ere time began,
At length disclos'd in all its light;
We bless the wondrous birth of love,
Which beams around us from above,
With grace so free and hopes so bright.

2 Here has the wise eternal mind
In Christ, their common head, conjoin'd;
Gentiles and Jews, and earth and heav'n.
Through him, from the great Father's throne,
Rivers of bliss come rolling down,
And endless peace and life are giv'n.

3 No more the awful cherubs guard
The tree of life with flaming sword,
To drive afar man's trembling race.
At Salem's pearly gates they stand,
And, smiling, wait a friendly band,
To welcome strangers to the place.

4 While we expect that glorious sight,
Love shall our hearts with theirs unite,
And ardent hope our bosoms raise.
From earth's low cottages of clay,
To those resplendent realms of day,
We'll try to send the sounding praise.

## 340 *Praise to the Redeemer.* L. M.

1 O THAT I had a seraph's fire,
His rapt'rous song and golden lyre,
To chant the love and grace supreme,
Reveal'd as in the gospel scheme.

2 Here's pardon for transgressions past—
It matters not how black their cast;
And, O, my soul, with wonder view,
For sins to come, here's pardon too.

3 When Jesus died, our debts were paid,
Our sins laid on this Scape-Goat's head,
Were to the trackless desert driv'n,
And, by his boundless love, forgiv'n.

4 In this abyss of love profound,
When sought for they shall not be found;
Hid from Jehovah's piercing eye,
There, in oblivion's shades, they lie.

**341†** *The consolation of faith.* 7.6.7.6.6.7 7.6.

1 FROM God, my Lord and Savior,
I'll never swerve nor stray;
His love and sure protection
Fail not from day to day:
He ever is the same:
He shortens all my sorrow,
And will relieve to-morrow,
As he hath done to-day.

2 When I am disappointed,
From man find no relief,
I fly to God's Anointed.
Who softens all my grief:
He ne'er withholds his love
From his most wretched creature;
Removes my sinful nature,
And fits for joys above.

3 On him by faith relying
In my most deep distress,
He's daily testifying
His gracious faithfulness.
To him I therefore give
My life, each breath and motion,
And with unfeign'd devotion
I'll serve him while I live.

4 Praise him with hearts and voices,
Which to that end were given!
O how the soul rejoices
When fill'd with thoughts of heaven!
All other time is lost,
Misspent in trifling pleasures,
Regardless of those treasures
Bought by our Savior's blood.

**342** *Christ the believer's portion.* L. M

1 COME, Savior Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heav'nly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.

4 That path, with humble speed, I'll seek,
In which my Savior's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear nor will I speak
Of any other love than thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul:
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

## 343 *Prayer for the Spirit's influences.* L. M

1 JESUS, my Savior, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my ev'ry care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings,
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hov'ring, hides me in his wings;—

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."

5 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's ev'ry path retreat:
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

6 Uphold me, Savior, or I fall;
O reach to me thy gracious hand:
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.

## 344 *Glory to Christ.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4.7

1 O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Mov'd to this by great compassion,
Thou who diedst my soul to win;
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 While the angel-choirs are crying
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them would still be vieing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

3 Now I see, with joy and wonder,
Whence the healing streams arose;
Angel-minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause;
Yet the blessing
Down to all, to me it flows.

4 Though unseen, I love the Savior,
He almighty grace hath shone;
Pardon'd guilt and purchas'd favor,
This he makes to mortals known,
Give him glory,
Glory, glory is his own.

5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceiv'd, they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong.

345 *The love of Jesus.* L. M

1 OF him who did salvation bring
I could for ever think and sing;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis giv'n;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

346 *Gratitude for the atonement.* P. M

1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail! thou Galilean king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail! thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heav'nly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, pow'r, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Savior's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

## 347 *Hosanna to Christ.* C. M

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line,
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David here we find,
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n;
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be giv'n.

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

## 348 *God reconciled in Christ.* C. M.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly 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 begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

## 349 *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

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

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

4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.*

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

6 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.

**350** *Redeeming love.* P. M. 7 7.7.7

1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to heav'n ye onward move,
Triumph in redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and care remove,
Cancel'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Christ subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs;
His tremendous foes, and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud the joyful string!
Mortals! join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

**351** *The blessedness of gospel times.* S. M

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!

"Zion, behold thy Savior King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let all the nations now behold
Their Savior and their God.

**352†** *God is true.* P. M. 10.6.10.6.9.9.4

1 OUR God is true!—Them he will ne'er forsake
For whom his love he shows;
Our God is true!—We shall his care partake
In all our joys and woes:
His wings will spread their shelter o'er us:—
Though mountains quake,—earth yawn before us
Our God is true!

2 Our God is true!—He is a faithful friend,
We from experience know;—
And, rest assur'd, he will our souls defend
From ev'ry watchful foe.
His cov'nant love gives no denial
To humble faith, in hours of trial,—
Our God is true!

3 Our God is true!—Never forget, my soul,
How kind and true he is!

Be true to God!—Let this thy life control,
And be devoutly his!
From loving him let nothing drive thee!
And of this stay let none deprive thee,—
"*Our God is true!*"

**353** *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
"The Savior died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue:
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

**354** *Faith seen in works.* C M

1 BRIGHT source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy matchless bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With ev'ry cheering ray;
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away

3 When, sunk in guilt, our race approach'd
The borders of despair,
Thy grace through Jesus' blood proclaim'd
A free salvation near.

4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness worms can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair;
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be glad;
And hung'ring souls we'll gladly point
To Christ the living bread.

7 Thus, passing through this vale of tears,
Our useful light shall shine;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

**355** *Lively hope and gracious fear.* C. M.

1 I WAS a grov'ling creature once,
And basely clave to earth;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

2 But God has breath'd upon a worm
And sent me, from above,
Wings, such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.

3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand,
To view beneath a shining sky
The spacious promis'd land.

4 The Lord of all that vast domain
Has promis'd it to me;
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.

5 How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
I stand upon a mountains' edge!
O save me, lest I fall!

6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not mine own;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

**356†** *Desiring evidence of adoption.* **C. M**

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 heav'n
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 heav'nly signal cheer'd,
Unwav'ring, I believe,
And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
Nor can the sound deceive.

5 On wings of everlasting love
The Comforter has come;
All terrors at his voice disperse,
And endless pleasures bloom.

**357**†† *Christ the anchor of the soul.* P. M.

1 I NOW have found, for hope of heav'n,
An anchor-ground that firm will hold;
One—through the cross of Jesus giv'n,
By God predestin'd from of old;
A ground that shall enduring stay
When earth and skies have pass'd away.

2 'Tis Mercy,—mercy never ending,
Whose measure all our thoughts excels,
The arms of pity wide extending,
Of Him whose heart for sinners feels,
And whose compassion warns his foes
To fly from sin and endless woes.

3 Of all beside were I forsak'n
That could my soul or body cheer;
If ev'ry joy of earth were tak'n,
And not a friend were left me here,—
One joy remains—the brightest, best,—
With pard'ning love I still am blest.

4 Upon this ground I will sustain me
As long as earth my dwelling prove;
To serve my God and Saviour train me,
Till, dying, I shall rise above;—
And there, rejoicing, will adore
Unbounded Mercy evermore.

**358** *Conversion.* P. M. 8.7.8 7.

1 ON the brink of fi'ry ruin,
Justice, with a flaming sword,
Was my guilty soul pursuing
When I first beheld my Lord.

2 Terrified with Sinai's thunder,
Straight I flew to Calvary,
Where, by faith, with love and wonder,
Him I saw who died for me.

3 "Sinner," he exclaim'd, "I've lov'd thee
With an everlasting love;

Justice has in me approv'd thee;
Thou shalt dwell with me above.'

4 Sweet as angels' notes in heav'n,
When to golden harps they sound,
Is the voice of sins forgiven,
To the soul by Satan bound.

5 Sweet as angels' harps in glory,
Was that heav'nly voice to me,
When I saw my Lord before me
Bleed and die to set me free!

6 Saints, attend with holy wonder!
Sinners, hear and sing his praise!
'Tis the God that holds the thunder
Shows himself the God of grace!

**359** *The offer of pardon.* L. M.

1 I HEAR a voice that comes from far,
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul, and 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 will they ask, in vain, to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appear'd,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross

**360** *The joy of conversion from sin.* C. M

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd 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 own'd thy pow'r 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 that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And bring rich blessings home.

**361** *The pleasures of conversion.* **S. M**

1 HOW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
Each night thy love record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes,
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refin'd
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind
To chase our sins away.

5 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy truth shall show,
And all thy love record.

**362** *Joy for salvation.* **C. M**

1 SALVATION, O the joyful sound!
'Tis music to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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

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

**363** *Joy in the Holy Ghost.* **C. M.**

1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Savior, and my God;
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home;
My sighs are now turn'd into songs—
The Comforter is come.

3 Down from on high, the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heav'nly feast.

4 There is a stream that issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.

5 That stream doth water paradise;
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do spring.

**364** *Justification and sanctification.* L. M.

1 BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Savior's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines

**365** *Happiness in the salvation of God.* L. M.

1 INDULGENT God! to thee I raise
My spirit fraught with joy and praise:
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.

2 Rivers descending, Lord! from thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me:
Their varied virtues to rehearse,
Demands an everlasting verse.

3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
*Salvation!* Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood.

4 I taste—delight succeeds to woe;
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so:
Such joy and purity to share,
I would remain enraptur'd there,

5 Till death shall give this soul to know
The fullness sought in vain below;—

The fullness of that boundless sea
Whence flow'd the river down to me.

6 My soul—with such a scene in view—
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chastising woes
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

**366** *The new convert.* L. M.

1 THE new-born child of gospel grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
Beneath Immanuel's shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high

2 No fear he feels, he sees no foes,
No conflict yet, his faith employs;
Nor has he learnt to whom he owes
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
And comforts sinking day by day;
What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

4 When Gideon arm'd his num'rous host,
The Lord soon made his numbers less:
And said, lest Israel vainly boast,
"My arm procured me this success."

5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low,
That sav'd by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe.

**367** *Heavenly joy on earth.* S. M

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Whilst ye surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God:

But servants of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God who rules on high,
Who all the earth surveys,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin!
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below—
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

8 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

## 368 *The privileges of the sons of God.* L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**369** *The pleasures of a pure conscience.* **C. M**

1 O HAPPY soul that lives on high!
While men lie grov'ling here,
His hopes are fix'd above the sky
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace 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 heav'nly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He looks to heav'n's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day
When Christ his promise shall fulfil
And call his soul away.

**370** *Blessedness of true religion.* S. M

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 ev'ry fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewilder'd way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heav'nly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thine aid!

5 O let me feel thy pow'r,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
And soften ev'ry grief.

**371** *The glorious prospects of faith.* L. M.

1 THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospects nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

2 There shall the fav'rites of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine:
Surprising honor! vast reward!
Conferr'd on man by love divine.

3 How blest are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road!
Happy the men whom heav'n employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God!

4 To win them from the fatal way
Where erring folly thoughtless roves;

And that blest righteousness display,
Which Jesus taught and God approves.

5 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

6 On wings of faith and strong desire,
O may our spirits daily rise,
And reach at last the shining choir
In the bright mansions of the skies!

**372** *Living by faith.* **C. M**

1 HAPPY the man whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies!
He looks on all the joys of time
With undesiring eyes.

2 In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain;
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
And tempt his ear in vain.

3 He knows that all these glitt'ring things
Must yield to sure decay;
And sees on time's extended wings
How swift they flee away.

4 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view; his prospects rise
All permanent and bright.

5 His hopes are fix'd on joys to come:
Those blissful scenes on high
Shall flourish in immortal bloom
When time and nature die.

**373** *Christ precious.* **C. M**

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 pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd 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 ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

**374** *Sitting at Jesus' feet.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.

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:

2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3 Truly blessed is this station—
Low before his cross I'll lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye;

4 Here I'll sit—for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

**375** *Religious retirement.* C M

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee;
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

3 Then if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
Does she commune with God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

## 376 *Evening twilight.* C. M

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From ev'ry cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.

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.

**377** *For closer communion with God* P. M. 8s.

1 THOU Shepherd of Isr'el divine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God!
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock
There only I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side
Eternally held in thy heart.

**378** *Groanings that cannot be uttered.* C M.

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 Savior'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 ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

## 379 *Living near to God.* C. M

1 O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God:
Then should my hours glide sweet away
And lean upon 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 O 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 flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

## 380 *None upon earth I desire besides thee.* P. M. 8s.

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

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

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy 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.

## 381 *The unspeakable love of Christ.* L. M.

1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone!
O may thy love possess me whole!
My joy, my treasure, and my crown.*

3 Unwearied, may I this pursue,
Dauntless to this high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heav'nly fire.

4 Still let thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things thy love has wrought
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought.

5 In suff'ring, be thy love my peace,
In weakness, be thy love my pow'r,
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Receive me in the trying hour.

**382** *Delight in the law of the Lord.* P. M. 8.6

1 HOW happy, gracious Lord, are we!
Divinely drawn to follow thee;
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude:
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and pray'r.

2 With us, no melancholy void;
No moments linger unemploy'd,
Or unimprov'd below;
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night and summer's day
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heav'nly pow'rs,
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And holy, holy, holy cry,
A bright harmonious throng!
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat
The new eternal song.

**383** *Desiring communion with God.* L. M

1 MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to heaven—that leads to God.

2 I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above;
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Emptied of sin, and full of thee.

3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn;
Art thou withdrawn? again return,
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

384 *Union with Christ.* L. M.

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the pow'r, the grace to move,
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought;
To know the wonders thou hast wrought,
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

385 *Love to Christ.* C. M

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each hateful 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 ev'ry joy
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Savior's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

## 386 *Jesus precious.* C. M

1 BLEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
Now is my soul in transport lost—
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wond'ring eyes
Unnumber'd blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared to thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell;
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy;
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ

6 When nature faints, around my bed
Let thy bright glories shine;
And death shall all his terrors lose,
In raptures so divine.

## 387 *Lovest thou me?* P. M. 7.7.7.7

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word.
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd 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 is weak and faint:
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

## 388 *Living to Christ.* L. M.

1 LET thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God;
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.

2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From him, my life, my all receive;
To him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.

3 Christ is my everlasting all;
To him I look, on him I call;
He will my ev'ry want supply,
In time, and through eternity.

4 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.

5 Soon will the saints in glory meet,
Soon walk through ev'ry golden street,
And sing on ev'ry blissful plain,—
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

389 *The Christian panting for God.* L. M

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim:
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest!
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd 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 child and servant, bought with blood

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, for thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Ev'n life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasures can afford:
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord.

5 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
Throughout the remnant of my days.

**390** *Love to Christ, present or absent.* L. M

1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
The highest rapture of the blest.

2 While we are held in thine embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile that's seen upon thy face,
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 When of thine absence we complain,
And long, and weep, and humbly pray,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,—
Those tears are sweet which mourn thy stay.

4 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tidings from above,
Thy very name creates delight.

5 Jesus, our God, descend and come;
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis heav'n to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

**391** *Love of Jesus.* P. M. 7.7.7 7

1 LOVE divine, how sweet the sound!
May the theme on earth abound:
May the hearts of saints below
With the sacred rapture glow.

2 Love amazing, large and free,
Love unknown to think on me!
Let that love upon me shine,
Savior, with its beams divine.

3 Better than earth's gilded toys,
Or an age of carnal joys;
Better far than Ophir's gold,
Love that never can be told.

4 Better than this life of mine,
Savior, is thy love divine:

Drop the veil, and let me see
Rivers of this love in thee.

5 While upon the earth I stay,
Love divine shall tune my lay;
When I soar to bliss above,
Still I'll praise a Savior's love.

## 392 *The Christian's choice.* C. M

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 heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 Whene'er I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine:
O save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

## 393 *Habitual devotion.* C. M

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting pow'r!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because bestow'd by thee.

4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The low'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart will rest on thee!

**394** *Confidence in God.* L. M

1 OUR Father, thron'd above the sky,
To thee our empty hands we spread;
Thy children at thy footstool lie,
And ask thy blessings on their head.

2 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
In that august and precious name
By thee ordain'd, we now draw near,
And would the promis'd blessing claim.

3 Does not an earthly parent hear
The cravings of his famish'd son?
Will he reject the filial prayer,
Or give for bread the flinty stone?

4 Our heav'nly Father, how much more
Will thy divine compassions rise;
And open thy unbounded store,
To satisfy thy children's cries?

5 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press
For gracious audience at thy seat;
Still hoping, waiting for success,
If persevering to entreat.

6 For Jesus in his faithful word
The upright supplicant has bless'd;
And all thy saints with one accord
The prevalence of prayer attest.

**395** *Hidings of God's face.* L. M

1 HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And sit, and view his smiling face,
Enjoying pleasures all divine.

2 But now he's gone (O mighty woe!)
Gone from my soul, and hides his love:
I hate the sins that griev'd him so,
The sins that forc'd him to remove!

3 Yet let my hope look through my tears,
And spy afar his glorious throne,
His chariot through the cleaving spheres
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

4 Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet him high:
Then shall the conqu'ror turn his wheels
And climb the mansions of the sky.

**396** *Spiritual declension.* C. M

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Savior's pard'ning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And, when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;

I liv'd upon my Savior's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And, when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.*

5 Now when the ev'ning shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

6 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face!
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

7 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O, come without delay!

## 397 *Lovest thou me?* P. M. 7.7.7.7.

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, this 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,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Savior's love?

4 When I turn mine eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild:
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord, indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

## 398 *The complaint under darkness.* C. M.

1 REJOICE in God, the word commands,
And fain would I obey;
Yet still my spirit, ling'ring, stands,
While doubts impede my way.

2 How can my soul exult for joy,
Which feels this load of sin?
And how can praise my tongue employ,
While darkness reigns within?*

3 If falling tears and rising sighs
In triumph share a part,
Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,
And search this bleeding heart!

4 My soul forgets to use her wings;
My harp, neglected lies;

For sin has broken all its strings,
And guilt shuts out my joys.

5 The power, the sweetness of thy voice,
Alone my heart can move;
Make me in Christ my Lord rejoice,
And melt my soul to love.

**399** *Cast down, yet hoping.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4.7

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd 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.

5 O that I could now adore him
Like the heav'nly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing, sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

## 400 *Doubting Christian.* C. M

1 UNCERTAIN how the way to find
Which to salvation led,
I listen'd long, with anxious mind,
To hear what others said.

2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold—
Had neither joy nor song

3 Of fierce temptations, others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay;
Through what distresses they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.

4 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had lived at ease;
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.

5 I had my wish—the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart;
And left my naked soul expos'd
To Satan's fi'ry dart.*

6 Again my Savior brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
"Trust simply on my word," he said,
"And leave the rest to me."

## 401 *Abhorrence of sin.* L. M

1 O COULD I find some peaceful bow'r,
Where sin has neither place nor pow'r;
This traitor vile, I fain would shun,
But cannot from his presence run.

2 When to the throne of grace I flee,
He stands between my God and me,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
I feel him working in my breast.

3 When I attempt to soar above,
To view the heights of Jesus' love,

This monster seems to mount the skies,
And veils his glory from mine eyes.

4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,
Which keeps my faith and hope so low;
I long to dwell in heaven, my home,
Where not one sinful thought can come.

## 402 *Self-examination.* L. M.

1 WHAT strange perplexities arise!
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear!
How few, alas, approv'd and clear!

2 And what am I!—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take,
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still:
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God and mine own conscience clear!

## 403 *Hope encouraged.* L. M.

1 WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe if God is nigh?

2 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline:
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright they shine!

3 Infinite wisdom! boundless pow'r!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

4 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in times of need;
Still kind to hear, and strong to save

5 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!
And ease the sorrows of my breast:
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

## 404 *Return of joy.* L. M

1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd 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,—
Unskillful, 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 child 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.

**405** *Will ye also go away?* C. M.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(As numbers often do,)
Methinks I hear my Savior say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
My faith will fail, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 'Tis thou alone hast power and grace
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, then, shall I turn my face
If I depart from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd,
Thou art the CHRIST of God;
Who hath eternal life secur'd,
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my case!
Nor can I hope relief to find
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

**406** *Apostasy.* S. M

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

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

3 Think not your names above
Are written with the saints;

The promise of eternal love
Is his who never faints.

4 Your transient joy and peace
Your deeper doom have seal'd,
Unless you wake to righteousness,
Ere judgment is reveal'd.

## 407 *Backsliders exhorted.* C. M

1 BACKSLIDERS, who your mis'ry feel,
Attend your Savior's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
O crown him Lord of all.

2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall,
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
O crown him Lord of all.

3 Take with you words, approach his throne
And low before him fall;
He understands the Spirit's groan;
O crown him Lord of all.

4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small:
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
O crown him Lord of all.

## 408 *Wandering thoughts.* L. M

1 I LOVE the Lord; but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are;
This wanton heart, how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

2 If my soul burn to see my God,
I tread the courts of his abode;
But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me oft before his face.

3 Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passions all begone,
All but my love; and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

4 But cares or trifles make or find
Still new approaches to the mind;
Till I with grief and wonder see
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

5 This foolish heart can leave its God,
And shadows tempt its thoughts abroad;
How shall I fix this wand'ring mind?
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

6 Look gently down, almighty grace,
Prison me round in thine embrace;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy pow'r my love confine.

## 409 *Complaining of inconstancy.* L M

1 THE wand'ring star, and fleeting wind
Both represent th' unstable mind:
The morning cloud and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.

3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness:
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

**410** *Spiritual sloth deprecated.* **C. M**

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 heav'n t'obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labor'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood.

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still!
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from the heav'nly hill,
Renew 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.

**411†** *The Christian warfare.* **L. M**

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 vanquish'd foes;
Thy Savior nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;

There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

**412†** *Mercy implored.* **S. M.**

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 thine 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 pard'ning grace,
And thine unbounded love.

5 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast;
O let me know my sins forgiv'n,
And I shall then be blest.

**413** *God reconciled through Christ.* **P. M. 7s**

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserv'd for me!
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provok'd him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.

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

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

5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Lo, I fall before thy feet?

6 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my foul revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

## 414 *Pardon.* C. M

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

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

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

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

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

**415†** *The Christian soldier.* **S. M.**

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 Savior 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 conqu'rors home.

**416** *Walking with God.* **C. M.**

1 OH! 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 once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!

But they have left 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.

## 417 *Prayer for a new heart.* C. M.

1 DEAR Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to my vows, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep.

2 Now let me be by grace restor'd,
To me be mercy shown;
O turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 Almighty Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Grant, through the greatness of thy love
The humble, contrite heart.

4 Give, what I should have long implor'd,
A taste of love unknown;
O turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone

5 Behold me, Savior, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
For life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye.

6 Speak but the reconciling word;
Let mercy melt me down:
O turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

## 418 *Mourning under darkness.* C. M.

1 O THAT I were as heretofore,
When warm in my first love;
I only liv'd my God t' adore,
And seek the things above!

2 Upon his head his candle shone,
And, lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveil'd his face.

3 Far, far above all earthly things
Triumphantly I rode;
I soar'd to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found and talk'd with God.

4 Where am I now, from what a height
Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown.

5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain!
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
My Eden, how regain?

## 419 *Perseverance desired.* L. M.

1 JESUS, my Savior and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood;
By ties, both natural and divine,
I am, and ever will be thine.

2 But ah! should this 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 tim'rous 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.

## 420 *The soul thirsting for God.* L. M

1 I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share:
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
First wean'd my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.*

4 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

## 421 *Hatred of sin.* L. M

1 THRICE holy Lord! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight:
Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.

2 But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait

Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.

3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell,
One sin unslain within my breast
Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.

4 The pris'ner, sent to breathe fresh air,
And bless'd with liberty again,
Would mourn were he condemn'd to wear
One link of all his former chain.

5 But oh! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head;
One view of Jesus, as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

## 422 *Communion with God desired.* L. M

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

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

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

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

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

**423** *Breathing after holiness.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n 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 ev'ry trembling heart!

2 Breathe, O breathe thy lovely spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Omega and Alpha be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come! almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restor'd by thee!
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

**424** *Deliverance from sin desired.* L. M.

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

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

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

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would; but thou must give the pow'r;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Savior, come away!

**425†** *Protection from spiritual enemies.* C. M.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

3 The city of my blest abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

4 Arise, my soul; awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Savior and my King.

**426** *Prayer for spiritual mindedness.* L. M

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 heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Father, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy gracious word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her cares, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

**427** *Retirement and meditation.* L. M

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home:
Retir'd and silent, seek them there;
This is the way to overcome,
The way to break the tempter's snare.

3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these secluded hours, draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

4 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purified.

5 Then with the visits of thy love
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove
That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

**428** *The blessedness of God's children.* S. M.

1 MY Father! cheering name!
O may I call thee mine!
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good and wise:
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

5 If anguish rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

7 My Father! blissful name!
Beyond expression dear:
If thou admit my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

**429**† *Resignation.* P. M

1 SOV'REIGN ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Thou didst form me by thy pow'r;
Thou wilt guide me, hour by hour:

All my times shall ever be
Order'd by thy wise decree:—

3 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief.

4 O thou gracious, wise and just!
Unto thee my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.

5 May I always own thy hand;
Still to thee submissive stand;
Know that thou art God alone;
I and mine are all thine own.

## 430 *Humility.* L. M.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day,—
O why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found:
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubts perplex'd, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way:
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!

4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

5 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.

**431** *Fruits of love.* **C. M.**

1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present inj'ry die,
And soon forgets the past.

3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.

4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbor's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And save us by his blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

**432** *Love to the brethren.* **S. M**

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

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent 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 join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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

## 433 *The same.* L. M

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What watchful love, what holy fear!
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Midst nature's drooping, sick'ning fire:
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heav'n of joy, because of love.

## 434 *Brotherly love.* S. M.

1 LO, what a pleasing sight
Are brethren that agree!
How blest are all whose hearts unite
In bonds of piety!

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

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

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

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

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

435 *Submission.* C. M.

1 DEAR 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—let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way:
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

6 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

## 436 *Love the chief of graces.* L. M

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the 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.

## 437 *Prayer for divine guidance.* C. M

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

2 To thee our humble vows we raise,
To thee address our prayer;
And in thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide,

Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 To thee, as to our cov'nant God,
We'll our whole selves resign;
And thankful own that all we are,
And all we have, is thine.

**438** *The importance and influence of love.* C. M.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move:
The devils know, and tremble too;
But devils do not 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.

**439** *Watchfulness.* S. M

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crown'd.

## 440 *Wrestling with God.* P. M. 7.7.7.7

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 pow'r 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 pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry 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 no denial take
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

## 441 *Consecration to God.* P. M. 7.7.7.7.7.7

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me, for thy service claim,
All I have and all I am.

3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs!
Take my mem'ry, mind and will,
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart—but make it new!

4 Now, O God, thine own I am;
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I;
Happier still if thine I die.*

## 442 *Not ashamed of Christ.* L. M.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:

'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

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

## 143 *World renounced.* P. M. 8.8.6.8.8.6

1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
(The things I lov'd before:)
Let me but view my Savior's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Of careless ease and blooming health,
For they have all their snares;
Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,
And see my name enroll'd in heav'n,
And I am free from cares.

3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,
For these are trifling things;
The little room for me design'd,
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.

4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of gaudy dress, and sumptuous feasts,
Extravagance and waste:

My little table, only spread
With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread
Will better suit my taste.

5 Give me a Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand
This sure, unerring word;
I'd urge no company to stay,
But sit alone from day to day,
Conversing with the Lord.

## 444 *Welcoming the cross.* P. M. 7s.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Savior's power to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But—with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Isr'el, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil:
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low and keep me there.*

## 445 *Prayer answered by crosses.* L. M.

1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer:
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour
At once he'd answer my request,

And by his love's constraining pow'r
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds and laid me low.

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

7 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thine all in me."

## 446 *Christian holiness.* L. M.

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

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

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

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

## 447 *The Christian pilgrimage.* L. M.

1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"
This may distress the worldly mind;
But should not cost a saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

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

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

4 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name,—the Lord is there,—
It shines with everlasting light.

5 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest.
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.

6 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.

## 448 *Longing for our heavenly home.* L. M.

1 O ZION, when I think of thee,
I wish for pinions like a dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.

2 An exile here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh;
Thither the ransom'd nations come,
And see the Savior eye to eye.

3 While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends,

Are like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

4 But yet we shall behold the day
When Zion's children shall return,
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

5 The hope that such a day will come
Makes e'en the exile's portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

## 449 *Following Christ.* L. M

1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see—and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view;—

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

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief and burthen long has been,
That I was not releas'd from sin.

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul; I am the way."

5 Lo, glad I come, and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love do I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

**450** *The narrow way.* L. M.

1 WHAT thousands never knew the road!
What thousands hate it when 'tis known!
None but the upright and sincere
Will seek or choose it for their own.

2 A thousand ways in ruin end,
One only leads to joys on high;
By that my willing steps ascend,
Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.

3 No more I ask, or hope to find
Delight or happiness below;
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow

4 The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above;
There glory, without end, shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.*

**451** *Seeking a better country.* P. M. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from ev'ry anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 Though I no foot of land possess,
Nor cottage in this wilderness,
A poor way-faring man:
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro
Till I my Canaan gain.

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

4 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!

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come, to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heav'nly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Savior, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

## 452 *Grateful recollections on the journey of life.* P.M

1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

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

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

**453** *Rejoicing in hope.* P. M. 7.7.7.7

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepar'd—
There your kingdom and reward.*

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

**454** *Following Christ.* C. M.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground,
We seek that promis'd soil:
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bath'd in tears;
Yet naught but heav'n our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin our fears.

3 The flow'rs, that spring along the road,
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one anxious look.

4 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;

And ev'ry thorn, that wounds our feet,
His temples pierc'd before.

5 Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away
In ecstasies of love;
And, while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fix'd above.*

**455** *Christ a guide through death to glory.* P. M

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

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

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

**456** *The Christian pilgrim's evening ode.* P. M.

1 THE sun is fast descending
His circuit from on high;
The shades of eve are blending
With yonder distant sky;
Soon will the landscape vanish,
And sable darkness banish
These scenes from mortal eye.

2 Thus too our days are ending,
The race will soon be run,
Our sun is fast descending;
Our work is almost done.

Soon will our Master greet us,
And heav'nly legions meet us
To waft us to our home.

3 Then, pilgrims! come, delay not
On this unfriendly ground,
And in the desert say not
That you have Canaan found.
The fiery pillar leads us,
The promis'd manna feeds us,
But barren is the ground.

4 Come, tune the harp to gladness,
A song of Zion sing;
Away with thoughts of sadness,
We'll praise our heav'nly King.
Our trials and our crosses,
Our suff'rings and our losses
But keep us near to him.

5 But, Zion! when we raise thee
A song in distant lands,
The harp that fain would praise thee
Falls tuneless from our hands:
Our hearts, distress'd and lonely,
Can leap for gladness only
In thy dear happy land.

## 457 *The Christian voyage.* L. M

1 THE Christian navigates a sea
Where various forms of death appear;
Nor skill, alas! nor power has he,
Aright his dang'rous course to steer.

2 Sometimes there lies a treach'rous rock
Beneath the surface of the wave!
He strikes, but yet survives the shock,
For Jesus is at hand to save.

3 But hark, the midnight tempest roars!
He seems forsaken and alone;
But Jesus, whom he then implores,
Unseen, preserves and leads him on.

4 On the smooth surface of the deep
Without a fear he sometimes lies;
The danger then is lest he sleep,
And ruin seize him by surprise.

5 His destin'd land he sometimes sees,
And thinks his toils will soon be o'er;
Expects some favorable breeze
Will waft him quickly to the shore.

6 But sudden clouds obstruct his view,
And he enjoys the sight no more;
Nor does he now believe it true
That he had even seen the shore.

7 Though fear his heart should overwhelm,
He'll reach the port for which he's bound,
For Jesus holds and guides the helm,
And safety is where he is found.

**458** *Afflictions and death under Providence.* C. M

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to care 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 promis'd 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.

**459** *Sanctified affliction.* L. M.

1 FATHER! I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God.

2 Foolish and vain I went astray,
Before I felt thy scourging, 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 may learn his statutes well.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasure of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit form'd my soul within:
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have trusted in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

## 460 *Sowing in tears.* L. M.

1 THE darken'd sky, how thick it low'rs!
Troubled with storms and big with show'rs
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.

2 Yet let the sons of grace revive:
God bids the soul that seeks him, live;
And, from the gloomiest shade of night,
Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these water'd furrows sown:
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!

4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumber'd ears of golden grain;
And heav'n shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And find his sheaves and bring them home;
The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing
Till heav'n with hallelujahs ring.

## 461 *Affliction sanctified.* C. M.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can reinstate my peace;
And he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid that tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

4 When darkness and when sorrows rose
And press'd on every side,
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,
And still has been my guide.

5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God!

## 462 *Holy fortitude.* C. M.

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 flow'ry beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas.

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?

Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

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

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

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

**463†** *Watchfulness and prayer inculcated.* **S. M**

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 ev'ry day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thine 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.

**464** *Pleading with God under affliction.* **C. M.**

1 WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since ev'ry sigh and ev'ry pain
Is but the fruit of sin?

2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
And yet I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul;
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope, from hope to fear,
My sinking soul is tost,
Till I am tempted, in despair,
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet through the stormy clouds I look
Once more to thee, my God:
O fix my feet upon a rock
Beyond the raging flood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease;
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

## 465 *Life a desert.* C. M

1 WHEN night descends in sable guise,
And spreads her gloom around,
To close the weary trav'ler's eyes,
And rest him on the ground,

2 Amidst the dreary desert wide,
The wand'rer faints to hear
The wild alarm on ev'ry side,
Which speaks some danger near.

3 So in the wilderness of life,
Whene'er afflictions come,
We sink, as in a night of grief,
Far from our shelt'ring home.

4 The tempter's, like a lion's roar,
Sounds through the vale abroad;
Then let us watch, and evermore
Depend upon our God.

5 From ev'ry other help afar,
And left without a friend,
God is a helper, ever near,
And faithful to the end.

**466** *The confidence of the Christian.* C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.

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

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

**467** *Mansions in heaven.* L M.

1 HOW do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name ador'd;
I blush in all things to abound—
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my master led:
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepar'd
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone:
What can the Rock of ages move!
Safe in thine arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.*

5 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

6 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee

## 468 *It shall be well with the righteous.* S M.

1 WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In ev'ry state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when call'd to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

5 'Tis well when at his throne
They wrestle, weep, and pray;
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

6 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
From earth and sin, arise,
Join with the hosts of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise.

## 469 *Christ our refuge.* L. M

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious pow'r
Through various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Savior's breast;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ! my wisdom art.
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heav'n may find,
The heav'n of loving thee alone.

6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay:
The crooked then shall straight become,
The darkness shall be lost in day.

## 470 *Future blessedness anticipated.* C. M.

1 AND let this feeble body fail
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high:
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 suffer on my three-score years
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd 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 rob'd in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

**471** *Safety in God.* L. M

1 COURAGE, my soul! while God is near,
What enemy hast thou to fear?
How canst thou want a sure defence,
Whose refuge is Omnipotence?

2 Though thickest dangers crowd my way,
My God can chase my fears away;
My steadfast heart on him relies,
And all those dangers still defies.

3 Though billows after billows roll,
To overwhelm my sinking soul,
Firm as a rock my faith shall stand,
Upheld by God's almighty hand.

4 In life, his presence is my aid;
In death, 'twill guide me through the shade,
Chase all my rising fears away,
And turn my darkness into day.

**472** *God's presence is light.* C. M

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers *I am his!*

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

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

## 473 *God our only trust.* L. M.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne:
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on 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.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glitt'ring dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God hath spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All power is his eternal due:
He must be fear'd and trusted too."

6 For sov'reign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

## 474 *Meditations on future glory.* C. M.

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 disimprison'd soul
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

3 Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

4 Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quick'ning sound;
And by my Savior's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

5 These eyes shall see him in that day,
The God that died for me!
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to thee!

6 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above,
In Jesus' presence, know!*

## 475 *Soul happy on a death-bed.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 EV'RY moment brings me nearer
To my long sought rest above;
Higher mounts my soul, and higher—
O how happy to remove;
Then, for ever,
Shall I sing redeeming love.

2 Soon shall I be gone to glory—
Join the bright, angelic race,
There repeat the pleasing story—
I was sav'd by sov'reign grace:
And for ever
View my loving Savior's face.

3 Though my burden sore oppress me,
And I shrink beneath my pain,
Jesus Christ will soon release me,
And your loss will be my gain:
Precious Savior,
With my Lord I shall remain.

## 476 *A view of the heavenly Canaan.* C. M

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, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

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

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

## 477 *Longing for heaven.* P. M. as 112th.

1 TO languish for his native air
Can the poor wand'ring exile cease?
The tir'd, his wish of rest forbear?
The tortur'd, help desiring ease?
The slave, no more for freedom sigh?
Or I no longer pine to die?

2 As shipwreck'd mariners desire,
With eager grasp, to reach the shore;
As hirelings long t' obtain their hire,
And vet'rans wish their warfare o'er;
I languish from this earth to flee,
And gasp for—*immortality*.

3 To heav'n I lift my mournful eyes,
And all within me groans, "how long?"
O were I landed in the skies!
The bitter loss, the cruel wrong,
Should there no more my soul molest,
Or break my everlasting rest.*

## 478 *The dying Christian.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.8.7 8.7

1 JESUS, help thy falling creature!
Conqu'ror of the world thou art!
Stronger than the foe, and greater
Than this poor rebellious heart:
Pow'r, I know, to thee is given,
Pow'r to sentence or release,
Pow'r to shut or open heav'n;
Thou alone hast all the keys.

2 Open, then, in great compassion,
Open mercy's door to me,
Out of mighty tribulation
Bring me forth thy face to see;

O cut short my days of mourning,
Quickly to my rescue come;
Let me joyfully returning
Reach my everlasting home.

3 Hear me, Lord, myself bemoaning,
Banish'd from my native place,
Languishing for God, and groaning
To appear before thy face:
From this bodily oppression
Set my earnest spirit free,
Give me now the full possession,
Let me now thy glory see.*

**479** *Desiring to depart and to be with Christ.* L. M.

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,
And faints my much-lov'd 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 That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace!

5 As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing, with unwearied hands,
The present Savior's high commands.

6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
For, while thy service we pursue,
We find a heav'n in all we do.

## 480 *The dying Christian.* L. M.

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 Savior's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 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!*

## 481† *Support in Death.* 7s & 4

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,—
Faint and cold this mortal clay,—
Kind Forerunner! soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome 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 ransom'd,
Thou wilt own my worthless name.

**482** *Dying saint to his soul.* P. M.

1 VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, 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 spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my 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?

## THE MEANS OF GRACE.

☞ *See hymns from* 1 *to* 12 *inclusive.*

**483** *Pray without ceasing.* L. M.

1 PRAY'R 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 pray'r indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives, and gives it in.

3 And shall we in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for our pray'r?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high;
Arise, and try thine int'rest there.

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

5 'Tis pray'r 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.

## 484 *Exhortation to prayer.* L. M

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there!

2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw—
Gives exercise to faith and love—
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
Pray'r 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 heav'n in supplication sent—
Your cheerful songs should oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

## 485 *Importunate prayer prevalent with God.* S. M

1 THE Lord, who truly knows
The heart of ev'ry saint,
Invites us by his holy word
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear;
We never plead in vain;

Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

4 'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gain'd at last her end.

5 And shall not Jesus hear
His children when they cry?
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll not their suit deny.

6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in pray'r;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

## 486 *Private devotion.* C. M.

1 FATHER Divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night:
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may thy piercing eye survey
My solemn homage paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry evening's shade.

3 O let thine own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aspire
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

## 487 *Behold he prayeth.* C. M.

1 PRAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watch-word at the gate of death—
He enters heav'n with pray'r.

5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays."

## 488 *Social prayer.* P. M. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1 "WHERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
And tell what I have done,
There will I be," saith God, "to bless,
And ev'ry burden'd 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 show'r,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

**489** *Reviewing the mercies of God.* C. M.

1 FAIN would my soul with wonder trace
Thy mercies, O my God;
And tell the riches of thy grace—
The merits of thy blood.

2 With Israel's King, my heart would cry,
While I review thy ways,
Tell me, my Savior, who am I,
That I should see thy face?

3 Form'd by thy hand, and form'd for thee,
I would be ever thine:
My Savior, make my spirit free,
With beams of mercy shine.

4 Fain would my soul with rapture dwell
On thy redeeming grace;
O for a thousand tongues to tell
My dear Redeemer's praise.

**490** *Delight in worship.* L. M.

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

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

3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

## 491 *The happiness of humble worship.* L. M.

1 HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.

2 O blest the men, blest their employ
Whom thine indulgent favors raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

3 One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

4 God is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
God is a shield through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

5 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he
Who trusts thy love and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

## 492 *Prayer for the divine presence.* L. M.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn pray'r and praise;

2 "There," says the Savior, "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 heav'nly love.

## 493 *For public worship.* C. M

1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art!
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Show us some tokens of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

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

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken sinners all around
To come and fill the place.

## 494 *Before sermon.* L M

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

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

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy;

And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

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

**495** *Before sermon.* **C. M.**

1 JESUS, thou dear redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power!
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear!

4 Appear, as when of old confest
The suff'ring Son of God;
And let us see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The hardness of our hearts remove,
Thou who for sin hast died;
Show us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

**496** *Prayer for the Spirit's influence.* **C. M.**

1 IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Savior's voice:
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray and praise, and hear
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Here let thy pow'r and grace be felt;
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.

5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Savior flee.

6 This house with grace and glory fill,
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal,
Thy glorious righteousness.

## 497 *Humble request.* P. M. 7 7.7.7.

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

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

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

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

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

## 498 *Prayer for minister and people.* P. M

1 DEAREST Savior, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That they may thy love approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel-feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them;
Ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

## 499 *Love to the church.* S. M

1 I LOVE thy Zion, Lord!
The house of thine abode;
The church, O blest Redeemer, sav'd
With thine 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 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let ev'ry joy this heart forsake,
And ev'ry grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my pray'rs ascend;
To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

**500** *Joy in God's house.* P. M. 6 6.6.6.8.8

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

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they,
Who love the way
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 heav'n appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

**501** *God found in his house.* C. M.

1 THE Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now
There is a house for God.

3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread:
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

**502** *Pleasure in public worship.* **L. M.**

1 LORD! 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand,
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above:
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Shall make them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true:
None that attend his courts shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

**503** *Preparation for worship.* **L M**

1 AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat

2 Lord, in the temples of thy grace,
We bow before thee and adore;
We view the glories of thy face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn
United pray'rs ascend on high;
And faith expects a sure return
From him who hears our feeble cry.

4 Father! my soul would here abide;
Or, if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep me, Father, near thy side,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

**504** *Readiness to serve God in his house.* C. M.

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 pow'r
Through all thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heav'nly 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.

**505** *The Sabbath preparatory to heaven.* L. M.

1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from thy church arise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
Thy servants to that rest aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 There languor shall no more oppress;
The heart shall feel no more distress;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That dwell upon immortal tongues.

4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy,
No conscious guilt disturb our joy;

But ev'ry doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.

5 When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death or sin;
Whose sun shall never more decline
But with unfading lustre shine!

## 506 *The sweetness of the Sabbath.* L. M

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;
My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word.

3 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refin'd my heart,
When doubts and fears no more remain
To break my inward peace again.

4 Then shall I see, and hear and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

## 507 *Commemorative of the resurrection.* C. M.

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

2 To-day arose our glorious Head,
And death's dread empire fell;
To-day, the saints his triumph spread,
And all its wonders tell.

3 Hosannah! the anointed King
Ascends his destin'd throne:

To God our grateful homage bring,
And his Messiah own.

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

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

**508** *The baptism of children.* **S. M.**

1 LORD! what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace,
Thy love in long succession shown
To ev'ry faithful race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine!

3 Thy cov'nant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands
Which closer still engage our hearts
To honor thy commands.

4 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

5 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God,
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

**509** *Jesus invites us to bring our children* **C M.**

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And takes them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach, (he cries,)
Nor scorn their humble name;
It was to save such souls as these,
With pow'r and love I came."

3 We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,
And yield them up to thee;
Rejoic'd that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!*

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly, with transport, to receive
The gospel of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy care, O God! we trust;
And let thy promise cheer our hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

## 510 *Children brought to Christ.* C. M

1 BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers giv'n:
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

3 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

5 Kindly receive this tender branch,
And form his soul for God;
Baptize him with thy Spirit, Lord,
And wash him with thy blood.*

**511** *Baptism of adults.* C. M.

1 "PROCLAIM," said Christ, "God's wondrous grace
To all the sons of men;
He who believes and is baptiz'd,
Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in his word,
This day have publicly declar'd,
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they go on,
And run the Christian race;
And in the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

4 And when the awful message comes
To call their souls away,
May they be found prepar'd to live
In realms of endless day.

**512**† *Holy dedication to God.* P. M. 7s

1 PARDON'D through redeeming grace,
In thy blessed Son reveal'd;
Worshipping before thy face,
Lord, to thee ourselves we yield.

2 Thou the sacrifice receive,
Humbly offer'd through thy Son;
Quicken us in him to live;
Lord, in us thy will be done.

3 By the hallow'd outward sign,
By the cleansing grace within,
Seal, and make us wholly thine;
Wash, and keep us pure from sin.

4 Call'd to bear the Christian name,
May our vows and life accord;
And our ev'ry deed proclaim
"Holiness unto the Lord!"

## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

☞ *See Hymns from 99 to 171 inclusive.*

**513**† (855) *This do in remembrance of me.* C M.

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 heav'n 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;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

**514** *The institution of the Lord's Supper.* L. M.

1 'TWAS on that dreadful, doleful night,
When the whole pow'r of darkness rose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes;

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine:
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 "Do this (he cried) till time shall end
In mem'ry of your dying friend;
Meet at my table and record
The love of your departed Lord."

**515** *Welcome to the table.* **C. M.**

1 THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup:
The juices of the living vine
Were press'd to fill this cup.

2 O bless the Savior, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls, appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Savior, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

**516** *Communion at the Lord's table.* **S. M**

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board:
Here those he died to save may hold
Communion with the Lord.

2 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one:

We are the children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

3 We are the sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body, with its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

4 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise!

**517** *Jesus the soul's true food.* **L. M**

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Savior from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life his table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine and bless the God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place;
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

**518** *Christ our passover.* **S. M.**

1 LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Savior's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

Our passover was slain,
At Salem's hallow'd place,
Yet we who in our tents remain,
Shall gain his largest grace.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our ev'ry want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice;
By faith his flesh we'll eat,
Who here his passion show,
And God out of his holy seat
Shall all his gifts bestow.

3 Who thus our faith employ
His suff'rings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord;
As though we ev'ry one
Beneath his cross had stood,
And seen him heave, and heard him groan,
And felt his gushing blood.

4 O God! 'tis finish'd now!
The mortal pang is past!
By faith his head we see him bow,
And hear him breathe his last.
We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise,
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

**519** *Christ known in the breaking of bread.* C. M.

1 O THOU who this mysterious bread
Didst in Emmäus break,
Return herewith our souls to feed,
And to thy foll'wers speak.

2 Unseal the volume of thy grace,
Apply the gospel word;
Open our eyes to see thy face,
Our hearts to know thee, Lord.

3 Of thee we still commune, and mourn
Till thou the veil remove:
Talk with us, and our hearts shall burn
With flames of perfect love.

4 Enkindle now the heav'nly zeal,
And make thy mercy known,
And give our pardon'd souls to feel
That God and love are one.

**520** *The eucharist commemorative.* L. M.

1 "EAT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend!"
Such was our Master's last request;
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever blest.

2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless grace,
Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends!
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.

3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these veils to see:
Thy table food celestial yields;
And happy they who sit with thee.

4 But O! what vast transporting joys
Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
When join'd with yon celestial train,
Our grateful souls thy love admire.

**521** *The Eucharist commanded by Christ.* L. M

1 THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks his last request:
Ye, who can feel his worth, attend—
Eat, drink, in mem'ry of your friend.

2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng;
Him ye exalt in swelling song;
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassalage his kind.

3 And shall not He your praises reap,
Who rescues from the iron sleep?

The great Deliverer, whose breath
Unbinds the captives e'en of death?

4 Shall he who, sinful men to save,
Became a tenant of the grave,
Unthank'd, uncelebrated, rise,
Pass unremember'd to the skies?

5 Christians! unite with loud acclaim,
To hymn the Savior's welcome name:
On earth extol his wondrous love;
Repeat his praise in worlds above.

**522** *Love to Christ and one another.* **C. M**

1 YE foll'wers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love, which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide:
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught;
Inspir'd by love, he died.

3 And do you love him? do you feel
Your warm affections move?
This is the proof which he demands,
That you each other love.

4 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his, be ev'ry mind;
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,
And ev'ry action kind.

5 Let none, who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honor'd name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

**523** *Meditating on the cross of Christ.* **L. M**

1 COME see on bloody Calvary,
Suspended on th' accursed tree,
A harmless suff'rer, cover'd o'er
With shame, and welt'ring in his gore.

2 Is this the Savior, long foretold
To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?

3 'Tis He, 'tis He!—he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise
And heir th' imperishable skies.

4 See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,
Transgressors to his cross repair
And find a full redemption there.

5 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace,
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.

## 524 *A sacramental hymn.* C. M

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place:

2 I that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Savior takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 "Eat, O my friend," the Savior cries,
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too."

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above!*

6 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.

525 *My flesh is meat indeed.* C. M.

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 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Savior, so divine!
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me
Which owes so much to thine.

4 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.

526 *The gospel feast.* L. M

1 MY God! and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 O let thy table honor'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

3 Let crowds approach; with hearts prepar'd
With warm desire, let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord!
And bid our drooping graces live;

And more that energy afford,
A Savior's death alone can give.

5 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till with this bread all men be blest
Who see the light or feel the sun.

527 *Prayer for the world's conversion.* C. M.

1 PITY the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

2 We long to see thy churches full,
That all thy faithful race
May, with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

## KINGDOM AND CHURCH OF CHRIST.

528 *Effusion of the Spirit on Pentecost day.* L. M.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
While on their heads the spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words
Instead of shields and spears and swords.

3 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Were by these heav'nly arms subdu'd,
The heathen saw thy glory, Lord!
And, wond'ring, bless'd thy gracious word.

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When all shall feel thy saving pow'r,
And the whole race of man confess
The beauty of thy holiness!

**529** *Jesus shall reign.* L. M.

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 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with grateful song;
And with united hearts proclaim
That grace and truth by Jesus came.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
The sting of death is known no more:
In him the sons of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

**530** *The song of Jubilee.* P. M. 7s.

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore:—
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depth unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:—
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword; he speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable swav:

4 He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away:—
Then the end—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ is God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

## 531 *The universal reign of Christ.* L M

1 HARK! what triumphant strains are these
Which echo through the vault of heav'n
"To Jesus, once on Calv'ry slain,
The kingdoms of the earth are giv'n."

2 Hark! the new song before the throne,
Which only the redeem'd can raise;
Angels may tune their golden harps,
But cannot reach these notes of praise.

3 They worship our exalted Lord,
And hail him universal King;
But saints—the purchase of his blood,
Can strike a sweeter, nobler string.

4 The wonders of his dying love,
Their hallelujahs loud proclaim,
While with ecstatic joy they shout
New honors to his sacred name.

5 From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
From barb'rous nations long unknown,
From polish'd Greeks and Scythians rude,
A countless host surround the throne.

6 In robes of spotless white array'd,
And palms of vict'ry in their hand,
With holy wonder and delight,
The trophies of his grace they stand.

7 [And still, till time shall be no more,
The mighty concourse shall increase:
And Jesus gain, in heathen lands,
New subjects of the reign of peace.]

**532** *Desire for the spread of the gospel.* C. M

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 treasur'd in thy mine.

3 Lord! when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till ev'ry tribe and ev'ry soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heav'nly word,
And vassals, long enslav'd, become
The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

6 Haste, sov'reign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove.

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolish'd throne
The temples of thy praise.

**533** *The city of God.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8 7

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

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

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

**534** *Kingdom of Christ.* P. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8

1 REJOICE, the Savior reigns
Among the sons of men;
He breaks the pris'ners chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

2 The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries
The gospel to repel
By cruelties and lies;
Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain;
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

3 He died, but soon arose
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now himself he shows
Omnipotent to save:
Let rebels bow before his feet;
Eternal bliss his subjects meet.

4 All pow'r is in his hand,
His people to defend;

To his most high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heav'n with smiles approve his cause;
And distant isles receive his laws.

5 This little seed from heav'n
Shall soon become a tree;
This ever blessed leav'n
Diffus'd abroad must be;
Till God the Son shall come again,
It must go on. Amen, amen!

**535** *Prospects of success.* **L. M.**

1 BEHOLD th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
The barren wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The rip'ning fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exil'd slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us with a grateful heart
In this blest labor share a part,
Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

5 Our hearts exult in songs of praise
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long has held his throne.*

**536** *Prayer for the success of the gospel.* **C M.**

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r,
Ten thousand 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 array'd,
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regen'rate heart;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heav'nly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murd'rous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait—those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promis'd age of gold!

6 Amen, with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heav'n's
Unnumber'd choirs reply.

**537†** (856) *Missionary field.* 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6

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 strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

## 538 *Prayer for the spread of the gospel.* P. M.

1 O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed Jub'lee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Soon resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal love proclaim,

And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Mighty Savior, spread thy gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy ceptre,
Savior, all the world around.

## 539 *Cry aloud, spare not.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4.7

1 MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heav'nly birth:
Bear the tidings
Of the Savior's matchless worth.

2 Of his gospel not ashamed,
As "the power of God to save:"
Go where Christ was never named;
Publish freedom to the slave!
Blessed freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.

3 What though earth and hell, united,
Should oppose the Savior's plan?
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted:
Fear ye not the face of man:
Vain their tumult;
Hurt his work they never can.

4 When expos'd to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend,
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

**540** *For missionary associations.* L. M.

1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshal'd ev'ry star
Has call'd 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 thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 First, bow our hearts beneath thy sway;
Then give thy growing empire way,
O'er wastes of sin—o'er fields of blood—
Till all mankind shall be subdu'd.

4 Our pray'rs assist—accept our praise—
Our hopes revive—our courage raise—
Our counsels aid—and O! impart
The single eye—the faithful heart!

5 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wand'ring spirit home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound
To spread the spacious earth around.

**541** *Prayer for the success of missions.* L. M

1 INDULGENT God, to thee we pray
Be with us on this solemn day;
Smile on our souls, our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let party prejudice be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we have and are, combine
To aid this glorious work of thine.

3 Point us to men of upright mind,
Devoted, diligent and kind;
With grace be all their hearts endow'd,
And light to guide them in the road.

4 With cheerful steps may they proceed,
Where'er thy providence shall lead;

Let heav'n and earth their work befriend,
And mercy all their paths attend.

5 Great let the bands of those be found
Who shall attend the gospel sound:
And let barbarians, bond and free,
In suppliant throngs resort to thee.

6 Where pagan altars now are built,
And blood of beasts or men is spilt,
There be the bleeding cross high rear'd,
And God, our God, alone rever'd.

7 Where captives groan beneath their chain,
Let grace and love and concord reign;
The aged and the infant tongue
Unite in one harmonious song.

## 542 *The scarcity of gospel missionaries.* L. M

1 LORD, when we cast our eyes abroad,
And see on heathen altars slain
Poor helpless babes, for sacrifice,
T' efface their parents' guilty stain;

2 We can't behold such horrid deeds
Without a groan of ardent pray'r;
And while each heart in anguish bleeds,
We cry, Lord, send thy gospel there.

3 For them we pray, for them we wait,
To them thy great salvation show;
Thy harvest, Lord, is truly great,
But faithful laborers are few.

4 O send out preachers, gracious Lord,
Among that dark, bewilder'd race;
Open their eyes, and bless thy word,
And call them by thy sov'reign grace.

5 Then shall they shout thine honor'd name,
And sound thy matchless praise abroad;
And we will join them in the theme,
Salvation to our risen God.

**543** *Prayer for the success of missions.* L. M.

1 GO, friends of Jesus, and proclaim
The dear Redeemer you have found,
And speak his ever precious name
To all the wond'ring nations round.

2 Go tell th' unletter'd, wretched slave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring a pardon bought with blood,
The blood of an incarnate God.

3 Go, tell the fierce, untutor'd chief
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
You come with a refreshing stream,
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.

4 Go, tell the distant isles afar,
Tahiti and the poor Pelew,
That in the covenant of grace
Their unknown names are written too.

5 Go tell, on India's golden shores,
Of a rich treasure, more refin'd;
And tell them, though they'll scarce believe,
You come the friend of human kind.

6 Say, the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love;
And by its own divine effects
Its heav'nly origin will prove.

**544** *Missionaries encouraged.* C. M

1 GO, and the Savior's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish, through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What though your arduous track may lie
Through regions dark as death?
What though, your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path?

3 Yet, with determin'd courage, go,
And, arm'd with pow'r divine,

Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

4 He who has call'd you to the war
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conqu'ring car,
Mountains shall sink to plains.

5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.

**545†** (859) *Triumphs of the gospel.* 7s

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are!
Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day,
Promis'd day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends!
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn!
Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn!
Watchman! let thy wand'ring cease
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

**546** *The conversion of the world.* L. M.

1 EXERT thy pow'r, thy rights maintain,
Insulted, everlasting King!
The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring

2 We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blessed day,
When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.

3 The prophecies must be fulfill'd,
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;
The stone cut from the mountain's side,
Though unobserv'd, to empire grows.

4 Soon shall the blended image fall,
Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay,
And superstition's gloomy reign
To light and liberty give way.

5 In one sweet symphony of praise,
Gentile and Jew shall then unite;
And infidelity, asham'd,
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.

6 Soon Afric's long enslaved sons
Shall join with Europe's polish'd race,
To celebrate, in diff'rent tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

7 From east to west, from north to south,
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend;
And ev'ry man, in ev'ry face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

**547** *The coming of Christ.* L. M.

1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Go into ev'ry nation, go;
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,

Glad tidings unto all we show:
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, prepare
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And deigns to make his entrance there!

4 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent, the call obey:
Open your hearts to make him room,
Ye desert souls prepare his way.*

5 The glory of the Lord display'd
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth and truth hath said
His own almighty hand shall do.

## 548 *Spread of the gospel.* L. M.

1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control.

2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at thy brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.

3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law;
And antichrist on ev'ry shore
Fall from his throne to rise no more.

4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound
On Afric's shores—through India's ground,
And islands of the southern sea
Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.

5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at thy feet:
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fullness and her glory too.

6 O that from Zion now might shine
This heav'nly light, this truth divine:
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, to thee.

**549** *Christ proclaimed to the world.* L. M.

1 GO through the gates, ('tis God commands;)
Workers with God, the charge obey,
Remove whate'er his work withstands,
Prepare, prepare his people's way.

2 Lift up for all mankind to see
The standard of their Savior God,
And point them to the shameful tree,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood.

3 Sion, thy suff'ring Prince behold,
Thy Savior and Salvation too,
He comes, he comes, so long foretold,
Cloth'd in a vest of bloody hue.

4 Himself prepares his people's hearts,
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals;
A mystic death and life imparts;
Empties the full, the emptied fills.

5 He fills whom first he hath prepar'd,
With him all needful grace is giv'n,
Himself is here their great reward,
Their future and their present heav'n.

**550** *Farewell to missionaries.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4.7

1 GO, ye heralds of salvation,
Go proclaim redeeming blood;
Publish to each barb'rous nation,
Peace and pardon from our God:
Tell the heathen
None but Christ can do them good.

2 While the gospel trump you're sounding,
May the Spirit seal the word,

And, through plenteous grace abounding,
Heathen bow and own the Lord;
Idols leaving,
God alone shall be ador'd.

3 Distant though our souls are blending,
Still our hearts are warm and true;
In our pray'rs to heav'n ascending,
Brethren—we'll remember you:
Heav'n preserve you
Safely all your journey through.

4 When your mission here is finish'd,
And your work on earth is done,
May your souls, by grace replenish'd,
Find acceptance through the Son;
Thence admitted,
Dwell for ever near his throne.

5 Loud hosannas now resounding,
Make the heav'nly arches ring:
Grace to sinful men abounding,
Ransom'd millions sweetly sing;
While, with rapture,
All adore their heav'nly King.

## 551 *The missionaries' farewell.* C M

1 KINDRED and friends, and native land,
How shall we say farewell?
How, when our swelling sails expand,
How will our bosoms swell!

2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights,
And tender ties we know;
But love, more strong than death, unites
To Him that bids us go.

3 Thus, when our ev'ry passion mov'd,
The gushing tear-drop starts,
The cause of Jesus, more belov'd,
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 the warm wish our bosoms swell,
Our glowing powers expand;
Farewell—then we can say,—Farewell,
Our friends, our native land.

**552** *Ordination and departure of missionaries* S. M.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign 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 promis'd aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Savior's fame,
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race

5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

**553** *Prayer for Israel.* L. M.

1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed,
Justly they claim the softest pray'r
From those adopted in their stead.

2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
Through ev'ry nation under heav'n,

Rejecting whom they crucified,
Unsav'd, unpitied, unforgiv'n.

3 But hast thou finally renounc'd,
For ever cast thine own away?
No—thou wilt bid them turn and look
On him they pierc'd, and mourn and pray.

4 Come then, thou great Deliv'rer, come,
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive thine ancient people home,
That they may sing redeeming love.

## 554 *Pleading for the conversion of the Jews.* L. M

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou didst lead
Thy chosen flock the desert through,
And from between the cherubim
Thy mercy and thy favor show.

2 And though their sins provoked thee oft,
To give them to their foes a prey,
Yet didst thou, for thy mercy's sake,
As often turn thy wrath away.

3 But ah! they fill'd the measure up
Of all their aggravated guilt,
When on the hill of Calvary
The blood of thine own Son they spilt.

4 And now for ages they have been
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight,
Wand'ring through all the earth, as those
In whom thou hast no more delight.

5 Yet is thy word of promise sure,
That they shall be again restor'd,
And with the gentile church unite
To worship and to serve the Lord

6 Our faith in expectation waits
To see that glorious morning rise:
O bid the shadows flee away,
And satisfy our longing eyes.

## 555 *For theological students or ministers.* P. M.

1 BAND of brethren, who are given
To the Lamb of Calvary,
Call'd to preach the reign of heaven,
And the gospel jubilee,
Jesus asks us—
"Simon Peter, lov'st thou me?"

2 Lord, thou knowest that we love thee;
O for grace to love thee more:
Let our notes of praise now move thee
Down upon our souls to pour
Thy good Spirit,
Then we all shall love thee more.

3 When the sacred page we ponder,
Shine upon it from above,
When we gaze with deepest wonder
On the bleeding Savior's love,
Holy Spirit,
Then our warm affections move.

4 Teach us all our high vocation,
Fill us with the love of souls,
Spread abroad thy great salvation
From the centre to the poles,
Till the Savior,
Sees the travail of his soul.

5 Grant us heav'nly strength and blessing,
To be faithful to the end;
Let not one, thy love possessing,
Join at last th' Iscariot band!
O the traitor!
Save us, Jesus, from his end!

6 Sooner may the rocks and mountains
Fall upon us from on high,
And our life blood's deepest fountains
In our inmost souls go dry,
Than betray him
Who to save us left the sky.

## 556 *Destitution of ministers.* L. M

1 JESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold!
See, Lord, in tender mercy, see,
Poor souls that cannot find the fold
Till sought and gather'd in by thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide,
In pain and weariness and want;
With no kind Shepherd near, to guide
The sick and spiritless and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,
The sheep-redeeming Shepherd art;
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.*

4 In ev'ry messenger reveal
The grace they preach divinely free;
That each may by thy Spirit tell,
"He died for all who died for me."

5 A double portion from above
Of thine all-quick'ning grace impart:
Shed forth thy universal love
In ev'ry faithful pastor's heart.

## 557 *Ministerial love.* L. M

1 O THAT I were as heretofore;
When first sent forth in Jesus' name,
I rush'd through ev'ry open door,
And cried to all, "Behold the Lamb!"

2 The God who kills and makes alive,
To me the quick'ning power impart;
Thy grace restore, thy work revive,
Retouch my lips, renew my heart.

3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Savior known.

4 My talents, gifts and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;

And let me live to preach thy word,
And let me for thy glory live.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine.

## 558† *Winning souls to Christ.* 7s.

1 WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Savior'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 crown'd,
And his heart in sorrow drown'd;—

3 How he yielded up his breath;
How he agoniz'd in death;
How he lives to intercede—
Christ our Advocate and Head.

4 Tell him it was sov'reign 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 forgiv'n,—
Earnest of the joys of heav'n.

## 559 *The minister's prayer.* P. M. 8.8.6 8.8.6

1 SHEPHERD of souls, if thou indeed
Hast rais'd me up thy flock to feed,
(Thy meanest servant I,)
O may I all thy burdens share,
And gently in my bosom bear
The lambs redeem'd by thee.

2 Thy Spirit send me from above,
Spirit of meek, long-suff'ring love

Of all sufficient grace;
Endue me with thy constant mind,
So good, so obstinately kind
To our rebellious race.

3 A faithful steward of my Lord,
O may I minister thy word,
And in thy foot-steps tread;
By ev'ry sore temptation tried,
By suff'rings fully qualified
Thine ailing flock to lead.

**560†** *For a right reception of God's word* C. M.

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

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

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

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

**561** *Prayer for ministerial fidelity.* L M

1 DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near;
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove.
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear;
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.

5 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now;
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
Let ev'ry knee to Jesus bow.

**562** *The whole armor of God.* S. M.

1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my ev'ry thought;
And all my sins remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let enlighten'd zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.*

4 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

5 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove!
And hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

**563** *A pastor's wish for his people.* L. M

1 MY brethren, from my heart belov'd,
Whose welfare fills my daily care,
My present joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear.

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteousness:
Adorn the gospel with your lives,
And practice what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure meditate the hour
When he, descending from the skies,
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
In his all-glorious image rise.

4 Glory in his dear, honor'd name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.

5 Such *is* your pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not yours, but you;
O may he, at the Lord's right hand,
Himself and all his people view!

## 564 *Minister's farewell charge.* C. M

1 WHEN Paul was parting from his friends
It was a tearful day:
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.

2 In heav'n they meet again with joy,
Secure, no more to part;
Where praises ev'ry tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.

3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children soon shall meet;
Together see their Savior's face,
And worship at his feet.

4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Though oft and plainly warn'd,
Will tremble when they meet again
The ministers they scorn'd.*

5 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view;
O hear their pray'r, thy message own,
And save their hearers too

## 565 *At the ordination of a minister.* L. M.

1 THUS spake the Savior, when he sent
His ministers to preach his word,—
They through the world obedient went,
And spread the gospel of their Lord:

2 "Go forth, ye heralds, in my name;
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
The gospel jubilee proclain,
And call them to repent and live.

3 "The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

4 "Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heav'n-taught conduct show
That you're commission'd from above.

5 "Freely from me ye have receiv'd;
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And by your labors, sinners live."

6 Happy those servants of the Lord,
Who thus their Master's will obey!
How rich, how full is their reward,
Reserv'd until the final day.

## 566 *The gospel ministry from Christ.* L. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Savior's care.

2 The Savior, when to heav'n he rose
In glorious triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honor'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;

In lowlier form to bless our eyes,
Our pastors hence, and teachers rise.

4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live;
While guarded by his potent hand,
Against the rage of hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

6 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people sing his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

## 567 *Watching for souls.* C. M

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Savior's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego;
For souls which must for ever live
In raptures or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how shall we appear?

5 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.

**568†** (872) *Ordination prayer.* L. M.

1 BEFORE thy throne, Almighty Pow'r,
Thy servant bends in dust the knee,
And waits thy blessing on this hour
That binds his inmost soul to thee.

2 Thine are his thoughts and passions now,
To thee are all his labors giv'n;—
O hear his prayer—accept his vow;
And seal this solemn deed in *heav'n.*

3 No human strength can e'er suffice
His load of pain and toil to bear;
To thine own breast his spirit flies,
And humbly leans his burden there.

4 Come to his soul;—through all his pow'rs
The warmth of holy love diffuse;
And bathe with mercy's gentlest show'rs
Each work of duty he pursues.

5 Come to thy church:—in glory come;
O! close her mourning, captive years;
Bring all thine exil'd people home,
And kindle gladness in their tears.*

**569** *Prayer for ministers.* L. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest pray'r;
We plead for those who plead for thee—
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge,
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best endowments are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine:
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;

Teach them immortal souls to gain-
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.*

**570** *A church seeking a pastor.* **L. M.**

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Thy comprehensive view surveys
Our wand'ring paths, our trackless ways;
Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

3 With longing eyes, behold, we wait,
In suppliant crowds at mercy's gate;
Our drooping hearts, O God sustain:
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?

4 O Lord, 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.

5 Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise
A cheerful tribute to thy praise,
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

**571** (873) *At the installation of a minister.* **L M**

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a *servant*—so He came,
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a *shepherd;* guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth and sin;

Nourish the lambs and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a *watchman;* take thy stand
Upon thy tow'r amidst the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight or warn to fly.

4 Come as an *angel*, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That, safely walking at thy side,
We faint not, fail not, turn, nor stray.

5 Come as a *teacher*, sent from God,
Charg'd his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with pray'r

6 Come as a *messenger* of peace,
Fill'd with the Spirit, fir'd with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

572 *At the settlement of a minister.* L M

1 SHEPHERD of Isr'el, thou dost keep
With constant care thy humble sheep;
By thee our faithful pastors rise
To feed our souls and bless our eyes.

2 Pastors, to all thy church impart,
Model'd by thine own gracious heart,
Whose courage, watchfulness and love,
Men may attest and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful, may all thy sheep appear:
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread!

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succor'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide, deplore.*

3 So may they live to thee alone;
Then hear the welcome word—"Well done!"
And take their crown above:
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love.

**577** *Funeral of a faithful minister.* **C. M.**

1 FAR from affliction, toil and care,
The happy soul is fled;
The breathless clay shall slumber here,
Among the silent dead.

2 The gospel was his joy and song,
E'en to his latest breath;
The truth he had proclaim'd so long
Was his support in death.

3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere;
His soul was ripen'd for that bliss,
While yet he sojourn'd here.

4 The church's loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear;
Since we shall see his face no more,
Till Jesus shall appear.

5 But we are hasting to the tomb,
O may we ready stand;
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand.

**578** *For a bereaved congregation.* **C. M**

1 NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
And let our tears be dry:
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Savior nigh?

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute the instructive tongue:

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His hand still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

4 The pow'rs of nature, Lord, are thine,
And thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up
Through ev'ry rising race.

5 Exert thy sacred influence here;
Thy mourning servants bless;
O change to strains of cheerful praise
Their accents of distress.

**579** *For a church in a state of decline.* **L. M.**

1 O GOD of Zion! from thy throne
Look with an eye of pity down;
Thy church now humbly makes her pray'r—
Thy church the object of thy care.

2 We are a building thou hast rais'd;
How kind thy hand, that hand be prais'd:
Yet all to utter ruin falls
If thou forsake our tott'ring walls.

3 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of pray'r and praise,—
When holy services gave birth
To joys resembling heav'n on earth.

4 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
Her gates neglected and forlorn:
Our life and liveliness are fled,
And many number'd with the dead.

5 We need defence from all our foes,
We need relief from all our woes;
Though earth and hell thy church assail,
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

6 Near to each other and to thee,
Lord, bring us all in unity;
O pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our num'rous wants supply.

7 O show that in our low estate
No blessing for us is too great;
We plead thy Son, we plead thy word,
O Founder, Patron, bounteous Lord!

## 580 *Prayer for a revival.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4 7

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

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die: Lord, &c

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green:
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,—
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 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth! Lord, &c.

6 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.

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!—
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present;
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud. Lord, &c.

8 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again!
O! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain. Lord, &c

9 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares. Lord, &c.

10 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!

## 581 *Wheat and tares.* L. M

1 THOUGH in the earthly church below
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How long among the wheat they grew?

3 Oh! this will aggravate their case!
They perish under means of grace:
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,—
Strangers might think we all were wheat,
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

## 582 *God entreated for Zion.* L. M.

For a Day of Public Humiliation, or a Day of Prayer for the Revival of Religion.

1 INDULGENT Sov'reign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mould'ring walls thou raise?
Till thine own power shall stand confess'd,
And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

4 Lord, let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar,
Let all the isles their Savior know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

5 Let Babylon's proud altars shake,
And light invade her darkest gloom;
The yoke of iron bondage break,
The yoke of Satan and of Rome.

6 On ev'ry soul let grace descend,
Like heav'nly dew in copious show'rs,
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.*

## 583 *Joy in heaven.* C. M

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 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

3 Well pleas'd, 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.

584 *The conversion of sinners.* C. M.

1 CONVINC'D of sin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord;
Trembling, they pray, and mourn the day
In which they scorn'd his word.

2 Young converts sing, and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name;
While older saints leave their complaints
And joy to join the theme.

3 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls
Of those who hate the truth:
And saints in pray'r, cry "Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on the youth:—

4 "From this glad hour exert thy pow'r,
And melt each stubborn heart;
In those that bleed let love succeed,
And holy joys impart."

5 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord:
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,
To hail th' approaching Lord.

585 *The church revived.* P. M. 8.7 8.7.4.7.

1 ON the mountain's 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,
All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well belov'd.

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 deliv'rance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Savior, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

## 586 *Refreshing from on high.* P. M. 8.7.8 7 4.7

1 NOW we hail the happy dawning
Of the gospel's glorious light,
May it take the wings of morning,
And dispel the shades of night;
Blessed Savior,
Let our eyes behold the sight.

2 Where, amid the desert dreary,
Plant, nor shrub, nor flow'ret grows,
There refresh the wand'rer weary,
With the sight of Sharon's Rose,
And its beauties
To the longing eye disclose.*

3 O, let all the world adore thee—
Universal be thy fame;
Kings and subjects fall before thee,
And extol thy matchless name;
All ascribing
Endless praises to the Lamb.

587 *Day dawning.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4.7

1 YES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in ev'ry land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season;
Let us hail the dawning ray:
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day:
At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Savior, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad;
Ev'ry language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand,
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world in ev'ry land,
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

588† *Revival prayed for.* C. M.

1 BLEST Jesus, come thou gently down,
And fill this hallow'd place;
O make thy glorious goings known,
Diffuse around thy grace.

2 Shine, dearest Lord, from realms of day,
Disperse the gloom of night;
Chase all our clouds and doubts away,
And turn the shades to light.

3 Behold, and pity from above,
Our cold and languid frame;

O shed abroad thy quick'ning love,
And glorify thy name.

4 All glorious Savior, source of grace,
To thee we raise our cry;
Unveil the beauties of thy face
To ev'ry waiting eye.

5 Revive, O God, desponding saints,
Who languish, droop and sigh;
Refresh the soul that tires and faints,
Fill mourning hearts with joy.

6 Make known thy power, victorious King,
Subdue each stubborn will;
Then sov'reign grace we'll join to sing
On Zion's sacred hill.

### AT THE ADMISSION OF NEW MEMBERS.

589 *Admitting a member.* L. M

1 BROTHER in Christ, and well belov'd,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and show thyself approv'd;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth!—lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give!
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesus' name receive.

3 Say, is thy heart resolv'd as ours?
Then let it burn with sacred love,
Then let it taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
Partaker of the joys above.

4 Jesus, attend, thyself reveal,—
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in our midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the heav'nly flame.

5 Our fellowship on earth below,
With thee, and with the Father is;
In thee eternal life we know,
And heav'n's unutterable bliss.

6 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above;
And we shall then behold thee near,
And then shall all be lost in love.

**590** *First communion, or confirmation.* L. M.

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Here, Lord, my life, my soul, my all,
I yield to thee beyond recall;
Accept thine own, so long withheld—
Accept what I so freely yield!

3 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

4 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.

5 Be thou the witness of my vow—
Angels and men attest it too,
That to thy board I now repair,
And seal the sacred contract there.

6 Here at thy 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.

7 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace assistance can extend,
And on that grace I will depend.

**591** *On admission of new members.* L. M

1 WELCOME, thou well belov'd of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood;
Welcome with us thy hand to joir
As partner of our lot divine.

2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace:
We're trav'ling to a blissful place;
The Holy Ghost, who knows the way,
Conduct thee on from day to day.

3 Take up thy cross and patient bear,
It shall be light and easy here:
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

**592** *Welcome to young converts.* L. M.

1 WELCOME, ye hopeful heirs of heav'n,
To this rich gospel feast of love—
This pledge is but the prelude giv'n
To that immortal feast above.

2 How great the blessing, thus to meet
Around the sacramental board,
And hold, by faith, communion sweet
With Christ our dear and common Lord.

3 And if so sweet this feast below,
What will it be to meet above,
Where all we see, and feel, and know,
Are fruits of everlasting love?

4 Soon shall we tune the heav'nly lyre,
While list'ning worlds the song approve,
Eternity itself expire
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.

FOR ELECTION OF CHURCH OFFICERS.

**593** *At a choice of church officers.* L. M.

1 O SION'S King, we suppliant bow,
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
Her holy officers are thine,
With all the gifts thy love employs.

2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice,
Of such whose gen'rous, prudent zeal
Shall make thy favor'd ways rejoice.*

3 When pastor, saints, and poor they serve,
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd;
While patience, sympathy and joy
Adorn, and through their lives abound.

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 assign'd,
The work of love, is fully done,
Call them from serving tables here,
To sit around thy glorious throne.

ON LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A CHURCH.

**594†** *A blessing implored.* L. M.

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
O choose it for thy fix'd abode,
And guard it from all error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heav'n, thy dwelling place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the pow'r of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna to their heav'nly King,
Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong;
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest.

6 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to ev'ry heart;
In ev'ry bosom fix thy throne.

**595** *On opening a new place of worship.* L. M

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Regard our temples as his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our house of pray'r in peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill the worshipers with dread.

4 These walls we to thy honor raise:
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here!

**596** *God invited to dwell in his church* P. M.

1 IN sweet, exalted strains
The King of glory praise:
O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days.
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 Then, King of glory! come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thine own;
Within this house O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below

3 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,

And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies.
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread the joys of heav'n around.

4 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy boar
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

5 In peace here may our sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord! display thy saving pow'r.
While churches stand and saints adore

**597** *On opening a place of worship.* C. M.

1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

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

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

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

## PARTICULAR OCCASIONS AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

### 598 *The seasons ordered by God.* L. M

1 GREAT God, at whose all-pow'rful call
At first arose this beauteous frame!
By thee the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recover'd, rise;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.

3 O how delightful 'tis to see
The earth in vernal beauty drest!
While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree,
Thy blooming glories shine confest!

4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And, while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quick'ning rays.*

5 Indulgent God! from ev'ry part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
We see, we taste;—let ev'ry heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

### 599 *The seasons crowned with goodness.* L. M.

1 ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee sov'reign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!

The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and load the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coast, redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar
Where days and years revolve no more.

**600** *Jesus seen in the seasons.* P. M. 7.7.7.7.

1 WINTER has a joy for me,
While the Savior's charms I read;
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,
In the snow-drop's pensive head.

2 Spring returns, and brings along
Life-invigorating suns:
Hark! the turtle's plaintive song
Seems to speak his dying groans!

3 Summer has a thousand charms
All expressive of his worth;
'Tis his sun that lights and warms
His the air that cools the earth.

4 What, has autumn left to say
Nothing of a Savior's grace?
Yes, the beams of milder day
Tell me of his smiling face.

5 Light appears with early dawn,
While the sun makes haste to rise;
See his bleeding beauties dawn
On the blushes of the skies.

6 Ev'ning with a silent pace,
Slowly moving in the west,
Shows an emblem of his grace,
Points to an eternal rest.

**601**† *Spring.* **C. M**

1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Hark! how the feather'd warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heav'nly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

4 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

**602** *The spring improved.* **C. M.**

1 BEHOLD! long wish'd-for spring has come,
How alter'd is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

2 Where'er we tread, the clust'ring flow'rs
Beauteous around us spring;
The birds, with joint harmonious pow'rs,
Invite our hearts to sing.

3 But ah, in vain I strive to join,
Oppress'd with sin and doubt;

I feel 'tis winter still within,
Though all is spring without.

4 O would my Savior, from on high,
Break through these clouds and shine,
No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

5 Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose!

**603** *Summer—a harvest hymn.* C. M.

1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleas'd, the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop:
With joy they bear the sheaves away
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness:
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.

5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop:
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

**604** *Threatening drought.* C. M.

1 THE spring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year;
Gay verdure, foliage, blooming flow'rs,
T' adorn her reign, appear.

2 But soon canst thou in righteous wrath
Blast all the promis'd joy,
And elements await thy nod
To bless or to destroy.

3 The sun, thy minister of love,
That from the naked ground
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,
And spreads their beauties round,

4 At the dread order of his God,
Now darts destructive fires;
Hills, plains and vales, are parch'd with drought,
And blooming life expires.

5 Like burnish'd brass, the heav'n around
In angry terror burns,
While earth becomes a joyless waste
And into iron turns.

6 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging skies relent,
And show'rs of mercy send!

## 605 *Autumn.* L. M.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year;
As time, with rapid pinions flies,
May ev'ry season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favor crown'd our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd,
No blasting winds our path assail'd.

3 Our harvest months have o'er us roll'd,
And fill'd our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stor'd!
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?

4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace:
Time of decision, awful hour!
Around it let no tempests low'r!

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love!

**606** *Winter.* C. M.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
So late with verdure crown'd!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, when mental winter reigns
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold, inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
The soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heav'nly plains.

6 Great source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter chills no more.

**607** *A hymn for New Year.* L. M.

1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The op'ning year thy mercy shows—
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, at night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;

By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

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

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

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

## 608 *Dependence on God.* L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**609** *The barren fig-tree.* L. M.

1 GOD of my life, to thee belong
The thankful heart, the grateful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,
And chas'd the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When God our great Deliv'rer's nigh.

3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumb'rer of the ground,
On which no pleasant fruits are found?

4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand!
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.

5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life, and in the arms of death;
My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

**610** *New Year's day.* P. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

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

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;

Yet doth he us in mercy spare
Another, and another year.

3 When justice gave the word
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone:"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

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

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

## 611 *A morning song.* P. M. 8.8.6.8.8.8

1 ONCE more my eyes behold the day,
And to my God my soul would pay
Its tributary lays:
O may the life preserv'd by thee,
With all its pow'rs and blessings, be
Devoted to thy praise.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
Israel's great Keeper, King of kings,
My weary head found rest:
No dire alarms or racking pains,
Devouring flames, or galling chains,
Disturb'd my peaceful breast.

3 How many, since I laid me down,
Have launch'd into a world unknown,
To meet a dreadful doom!

While some on wat'ry billows tost,
Or wand'ring on an unknown coast,
Have sigh'd in vain for home.

4 But I am spar'd to see thy face,
A monument of saving grace,
And live to praise thy name:
Still be thou near, my gracious Lord,
To keep and guide, and by thy word
Peace to my soul proclaim.

5 Let me enjoy thy presence here,
In ev'ry storm my heart to cheer,
Till thou shalt bid me rise
Where sin and sorrow never come,
Till at my blest eternal home
I wake in sweet surprise.

**612** *Mercies renewed morning and evening.* **L. M**

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3 I yield myself to thy command,
To thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual hymns of praise.

**613** *A morning hymn.* **L. M.**

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,

And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

4 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 ev'ry wand'ring star.

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'ning just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

**614** *A morning song.* C. M

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

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

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

4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline
And bring a pleasant night.

**615** *Hymn for morning and evening.* C. M.

1 HOSANNAH with a cheerful sound
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares our path surround,
And yet secure we stand.

2 How wondrous is that mighty pow'r
Which form'd us with a word!
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And mercy guards the room;
We wake and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

5 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night
Beneath his shelt'ring wings.

**616** *Praise to God in the morning.* C. M.

1 LORD of my life! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest pow'rs,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days
And fills the circling hours!

2 Preserv'd by thine Almighty arm,
I pass the shades of night,
Serene and safe from ev'ry harm,
And see returning light.

3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I clos'd mine eyes
And undisturb'd repose.

4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed
To guard my feeble clay.

5 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From ev'ry trespass, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

**617** *The morning emblematic of eternal day.* **L. M.**

1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be:
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
And springs, my guardian God! to thee.

3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes:
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the raptures of the skies.

**618** *A morning Song.* S. M.

1 SEE how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heav'nly parent sing,
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!

4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame:
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
So worthless as I am?

5 O how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

6 Dear Savior, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
By thee perfum'd, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee,
And in thy blessed presence spend
A long eternity.

**619** *God's goodness morning and evening.* C. M.

1 GREAT God! my early vows to thee
With gratitude I'll bring,
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

2 Thou round the heav'nly arch doth draw
A dark and sable veil,

And all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.

3 Again the sky with golden beams
Thy skillful hands adorn,
And paint with cheerful splendor gay
The fair ascending morn.

4 And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.

5 For this will I my vows to thee
With ev'ning incense bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

## 620 *Morning prayer for divine protection* C. M.

1 TO thee, let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates my day;
Swift as the glad'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy Providence impart,
For which, resign'd, I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart
That, without guilt, is gay.

4 Affliction shouldst thou please to send,
As sin's or folly's cure,
Patient, to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this and ev'ry future day
Still wiser than the past;
That, from the whole of life's survey,
I may find peace at last.

**621** *Resolutions in the morning.* L. M.

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 By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heav'n's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

3 Lord! I my vows to thee renew:
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design to do or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

5 All praise to thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refresh'd me, while I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

**622** *Morning.* S. M

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thine orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe!

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;

May Jesus' blood, like morning dew,
Wash all our stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short, revolving day,
As if it were our last.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, one in three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

**623** *Morning prayer.* P. M. 7.7 7.7

1 NOW the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may I be thine to-day—
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt and cleanse my sight,
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labor, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty passions bound;
Save me from my foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When my work of life is past,
O! receive me then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When I reach the heav'nly shore.

**624** *The Lord's day.* L. M

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives this day the food of sev'n.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose
Which none, but he who feels it, knows.

4 With joy, great God! thy works we view
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think of 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.

**625** *The Sabbath.* **L. M**

1 OUR Sabbaths come so welcome on,
We wish them to remain awhile,
But soon, alas! their joys are gone,
And scarce "bequeath a parting smile."

2 Full many are the hours of grief,
Allotted to the sons of men,
Our Sabbaths bring a short relief,
Yet leave us but to mourn again.

3 Ye peaceful days! and thou blest sun!
Why roll ye in such haste away?
Ye happy hours! why flow ye on
So fast towards eternity?

4 O! if ye bring an endless day,
Speed fast along, nor ever cease;
We'll gladly feel your joys decay,
In perfect and enduring bliss.

**626** *Lord's day morning.* **C. M**

1 ON this sweet morn my Lord arose
Triumphant o'er the grave!
He dies to vanquish all my foes,
And lives again to save.

2 This is the day for holy rest,
Yet clouds will gather soon,

Except my Lord become my guest,
And put my harp in tune.

3 No heav'nly fire my heart can raise,
Without the Spirit's aid;
His breath must kindle pray'r and praise,
Or I am cold and dead.

4 On all the flocks thy Spirit pour,
And saving health convey;
A sweet, refreshing Sunday show'r
Will make them sing and pray.

5 Direct thy Shepherds how to feed
The flocks of thine own choice;
Give savor to the heav'nly bread,
And bid the folds rejoice.

**627** *Sabbath morning.* **C. M**

1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest;
O bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy a heav'nly rest.

2 Welcome, and precious to my soul
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
I wait to see thy face.

4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
In raptures I have been.

5 O if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I'll clasp my Savior in my arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

6 I long for that delightful hour
When from this clay undrest,
I shall be cloth'd in robes divine,
And made for ever blest.

**628** *Sabbath morning.* P. M. 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

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 sins and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we're 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 for all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

**629** *Confidence in God at evening.* L. M

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days:
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;

But he forgives my follies past,
And strength supplies for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow of my head:
His ever watchful eye will keep
Its constant guard around my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning may I bear
Thy loving-kindness on my heart!

**630** *An evening hymn.* **L. M.**

1 ANOTHER fleeting day has gone,
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise,
Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

2 Another fleeting day has gone,
Swept from the records of the year;
And still with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.

3 Another fleeting day has gone,
To tell thy secrets, O my soul;
Faithful before th' eternal throne,
Thy slightest folly 'twill enrol.

4 Another fleeting day has gone,
To join the fugitives before:
And I, when life's employ is done,
Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.

5 Another fleeting day has gone,
And soon a fairer day shall rise;
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.

6 Another fleeting day has gone,
In solemn silence rest, my soul;
Bend—bend before his awful throne,
Who bids the morn and ev'ning roll!

**631** *Evening hymn.* L. M.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

4 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**632** *Evening hymn.* P. M. 7.7.7.7

1 OMNIPRESENT God, whose aid
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Ev'ry evil thought restrain.

2 Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of mine unguarded hours!
All mine enemies control,
Hell and earth, and nature's pow'rs!

3 Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free:
Draw with stronger influence
My unfetter'd soul to thee.

4 In me, Lord, thyself reveal,
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me thee, when waking, feel
Let me in thine image rise.

**633** *Evening prayer.* C. M

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a list'ning 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 ev'ry heart
Thine everlasting peace.

**634** *Evening.* C. M

1 INDULGENT Father, by whose care
I've pass'd another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.

3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

4 And when on earth I close my eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heav'n and glory rise,
'T enjoy thy smiling face.

**635** *Thoughts upon retiring.* S. M

1 THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear,
O may I ever keep in mind
The night of death draws near.

2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon remove me hence
And leave my soul undrest.

3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run:

5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord, I may in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

**636** *Thoughts of death at night.* P. M. 7s

1 WHAT if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm;
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

2 What if beams of op'ning day
Shine around my breathless clay?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.

3 Tender friends awhile may mourn
Me from their embraces torn;
Dearer, better friends I have
In the realms beyond the grave.

4 See the guardian-angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high!

See the golden gates display'd!
See the crown to grace my head!

5 See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night!
Transitory world, farewell!
Jesus calls with him to dwell!

6 With thy heav'nly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest:
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee.

**637** *Evening hymn.* C M

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let incense flames arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.

2 Awake, our love, awake, our joy;
Awake, our hearts and tongue:
Sleep not when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

4 New time, new favors, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more!

**638** *Lord's day evening.* C M

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 pray'rs.

3 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon thy repenting child
For whom the Savior bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

**639** *Lord's day evening.* L. M

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

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

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

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

**640** *An evening song.* C. M

1 DREAD Sov'reign, let mine ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise!
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercies stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass'd me around,
But O! how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found.

4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Savior's breast.

## 641 *Midnight thoughts recollected.* C. M

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy pow'r;
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high:
"My God, my life, my hope," I said,
"Bring thy salvation nigh."

3 My spirit labors up thy hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

**642** *Evening prayer.* C. M.

1 LORD! thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever 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 bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice;
And, when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep!

**643** *A birth-day hymn.* P. M. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise;
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days:
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 Though but a child of earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessing came;
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise.

3 My soul, and all its pow'rs,
Thine, wholly thine shall be,
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live,
To thee my ev'ry breath
In thanks and blessings give;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

## 644 *A birth-day hymn.* P. M. 7s

1 I MINE 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, Savior, by thy pow'r,
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.

## 645 *A wedding hymn.* C. M.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the wedded pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In pray'r and faith and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.

6 On ev'ry soul assembled here
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.

**646** *Marriage.* L. M.

1 WITH grateful hearts and tuneful lays,
We bow before th' eternal throne,
And offer up our humble praise
To him whose name is God alone.

2 On this auspicious eve draw near,
And shed thy richest blessings down;
Fill ev'ry heart with love sincere,
And all thy faithful mercies crown.

3 Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,
And hearken to our fervent pray'r;
The nuptial vow in heav'n record,
And bless the newly married pair.

4 O guide them safe this desert through,
'Mid all the cares of life and love,
At length, with joy, thy face to view
In fairer, better worlds above.

## 647 *A welcome to Christian friends.* L. M.

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 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n
To know the Savior's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 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.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who liv'd and died, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love and wonder and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

## 648 *Visiting a friend.* P. M. 7s

1 PEACE be on this house bestow'd
Peace on all that here reside;
Let the priceless peace of God
With the man of peace abide!
Let the Spirit now come down,
Let his presence fill the place;
Son of peace, receive thy crown,
Fullness of the gospel grace.

2 Christ, my Master and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be:

O be mindful of thy word,
Visit them and visit me!
To this house, and all herein,
Now let thy salvation come!
Save our souls from inbred sin!
Make us thine eternal home!

3 Let us never, never rest
Till the promise is fulfill'd,
Till we are of thee possess'd,
Pardon'd, sanctified and seal'd;
Till we all, in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

## 649 *At parting.* S. M.

1 AND let our bodies part,
To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 Jesus, the corner stone,
Did first our hearts unite!
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And following our triumphant Head,
Onward to conquest go.

4 The Vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies!

5 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That heaven of repose to find
Where all our labors end.

6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'rings and our pain;

Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

7 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet;
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

8 To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.

## 650 *At parting.* C. M.

1 LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 But, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O may thy special presence still
With each of us remain.

3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the chords of love,
Till we before thy glorious throne
Shall joyful meet above.

4 All sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then for ever fly;
Nor shall a thought that we must part
Once interrupt our joy.

## 651 *Prayer at parting.* P. M. 7s.

1 FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r!
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 ev'ry cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
In thy peace to meet again.

4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord
Who our poor petitions heard.

**652** *Advantages of religion in youth.* **C. M.**

1 HAPPY is he whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God! to thee
Our hearts we now resign:
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine!

5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ our daily breath:
Thus we're prepar'd for future days,
Or fit for early death.

**653** *A call to the young.* **L. M**

1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, "my joys are gone."

2 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults:

The works of darkness men have done
Must all appear before the sun.

3 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With bitt'rest curses on his head.

4 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

5 God of the young! turn off their eyes,
From earth's alluring vanities;
And let the warnings of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord!

**654** *Prayer for the children of the church.* **L. M**

1 DEAR Savior, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lur'd by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear,
Think that the seal of love divine,—
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the pray'rs and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wand'rers to thy fold restore.

**655** *Evil effects of neglected education.* **S. M**

1 BEHOLD, O Israel's God!
From thine exalted throne,
And view the dang'rous state of those
Thou call'st to be thine own.

2 The children of thy flock,
By early cov'nant thine,
See how they pour their bleeding souls
On ev'ry idol's shrine!

3 To indolence and pride
What piteous victims made!
Crush'd in their parents' fond embrace,
And by their love betray'd.

4 By pleasure's polish'd dart
What numbers here are slain!
What numbers there for slaughter bound
In Mammon's golden chain!

5 O let thine arm awake,
And dash the idols down;
O call the captives of their pow'r
Thy treasure and thy crown.

6 Thee let the fathers own,
And thee the sons adore;
Join'd to the Lord by solemn vows,
To be forgot no more!

**656** *Old age.* **C. M**

1 MY flying years time urges on;
What's mortal must decay;
My friends—my youth's companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?

2 Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cine then prolong my breath?
Or virtue shield my heart?

3 O! no then smooth, O Lord, the hour;
On thee my hope depends:
Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.

4 Then shall my soul, O gracious God!
(While angels guard the way,)
With rapture haste to thine abode,
To dwell in endless day.

5. Through heav'n, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy love I'll then proclaim,
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

**657†** *Solicitude for the conversion of children.* **S. M**

1 THOU God of sov'reign grace,
In mercy now appear;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine;
Now make these children pure in heart,
Make them entirely thine.

4 To-day in love descend;
O come this precious hour;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

5 Low bending at thy feet,
Our offspring we resign:
Thine arm is strong, thy love is great,
And high thy glories shine.

**658** *Prayer for children.* **S. M**

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed;

O bring the long'd-for happy hour
That makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Savior's name;
Then follow their despised Lord
Through the baptismal stream.

5 Thus let our favor'd race
Surround thy sacred board,
There to adore thy sov'reign grace
And sing their dying Lord.

**659** *Prayer of parents for their offspring.* L. M

1 NOW, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry!
The good desir'd and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply.

2 Error and ignorance remove,
The blindness of their hearts and mind;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless and peaceable and kind.

3 Answer on them the end of all
Our cares and pains and studies here!
On them, recover'd from their fall,
Stamp'd with the humble character.

4 Unite what long has been disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital piety;
Learning and holiness combin'd,
And truth and love let all men see.

5 Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide!
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confess'd and glorified.

**660** *Family religion.* P. M. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

1 I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first obedient to thy word
I must myself appear:
By actions, words and tempers, show
That I my heav'nly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the good example set
To those that on my pleasure wait;
The stumbling-block remove:
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild
Quickly appeas'd and reconcil'd,
A foll'wer of my God:
A saint indeed I long to be,
And wish to lead my family
In the celestial road.

4 A sinner sav'd myself from sin,
I strive my family to win,
That they may be forgiv'n;
The children, Lord, and servants bless,
And through the paths of righteousness
Conduct us all to heav'n.

## 661 *Liberality.* L. M.

1 O WHAT stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of heav'n!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiv'n.

2 Go imitate the grace divine,—
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and sickness help apply.

4 The weeping widow's grief console,
And be her counselor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life, his way.

5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
Your feelings of compassion move;

Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,—
Their hatred recompens'd with love.

6 When all is done, renounce your deeds—
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

**662** *Providing bags that wax not old.* **C. M.**

1 YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And grace at large repay.

**663** *Liberality.* **L. M.**

1 THE gold and silver are the Lord's,
And ev'ry blessing earth affords;
All come from his propitious hand,
And must return at his command.

2 The blessings which I now enjoy,
I must for Christ and souls employ;
For if I use them as mine own,
My Lord will soon call in his loan.

3 When I to him in want apply,
He never will my suit deny;
And shall I then refuse to give,
Since I so much from him receive?

4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,
And clothe himself in humble clay?
Shall he become despis'd and poor,
To make me rich for evermore?

5 And shall I wickedly withhold
To give my silver or my gold?
To aid a cause my soul approves,
And save the sinners Jesus loves?*

**664** *Imitation of Christ in doing good.* **L. M.**

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of pow'r and grace,
Which spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue:
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd 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 gen'rous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Savior trod,
The path to glory and to God.

**665** *Relieving Christ in his members.* **C. M**

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum,
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine:
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;

And in their accents of distress
My Savior's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from thee.

**666** *The importance of educating youth.* **C. M.**

1 BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heav'nly manna fall.

2 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move
When mercy intercedes.

3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name
And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God! thine influence shed
To aid this good design:
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

**667** *Youth instructed.* **L. M.**

*Congregation.*

1 NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to thy praise;
Let music, sweet as incense, rise
With grateful odors to the skies.

*Children.*

2 Teach us to bow before thy face,
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace;
When lost in ignorance we lay,
Thy goodness snatch'd our souls away.

*Congregation.*

3 O what a num'rous race we see,
In ignorance and misery!
Shall they *continue* still to lie,
In ignorance and misery?

*Children.*

4 Give, Lord, each lib'ral soul to prove
The joys of thine exhaustless love:
May we the sacred Scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow.

*Congregation.*

5 We feel a sympathizing heart;
Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart;
Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,
O let these children live to thee.

## 668 *Sunday School celebration.* C. M

*Congregation.*

1 GREAT God, accept our songs of praise
Which we would to thy honor raise;
Bless our attempts to spread abroad
The knowledge of our Savior God.

*Children.*

2 Next to our God, our thanks are due
To those who love and pity show,
In kindly pointing out the road
That leads to Christ, the way to God.

*Congregation.*

3 We claim no merit of our own;
Great God, the work is thine alone!
Thou didst at first our hearts incline
To carry on this great design.

*Children.*

4 Now we are taught to read and pray,
To hear God's word, to keep his day;
Lord, here accept the thanks we bring—
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

*Congregation.*

5 With those dear children we'll unite;
Their songs inspire us with delight:
Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
May angels join the notes above.

*Children.*

6 Great God, our benefactors bless,

*Congregation.*

And crown thy work with great success;

*Both.*

O may we meet around thy throne,
To sing thy praise in strains unknown.

**669** *Sunday School.* **L. M**

1 O WHAT a pleasure 'tis to see
Christians in harmony agree
To teach the rising race to know
They're born in sin, exposed to woe.

*Children.*

2 O what a privilege is this,
That we obtain so rich a grace!
We're taught the path to endless day—
We're taught to read, to sing, and pray.

*Chorus.*

To God let highest praise be giv'n;
Hark! how the echo sounds from heav'n:
Come, let us with the angels join—
Glory to God, good will to men.

*Congregation.*

3 Lord, thou in thy most sacred page,
Call'st children thine own heritage:

Accept them, bless them with thy grace
Till they above behold thy face.

*Children.*

4 Let blessings in abundance flow
On all around us here below;
May we our benefactors meet
Around Jehovah's blissful seat.

*Chorus.*

To God let highest praise be giv'n,
Hark! how the echo sounds, &c.

**670** *For Sunday School children.* **C. M.**

1 ONCE more we keep the sacred day
That saw the Savior rise;
Once more we tune our infant song
To him that rules the skies.

2 What numbers vainly spend these hour
That are to Jesus due!
Children and parents, how they live!
And how they perish too!

3 But we, a happier few, are taught
The ways of heav'nly truth:
We hail once more the plan of love
That pities wand'ring youth.

4 Our foolish hearts are prone to err;
Too oft we find it so;
O may the God of grace forgive,
And better hearts bestow.

5 Teach us the way, while here we learn
To read thy holy word;
Bless all the kind instructions giv'n,
And make us thine, O Lord.

6 Praise to our God, and thanks to those
Who thus our souls befriend;
While the rich benefit we reap,
On them thy blessing send.

**671** *For Sunday School children.* **S. M.**

1 LORD, in the days of youth
May we in grace improve,
And learn the word of sacred truth,
The Savior's dying love.

2 Our moments haste away
With ev'ry heaving breath,
And swiftly hastens on the day
When we must sink in death.

3 While some are never taught
The way of God with care,
We bless the Lord that we are brought
To this thy house of pray'r.

4 Lord, give us ears to hear,
And hearts to understand;
In trouble may we find thee near—
A Savior close at hand

5 Through life's dark rugged road,
Thus far we're kept by thee:
May heav'n at last be our abode,
Thy glory there to see.

6 Blest be our God, who lives
And reigns with boundless sway;
Richly our benefactor gives:
We'll praise him all the day.

7 Beyond the azure sky,
We'll praise thee more and more;
And through a long eternity
A God in Christ adore.

**672** *Hope in sickness.* **C. M**

1 LORD! I am pain'd; but I resign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Dark are the ways of providence,
When those who love thee groan:

Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Else would th' o'erburthen'd spirit break
Beneath his heavy rod.

4 The mournful groans and flowing tears,
Give my poor spirit ease;
While ev'ry groan my Father hears,
And ev'ry tear he sees.

5 Is not some smiling hour at hand,
With peace upon its wings!
Give it, O God! thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

**673** *Life and death in the hands of God.* L. M

1 WHEN mortal man resigns his breath,
'Tis God directs the shafts of death;
Casual though the stroke appear,
He sends the fatal messenger.

2 All pow'r is in that hand divine;
That hand must first the warrant sign,
And arm the death and wing the dart,
Which speeds his message to our heart.

3 Who first inspir'd the breath of life,
Prolongs or ends the mortal strife,
Brings to the margin of the grave,
And shows us thence his pow'r to save.

4 If thou my body hence will raise,
I'll publish my Restorer's praise,
My life at thy dear hands receive,
And only for thy glory live.

**674** *Sick-bed devotion.* C M

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 I only sojourn here below,
As all my fathers did;
May I be well prepar'd to go
When I the summons hear.

6 But if my life be spar'd awhile
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,
And I'll declare thy love.

## 675 *Sick-bed reflections.* S. M.

1 JUST o'er the grave I hung—
No pardon met mine eyes,
As blessings never greet the slain,
And hope shall never rise.

2 Sweet mercy to my soul
Reveal'd no charming ray;
Before me rose a long—dark night,
With no succeeding day.

3 Then O how vain appear'd
The joys beneath the sky!
Like visions past—like flow'rs that bloom
When wintry storms are nigh.

4 How mourn'd my sinking soul
The Sabbath's hours divine,
The day of grace, that precious day,
Consum'd in sense and sin.

5 The work—the mighty work
Of life, so long delay'd—
Repentance yet to be begun
Upon a dying bed.

## 676 *Consolation in sickness.* C. M

1 'TIS hard to part from those we love,
Who weep beside our bed,
Whose tears bedew our burning brow,
Whose arm supports our head:

2 When fading from the dizzy view,
I sought their forms in vain;
The bitterness of death I knew,
And groan'd to live again.

3 'Tis dreadful when th' accuser's pow'r
Assails the sinking heart,
Recalling ev'ry wasted hour,
And each unworthy part.

4 Yet, Jesus, in that mortal fray,
Thy blessed comfort stole,
Like sunshine in an autumn day,
Across my darken'd soul.

5 When, soon or late, this feeble breath
No more to thee can pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way.

6 When cloth'd in fleshly weeds again
I wait thy dread decree,
Judge of the world, remember then
That thou hast died for me.

## 677 *God our help in trouble.* C. M

1 MY soul, the awful hour will come,
Apace it passeth on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to scenes unknown.

2 My heart, long lab'ring with its woes,
Shall pant and sink away;

And you, my eyelids, soon shall close
On the last glimm'ring ray.

3 Whence in that hour shall I receive
A cordial for my pain?
When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,
Those friends would weep in vain.

4 Great King of nature and of grace,
To thee my spirit flies,
And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.

5 All its desires to thee are known,
And ev'ry secret fear;
The meaning of each broken groan
Well notic'd by thine ear.

6 O fix me by that mighty pow'r,
Which to such love belongs,
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,
And groans are chang'd to songs.

**678** *On recovering from disease.* P. M. 8.8.8.8

1 HOW vast is the tribute I owe
Of gratitude, homage and praise,
To the giver of all I possess,
The life and the length of my days.

2 When the sorrows I boded were come,
I pour'd out my sighs and my tears;
And to him, who alone can relieve,
My soul breath'd her vows and her pray'rs

3 When my heart throbb'd with pain and alarm,
When paleness my cheek overspread,
When sickness pervaded my frame—
Then my soul on my Maker was stay'd.

4 When death's awful image was nigh,
And no mortal was able to save,
Thou didst brighten the valley of death,
And illumine the gloom of the grave.

5 In mercy thy presence dispels
The shades of adversity's night,
And turns the sad scene of despair
To a morning of joy and delight.

6 Great source of my comforts restor'd!
Thou healer and balm of my woes!
Thou hope and desire of my soul!
On thy mercy I'll ever repose.

7 How boundless the gratitude due
To thee, O thou God of my praise!
The fountain of all I possess,
The life and the light of my days.

**679** *The frailty of man.* L. M

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said, within my heart,
Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
And when thy face was turn'd aside,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 Hear me, O God of grace! I said,
And raise me from among the dead:
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt;
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

4 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?

5 Thine anger but a moment stays;
Thy love is life and length of days:
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning-star restores our joy.

**680** *God delivereth his saints from affliction.* C. M

1 I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied ev'ry groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My off'ring shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

4 The Lord beheld me sore distrest;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

**681†** *Comfort in sickness and death.* **C. M.**

1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame
Each phantom pleasure flies;
Vain hopes of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.

2 The tott'ring frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust;
Nature shall faint; but learn, my soul,
On nature's God to trust.

3 The man whose pious heart is fix'd
Securely on his God,
In ev'ry frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chast'ning rod.

4 Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heav'n his soul relies;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

**682** *Sickness and recovery.* **C. M**

1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain;

When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didst chase the fears of hell,
And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips
Thy matchless grace to tell.

4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast;
Pleas'd to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

5 Into thy hands, my Savior God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

6 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come,
Nor will I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

**683** *Affliction, or meditation on God's love.* C. M.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains
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 to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His spirit's quick'ning breath.

6 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

**684** *Sweet affliction.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.8 7.

1 IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.*

2 Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar,
Those that know not Christ—ye frighten,
But *my soul* defies your pow'r:
Hallelujah, &c.

3 In the sacred page recorded
Thus his word securely stands—
"Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee;
Naught shall pluck thee from my hands:"
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Ev'ry word my love demands.*

4 Bless'd there with a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, it led me
To my blessed Savior's seat:
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

## PUBLIC AND NATIONAL BLESSINGS AND AFFLICTIONS.

**685** *Thanksgiving.* L. M.

1 PRAISE, happy land! Jehovah's name;
His goodness, and thy bliss proclaim:
For thee each blessing largely flows
That freedom's lib'ral hand bestows.

2 Thy children are secure and blest;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter rains;
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And well the springing corn defends.

4 But he hath nobler works and ways,
To call his people to his praise:
To all our land his laws are shown;
His gospel 's through the nation known.

**686** *National security from God.* **C. M.**

1 IN vain opposing nations rage,
If God with us abide:
One word of his dissolves their strength,
And humbles all their pride.

2 His wisdom sees correction meet;
He gives the dread command,
And war its desolation spreads
Through ev'ry trembling land.

3 His purpose wrought, again he speaks,
And desolations cease;
War's loud alarms are heard no more,
And all the world is peace.

4 Mortals, adore his sov'reign pow'r,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Through all your various tribes be still,
And know that he is God.

**687** *In time of war.* **S. M.**

1 GOD, to correct the world,
In wrath is slow to rise;
But comes at length, in thunder cloth'd,
And darkness veils the skies.

2 His banners, lifted high,
The nations' God declare,

And, stain'd with blood, with terrors mark'd,
Spread wonder and despair.

3 All earthly pomp and pride
Are in his presence lost;
Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, sceptres, crowns,
In wild confusion tost.

4 While war and woe prevail,
And desolation wide;
In God, the sov'reign Lord of all,
The righteous still confide.

5 Mysterious is the course
Of his resistless way:
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.

6 Yet, though now wrapt in clouds,
And from our view conceal'd
The righteous Judge will soon appear,
In majesty reveal'd!

7 He'll curb the lawless pow'r,
The deadly wrath of man;
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.

8 The sons of tyranny
In ruin shall be hurl'd;
And light, and liberty, and bliss,
Embrace the new-born world.

## 688 *In time of war.* L. M

1 ON thee, great Ruler of the skies,
On thee our steadfast hope relies;
When hostile pow'rs against us join,
What aid so present, Lord, as thine?

2 By thee secur'd, no fears we own,
Though earth, convuls'd, beneath us groan,
Though tempests o'er her surface sweep,
And whirl her hills into the deep;

3 Though, arm'd with rage, before our eyes
That deep in all its horrors rise,
While, as the tumult spreads around,
The mountains tremble at the sound.

4 Behold fair *Sion's* blest retreat,
Where God has fixt his awful seat;
Whose walls to heav'n's almighty Lord
His chosen residence afford.

5 God, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Bids storms around her harmless fly;
His early care each foe withstands,
And backward turns the yielding bands.

## 689 *Prayer for peace.* L. M.

1 WHILE Justice waves her vengeful hand
Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thine awful pow'r
With fear and trembling we adore.

2 Where shall we hide but at thy feet?
Our only refuge is thy seat;
Thy seat where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.

3 While peace and plenty blest our days,
Where was the tribute of our praise?
Ungrateful race! how have we spent
The blessings which thy goodness lent!

4 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
Though loud our crimes for vengeance cry,
Let mercy's louder voice prevail,
Nor thy long-suff'ring patience fail.

5 Encourag'd by thy sacred word,
May we not plead thy promise, Lord,
That when an humble nation mourns,
Thy rising wrath to pity turns?

6 O let thy sov'reign grace impart
Contrition to each rocky heart;
And bid sincere repentance flow
In general, undissembled woe.

7 Fair smiling peace again restore;
With plenty bless the pining poor:
And may a happy, thankful land,
Obedient own thy guardian hand.

**690** *Prayer for peace.* L. M.

1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword,
O whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears:
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

3 On thee our guardian God we call—
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliv'rance there?
And must we perish in despair?

4 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.

5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises—
And are they unavailing pleas?

6 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.

**691** *For a public fast.* C. M

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments from thy mighty hand
Thy dreadful power display;

Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.**

3 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian's name.

4 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require,
And sink with blind indiff'rence down
To everlasting fire.

5 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thine unbounded grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

6 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

**692** *Confession and prayer.* L. M.

1 O MAY the pow'r which melts the rock
Be felt by all assembled here!
Or else our service will but mock
The God whom we profess to fear.

2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land
Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee!
We own thy just, uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.

3 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care
On this indulg'd, ungrateful spot;
While other nations, far and near,
Have envied and admir'd our lot.

4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone;
And oft our enemies have felt
That God has made our cause his own.

5 But ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love!
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
Against his goodness rebels prove.

6 His grace despis'd, his pow'r defied,
And legions of the blackest crimes,
Profaneness, riot, lust and pride,
Are signs that mark the present times.

7 The Lord, displeas'd, hath rais'd his rod;
Ah, where are now the faithful few
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?

8 Lord, hear thy people ev'ry where,
Who meet to mourn, confess and pray;
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

**693** *Praise for deliverance and peace.* P. M.

1 PEACE! the welcome sound proclaim;
Dwell with rapture on the theme:
Loud, still louder swell the strain;
Peace on earth! good-will to men!

2 Breezes! whisp'ring soft and low,
Gently murmur as ye blow;
Now, when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.

3 Ocean's billows far and wide,
Rolling in majestic pride!
Loud, still louder swell the strain:
Peace on earth! good-will to men!

4 Vocal songsters of the grove,
Sweetly chant in notes of love:
Now when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.

5 Mortals, who these blessings feel!
Christians, who before him kneel!
Loud, still louder swell the strain:
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

**694** *Uprightness required in rulers.* **C. M.**

1 THE Lord among the mighty stands,
Where his impartial eye
Surveys the deeds of earthly powers,
And will their judgments try.

2 O never, then, unjustly judge,
Nor for the wicked plead!
Defend the orphan, and the poor,
And succor those in need.

3 Save from his foes the helpless man,
When sunk in deep distress;
And let him not become a prey
To such as would oppress.

4 Arise, O God, and judge the earth;
Thy righteousness display:
The world is thine inheritance,
And man shall own thy sway.

**695** *Religious intolerance of governments.* **L. M.**

1 ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind,
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring by destructive flame.

2 Bold arrogance! to snatch from heav'n
Dominion not to mortals giv'n;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

3 Jesus! thy gentle law of love
Does no such cruelties approve;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what persuasion yields.

4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,
It draws the willing soul along;
And conquests to thy church acquires
By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

5 O happy, who are thus compell'd
To the rich feast, by Jesus held:
May we this blessing know, and prize
The light which liberty supplies.

## DEATH.

**696** *Prayer for support when dying.* C. M

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command!

2 When weeping friends surround my bed,
And close my sightless eyes;
When shatter'd by the weight of years
This broken body lies;

3 When ev'ry long-lov'd scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart:

4 O thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

5 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And, with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed.

6 Leaning on thy dear, faithful breast,
May I resign my breath!
And, in thy fond embraces, lose
"The bitterness of death!"

**697** *The living know, &c.* L. M.

1 WHERE are the dead?—In heav'n or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their faded forms in bonds of clay,
Reserv'd until the judgment day.

2 Who are the dead?—The sons of time
In ev'ry age, and state and clime;
Renown'd, dishonor'd or forgot,
The place that knew them knows them **not.**

3 Where are the living?—On the ground
Where pray'r is heard and mercy found;
Where, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes th' immortal man.

4 Who are the living?—They whose breath
Draws ev'ry moment nigh to death;
Of endless bliss or woe the heirs:
O what an awful lot is theirs!

5 Then, timely warn'd, let us begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in him our head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

## 698 *Death temporal and eternal.* S. M.

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

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'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,
Unmeasur'd 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 horrors hang
Around the second death!

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

6 Here would we end our quest—
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

**699** *The tolling bell.* L. M.

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought alarming be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

**700** *The sting of death is sin.* C M

1 WHENCE has the world her magic pow'r?
Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And covet longer woe?

2 The cause is conscience—conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews;
Her voice is terrible, though soft,
And dread of death ensues.

3 Then anxious to be longer spar'd,
Man mourns his fleeting breath;
All evils then seem light, compar'd
With the approach of death.

4 'Tis judgment shakes him—there's the fear
That prompts the wish to stay:

He has incurr'd a long arrear,
And must despair to pay.

5 *Pay!*—follow Christ, and all is paid;
His death your peace insures;
Think on the grave where *he* was laid
And calm descend to *yours*.

## 701 *The voice of the tomb.* C. M

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 tow'rs!
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

## 702 *The vanity of man as mortal.* C. M.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast;
A fleeting hour of time:
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain:
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I resign my earthly hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

## 703 *Death at hand.* C. M.

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

2 Our wasting lives are short'ning still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

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

4 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

5 Yet while a world of joy or woe
Depends on ev'ry breath,
Thoughtless and unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.

6 Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

## 704 *Improving time.* L. M

1 THAT awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

2 Death calls my friends, my neighbors hence,
And none resist the fatal dart:
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to strike my heart?

3 Think, O my soul! how much depends
On the short period of to-day:
Shall time, which heav'n in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away?

4 Thy wasting minutes strive to use;
Awake, rouse ev'ry active pow'r;
And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little, this important hour!

5 Lord of my life, inspire my heart
With heav'nly ardor, grace divine;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength and life and death are thine.

6 O teach me some celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve;
And, while my days are short'ning still,
Prepare me for the joys above.

## 705 *Numbering our days.* L. M

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 which it rose.

3 Thoughtless and vain, our mortal race
Along the mighty stream are borne

On to their everlasting home,—
That country whence there's no return.

4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flatt'ring 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 ev'ry hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

## 706 *Man fading and reviving.* L. M

1 THE morning flow'rs display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-day heats
And fearless of the ev'ning cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride and beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away

5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heav'n must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,
If firm the word of God remains.

**707** *Victory over death.* C. M

1 WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 How shall I meet this potent foe
Whose frown my soul alarms?
Dark horror sits upon his brow,
And vict'ry waits his arms.

3 But see my glorious Leader nigh!
Jesus, my Savior, lives:
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

4 O may I meet the final hour
With fortitude divine!
Sustain'd by his almighty pow'r,
The conquest must be mine.

5 Lord! I commit my soul to thee;
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust.

6 O let me join angelic lays,
And, with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, pow'r, and praise,
In everlasting song!

**708** *Christ's presence makes death easy.* L. M

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

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

3 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 pass'd

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

**709** *Triumphing in hope of the resurrection.* L. M

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

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

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

**710** *Death of friends and relatives.* C. M

1 MUST friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn;
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our helper and our friend;
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be wean'd from earthly joys;
Let hope our grief dispel:
The dead in Jesus shall arise,
In endless bliss to dwell.

**711** *On the death of a parent.* L. M.

1 THOUGH nature's voice you must obey,
Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,
That hand which takes your joys away,
That sov'reign hand can heal your woe.

2 And, while your mournful thoughts deplore
The parent gone, remov'd the friend,
With hearts resign'd, his grace adore,
On whom your nobler hopes depend.

3 Does he not bid his children come
Thro' death's dark shades to realms of light!
Yet, when he calls them to their home
Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?

4 His word—here let your souls rely—
Immortal consolation gives:
Your heav'nly Father cannot die,
Th' eternal Friend for ever lives.

5 O be that best of friends your trust;
On his almighty arm recline;
He, when your comforts sink in dust,
Can give you comforts more divine.

**712** *Hope of heaven.* C. M.

1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!

2 But down to earth, alas! in vain
We bend our weeping eyes;
Ah! let us leave this place of pain,
And upwards learn to rise.

3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray;
And guides us from the darksome tomb
To realms of endless day.

4 To those bright courts when hope ascends,
She calms the swelling woe;
In hope we meet our happy friends,
And tears forget to flow.

5 Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies;
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

**713** *Death of an infant.* L. M.

1 SO fades the lovely, blooming flow'r,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh:
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

**714** *On the death of a child.* C. M.

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flow'r
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

3 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo! stern winter flies;
And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

5 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears;
Religion points on high:
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

**715** *At the funeral of a young person.* C. M

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—"I too must die!"
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 Let this vain world delude no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.*

**716** *The dying Christian.* P. M. 8s

1 "SPIRIT—leave thy house of clay!
Ling'ring dust—resign thy breath!
Spirit—cast thy chains away!
Dust—be thou dissolv'd in death!"

Thus th' Almighty Savior speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies!
Thus—the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransom'd captive flies!

2 "Pris'ner—long detain'd below!
Pris'ner—now with freedom blest!
Welcome—from a world of woe!
Welcome—to a land of rest!"
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high!
While with hallelujahs ring
All the region of the sky!

3 Grave—the guardian of our dust!
Grave—the treasury of the skies!
Ev'ry atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise!
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls!
"Soul—rebuild thy house of clay—
*Immortality* thy walls,
And *eternity* thy day!"

**717** *Death is gain.* **L. M.**

1 FROM his low bed of mortal dust,
Escap'd the prison of his clay,
The new inheritant of bliss
To heav'n directs his upward way.

2 Ye fields, that witness'd once his tears,
Ye winds, that wafted oft his sighs,
Ye mountains, where he breath'd his pray'rs,
When sorrow's shadows veil'd his eyes;

3 No more the weary pilgrim mourns,
No more affliction wrings his heart;
Th' unfetter'd soul to God returns—
For ever he and anguish part!

4 Receive, O earth, his faded form,
In thy cold bosom let it lie;
Safe let it rest from ev'ry storm—
Soon must it rise, no more to die.

**718** *The death and burial of a saint.* **C. M.**

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

2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
His light dispell'd its gloom.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

**719** *The moment after death.* **C. M**

1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death;
The glories that surround a saint,
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
We scarce can say, "He's gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansions near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace the spirit's flight;

No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
Saints are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care and woe,
And with their Savior rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us foll'wers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

**720** *A peaceful death.* P. M. 8.8.6 8.8.6.

1 WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who liv'd averse from sin!
Such peace on virtue's path attends,
That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,
The Christian's joys begin.

2 See smiling patience smooth his brow!
See bending angels downward bow,
To lift his soul on high!
While, eager for the blest abode,
He joins with them to praise the God
Who taught him how to die.

3 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes;
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast:
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours kindly solace from above,
And heals his soul with rest.

4 O grant, my Savior and my friend!
Such joys may gild my peaceful end,
So calm my ev'ning close,
While, loos'd from ev'ry earthly tie,
With steady confidence I fly
To thee from whom I rose!

**721** *Death and immediate glory.* C. M.

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 dissolv'd and fall,
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n,
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

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.*

**722** *Blessed are they that die in the Lord.* C. M.

1 HARK! from on high a solemn voice;
Let all attentive hear!
'Twill make each pious heart rejoice,
And vanquish ev'ry fear.

2 "Thrice blessed are the pious dead,
Who in the Lord shall die;
Their weary flesh, as on a bed,
Safe in the grave shall lie.

3 Their holy souls, at length releas'd,
To heav'n shall take their flight;
There to enjoy eternal rest,
And infinite delight.

4 They drop each load as they ascend,
And quit this world of woe;
Their labors with their life shall end,
Their rest no period know.

5 Their conflicts with their busy foes
For evermore shall cease;

None shall their happiness oppose,
Nor interrupt their peace.

6 But bright rewards shall recompense
Their faithful service here;
And perfect love shall banish thence
Each gloomy doubt and fear."

**723** *The grave.* L. M

1 THE grave is now a favor'd spot,—
To saints who sleep, in Jesus bless'd
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest.

2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;
At rest as in a peaceful bed;
Secure from all the dreadful storms,
Which round this sinful world are spread.

3 Thrice happy souls, who're gone before
To that inheritance divine!
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

**724** (944) *Death peaceful and triumphant.* L. M

1 SWEET is the scene where Christians die,
Where holy souls retire to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fann'd by some guardian angel's wing;
O grave! where is thy vict'ry now?
And where, O death! is now thy sting?

**725†** *Those blessed who die in the Lord.* C. M.

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n 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 suff'ring and from sin releas'd,
They're freed from ev'ry 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."

**726†** *A warning from the grave.* C. M.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning giv'n;
Benéath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heav'n.

2 Death rides on ev'ry passing breeze,
And lurks in ev'ry flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril ev'ry 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 heav'n—or hell.

## RESURRECTION.

**727** *Longing for the resurrection.* L. M

1 NO, I'll repine at death no more;
But, calm and cheerful, will resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust;
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning! through the skies,
And usher in that glorious day:
Come quickly, Lord! cut short the hours:
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay.

4 Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.

**728** *Assurance of the resurrection.* L. M.

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 the 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 the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

**729** *Hope in the resurrection.* C. M.

1 THRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deep'ning gloom,
We soldiers of an injur'd King
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our pow'rs 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, thus inane,
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,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er ev'ry eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With songs of endless praise.

## 730 *The resurrection of the just.* C. M.

1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Lo! I behold the scatter'd shades!
The dawn of heav'n appears:
The sweet, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise,"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And bow before him there.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

## JUDGMENT.

**731** *Judgment.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4.7

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain:
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah,
Jesus now shall ever reign!

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see?

3 Ev'ry island, sea and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!*

5 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne;
Savior! take the pow'r and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

**732** *The day of judgment.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4.7

1 DAY of judgment,—day of wonders,
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!

How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
Ye who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Savior!
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?*

4 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed!
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

5 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise!
May we triumph
When the world is in a blaze!

## 733 *Judgment.* L. M

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

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

3 But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene!

Your Savior lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

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

**734** *Books opened.* L. M.

1 METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd 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 display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each word and deed now public made,
Written by heav'n's unerring pen.

4 To ev'ry 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 enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

**735** (946) *The judgment day.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.7

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead whom they contain'd 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 prepar'd to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd 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 unprepar'd to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

**736** *(947) Christ coming to judgment.* L. M.

1 THE Lord will come! the earth will quake;
The mountains to their centre shake,
And, with'ring from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowliness he came;
A silent lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath, and robes of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He who, wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by pow'r, and mock'd by pride,
The *Nazarene*, the crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us, mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

**737** *The judgment.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 SEE th' eternal Judge descending!
View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thine awful doom—
Trumpets call thee!
Stand and hear thine awful doom.

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again—
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Savior,
With the marks of dying love;
O that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."

4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part;
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost for ever,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

## ETERNITY.

**738** *The heavenly Canaan.* C. M

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

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

## 739 *The everlasting song.* C. M

1 EARTH has engross'd 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 Savior, sits;
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employ:—
Jesus, my love, they sing!

Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry 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 heav'nly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!*

## 740 *The glory of Christ in heaven.* C M.

1 O THE delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through ev'ry heav'nly street,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at his feet.

4 This is the man, th' exalted man
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

5 Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode!
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.

6 And whilst our faith enjoys this sight
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To bear our souls away.

## 741 *View of heaven.* L. M.

1 WHEN faith beholds the saints above,
And hears them sing of Jesus' love,
I fain would fly to join their lays,
And sing with them my Savior's praise.

2 But can my soul such bliss obtain,
Whose guilt deserves eternal pain?
Can I expect his face to see
Throughout a vast eternity?

3 If heav'n be mine, 'tis all of grace,
I'll praise him for the lowest place;
May I but reach within the door,
My anxious soul desires no more.

4 "There, ye that love my Savior, sit,
There I with you would fain have place,
Among your thrones or at your feet,
So I might see his lovely face."

## 742 *The delights of heaven inconceivable.* C. M

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame:
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life;
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

**743** *Glory and bliss of heaven.* C. M

1 YE golden lamps of heav'n! farewell
With all your feeble light,
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd!
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heav'nly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

**744** *Mount Zion.* C. M.

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 th' innumerable host
Of angels, cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the judge of all, declare
Their num'rous sins forgiv'n.

5 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest!
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

## 745 *Anticipation of heaven.* C. M.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There on a throne, how dazzling bright
Th' exalted Savior shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

5 There shall the foll'wers 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.

**746** *Saints' employ in heaven.* L. M.

1 EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand;
With glory crown'd, in white array,
My wond'ring soul says, "Who are they?"

2 These are the saints, belov'd of God—
Wash'd are their robes in Jesus' blood;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

3 Brighter than angels, lo! they shine;
Their glories great, and all divine;
Tell me their origin, and say
Their order what, and whence came they?

4 Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross and scorn'd the shame;
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on him rest.

5 Unknown to mortal ears they sing
The sacred glories of their king;
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise?

6 Jesus, the Savior, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of his name;
To him ascribing pow'r and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

**747** *Heaven alone can satisfy the soul.* L. M.

1 FROM this world's joys and senseless mirth
O come, my soul! in haste retire;
Assume the grandeur of thy birth,
And to thy native heav'n aspire.

2 'Tis heav'n alone can make thee blest,
Can ev'ry wish and want supply;
Thy joy, thy crown, thine endless rest,
Are all above the lofty sky.

3 Eternal mansions! bright array!
O blest exchange! transporting thought!
Free from th' approaches of decay,
Or the least shadow of a spot.

4 There shall mortality no more
Its wide extended empire boast,
Forgotten all its dreadful pow'r,
In life's unbounded ocean lost.

5 There dwells the sov'reign Lord of all,
The God that all the worlds adore;
With whom is bliss that cannot pall,
And joys that last for evermore.

## 748 *Heaven.* P. M 7s

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptur'd saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love!

2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

3 But, these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never—never weep again.

4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark—their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

5 Happy spirits! ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find:

Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind!

6 Ev'ry tear is wip'd away—
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day—
Sorrow—in eternal rest!

**749†** (848) *The society of heaven.* **C. M.**

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

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

3 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 bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

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

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

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

## 750 *Hell.* L M

1 HELL! 'tis a word of dreadful sound;
It chills the heart and shocks the ear;
It spreads a sickly damp around,
And makes the guilty quake with fear.

2 Far from the utmost verge of day
Its frightful, gloomy region lies;
Fierce flames amidst the darkness play,
And thick, sulphureous vapors rise.

3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
With constant torture gnaws the heart,
And woe and wrath, in ev'ry form,
Inflame the wounds, increase the smart.

4 Wretched, they rave, o'erwhelm'd with woe,
And bite their everlasting chains;
But with their rage their torments grow,
Resentment but augments their pains.

5 Sad world indeed! what heart can bear,
Hopeless, in all these pains to lie;
Rack'd with vexation, grief, despair,
And, ever dying, never die.

6 "Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,
Who seeks thy pard'ning, cleansing blood;
O let me in thy kingdom dwell,
To praise my Savior and my God."

## 751 *The final doom of the wicked.* S. M.

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

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And, through the num'rous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel-angels first prepar'd,
Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n, before his face
Astonish'd, shrink away?

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

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

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Savior bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

## DISMISSIONS.

**752** P. M. 8.7.8

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!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

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

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,

Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

**753** *Dismission, or a parting hymn.* **L. M**

1 CHRISTIANS and brethren! ere we part,
Join ev'ry voice and ev'ry heart;
One solemn hymn to God we'll raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

3 Now to our God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done;
Raise ye, his saints, the sound again,
Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

**754** *The peace of God shall keep, &c.* **L. M.**

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

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

**755** **P. M. 8s**

1 THIS *God* is the *God* we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And knows neither measure nor end;
'Tis *Jesus*, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

**756** *Dismission.* S. M.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
Great God, attend our pray'r,
And seal the gospel on the heart
Of all assembled here.

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

**757** *At parting.* P. M 8.7.8.7

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

**758** P. M

1 THANKS for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.

2 Bless thy word to old and young;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love;
And when life's short course is run,
Take us to thy house above.

**759** *The Christian farewell.* L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

## DOXOLOGIES.

**760** L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise and glory giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

**761** C. M.

NOW let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord

**762** C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be everlasting honors paid,
Henceforth, for evermore.

**763** C. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
Your grateful voices raise;
And God the Spirit, Three in one,
Give an immortal praise.

**764** C. M.

ALL glory to th' Eternal Three,
And undivided One;
To Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Co-equal honors done.

765 P. M.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou the God whom we adore,
May we all thy love inherit,
To thine image us restore;
Vast Eternal!
Praises to thee evermore.

766 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

# APPENDIX.

## PRAISE AND WORSHIP OF GOD.

**767†** *The presence of God sought in his house.* **C. M.**

1 COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While, with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 But, ah, the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How dim the sacred passion glows
Till thou the heart inspire!

4 Dear Savior, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy temples here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

**768†** *Prayer for a blessing on public worship.* **7s.**

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
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.

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

**769**† *Delight in the house of God.* **C. M.**

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.**

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest.

4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
Here God, my Savior, reigns.

**770**† *Songs of praise.* **P. M. 7s.**

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;

Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heav'n and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heav'ns and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No:—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

**771†** *Majesty and dominion of God.* L M.

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

2 In all our Maker's grand designs
Almighty pow'r, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

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

# CHARACTER AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

**772**† *The awful majesty of God.* L. M

1 WHEN Israel forth from Egypt went,
And Jacob left the stranger's land,
God's glory shadow'd Judah's tent,
And Israel own'd her Monarch's hand.

2 The sea beheld his pow'r and fled;
Back to her source was Jordan driv'n;
The trembling mountains shook for dread;
From their strong base the hills were riven.

3 O sea! what terrors urg'd thy flight?
Why, Jordan, did thy flood retreat?
Why mov'd the hills? and whence the fright
That shook the mountains from their seat?

4 Tremble, O earth, when God appears,—
Before the might of Jacob's God;
Whose pow'r the flinty rock declares,
And, melting, pours the gushing flood.

**773**† *The divine omnipresence.* C. M.

1 JEHOVAH God! thy gracious pow'r
On ev'ry hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

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

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

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see!
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless, proceed from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

**774**† *The divine omniscience.* C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God! thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

6 O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

**775**†† *Commit thy way unto the Lord.* 7.6.7.6 & 7.6.7.6.

1 COMMIT thy way, confiding,
When trials here arise,
To Him whose hand is guiding
The tumult of the skies.
*There*, clouds and tempests, raging,
Have, all, their paths assign'd;—

Will GOD, for thee engaging,
No way of safety find?

2 Trust in the LORD! His favor
Will for thy wants provide,
Regard *His* word!—and ever
*Thy* work shall safe abide.
When sorrows here o'ertake thee
And self-inflicted care,
Let not thy GOD forsake thee!—
He listens for thy pray'r.

3 Hope on! thou weak believer,
Hope on, and falter not!
He will thy soul deliver
From deeps of troubled thought:
Thy graces he will nourish,
With hope thy heart employ,
Till faith and love shall flourish,
And yield their fruits of joy.

4 The sorrows, Lord, that try us,
O bring them to an end!
With needed strength supply us,
From ev'ry foe defend!
Let us, till death pursuing
The best—thy chosen—way,
In heav'n our life renewing,
Praise thee in endless day.

## CHRIST.

**776**† *Hymn for advent.* **7s.**

1 COME, thou Savior of our race,
Choicest gift of heav'nly grace:
O thou blessed virgin's Son!
Be thy race on earth begun.

2 Not of mortal blood or birth,
He descends from heav'n to earth—

By the Holy Ghost conceiv'd,
Truly man, to be believ'd.

3 Wondrous birth! O wondrous child
Of the virgin undefil'd!
Though by all the world disown'd,
Still to be in heav'n enthron'd.

4 From the Father forth he came,
And returneth to the same;
Captive leading death and hell—
High the song of triumph swell.

5 Equal to the Father now,
Though to dust thou once didst bow:
Boundless shall thy kingdom be—
When shall we its glories see?

6 Brightly doth thy manger shine;
Glorious is its light divine:
Let not sin o'ercloud this light;
Ever be our faith thus bright.

7 Praise the Father on his throne;
Praise his co-eternal Son;
Praise the Holy Spirit, too;
Let each age their praise renew.

**777†** *Blessings of Christ's kingdom.* 7s & 6s.

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 show'rs
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flow'rs,
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 pray'r 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 for ever;
That name to us is love.

**778** (773) *Good tidings of great joy to all people.* P. M

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

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

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

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

**779**† *Praise for the incarnation.* 11s & 10s

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

2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
Our praise and rev'rence are an off'ring meet;
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us;
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

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

**780**† *The teachings of Jesus.* L. M

1 HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and gladness fill'd the place!

2 From heav'n he came, of heav'n he spoke,
To heav'n he led his foll'wers 'way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wand'rers, 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 prepar'd the way.

**781**† *Miracles of Jesus.* C. M

1 AND didst thou, Jesus, condescend,
When veil'd 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.

**782** (774) *Characters of Christ.* L. M.

1 WHAT various, lovely characters
The condescending Savior bears!
All human virtues, all divine,
In him unite—in splendor shine.

2 The Corner-stone on which we build;
The Balm by which our souls are heal'd;
The Morning Star, whose cheering ray
Dispels the shades, and brings the day.

3 He is the burden'd sinner's Rest;
Our Prophet, and atoning Priest;
Our Advocate before the throne,
Who with our pray'rs presents his own.

4 He is our Captain and our Guide;
The Friend, the Husband of the bride;
The Counselor, the Prince of Peace;
The Lord our Strength and Righteousness;

5 The Fountain whence our blessings flow;
A Lamb, and yet a Lion too;

The Sun for light and guidance giv'n;
The Door which opens into heav'n.

6 He is the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who does his flock in safety keep;
The Conqu'ror he, the Judge of men;
The Faithful Witness, the Amen!

**783†** *The kind Shepherd.* **S. M**

1 WHILE my Redeemer 's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to ev'ry 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 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

**784** (782) *The transfiguration.* **L. M**

1 ON Tabor's top the Savior stands,
His alter'd face resplendent shines,
And while he elevates his hands,
Lo! glory marks its gentle lines!

2 Two heav'nly forms descend to wait
Upon their suff'ring Prince below;
But while they worship at his feet,
They talk of fast approaching woe.

3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary he turns his eyes,
And with submission, all serene
He marks the future tempest rise.

4 Then let us climb the mount of pray'r,
Where all his beaming glories shine,
And, gazing on his brightness there,
Our woes forget in joys divine.

5 O that on yonder heav'nly hills,
Where now the risen Savior stands,
And peace, like softest dew, distils—
I too may elevate my hands.

**785** (780) *Kedron.* 10.10 10.10

1 THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olives, thou dear honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love.

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

**786**† *The prayer of agony.* 4 8s & 1 6

1 BEYOND where Kedron's waters flow,
Behold the suff'ring Savior go
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in ev'ry line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
"My Father, can this cup remove?"

3 With gentle resignation still
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold me here, thine only Son;
And, Father, let thy will be done."

4 The Father heard; and angels there
Sustain'd the Son of God in pray'r,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain—
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Savior there,
And humbly bow, like him, in pray'r.

**787**† *Jesus before Pilate.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.7

1 BEHOLD *the man!* How heavy lay
On him the sinner's burden!
What grievous price had he to pay
That we might hope for pardon!
Such sorrows, since the world began,
Before were never seen by man,
Nor since on earth been witness'd.

2 *Behold the man!*—it was for *thee*
His shame and griefs were suffer'd;
Now hear him say—"Behold, in me,
The victim for thee offer'd!
The guilt was *thine*,—its fearful load
I bore, atoning with my blood;
I died, from death to save thee!"

3 Blest Jesus, God's beloved Son!
Who all my sins removest,—
Exalted to thy Father's throne,
Show that my soul thou lovest!
And let thy griefs and death, O Lord,
New life and peace to me afford,—
Thus glorify thy mercy.

4 And when the world, when flesh and blood
To paths of sin allure me;
That I may keep the heav'nly road,
From wand'ring to secure me,
In mercy cry to me—"Behold
The man who suffer'd ills untold
For thee!—Wilt thou forsake me?"

**788†** *Reflections on the passion of Christ.* 7s & 6s

1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down!
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns—thine only crown!
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now, was thine!
Yet, though despis'd and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!
Thy grief and thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, *mine* was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,—
Thy pity without end!
Lord, make me thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
Abuse such dying love.

4 Forbid that I should leave thee;
O Jesus, leave not me;
By faith I would receive thee;
Thy blood can make me free;

When strength and comfort languish
And I must hence depart;
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

**789** (778) *Christ's Intercession.* L. M

1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the Savior's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults,
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes and terror dies.

4 In ev'ry dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

**790** (776) *The Mercy-seat.* L. M

1 FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend.

Though sunder'd far—by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no Mercy-seat?

5 There! *there* on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy-seat.

**791**† *Christ's exaltation.* C. M

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
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 plung'd 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.

## 792 (779) *A litany.* P. M. 7s

1 SAVIOR, when in dust, to thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O by all thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By the vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's pow'r;
Jesus, look with pitying eye:
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of pray'r,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorns,
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice,
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restor'd—
Prince and Savior, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

# THE HOLY SPIRIT.

**793**† *For Whitsunday.* C. M

1 SPIRIT of truth, on this thy day
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the weary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more :
Enough for us to trace thy will
In scripture's sacred lore.

4 When tongues shall cease, and pow'r decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, and hope, and love.

**794**† *Prayer to the Holy Spirit.* P M

1 O HOLY Ghost, descend, we pray,
Abide with us from day to day,
And be a sun to cheer us!
Let thy bright beams, thou heav'nly light,
Dispel the darkness of our night
And fill our hearts with gladness;
That we
To thee
Truly living,
To thee giving
Pray'r unceasing,
Still may be in love increasing.

2 Give to thy word impressive pow'r
That in our hearts, from this good hour,
As fire it may be burning;

That Thee, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, on one common throne
We may as God acknowledge!
O stay
And sway
Our souls ever,
That they never
May forsake thee
But by faith their refuge make thee.

3 Thou fountain whence all wisdom flows,
Which God on pious hearts bestows,
Grant us thy consolation,
That in our pure faith's unity,
Our Christian brethren all may see
Thy witness truly given.
Hear us,
Cheer us
By thy teaching,
That our preaching
Thy salvation
Soon may tell to ev'ry nation.

4 Direct us by thy counsel still,—
That we may understand thy will;
Our ignorance enlighten.
O! grant us constancy, that we
May ever faithful prove to thee,
How much soe'er we suffer.
Descend,
Defend,
From all errors
And earth's terrors,
Be our healing,
Jesus' love and peace revealing.

**795** (783) *Influences of the Holy Spirit implored.* 7s

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

2 Let me see my Savior's face,
Let me all his beauties trace;
Show those glorious truths to me,
Which are only known to thee.

3 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

4 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this sadden'd heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

5 Bid my sin and sorrow cease;
Fill me with thy heav'nly peace;
Joy divine I then shall prove,
Light of truth—and fire of love.

6 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol's throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

**796†** *Sanctifying influence.* **S. M.**

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 wond'ring 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 ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

7s

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise and love,
The Father, Son and Thee.

**797**† *Quickening Spirit.* L. M

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 Savior see;
O soothe and cheer my burden'd heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

**798**† *Influences of the Spirit.* P. M. 7s.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me;
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

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

**799**† *The earnest of heaven.* C. M.

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

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them, heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?

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

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

7s. **800**† *Spirit of Holiness.* C. M.

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 wond'ring eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

**801** (785) *God's Spirit will not always strive.* C M.

1 QUENCH not the Spirit of the Lord
The Holy One from heav'n;
The Comforter, belov'd, ador'd,
To man in mercy giv'n.

2 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord;
He will not always strive:
O tremble at that awful word;
Sinner! awake and live.

3 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
It is thine only hope:
O let his aid be now implor'd;
Let pray'r be lifted up.

4 Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
Heirs of redeeming grace;
With grateful hearts his love record,
Whose presence fills the place.

**802** (786) *Prayer for the Holy Spirit.* P. M.

1 O THOU that hearest pray'r!
Attend my humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessings 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 children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heav'nly Father! thou—
We—children of thy grace—

O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heav'nly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 O may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our frozen hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love;
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grov'ling souls to rise.

**803** (787) *Breathing after God.* P. M 8s.

1 O THAT the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast,
And make my soul his lov'd abode,
The temple of the living God!

2 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot rest till I'm forgiv'n;
And find the earnest of my heav'n!

3 O, love, I languish at thy stay!
I pine for thee with ling'ring smart!
Weary and faint through long delay:
When wilt thou come into my heart?
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee!

**804**† *Prayer for the effusion of the Spirit.* L. M

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,
Confusion, order, in thy path;

Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

3 Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till ev'ry kindred call him Lord.

4 God from eternity hath will'd
All flesh shall his salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfill'd,
The Savior's suff'rings crown'd through thee.

## THE TRINITY.

**805†** *Prayer to the Trinity.* **L. M.**

1 FATHER of heav'n, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls has found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

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

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath,
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quick'ning pow'r extend.

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

**806†** *Praise to the Trinity.* **C. M.**

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 heav'nly 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.

807† *Worship of the Trinity.* S. M.

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
All glory, pow'r and praise, receive,
For thy creating love.

2 O thou incarnate Word,
Let all thy ransom'd race
Unite in thanks, with one accord,
For thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless
Thy heart-renewing pow'r.

4 The grace on man bestow'd,
Ye heav'nly choirs, proclaim,
And cry "Salvation to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!"

## THE ANGELS.

808† *Sympathy of angels.* C. M.

1 BEYOND the glitt'ring, starry skies
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of angels round his throne
In countless armies shine;
And swell his praise with golden harps
Attun'd to songs divine.

3 "Hail, glorious Prince of peace!" they cry,
"Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit these glorious realms,
And royalties above."

4 Through all his travels here below
They did his steps attend,
Oft wond'ring how, or where, at last,
The mystic scene would end.

5 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,
And view'd the crimson gore;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.

6 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried,—
"The glorious work is done!"

## 809† *Angelic praise.* S. M

1 THE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels! great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom, show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul!
Shalt sing his graces too

**810**† *Christ, the Lord of angels.* L. M.

1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord, thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance, or of love.

3 Now they are sent to guide our feet,
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet,
In trav'ling o'er the heavenly road.

4 Lord! when we leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid us rise and come,—
Send thy beloved angels down
Safe to conduct our spirits home.

## THE GOSPEL CALL.

**811** (772) *The year of jubilee.* P. M.

1 FAIR shines the morning star!
The silver trumpets sound—
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around!
Joy to the slave!—the slave is free!
It is the year of Jubilee.

2 Pris'ners of hope!—in gloom
And silence left to die,
With Christ's unfolding tomb
Your portals open fly;—
Rise with the Lord!—He sets you free:—
It is the year of Jubilee.

3 Ye, who have sold for naught
The land your fathers won,

Behold how God has wrought
Redemption through his Son!
Your heritage again is free,
It is the year of Jubilee.

4 Ye who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,
Ransom'd, but not with gold,
Christ gave himself for you;
His precious blood has made you free,
It is the year of Jubilee.

5 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year;—
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free,
It is the year of Jubilee.

## 812† *The voice of free grace.* 12s.

1 THE voice of free grace cries—"Escape to the mountain!"
For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.

*Chorus.*

Hallelujah to the Lamb! he hath purchas'd our pardon,
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded! O! flee to the Savior;
He calls you in mercy,—'tis infinite favor;
Your sins are increasing,—escape to the mountain,—
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.

3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly glorious,
O'er sin, death and hell, thou art more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and saints raise the shout of salvation.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the 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 for ever and ever!

**813** (790) *The first great object.* C. M

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know!

2 More needful this, than glitt'ring 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;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

**814** (791) *The Mercy-seat.* 11.10.11.10.

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

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love;
Come to the feast prepar'd; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can remove.

**815** (792) *Watch and pray.* P. M.

1 GO watch and pray; thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way:
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon these must change—must pass away:
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:
And can vain hope lead *thee* astray?
Go, weary pilgrim! watch and pray.

4 Ambition, stop thy panting breath!
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold! the caverns, dark with death,
Before you open lie:
The heav'nly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

**816** (793) *Trust in God under darkness.* P. M

1 O LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils the sky,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapp'd yet in mystery:
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see;
But all is well—since rul'd by thee.

2 Thus, trusting in thy love, I tread
The path of duty on;
What though some cherish'd joys are fled,
Some flatt'ring dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain:
Why should my spirit then complain?

## 817 (794) *The broad road.* L. M.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

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

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

## 818 (795) *A fountain opened.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

1 COME to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
Sinners! ruin'd by the fall:
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full perpetual tide,
Open'd when the Savior died.

2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defil'd without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white;
Ye shall walk with God in light.

3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

4 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful—God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

## 819† *Living waters.* P. M.

1 THE Fountain flows! waters of life bestowing;
Come, thirsty soul, nor perish in thy pride!
Take, as a gift, what from the throne is flowing,—
So cry the Lamb, the Spirit, and the bride.
Come!—nothing bars the way;
Come drink as thou shalt choose,
There is no price to pay:
The Fountain flows!

2 The Fountain flows!—With heart and hands be ready,
Ye sons of want, the proffer'd boon to meet!
The sinner's friend, the helper of the needy,
Your thither course will with his favor greet:
The waters each may take
Who now his mis'ry knows;—
Who longs—'tis for his sake
The Fountain flows.

3 The Fountain flows!—Thank God, the fullest measure
Of grace and pow'r here meets our utmost need.
Now, sinner, wouldst thou ever share its pleasure,
Haste, like the panting roe, with earnest speed:

Draw to the waters near
Where thirst and languor close—
With waters sweet and clear
The Fountain flows.

1 The Fountain flows! for all a fount of healing;
He's blest for whom it shall not flow in vain!
Who drinks—a well of water never failing,
In him, to endless life, it shall remain:
For whoso tries its pow'r
From thirst shall now repose,
And ne'er be thirsty more:
The Fountain flows.

**820** (797) *Expostulation with the sinner.* P. M. 7s.

1 SINNER, is thy heart at rest?
Is thy bosom void of fear?
Art thou not by guilt oppress'd?
Speaks not conscience in thine ear?

2 Can this world afford thee bliss?
Can it chase away thy gloom?
Flatt'ring, false, and vain it is:—
Tremble at the worldling's doom.

3 Think, O sinner, on thine end;
See the judgment-day appear!
Thither must thy spirit wend;
There thy righteous sentence hear.

4 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,
To a Savior's blood apply;
He alone can make thee whole;
Fly to Jesus,—sinner, fly!

**821** (798) *Come to Jesus.* P. M. 6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5.

1 POOR, wilder'd, weeping heart,
What can relieve thee?
Come, sinful as thou art,
Christ will receive thee;
Come, though with woe oppress'd,
Soft is the Savior's breast,

There may'st thou sweetly rest,
There naught shall grieve thee.

2 Come, trembling, timid soul,
Why this delaying?
Thunders, that o'er thee roll,
Fall on thee straying.
Turn from destruction's ways,
Turn to the throne of grace;
There seek thy Father's face,
Weeping and praying.

3 "Hence, guilty fear and doubt,
Leave me for ever!
Lord, wilt thou cast me out?
Never—O, never!
From unbelief of mind,
From thought to sin inclin'd,
From flesh and hell combin'd,
Thou wilt deliver."

822† *Look to Jesus.* P. M. 7s

1 WEARY sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning sacrifice;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee;
There the dreadful curse he bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Cast thy guilty soul on him;
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and care away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

823 (799) *Acquaint now thyself with God.* 11s.

1 ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,
And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee, when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path;
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

## 824 (801) *Expostulation.* P. M. 7s.

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;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye slight his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why;
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live!
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?*

## 825 (802) *Danger of delay.* P. M. 11s.

1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner; draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee!
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?

A fountain is open'd, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd 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.
Delay not, delay not! the Spirit of grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

826† *Now the day of grace.* S. M.

1 NOW is the day of grace;
Now to the Savior 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.

827† *Exhortation to work while it is day.* S. M.

1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly,
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know its Maker can command
An instant, endless night.

3 Give glory to the Lord
Who rules the rolling sphere;

Submissive, at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through all the heavy gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

328† *The sinner entreated to awake.* P. M. 7s

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 Awake 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.

829† *Vanity of the world.* C. M

1 BE thou, O Lord, my treasure here,
And fix my thoughts above;
Unveil thy glories to my view,
And bid me taste thy love.

2 The world how mean, with all its store,
Compar'd with thee, my Lord!
Its vain and fleeting joys how few!
How little they afford!

3 The goods of earth are empty things,
And pleasures soon decay;
Its honors are but noisy breath,
And sceptres pass away.

4 Ye vain and glitt'ring toys, begone;
Ye false delights, adieu;
My glorious Lord fills all the space,
And leaves no room for you.

**830** (808) *A voice of warning.* P. M. 8.8.6 8 8.6

1 THAT warning voice, O sinner, hear,
And while salvation linger's near,
The heav'nly call obey,
Flee from destructions downward path,
Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath
That rises o'er thy way.

2 Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade.
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour;
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise:
What terrors fill that hour!

3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace:
Renounce thy sins and be forgiv'n,
Believe, become an heir of heav'n,
And sing redeeming grace.

4 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks,
The heav'ns are all serene;
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
Joy echoes on the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.

## PENITENCE.

**831** (809) *Prayer for the Spirit's influence.* C. M.

1 GREAT God, before thy mercy-seat,
Abas'd, in dust I fall;
My crimes of complicated guilt
Aloud for judgment call.

2 I own my ways to be corrupt,
My service stain'd with sin;
Make thou my broken spirit whole,
My burden'd conscience clean.

3 Lord, send thy Spirit from above,
Implant a holy fear;
And through thine all-abounding grace
Bring thy salvation near.

4 On my distress'd, benighted soul,
O cause thy face to shine;
Make me to hear thy pard'ning voice,
And tell me I am thine.

832† *Invitation accepted.* P. M. 7s.

1 AM I call'd? and can it be!
Has my Savior 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 call'd? 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 off'ring to my King?
Poor, and blind, and naked, I
Trembling at thy footstool lie;
Naught but sin I call mine own,
Nor for sin can sin atone.

4 Am I called? an heir of God!
Wash'd, redeem'd by precious blood!
Father, lead me in thy hand,
Guide me to that better land,
Where my soul shall be at rest,
Pillow'd on my Savior's breast.

**833** (811) *Surrendering the heart to Christ.* L. M.

1 BLEST Jesus! when thy cross I view,—
That myst'ry to th' angelic host,—
I gaze with grief and rapture too,
And all my soul 's in wonder lost.

2 What strange compassion fill'd thy breast,
That brought thee from thy throne on high,
To woes, that cannot be express'd,
To be despis'd, to groan and die?

3 Was it for man, rebellious man,
Sunk by his crimes below the grave,
Who, justly doom'd to endless pain,
Found none to pity or to save?

4 For man didst thou forsake the sky,
To bleed upon th' accursed tree?
And didst thou taste of death to buy
Immortal life and bliss for me?

5 Had I a voice to praise thy name,
Loud as the trump that wakes the dead,
Had I the raptur'd seraph's flame,
My debt of love could ne'er be paid.

**834** (812) *Sanctification and pardon.* C. M.

1 WHERE shall we sinners hide our heads?
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave?

2 Is there no shelter from the eye
Of an avenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly:
Bedew us with thy blood.

3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sins;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

4 We bless that wondrous purple stream
That cleanses ev'ry stain;
Our souls are yet but half redeem'd,
If sin the tyrant reign.*

**835** (813) *Deep contrition.* P. M. 7s.

1 JESUS, save my dying soul,
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Savior, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of ev'ry grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of sin forgiv'n,
Foretaste of the bliss of heav'n.

3 All my guilt to thee is known—
Thou art righteous, thou alone:
All my help is from thy cross;
All besides I count but loss.

4 Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Savior, leave me not to die.

## SUPPLICATION FOR DIVINE MERCY.

FOR PRAYER-MEETINGS AND REVIVALS.

**836** (814) *The burden of sin.* S. M.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd and sick and faint!
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Savior bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Savior take
Possession of my heart?

4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom sin.

5 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

6 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying pow'r display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

7 I now believe in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!*

## 837† *Our Advocate.* L. M.

1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 He hears the breathings of desire;
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden 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.

4 He hears and soothes each humble groan;
He recommends each broken pray'r;
Recline thy hope on him alone
Whose pow'r and love forbid despair.

838 (816) *The inward conflict.* S. M

1 AND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's pray'r.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord!
Lift up a fainting heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The struggles of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.*

4 O, my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace,
I know thou canst; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease!

5 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

839† *Burden of guilt.* C. M

1 WITH guilt oppress'd, bow'd down with sin,
Beneath its load I groan;
Give me, O Lord, a heart of flesh;
Remove this heart of stone.

2 A burden'd 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 Savior died for me."

4 O give this true and living faith,
This soul-supporting view;
Till old things be for ever past,
And all within be new.

**840** (818) *Weary sinners.* **P. M. 7s.**

1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All, who feel your heavy load:
Jesus calls the wand'rers home;
Hasten to your pard'ning God.

2 Come, ye guilty souls oppress,
Answer to the Savior's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will save you all."

3 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy gracious call obey;
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.

4 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life;

5 Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,
Burden'd with this unbelief,
Burden'd with the wrath of God:

6 Lo, we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art:
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

## SALVATION THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

**841** (810) *Penitence at the cross.* P. M. 7s.

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled—rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood;

Sinful soul, what hast thou done!
Crucified God's only Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driv'n the nails that fix'd him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Plung'd 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!

## 842† *Salvation by faith.* P. M.

1 TO us salvation now has come,
God's wondrous grace revealing;
Works never can avert our doom—
They have no pow'r of healing.
Faith looks to God's beloved Son,
Who has for us deliv'rance won—
He is our great Redeemer!

2 What God's most holy precept claims
No child of Adam renders;
But from the throne dread vengeance flames,
And speaks the curse in thunders.
The flesh ne'er prompts those pure desires
That, 'bove all else, the law requires;—
Relief by law is hopeless!

3 But all the law must be fulfill'd,
Or we must sink despairing;—
Then came the Son—so God had will'd,—
Our human nature sharing,
For us the law's demands obey'd,
And thus his Father's vengeance stay'd,
Which over us impended.

4 Now to the God of matchless grace,
To Father, Son and Spirit,
We lift our highest songs of praise,
Our praise his favors merit.
All he has said he will perform,
And save us by his mighty arm,—
His worthy name be hallow'd!

**843†** *Thanksgiving for the gift of Christ.* **P. M**

1 REJOICE, ye ransom'd of the Lord,
Now banish all your sadness,
Tune all your hearts with one accord,
And sing aloud for gladness:
Tell what the Lord for us hath wrought,
At what a price our souls he bought,
And all his wondrous goodness.

2 A thrall of Satan once I lay,
Beneath death's gloomy power,
Sin rack'd my soul by night and day,
And deeper, deeper ev'ry hour,
From that which gave me birth, I fell;
No peace within my breast might dwell,
Sin reign'd in all my nature.

3 Good works with me could naught avail,
By them I must have perish'd;
To goodness dead, I dar'd assail
His law who me had cherish'd!
My anguish drove me to despair,
Whilst death frown'd on me ev'ry where,
And hell yawn'd just before me.

4 Then touch'd my wretchedness the heart
Of Him who reigns in heaven;
He deign'd his mercy to impart,
And show my sins forgiven—
My father's heart yearn'd over me;
What greater love than this could be,
Which gave his richest treasure?

5 "Go, my beloved Son," said he,
"Thou who my glory wearest,

Now let the world my mercy see
Whilst thou salvation bearest;
Now burst their bonds, and free from sin,
Destroy the reign of death, and win
Eternal life for sinners."

6 The Son obey'd the Father's voice,
He own'd his virgin mother;
Let all the world aloud rejoice,
He hath become my brother;
Yea, he my humble form assumes,
And Satan to perdition dooms,
And thus his kingdom cometh.

## 844† *Sinners received by Jesus.* P. M.

1 "THIS man sinners doth receive!"
Well may we the saying ponder,
Who in sin's delusions live,
And from God and heaven wander:—
This alone sure hope can give—
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

2 We deserve but grief and shame,—
Yet his words rich grace revealing,
Pardon, peace and life proclaim:
Here their ills have perfect healing
Who with humble hearts believe
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

3 Come, ye wand'rers, one and all,
Come, we all have invitation,—
Come, obey his gracious call,
Come and take his free salvation!
He has died that we might live,—
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

4 Savior, now I come to thee:
Great my sins, a weary burden!
Wilt thou mercy show to me?
Can I hope to find a pardon?
I will trust; my soul relieve!
Me, a sinner, Lord, receive!

**845** (823) *The Savior crowned.* **C. M.**

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

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.*

3 Ye chosen seed of Adam's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.*

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

**846**† *Christ our salvation.* **L. M.**

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
Reveal'd the fount of life for man.

3 Hail, hallow'd cross, accurs'd 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 grief 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.

847† *God's holiness and justice glorified.* L. M

1 O LOVE! beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast stupendous plan!
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man:

2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her right maintains—
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too,
In Christ they both harmonious meet;
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

4 Such are the wonders of our God;
And such the amazing depths of grace,
To save from wrath's vindictive rod
The chosen sons of Adam's race.

5 With grateful songs, then, let our souls
Surround our gracious Father's throne;
And all between the distant poles
His truth and mercy ever own.

848 (825) *Grace.* C. M.

1 AMAZING grace!—how sweet the sound—
That sav'd a soul like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
'Twas grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Full many a danger, toil, and snare,
My soul has overcome;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

## 849† *Lord, remember me.* C. M

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I raise my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!

2 When on my aching, burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart:
Dear Lord, remember me!

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
Dear Lord, remember me!

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame shall be;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Dear Lord, remember me!

5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the pray'r of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me!

6 And when before thy throne I stand
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
Dear Lord, remember me!

850† *Cleansing blood.* P. M. 7s.

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

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

## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

851† *Gratitude for God's mercies.* C. M.

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 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd 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 ev'ry 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.

## 852† *Casting all care on God.* S. M

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heav'n commands,—

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet;
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Put thou thy trust in God;
In duty's path go on;
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye;
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause; his ear
Attends thy softest pray'r.

## 853† *Divine light breaking into the soul.* 7s & 6s

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,

Let an unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though neither vine nor fig-tree
Its wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

**854** (829) *The pilgrim's song.* 7.6.7.6.7.7.7 6

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heav'n, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd 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 your Savior will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n

## 855† *God our Shepherd.* S M

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 heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

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

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

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

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

## 856† *Confidence in God.* P. M. 7s & 6s.

1 GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near;

Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

## 857† *The Christian race.* C M

1 AWAKE, my soul; stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 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. 10.6.10.6.9.9.4

## 858† *God our light, trust, shield and reward.* P. M.

1 GOD is my light!—Never, my soul, despair
In hours of thy distress!
The sun withdraws, and earth is dark and drear:—
My light will never cease;
On days of joy with splendor beaming;—
Through nights of grief its rays are gleaming,—
God is my light!

2 God is my trust!—My soul, be not afraid!
Thy helper will abide:
"I'll not forsake thee!"—He has kindly said,—
He's ever at thy side;
In feeble age will yet stand by thee;
No real good will he deny thee:—
God is my trust!

3 God is my shield!—Of me he taketh care
As none beside could do;
He guards my head,—he watches ev'ry hair,
All dangers brings me through:
While thousands, to vain helpers calling,
On right and left are near me falling,—
He is my shield!

4 God's my reward!—Well pleas'd I forward go
The path that he has shown:
It has no trials but my God will know,
When he allots my crown.
I'll gladly strive, the fight sustaining,
Until in death the vict'ry gaining,—
God's my reward!

**859** (833) *The Christian race.* L. M.

1 AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
Shall firm endure while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

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

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heav'nly road.

**860** (834) *Learning of Christ.* **P. M. 7s.**

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r,
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 arraign'd;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suff'ring, shame or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd," 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 hath taken him away?
Christ is ris'n; he meets our eyes!
Savior, teach us so to rise.

**861** (835) *The three mounts.* **P. M. 7s.**

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb;

At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth and grace.

4 Here I could for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away:
Thou art heav'n on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

## 862 (837) *The poor man's prayer.* L. P. M.

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 borrow'd 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 blessed name I bear,
Hated without a cause;
Despis'd, rejected, mock'd by pride,
Betray'd, 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.

**863** (838) *True and false zeal.* C. M.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name
Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.**

4 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

**864**† *Self-examination.* C. M.

1 STRIVE first of all thyself to know
To feel the plague of sin,
Expos'd to everlasting woe,
And nothing good within:

2 To know thy wretched, sinful state,
Averse to all that's good;
To feel thy guilt exceeding great,
Thy heart oppos'd to God:

3 To know thy law-condemned case,
And own thy sentence just;
Thy heart subdu'd by sov'reign grace,
And humbled in the dust.

4 To know the pangs of pious grief,
For sins against the Lord;
To know that naught can give relief,
But trusting in his word.

5 To know that thou art born of God,
Thy num'rous sins forgiv'n,
Thy soul redeem'd by Jesus' blood,
And thou an heir of heav'n.

**865** (840) *Religion.* L. M.

1 O COME, thou great and gracious pow'r,
Accept a home within my breast;
My spirit cheer in ev'ry hour,
In ev'ry season give me rest.

2 O teach me well to know my heart,
My folly and my sin to see;
On earth to bear a lowly part,
And give myself, my all to thee.

3 Teach me to trust a Savior's name,
To feel a Savior's dying love;
To be redeem'd—be that my fame;—
My honors let me seek above.

4 When pleasure cheers, and friendship smiles,
And smoothly sweeps my bark along,
Then save me from the tempter's wiles;
Be thou my joy, be thou my song.

5 And when affliction's gloomy pow'r
Shall shroud my soul in sad dismay,
Rise thou, a star to cheer that hour,
And lead me through the darken'd way.

6 And at the last, when ghastly death
This life's short, brittle thread shall break,
Do thou attend my latest breath,
Thy Spirit clothe me when I wake.

7 And when around the judgment-throne
The myriads of the earth shall meet,
O wilt thou then my spirit own,
And fill me with thy bliss complete!

**866**† *Prayer for strong faith.* C. M

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,

But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears, unmov'd, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heav'nly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

## 867† *The Christian's clothing.* L M

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

2 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 liv'd, hath died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully, through thee, absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 And when the dead shall hear thy voice,
Thy banish'd children shall rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

868† *Resignation to Providence* L. M

1 THE Lord, how tender is his love,
His Justice how august;
Hence all her fears my soul derives,
There anchors all her trust.

2 He showers the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste;
Or points with death the rushing hail,
And famine waits the blast.

3 He bids distress forget to groan;
The sick from anguish cease;
In dungeons spreads his healing wing,
And softly whispers—*peace*.

4 His vengeance rides the rushing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame;
His goodness breathes in ev'ry breeze,
And warms in ev'ry beam.

5 For me, O Lord! whatever lot
The hours commission'd bring;
If all my with'ring blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring;

6 O grant that still, with grateful heart,
My years resign'd may run;
'Tis thine to give or to resume,
And may thy will be done.

869† *Following departed worthies.* C. M

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 bath'd their couch with tears:

They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask'd them whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspir'd their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd 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.

**870†** *Following departed worthies.* **C. M.**

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 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquer'd ev'ry 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.

**871** (847) *At parting.* **P. M. 7s.**

1 WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire;
Oft shall wearied love retire,

Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 When in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a burning sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain
Oft shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid,—
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

**872**† *The hope of Christian friendship.* L. M. 6 li. 8.

1 SWEET is the thought, the promise sweet,
That friends, long-sever'd friends, shall meet;
That kindred souls, on earth disjoin'd,
Shall meet, from earthly dross refin'd,
Their mortal cares and sorrows o'er,
And mingle hearts to part no more.

2 But for this hope, this blessed stay,
When earthly comforts all decay,
O who could view th' expiring eye,
Nor wish, with those they love, to die?
Who could receive their parting breath,
Nor long to follow them in death?

3 But we have brighter hopes: we know
Short is this pilgrimage of woe;
We know that our Redeemer lives;
We trust the promises he gives;
And part in hope to meet above,
Where all is joy, and all is love.

**873** (849) *Longing for heaven.* P. M. 11s

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd 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 heav'n, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet
Their Savior and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

## 874 (777) *Precious promises.* P. M. 11s.

1 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 has said?
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled

2 In ev'ry 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, so thy succor shall be.

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

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
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 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!

## 875† *The Lord's Prayer.* S. M.

1 OUR heav'nly Father, hear
The pray'r we offer now;
Thy name be hallow'd far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's pow'r,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall for ever be
Glory and pow'r divine;
The sceptre, throne and majesty,
Of heav'n and earth are thine.

## THE MEANS OF GRACE.

**876** (853) *Before the baptism of a child.* **P. M. 7s.**

1 SAVIOR, Father, Brother, Friend,
(Ev'ry tender name in one,)
Holy Jesus, now descend,
Perfect what thou hast begun:
Whom we now devote to God,
At a parent's hand receive;
With the purifying flood
Now the Holy Spirit give.

2 While on this dear infant's head
Pour we this translucid stream,
On the rite thy blessing shed,
With thy blood the soul redeem:
Seal the grace upon the heart,
By baptismal water shown;
While the symbol we impart,
May the saving work be done.

**877** (854) *After the baptism of an infant.* **1 M**

1 UNITED pray'rs ascend to thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind;
Smile on this waiting family,
Thy blessing let thy servants find.

2 The father of the household bless,
The priest, the patriarch, let him move,
That all his family may trace
In him thy law, in lines of love.

3 Regard the mother's anxious tears,
Her heart's desire, her earnest pray'rs,
And while her infant charge she rears,
Crown with success her pious cares.

4 Let the dear pledges of their love
Like tender plants around them grow,
Thy present grace, and joys above
Upon their little ones bestow.

5 Receive at their believing hand
The babe whom they devote as thine,
Obedient to their Lord's command—
And seal with pow'r the rite divine

6 To ev'ry member of their house
Thy grace impart, thy love extend;
Grant ev'ry good that time allows,
With heav'nly joys that never end.

878† *Baptism of the Holy Ghost.* L. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost! come from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2 Exert thy gracious pow'r divine,
And sprinkle thou th' atoning blood;
May Father, Son and Spirit, join
To seal this child a child of God

879† *Remembering Christ at his table.* C. M.

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 anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words display'd!—
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O mem'ry, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

**880**† *The body and blood of Christ.* P. M. 7s.

1 BREAD of heav'n, 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 heav'n, 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.

## MISSIONARY HYMNS.

**881**† *Universal extension of Christ's kingdom.* S. M

1 O LORD, our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed 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 heav'nly wing,
And o'er a dark and ruin'd world
Let light and order spring.

4 O all ye nations, rise,
To God the Savior sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n,
Let echoing anthems ring.

**882** (857) *Missionary labors.* P. M. 7s & 6s

1 ON Thibet's snow-capt mountains,
O'er Afric's burning sand,
Where roll the fiery fountains
Adown Hawaii's strand—

In ev'ry distant nation,
The mighty globe around,
The heralds of salvation
The gospel trumpet sound.

2 In golden armor blazing,
They press their onward way,
And, high in air upraising,
The glorious cross display;
Away their weapons hurling,
The warring nations cease,
And hail with joy, unfurling
The banneret of peace.

3 Where sin hath fix'd her dwelling,
Where death the tyrant reigns,
The heav'nly notes are swelling
In loudest, sweetest strains:
They breathe—the bones are shaken,
And, cloth'd with flesh, arise,—
They bid the dead awaken
To glory in the skies.

4 What though hell's fiery regions
Pour forth their dread array!
Look up!—angelic legions
Attend you on your way.
March on, ye sons of heaven,
This precious promise sing—
"The heathen shall be given
To Christ, our glorious King."

**883†** *Universal hallelujah.* P. M. 7s & 6s

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.

**884** (858) *Zion triumphant.* P. M. 11s & 10s.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness,
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Rise! for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the Arm that subdu'd them
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursu'd them,
Vain were their steeds, and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the Pow'r that hath sav'd thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

**885**† *Prayer for the enlargement of the church.* C. M.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r through ev'ry land,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Savior and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands;
Sing loud, with joyful voice;
Let ev'ry tongue exalt his praise;
And ev'ry heart rejoice.

**886†** *Departure of missionaries.* P. M. 7s & 6s

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To ev'ry land below.

2 Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destin'd 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,
Still let them be with thee.

**887** (861) *Missionaries' farewell.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

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 distant lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger's heart can tell;
Happy home, 'tis sure 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 love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleas'd I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labor,
On the mountain let me tell
How he died, the blessed Savior,
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I leave thee,
Native land, farewell! farewell!

888† *The salvation of Israel.* P. M. 7s & 6s.

1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fetter'd heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

## 889 (863) *Idolatry falling.* P. M. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 SEE how many, lately bowing
To their idols, wood and stone,
Now, a blessed change avowing,
Bow before the Savior's throne,
And with gladness
Praise the Savior's name alone.

2 This is cause of joy and wonder;
God has set the captives free,
He has burst their bonds asunder,
Happy they and glorious he;
God our Savior!
Who can be compar'd to thee?

3 When thou workest, who shall stay thee
Who shall stay the work begun?
Lord, go on, thy people pray thee,
Till the glorious day is won;
And the gospel
Takes its circuit like the sun.

## 890† *Gentiles coming into the church.* P. M. 10s

1 RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy tow'ring head, and lift thine eyes;
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks, on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings
While ev'ry land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust and mountains melt away;
But, fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

**891**† *Returning to Zion.* C. M.

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 exil'd bands
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

**892**† *The glory of the latter day.* C. M.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eye,

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 ev'ry land:
The King who reigns in Zion's tow'rs
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 ev'ry land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

**893** (866) *Prayer for Zion's increase.* L. M

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake?
And 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 No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.*

4 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Christ's one fold!

**894** (867) *For domestic missions.* P. M. 8s & 6s.

1 WHEN, Lord, to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wand'ring fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy name.

2 Throughout our solitary coast
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallow'd by thy rites, by pray'r,
And blossom'd as the rose.

3 And O! may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land!
There, brethren, from our commcn home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Savior! we own this debt of love;
O shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name
Through all our desert west.

**895**† *Exhortation to universal praise.* L. M

1 FROM all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In ev'ry land begin the song;
To ev'ry land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

## FOR SOCIAL MEETINGS.

**896** (864) *Union of saints on earth and in heaven.* C.M

1 THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make;
Join'd to their Lord, in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his commands we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide!
Then, when the word is giv'n,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heav'n.

## 897† *Christian fellowship.* C. M

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have often burn'd within,
And glow'd with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed and bless'd,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heav'ns are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows;
But pour a mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee God.

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;

When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own;

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, sav'd by grace,
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

**898** (868) *For synods and conferences.* P.M. 7s & 6s.

1 FROM Calv'ry's sacred mountain,
Where hung the Son of God,
Whilst from his heart's deep fountain
Gush'd forth the crimson flood,
The voice of mercy plighted,
Bids us, in Jesus' name,
Proclaim to the benighted
The Lamb for sinners slain.

2 Come, brethren, whom, anointed
With unction from on high,
The Master has appointed
To preach his kingdom nigh;
We'll haste o'er mount and river,
Through city, town, and plain,
The ruin'd to deliver
From death and Satan's chain.

3 For us the great Creator,
Forsook his heav'nly throne,
Array'd in human nature,
For rebels to atone:
And shall we flee privation,
Or dread his cross to bear;
Withholding his salvation
From souls to Jesus dear?*

4 We'll raise our Master's banner,
We'll cry aloud to all,
Ho! heavy laden sinner!
Attend the Savior's call:
Come, thirsty! drink salvation;
Come, blind! your sight receive;

Deaf! hear the invitation!
Ye dead! arise and live!

5 Soon will our race be ended,
Our journey soon be o'er,
By Jesus' arm defended,
We'll reach fair Canaan's shore,
Where grateful plaudits greet us,
Throughout the heav'nly dome,
And blessed spirits meet us,
To shout us welcome home.

6 There may this congregation
Unite to swell the theme
Of blood-bought, free salvation,
Through faith in Jesus' name:
O Jesus! Rock of ages!
The God we all adore,
Through earth's bewild'ring stages
Guide us to Canaan's shore!

**899** (869) *For meetings of ministers.* S. M

1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!
Preserv'd by pow'r divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we pass'd!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last;
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he does his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming pow'r,

Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

**900†** *The minister's strength, office, reward.* L. M.

1 O POUR thy Spirit from on high!
Lord, thine appointed servants bless;
Thy promis'd power to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love.

3 To watch, and pray, and never faint;
By day and night their guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Protect thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

4 And, when their work is finish'd here,
Let them in hope their charge resign;
Before the throne with joy appear,
And there with endless glory shine.

**901†** *The Christian champion.* P. M. 8s.

1 SERVANTS of Christ, his truth who know,
Forth to your glorious warfare go,
Strong in Jehovah's name and might:
Gladly take up the hallow'd cross,
And, counting all beside as dross,
Beneath its sacred banner fight.

2 Above the world, its smile or frown,
On all its vanities look down,
Its wealth and pleasure, power and state:
The man who dares the world despise,
The Christian, he alone is wise;
The Christian, he alone is great.

3 O God, let all my life declare
How blest thy faithful servants are;
How far above these earthly things:
How pure, when wash'd in Jesus' blood;
How great, the chosen sons of God,
A holy race of priests and kings.

**902**† *The church blest in her officers.* L. M. D

1 LORD, cause thy face on us to shine;
Give us thy peace, and seal us thine;
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love thine earthly dwelling-place.
One is our faith, and one our Lord;
One body, spirit, hope, reward:
May we in one communion be,
One with each other, one with thee?

2 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things;
Our pastors, elders, deacons, bless;
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness:
Let many in the judgment day,
Turn'd from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown, appear:—
Save those who preach, and those who hear.

**903**† *Death of a minister.* C. M

1 WHAT though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade;
What though our teacher and our friend
Is number'd with the dead;—

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
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.

**904**† *Death of a minister in his prime.* P. M. 10s

1 GO to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and pow'r;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; for there thy Savior lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransom'd, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave:—no; take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou, for faith and hope, hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

**905**† *The death of an aged minister.* S M.

1 "SERVANT of God, well done:
Rest from thy lov'd 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 pierc'd his frame—
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A vet'ran slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;

And life's long warfare clos'd at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy.

**906†** *The death of martyrs.* P. M. 6s.

1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watch'd,
And gather'd at the last:
And from that scatter'd dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

2 Jesus has now receiv'd
Their latest living breath;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of vict'ry in their death:
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, triumph-tongued, proclaim
To many a wak'ning land
The one availing Name.

## REVIVALS.

**907†** *Prayer for a revival.* L. M.

1 GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer,
Perfum'd by thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 May ev'ry pastor from above
Be new inspired with zeal and love,
To watch thy flock, thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.

3 Revive the churches with thy grace,
Heal our divisions, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 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.

**908†** *Confession.* S. M.

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 heav'n ascend,
And there for vengeance cry;
O God, behold the sinner's Friend,
Who intercedes on high.

3 Though we are vile indeed,
And well deserve thy curse,
The merits of thy Son we plead,
Who lived and died for us.

4 Now let thy bosom yearn,
As it hath done before;
Return to us, O God, return,
And ne'er forsake us more.

**909** (876) *Prayer for a revival.* L. M

1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy God-like pow'r 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,
Num'rous around thy temple gate:

Each pressing on, with zeal, to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

4 In answer to our fervent cries,
O may we see thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Teach us to mourn its low estate.

**910** (877) *The church imploring a revival.* C. M.

1 RETIRE, vain world, awhile retire,
And leave us with the Lord;
Thy gifts ne'er fill one just desire,
Nor lasting bliss afford.

2 Blest Jesus! come now gently down,
And fill this hallow'd place;
O make thy glorious goings known,—
Diffuse abroad thy grace.

3 Shine, dearest Lord, from realms of day—
Disperse the gloom of night;
Chase all our clouds and doubts away,
And turn the shades to light.

4 Behold, and pity, from above,
Our cold and languid frame;
O shed abroad thy quick'ning love,
And we'll adore thy name.**

5 Make known thy pow'r, victorious King,
Subdue each stubborn will;
Then sov'reign grace we'll join to sing
On Zion's sacred hill.

**911**† *Prayer for the return of the Spirit.* L. M

1 O LORD, and shall our fainting souls
Thy just displeasure ever mourn?
Thy Spirit griev'd, 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, hallow'd by thy hand,
Once more be with thy presence blest;
Here be thy grace anew display'd;
Be this thine everlasting rest.

**912**† *Rest for the weary penitent.* L. M.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd 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 Savior, let thy wondrous love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
O sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

**913** (879) *Hope of a better future.* P. M. 7s & 6s.

1 FROM ev'ry earthly pleasure,
From ev'ry transient joy,
From ev'ry mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die;—
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From ev'ry piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,

Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.*

**914†** *Song of Moses and the Lamb.* **S. M**

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

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

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

6 There shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

**915†** *Success of the gospel.* **P. M. 7s & 6s.**

1 THE morning light is breaking·
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepar'd for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are op'ning ev'ry hour:
Each cry to heav'n going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heav'nly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to ev'ry nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

**916** (885) *The Millennium.* L. M

1 LOOK up, ye saints, with sweet surprise
Behold the joyful coming day,
When Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright and dazzling ray.

6a

2 Nations shall in a day be born,
And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;
The church shall know no clouds return,
Nor sorrows mixing with her joy.

3 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together, in his peaceful reign;
And Zion, blest with heav'nly bread,
Of poverty no more complain.

4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their sep'rate rights no more,
But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Savior to adore.

5 Thus, till a thousand years be past,
Shall holiness and peace prevail,
And ev'ry knee shall bow to Christ
And ev'ry tongue shall Jesus hail.

6 Then the redeem'd shall mount on high,
Where their deliv'ring Prince has gone:
And angels at his word shall fly,
To bless them with the conqu'ror's crown.

## CONFIRMATION.

**917** (886) *Entire consecration.* L. M

1 NOW I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my pow'r to serve the Lord;
Nor from his ways will I depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 O be this service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wand'ring, leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

**918** (887) *Uniting with the Church.* C. M.

1 YE men and angels, witness now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we may 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 our unaided strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful wants supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to pray'rs,
Turn thou our pray'rs to praise.

**919** (888) *The new member's declaration.* P. M. 7s

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where 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,
Ev'ry idol I resign.

5 Tell me not of gain and loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and pow'r;

Welcome, poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's pow'r.

6 "Follow me!" I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see:
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light 's thy burden now to me.

**920** (889) *A welcome to Christian fellowship.* L. M

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord!
Oh! come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee, with one accord,
And trust the Savior does the same.

2 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.

3 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 cares our own.

4 Once more, our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh! may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

**921** (890) *Self-dedication.* C. M

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 that fill thy house,
My off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

4 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record:
Witness, ye saints that hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

**922**† *Joy in admission to Christian privileges.* L. M

1 O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Savior, 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!
I'll praise him in his sacred house,
And gladly to his altar move.

3 Now with his saints I choose my part;
With them I come a welcome guest;
Here rest, my once divided heart;
In him, thy blissful portion, rest.

4 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till call'd at last from all below,
I bless in death a bond so dear.

**923** (892) *Not ashamed of Christ.* C. M

1 I'M not asham'd 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.

**924†** *Christians persevering to the end.* P. M

1 OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heav'nly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall vict'ry wake your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall ev'ry tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward, then, to glory move;
More than conqu'rors ye shall prove;
Though oppos'd by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

**925** (893) *Taking up the cross.* P. M. 8s & 7s.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heav'n are still mine own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;

And 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.

**926††** *Youthful dedication.* **C. M.**

1 COME, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent pray'r.

3 Come, let us seal, without delay,
The cov'nant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its mem'ry e'er efface.

4 Thus in our youthful days we'll haste
To seek our fathers' God,
And may we ne'er forsake the path
Their blessed feet have trod.

**927†** *Christian stability.* **L. M.**

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 fix'd on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills ev'ry place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing ev'ry worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

## FOR THE CONSECRATION OF PLACES OF WORSHIP.

(894)

**928** *On laying the corner-stone of a church.* L. M.

1 WITH humble faith and fervent zeal,
We would address thy throne, O God;
O may our breathings reach thy hill,
The city of thy blest abode.

2 Oft hast thou, Lord, been pleas'd to bow
Thine ear, and listen to our cry;
Encourag'd thus, we now presume,
O let us feel thy presence nigh.

3 We come not, Lord, to plead for wealth,
Nor ask this world's vain, empty fame;
But this we ask, (deny it not,)
"To build a house to thy great name."

4 We trust thy pow'r, and not our own,
The superstructure here to raise;
May love divine our efforts crown,
And thy blest name have all the praise

5 And while we're privileg'd to rear
A place in which t' approach thy throne,
O may we know our souls are built
On Christ the true foundation-stone.

**929**† *The house of prayer and praise.* P. M. 7s

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.

**930**† *The Spirit's presence desired.* C. M.

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 ev'ry soul an off'ring be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 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.

**931**† *The divine blessing solicited.* C. M.

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 pray'r 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, pardon'd, sing a Savior's love,
And here his vows record.

4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,
Convinc'd it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.

5 Peace be within these sacred walls;
Prosperity be here;
Still smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near.

## SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

**932** (896) *For New Year's Day.* P. M. 7s.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged 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 young and old,
Fill us with a Savior's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

**933†** *A harvest hymn.* C. M

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 mark'd its secret birth
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou mad'st refulgent suns to shine,
And gav'st refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matur'd 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.

**934** (898) *God orders times and seasons.* H. M

1 HOW pleasing is the voice
Of God, our heav'nly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring!
Bright suns arise,
The mild wind blows,
And beauty glows,
Through earth and skies.

2 The morn, with glory crown'd,
His hand arrays in smiles;
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills;
The ev'ning breeze
His breath perfumes;
His beauty blooms
In flow'rs 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
Through all appear;
And round the year
His glories shine.

**935** (900) *Sunday morning.* C. M

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

2 O what a night was that which wrapp'd
A sinful world in gloom!
O what a sun that broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung:
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

4 Ten thousand, thousand lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

**936**† *The Lord's day welcomed.* S. M

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

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

3 One day, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till call'd to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

**937** (901) *The Christian Sabbath.* L. M.

1 LORD of the Sabbath and its light,
I hail thy hallow'd day of rest;
It is my weary soul's delight,
The solace of my care-worn breast.

2 Its dewy morn, its glowing noon,
Its tranquil eve, its solemn night,
Pass sweetly; but they pass too soon,
And leave me sadden'd at this flight.

3 Yet, sweetly as they glide along,
And hallow'd though the calm they yield,
Transporting though their rapturous song,
And heav'nly visions seem reveal'd;

4 My soul is desolate and drear,
My silent harp untun'd remains,
Unless, my Savior, thou art near,
To heal my wounds, and soothe my pains.

5 O Jesus, ever let me hail
Thy presence with thy day of rest;
Then will thy servant never fail
To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest.

**938**† *Lord's day evening.* C. M.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames.

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our frailties, Lord, forgive:
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

**939** (902) *Morning.* L. M.

1 ARISE, my soul! with rapture rise!
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sov'reign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

2 And may this day, indulgent Power!
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to thee!

3 But can it be, that Power divine
Is thron'd in light's unbounded blaze,
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the giorious song of praise?

4 And will he deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

5 Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase;
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

**940** (903) *A hymn for morning or evening.* C. M

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, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
The sacrifice of praise.

3 When ev'ning 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
Thy growing work pursue;
And thee alone will praise, to whom
Eternal praise is due.

**941†** *Morning and evening.* L. M. 6 lines.

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning-light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine!
On me, with beams of mercy, shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Savior, while I rest;
And, as each morning-sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

3 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,

Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying-bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

**942** (904) *Morning.* C M.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye;—

2 Up to the hills where Christ has 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 ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

**943** (905) *Morning.* C. M

1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint:
Accept my secret pray'r;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

2 Thou, in the morn, my voice shalt hear,
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

3 Let all thy saints, who trust in thee,
With shouts their joy proclaim;

By thee preserv'd, let them rejoice,
And magnify thy name.

4 To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessings will extend;
And with his favor all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

## 944 (907) *An evening hymn.* C M

1 AND now another day is past,
The sun has left our shore,
And weary lab'rers homeward haste—
Their daily toil is o'er.

2 But, mighty God, thy wakeful eye
Needs not sleep's balmy pow'r;
O be thy watchful Spirit nigh,
In night's unguarded hour.

3 For day and night, alike to thee,
Are glorious and bright;
Thy dwelling-place is brilliancy,
And thou thyself art light.

4 From Satan's sway—from sin's control,
Do thou protect my heart;
Nor from thee let this wand'ring soul
E'en in a dream depart.

5 From ev'ry light and vain desire
This sinful bosom free;
My heart would burn with holy fire—
An altar, Lord, for thee.

6 With confidence I'll take my rest,
Relying on thy love;
Be ev'ry rising fear represt,
Nor let thy grace remove.

7 But if this night should be my 'ast,
And end my transient days,
I'll live to thee when death is past,
A sinless life of praise.

**945** (908) *Evening.* L M.

1 GREAT God! to thee my ev'ning 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 ev'ry onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and pow'r.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

**946** (909) *Evening meditations.* S. M.

1 ANOTHER day is past,
The hours for ever fled;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.

2 My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stay'd!
They shall not be in life alarm'd,
Nor be in death dismay'd.

**947** (911) *Jesus sought at evening.* L. M.

1 THE busy scenes of day are fled,
The ev'ning shades invite to rest;
May I repose my weary head,
Reclining on my Savior's breast.

2 Jesus, to thee an ev'ning song
My soul in gratitude would raise;
O could I mount and join that throng,
I'd vie with angels in thy praise.

3 With tears of joy I'd sing the God
Who wept and groan'd and died for me;
Then hide beneath that precious blood
Which freely flow'd on Calvary.*

4 And when, at last, nor sun, nor moon,
Nor stars shall light the pilgrim's way,
Let angel bands convey me home
To realms of everlasting day.

**948**† *An evening hymn.* P. M. 11. 10.

1 THE day is gone,—the weary sun declining
Behind the hills,—and now the stars are shining,—
But Jesus, Sun of righteousness, abide,
Nor from my soul thy gracious presence hide.

2 'Twere utter darkness here, if thou shouldst fail me,
Where all the pow'rs of evil would assail me,
And plunge me into deeps of endless night,
Without one star to shed its glimm'ring light.

3 Accept, O God of grace, for daily favors,
Which now and ever prompt to good endeavors,
My offer'd thanks!—and may their incense rise,
By love's pure flame enkindled from the skies.

4 Of ev'ry wrong this day I've done before thee,
Through thy dear Son, for pardon I implore thee
And when in sleep I rest my weary head,
Be still thy wings of love around me spread!

5 And when life's day by night shall be o'ertaken,
May then my soul, its faith in thee unshaken,
From death's dark vale with angels soar away
To where thy presence makes eternal day.

**949** (913) *A blessing sought upon children.* P. M. 7s.

1 GOD of mercy, hear our pray'r
For the children thou hast giv'n;
Let them all thy blessings share,
Grace on earth and bliss in heav'n.

2 Cleanse their souls from ev'ry stain,
Through the Savior's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconcil'd to God.

3 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear:
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our pray'r, in mercy hear.

**950** (914) *Early instruction.* C M

1 HOW happy are the young who hear
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom make
Their 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 aged head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

**951** (915) *Early piety.* C. M. D

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose;
And such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

2 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away;
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r
And stormy passion's rage.

3 O thou, whose infancy was found
With heav'nly rays to shine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine,—
Dependent on thy bounteous breath
We seek thy grace alone;
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still thine own.

**952**† *The Bible the guide of the young.* S. M

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 ev'ry snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by pow'r 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 inclin'd:
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

**953†** *Early piety.* **C M**

1 O IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,—

2 Deep in thy soul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd;—

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways;—

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest;
O then improve the morn of life,
To make its ev'ning blest.

**954†** *Remember thy Creator.* **P. M. 7s & 6s**

1 REMEMBER thy Creator
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;

While yet the sun shines o'er thee
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 Remember thy Creator
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust;
Before with God, who gave it
The spirit shall appear:
He cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.

**955** (916) *In behalf of orphans.* **C. M.**

1 O GRACIOUS Lord, whose mercies rise
Above our utmost need!
Incline thine ear unto our cry,
And hear the orphan plead.

2 Bereft of all a mother's love,
And all a father's care,
Lord, whither shall we flee for help?
To whom direct our pray'r?—

3 To thee we flee—to thee we pray—
Thou shalt our Father be:
More than the fondest parent's care
We find, O Lord, in thee!

4 Already thou hast heard our cry
And wip'd away our tears:
Thy mercy has a refuge found
To guard our helpless years.*

## SICKNESS AND AFFLICTION.

**956** (918) *Looking upwards in trials.* **L. M.**

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call!
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should 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 that mourner's plea?
Does not thy word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r;
But a pray'r-hearing, answ'ring God
Supports me under ev'ry load.**

**957†** *Public humiliation.* **L. M.**

1 GREAT Maker of unnumber'd worlds,
And whom unnumber'd worlds adore,
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy pow'r,—

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assign'd by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense the repentant sigh.

4 O may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her Friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

**958†** *Security and comfort in God.* **S. M.**

1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n 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 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r 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.

**959†** *Support in God.* **C. M.**

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 receiv'd 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.

## FOR SEAMEN.

**960†** *Prayer for seamen.* **C. M.**

1 WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

2 O may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops on the sea.

3 Then may a Savior's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above,
Of everlasting rest.

**961**† *The sea obedient to God.* C. M

1 MAKER of all things, mighty Lord!
We own thy power divine;
The winds and waves obey thy word,
For all their strength is thine.

2 Wide as the wintry tempests sweep,
They work thy sov'reign will;
Thy voice is heard upon the deep,
And all its waves are still.

3 When dangers threat in ev'ry form,
And death itself is near;
O God, amidst the raging storm,
We're safe beneath thy care.

4 With trembling hope on thee we stay
To rescue from the grave;
Thou, whom the elements obey,
Art ever near to save.

**962**† *Thanksgiving for deliverance in a storm.* C. M

1 OUR shatter'd bark, on boist'rous seas,
By cruel tempests tost,
Without one cheerful gleam of hope,
Expecting to be lost,—

2 We to the Lord, in humble pray'r,
Breathed out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet, with contrite hearts,
We begg'd return of peace.

3 Then ceas'd the stormy winds to blow;
The surges ceas'd to roll;

And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to the soul.

4 O may our grateful, trembling hearts
Their hallelujahs sing
To him who hath our lives preserved,—
Our Savior and our King.

## FOR THE FESTIVAL OF THE REFORMATION.

963† *Safety of the church.* S. M.

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

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

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

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

5 In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace
And seek deliv'rance there. 8s 7s 6s 5.

964† *God the safety of his people.* P. M

1 A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
Our shield and surest weapon;
He will deliver from the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.

Our old deadly foe
Now aims his last blow;
Deep guile and strong pow'r
He boasteth in this hour:
On earth is not his equal.

2 By strength of ours could naught be done;
The strife full soon were ended,
But for us fights the valiant One,
By God himself commended.
Ask you, "Who is He?"
Christ Jesus! There see
The Lord Sabaoth,
Our God and Savior both—
He conquers in this battle.

3 Though devils all the earth should fill,
Each watching to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill
They cannot overpow'r us.
The false prince of hell
May rage, rave and swell,
He harms not a hair,
We shall escape his snare,
Christ's lightest word shall stay him.

4 His word for ever shall abide,
Our foes can ne'er destroy it,
He standeth ever at our side,
And cheers us by his Spirit.
And take they our life,
Goods, fame, children, wife,
When their worst is done,
Yet have they nothing won—
We shall receive the kingdom.

**965†** *God's word restored.* 8s 7s, P. M.

1 O GOD! look down from heav'n, we pray
Thy tenderness awaken!
Thy saints, so few, fast fade away—
Hast thou thy poor forsaken?

Thy word no more is taught aright,
And faith from earth hath vanish'd quite—
O Lord, our God, revive us!

2 From teachers of false doctrine, Lord,
Thy church, we pray, deliver,
They undertake to rule thy word,
As wiser than its giver.
Who shall control our tongues, they say,
Who dare prescribe another way,
Who hath dominion o'er us?

3 God therefore saith, "I will arise,
My poor they are oppressing,
I see their tears, I hear their cries,
Their wrongs shall have redressing.
My healing word shall now appear,
The proud shall think its truths severe,
But it shall save the humble.

4 As silver sev'n times purified
Is known and priz'd the higher,
The word of God, when fully tried,
Doth deeper love inspire:
The cross but proves its greater worth
It shines abroad o'er all the earth,
Enlight'ning all the nations.

5 O God, preserve it pure, we pray,
In this vile generation,
May we still walk its perfect way,
And see thy full salvation;
Here may it make the simple wise,
And there, beyond the glitt'ring skies,
Fill ev'ry mouth with gladness.

**966†** *Prayer for the church.* **L. M**

1 O LORD, uphold us by thy word,
And break our foes, descending sword;
Fain would they banish from his throne
Thy Son, whom thou dost call thine own.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, thy pow'r display,
Establish o'er the world thy sway;
Defend thy church, who to thy praise
Shall high the song of triumph raise.

3 O Holy Ghost, descend we pray,
Thy sanctifying pow'r display,
Thy church console, our hearts unite,
And guide us to the realms of light.

4 Thus shall the world admiring see
That thou art God eternally,
That faithful thou dost still defend
Thy people who on thee depend.

**967†** *God the defence of Zion.* P. M. 8s 7s & 4s

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 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

## NATIONAL OCCASIONS

**968†** *Praise for national prosperity.* L. P. M.

1 SAY, should we search the globe around,
Where can such happiness be found
As dwells in this much favor'd land?
Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds
Her choicest blessings on our heads:
By God supported, still we stand.

2 Here commerce spreads her ample store,
Which comes from ev'ry foreign shore;
Science and arts their charms display;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices in our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

3 These are thy gifts, almighty King;
From thee our matchless blessings spring;
Th' extended shade, the fruitful skies,
The comforts liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

4 With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His pow'r and mercy we proclaim;
And still through ev'ry age shall own
Jehovah here has fix'd his throne;
And triumph in his mighty name.

5 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,
Do thou amidst our nation reign;
Still crown her counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her sacred rights maintain.

**969†** *Praise for national blessings.* L. M

1 ALMIGHTY Sov'reign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise,
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And ev'ry voice thy goodness sing,

2 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
Life, health and strength thy hands bestow;
The daily good thy creatures share,
Springs from thy providential care.

3 The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvest waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing shower,
Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

4 At thy command the vernal bloom
Revives the world from winter's gloom;
The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours.

5 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, parental joys;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.

6 Let ev'ry pow'r of heart and tongue
Unite to swell the grateful song;
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the majesty divine.

**970**† *For preservation against national foes.* L M.

1 HEAR us, O Lord, in time of need,
And let thy name our cause defend;
Grant that our efforts may succeed,
And vict'ry on our steps attend.

2 On horse and chariot some rely,
And some in numbers make their boast;
Our trust is in the Lord most high;
His favor is itself a host.

3 In his salvation we rejoice,
And lift our banners in his name;
Lord, hear our supplicating voice,
And put our haughty foes to shame.

4 Spread over us thy shelt'ring wing,
And bless with peace our favor'd land;
That we may still thy glory sing,
By whose protecting care we stand.

**971**† *Prayer for national gratitude and holiness.* L. M

1 LORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Savior and our King.

2 Let ev'ry sacred temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;

Let ev'ry peaceful, private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

**972†** *National hymn.* P. M 6s & 4s

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 ev'ry 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.

# TEMPERANCE.

**973†** *Prayer for quickening grace.* **C. M.**

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 sov'reign 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 enliv'ning grace!

5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning power
To draw me near the Lord.

**974†** *Prayer for grace in trial.* **C. M.**

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, harrass'd 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 From day to day, O may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

**975**† *Succor implored in conflicts.* C M.

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.

**976** (933) *For temperance meetings.* P. M.

1 ROUND the temp'rance standard rally,
All the friends of human kind;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing and blind:
Loudly tell them
How they comfort now may find.

2 Bear the blissful tidings onwards,
Bear them all the world around;
Let the myriads thronging downwards,
Hear the sweet and blissful sound,
And, obeying,
In the paths of peace be found.

3 Plant the temp'rance standard firmly,
Round it live, and round it die;
Young and old defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory,
And all nations
Hail the happy Jubilee.*

**977** (934) *Praise for the increase of temperance.* L. M.

1 WE praise thee, Lord, if but one soul,
While the past year prolong'd its flight,
Turn'd shudd'ring from the pois'nous bowl,
To health and liberty and light.

2 We praise thee—if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pin'd,
Beheld the sire and husband come,
Erect, and in his perfect mind.

3 No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end—
No more the trembling mind to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

4 Still give us grace, Almighty King,
Unwav'ring at our posts to stand;
Till grateful at thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransom'd land.

## FOR BIBLE SOCIETIES.

**978** (937) *Value of the Bible.* L. M

1 GO, Holy Book! thou word divine
Of him who spake as ne'er man spake;
Go, for Omnipotence is thine,
And to thy truths the nations wake.

2 Go—and wherever man has trod,
Where there is one for whom Christ died,
Open the treasures of our God,
And tell them of the Crucified.

3 Fly—fly on wing of angel speed,
And bear the news of dying grace,
Say, Jesus is the Christ indeed,
And ransom'd ALL the human race.

4 The veil of ignorance shall rend,
And light shall pass through error's night,
And idols of the earth shall bend
Beneath the glory of thy might.

5 Onward in thy triumphant way,
Thou message of the Holy One,
Thy truth shall usher in the day,
The reign of God's beloved Son.

**979†** *Power of God's word.* S. M

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!
For ever 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.

**980**† *The value of the sacred writings.* L. M.

1 THIS world that we so highly prize,
And seek so eagerly its smile—
What is it?—vanity and lies—
A broken cistern all the while.

2 Pleasure with her delightful song,
That charms the unwary to beguile—
What is it?—the deceiver's tongue—
A broken cistern all the while.

3 Riches, that so absorb the mind
In anxious care and ceaseless toil—
What are they?—faithless as the wind—
A broken cistern all the while.

4 Yes—all are broken cisterns, Lord!
To those that wander far from thee:
The living stream is in thy word,
Thou Fount of immortality.

## DEATH

**981** (939) *Death of the righteous.* P M

1 THIS place is holy ground;
World, with thy cares away;
Silence and darkness reign around,
But soon the break of day—
The resurrection dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears.

2 Behold the bed of death,
This pale and lovely clay!
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Mark'd ye the eye's last ray?
No! life so sweetly ceas'd to be,
It laps'd in immortality.

3 Could tears revive the dead,
Rivers would swell our eyes;

Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
We would not quench our sighs
Till love illum'd this altered mien,
And all th' embodied soul were seen.

4 Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the lost;
Bury the dead; in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth his cross.
Soon from the grave the dust shall riss
In his own image to the skies.

**982†** *Hope in death.* 7s & 8s. P. M.

1 WHO knows how near my life's expended?
Time flies, and death is hasting on:
How soon, my term of trial ended,
May heave my last expiring groan!
For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may all be well!

2 My many sins!—O veil them over
With merits of thy dying Son!
I here thy richest grace discover,—
Here find I peace, and here alone:
And, for his sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

3 His bleeding wounds give me assurance
That thy free mercy will abide;
Here strength I find for death's endurance,
And hope for all I need beside:
For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

4 Nothing from Christ my soul shall sever,
Nor life, nor death;—things high, nor low:
I take him as my Lord for ever,
My future trust, as he is now:
And for his sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well.

**983†** *Release by death.* C. M

1 SOON, in the grave my flesh shall rest,
My soul from earth remove,
And, in the Savior's glory dress'd,
Shall reach the home I love;—

2 My friends—the whole celestial choir;
My ev'ry feeling—joy;
To honor God—my one desire;
His praise—my one employ.

3 Nor would I wait till angel-host
Shall teach their song to raise:
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
I'll here begin my praise.

4 Now to our God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, sing!
With praise to God, the three in one,
Let all creation ring!

**984†** *Interment of a pious young female.* 8s & 7s.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of ev'ning,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

**985†** *For the death of an infant.* P. M 6s.

1 GO to thy rest, my child,
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefil'd,
With blessings on thy head.

2 Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid;
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade

3 Before thy heart had learn'd
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet had turn'd
The dark and downward way;

4 Ere sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere.

5 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight,—

6 Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward wing detain?
No!—angel, seek thy place
Amid heaven's cherub train.

**986†** *Blessedness of the righteous in death.* L M.

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 unfetter'd 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!"

## 987† *Farewell to a departed friend.* 12s & 11s.

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Savior has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer 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 Savior hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingor'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 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 Savior hath died.

**988†** *Weep not.* P. M. 7s & 8s.

1 LIFT not thou the wailing voice;
Weep not; 'tis a Christian dieth:
Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
Ransom'd now, the spirit flieth:
High in heaven's own light she dwelleth;
Full the song of triumph swelleth:
Freed from earth, and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing.

2 They who die in Christ are blest:
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving:
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving:
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that ev'ry trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

## RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

**989** (945) *Resurrection from the grave.* L. M.

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise and thy pow'r to save?

2 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insect's wing!
And O, shall man awake no more
To see thy face, thy name to sing?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprung,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heav'n with praise and wonder rung.

4 Him, the first-fruits, his chosen sons
Shall follow from the vanquish'd grave
He mounts his throne, the King of kings,
His church to quicken and to save.

5 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold to make his children way;
They shall be cloth'd with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

6 The trump shall sound, the dust awake;
From the cold tomb the slumb'rers spring;
Through heav'n, with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Savior and their King.

**990†** *The judgment day.* P. M. 8s.

1 JUDGMENT comes!—that day of mourning
Earth in flames!—to ashes turning!
So the Scriptures give us warning.

2 How will fear the soul be rending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
Angel-hosts their Lord attending!

3 Hark,—the trump!—its blast of wonder
Tears the graves of earth asunder!
These, their prison'd charge surrender;—

4 Death and nature frighted, quaking,
While the dead, their tombs forsaking,
Are their place for trial taking!

5 Then, before the world collected,
Books are open'd and inspected,
And by these the doom directed.

6 When the Judge, for judgment seated,
Marks for vengeance unremitted,
Open crimes and crimes secreted;—

7 Guilty—what can I be pleading?
Who for me be interceding?
Saints themselves are mercy needing.

8 Savior, thron'd in exaltation,
Thou hast wrought a free salvation,—
Save me now from condemnation!

**991†** *The great day.* L. M.

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?—

2 When, shriv'ling 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.

**992** (949) *Christ's right hand.* C. P. M.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous judge, shalt come
To call thy ransom'd 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 among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent it, Lord, by thy rich grace;
Be thou my soul's sure hiding-place,
In this, th' accepted day:
Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
And see thy smiling face:
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sov'reign grace.

## ETERNITY.

**993** *Longing for a view of heaven.* C. M.

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,
Expos'd 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.

**994** (950) *The heavenly rest.* P. M. 8.6.8.8.6.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers giv'n;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for ev'ry wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heav'n.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of ev'n;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heav'n.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driv'n;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heav'n.

4 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects giv'n;
And views the tempest passing by,
The ev'ning shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heav'n.

5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are giv'n;
There joys divine disperse the gloom:—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heav'n.

**995** (951) *Sowing in tears and reaping in joy.* C M.

1 THERE is an hour of hallow'd peace
For those with care oppress'd
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hush'd to rest:

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
And doubts that here annoy:
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore:

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap eternal joy.

**996** (952) *The ransomed spirit.* L. M. D.

1 THE ransom'd spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty flies;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies:
But cheerless are those heav'nly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bow'rs above,
If thou art absent, holy Love!

2 The cherub near the viewless throne
Smiteth the harp with trembling hand;
And one with incense-fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel-band;
But tuneless is the quiv'ring string;
No melody can Gabriel bring;
Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to love!

3 Earth, sea, and sky one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul;
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders thunders roll:
That voice is heard, and tumults cease;
It whispers to the bosom peace;
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,
And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!

## 997 (954) *The saint's sweet home.* P. M.

1 MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
Home, &c.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.
Home, &c.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day!

In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, &c.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home
Home, &c.

**998** (955) *The river of God.* I M

1 THERE is a pure and peaceful wave,
That rolls around the throne of love
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The bright and heav'nly shores above.

2 While streams which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heav'nly shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
Over our barren land to stray;

3 The pilgrim, faint and near to sink,
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refresh'd beneath its verdant brink,
Rejoices in its gentle flow.

4 There, O my soul, do thou repose,
And hover o'er the hallow'd spring,
To drink the crystal wave, and there
To lave thy wounded, weary wing.

5 It may be that the waft of love
Some leaves on that pure tide hath driven;
Which, passing from the shores above,
Have floated down to us from heaven.

6 So shall thy wants and woes be heal'd,
By the blest influence they bring;
So thy parch'd lips shall be unseal'd,
Thy Savior's worthy name to sing

**999**† *Glories of heaven.* C. M

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 ev'ry 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.

**1000**† *My Father's house.* C. M.

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,
Prepar'd, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.

2 When toss'd upon the waves of life,
With fear on ev'ry side,—
When fiercely howls the gath'ring storm,
And foams the angry tide,—

Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 Yes, even at that fearful hour,
When death shall seize his prey,
And from the place that knows us now,
Shall hurry us away,—
The vision of that heavenly home
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it, mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.

4 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.

**1001** (959) *Friends in heaven.* P. M. 6.6.8 6.8.8.

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 blessed 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
Form'd 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 heav'ns own light.

**1002**† *The saints in heaven.* P. M. 7s

1 WHO are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, pow'r,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain
New dominion ev'ry hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in ev'ry 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 their fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

**1003**† *Re-union of the good in heaven.* C. M.

1 BLEST hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,
Their early sorrows o'er;
And with celestial welcome greet,
On an immortal shore.

2 The parent finds his long-lost child;
Brothers on brothers gaze:
The tear of resignation mild
Is chang'd to joy and praise.

3 Each tender tie, dissolv'd with pain,
With endless bliss is crown'd:
All that was dead revives again,
All that was lost is found.

4 And while remembrance, ling'ring still,
Draws joy from sorrowing hours,
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
The soul's expanding pow'rs.

5 Congenial minds, array'd in light,
High thoughts shall interchange;
Nor cease, with ever-new delight,
On wings of love to range.

6 Their Father marks the gen'rous flame,
And looks complacent down:
The smile, that owns their filial claim,
Is their immortal crown.

**1004†** *Reunion in heaven.* P. M. 6s & 5s

1 WHEN shall we meet again?—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever?
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 for ever?
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 Savior;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever:
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 wreath her chain
Round us for ever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes:
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

## DISMISSIONS AND DOXOLOGIES.

**1005** (961) *Heavenly anticipations.* P. M. 7s.

1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social pray'r;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise;—
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

2 Savior, may these meetings prove
Preparations for above;
While we worship in this place,
May we grow from grace to grace,
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

**1006** (962) L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

**1007** (963) S. M.

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

**1008** (964) 7.7.7.7.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**1009**† *The sacred three.* 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.

**1010**† *Praise to the Trinity.* C. M. D

THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit all-divine,—
The one in three, and three in one,
Let saints and angels join.

**1011**† *The source of all blessings.* 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.

**1012**† *Honor, glory and praise.* **H. M.**

TO God the Father's throne,
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God, the Son,—
To God, the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers,
Eternal King!
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

**1013**† *Praise to the Three in One.* **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.

**1014**† *The Trinity enthroned.* **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.

**1015**† *Boundless praise.* **6s & 4s**

TO God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—three in one,
All praise be given!
Crown him in ev'ry song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong—
On earth—in heaven.

**1016†** 8.7.8.7.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
While angels bow before him,
With joy let all the ransom'd host
Sing praises and adore him.

**1017†** 11.6.11.6.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost sing praises
The God whom Christians love;
From sin and fear, from death and hell he raises,
To endless joys above.

**1018†** 7.6.76.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
From earth let praise arise!
Ye angels, as ye hear it,
Prolong it through the skies!

**1019†** 12.11.12.8.

TO God,—to the Father, the Son, and the Spirit,
Let saints now with angels in praises unite!
Beginning the joys they shall fully inherit
For ever in regions of light.

**1020†** 9.8.9.8.8.8.

NOW to the Father-God, who gave us
His Son to bear away our guilt;
To God the Son, made flesh to save us,
Whose blood was for our ransom spilt;
To God the Spirit of all grace,
Let praise ascend from ev'ry place.

**1021†** 8.8.7.8.8.7.

COME, let us now our honors bring,
To Father, Son, and Spirit sing,—
The song of angels raising!
Let all below, and all above,
Unite in holy joy and love,
Our God Jehovah praising!

**1022†** 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

THOU God and Father of our Lord,
We bring our praise before thee;
Thou equal Son, the living Word,
With praises we adore thee:
Thou Holy Ghost, accept the praise
Which, taught of thee, alike we raise
To Father, Son, and Spirit.

OR

Now to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost give praises!
To God whose grace, to sinners shown,
From death to glory raises:
Let saints below and saints above
With angels vie in showing love,
'Tis man alone finds mercy.

**1023†** 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

ALL ye who grace inherit,
The God of grace adore!
To Father, Son, and Spirit
Give praise for evermore!
Of mercies here, the treasure
Demands our praise and love;
And praise shall be our pleasure
Before his throne above.

**1024†** P. M.

THE Lord is God!—To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Let saints unite their grateful songs to raise!—
Till all the nations of the world shall hear it,
And all shall learn to swell the notes of praise.
Let earth and skies rejoice
To spread his name abroad,
And shout with thankful voice,
"*The* Lord *is* God!"

# INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

*N. B. The figures denote the number of the Hymn.*


ABHORRENCE of sin, 401, 421.
Acquaint thyself with God, 823.
Adam, corrupt nature from, 89, 90.
Adam, the first and second, 92.
Admission of new members, 589, 592.
Admission to Christian privileges, 922.
Adoption, evidence of, desired, 356.
Advantages of religion in youth, 652.
Advent of Christ, 105, 113, 776.
Advocate, Christ our, 837.
Affliction, 683, 956, 959.
Affliction, God appointeth, 73.
Affliction, sanctified, 459, 461.
Affliction, sweet, 684.
Affliction, God delivereth his saints from, 680.
Afflictions and death under Providence, 458.
Afflicted invited to Christ, 221.
Agony in the garden, 786.
Aid of the Spirit, 176, 178.
Alarm, the, 240.
Angels, 808, 810.
Angels adore Christ, 160.
Angels, message of, to the shepherds, 103.
Angels, ministry of, 63.
Angels, sympathy of, 808.
Angels, Christ the Lord of, 810.
Angelic praise, 809.
Anticipations of future blessedness, 470, 745.
Anticipations of faith, 304.
Apostacy, 406.
Appointments of God, wise and good, 68.
Apprehension confessed, 273.
Armor of God, prayer for the, 562.
Ascension of Christ, 144, 160.
Atonement, the, pleaded, 297.
Atonement, gratitude for the, 346.
Attributes of God, 13, 40, 772, 775.
Autumn, 605.
Awakened sinner, 248, 270
Awakening, 213, 216.

BACKSLIDER, returning, 228.
Backslider exhorted, 407.
Bags that wax not old, 662.
Baptism of children, 508, 876, 877, 878.
Baptism of adults, 511.
Bartimeus, prayer of, 208.
Beatitudes, the, 209.
Being and perfections of God, 13, 43.
Bethesda's pool, 292.
Benevolence, Christian, 120.
Bible, inspired, 1, 2, 3.
Bible, source of (religious) knowledge, 1, 9.
Bible, suited to our wants, [3.
Bible, a treasure, 4.
Bible, value of, 5, 8, 9, 978, 980.
Bible, comprehensiveness of, 5.
Bible, precious, 6, 7.
Bible, glory of the, 10.
Bible, consolatory, 11.
Bible, power of the, 7, 979
Bible, the guide of the young, 9, 952.
Bible Societies, 978, 980.
Birth of Christ, joy to the world, 104, 112.
Birth, the new, 215, 307.
Birth-day hymns, 643, 644
Blessings of obedience, 210.
Blessings of religion, 211.
Blessings of Christ's kingdom, 777.
Blessedness, future, anticipated, 470.
Blood, cleansing, 850.
Body and blood of Christ, 880.
Books opened, 734.
Breathing after holiness, 179, 423.
Burial of a pious young female, 984.
Burden of sin, 836, 839.

CALL to sinners, (see Gospel call,)
Canaan, the heavenly, 738.
Canaan, a view of, 476.
Carnal joys, parting with, 310.
Cast down yet hoping, 399
Casting all care on God, 852.
Champion, the Christian, 901.
Characters and names of Christ, 161, 171, 782.
Children, God's, blessedness of, 428.
Children invited to Christ, 509.
Children brought to Christ, 510.
Children of the church, prayer for, 654.
Children, solicitude for the conversion of, 657.
Children, prayer for, 658, 949.
Children, prayer of parents for, 659.

Children of the Sunday School, 669, 671.
Choice, the Christian's, 392.
Choice of church officers, 593.
Christ, 99, 171, 776, 792.
Christ the Creator, 99, 101, 128.
Christ, the divinity of, 99, 101.
Christ, incarnation of, 102, 113, 776, 779.
Christ the destroyer of sin, 107.
Christ the messenger of mercy, 106.
Christ the second Adam, 102.
Christ, his life and ministry, 114, 121.
Christ, his sufferings and death, 122, 142.
Christ, dying love of, 124, 131.
Christ, resurrection, ascension, intercession, and glory of, 144, 160.
Christ, names and characters of, 161, 171.
Christ adored by the heavenly host, 160.
Christ waiting to be gracious, 204.
Christ the star of Bethlehem, 161.
Christ went about doing good, 115.
Christ the way, the truth, and the life, 121.
Christ and Moses, 134.
Christ, death of, 144, 123, 141.
Christ exalted, 159, 791.
Christ glorified, 152.
Christ came to save, 109, 200.
Christ the only refuge 167, 306, 469.
Christ the Lamb of God 320.
Christ, the excellency of, 326.
Christ, preciousness of, 329, 373, 386.
Christ, his name above every other, 330.
Christ all in all, 331, 336, 380.
Christ the Christian's only desire, 380.
Christ above all praise, 332.
Christ the eternal life, 335.
Christ the believer's all, 336, 342, 380.
Christ a guide in death, 455.
Christ our Passover, 518.
Christ an example in doing good, 115, 664.
Christ known in the breaking of bread, 519.
Christ, glory of, in heaven, 740.
Christ, teachings of, 780.
Christ, miracles of, 781.

Christ the good Shepherd, 783.
Christ our salvation, 846.
Christ before Pilate, 787.
Christ. the passion of, 788.
Christ, intercession of, 156, 789.
Christ, exaltation of, 791.
Christ the resurrection and the life, 128.
Christ our substitute, 127, 126.
Christ's kingdom, blessings of, 777.
Christian experience, 355, 482, 851, 875.
Church, God entreated to dwell in his, 596.
Church, prayer for the, 885, 966.
Church, a, in a state of decline, 579.
Church revived, 585.
Church, uniting with the, 918.
Church, love to the, 499, 500.
Church, a, seeking a pastor, 570.
Church, safety of the, 963.
Church blest in her officers, 902.
City of God, 533.
Cleansing blood, 850.
Clothing of the Christian, 867.
Comforter, 177.
Comfort in God, 308.
Comfort in sickness and death, 681.
Come to Jesus, 191, 193, 821.
Coming of Christ, 547.
Coming of Christ to judgment, 736.
Communion with God 377, 379, 383, 422.
Communion at the Lord's table, 515, 516.
Compassion of Christ, 131.
Complaint under darkness, 398, 418.
Condescension of Christ, 202.
Confession, 908.
Confession of sin, original and actual, 254, 258.
Confession and repentance, 266.
Confession and prayer, 692.
Conferences and Synods, 898.
Confidence in God, 394, 466, 856.
Confidence in God at evening, 629.
Confirmation, 590, 917, 927.
Conflict between flesh and Spirit, 260.
Conflict, succor implored in, 975.
Conflict, the inward, 838.
Congregation, for a bereaved, 578.

Consecration to God, 441, 917.
Consecration of places of worship, 928, 931.
Conscience, pleasures of a pure, 369.
Consolation of faith, 341.
Contrite heart, the, 255.
Contrition, 835.
Convert, the new, 366.
Converts, welcome to young, 592.
Conversion, 358.
Conversion of the thoughtless sinner, 261.
Conversion from sin, joy of, 360, 361.
Conversion of sinners, 584
Conversion of sinners, joy in heaven at, 583.
Conviction, 264.
Corner-stone, blessing implored at laying of a, 594, 928.
Countenance, God's, light of, prayed for, 299.
Creation, God's love in, 58
Creation and providence, praise for, 775.
Creator, God the, praised, 44, 48, 50, 59.
Creatures, love to the, dangerous, 222.
Creatures, vanity of, 225.
Cross of Christ, 129, 132, 197.
Cross of Christ, meditation on the, 523.
Cross of Christ, taking up the, 925.
Crosses, in answer to prayer, 445.
Crucifixion of Christ, 123, 141.
Crucifixion to the world, 129.
Cry aloud and spare not, 539.

DAY of grace and hope, life the, 217, 826.
Day dawning, 587.
Day of judgment, 705, 731, 737, 990, 991.
Days, numbering our, 705
Death, 696, 726, 981, 988, 233.
Death, hope in, 982.
Death a release, 481, 983
Death and eternity, 247.
Death and judgment, 238.
Death and judgment, certainty of, 231, 247.
Death of Christ, 123, 141, 144.
Death of Christ, freedom in the, 130, 322.
Death of the righteous, 981, 986.
Death, prayer for support in, 696.
Death, certainty of, 697.
Death, temporal and eternal, 698.
Death, sin, the sting of, 700.
Death at hand, 703.

Death, victory over, 707.
Death made easy by Christ's presence, 708.
Death triumphant in hope of the resurrection, 709.
Death of friends and relatives, 710.
Death of a parent, 711.
Death of an infant, 713, 714, 985.
Death, hope of heaven in, 712.
Death is gain, 717.
Death and burial of a saint, 718.
Death and immediate glory, 719, 721.
Death, a peaceful, 720, 724.
Death in the Lord, blessedness of, 722, 725.
Death-bed, soul happy on a, 475.
Deceitfulness of sin, 91.
Declaration of a new member, 919.
Declension, spiritual, 396.
Dedication to God, 512.
Delay, dangerous, 825.
Delight in worship, 490, 491, 504, 769.
Delight in the law of God, 382.
Deliverance from sin, 301, 424.
Deliverance and peace, praise for, 693.
Deliverance in a storm, 962.
Dependence, man's, on God, 75, 608.
Dependence of all things on God, 60
Dependence on Christ, 469
Depravity of man, 89, 98.
Desert, life a, 465.
Desire of the Christian, Christ the, 380.
Desiring to be with Christ, 479.
Devotion, habitual, 393.
Devotion, private, 486.
Disciples, Christ encouraging his, 143.
Dismissions, 752, 759, 1005, 1024.
Dispensations of God, merciful, 66.
Divine light breaking into the soul, 853.
Divinity of Christ, 99, 102
Doom of the wicked, 751.
Doubting Christian, 400.
Doxologies, 760—766.
Drought, threatening, 604
Dying Christian, 478, 480, 482, 716.
Dying sinner's prayer, 284
Dying Savior's love, 124, 125.

EARLY instruction, 950.
Early piety, 951, 953, 954
Earthly things, vanity of, 97, 225, 829.
Education, evil effects of neglected, 655.

Education of youth, importance of, 666, 667.
Effusion of the Spirit on Pentecost day, 528.
Effusion of the Spirit, prayer for, 804.
Election of church officers, 593—597.
Elijah fed by ravens, 83.
Enemies, spiritual, protection from, 425.
Equality of the Father and Son, 100.
Eternity, 242, 247, 738—751, 993—1004.
Eternity, anticipations of, 231.
Eternity, the terrors of, 245.
Evening, 376, 634, 945.
Evening, confidence in God at, 629.
Evening ode of the Christian pilgrim, 456.
Evening hymns, 630--632, 637, 640, 944, 948.
Evening prayer, 633, 642.
Evening, Jesus sought at, 947.
Evening meditations, 946.
Evening, Lord's day, 638, 938, 639.
Everlasting song, the, 739.
Eucharist, commemorative, 520.
Eucharist commanded by Christ, 521.
Exaltation of Christ, 159, 791, 154.
Example, Christian, 120.
Example, Christ our, in doing good, 115, 664.
Excellency of Christ, 326.
Experienced Christian, 355—482, 851—875.
Expostulation with the sinner, 98, 187, 820, 824, 828.
Extension of Christ's kingdom, 881.

FAITH, anticipations of, 304.
Faith, a prayer for, 866.
Faith, the power of, 313.
Faith a substitute for vision, 314.
Faith, a living, 323.
Faith, the consolations of, 341.
Faith seen in works, 354.
Faith, glorious prospects of, 371.
Faith, living by, 372.
Faith victorious, 926.
Fall and depravity of man, 89—98.
Family religion, 660.
Farewell to a departed friend, 987.
Fast, public or national, 691.
Father's house, my, 1000.
Favor, divine, assurance of, desired, 93.
Fear disciplined, 88.
Fear gracious and lively hope, 355.

Feast, gospel, 526.
Feast, gospel, room at the, 195, 198, 184.
Feet, sitting at Jesus', 374.
Fellowship, Christian, 897
Fig-tree, the barren, 609.
Flesh and Spirit, conflict between, 260.
Flesh, my, is meat indeed, 525.
Following Christ, 449, 454
Following departed worthies, 869, 870.
Folly of neglecting religion, 244.
Food of the soul, Jesus the, 517.
Forgiveness, from the example of Christ, 116.
Fortitude, holy, 462.
Fountain opened for sin, 196, 327, 818.
Frailty of man, 224, 679.
Freedom in the death of Jesus, 130, 322.
Friend, Jesus a, 165, 166, 204.
Friends in heaven, 1001.
Friendship, Christian, hope of, 872.
Fruits of love, 431.
Funeral of a young person, 715.
Funeral of a faithful minister, 577.
Future, hope of a better, 913.

GENTILES coming in to the church, 890, 891.
Gethsemane, 122, 786.
Gift of Christ, thanksgiving for, 843.
Glory of Christ, 99—101, 118, 128, 153—160, 740
Glory to Christ, 344.
Glory, meditations on future, 474.
God, attributes, being and perfections of, 13—43, 772—775.
God exalted above all praise, 13.
God, spirituality of, 14.
God infinite, 15.
God supreme, 16.
God independent, 16.
God, unity of, 18.
God incomprehensible, 19, 69.
God self-existent, 21.
God eternal, 20, 21.
God unchangeable, 20, 21
God almighty, 22.
God, his majesty, 23, 24, 772.
God omnipresent, 25, 26, 773.
God omniscient, 25, 26, 29, 774.
God, his wisdom, 27, 62.
God holy and just, 28, 29.
God the searcher of hearts, 29.
God no respecter of persons, 30.

God faithful, 31.
God desires not the sinner's death, 185.
God benevolent and merciful, 17, 32, 88.
God is love, 33, 38, 52, 58.
God gracious to all, 34.
God merciful, 17, 32, 35, 36, 46, 66.
God, glory of, 37, 56, 57.
God, praise to, 17, 36, 39, 40, 44—57.
God the Creator and preserver, 44—52, 60, 775.
God to be praised at all times, 47, 52.
God, the goodness of, 49, 51, 53, 61, 619, 54.
God, all creatures praise, 48.
God the Redeemer, 45, 51
God all in all, 55.
God glorious in the salvation of sinners, 56.
God exalted above all praise, 57.
God, works of, 58—64
God, all his works praise, 59, 62.
God, providence of, 65—88.
God the refuge of his children, 71.
God our pleasure, 76.
God our Shepherd, 79.
God a present help in trouble, 74.
God our Savior, 111.
God the safety of his people, 77.
God our Father, 85.
God the preserver of his people, 295.
God reconciled in Christ, 348, 413.
God true, 352.
God, majesty and dominion of, 771, 772.
God our light, trust, shield and reward, 858.
God seen by faith, 40.
Good tidings to all people, 778.
Goodness, divine, praise for, 49.
Goodness, divine, riches of, 61.
Goodness, divine, a ground of trust, 72.
Goodness, divine, in the mission of Christ, 108.
Gospel call, 182—247, 811—830.
Gospel offered to all, 201.
Gospel times, blessedness of, 351, 532.
Gospel, spread of the, 532, 538, 548.
Gospel, success of the, 536, 587, 915, 545, 548, 538.
Gospel, reasonableness of the, 12, 311.
Grace, praise for, 87, 848.
Grace, life the day of, 217, 218.
Grace, redeeming, 319.

Grace, inexhaustible, 189.
Grace, prayer for, in trial, 974.
Grace, supplication for, 285.
Grace, the voice of free, 812.
Grace, quickening, 973.
Graces, Christian, prayed for, 289.
Graces, love the chief of, 436.
Gratitude for God's mercies, 851.
Gratitude for the atonement, 346.
Grave, the, 723.
Grave, warning from, 726
Greenland's icy mountains, 537.
Groanings unutterable, 378.
Guidance of the Holy Spirit, 175.
Guidance, prayer for, 178, 437.
Guide through death to glory, Christ, 455.

HABITUAL devotion, 393.
Hallelujah universal, 883.
Hand, Christ's right, 992.
Happiness of the Christian, present, 209—211.
Happiness of the Christian, future, 212.
Happiness in the salvation of God, 365.
Hardness of heart lamented, 253.
Harvest past, 237.
Harvest hymns, 603, 933.
Hatred of sin, 401, 421.
Heaven, 748.
Heaven, longing for, 447, 873.
Heaven, view of, 741, 993.
Heaven, anticipation of, 745, 1005.
Heaven, saints' employ in, 746, 1002.
Heaven alone can satisfy the soul, 747.
Heaven, the society of, 749
Heaven, friends in, 1001.
Heaven, Sabbath, preparatory to, 505.
Heaven, re-union of the good in, 1003, 1004.
Heaven, bliss of, 740, 742, 743, 999.
Heavenly joy on earth, 367.
Heart, hardness of lamented, 253.
Heart, give me thy, 190.
Heart, the evil, 213.
Heart, the contrite, 255.
Heart, a new, prayed for, 251, 275, 300, 417.
Heart, surrendering to God, 134, 833
Help, God a present, in trouble, 74, 677.
Hell, 750
Hiding-place, 334.

Hidings of God's face, 395
Holiness, Christian, 446.
Holiness, Spirit of, 800.
Holiness, breathing after, 179, 423.
Holiness and justice of God glorified, 847.
Holiness, justice and mercy united, 333.
Holy resolve, 920.
Holy Spirit, 179—180, 793—804, 800.
Holy Spirit, operations of the, 172.
Holy Spirit, aid of the, 176
Holy Spirit, the comforter, 177.
Holy Spirit, prayer for the, 173, 263, 343, 496, 795-798, 802, 803, 831, 930.
Holy Spirit, prayer to the, 174, 175, 176, 178, 180, 181, 794.
Holy Spirit, danger of his withdrawing, 228—230
Holy Spirit, invitation of the, 226.
Holy Spirit shall not always strive, 229, 801.
Holy Spirit, joy in the, 363.
Holy Spirit the earnest of heaven, 799.
Holy Spirit, prayer for effusion of, 804.
Holy Spirit on Pentecost day, 528.
Holy Spirit, for return of the, 911.
Holy Spirit, prayer for at consecration of a church 930, 931.
Home, sweet, of the saints 448, 997.
Hope in God's mercy, 70.
Hope encouraged, 403.
Hope of heaven, 712.
Hope in sickness, 672.
Hope, lively, and gracious fear, 355.
Hope in death, 782.
Hosanna to Christ, 347.
House, God found in his, 500, 501.
House, God's presence sought in his, 767.
House of God, delight in the, 769.
House, my Father's, 1000.
House of prayer consecrated, 929.
House, readiness to serve God in his, 504.
Humility, 430.
Humiliation, for a day of public, 582, 957.
Humiliation and exaltation of Christ, 154.

IDOLATRY falling, 889
Imitation of Christ in doing good, 664.
Improving time, 704.
Incarnation of Christ, 102—113, 779.
Inconstancy lamented, 291 409.

Indwelling sin lamented, 259.
Ingratitude to Christ, 166, 214.
Intercession of Christ, 153, 156, 789.
Interment of a pious female, 984.
Intolerance, religious, 695
Invitation, gospel, 188—208.
Invitation, Christ's, 191, 193, 194, 200.
Invitation of the Spirit, 226.
Invitation accepted, 832.
Invitation to Jesus, 821.
Inward conflict, 838.
Israel, prayer for, 553.
Israel, salvation of, 888.

JESUS lives, 357.
Jesus shall reign, 529.
Jews, pleading for conversion of, 554.
Journey of life, recollections on, 452.
Joy in Christ's victory, 140.
Joy in the mission of Christ, 107.
Joy of conversion, 360, 361.
Joy for salvation, 362.
Joy in the Holy Spirit, 363.
Joy, heavenly, on earth, 367.
Joy, return of, 404.
Joy in God's house, 500, 501.
Joy in heaven at a sinner's conversion, 583.
Joy in admission to Christian privileges, 922.
Jubilee, the gospel, 186.
Jubilee, song of, 530.
Jubilee, the year of, 811.
Judgment, 731—737, 990, 991, 705.
Justification and sanctification, 364.

KEDRON, 785.
Kingdom and church of Christ, 528—597.
Kingdom of Christ, 534, 881.

LAMB, Christ the, 320.
Lamb, tribute to the, 136.
Latter day glory, 892.
Law of God, delight in the, 382.
Learning of Christ, 860.
Leper healed, 207.
Liberality, 661, 663.
Life, the day of grace, 217, 826.
Life, uncertainty of, 217–230.
Life, shortness and misery of, 223.
Life a time of trial, 232.
Life a desert, 465.
Life and death in God's hands, 673.

Light, divine, breaking into the soul, 853.
Litany, a, 192.
Living by faith, 372.
Living near to God, 379.
Living to Christ, 388.
Living waters, 819.
Longing for Zion, 448, 477, 479, 873, 993.
Look to Jesus, 197, 822.
Looking upwards in trial, 956.
Lord's Supper, 513—527.
Lord's Supper, institution of, 514.
Lord's prayer, 875.
Love of God in creation, 58.
Love of Christ to men, 124, 125, 141, 345, 391, 324, 328, 350, 381.
Love to the brethren, 142, 432—434, 522.
Love to Christ, 385, 390, 522.
Love, redeeming, 350.
Love, fruits of, 431.
Love, brotherly, 434.
Love to the church, 499, 500.
Love the chief of the graces, 436.
Love, importance and influence of, 438.
Love to Christ at his table, 522.
Lovest thou me? 387, 397.
Loving kindness of Christ, 328.

MAJESTY and dominion of God, 771, 772.
Man fading and reviving, 706.
Man dependent on God, 75, 608.
Man, frailty of, 224, 679.
Mansions in heaven, 467.
Marriage, 645, 646.
Martyrs, death of, 906.
Means of grace, 483--527, 876—880.
Meditation and retirement, 427.
Meditation on God's love, 683.
Meditations on future glory, 474.
Member, a new, admitted, 589., 591.
Mercy-seat, 790, 814.
Mercy of God praised, 88.
Mercy of God, supplication for, 270—302.
Mercy of God, hope in the, 70.
Mercy of God, prayer for, 80, 270, 278, 290, 303, 412, 280, 298, 299.
Mercy of God for sinners, 194.
Mercies, praise to God for, 46, 53.
Mercies of God unutterable, 35.
Mercies, reviewing of, 489
Mercies, gratitude for, 851
Mercies renewed morning and evening, 612, 619.

Message, angels', to the shepherds, 103.
Messenger of mercy, Christ the, 106.
Messiah, 102.
Midnight thoughts recollected, 641.
Millennium, 916.
Minister and people, prayer for, 498.
Minister, farewell charge of a, 564.
Minister, at ordination of a, 565.
Minister, at installation of a, 571.
Minister, at settlement of a, 572.
Minister, praise upon obtaining a, 573.
Minister, dangerous illness of a, 575.
Minister, funeral of a faithful, 577.
Minister, death of a, 903, 904, 905.
Ministers or theological students, 555.
Ministers, destitution of, 556.
Ministers, prayer of, 559.
Ministers, prayer for, 569, 574, 576.
Ministers, meetings of, 899
Ministers, their strength, office and reward, 900.
Ministerial love, 557.
Ministerial fidelity, prayer for, 561.
Ministry of angels, 63.
Ministry, gospel, from Christ, 566.
Ministry of Christ, 114—121.
Miracle of grace, 325.
Miracles of Christ, 119, 781.
Miracles, spiritual, 277.
Mission of Christ, 106—112.
Missions, prayer for success of, 541, 543.
Missions domestic, prayer for, 894.
Missionaries, scarcity of, 542.
Missionaries encouraged, 544.
Missionaries, farewell to, 550.
Missionaries, farewell of, 551, 887.
Missionaries, departure of, 886, 552.
Missionaries, ordination of, 552.
Missionary field, 537.
Missionary labors, 882.
Missionary associations, 540.
Missionary hymns, 540—554, 881—895.
Morning, 622, 939, 942, 943.
Morning, emblematic of eternal day, 617.
Morning, resolutions in the, 621.

Morning prayer for protection, 620.
Morning songs, 611, 613, 614, 616, 618.
Morning and evening, 612, 615, 619, 940, 941.
Morning prayer, 623.
Moses and the Lamb, song of, 914.
Mount Zion, 744, 448, 997, 533.
Mounts, the three, 861.
Mourning under darkness, 418.

NAME of Jesus above every other, 330.
Names and character of Christ, 161—171.
National security from God, 686.
National occasions, 968—972.
National confession and prayer, 692.
National prosperity, praise for, 968, 969.
National foes, preservation against, 970.
National gratitude and holiness, 971.
National blessings and afflictions, 685—695.
Nature, all, praise God, 58—62.
Nature, a new, prayed for, 251, 275, 300, 417.
Nature corrupt from Adam, 89, 90.
New members, admission of, 589—592.
New members, declaration of, 919.
New Year, hymns for, 607, 610, 932.
Night, the, cometh, 234.
Not ashamed of Christ, 442, 923.
Now the day of grace, 826.
Now the accepted time, 182, 230, 218.
Numbering our days, 705.

OBEDIENCE, the blessings of, 210.
Old things passed away, 307, 215.
Old age, 656.
Omnipotence of God, 23, 24, 772.
Omniscience of God, 25, 26, 29, 774.
Omnipresence of God, 25, 26, 773.
Opening a place of worship, 595, 597.
Opportunities, neglected, 262.
Ordination prayer, 568.
Original sin, 89, 90.
Orphans, prayer for, 955

PANTING for God, 389, 422.
Pardon, 414.
Pardon, prayer for, 288.
Pardon, offer of, 359.

Parting, 649, 650, 651, 871.
Parting with all for Christ, 269.
Parting with carnal joys, 310.
Particular occasions and circumstances, 598–695
Paschal Lamb, 170, 171.
Passion of Christ, 122—141, 788.
Passover, Christ our, 518.
Pastor, church seeking a, 570.
Pastor's wish for his people, 563.
Pattern, Christ our, 114—117.
Peace, prayer for, 689, 690.
Peace, my, I give unto you, 279.
Penitence, 274, 831—835.
Penitence, prayer for, 252.
Penitence at the cross, 841.
Penitent, the, 257.
Penitent, the, seeking pardon, 270—272.
Penitent, the Scriptures consolatory to, 11.
Penitent, the, pardoned, 283.
Penitent, the rest for the weary, 912.
Penitential sighs, 256.
Pentecost day, 528.
People of God safe, 77, 471, 964.
People, prayer of, for their minister, 574.
Perseverance desired, 419, 924.
Physician, Christ the, 168, 169.
Pilgrim's song, 854.
Pilgrim's evening ode, 456
Pilgrimage, the Christian, 447, 451.
Plea of the sinner, 294.
Pleading with God, under affliction, 464.
Pleading Christ's promises, 276.
Pleading the atonement, 297.
Pleading for mercy, 280, 298.
Poor man's prayer, 862.
Portion of the soul, God the, 286, 287.
Portion of the believer, Christ the, 342.
Praise to God, 44—57, 767—771.
Praise to the Savior, 119–160, 340, 349, 353.
Prayer, 483.
Prayer of the dying sinner, 284.
Prayer answered by crosses, 445.
Prayer, an exhortation to, 484.
Prayer for the Spirit's influence, 173, 263, 343 496, 795–798, 802, 803, 831, 930.

Prayer importunate, prevalent, 485.
Prayer for minister and people, 498.
Prayer, private, 486.
Prayer, social, 488.
Prayer for the divine presence, 492.
Prayeth, behold he, 487.
Preciousness of Christ, 329, 373, 386.
Prepare to meet thy God, 239.
Presence of God is light, 472.
Presence of God sought in his house, 767.
Presence of God implored, 492.
Preserver of his people, God the, 295.
Preservation, praise for, 45, 47, 85.
Prodigal, repenting, 205.
Promises of God, trust in, 78.
Promises of Christ pleaded, 276.
Promises of Christ precious, 874.
Prospects of success, 535.
Prospects of faith, glorious, 371.
Prosperity of sinners cursed, 94.
Protection from spiritual foes, 425.
Prophecies fulfilled in Christ, 138.
Providence of God, 65–88.
Providence, volume of, 65
Providence in traveling, 81
Providence, dark, 82.
Providence, trust in, 84.
Providence consolatory, 86.
Providence wise and merciful, 66, 86, 88.
Providence, blessings of, 87.
Providence of God to all, 67.
Public and national blessings and afflictions, 685—695.
Public worship, a blessing on, 768.
Public humiliation in affliction, 957.

QUICKENING grace, prayer for, 973.
Quickening Spirit, 797.

RACE, the Christian, 857, 859.
Ransomed Spirit, 996.
Ravens, Elijah fed by, 83
Reasonableness of the gospel, 12, 311.
Recollections on the journey of life, 452.
Reconciliation in Christ, 348, 413.
Recovering from sickness 678, 682.
Reception, right of God's word, 560.

Redeemer, my, I know that he liveth, 158.
Redeemer, praise to the, 337, 340, 349, 353.
Redeeming grace, 319.
Redeeming love, 350.
Redemption, praise for, 45, 51, 135, 137—140.
Redemption finished, 139.
Redemption by Christ alone, 322.
Reformation festival, 963—967.
Refreshing from on high, 586.
Refuge of his children, God the, 71.
Refuge, Jesus our, 167, 306, 469.
Regeneration, 215, 300, 307, 417, 275.
Reign, universal, of Christ, 529, 531, 881.
Rejoicing in hope, 453.
Release, by death, 481, 983.
Relieving Christ in his members, 665.
Religion, 211, 865, 813.
Religion, advantages of, in youth, 652.
Religion, blessings of, 210—212, 370.
Religion, family, 660.
Religion the chief concern, 813.
Remember me, 849.
Remember thy Creator, 954.
Remembering Christ at his table, 513, 879.
Renewed heart, prayer for a, 251, 275, 300, 417.
Repentance, 249, 250, 266.
Repentance at the cross, 267.
Request, humble, 497.
Rest, the promised, prayed for, 296.
Rest for the weary penitent, 912.
Rest, the heavenly, 994.
Resignation, 429, 868.
Resignation from Christ's example, 117.
Resolve, the successful, 216.
Resolve, the holy, 920.
Resurrection, the, 727—730, 989—992.
Resurrection of Christ, 144—152.
Resurrection, longing for the, 727.
Resurrection, assurance of, 728.
Resurrection, hope in the, 729.
Resurrection of the just, 730.
Retirement, religious, 375, 427.
Retiring, thoughts upon, 635.
Return of the Spirit, 911.
Return of joy, 404.
Returning to Zion, 891.

Re-union of the good in heaven, 1003, 1004.
Revivals, 907—916.
Revivals, prayer for, 580, 588, 907, 909, 910.
Righteous, blessedness of the, 212, 468.
River of God, 998.
Road, the broad, 817.
Rock of ages, 164.
Room at the gospel feast, 184, 195, 198.

SABBATH, the, 624, 625, 937.
Sabbath preparatory to heaven, 505.
Sabbath, sweetness of, 506, 937.
Sabbath commemorative of the resurrection, 507.
Sabbath, welcome to the, 936.
Sabbath morning, 626—628, 935.
Sabbath evening, 638, 639, 938.
Sacramental hymns, 513–527, 879, 880.
Safety in God, 77, 471, 964
Saints' sweet home, 997.
Saints in heaven, 1002.
Salvation of God, happiness in the, 365.
Salvation through Christ, 303–354, 841–850, 315, 322.
Salvation by grace, 316, 317, 321, 338.
Salvation by faith, 318, 842.
Salvation for Jew and Gentile, 339.
Salvation, joy for, 362.
Salvation in the cross, 132.
Salvation offered to all, 201.
Sanctification and pardon 364, 834.
Savior, praise to the, 113.
Savior, a dying, 125, 126.
Savior, love of the, 124.
Savior, crowned, 845.
Scoffer, the, 236.
Scriptures, 1—13, (see Bible.)
Scriptures, inspired, 1—3.
Scriptures, usefulness of, 8
Scriptures, instruction from, 9.
Scriptures consolatory, 11
Sea, the, obedient to God, 961.
Seamen, 960—962.
Seamen, prayer for, 960.
Seasons ordered by God, 598.
Seasons crowned with goodness, 599.
Seasons, Jesus seen in the, 600.
Security and comfort in God in affliction, 658.
Seeking all in Christ, 281.
Seeking a better country, 451.
Self-examination, 402, 864
Self-dedication, 921.

Seriousness, a prayer of, 248.
Sermon, before, 492, 494, 495.
Shepherd, God our, 79, 855.
Shepherd, Christ the kind, 783.
Sick-bed devotion, 674.
Sick-bed reflections, 675.
Sickness, consolation in, 676, 681.
Sickness, hope in, 672.
Sickness, recovering from, 678, 682.
Sickness and affliction, 956—959.
Sickness and death, 233.
Sin, original, 89, 90.
Sin, deceitfulness of, 91.
Sin, evil of, 213—215.
Sin, confession of, 254, 258
Sin bewailed, 265.
Sin, conversion from, joy of, 360, 361.
Sin the sting of death, 700
Sin, hatred of, 401, 421.
Sin, Christ came to destroy, 107.
Sin, indwelling, lamented, 259.
Sin, deliverance from, 301
Sinner weighed and found wanting, 235.
Sinner, the thoughtless, converted, 261.
Sinner, helpless, 216.
Sinner entreated to awake 98. 187, 820, 824, 828.
Sinners, joy in heaven at conversion of, 583.
Sinners, conversion of, 584.
Sinners invited to Christ, 98, 187, 192, 193.
Sinners saved by Christ, 56.
Sinners, prosperity of, cursed, 94.
Sinners received by Christ 844.
Sinners, God desires not the death of, 185.
Sinners, weary, invitation to, 840.
Sinners urged to hasten their salvation, 218.
Sinners, the misery and danger of, 243.
Sloth, spiritual, deprecated, 410.
Social meetings, 896–906.
Soldier, the Christian, 415, 462.
Song, the everlasting, 739
Song of Moses and the Lamb, 914.
Songs of praise, 770.
Sons of God, privileges of the, 368.
Sorrow for the sufferings of the Savior, 133.
Soul, the value of the, 64.
Soul happy on a death-bed, 475.
Soul thirsting after God, 420.
Sowing in tears, 460, 995

Special occasions, 932—955.
Spirit (see Holy Spirit.)
Spiritual declension, 396.
Spiritual-mindedness, 426.
Spiritual miracles, 277.
Spring, 601, 602.
Stability, Christian, 927.
Star of Bethlehem, Christ the, 161.
Star, morning, 162, 163.
Sting of death, sin, 700.
Storm, deliverance in a, 962.
Strength, prayer for, 175, 176, 178.
Submission, 435.
Substitute, Christ our, 126, 127.
Success, prospects of, 535.
Success of the gospel, prayer for, 536, 538, 915, 545, 548, 587.
Sufferings of the Savior, 126, 122—142.
Sufferings of the Savior, sorrow for the, 133.
Summer, a harvest hymn, 603.
Sunday Schools, 668–671.
Sunday Schools, celebration of, 668.
Supper of the Lord, 513—527.
Supplication for divine mercy, 270—302, 836—840.
Supplication for God's grace, 285.
Support in God in affliction, 959.
Surety, Christ our, 157.
Surrender, the, 305.
Surrendering the heart to Christ, 134, 833.
Sympathy of angels, 808.
Synods and Conferences, 898.

TAKING up the cross, 925.
Teachings of Jesus, 780.
Temperance, 973—977.
Temperance, praise for increase of, 977.
Temperance meetings, 976
Temptations, the world's three chief, 95.
Terror turned to joy, 268.
Thanksgiving, 43.
Thanksgiving, national or public, 685.
Thanksgiving for the gift of Christ, 843.
Theological students or ministers, 555.
Thief, the converted, 206.
Thirsting for God, 420.
Thoughts, wandering, 408
Thoughts upon retiring, 635.
Thoughts of death at night, 636.
Thoughts, midnight, recollected, 641.
Time, the accepted, 182, 218, 230.
Time, shortness of, 227.

Time, improvement of, 704.
Times and seasons, God orders, 934.
To-day, 218.
Tolling bell, 699.
Tomb, the voice of the, 701.
Transfiguration of Christ, 118, 784.
Traveling, God our protector in, 81.
Treasure, the word of God a, 4.
Treasure in heaven, 220.
Trial, prayer for grace in, 974.
Trial, looking upwards in, 956.
Tribute to the Lamb, 135, 136.
Trinity, the, 41—43, 805—807.
Trinity, doctrine and use of, 41.
Trinity, praise to, 42, 43, 806.
Trinity, prayer to, 805.
Trinity, worship of, 807.
Triumph of Christ over death, 149.
Triumphs of the gospel, 545.
Trouble, God a present help in, 74, 677.
Trust, God our only, 88, 473.
Trust, divine goodness a ground of, 72.
Trust in the promises of God, 78.
Trust in Jesus, 241, 303, 306.
Trust in the providence of God, 80, 81, 84.
Trust in God under darkness, 816.
Trusting in God, 312.
Trusting in God, the sinner, 309.
Turn again, 203.
Types of Christ, 170.

UNCERTAINTY of life, 217—230.
Union with Christ, 384.
Union of saints on earth, in heaven, 896.
Uniting with the church, 918.
Unity of God, 18.
Universal hallelujah, 883.
Universal praise, exhortation to, 895.
Universal reign of Christ, 529, 531, 881.
Uprightness required in rulers, 694.

VANITY of life, 217-230.
Vanity of earthly things, 97, 225, 829.
Vanity of man, as mortal, 702.
Victory over death, 707.
Victory of Christ, 147.
Visiting a friend, 648.

Voice of free grace, 812.
Voice of warning, 830.
Voice of the tomb, 701.
Voyage, the Christian, 457

WALKING with God, 416.
Wanderer invited to return, 203.
Wandering thoughts, 408.
War, in time of, 687, 688.
Warfare, the Christian, 411, 415.
Warning from the grave, 726, 701.
Warning, a voice of, 830.
Watch and pray, 815.
Watching for souls, 567.
Watchfulness, 439, 463.
Way, the narrow, 450.
Way, the truth and the life, Christ, 121.
Ways, God's wise and good, 68.
Ways, God's, incomprehensible, 69.
Weary sinners, 840.
Weep not, 988.
Wedding hymns, 645, 646
Welcome to Jesus, 183, 192.
Welcome to the gospel feast, 184, 191, 515.
Welcome to Christian friends, 647.
Welcome to young converts, 592.
Welcoming the cross, 444.
Wheat and tares, 581.
Whitsunday, 793.
Wicked, misery of the, 212.
Will ye also go away? 405
Winning souls to Christ, 558.
Winter, 606.
Witness of the Spirit prayed for, 293.
Wisdom of God, 27, 62.
Word of God, (see Bible and Scriptures.)
Word of God a treasure, 4
Word of God, glory of the, 10.
Word of God restored, 965.
Word of God, power of the, 979.
Word of God, right reception of, prayed for, 560.
Work while it is day, 827.
Works of God, 58—64.
Works of God all praise him, 59.
World's three chief temptations, 95.
World, end of the, 96.
World, conversion from the, prayed for, 527, 546
World, vanity of the, 97, 829, 225.
World renounced, 443.
World, Christ proclaimed to the, 549.
Worldling, the rich, 219.
Worship, delight in, 490, 504.

Worship, happiness of, 491, 502.
Worship, for public, 493–495, 768.
Worship, preparation for, 503.
Wrestling with God, 440.

YEAR of Jubilee, 811.
Young, a call to the, 653.
Young, the Bible the guide of the, 952.
Young invited to Christ, 199.
Youth and judgment, 246.
Youth, advantages of religion in, 652.
Youth, importance of educating, 666.
Youth instructed, 667.

ZEAL, true and false, 863.
Zion, city of God, 533, 744, 448, 997.
Zion, God entreated for, 582.
Zion triumphant, 884.
Zion, Gentiles returning to, 891. [967
Zion, God the defence of,
Zion, longing for, 448, 477, 479, 873, 993.
Zion's increase, prayer for, 893.

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

*The figures express the numbers of the Hymns as they are arranged.*


ABSURD and vain attempt to bind, *Rippon's Col.* 695
According to thy gracious word...*Montgomery.* 513
Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner.....*Knox.* 823
Affliction is a stormy deep.....*Cotton.* 461
Again the Lord of life and light.....*Mrs. Barbauld.* 935
Ah, what can I, a sinner, do.....*Hyde.* 262
Ah, whither should I go.....*C. Wesley.* 836
Alas! alas! how blind I've been.....*Strong.* 261
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed..... *Watts.* 133
All glory to the eternal Three.....*Maxwell.* 764
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....*Duncan.* 845
All-powerful, self-existent God .....*N. Y. Col.* 21
All ye who laugh and sport with death..... *Watts.* 236
Almighty Father, gracious Lord .....*Steele.* 87
Almighty God, thy word is cast.....*N. York Col.* 560
Almighty God, thy piercing eye.....*Beddome.* 774
Almighty Sov'reign of the skies..... 969
Alas! what hourly dangers rise.....*Mrs. Steele.* 975
All ye, who grace inherit.....*Dr. Mills.* 1023
Amazing sight, the Saviour stands, *Hymns of Zion.* 200
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound.....*Newton.* 848
Amidst a world of hopes and fears.....*N. York Col.* 178
Amid the splendors of thy state.....*Mrs. Steele.* 38
Am I a soldier of the cross..... *Watts.* 462
Am I call'd, and can it be.....*C. Wesley.* 832
And am I born to die.....*C. Wesley.* 231
And am I only born to die.....*Id.* 232
And are we yet alive ..... *C. Wesley.* 899
And art thou with us, gracious Lord.....*Doddridge.* 78
And is the gospel peace and love.....*Steele.* 120
And let our bodies part.....*C. Wesley.* 649
And let this feeble body fail.....*C. Wesley.* 470
And must this body die ..... *Watts.* 709

And now another day is past.....*Tr. Hertzog.* 944
And didst thou, Jesus, condescend.....*Curtis's Col.* 781
And shall we still be slaves.....*N. York Col.* 130
And will the great eternal God.....*Doddridge.* 595
And will the Judge descend.....*Doddridge.* 751
And will the Lord thus condescend.....*Steele.* 202
And wilt thou yet be found.....*C. Wesley.* 838
Angel, roll the rock away.....*Gibbons.* 145
Angel from the realms of glory.....*Montgomery.* 778
Another day is past.....*Curtis.* 946
Another fleeting day has gone..... 630
Another six days' work is done.....*Stennett.* 624
Arise, my soul, arise.....*C. Wesley.* 157
Arise, my soul, with rapture rise.....*Montgomery.* 939
Arise, my soul, my joyful powers..... *Watts.* 425
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake.....*C. Wesley.* 893
As much have I of worldly good.....*Conder.* 862
As on the cross the Savior hung.....*Stennett.* 206
As pants the hart for cooling springs, *Tate & Brady.* 422
As the eagle fondly hovers.....*Mills-Gerhardt.* 85
Astonished and distressed.....*Toplady.* 213
Aspire my heart on high to live.....*Mills-Hiller.* 220
A safe stronghold our God is still.....*Tr. Luther.* 964
Assembled at thy great command.....*Collyer.* 540
Author of life and bliss.....*N. York Col.* 137
Awake, awake, my sluggish soul.....*Heginbotham.* 234
Awake, my soul, and with the sun.....*Kenn.* 621
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.....*Medley.* 328
Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve.....*Doddridge.* 857
Awake and sing the song.....*Hammond.* 914
Awake, our souls, away our fears..... *Watts.* 859
Away from ev'ry mortal care..... *Watts.* 503

BACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel..... *W—.* 407
Band of brethren, who.....*S. S. Schmucker.* 555
Before Jehovah's awful throne..... *Watts.* 44
Before thy throne, Almighty Pow'r..... *Winchell.* 568
Behold a stranger at the door.....*Gregg.* 204
Behold! long wish'd for spring has come.....*Steele.* 602
Behold! O Israel's God.....*N. York Col.* 655
Behold, the blind their sight receive..... *Watts.* 119

Behold the expected time draw near ..... *Voke.* 535
Behold the amazing sight..... *Doddridge.* 141
Behold the Savior of mankind..... *S. Wesley. Sen.* 124
Behold the man, how heavy lay ..... *B. Muenter.* 787
Behold, the mountain of the Lord..... *Logan.* 892
Behold the morning sun..... *Watts.* 979
Behold what condescending love..... *Fawcett.* 510
Behold where in a mortal form..... *Enfield.* 115
Beneath our feet and o'er our head ..... *Heber.* 726
Beside the gospel pool..... *Newton.* 292
Be thou, O Lord, my treasure here..... 829
Beyond where Kedron's waters flow..... *S. F. Smith.* 786
Beyond the glittering starry skies, *Fanch & Turner.* 808
Bless'd are the humble souls who see..... *Watts.* 209
Bless'd are the undefil'd in heart..... *Watts.* 210
Bless'd be the Father and his love..... ..... *Watts.* 42
Bless'd is the man, for ever bless'd..... *Watts.* 364
Blest hour when virtuous friends shall meet.....1003
Bless'd Jesus, when my soaring..... *Heginbotham.* 386
Bless'd with the joys of innocence..... *Watts.* 89
Bless'd be the tie that binds..... *Fawcett.* 432
Bless'd is the man whose heart..... *J. Strapham.* 666
Bless'd Jesus, when thy cross I view. *Heginbotham.* 833
Blest Jesus, come thou gently down..... 588
Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... *Toplady.* 186
Bright as the sun's meridian blaze, *Village Hymns.* 548
Bright King of glory, dreadful God ..... *Watts.* 100
Bright source of everlasting love..... *Boden.* 354
Brightest and best of the sons of the..... *Heber.* 113
Bread of heav'n, on thee we feed..... *Conder.* 880
Broad is the road that leads to death..... *Watts.* 817
Brother in Christ and well belov'd ..... *C. Wesley* 589
By cool Siloam's shady rill ..... *Heber.* 951
By the thoughtless world derided..... *Collyer.* 7
By various maxims, forms and rules..... *Newton.* 311

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King..... *Cennick.* 453
Christians, brethren, ere we part... *H. K. White.* 753
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day..... *Cudworth.* 147
Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep..... *Mason.* 627
Come, gracious Spirit, heav'nly dove..... *Browne.* 173

Come, guilty sinners, come and see.....*Anon.* 84
Come hither, all ye weary souls.....*Watts.* 193
Come, Holy Ghost, come from on high.....*Reed.* 878
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove.....*Watts.* 174
Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind .....*Burder.* 797
Come, Holy Spirit, come .....*Hart.* 796
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast.....*E. Jones.* 216
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!.....*Kelly.* 920
Come, let our mournful songs record.....*Watts.* 123
Come, let us join our cheerful songs.....*Watts.* 136
Come, let us join our souls to God, *Montgomery, alt.* 926
Come, let us lift our voices high.....*Watts.* 140
Come, let us now our honors bring.....*Mills.* 1021
Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart ...*Steele.* 745
Come, O thou King of all thy saints.....*Id.* 767
Come, O my soul, in sacred lays.....*Blacklock.* 771
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....*Newton.* 265
Commit thou all thy griefs.....*J. Wesley.* 852
Come, sacred Spirit, from above.....*Doddridge.* 909
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice.....*Mrs. Barbauld.* 221
Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above.....*Byrom.* 342
Come, see on bloody Calvary.....*Rippon's Col.* 523
Come, sound his praise abroad.....*Watts.* 50
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast .....*C. Wesley.* 184
Come, thou Savior of our race.....*Reynolds-Luther.* 776
Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing.....*Robinson.* 452
Come to Calvary's holy mountain.....*Montgomery.* 818
Come, weary souls with sin distress'd .....*Steele.* 912
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye.....*C. Wesley.* 814
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched .....*Hart.* 183
Come, ye that love the Lord .....*Watts.* 367
Come, ye weary sinners, come.....*Village Hymns.* 840
Commit thy way, confiding.....*Mills-Gerhardt.* 775
Comfort, ye ministers of grace .....547
Convinc'd of sin, men now begin....*Village Hymns.* 584
Courage, my soul, while God is near...*N. York Col.* 471

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake.....*Fitzgerald's Col.* 884
Daughter of Zion, from the dust..*Montgomery.* 891
Day of judgment, day of wonders.....*Newton.* 732
Dearest of all the names above.....*Watts.* 348

Dearest Savior, help thy servant.....*Toplady's Col.* 498
Dear Friend of friendless sinners, hear .....*R. Hill.* 296
Dear Jesus, let thy pitying eye .....*Village Hymns.* 417
Dear Jesus, prostrate at thy feet.....*Stennett.* 257
Dear Lord, my best desires fulfil.....*Cowper.* 435
Dear refuge of my weary soul.....*Mrs. Steele.* 308
Dear Savior, if these lambs should stray.....*Hyde.* 654
Dear Savior, when my thoughts recall .....*Steele.* 214
Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear.....*Newton.* 597
Deep are the wounds which sin has made.....*Steele.* 168
Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw.....*Duncan.* 825
Depth of mercy, can there be.....*C. Wesley.* 413
Do not I love thee, O my Lord.....*Doddridge.* 385
Draw near, O Son of God, draw near.....*C. Wesley.* 561
Dread Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song..... *Watts.* 640

EARLY, my God, without delay.....*Id.* 504
Earth has engross'd my love too long.....*Id.* 739
Eat, drink, in memory of your friend, *N. York Col.* 520
Enslav'd by sin and bound in chains.....*Steele.* 322
Equip me for the war.....*C. Wesley.* 562
Ere the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad... *Watts.* 99
Eternal and immortal King..... *Williams' Psal.* 40
Eternal God, almighty cause..... .....*Id.* 18
Eternal power, whose high abode..... *Watts.* 13
Eternal Source of ev'ry joy.....*Doddridge.* 599
Eternal Spirit, source of light.....*Pres. Davies.* 181
Eternal Spirit, 'twas thy breath.....*Scott.* 1
Eternal Spirit, we confess ..... *Watts.* 172
Eternity is just at hand.....*Steele.* 242
Eternity, terrific word .....*Tr. Rist.* 245
Ev'ry fallen soul, by sinning..... 321
Ev'ry moment brings me nearer..... *Wingrove.* 475
Exalted high, at God's right hand.....*Duncan.* 746
Exert thy pow'r, thy rights maintain..... *Voke.* 546

FAIN would my soul with wonder trace...*Knight.* 489
Fair shines the morning star .....*Heginbotham.* 811
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss..... *Turner.* 313
Far from these narrow scenes of night .....*Steele.* 999

Far from affliction, toil and care.....*Village Hymns.* 577
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, *Watts.* 490
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.....*Cowper.* 375
Far from thy fold, O God, my feet.....*Tatlock.* 304
Father! at thy call I come .....*Stennett.* 256
Father of heav'n, whose love.....*Bickersteth.* 805
Father, in whom we live .....*C. Wesley.* 807
Father of all our mercies, thou.....*Urwick.* 974
Father divine, the Savior cried.....*N. York Col.* 117
Father divine, thy piercing eye.....*Doddridge.* 486
Father, God, who seest in me.....*Rippon's Col.* 297
Father, how wide thy glories shine..... *Watts.* 56
Father, I bless thy gentle hand.....*Id.* 459
Father of faithful Abraham, hear ..... *Wesley.* 553
Father of glory, to thy name..... *Watts.* 41
Father of mercies, bow thine ear.....*Beddome.* 569
Father of mercies, in thy house.....*Doddridge.* 566
Father of mercies, God of love.....*Raffles.* 282
Father of mercies, in thy word .....*Mrs. Steele.* 3
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.....*C. Wesley.* 441
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.....*Rippon's Col.* 765
Firm was my health, my day was bright..... *Watts.* 679
Flung to the heedless winds.....*Luther, altered.* 906
For a season call'd to part.....*Kenn.* 651
For ever blessed be the Lord..... *Watts.* 176
Fountain of mercy, God of love .....*Psalmist.* 933
Friend after friend departs..... *Montgomery.*1001
Frequent the day of God returns.....*Browne.* 938
From all who dwell below the skies..... *Watts.* 895
From Calvary's sacred mountain...*S. S. Schmucker.* 898
From deep distress to thee I pray.....*Mills-Luther.* 70
From ev'ry earthly pleasure.....*Lyric Gems.* 913
From ev'ry stormy wind that blows.....*H. Stowell.* 790
From Greenland's icy mountains.....*Heber.* 537
From God, my Lord and Savior.....*Tr. Helmbold.* 341
From his low bed of mortal dust.....*Collyer.* 717
From this world's joys and senseless...*Montgomery.* 747

GIVE thanks to God most high..... *Watts.* 110
Give to our God immortal praise.....*Id.* 46
Give to the Father praise.....*Id.*1007

Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame..... *Watts.* 22
Give to the winds thy fears..... *J. Wesley.* 72
Give me the wings of faith to rise..... *Watts.* 869
Glorious things of thee are spoken ..... *Newton.* 533
Glory be to God on high..... *N. York Col.* 49
Glory to God, the Father's name ..... *Heber.* 806
Glory to God, who reigns above..... *Needham.* 102
Glory to thee, my God, this night ..... *Kenn.* 631
Go, and the Savior's grace proclaim..... *Watts.* 544
Go, friends of Jesus, and proclaim..... *Voke.* 543
Go, holy book, thou word divine..... 978
Go through the gates, 'tis God commands..... 549
Go to dark Gethsemane..... *Montgomery.* 860
Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime..... *Id.* 904
Go to thy rest, my child..... *Lyric Gems.* 985
Go watch and pray, thou canst not..... *Spir. Songs.* 815
Go, ye heralds of salvation..... *Baldwin.* 550
God is a spirit, just and wise..... *Watts.* 29
God is the refuge of his saints ..... *Id.* 71
God is my strong salvation ..... *Montgomery.* 856
God is my light, never my soul ... *Tr. Hengstenberg.* 858
God moves in a mysterious way..... *Cowper.* 69
God, my supporter and my hope..... *Watts.* 287
God of eternity, from thee..... *Doddridge.* 705
God of mercy, hear our pray'r..... *Campbell.* 949
God of my life, look gently down..... *Watts.* 674
God of my life, to thee ..... *C. Wesley.* 643
God of my life, to thee belong..... *Scott.* 609
God of my life, to thee I call..... *Cowper.* 956
God of my life, whose gracious pow'r, *Meth. Hymns.* 469
God of my mercy and my praise..... *Watts.* 116
God of mercy! God of grace..... *Lyte.* 258
God of our lives, thy constant care ..... *N. York Col.* 608
God of the morning, at whose voice..... *Watts.* 613
God, to correct the world..... *N. York Col.* 687
Grace, 'tis a charming sound..... *Doddridge.* 316
Gracious spirit, love divine..... *Stocker.* 798
Great God, accept our songs of praise..... *Badden.* 668
Great God, as seasons disappear..... *Campbell's Col.* 605
Great God, at whose all-powerful call, ... *Doddridge.* 598
Great God, before thy mercy-seat..... *Beddome.* 831

Great God, how infinite art thou..... *Watts.* 20
Great God, indulge my humble claim..... *Id.* 389
Great God, in vain man's narrow view ..... *Kippe's.* 19
Great God! my early vows to thee..... 619
Great God, now condescend..... *Fellows.* 658
Great God, the nations of the earth..... *Conder.* 532
Great God, to what a glorious height..... *Watts.* 810
Great God, to thee my evening song..... *Steele.* 945
Great God, we sing that mighty hand... *Doddridge.* 607
Great God, what do I see and hear, *Tr. Ringwaldt.* 735
Great God, what hosts of angels stand..... *Stennett.* 63
Great is the Lord, our God..... *Watts.* 963
Great Lord of all thy churches, hear..... *Kingsbury.* 907
Great Maker of unnumbered worlds ..... *Dyer.* 957
Great was the day, the joy was great..... *Watts.* 528
Greatest of beings, source of life..... *N. York Col.* 67
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah ..... *Oliver.* 455

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews ... *Watts.* 436
Hail, boundless love, that first began.. *Brewer.* 334
Hail, great Creator, wise and good..... *Gent. Mag.* 58
Hail! my ever blessed Jesus..... *Wingrove.* 325
Hail! thou once despised Jesus..... *Id.* 346
Hail to the Lord's anointed ..... *Montgomery.* 777
Happy is he whose early years ..... *Watts.* 652
Happy the heart where graces reign..... *Id.* 438
Happy the hours, the golden days ..... ..... *Id.* 395
Happy the man whose wishes climb... *N. York Col.* 372
Hark! from on high a solemn voice..... *Ib.* 722
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound ..... *Watts.* 701
Hark! 'tis our heav'nly leader's voice.... *Doddridge.* 143
Hark! 'tis the Savior's voice I hear..... *Smith.* 192
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord..... *Cowper.* 387
Hark! the glad sound, the Savior..... *Doddridge.* 105
Hark! the song of Jubilee ..... *Montgomery.* 530
Hark! the voice of love and mercy..... *Evans.* 139
Hark! what celestial notes..... *Salisbury Col.* 104
Hark! what triumphant strains are these ..... 531
Hasten, O sinner, to be wise ..... *Fawcett?* 218
Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims... *Watts.* 725
Hear us, O Lord, in time of need..... 970

Hearts of stone, relent, relent.....*C. Wesley.* 841
He dies, the friend of sinners dies.....*Watts.* 144
He lives, the great Redeemer lives.....*Mrs. Steele.* 789
Hell! 'tis a word of dreadful sound .....*Brown.* 750
Here, at thy cross, my dying Lord.....*Watts.* 132
Here, at thy table, Lord, we meet.....*Stennett.* 525
Here, in thy name, eternal God.....*Montgomery.* 594
High in yonder realms of light.....*Raffles.* 748
High let us swell our tuneful notes.....*N. York Col.* 108
Hither, ye faithful, haste .....*Sir R. Grant.* 779
Holy and reverend is the name.....*Needham.* 28
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness .....*Toplady.* 180
Holy Ghost, with light divine.....*Reed.* 795
Hosanna to the Son.....*Watts.* 135
Hosanna to the royal Son .....*Id.* 347
Hosanna with a cheerful sound.....*Id.* 615
How are thy servants blest, O Lord .....*Addison.* 81
How beauteous are their feet.....*Watts.* 351
How blest the sacred tie that binds, *Mrs. Barbauld.* 433
How blest the righteous when he dies.....*Id.* 986
How condescending and how kind.....*Watts.* 131
How do thy mercies close me round.....*C. Wesley.* 467
How did my heart rejoice to hear.....*Watts.* 769
How firm a foundation, ye saints of.....*Kirkham.* 874
How great, how terrible, that God .....*Davies.* 733
How happy, gracious Lord, are we.....*C. Wesley.* 382
How happy is the pilgrim's lot.....*J. Wesley.* 451
How happy are the young who hear.....*Logan.* 950
How long shall death, the tyrant, reign.....*Watts.* 730
How lost was my condition.....*Newton.* 169
How lovely, how divinely sweet.....*Steele.* 491
How oft, alas! this wretched heart.....*Id.* 414
How pleasing is the voice.....*Dwight.* 934
How sad and awful is my state.....*Cennick.* 260
How shall the young secure their hearts.....*Watts.* 9
How short and hasty is our life.....*Id.* 224
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....*Newton.* 373
How sweetly flow'd the gospel sound.....*Bowring.* 780
How tedious and tasteless the hours .....*Newton.* 380
How vain are all things here below.....*Watts.* 222
How various and how new.....*Stennett.* 361
How vast is the tribute I owe.....*N. York Col.* 678

I AND my house will serve the Lord.....*C. Wesley.* 660
I ask'd the Lord that I might grow .....*Newton.* 445
If human kindness meets return.....*Noel.* 879
If 'tis sweet to mingle where.....*Select Hymns.*1005
I hear a voice that comes from far.....*Kelly.* 359
I know that my Redeemer lives.....*Medley.* 158
I'll praise my Maker whilst I've breath..... *Watts.* 47
I love the Lord; but ah! how far..... 408
I love the Lord; he heard my cries ..... *Watts.* 680
I love thy Zion, Lord .....*Dr. Dwight.* 499
I love to steal awhile away .....*Brown.* 376
I'm not asham'd to own my Lord ..... *Watts.* 923
I mine Ebenezer raise.....*Fawcett.* 644
In evil long I took delight.....*Newton.* 197
In vain the world's alluring smile.....*Steele.* 93
In glad amazement, Lord, I stand.....*Doddridge.* 54
In sleep's serene oblivion laid .....*Hawkesworth.* 617
In songs of sublime adoration and praise, *Reece's Sel.* 319
In sweet exalted strains .....*B. Francis.* 596
In the floods of tribulation.....*S. Pearce.* 684
In thy great name, O Lord, we come .....*Hoskins.* 496
In vain my fancy strives to paint.....*Newton.* 719
In vain opposing nations rage.....*N. York Col.* 686
In vain would boasting reason find..... 315
Indulgent Father, by whose care....*Lond. Ev. Mag.* 634
Indulgent Father, how divine..... *Village Hymns.* 51
Indulgent God, to thee I raise .....*Francis.* 365
Indulgent God, to thee we pray.....*Griffin's Sel.* 541
Indulgent sov'reign of the skies .....*Doddridge.* 582
Infinite grace! and can it be.....*Tucker.* 333
I now have found for hope of heaven...*Mills-Rothe.* 357
I saw beyond the tomb.....*Dwight.* 237
I send the joys of earth away ..... *Watts.* 310
Israel, in ancient days ..... .....*Cowper.* 170
I thirst, but not as once I did.....*Cowper.* 420
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God.....*J. Wesley.* 384
I was a groveling creature once.....*Cowper.* 355
I would, but cannot sing .....*Newton.* 291
I would not live alway; I ask not to ...*Muhlenberg.* 873

JEHOVAH'S grace, how full, how free...*Hoskins.* 189
Jehovah God, thy gracious pow'r, *Dr. Thompson.* 773

Jerusalem, my happy home.....*Montgomery.* 749
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....*Gregg.* 442
Jesus, full of all compassion.....*D. Turner.* 280
Jesus, help thy fallen creature..... 478
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....*Grant.* 925
Jesus, if still the same thou art .....*C. Wesley.* 276
Jesus, if still thou art to-day.....*Id.* 277
Jesus invites his saints..... *Watts.* 516
Jesus is gone above the skies.....*Id.* 517
Jesus, in thy transporting name.....*Steele.* 330
Jesus, lover of my soul.....*C. Wesley.* 167
Jesus my all to heaven is gone.....*Cennick.* 449
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace.....*Doddridge.* 665
Jesus, my Savior and my God.....*Stennett.* 419
Jesus, my Savior, Brother, Friend .....*C. Wesley.* 343
Jesus, my strength, my hope .....*Id.* 289
Jesus, our triumphant head.....*N. York Col.* 152
Jesus, save my dying soul..... 835
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun..... *Watts.* 529
Jesus, to thy wounds I fly.....*C. Wesley.* 850
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness .....*J. Wesley.* 867
Jesus, thou dear redeeming Lord ..... *C. Wesley.* 495
Jesus, thy blessings are not few..... *Watts.* 201
Jesus, thy boundless love to me.....*C. Wesley.* 381
Jesus, thy wandering sheep behold.....*Id.* 556
Join all the glorious names..... *Watts.* 332
Joy to the world, the Lord is come.....*Id.* 107
Judgment comes, that day of.....*Mills' Dies Iræ.* 990
Just o'er the grave I hung.....*Dwight.* 675

KINDRED and friends, and ..... *Village Hymns.* 551
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake ...*Newton.* 647

LADEN with guilt and full of fears.....*Dr. Watts.* 11
Lamb of God, for sinners slain..... 279
Lamb of God, we fall before thee..... 336
Let all the heathen writers join..... *Watts.* 5
Let all who truly bear.....*C. Wesley.* 518
Let av'rice borne from shore to shore.....*Stennett.* 4
Let carnal minds the world pursue.....*Newton.* 307
Let earth and heav'n agree.....*C. Wesley.* 329

Let ev'ry ear attend..... *Watts.* 183
Let others boast how strong they be..... *Id.* 75
Let Pharisees of high esteem ..... *Id.* 431
Let the high heav'ns your songs invite, *N. York Col.* 61
Let the whole race of creatures lie ..... *Watts.* 65
Let thoughtless thousands choose the road, *Hoskins.* 388
Let Zion's watchmen all awake..... *Doddridge.* 567
Life is a span, a fleeting hour..... *Steele.* 714
Life is the time to serve the Lord..... *Watts.* 217
Lift not thou the wailing voice..... *Doane.* 988
Lo! he comes, with clouds descending ..... *Oliver.* 731
Lo! what a pleasing sight ..... *N. York Col.* 434
Long as I live I'll bless thy name..... *Watts.* 52
Look up, ye saints, with sweet surprise..... 916
Lord, all I am is known to thee..... *Watts.* 26
Lord, cause thy face on us to shine..... 902
Lord, at thy feet I prostrate fall..... *Cennick.* 271
Lord, at thy feet in dust I lie..... *Browne.* 290
Lord, at thy table I behold ..... *Stennett.* 524
Lord, didst thou die, but not for me..... *Cruttenden.* 303
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing..... *Burder.* 752
Lord, hear the voice of my complaint..... 943
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see..... *Watts.* 639
Lord, I am pain'd, but I resign ..... *Id.* 672
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine ..... *Davies.* 590
Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin ..... *Watts.* 254
Lord, I cannot let thee go..... *Newton.* 440
Lord, I would spread my sore distress..... *Watts.* 90
Lord, let thy goodness lead our land..... *Pratt's Col.* 971
Lord, in the days of youth..... *Dobell's Col.* 671
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear ..... *Watts.* 942
Lord of my life, O may thy praise..... *Mrs. Steele.* 616
Lord of the Church, we humbly pray..... 576
Lord of hosts, to thee we raise..... *Montgomery.* 929
Lord of the Sabbath and its light..... 937
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows..... *Doddridge.* 505
Lord of the worlds above..... *Watts.* 500
Lord, send thy word, and let it fly..... *Gibbons.* 536
Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me..... *Watts.* 25
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray..... *Id.* 642
Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand..... *Id.* 502

Lord, we come before thee now.....*Hammond.* 497
Lord, we confess our num'rous faults.....*Watts.* 338
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I.....*Id.* 94
Lord, what our ears have heard..... 508
Lord, what was man when made at first.....*Watts.* 92
Lord, when together here we meet..... 650
Lord, when we cast our eyes abroad....*Dobell's Col.* 542
Love divine, all love excelling.....*C. Wesley.* 423
Love divine, how sweet the sound.....*Leeds Col.* 391

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned.....*Stennett.* 791
Maker of all things, mighty Lord.....*Abrid.* 961
Man has a soul of vast desires.....*Watts.* 225
May the grace of Christ, our Saviour.....*Newton.* 757
Men of God, go take your stations.....*Kelly.* 539
Mercy, O thou Son of David.....*Rippon's Ap.* 208
Methinks the last great day is come.....*Needham.* 734
Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints.... 997
Mistaken souls that dream of heav'n.....*Watts.* 323
Must friends and kindred droop and die.....*Id.* 710
My barns are full, my stores increase.....*Newton.* 219
My brethren, from my heart belov'd ...*Dr. Gibbons.* 563
My country, 'tis of thee.....*S. F. Smith.* 972
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord.....*Watts.* 114
My drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?.....*Id.* 410
My Father! cheering name .....*N. York Col.* 428
My flying years, time urges on..... 656
My former hopes are fled .....*Cowper.* 264
My God, and is thy table spread .....*Doddridge.* 526
My God, how endless is thy love.....*Watts.* 612
My God, my life, my love.....*Id.* 55
My God, my portion, and my love.....*Id.* 286
My God, permit me not to be.....*Id.* 426
My God, the spring of all my joys .....*Id.* 472
My God, thy boundless love.....*Hannah Moore.* 33
My God, thy service well demands .....*Doddridge.* 682
My gracious, loving Lord..... 278
My hope, my all, my Savior thou.....*Meth. Col.* 331
My hope, my portion, and my God.....*N. York Col.* 175
My rising soul, with strong desires.....*Beddome.* 383
My song shall bless the Lord of all.....*Cowper.* 111

My soul doth magnify the Lord..... *Village Hymns.* 363
My soul, repeat his praise..... *Watts.* 36
My soul, the awful hour will come.....*N. York Col.* 677
My soul, be on thy guard.....*Heath.* 463
My soul lies cleaving to the dust ..... *Watts.* 973
My soul, the minutes haste away.....*Brown.* 233
My spirit looks to God alone ..... *Watts.* 473

NO, I'll repine at death no more ..... *Watts.* 727
Nor eye hath seen nor ear hath heard.....*Id.* 742
Not all the blood of beasts.....*Id.* 320
Not all the nobles of the earth.....*Stennett.* 368
Not by the law of innocence ..... *Watts.* 318
Not from relentless fate's dark womb .....*Id.* 73
Not from the dust affliction grows.....*Id.* 458
Not to the terrors of the Lord.....*Id.* 744
Now begin the heav'nly theme.....*Rippon.* 350
Now be that sacrifice survey'd.....*N. York Col.* 142
Now, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost..... 659
Now from the altar of our hearts.....*Hoskins.* 637
Now I resolve with all my heart.....*Mrs. Steele.* 917
Now in the heat of youthful blood..... *Watts.* 653
Now is the accepted time .....*Dobell.* 182
Now is the day of grace.....*Select Hymns.* 826
Now is the time, th' accepted hour.....*Cowper.* 230
Now let our hearts conspire to.....*D. Bradberry.* 667
Now let the Father and the Son..... *Watts.* 761
Now let our drooping hearts revive.....*Doddridge.* 578
Now let us raise our cheerful strains.....*Steele.* 159
Now to the great and sacred Three....*Ch. Psalmist.*1009
Now to the Father, God, who gave us.....*Mills.*1020
Now the shades of night are gone... *Village Hymns.* 623
Now we hail the happy dawning .....*Ib.* 586

OBLESS the Lord, my soul..... *Watts.* 53
O come, thou great and gracious power..... 865
O could I find some peaceful bow'r.....*Harrison.* 401
O could I speak the matchless worth.....*Medley.* 326
O for a faith that will not shrink.....*Bathurst.* 866
O for a glance of heav'nly day.. .....*Hart.* 253
O for a heart to praise my God.....*C. Wesley.* 251

O for that tenderness of heart .....*C. Wesley.* 250
Oft in danger, oft in woe.....*H. K. White.* 924
O God, our help in ages past..... *Watts.* 959
O God, look down from heav'n.....*Reynolds-Luther.* 965
O God of Jacob, by whose hand.....*Logan.* 437
O God of Zion, from thy throne.....*Rippon's Col.* 579
O gracious Lord, whose mercies rise..... 955
O happy day that fix'd my choice.....*Doddridge.* 922
O happy soul, that lives on high..... *Watts.* 369
O Holy Ghost, descend, we pray, *Reynolds-Schirmer.* 794
O in the morn of life, when youth.....*Epis. Col.* 953
O let my trembling soul be still.....*Bowring.* 816
O Lord, another day is flown.....*H. K. White.* 633
O Lord, my God, in mercy turn.....*Id.* 266
O Lord, our languid souls inspire .....*Newton.* 493
O Lord, and shall our fainting souls .....*T. Scott.* 911
O Lord, thy heav'nly grace impart.....*Oberlin.* 927
O Lord, uphold us by thy word....*Reynolds-Luther.* 966
O Lord, our God, arise..... *Wardlaw.* 881
O love, beyond conception great..... 847
O love divine, how sweet thou art.....*C. Wesley.* 324
O let our thoughts and wishes fly.....*Steele.* 993
O let me now repent.....*C. Wesley.* 249
O let me now repent .....*Id.* 252
O my soul, what means this sadness.....*Fawcett.* 399
Once more we meet to pray..... 908
O pour thy Spirit from on high..... 900
O sacred head, now wounded, *Alexander-Gerhardt.* 788
O Sion's King, we suppliant bow ..... 593
O Spirit of the living God .....*Montgomery.* 804
O that I had a thousand voices .....*Mills-Mentzer.* 43
O that I had a seraph's fire.....*Kent.* 340
O that I knew the secret place ..... *Watts.* 378
O that I were as heretofore .....*C. Wesley.* 418
O that I were as heretofore.....*C. Wesley.* 557
O that my load of sin were gone .....*C. Wesley.* 424
O that the Comforter would come..... 803
O that the Lord would guide my ways..... *Watts.* 179
O that the Lord's salvation .....*Lyte.* 888
O the delights, the heav'nly joys..... *Watts.* 740
O the delights, the heav'nly joys..... *Id.* 160

O thou, before whose gracious throne ...*Evans's Col.* 575
O thou, from whom all goodness.....*Haweis.* 849
O thou God of my salvation.....*C. Wesley.* 344
O thou that dost in secret see..... 284
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry..... *Watts.* 275
O thou that hearest pray'r.....*Campbell.* 802
O thou who this mysterious bread..... 519
O thou whose beams, serenely bright.....*Collyer.* 162
O thou whose tender mercy hears .....*Steele.* 299
Our God is true, them he will ne'er...*Mills-Liebich.* 352
O what a pleasure 'tis to see.....*Cheater.* 669
O what amazing words of grace.....*Medley.* 191
O when wilt thou, my Savior, be..... 301
O Zion, when I think of thee..... *Kelly.* 448
O'er those gloomy hills of darkness .....*P. Williams.* 538
Of all the joys we mortals know..... *Watts.* 390
Of him who did salvation bring.....*Psalm. German.* 345
Oft as the bell, with solemn toll.....*Newton.* 699
O could I find from day to day ..... *Village Hymns.* 379
O for a closer walk with God.....*Cowper.* 416
O for a thousand tongues to sing.....*C. Wesley.* 337
O how divine, how sweet the joy.....*Needham.* 583
O if my soul was form'd for woe..... *Watts.* 267
O may the power which melts the rock.....*Newton.* 692
O that the Lord would hear my cry, *Village Hymns.* 302
O turn, great Ruler of the skies.....*Merrick.* 263
O what stupendous mercy shines.....*Rippon.* 661
O where shall rest be found.....*Montgomery.* 698
Omnipresent God, whose aid..... 632
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....*Stennett.* 476
On Judah's plains as shepherds sat.....*Heber.* 103
On Tabor's top the Savior stands.....*Collyer.* 784
On the brink of fiery ruin.....*Swain.* 358
On the mountain's top appearing .....*Kelly.* 585
On thee, each morning, O my God.....*Kipp.* 940
On thee, great Ruler of the skies ..... 688
On Thibet's snow-capt mountains..... 882
On this sweet morn my Lord arose.....*Berridge.* 626
Once more, before we part.....*Griffin's Sel.* 756
Once more my eyes behold the day.....*Knight.* 611
Once more, my soul, the rising day ..... *Watts.* 614

Once more we keep the sacred day.....*Dobell's Col.* 670
One there is, above all others.....*Newton.* 165
Our country is Immanuel's ground, *Mrs. Barbauld.* 454
Our days, alas! our mortal days..... *Watts.* 223
Our Father, thron'd above the sky.....*Scott.* 394
Our heavenly Father, hear .....*Montgomery.* 875
Our Lord is risen from the dead.....*C. Wesley.* 155
Our Sabbaths come so welcome on..... 625
Our souls by love together knit.....*Miller.* 897
Our souls with pleasing wonder view'd..... *Watts.* 35
Our shatter'd bark on boist'rous seas...*Madan's Col.* 962

PARENT of good! thy works of might..... 57
Pardon'd through redeeming grace..... 512
Paschal Lamb, by God appointed, *Braithwaite's Col.* 171
Peace be on this house bestow'd..... 648
Peace! the welcome sound proclaim ...*N. York Col.* 693
People of the living God.....*Montgomery.* 919
Pity the nations, O our God.....*N. York Col.* 527
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair..... *Watts.* 349
Poor, weak and worthless though I am.....*Newton.* 166
Poor, wilder'd weeping heart..... 821
Praise the God of all creation.....*Ch. Psalmist.*1013
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.....*Kenn.*1006
Praise, happy land, Jehovah's name...*N. York Col.* 685
Praise ye Jehovah, with anthems of ...*Tr. Neander.* 17
Praise ye the Lord, who reigns above, *N. York Col.* 109
Pray'r is the soul's sincere desire.....*Montgomery.* 487
Pray'r was appointed to convey .....*Hart.* 483
Precious Bible, what a treasure.....*Newton.* 6
Proclaim, said Christ, God's wondrous,.....*Newton.* 511

Quench not the spirit of the Lord.....*C. Wesley.* 801

RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise.....*Doddridge.* 235
Raise your triumphant songs..... *Watts.* 106
Rejoice in God, the word commands .....*Swain.* 398
Rejoice, the Savior reigns .....*Bristol Col.* 534
Rejoice, ye ransom'd of the Lord, *Reynolds-Luther.* 843
Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high..... *Watts.* 151
Religion is the chief concern.....*Fawcett.* 813

Remember thy Creator .....*S. F. Smith.* 954
Retire, vain world, awhile retire.....*Watts.* 910
Return, my roving heart, return.....*Doddridge.* 427
Return, O wanderer, return .....*Collyer.* 203
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....*Cennick.* 854
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path.....*Needham.* 870
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem.....*Pope.* 890
Rock of ages, cleft for me.....*Toplady.* 164
Roll on, thou mighty ocean.....*Noel.* 886
Round the temperance standard rally..... 976

SAFELY through another week.....*Newton.* 628
Salvation, O the joyful sound.....*Watts.* 362
Savior, canst thou love a traitor.....*Aldridge's Col.* 270
Savior, visit thy plantation .....*Newton.* 580
Savior, Father, Brother, Friend..... 876
Savior, when in dust, to thee .....*Grant.* 792
Say, sinner, hath a voice within.....*Hyde.* 229
Say, should we search the globe.....*Rippon's Col.* 968
See, from Zion's sacred mountain.....*Kelly.* 196
See, gracious God, before thy throne.....*Steele.* 691
See how many, lately bowing ..... 889
See how the rising sun.....*Scott.* 618
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand.....*Doddridge.* 509
See th' eternal Judge descending, *Cleland's Hymns.* 737
See what a living stone..... *Watts.* 148
Self-righteous souls on works rely.....*Dobell's Col.* 317
Servants of Christ, his truth who know....*Llandaff.* 901
Servant of God, well done .....*Montgomery.* 905
Shall atheists dare insult the cross..... *Watts.* 12
Shall man, O God of light and life.....*Dwight.* 989
Shepherd of Israel, bend thine ear.....*Doddridge.* 570
Shepherd of Israel, thou didst lead, *Village Hymns.* 554
Shepherd of Israel, thou dost keep.....*Doddridge.* 572
Shepherd of souls, if thou indeed ..... 559
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive ..... *Watts.* 274
Shine, mighty God, on Zion shine..... *Watts.* 885
Shine on our souls, eternal God.....*N. York Col.* 80
Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts..... *Watts.* 90
Since Jesus freely did appear.....*Berridge.* 645
Sing to the Lord who loud proclaims...*N. York Col.* 312

Sinner, is thy heart at rest..... 820
Sinner, art thou still secure.....*Newton.* 239
Sinner, what has earth to show.....*Urwick's Col.* 98
Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep.....*Epis. Col.* 828
Sinners! the voice of God regard.....*Fawcett.* 243
Sinners, this solemn truth regard.....*Hoskins.* 215
Sinners, turn, why will ye die?..... *C. Wesley.* 824
Sinners, will you scorn the message?.....*Allen.* 187
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.....*S. F. Smith.* 984
Smote by the law, I'm justly slain.....*Strong.* 268
So fades the lovely blooming flow'r .....*Mrs. Steele.* 713
So let our lips and lives express..... *Watts.* 446
Soldiers of Christ, arise.....*C. Wesley.* 415
Sometimes a light surprises.....*Cowper.* 853
Some seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue ..... *Watts.* 15
Songs of immortal praise belong.....*Id.* 27
Songs of praise the angels sang .....*Montgomery.* 770
Source of eternal joy divine.....*Steele.* 281
Soon in the grave my flesh shall rest, *Mills-Knapp.* 983
Sov'reign Ruler, Lord of all .....*Raffles.* 283
Sov'reign Ruler of the skies.....*Dr. Ryland.* 429
Spirit, leave thy house of clay.....*Montgomery.* 716
Spirit of truth, on this thy day.....*N. York Col.* 793
Spirit of holiness, look down.....*Bathurst.* 800
Spirit divine, attend our pray'r.....*Reed.* 930
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears ..... *Watts.* 411
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay .....*C. Wesley.* 228
Stern winter throws his icy chains.....*Steele.* 606
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think .....*Newton.* 240
Stoop down, my thoughts, that used to..... *Watts.* 247
Stretch'd on the cross, the Savior dies.....*Steele.* 125
Stricken, smitten, and afflicted.....*Kelly.* 126
Strive, first of all, thyself to know..... 864
Supreme High Priest, the pilgrim's light..... 300
Sure the blest Comforter is nigh .....*Steele.* 177
Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace..... *Watts.* 34
Sweet is the scene where Christians die...*Barbauld.* 724
Sweet is the thought, the promise sweet..... 872
Sweet is the work, my God, my King..... *Watts.* 506
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.....*Robinson.* 374
Sweet was the time when first I felt.....*Newton.* 396

TEACH me the measure of my days..... *Watts.* 702
Tell me no more of earthly toys.....*Harrison.* 443
Thanks for mercies past receive.....*N. York Col.* 758
That awful hour will soon appear..... *Mrs. Steele.* 704
That warning voice, O sinner, hear..... 830
The busy scenes of day are fled..... 947
The Christian navigates a sea..... 457
The darken'd sky, how thick it low'rs, *N. York Col.* 460
The day is past and gone.....*Ib.* 635
The day of wrath, that dreadful day..... *W. Scott.* 991
The day is gone, the weary sun.....*Mills-Neander.* 918
The earth, where'er I turn mine eye...*Mills-Gellert.* 62
The fountain flows, waters of life ...*Mills-Allendorf.* 819
The God of mercy be ador'd.....*C. Wesley.*1010
The gold and silver are the Lord's.....*Griffin's Sel.* 663
The grave is now a favor'd spot..... *Village Hymns.* 723
The hour of my departure's come....*A. S. Morrison.* 480
The King of heaven his table spreads....*Doddridge.* 195
The law by Moses came..... *Watts.* 134
The Lord among the mighty stands..... 694
The Lord, the Sov'reign King..... 809
The Lord my Shepherd is ..... *Watts.* 855
The Lord, how tender is his love.....*N. York Col.* 868
The Lord is God, to Father, Son and.....*Dr. Mills.*1024
The Lord, how fearful is his name..... *Watts.* 66
The Lord in Zion plac'd his name.....*Ib.* 501
The Lord is ris'n indeed.....*Kelly.* 150
The Lord my pasture shall prepare .....*Addison.* 79
The Lord of earth and sky.....*C. Wesley.* 610
The Lord of life, with glory crown'd...*N. York Col.* 153
The Lord will come, the earth will quake.....*Heber.* 736
The Lord who truly knows.....*Newton.* 485
The Lord will happiness divine .....*Cowper.* 255
The man is ever blest..... *Watts.* 212
The morning flow'rs display their, .....*S. Wesley Jr.* 706
The morning light is breaking.....*S. F. Smith.* 915
The new-born child of gospel grace .....*Cowper.* 366
The peace which God alone reveals.....*Newton.* 754
The prodigal with streaming eyes..... *Watts.* 205
The promises I sing.....*Doddridge.* 31
The ransom'd spirit to her home .....*Tappan.* 996

The saints on earth, and those above..... ..... 896
The Savior calls, let ev'ry ear.....*Steele.* 194
The spacious firmament on high.....*Addison.* 59
The Spirit breathes upon the word.....*Cowper.* 10
The Spirit in our hearts.....*Epis. Col.* 226
The spring, great God, at thy command....*Gibbons.* 604
The sun is fast descending .....*Schmucker.* 456
The swift declining day.....*Doddridge.* 827
The time is short, the season near.....*Hoskins.* 227
The voice of free grace cries escape.....*Thornby.* 812
The wand'ring star, and fleeting wind.....*Beddome.* 409
Thee we adore, eternal name..... *Watts.* 703
Thee we adore, eternal Word.....*Rippon's Col.* 101
There is a voice of sov'reign grace..... *Watts.* 241
There is a fountain fill'd with blood.....*Cowper.* 327
There is a glorious world on high .....*Jane Taylor.* 371
There is a house not made with hands..... *Watts.* 721
There is a land of pure delight.....*Id.* 738
There is a pure and peaceful wave..... 998
There is an hour of hallow'd peace .....*Union Col.* 995
There is an hour of peaceful rest..... *W. B. Tappan.* 994
There is a place of sacred rest.....*Turnbull.*1000
They that have made their refuge God, *N. York Col.* 77
This feast was Jesus' high behest..... 521
This God is the God we adore.....*Hart.* 755
This is the day the Lord hath made..... *Watts.* 507
This is the feast of heav'nly wine.....*Cowper.* 515
This man sinners doth receive.....*Mills-Neumeister.* 844
This place is holy ground.....*Montgomery.* 981
This world that we so highly prize..... 980
Thou art the way, to thee alone.....*Doane.* 121
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will.....*Heber.* 987
Thou art my portion, O my God ..... *Watts.* 392
Thou art, O God, a spirit pure.....*Needham.* 14
Thou God of glorious majesty..... *Wesley.* 248
Thou God of sov'reign grace.....*Campbell's Col.* 657
Thou God and Father of our Lord.....*Mills.*1022
Thou great, mysterious God, unknown ....*C. Wesley.* 293
Thou hidden God, for whom I groan.....*Id.* 288
Thou Lord of all above.....*Beddome.* 412
Thou Lord of all the worlds on high.....*Doddridge.* 356

Thou man of griefs, remember, me ..... 273
Thou only sov'reign of my heart.....*Mrs. Steele.* 306
Thou Shepherd of Israel, divine.....*C. Wesley.* 377
Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream... 785
Though in the earthly church below.....*Newton.* 581
Though nature's voice you must obey..... 711
Through all the various, shifting.....*Rippon's Col.* 68
Through shades and solitudes.....*Montgomery.* 211
Through sorrow's night and danger's..*H. K. White.* 729
Thrice holy Lord, I love thy truth.....*Cowper.* 421
Thus far the Lord has led me on.....*Watts.* 629
Thus spake the Savior, when he sent, *N. York Col.* 565
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love.....*C. Wesley.* 32
Thy presence, everlasting God.....*Doddridge.* 759
Thy presence, gracious God, afford .....*Fawcett.* 494
Thy way, O God, is in the sea .....*Id.* 82
Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design, .....*Serle.* 84
'Tis a point I long to know.....*Newton.* 397
'Tis by the faith of joys to come ..... *Watts.* 314
'Tis finish'd ! so the Savior cried.....*Stennett.* 138
'Tis hard to part from those we love, *Village Hymns.* 676
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow.....*H. K. White.* 122
'Tis my happiness below.....*Cowper.* 444
'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope.....*Toplady.* 474
'Tis wisdom, mercy, love divine.....*Steele.* 86
To calm the sorrows of the mind.....*N. York Col.* 74
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.....*Hodson's Col.* 762
To God the Father, God the Son..... *Watts.* 760
To God the Father, God the Son.....*Dobell's Col.* 763
To God, the only wise..... *Watts.* 295
To God, the universal King.....*Stennett.* 39
To languish for his native air..... 477
To our Redeemer's glorious name .....*Steele.* 353
To praise the ever bounteous Lord.....*Needham.* 603
To thee, let my first offerings rise.....*Ib.* 620
To thee, O God, my pray'r ascends.....*N. York Col.* 285
To thee, this temple we devote.....*J. R. Scott.* 931
To thy temple we repair.....*Montgomery.* 768
To thy great name, O Prince of peace..... *Williams.* 573
To us salvation now has come.....*Mills-Speratus.* 842
To your Creator, God.....*Mrs. Steele.* 48

'Twas by an order from the Lord..... *Watts.* 2
'Twas for our sake, eternal God.....*Id.* 127
'Twas God who hurl'd the.....*Martineau's Col.* 23
'Twas in the watches of the night..... *Watts.* 641
'Twas on that dreadful, doleful night.....*Id.* 514

UNCERTAIN how the way to find.....*Newton.* 400
United pray'rs ascend to thee ..... 877
Upward I lift mine eyes.....*Id.* 76

Vital spark of heav'nly flame.....*Pope.* 482

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night.....*Bowring.* 545
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes, *Bap. Psalmist.* 827
We bid thee welcome in the name.....*Montgomery.* 571
We come, O Lord, before thy throne..*Select Hymns.* 960
We lift our hearts to thee.....*J. Wesley.* 622
Welcome, thou well belov'd of God.....*Godwin.* 591
Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer, *Village Hymns.* 305
Welcome, ye hopeful heirs of heav'n.....*Ib.* 592
Welcome, sweet day of rest..... *Watts.* 936
Well, the Redeemer's gone.....*Id.* 156
We praise thee, Lord, if but one soul..... 977
We sing the almighty pow'r of God.....*Minstrel.* 60
We sing the wise, the gracious plan..... *Watts.* 339
We've no abiding city here.....*Kelly.* 447
What are possessions, fame and pow'r...*Blackmore.* 97
What cheering words are these.....*Kent.* 468
What could your Redeemer do.....*C. Wesley.* 185
What equal honors shall we bring..... *Watts.* 154
What if death my sleep invade..... 636
What is our God, or what his name ..... *Watts.* 16
What is the thing of greatest price.....*Montgomery.* 64
What language now salutes the ear.....*Hoskins.* 190
What mean these jealousies and fears.....*Stogdon.* 309
What shall I render to my God..... *Watts.* 920
What sinners value, I resign.....*Id.* 728
What strange perplexities arise.....*Pr. Davies.* 402
What though the arm of conquering.....*Doddridge.* 903
What thousands never knew the road.....*Cowper.* 450
What various hindrances we meet.....*Id.* 484

What various lovely characters..... .... 782
When all thy mercies, O my God.....*Addison.* 851
When any turn from Zion's way.....*Newton.* 405
When at a distance, Lord, we trace.....*Doddridge.* 118
When bending o'er the brink of life.....*Collyer.* 696
When blooming youth is snatched away.....*Steele.* 715
When darkness long has veil'd my mind....*Cowper.* 404
When death appears before my sight .....*Steele.* 707
When faith beholds the saints above...*Dobell's Col.* 741
When frowning death appears.....*Lee.* 238
When gloomy thoughts and fears.....*N. York Col.* 370
When God's own people stand in need.....*Fawcett.* 83
When God reveal'd his gracious name..... *Watts.* 360
When I can read my title clear.....*Id.* 466
When I survey the wondrous cross .....*Id.* 129
When in dark and dreadful gloom .....*Montgomery.* 24
When in the light of faith divine ..... *Watts.* 95
When Israel forth from Egypt went..... 772
When Israel through the desert pass'd.....*Beddome.* 8
When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay .....*Gibbons.* 664
When languor and disease invade.....*Toplady.* 683
When life's tempestuous storms .....*N. York Col.* 720
When, Lord, to this our western land.....*Ib.* 894
When marshal'd on the nightly .....*H. K. White.* 161
When mortal man resigns his breath..... 673
When night descends..... *Village Hymns.* 465
When, O dear Jesus, when shall I.....*Cennick.* 638
When on Sinai's top I see.....*Montgomery.* 861
When Paul was parted from his friends.....*Newton.* 564
When rising from the bed of death.....*Addison.* 298
When shall we all meet again.....*Select Hymns.* 871
When shall we meet again .....*Ib.*1004
When shall the voice of singing.....*Pratt's Col.* 883
When sickness shakes the languid frame.....681
When streaming from the eastern.....*Lord Glenelg.* 941
When the poor leper's case I read..... 207
When the vale of death appears.....*Mrs. Gilbert.* 481
When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt .....*Rippon.* 992
When o'erwhelm'd with grief..... *Watts.* 958
When verdure clothes the fertile vale.....*Steele.* 601
Whence has the world her magic pow'r ..... 700
Where are the dead? in heav'n or.....*Montgomery.* 697

Where is my God—does he retire? .....*Steele.* 837
Where shall the tribes of Adam find..... *Watts.* 335
Where shall we sinners hide our..... *Watts.* 834
Where two or three together meet.....*Kent.* 488
Where two or three, with sweet accord.....*Stennett.* 492
Wherefore should man, frail child of clay...*Enfield.* 430
While justice waves her vengeful hand..*Mrs. Steele.* 689
While my Redeemer's near.....*Steele.* 783
While o'er our guilty land, O Lord.....*Davies.* 690
While on the verge of life I stand.....*Doddridge.* 479
While thee I seek, protecting .....*Mrs. Williams.* 393
While to the grave our friends are borne.....*Steele.* 712
While with ceaseless course the sun.....*Newton.* 932
Who are these in bright array.....*Montgomery.*1002
Who knows how near my life's.....*Aemilia Juliana.* 982
Why do we mourn departing friends..... *Watts.* 718
Why should the children of a King.....*Id.* 799
Why should a living man complain.....*Stennett.* 464
Why should this earth delight us so..... *Watts.* 96
Why should we start and fear to die.....*Id.* 708
Why sinks my weak desponding mind .....*Steele.* 403
Why will ye lavish out your years .....*Doddridge.* 244
Will the pardoning God despise..... 294
Winter has a joy for me .....*Cowper.* 600
With ecstasy of joy .....*N. York Col.* 128
With eye impartial, heav'n's high King.....*Ib.* 30
With grateful hearts and tuneful lays.....*Lee.* 646
With guilt oppress'd, bow'd down ....*Bap. Psalmist.* 839
With heav'nly pow'r, O Lord, defend, *Radford's Col.* 574
With humble faith and fervent zeal.....*Dobell's Col.* 928
With humble heart and tongue .....*Fawcett.* 952
With melting heart and weeping eyes.....*Id.* 272
With tears of anguish I lament.....*Stennett.* 259
Would you win a soul to God.....*Hammond.* 558

YE angels, round the throne..... *Watts.* 766
Ye followers of the Prince of .....*N. York Col.* 522
Ye glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu.....*Steele.* 269
Ye golden lamps of heav'n, farewell.....*Doddridge.* 743
Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm.....*Id.* 199
Ye humble souls, approach your God.....*Steele.* 45

Ye humble souls, that seek the Lord.....*Doddridge.* 146
Ye men and angels, witness now.....*Beddome.* 918
Ye messengers of Christ.....*Voke.* 552
Ye saints, proclaim abroad.....*Ryland.* 112
Ye servants of the Lord.....*Doddridge.* 439
Ye sons of Adam, vain and young.....*Watts.* 246
Ye sons of men, in sacred lays.....*N. York Col.* 37
Ye trembling souls! dismiss your fears....*Beddome.* 88
Ye who in former days.....*Hyde.* 406
Ye worlds of light, that roll so near.....*Beddome.* 163
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor.....*Steele.* 198
Yes, my native land, I love thee.....*S. F. Smith.* 887
Yes, there are joys that cannot die.....*Ch. Psalmist.* 662
Yes, the Redeemer rose.....*Doddridge.* 149
Yes, we trust the day is breaking.....*Kelly.* 587

ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame.....*Newton.* 863
Zion stands with hills surrounded.....*Kelly.* 967

N. B.—*Tr.* prefixed to the name of an author, in the preceding list, means that the hymn is *translated* from his original; and two names united by a hyphen, show that the hymn is translated by the author whose name stands first, from the latter. Thus, *Mills-Gerhardt* means a hymn of *Gerhardt* translated by *Dr. Mills.*

# TABLE

OF

# HYMNS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

*With the corresponding melody, or tune, to which both the original and the translation may be sung; alphabetically arranged.*


1. As the eagle fondly hovers..... .....No. 85
   Mel. Solt ich meinem Gott nicht singen.
2. Aspire, my heart, on high to live ..... 220
   Mel. Es ist das Heil uns kommen her.
3. A safe stronghold our God is still ..... 964
   Mel. Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.
4. Behold the man, how heavy lay..... 787
   Mel. Allein Gott in der Hoeh' sey Ehr.
5. Come, thou Savior of our race ..... 776
   Mel. Nun komm der Heiden Heiland.
6. Commit thy way confiding..... 775
   Mel. Befiehl' du deine Wege.
7. Eternity, terrific word..... 245
   Mel. O Ewigkeit du Donnerwort.
8. From deep distress to thee I pray..... 70
   Mel. Aus tiefer Noth ruf' ich zu dir.
9. From God my Lord and Savior ..... 341
   Mel. Auf, auf! ihr Reichsgenossen; or,
   " Von Gott will ich nicht lassen.
10. God is my light—never, my soul..... 858
    Mel. Gott ist getreu, sein Herz u.
11. Great God! what do I see and hear..... 735
    Mel. Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit.
12. I now have found for hope of heaven..... 357
    Mel. Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden; or,
    " Noch sing ich hier aus dunkler Ferne.
13. Judgment comes, that day of mourning..... 990
    Mel. Jenen Tag, den Tag der Wehen; or,
    " Dies iræ, dies illa.
14. Now to the Father God, who gave us.....1020
    Mel. Noch sing ich hier aus dunkler Ferne.
15. O God, look down from heav'n, we pray..... 965
    Mel. Ach Gott, vom Himmel sieh darein.

16. O Holy Ghost, descend, we pray .....No. 794
Mel. O Heil'ger Geist, kehr' bei uns ein; or,
" Wie schoen leucht uns der Morgenstern.

17. O Lord! uphold us by thy word..... 966
Mel. Erhalt' uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort.

18. O sacred head! now wounded ..... 788
Mel. O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden; or,
" Herzlich thut mich verlangen.

19. O that I had a thousand voices..... 43
Mel. O dass ich tausend Zungen hätte.

20. Our God is true—them he will ne'er forsake ..... 352
Mel. Gott ist getreu! sein Herz, sein Vaterherz.

21. Praise ye Jehovah! with anthems of..... 77
Mel. Lobet den Herrn, den maechtigen u.; or,
" Hast du, denn, Jesu, dein Angesicht u.

22. Rejoice, ye ransom'd of the Lord..... 843
Mel. Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g.

23. Soon in the grave my flesh shall rest ..... 983
Mel. Lobt Gott, ihr Christen, allzugleich.

24. The day is gone, the weary sun declining..... 948
Mel. Der Tag ist hin, die Sonne gehet u.; or,
" Der Tag ist hin, mein Jesu u.

25 The earth, where'er I turn mine eye..... 62
Mel. Wenn ich, o Schoepfer, deine Macht; or,
" Es ist das Heil uns kommen her.

26. The fountain flows, waters of..... 819
Mel. Das Bruenlein quillt—das Lebensw.; or,
" Gott ist getreu, der ueber meine u.

27. The Lord is God—to Father, Son, and.....1042
Mel. Gott ist getreu, der ueber meine k.

28. This man sinners doth receive ..... 844
Mel. Jesus nimmt die suender an; or,
" Jesus meine Zuversicht.

29. To us salvation now has come..... 842
Mel. Es ist das Heil uns kommen her.

30. Who knows how near my life's..... 982
Mel. Wer weisz wie nahe mir mein ende.

# FORMULA

FOR THE

# GOVERNMENT AND DISCIPLINE

OF THE

# EVANGELICAL

# LUTHERAN CHURCH.

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# FORMULA

## FOR THE

## Government and Discipline

## OF THE

# EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH.

## CHAPTER I.

### PRELIMINARY PRINCIPLES.

SECTION I. We believe that from an examination of the works of nature and the course of events, we may derive evidence of the existence of God and the prominent truths of natural religion.*

II. But that the evidence of natural religion is not such as to afford us a satisfactory knowledge of the nature of God and our relation to him; nor as influence sufficient to urge us to duty;† and that therefore a farther revelation from God is desirable.

III. We believe that such a revelation God has given, at sundry times and in divers manners, unto the fathers, and in later days by his *Divine Son* Jesus Christ, and his inspired servants;‡ and that this revelation is contained in the books known in Protestant Christendom, as the Old§ and New Testament; that every individual is bound to receive this as his infallible rule of faith and practice, and to be governed by it.‖

IV. We hold that liberty of conscience and the free exercise of private judgment in matters of re-

*Rom. i. 20. †Acts iv. 12; Rom. iii. 1. 2. ‡Heb. i. 1, 2
§2 Tim. iii. 16. ‖John v. 39; Acts xvii. 11; John xiv. 16, 17

ligion, are natural and unalienable rights of men, of which no government, civil or ecclesiastical, can deprive us.*

V. As an order is necessary to the prosperity of every associate body, and as Jesus Christ has left no entire, specific form of Government and Discipline for his church, it is the duty of every individual church to adopt such regulations as appear to them most consistent with the spirit and precepts of the New Testament, and best calculated to subserve the interest of the church of Christ.

VI. And as men exercising the right of private judgment, agree in the opinion that Christianity requires a social connection among its professors, and as experience proves that men will differ in some of their views of doctrine and discipline; and as too much difference of opinion would be prejudicial to the objects of the association; therefore reason dictates that those of similar views should associate together, that it is their duty to require for admission to church-membership among them or for induction into the sacred office, and for continuance in either, such terms as they deem most accordant with the precepts and spirit of the Bible.

VII. Upon the broad basis of these principles, was the Evangelic Lutheran Church founded, immediately after the Reformation. Adhering to the same principles, the church in America is governed by *three Judicatories:* the *Council* of each individual church, the *District Synods*, consisting of all the clergy and an equal number of laymen from a particular district of country; and one GENERAL SYNOD, formed by representatives from all the different Synods of the Lutheran Church. The ratio of clerical and lay-representatives is determined in the Constitution of the GENERAL SYNOD; and the *powers* of this body are only those of an *Advisory Council.*

*Rom. ii. 13, 15, and others; Dan. vi. 1, 23; Acts iv. 19.

# CHAPTER II.

## *OF THE CHURCH.*

### PART I.

#### OF THE INVISIBLE CHURCH.

SECTION I. The true or invisible Church of Christ is the collective body of all* those of every religious denomination in the world, who are in a state of grace.†

II. The true Church of Christ is a spiritual‡ society, consisting of members whose qualifications§ are spiritual, and who are associated for spiritual purposes ‖

III. It is a catholic or universal¶ society: its members not being confined to any particular nation or religious denomination.

### PART II.

#### OF THE EXTERNAL OR VISIBLE CHURCH.

SEC. I. The visible church is the collective body of those who profess the Christian religion; consisting of all those who have been admitted to membership by baptism,** and have not been deprived of it by excommunication.

II. Of this society our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is the true and only head;†† having neither abandoned his church nor appointed any vicar in his stead.

III. As the spirit of Christianity leads its possessors to social intercourse‡‡ with each other; and as such a connexion is essential to the accomplishment

*Eph. iv. 1, 7. †Matt. vii. 21, xii. 50; Acts x. 35. ‡John xviii. 36. §1 John iv. 13. ‖Eph. iv. 12; 1 Thess. v. 11 ¶1 Cor. i. 2; John x. 16; Rom. xii. 4; Eph. iv. 4, 6. **Matt xxviii. 19. ††Eph. v. 23, 24; Eph. i. 22. ‡‡John xiii. 34, 35; Eph. iv. 3; v. 19.

of the object of the Christian church; and as such a relation can subsist only among persons of contiguous residence; therefore Christians, living near together, have, from the time of the apostles,* formed themselves into societies for the better attainment of the objects of the Christian institution. And every society participates in the duties of the whole church.

IV. It is the duty of every such society and of the visible church at large, to have the word and sacraments administered in their purity,† to give an adequate and just support to the pastor or pastors who minister unto them, to provide for the perpetuation of an able and faithful ministry,‡ and to endeavor to propagate the gospel to the ends of the earth.§

V. It is the duty of the church to watch over the purity and faithfulness of her members.‖

VI. The jurisdiction of the church is purely spiritual; it ought to have no connection with the civil government,¶ neither ought its decisions be enforced by the arm of civil power.

VII. The power of the church is purely *declarative*, whether exercised by an individual church-council, or by any other ecclesiastical judicatory; i. e. the *Bible* is their juridical code, and their decisions are valid only because founded on Scripture.

VIII. The visible church is not an association to which we may belong or not at our option; but it is the duty of every one who has an opportunity, to be a faithful member of it.**

*Acts ii. 41; 1 Thess. ii. 14; Gal. i. 22. †1 Tim. iv. 6, vi. 3, 5; Gal. i. 8, 9. ‡Tit. i. 5. 2 Tim. ii. 2. §Matt. xxviii. 19, 20 ‖1 Cor. v. 7, 13. ¶John xviii. 36. **Matt. xxviii. 19, xi. 28, 29

# CHAPTER III.

## OF THE OFFICERS OF THE CHURCH.

### *OF PASTORS.*

SEC. I. Our Lord and Savior himself instituted the clerical office in the New Testament church, and made it of perpetual standing.* The persons filling this office, are in Scripture designated by different names, as bishop, presbyter or elder, &c.,† indicative of the duties of the office. All these are by divine right of equal rank,‡ and their duties are principally these: *to expound the word of God, to conduct the public worship of God,§ to administer the sacraments of the church,‖ and to admonish men of their duties,*¶ as well as by all proper means, public and private, to edify the church of Christ.

II. Those other officers who were endowed with miraculous gifts, and whose instrumentality Christ used in first forming the church, were extraordinary and of temporary standing.

III. Pastors are amenable for their conduct to the Synod to which they belong; and that Synod is the tribunal which has the entire jurisdiction over them: excepting in those cases, where a regular appeal is obtained to the General Synod, agreeably to Article iii. section v. 1, 2, of the Constitution of General Synod.

IV. No minister shall knowingly grant to a member of another congregation any privileges of the church, which would be denied to said member by his own pastor.

V. It is the sacred duty of every minister so to conduct himself, that his life shall present to his congregations an example of true Christian propriety of de-

*Matt. xxviii. 19, 20; 2 Tim. ii. 2; Tit. i. 5. †2 Cor. iv. 1; Eph. iv. 11. ‡Luke xxii. 25, 26; Acts xx. 17, compared with 28. §Eph. iv. 11, 12; Acts viii. 28, 31; 1 Pet. v 1, 2. ‖Matt. xxviii. 19 · 1 Cor. xi. 23, iv. 1. ¶Acts vi. 2, 6.

portment: And should any minister of our church be guilty of an open vice, (which may God in mercy prevent!) it shall be the duty of the church-council earnestly to exhort him several times to reformation; and if this should prove ineffectual, or if the case be such as to bring disgrace upon the church, to report him to the President of the Synod.

### *OF ELDERS AND DEACONS.*

VI. The other officers of the church are Elders and Deacons, who are elected by the members of the church, as their agents to perform some of the duties originally devolving on themselves. The principal duties of Elders are, to aid the pastor or pastors in administering the government and discipline of the church; to endeavor to preserve peace and harmony in the church; to visit the congregational schools, and promote the religious education of the children of the church; and to visit the sick and afflicted; and aid in the performance of such other duties as are incumbent on the church-council.

The duties of the Deacons' office are principally these: to lead an exemplary life as commanded in Scripture,* to minister unto the poor,† extending to their wants and distributing faithfully amongst them the collections which may be made for their use; to assist the pastor in the administration of the Eucharist, to attend and render all necessary service at stated worship; to see that their minister receives a just and adequate support, according to the commands of our Lord; to administer the temporal concerns of the church; and to aid in the performance of such other duties as are incumbent on the church-council. Both these officers are elected by the people, and it is their duty to feel the deepest interest in the advancement of piety among the members of the church, and to exert their utmost influence to promote it.

*1 Tim. viii. 13, and others. †Acts vi. 2, 6.

VII. The elders and deacons are the representatives of the whole church, and each church shall determine the number of their officers and the term of their duration in office; yet in no case shall they serve less than two years, nor more than eight, unless re-elected.

VIII. When persons have been elected to the office of elder or deacon, they shall be inducted into their office according to the form prescribed by the church.* Those congregations which have been in the habit of having trustees, may, if they deem it expedient, still retain them, and continue to them such privileges as they may deem expedient.

## CHAPTER IV.

### OF THE CHURCH-COUNCIL.

SEC. I. The church-council is the lowest judicatory of the church, consisting of the pastor or pastors and all the elders and deacons of a particular church.

II. The pastor, together with half the other existing members of the council, and in the necessary absence of the pastor, two-thirds of the remaining members of the council, shall constitute a quorum.

III. But no business connected with the government or discipline of the church shall be transacted without the presence of the minister, unless his absence is unavoidable or voluntary, or the church be vacant. And when present, the pastor shall be *ex officio* chairman.

IV. The church-council† shall have the superintendence of all the temporal concerns of the church, and shall see that they are administered with wisdom, faithfulness, and justice. They shall also elect a deputy to represent them at the annual synodical meeting.

*Vide "Liturgy," &c.

†1 Thess. v. 12, 13.

V. It shall be the duty of the council to admit to membership adults, who shall make application, and whom, on mature examination, they shall judge to be possessed of the qualifications hereafter specified.* They shall be obedient subjects of divine grace—that is, they must either be genuine Christians, or satisfy the church-council that they are sincerely endeavoring to become such. Also to admit to the communion of the church all those who were admitted to church-membership in their infancy, and whom on like examination, they shall judge possessed of the above-mentioned qualifications. No one shall be considered a fit subject for confirmation who has not previously attended a course of religious lectures, delivered by the pastor on the most important doctrines and principles of religion; unless the pastor should be satisfied that the applicant's attainments are adequate without this attendance. And when adults are admitted to membership, their baptism shall, if possible, be performed publicly before the church: and when members who were baptized in their infancy are admitted to full communion, they shall in the same public manner *confirm* their baptismal vows according to the form of confirmation customary in the church.

VI. It is recommended to the church-council to keep a complete list of all the communing members of the church.

VII. If any member of the church-council should conduct himself in a manner unworthy of his office, he may be accused before the council; and if found guilty, his case shall be referred to the whole church for decision.

VIII. It shall be the duty of the council to administer the discipline of the church on all those whose conduct is inconsistent with their Christian profession, or who entertain fundamental errors.† To

*Mark xvi. 16; John iii. 5; Acts viii. 12; xvi. 14, 15.
†1 Cor v. 7, 13.

this end they shall have power to cite any of their church-members to appear before them; and to endeavor to obtain other witnesses when the case may require it. It shall further be the duty of the council, when any member offends, first privately to admonish him, or, if necessary, to call him to an account; and when they shall deem these measures ineffectual, to suspend or excommunicate him; that is, to debar him from the privileges peculiar to church-membership, according to the precepts of the New Testament laid down in this form. It shall also be their duty to restore* those subjects of suspension or excommunication, to all the privileges of the church, who shall manifest sincere repentance. Every act of excommunication or of restoration may be published to the church, if deemed necessary by the majority of the council.

IX. The church-council may at any time be convened by the minister; and it shall be his duty to call a meeting when requested by two members of the council, or by one-fourth of the electors of the church, or when directed by the Synod.

X. It shall be the duty of the church-council to watch over the religious education of the children of the church, and to see that they be occasionally collected, for the purpose of being taught the Catechism of the church, and instructed in the duties and principles of the Christian religion. The council of every church shall have the management of the school-house attached to that church, and shall be *ex officio* trustees of the same. They shall endeavor to obtain pious, well-qualified, and *faithful* teachers, and to see that the children of the church, as far as practicable, attend this school, and that they be there also taught the Catechism of the church, and in general the duties of religion. In all places where there is not yet a school-house attached to the church, they shall encourage the people and endeavor to have one erected

*2 Cor. ii. 7. Gal. vi. 1.

And no person shall teach in any of our congregational school-houses without the permission of the church-council.

XI. The church-council shall keep a record of their proceedings, of all the baptisms, and of persons admitted to sacramental communion; an abstract of which shall be annually sent to the Synod for inspection.

XII. In all cases of appeal from the decisions of th church-council, the council shall take no further measures grounded on their decision until the sentence has been reviewed by the Synod. But if the decision appealed from be a sentence of suspension or excommunication, it shall immediately take effect and continue in force until reversed by the Synod. And in every case of appeal, the church-council shall send a detailed and correct account of their proceeding in the case, and of the charges and evidence on both sides.

XIII. Any vacant congregation also may send a delegate, to lay its concerns before the Synod. And the church-councils of each clerical district may annually send to the Synod as many lay delegates as there are ministers present at the Synod from said district.

## CHAPTER V.

### OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

SEC. I. The members of any particular church are all those members of the *visible* (see chap. 2, sec. 1) church, who are associated together under some form of Christian government and discipline, for divine worship and the better attainment of the objects of the Christian institution.

II. Every church-member is amenable to the council, and must appear before them when cited, and

submit to the discipline of the church regularly administered.*

III. It is the duty of every church-member to lead a Christian life, that is, to perform all the duties required of him or her in Scripture. Thus it is the duty of adults to perform all the Christian duties, not to neglect the public worship of God;† nor the participation of the Lord's Supper‡ whenever an opportunity is afforded. It is the duty of parents to educate their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,§ to teach them the doctrines of the church, and to subject them to the ordinances of the same.‖ And when young members reach the years of maturity, and have attained the natural ability to partake of the Lord's Supper in the manner commanded, it is their duty to be worthy communicants at the Lord's table.

IV. Any member being dissatisfied with the decision of the church-council relative to himself, may appeal to the Synod. But in every such case, the applicant shall give notice to the church-council of his intention, either immediately, or within two weeks of the time when the sentence was made known to him; and shall specify to them the reasons of his dissatisfaction, and the ground of his appeal.

V. It is recommended that when a member of one of our churches moves into the bounds of another, and wishes to be admitted to the privileges of the church, he shall bring with him a certificate of good standing from his former pastor.

VI. It is recommended as accordant with the principles of the New Testament, that the members of the church ought not to prosecute each other before a civil tribunal, until they have first made an attempt to settle their point of difference through the mediation of their Christian brethren.

*Tit. iii. 10; Matt. xviii. 17, 18. †Heb. x. 25; Col. iii. 16; Acts ii. 46; Matt. xviii. 20; Exod. xx. 8; Psa. lxxxiv. 2, 9, 11
‡1 Cor. xi. 24, 25. §Eph. vi. 4. ‖Eph. vi. 4; 2 Tim. iii. 14 15

# CHAPTER VI.

## OF ELECTIONS.

SEC. I. All congregational elections must be published by the church-council to the congregation at east two weeks before the election.

II. The council may publish a congregational meeting for any lawful purpose when they shall deem it necessary, and they shall be compelled so to do, when required by one-third of the lawful electors of the church.

III. The electors of any particular church in our connection, are all those who are in full communion with the same, who submit to its government and discipline regularly administered, and who contribute according to their ability and engagements to all its necessary expenditures.

IV. At all elections for *Elders* or *Deacons*, no person may be elected to either of said offices, who is not a member in full communion with said church.

V. When an election is held in a vacant congregation for a pastor, two-thirds of all the electors shall be necessary to an election, and if the votes were not unanimous, it is recommended that the presiding officer shall invite the minority to concur in the decision. He shall give the members a certificate, signed by himself, of the election. This certificate, with a statement of the support* which they promise him, shall be a legal call to the pastor therein specified.

VI. At elections for members of the church-council, the existing council shall nominate twice as many persons as are to be elected, and the church may nominate half as many more, from whom the officers may be chosen.

*1 Tim. v 8; 1 Cor. ix. 14; Luke x. 7.

VII. If, from any cause, a vacancy occurs in the council in the interval between the stated elections, it shall be filled without delay by a special election, and the person thus elected shall serve until the regular expiration of the time of the member in whose place he was elected.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OF PRAYER-MEETINGS, ETC.

SEC. I. As prayer is one of the most necessary duties of a Christian,* and as prayer-meetings have been of the utmost importance and usefulness, it is therefore most earnestly recommended to the different churches in our connection, to establish and promote them among our members. These meetings may be held in the church, school-house, or in private houses; and their object is the spiritual edification of the persons present; but the utmost precaution must ever be observed, that God, who is a Spirit, be worshiped in spirit and in truth—that they be characterized by that solemnity and decorum which ought ever to attend divine worship; and that no disorder be tolerated, or any thing that is calculated to interrupt the devotions of those who are convened, or prevent their giving the fullest attention to him who is engaged in leading the meeting;—in short, that, according to the injunctions of the apostle, all things be done "decently and in order."

II. It is solemnly recommended to all church members, and more especially to the members of the council, to make daily worship in their family a sacred duty.†

*1 Thess. v. 17; Luke xviii. 1; Col. iv. 2.
†Acts i. 44; Eph. vi. 4; Acts x. 12; Jer. x. 25

III. It is recommended that no one shall be permitted in future to act as a sponsor, unless he or she be in full communion with the Christian church.

IV. It is expedient that no person be permitted to preach in any of the churches in our connection, except by consent of the pastor and council of said church, and in the absence of the pastor, by permission of the council.

# Constitution of Synods.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### OF SYNODS.

SEC. I. IT was found necessary and profitable in the primitive church to have an occasional meeting of different individual churches for the purpose of consultation and mutual encouragement in preserving their purity and promoting their welfare.* This apostolical custom is retained in the Lutheran Church under the name of Conference, Synod, and General Synod.

II. A Synod consists of all the ministers and licensed candidates, and an equal number of lay-delegates, within a certain district.

III. The number of lay-votes can never exceed that of the ordained clergymen and licentiates; and if a lay-delegate be present from a district from which there is no minister present in the Synod, he shall have a seat and the liberty of speech, but no vote.

IV. It shall be the duty of each Synod to see that the rules of government and discipline prescribed in this formula are observed by all the congregations and ministers within their bounds; to receive appeals from decisions of church-councils and of special conferences, when regularly brought before them, and review, or reverse, or confirm, the decisions to which they refer; to examine and decide on all charges against ministers and licentiates, that of heterodoxy alone excepted; to form and change ministerial districts; to attend to any business relating to their churches which is regularly brought before them; to provide supplies for destitute congregations, and to devise and execute all suitable measures for the promotion of piety and the general prosperity of the Church, not otherwise disposed of in this formula.

* Acts xv 2, 6, 22, 23–28. Acts xi. 22, 30; xxi. 17, 18. Acts vi.

V. To this end the Synod and ministerium shall have power to cite any church-members within their bounds to appear before them, and to endeavor to obtain other witnesses when the case may require it.

VI. If any congregation hitherto in connection with a Synod should refuse to observe the resolutions of said Synod, or the provisions of this formula, it shall be excluded from connection with said Synod during the time of its refusal; nor shall any other Synod, nor Lutheran minister or licentiate, take charge of it without special permission of the President. Provided, however, that if the charter of an incorporated congregation be at variance with any articles of this formula, said charter shall have precedence of those articles with which it is in conflict.

VII. Any congregation may become connected with the Synod within whose bounds it is situated by acceding to the provisions of this formula, and making some annual contribution towards defraying the necessary expenses of said Synod. For this purpose an annual collection ought to be held in each congregation.

VIII. At least one meeting of each Synod shall be held every year at such time and place as may have been determined on.

IX. No minister or licentiate shall be absent from the meeting of the Synod without the most urgent necessity. In case of his absence he shall, if possible, send to the Synod a written apology for his absence. Voluntary ministerial engagements shall not be regarded as a sufficient excuse. Any minister or licentiate violating the provisions of this section shall be called to account by the President at the next meeting.

X. These written apologies, as well as all other letters and papers intended for the Synod or Ministerium, ought to be addressed to the President.

XI. The minister of the place in which the Synod is held, with the church-council, shall endeavor to provide for the entertainment of the ministers, candidates, and lay-delegates, by Christian friends.

XII. All the members of the Synod shall endeavor to assemble on the evening preceding the day appointed.

XIII. Divine worship shall be celebrated during the meeting of the Synod as often as may be convenient and consistent with the business of the Synod.

XIV. Ministers in good standing in other Synods, or in any sister churches, who may happen to be present, or who appear as delegates from said bodies, may be received as advisory members, but cannot vote in any decisions of the Synod.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### OFFICERS OF THE SYNOD.

SEC. I. The officers of each Synod shall be a President, Secretary, and Treasurer, who are also the officers of the Ministerium.

II. All these officers are annually chosen by ballot, from among the ordained ministers regularly belonging to the Synod, by a majority of the votes of the ministers, licentiates, and lay-delegates present. The same persons shall not be eligible for more than three successive years.

### PRESIDENT.

III. The President shall deliver a synodical discourse at the meeting of every Synod; and he shall, in connection with the pastor of the place, appoint the other individuals who are to preach during the session.

IV. He shall, at the beginning of every Synod, make a written report of all the official business transacted and letters received by him since the last meeting, and of all the important events which have occurred relating to his Synod, and may recommend for their consideration any measures which he may deem necessary or calculated to promote the cause of God. This report shall be laid

on the table, and dealt with as with all other papers coming before the body.

V. He presides at all the meetings of the Synod and Ministerium.

VI. The President has a right to take part in the discussions as well as any other member. When the house is equally divided on any question he has the casting vote. In all other cases he has no suffrage except when an election is made by ballot, and then he has not the casting vote.

VII. The President shall preserve order, not suffer more than one member to speak at a time, secure to each person liberty to speak without interruption from others, and shall prevent a speaker from deviating from the subject before the house.

VIII. The President shall take care that each subject be duly considered before a decision be made. He shall distinctly rehearse each motion when no one has any further observations to offer, and take the votes of the house on the same.

IX. When the votes are called for they are to be given simply by yea and nay, and no further observations are then admissible.

X. The President has the appointment of all committees which are not to be elected by ballot or otherwise; and every motion for the formation of a committee shall specify in what way it is to be formed.

XI. It is an important part of his duty to give counsel to every member of the Synod when he deems it expedient, and particularly to admonish and advise every erring brother. If accusation has been lodged against any member of this body according to ch. iii. sec. v., or if he has reason to believe that any minister or licentiate is living in any material violation of the rules of this formula, it shall be his duty to call upon the individual to relieve his character from said imputation before the Synod or Ministerium.

XII. Should the President remove from the limits of the Synod, or depart this life, then the Secretary shall

succeed him, and discharge the duties of the President until the next Synod.

## SECRETARY.

XIII. The Secretary shall keep a faithful and accurate account of all the proceedings of the Synod and Ministerium; carefully preserve all the papers, the seal, &c. of the Synod, subject to their direction, and shall do all the official writing of the Synod not otherwise provided for.

XIV. He shall give notice (either by circular or in the public papers, as each Synod may direct) to each minister and licentiate belonging to the Synod of the time and place of the synodical meeting, at least six weeks previous to the time appointed.

XV. He is to keep a register of the names of all the ministers and licensed candidates, arranged according to their age in office, and also of the congregations, whether vacant or not, connected with the Synod.

XVI. If the accumulation of business should render it necessary, the President may appoint an assistant Secretary, whose office shall expire at the close of the meeting of the Synod.

XVII. If, in the recess of the Synod, the Secretary should remove into the bounds of another Synod, or should depart this life, the President shall require the archives, the seal, and all other property of the Synod, to be delivered to him, and shall retain the charge of them until the next session of the Synod, when he shall appoint a Secretary pro tem.

XVIII. Unless the archives are otherwise disposed of by the Synod, they shall be in the charge and custody of the Secretary. Any minister or delegate of a congregation connected with said Synod shall have free access to them; but no part of them shall be allowed to be taken away or destroyed.

## TREASURER.

XIX. The Treasurer shall take charge of all the moneys belonging to the Synod, and shall keep them

subject to its order. He shall keep and present, at each annual meeting, a detailed and faithful account of the state of the treasury.

XX. Should the Treasurer, during the recess of the Synod, remove out of the bounds of the Synod, or be removed by death, the President shall have all the moneys, certificates, bonds, and documents belonging to the Synod delivered into his hands, and shall have the charge of them until the next synodical session.

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## CHAPTER X.

### OTHER MEMBERS OF A SYNOD.

SEC. I. It is the duty of every ordained minister, licentiate, and lay-delegate of every Synod not only to observe the provisions of this Constitution himself, but also, as far as is in his power, see that it is obeyed by all connected with it.

### ORDAINED MINISTERS, AND LICENTIATES OR CANDIDATES.

II. It is recommended to every ordained minister and licentiate to aid in circulating among the members of his charge the books proposed by the Synod and General Synod for use.

III. No minister or licentiate shall interfere with the congregations of another by preaching or performing other ministerial duties in them except by his request or consent, if present; nor in his absence, if he have reason to think that any evil would result to said church.

IV. Any minister or licentiate in good standing who removes from the bounds of one Synod into those of another shall, on application to the President, receive a certificate, under his signature, of his honorable dismission; and such a certificate shall be required by the Synod

into which he removes when he applies for admission into it.

V. Every ordained minister has the right to leave his charge and remove to another whenever he believes it his duty to do so; yet he must give the President timely notice of his intended removal.

VI. A licensed candidate shall have liberty to visit vacant congregations either upon receiving an invitation from them, or upon the advice of the Synod or President.

VII. After a licentiate has a stated charge, he shall be restricted to it, and shall not resign it without the consent of the Ministerium, or, in its recess, of the President.

VIII. A licentiate has power to perform all the ministerial functions during the time specified in his license.

IX. In addition to the obligations of ministers specified, (ch. iii. sec. i.,) it is the duty of licentiates particularly to devote all their leisure time to their personal improvement and knowledge and grace, to receive counsel from the President, and to apply to him for advice in cases of difficulty.

X. Every licentiate must keep a general journal of his ministerial acts, which, with a few sermons of his own composition, he must deliver or send annually for the inspection of the Ministerium.

## LAY-DELEGATES.

XI. Each lay-delegate entitled to a seat by this Constitution, shall have equal rights with the ministers in all business belonging to the Synod; that is, may take part in the debates, offer resolutions, and vote on all synodical questions.

# CHAPTER XI.

## ORDER OF BUSINESS.

It is recommended that the transactions of the Synod be conducted as follows:—

Sec. I. At the time appointed for the meeting, the members present shall assemble, and, if four ordained ministers and two lay-delegates be present, they shall constitute a quorum.

II. The President shall open the first session by a prayer after the brethren have unitedly sung a hymn; and every session of the Synod and Ministerium shall be opened and closed with prayer. In the absence of the President, the first prayer shall be made by the Secretary, and if he also be absent, by one of the elder ministers present.

III. After prayer the Secretary shall call the names of all the ordained ministers and licentiates belonging to the Synod, and note the absentees.

IV. The lay-delegates shall then exhibit the certificates of their appointment, and their names be registered by the Secretary as members of the Synod.

V. The President shall make his report (chap. ix. sec. iv.) as the last official act of his office, and then inform the members that—

VI. The election of officers for the ensuing year is now to be attended to:

VII. Admission of delegates or ministers from other ecclesiastical bodies, according to chap. viii. sec. xiv:

VIII. The minutes of the last Synod may be read:

IX. All papers intended for the Synod or Ministerium are to be handed in, and verbal notice may be given of any important business intended to be brought before the Synod.

X. The Secretary shall then number the papers as arranged by the President, after which they shall be taken up and discussed before the whole house in numer-

ical order, or be first referred to committees, as the house may direct. The reports of committees may be heard and acted on at any time, and the intervals filled up by the succeeding items:—

XI. Each minister shall be called on by the Secretary for the record of persons baptized and confirmed, as well as of the regular communing members belonging to his churches, (chap. iv. sec. xi.,) as also of the number of schools:

XII. The Treasurer's account shall be heard:

XIII. The number of vacant congregations be inquired into and provision made for them:

XIV. Promiscuous business:

XV. Election of delegates to the General Synod or to other ecclesiastical bodies, and of directors of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg:

XVI. Choice of the time and place for the next meeting of Synod:

XVII. Dissolution of the Synod, and annunciation of the time of the ministerial session.

XVIII. Should the President or Secretary be absent at the proper time for opening a session, the members present may elect others pro tempore.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### PROCESS AGAINST A MINISTER.

SEC. I. As the honor and success of the gospel depend very much on the character of its ministers, every Synod ought to guard with the utmost care and impartiality the conduct of its members.

II. All Christians should be very cautious in giving credit or circulation to an ill report of any man, and especially of a minister of the gospel. If any man knows

a minister to be guilty of a private censurable fault, he should warn him in private. If this prove fruitless, he should apply to the church-council, who shall proceed as specified in chap. iii. sec. v.

III. If accusation be lodged, according to chap. iii. sec. v., with the President within four months of the time of the next Synodical meeting, he shall defer the matter to said meeting; yet, if the charge be one of drunkenness, lewdness, circulating fundamental errors in doctrine, or a higher crime, he shall immediately direct the accused to suspend all his ministerial duties until his case is decided. If such accusation is lodged with the President at an earlier date, he shall, if the charge be one of drunkenness, lewdness, circulating fundamental error in doctrine, or higher crime, immediately give notice to all the members of the Conference district to which the accused belongs to meet without delay at a suitable place, and institute a formal investigation of the case, according to the principles of this Formula. The chairman of said Conference district shall immediately fix the time and place of the meeting, and give at least fifteen days' notice of the same to each minister in the district, and also to the parties concerned.

IV. If the Synod is not divided into Conference districts, the President shall appoint a committee of three ordained ministers, shall fix the time and place of their meeting, and give all the notices as above required of the chairman of the Conference district.

V. Any three members of the Conference or of the committee above named, shall have power to proceed and hold a fair and impartial investigation of the case, and to take all such measures as may be just and necessary to determine the guilt or innocence of the accused.

VI. If the accused confess, and the matter be base and flagitious, such as drunkenness, lewdness, circulating fundamental error in doctrine, or a higher crime, however penitent he may be, he must immediately be suspended from the exercise of his office, and, if thought expedient, a time be appointed for him publicly to confess to

the congregation and the world his guilt and penitence.

VII. If a minister, accused of atrocious crimes, being duly notified, refuses to attend the investigation, he shall still be immediately suspended from office.

VIII. If the accused deny the charge, and yet, on examination of the evidence, is found guilty, the Conference or committee shall nevertheless proceed to pass sentence on him.

IX. The highest punishment which can be inflicted by a special Conference or committee, appointed as above specified, is suspension from clerical functions; and this sentence is to be reported to the next meeting of the Synod, and remains in force until reversed by the Synod or Ministerium, as the case may be.

X. Any minister intending to appeal from the decision of a Conference or committee, shall give notice of it to his accusers within three weeks of the time when the decision was made, that both parties may be prepared for a new trial.

XI. Special Conferences not specially convened for the purpose, may attend to any charges of importance against a minister within their bounds if all the parties concerned are prepared and willing to proceed.

XII. If, at any time, accusation be lodged with the President, according to chap. iii. sec. v., for a less crime than those above specified, (sec. iii.,) he shall take no other steps in the case than to write a letter to the accused and accusers, exhorting them to mutual forbearance, and referring them to the next Synod.

XIII. If accusation against a minister be made immediately to the Synod, and the Synod believe themselves in possession of all the evidence necessary to a just decision, the case may be immediately examined and sentence passed. But, if the necessary evidence be not before them, and the crime be such as is specified in sec. iii., they shall appoint a meeting of the Conference to which the accused belongs, or, if there be no Conference district, of a committee, who shall proceed as above specified.

XIV. If a minister be found guilty of drunkenness, lewdness, fundamental heresy, or higher crimes, his sentence of suspension shall not be removed until after some time of penitent, humble, and edifying conduct; and he cannot be restored by any other judicatory than the Synod, or by the Ministerium, if his case was one of fundamental heresy.

XV. If the common report of a minister's guilt of any of the charges above specified be such as seriously to injure the cause of religion, and his own churches do not proceed against him, it shall be the duty of any other minister or layman, having obtained two other signatures of credible men, to report the case to the President.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### VACANT CONGREGATIONS.

SEC. I. Vacant congregations which cannot be immediately supplied with a minister, are advised to assemble on the Lord's day, to select some member of the church of suitable capacities and character to conduct the exercises, and engage in the worship of God, as recommended in chap. vii. sec. i.

II. It is also recommended that at these meetings a portion of the Scriptures, of the prayers contained in the Liturgy, or some select sermon, such as are approved by the President of the Synod, be read.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### OF MISSIONS.

As the blessed Savior left to his followers the command, "Go ye and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you;"* the Synods shall regard it as a sacred duty to adopt, from time to time, such measures as they may deem best calculated to execute this solemn injunction.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### ELECTION OF DELEGATES AND DIRECTORS.

The election of Delegates to the General Synod, and of Directors of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, shall always be held by ballot, and a licensed candidate shall not be eligible to either of these offices.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### SPECIAL CONFERENCES.

SEC. I. It is earnestly recommended that each Synod divide itself into two or more districts for the purpose of holding Special Conferences; which may be held either on a week-day or Sabbath.

* Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.

II. It is desirable, where ministers do not live too far apart, that at least two Conferences should be held annually in each district. They ought to last two days, and the chief business to be performed at them, is to awaken and convert sinners, and to edify believers by close practical preaching of the gospel.

III. The state of religion in the churches of the district ought to be inquired into, and at least an hour be spent by the Conference alone in conversation on subjects relating to pastoral experience.

IV. These districts ought to contain between five and ten ministers, and when the number becomes greater, a new district ought to be formed.

V. These Conferences ought to be held alternately in some congregation of each minister and licentiate belonging to the district.

VI. Special Conferences may examine into any business of congregations which is regularly referred to them, and give their advice; but no Conference shall, under any pretext whatever, perform any business connected with the licensure or ordination of candidates for the ministry.

VII. Lay-delegates may also be sent to these Conferences, under the same regulations as to Synods, if it is thought advisable by the Synod.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### MINISTERIAL SESSION.

SEC. I. The clergy shall then hold a meeting consisting exclusively of Scripture elders, that is, preachers,* for the purpose of attending to those duties which Christ and his apostles enjoined upon them alone, viz.: Examination, Licensure, and Ordination of candidates for

*Acts xx. 17, 28.

the ministry. This meeting is called the Ministerium, or Presbytery,* by which, in Scripture, is meant ministers alone.

II. Licensed candidates may be present at the ministerial meeting unless requested to withdraw, and may take part in the discussions, but have no vote.

III. The Ministerium shall also be the proper body by whom all charges of heresy against a minister are to be examined and decided; as also all appeals from the decision of a church-council on a charge of heresy against a layman, or from the decision of a Special Conference on a similar charge against a minister.

IV. When ordained ministers of other religious denominations make application for admission into connection with a Synod, the Ministerium shall be the body to decide on the case.

V. A majority of two-thirds of the ordained ministers shall be required either for the licensure of an applicant, as well as the renewal of his license, or the ordination of a licensed candidate, or the admission of an ordained minister of another denomination.

VI. No minister or licentiate coming from a foreign country shall be received as a member of any Synod until after a residence of two years in this country, and unexceptionable deportment during that time: excepting only, that if an ordained minister comes well recommended for piety and learning by a Consistorium, or a number of individuals known to the Ministerium as orthodox and evangelical; and if the Ministerium believe they can safely confide in the testimonials, they may receive him for twelve months, after which the vote for his permanent reception as a regular member shall be taken, and the case decided according to sec. v.

VII. All business not specifically intrusted to the Ministerium in this Formula shall belong to the Synod.

VIII. The order of business in the Ministerium may be as follows:—

*1 Tim. iv. 14.

1. After the session has been opened with prayer, the President shall communicate any business which he may have to report or propose.
2. The licentiates shall hand in their licenses, sermons, and journals, which ought, if possible, to be read by the licentiate before the whole body. If want of time renders this inconvenient, committees ought then to be appointed to examine and report on them.
3. Applicants for licensure are examined.
4. After the examination of the applicants, and of the sermons and journals of licentiates, the applicants and licentiates may be desired to withdraw, and the question of their licensure and renewal of license, or ordination, be discussed and decided.
5. The licensure and ordination may be performed either in the Ministerium, or at an appointed hour before a promiscuous assembly.
6. Promiscuous matters relative to ministerial business may then be attended to.
7. Some time shall then be spent in conversation on pastoral experience.
8. The session closed, as directed, chap. xi. sec. ii.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### EXAMINATION AND LICENSURE OF CANDIDATES.

SEC. I. The examination shall be conducted by an examining committee of two or more ordained ministers, appointed for the purpose at the meeting of the previous year, or by a committee appointed at the time. As these examinations may be highly interesting and useful to the whole Ministerium, and will be more faithfully performed if public, it is earnestly recommended that they be performed before the whole body.

II. After the examination by the committee is ended, every member of the Ministerium has the right to ask the applicant any additional questions.

III. The examination shall embrace at least the following subjects, viz.: Personal Piety and the motives of the applicant for seeking the holy office, the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures, the Evidences of Christianity, Natural and Revealed Theology, Church History, Pastoral Theology, the Rules of Sermonizing, and Church Government.

IV. No Ministerium shall, in any case whatever, license an individual whom they do not believe to be hopefully pious; nor shall any applicant (extraordinary cases excepted) be licensed whom the Ministerium do not find possessed of a competent acquaintance with the subjects named in sec. iii., the Hebrew language alone excepted.

V. The *Ceremony of Licensure* shall be performed as follows, viz.: After an address from the President, as prescribed in the Liturgy, he shall read the duties and privileges of licentiates in chap. x. sec. vi.–x., and then propose to him the following questions:—

1. Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice?*
2. Do you believe that the fundamental doctrines of the word of God are taught in a manner substantially correct in the doctrinal articles of the Augsburg Confession?†
3. Do you promise, by the aid of God, faithfully to perform all the duties enjoined on you in this Formula, and to submit yourself to its rules of government and discipline so long as you remain a member of a Lutheran Synod?‡

VI. These questions being answered in the affirmative, the President offers up a suitable prayer, delivers him his license, and concludes with a short address, as directed in the Liturgy.

*1 Tim. iii. 16; Eph. ii. 20. †2 Tim. i. 13. ‡2 Pet. v. 5.

VII. All licenses shall extend to the time of the next annual meeting of the Ministerium; and shall be renewed, as a matter of course, whether the licentiate be present or not, unless satisfactory reasons are known to the Ministerium which render a renewal inexpedient. And if, for any reason, no meeting be held at the appointed time, the licenses granted by said Ministerium shall remain in force until revoked at a subsequent meeting.

VIII. If a licentiate, after some time of probation, does, in the judgment of the Ministerium, prove himself unqualified for the duties of the ministry, his license shall be withdrawn.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### ORDINATION.

SEC. I. Whenever the Ministerium has decided that an individual shall be ordained, the ceremony may be performed either at the time by the assembled Ministerium, or, if preferred, in the church by which he has been called, by the Special Conference, or by a committee appointed for the purpose by the President.

II. The ceremony of ordination, wherever performed, shall be as follows, viz.:—

1. A sermon shall be preached, by a person previously appointed, on the nature, duties, and responsibilities of the ministerial office.
2. The President of the Ministerium, or the chairman of the Conference or committee, shall then, after a short address, such as is contained in the Liturgy, propose to the candidate the following questions:—

1. Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice?
2. Do you believe that the fundamental doctrines of

the word of God are taught in a manner substantially correct in the doctrinal articles of the Augsburg Confession?

3. Do you promise, by the aid of God, faithfully to perform all the duties enjoined on you in this Formula, and to submit yourself to its rules of government and discipline so long as you remain a member of any Lutheran Synod?
4. Do you believe that, in seeking the ministerial office, you are influenced by a sincere love to God your Savior, and desire to promote his glory in the welfare of men?
5. Do you promise faithfully and zealously to preach the truths of the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, as contained in the Holy Scriptures?

III. These questions being answered in the affirmative, the candidate shall kneel down, when the President or presiding minister shall ordain him, after the apostolic example, by prayer,* and the laying on of the hands of the ministry,† *i. e.* presbytery. The candidate shall then rise, and the officiating minister, and after him the ordained ministers present, shall take him by the right hand and welcome him to take part in the ministry with them.‡ (The ceremonies may then be concluded by the benediction; but if the ordination was performed in a church to which he is called, the presiding minister shall proceed, without any interruption, with the ceremonies of installation.)

* Acts xiii. 2, 3. †1 Tim. iv. 14. ‡ Acts i. 25.

## CHAPTER XX.

### INSTALLATION.

SEC. I. He shall then propose to the minister just ordained this question, viz.: Are you willing to take charge of this congregation? and do you promise, by the grace of God, faithfully to discharge the duties of a Christian pastor to them?

II. This question being answered in the affirmative, the President shall ask the congregation:—

Do you desire to receive ——— as the regular pastor of your church (or churches) to which you have given him a call? and do you promise faithfully to discharge towards him the duties which a Christian congregation owe to their pastor?

These questions being answered in the affirmative, the presiding minister shall solemnly pronounce the individual installed to be the regular pastor of said charge, and conclude with the benediction.

III. If a minister already ordained is to be installed, the ceremony of installation shall be preceded by a sermon on the relation between a minister and the people of his charge, or on some other suitable subject, by a person previously appointed. The minister shall then be formally installed, according to secs. i. ii., after which a charge may be delivered, by a minister previously appointed, to the pastor and his people on their respective duties, and the whole be closed with the benediction.

P. S.—As different Synods might differ in opinion relative to matters of a minor nature, so many particulars only as are necessary to general uniformity and harmony of operation among the churches were introduced into this Formula. Each Synod adopting this Constitution has the power to form such by-laws as may seem proper to itself.

[Some alteration in the Constitution of this Synod having, in accordance with the provisions of the 7th article, been proposed at a former meeting, and having received the approval of the constitutional majority of Synods; the Constitution is subjoined as amended.]

# CONSTITUTION

OF THE

GENERAL SYNOD OF

# The Evangelical Lutheran Church

IN THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

*Translated from the original German copy.*

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JESUS CHRIST, the Supreme Head of his Church, having prescribed no entire specific directory for government and discipline, and every section of his Church being left at full liberty to make such additional regulations to that effect, as may be most adapted to its situation and circumstances, therefore—relying upon God our Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, under the guidance and direction of the Holy Spirit in the Word of God, for the promotion of the practice of brotherly love, to the furtherance of Christian concord, to the firm establishment and continuance of the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace—We, the Deputies of the "German Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Pennsylvania and the neighboring States," of the "German and English Evangelical Lutheran Synod in the State of North Carolina and the bordering States," of the "Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium in the State of New York, and the neighboring States and Countries," and of the "Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Maryland and Virginia," &c., for ourselves and our successors, do adopt the following fundamental articles, viz:

## ARTICLE I.

The name, style and title of this convention shall be: "*Evangelical Lutheran General Synod of the United States of North America.*"

## ARTICLE II.

The General Synod shall consist of the Deputies from the several Evangelical Lutheran Synodical Conventions in the United States, who may join themselves thereunto, and be duly acknowledged as members thereof in the following ratio, namely:

Every Synodical body, or Synod (whether of Ministers only, or of Ministers and Lay-Deputies together) containing six Ministers, may send two; if it contain fourteen, three; if twenty-five, four; if forty, five; if sixty, six; and if it contain eighty-six Ministers or upwards, seven Deputies of the rank of ordained Ministers and an equal number of Lay-Deputies.

Each Deputy, appearing in the General Synod according to this ratio, shall, except as hereinafter provided, enjoy an equal right and vote with all others. Every Synod may choose its deputies in such a way and manner as to them may seem proper; and shall pay the travelling expenses of the same to and from the General Synod, until the General Synod shall have established for itself a treasury from which the future expenses may be discharged.

## ARTICLE III.

The business of the General Synod shall be as follows, namely:

SECTION I. The General Synod shall examine the proceedings of the several Synods and Ministeriums belonging to this association, in order that they may obtain some knowledge of the existing state and condition of the Church. The several Synods, therefore, shall transmit as many copies of their proceedings to the General Synod, as there shall be members contained in the General Synod.

SECTION II. Whenever the General Synod shall deem

it proper or necessary, they may propose to the special Synods or Ministeriums, new books or writings, such as catechisms, forms of liturgy, collections of hymns for general or special public use in the church. Every proposal of the kind, the several or respective Synods may duly consider, and if they, or any of them, shall be of opinion, that the said book or books, writing or writings, will not conduce to the end proposed, they may reject them, and adopt such liturgical books as they may think proper.

But no General Synod can be allowed to possess, or arrogate unto itself "the power of *prescribing* among us *uniform ceremonies of religion* for every part of the Church;" or to introduce such alterations in matters appertaining to the faith, or to the mode of publishing the gospel of Jesus Christ, (the Son of God, and ground of our faith and hope,) as might in any way tend to burden the consciences of the brethren in Christ.

SECTION III. All regularly constituted Lutheran Synods, holding the fundamental doctrines of the Bible as taught by our Church, not now in connection with the General Synod, may, at any time, become associated with it, by adopting this Constitution, and sending Delegates to its Convention, according to the ratio specified in Art. II.

SECTION IV. With regard to the grades in the Ministry, the General Synod may give to the several Ministeriums their deliberate advice, wherein the circumstances of time, place, and condition must be duly contemplated, and a beneficial uniformity, and actual equality, of rank among the several ministers, must, as much as possible, be had in view. The General Synod shall also advise such rules and regulations among the several Synods and Ministeriums, as may prevent unpleasant and unfriendly collisions, that might otherwise arise out of any difference of grades existing among them, or from any other possible causes.

SECTION V. The General Synod shall not be looked upon as a tribunal of appeal; it may, however, be employed in the following cases and after the following manner:

1. The General Synod may give advice or opinion, when complaints shall be brought before them, by whole Synods, Ministeriums, Congregations, or individual Ministers, concerning doctrine or discipline. They shall however be extremely careful that the consciences of Ministers of the Gospel be not burdened with human inventions, laws, or devices, and that no one be oppressed by reason of differences of opinion on non-fundamental doctrine.

2. If parties, differing in matters of doctrine and discipline, refer the cause of difference, in a brotherly manner, to the General Synod, they shall institute a close and exact scrutiny and examination thereof, and give their opinion on the subject of difference, according to their best insight of right, equity, brotherly love and truth.

3. If difference between Synods be referred, the votes thereon shall be taken by Synods, and the referring Synods shall have no vote.

SECTION VI. The General Synod may devise plans for Seminaries of education and Missionary institutions, as well as for the aid of poor ministers, and the widows and orphans of poor ministers, and endeavor, with the help of God, to carry them into effect.

SECTION VII. The General Synod may also institute and create a treasury for the effectual advancement of its purposes.

SECTION VIII. The General Synod shall apply all their powers, their prayers, and their means, towards the prevention of schisms among us, to be sedulously and incessantly regardful of the circumstances of the times, and of every casual rise and progress of unity of sentiment among Christians in general, in order that the blessed opportunities to promote concord and unity, and the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, may not pass by neglected and unavailing.

## ARTICLE IV.

The General Synod shall choose, from among their own number, a president and a secretary; and from among their own number or elsewhere, as soon as it may

be necessary, a treasurer. They shall continue in office until the next succeeding convention. The same person is at all times re-eligible as secretary or treasurer; but no one may be elected president more than two conventions in succession, and the same person cannot thereafter be elected for the two successively following conventions.

SECTION I. The President shall act as chairman of the convention. He may make motions, give his opinion, and vote like every other member. With the consent and concurrence of the minister of the place where the convention is held, he shall appoint the several preachers during the convention. He shall subscribe all letters, written advices, resolutions, and proceedings of the Synod. In extraordinary cases, and by request of any one of the acknowledged Synods, made known to him in the form of a synodical or ministerial resolution, he may call together special conventions of the General Synod. In case the business of the Secretary become too burdensome for one person to execute, he shall, with the concurrence of the Secretary, appoint an assistant Secretary, and make known to him what portions of the labors he ought to undertake.

SECTION II. The Secretary shall keep a journal of the proceedings, write, attest, take care of all the documents and writings, make known the time and place of the convention, through the medium of the public prints, at least three months beforehand, and, in the special or extraordinary cases mentioned in the foregoing section, he shall give written notice thereof to each of the special Synods or Ministeriums.

SECTION III. If the President or Secretary, in the intermediate time between the conventions, depart this life, resign his office, or become incapable of executing the same, the next in office shall take his place and perform his duties; if it be the Treasurer, then the President shall appoint another Treasurer *ad interim* in his stead.

SECTION IV. The Treasurer shall keep account of the receipts and expenditures of the Synod. He shall give receipts for all moneys put into his hands. He shall not

pay any moneys out of his hands but by order of the President, attested by the Secretary, in pursuance of a resolution of the Synod to that effect. At every convention of the Synod he shall render account.

## ARTICLE V.

The course of business shall be conducted as follows, viz:

1. The deputies shall give personal notice of their arrival to the minister of the place, or if the congregation be destitute of a minister, to any other person appointed by the congregation for the purpose, who shall make known to them their place of residence and the place where the sessions shall be held.

2. At nine o'clock in the forenoon of the first week-day of the time of convention, the sessions shall begin, and be opened with prayer.

3. The President elected by the former convention shall act as chairman till another President be chosen. In case of his absence, the persons present may, on motion made and seconded, appoint another in his stead.

4. The members shall give in to the chairman their attestations or certificates. For all the deputies from any one particular Synod, one certificate, by the President and attested by the Secretary of that Synod, shall be deemed sufficient, and all the members of the same Synod shall sit together.

5. If a majority of the deputies of a majority of the Synods attached to the General Synod, be present, the business shall go on. If this proportion be lacking, the members present may from time to time postpone the session of the convention.

6. The President, Secretary, and Treasurer shall be elected by ballot, on the first day of the session, and so soon as the members shall have given in their certificates.

7. The proceedings of the former convention shall be read by the Secretary.

8. Hereupon follow the several portions of business according to article 3d, section for section.

9. Now other mixed motions may be made, concerning the subjects already discussed, or any other matters that may occur.

10. In conclusion, the General Synod shall appoint by ballot, the time and place of the next convention; observing at all times, however, that one convention at least, be held every three years.

## ARTICLE VI.

The General Synod may make whatever by-laws they may deem necessary, provided, only, that the said by-laws do not contradict the spirit of the Constitution.

No alteration of this Constitution may be made, except by the consent of two-thirds of the Synods attached to this convention; an exact copy of the intended alterations to be sent to the Secretary, to all the Presidents of the district Synods in connection with this body, with the request, that they would lay them before their respective Synods for decision.

Signed October 24th, in the year of our Lord 1820.

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| J. Geo. Schmucker,<br>Geo. Lochman,<br>Christian Endress,<br>F. W. Geissenhainer,<br>H. A. Muhlenberg,<br>Chr. Kunkel,<br>Wm. Hensel,<br>Peter Stichter, | Of Pennsylvania. |
| Ph. F. Mayer,<br>F. C. Schæffer, | Of New York. |
| Gottl. Schober,<br>Peter Schmucker, | Of North Carolina. |
| Daniel Kurtz,<br>D. F. Schæffer,<br>Geo. Schryock. | Of Maryland. |

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