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SACRED LYRICS:

OR

SELECT HYMNS,

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED

TO

REVIVALS OF RELIGION,

AND INTENDED AS

A SUPPLEMENT TO WATTS.

BY NATHAN S. S. BEMAN.

“Praise thy God, O Zion.”—*Psalmist.*



TROY.

N. TUTTLE, PRINTER, 225 RIVER-STREET.

1832.

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PREFACE.

THE object of this publication is to furnish a suitable COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS for the use of Evening Lectures, Inquiry and Prayer Meetings, and other small Religious Circles, which are attended with so much interest at the present day. In making this compilation, the Author has had special reference to those seasons of God's mercy which are denominated *Revivals of Religion*. If it is true, as has been frequently remarked, that revivals, both with regard to their commencement and their progress, depend much on the character of *preaching*, it may be safely affirmed, that they are not much less affected by the character

of *singing*. In too many instances, these blessed seasons have been brought into something like disrepute, and a bad religious taste has been formed, and, perhaps, false hopes inspired and cherished by the use of Hymns destitute of lyric character, and, at the same time, erroneous in sentiment. Another evil nearly allied to the one just named, and generally associated with it, is the introduction of TUNES into religious worship whose associations are entirely secular, if not profane, and whose tendency is to inspire any other feelings rather than those of devotion. That Hymns which have no claim to lyric spirit should generally be accompanied by Music of an insipid character, is just what might be expected, even if experience and observation had not loudly proclaimed the fact.

It is not the wish of the author to pass

any censure on the many compilations of Hymns now before the Christian public ; but it becomes his duty, in this connection, to state some of the reasons which have influenced his own mind, in adding another book to the long list already in existence. The least offensive mode in which this can be done, will be to give a brief exposition of the leading principles, which he has endeavoured to keep in view, in making this selection. A bare *outline* is all that will be given, at present, reserving to another time and place, a more full defence of the principles themselves.

1. The Author has intended to admit into this selection those Hymns only, which are composed on subjects of a *lyrical character*. That lyric poetry has a province peculiar to itself—that it moves in a sphere exclusively its own—and that its *subjects are limited*, there can be no

room for dispute. This poetry is to be sung—and when poetry and music are combined, we have in this combination, a vehicle the most refined and ethereal, for the expression of *strong emotion*. But the subjects of emotion are comparatively few; and there are hundreds of Hymns in the English language, that can never be sung to any good effect, because their subjects are not within the sphere of lyric poetry. They can, from their very nature, neither inspire emotion, nor become the vehicle of emotion already inspired. They are rather *sermons* than “*spiritual songs*.”

2. Another object has been to present in this little volume, those hymns only which possess some *lyrical merit in their execution*. If the province of lyric poetry is to inspire and express religious emotion, then no hymn can answer the true purposes of christian worship, that does not possess a

peculiar character of its own. Not only its *subject*, but its *execution* must be lyric. Its language must be simple—its images striking—its figures unincumbered—its sentences short—its structure free from all ambiguity—and its stanzas, and even lines, express, as far as possible, a complete idea. Heroics, whether mock or real, can never be sung. The same may be said of every thing which partakes of the character of bombast. A hymn, whether it respects God, ourselves, or our fellows, should be the effusion of a full heart, and that heart melted and dissolved by just such emotions as suit the condition described, or the occasion for which it is intended.

3. A Hymn ought to possess *unity of object*. One grand impression ought to be aimed at in such a composition ; and likewise in its performance in singing. It ought to be remembered that Hymns

are divided into stanzas, and that each of these stanzas are generally sung to the same tune. If some regard is not had to this fact in their *structure*, the object of singing, is, in a great measure, lost: and the moving and melting powers of poetry and music can never be successfully united. Nothing is more common than to find embraced in the same hymn, all the varieties of sentiment and emotion which belong to the entire province of lyric poetry; and it not unfrequently happens that the same part of the tune is appropriated, in one stanza, to words that describe the *triumphs of hope*, and in another, to words that describe the *agonies of despair*. This incongruity is rarely, if ever, witnessed in the composition and performance of secular music; but it is a matter of ordinary occurrence, in the songs employed in the worship of God. Indeed, many christians and even min-

isters seem never to have asked themselves the question whether it is proper to sing of holiness and sin, life and death, Christ and Belial, heaven and hell, in the same strains! There are but two ways to remedy this evil,—one is, to have all hymns of a complex character set to music adapted to the different sentiments and emotions, or to reduce these hymns to greater unity of design. The former course has been taken, in a few instances, by composers of music; the latter has been adopted in this compilation.

4. Another object of this little volume, is to furnish hymns, particularly for revivals of religion, which shall be free from *unscriptural sentiments*. It is readily admitted that *lyric* and *didactic* poetry are very different things; but still every sentiment embodied in a hymn, ought to be the simple and unadultera-

ted truth of the Bible. But is this the fact, in relation to many of the hymns embodied in the popular selections now in use? Let any reader who believes in the doctrine of total depravity, and who believes that the sinner continues in his rebellion against God, till he yields to the terms of the gospel—examine those hymns which are usually arranged under the general head of CONVICTION; and then answer for himself. A large portion of those hymns represent the sinner, when merely arrested by the truth, and under the strivings of the Spirit, and before *conversion*, as *desiring* to love God, and *seeking earnestly* to find Jesus Christ, and *bemoaning* the *calamities* rather than the *sinfulness* of his condition. “Oh! that I *could* at last submit;” “O that I *could* repent.” The legitimate effect of such sentiments, especially when enforced by the powers of mu-

sic, is to lead the sinner to lose sight of his guilt, and thus to destroy his convictions. Many spurious conversions, may, no doubt, be fairly traced to singing of this character, in times of deep and pungent feeling.

5. The Hymns, in this collection, are presented in *suitable length for singing*. Many of them are very short. In some instances, this is the effect of rejecting those stanzas which are destitute of *lyric merit*; and in others, of excluding those which destroy *unity* of purpose or object. Some hymns are reduced, by the application of these principles, to *two* and many to *three* stanzas. But this is no evil. We often need short hymns of a striking character; and particularly for prayer meetings, and at the close of evening lectures. Long hymns and long prayers are death to the spirit of a revival. About four stanzas of Long

Metre, and from four to six of Common and Short Metres, may be considered a suitable length for a song of praise in social worship. In metres of a brisker movement, the addition of one or two stanzas more, may not be improper. The same indulgence may be granted in favour of hymns of a peculiar character, and when used on special occasions. But a grand practical principle is—*singing must be short, or its effect will be lost.*

6. The Author of this collection has determined, from the beginning, to have it comprise but few hymns. One reason, is, a great number is not needed, especially for the purposes which are intended to be answered by this volume. A good hymn does not lose its power of exciting interest by its frequent use. Indeed a certain degree of familiarity with its language and structure is almost indispensable in order to insure its full effect

in kindling the devotions of a public congregation. The appeal may be made to facts. Witness the effect of singing that *Invocation Hymn* of Dr. Watts, "Come Holy Spirit," &c. Besides, a large number of good hymns cannot be found in the English language. Let any man examine the largest collections now in use, and he will return from the search under the full conviction that not more than one, or two, or three hundred can be found that possess superior merit. The fact is that where books are in use that contain six or eight hundred hymns, not more than from *one* to *two* hundred of these are generally sung. The others from their great length, their unlyrical subjects, their destitution of poetic spirit, their disconnected stanzas, or the occurrence of harsh and unmusical expressions are never used in social worship. If they are occasionally given out

by some unskilful leader of a meeting, they are a dead weight upon its devotions. They may be *read* to some good effect, but the spirit of song is not in them. They might occupy an important place in a volume of RELIGIOUS POEMS, but in a Hymn Book, they answer no other purpose than to swell its size, augment its price, and perplex the minister who would wish to give out a hymn suited to the occasion, and the entire character of which will tend to inspire pious emotions in the congregation. In all these respects, a great Hymn Book may be pronounced a *great evil*.

THE AUTHOR.

Troy, March, 1832.

SACRED LYRICS.



A L A R M I N G .

I

HYMN. 7s, and 6s.
The Alarm.

- 1 SINNER, stop, O, stop and think,
 Before you farther go ;
Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo !
On the verge of ruin stop—
Now the friendly warning take—
Stay your footsteps—ere you drop
 Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose ?
Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes ?
Can you stand in that dread day,
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 the bar ;

ALARMING.

There you'll hear your awful doom,
And sink in deep despair !
All your sins will round you crowd ;
You shall mark their crimson die,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And then, no shelter nigh.

2

HYMN. S. M.

Preparation for the Judgment.

- 1 HOW will the soul endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n, before the
Judge,
Astonish'd flee away !
- 2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread !
- 3 Ye sinners, seek his grace ;
His wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled ;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

ALARMING.

3

HYMN. L. M.
Address to Sinners.

- 1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless
grown?
Why in such fearful haste to die?
Why speed thy flight to worlds un-
known,
Regardless of thy destiny?
- 2 Wilt thou defy the wrath of God,
Led on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly despise the Saviour's blood,
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Sinner, O lift thy thoughts above,
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying love—
For ever telling, yet untold!

4

HYMN. 7s.
The sinner warned.

- 1 HASTE, O sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom warns thee from the skies,
All the paths of death to shun.
- 2 Haste! and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Thy probation may be o'er,
Ere this evening's work is done.

ALARMING-

3 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Death may e'en thy soul arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

5

HYMN. 11s.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice."

- 1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner,
draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for
thee ;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is
here,
Redemption is 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 re-
fuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardon-
ing 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 vale of
the tomb ;

ALARMING.

Her message, unheeded, will soon pass
away.

4 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 vale of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at
hand—
The earth shall dissolve and the heav-
ens shall fade ;
The dead, small and great, in the
judgment shall stand ;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend
thee its aid ?

6

HYMN. C. M.

Exhortation to Repentance.

1 REPENT ! the voice celestial cries,
No longer dare delay :
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;

ALARMING.

His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

- 3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound
And call you to his bar ;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.



HYMN. 7s.

Sinner, prepare to meet thy God.

- 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 bare,
Awful terrors clothe his brow !
For his judgment now prepare,
Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 Who his coming may abide ?
You that glory in your shame,
Cannot find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame.

ALARMING.

8

HYMN. 8s. 7s. and 4s.

The voice of mercy.

- 1 HEAR, O sinner—mercy hails you ;
Now with sweetest voice she calls ;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls ;
Hear, O sinner,
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
- 2 See ! the storm of vengeance gather-
ing
O'er the path you dare to tread ;
Hark ! the awful thunder rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head ;—
Turn, O sinner,
Lest the lightning strike you dead.
- 3 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour ;
Seek his mercy while you may ;
Soon the day of grace is over ;
Soon your life will pass away ;
Haste, O sinner,
You must perish if you stay.

9

HYMN. C. M.

Expostulation.

- 1 YE, who despise the Saviour's grace,
And scorn his gospel, here,

ALARMING.

How can you meet his angry face,
Or at his bar appear ?

2 When ev'ry earthly hope shall fail,
When storms of wrath are nigh ;
How will your souls affrighted quail
Beneath his burning eye !

3 Why will you madly rush on death,
And force your way to wo ?
Why tempt the God, that holds your
breath,
To strike the fatal blow.

4 Turn, guilty sinners, quickly turn ;
Oh, come to Jesus now !
Ere the fierce flames around you burn,
To your Redeemer bow.

10

HYMN. S. P. M.

The end of the wicked.

1 Thou hears't, omniscient Lord,
Each curse and idle word,
Of men that scoff with lips profane ;
And when the hand of death,
Shall stop their impious breath,
Their souls shall seek for peace in
vain.

2 Then shall the Judge deride
Their malice and their pride

ALARMING.

And crush them with an iron rod ;
In vain shall fall their tears,
In vain ascend their prayers,
And they shall fear th' avenging God.

3 Oh, how will sinners need
An advocate to plead,
Accepted at thine awful throne !
How, in that solemn hour,
Would faith's transcendent power
Outweigh all things beneath the sun.

4 Yet save their souls, O Lord ;
Subdue them by thy word,
Though all their pow'rs oppose thy
reign ;
Now may thy foes submit,
And bow beneath thy feet,
Nor let them read thy wrath in vain.

11

HYMN. 7s, 5s, and 4s.
Destruction of Sodom.

1 HASTE thee, sinner, haste away,
Vengeance is at hand !
From destruction quickly flee,
Flee at God's command !
No more inquire.
Lo ! the city's doom is seal'd ;

ALARMING.

Wrath from heav'n shall be reveal'd
In liquid fire !

- 2 Haste thee, sinner, haste away
From the o'erwhelming rain !
Break at once thy long delay,
Stay not in the plain !
In threat'ning form,
See the clouds above thy head,
All around their folds are spread ;
O flee the storm !
- 3 Haste thee, sinner, haste away,
Ere the tempest falls !
Now the warning voice obey,
While the Spirit calls :
For refuge fly !
In the fate of Sodom see,
What may quickly come to thee :
Why wilt thou die ?
- 4 Haste thee, sinner, haste away,
While 'tis mercy's hour ;
Harden not thy heart to-day,
Through the tempter's power ;
O turn and live ;
Jesus is the hiding place,
Flee to him, and trust his grace ;
He will forgive.

CONVICTION.

HYMN. 4s and 6s.

"The accepted time."

- 1 CONVINC'D of sin,
O now begin
To call upon the Lord;
Relent and pray,
And mourn the day
In which you scorn'd his word.
- 2 While converts sing
And bless their King,
And praise th' incarnate Word—
O now submit
At Jesus feet,
And own the Sovereign Lord.
- 3 Now is the time
To come to him
Who died that you might live:
Resist no more
The Spirit's pow'r,
No more yourselves deceive.
- 4 O sovereign Lord
Now speak the word,

CONVICTION.

And pierce each stubborn soul ;
Yet as they bleed
Let love succeed,
And make the wounded whole.

13

HYMN. S. M.
“What shall I do?”

- 1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins ;
My guilty soul, alas, is “ dead
In trespasses and sins.”
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly,
Or seek for mercy’s door ?
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And justice arm’d with pow’r.
- 3 When I review my ways,
I dread th’ impending doom ;
While yet some friendly whisper says,
“ Flee from the wrath to come.”
- 4 O that I now might see
Some glimm’ring from afar,
Some beam of hope to dawn on me,
And save me from despair.

14

HYMN. 7s. and 6s.
Whither shall I go?

- 1 CONSCIOUS of my ruin’d state,
Ah ! whither shall I go ?

CONVICTION.

All within is desolate,
While all without is woe:
If to heav'n I turn my eye,
There a frowning Judge appears;
If to Jesus then I cry,
No advocate appears.

2 Oft have I the Spirit griev'd,
So kindly sent to me;
And that word have disbeliev'd
That would have set me free;
All the blessings God has giv'n,
All the warnings he has sent,
Have not led my soul to heav'n,
Or caus'd me to relent.

3 Guilty soul, what wilt thou do?
Polluted still thou art;
God is faithful, just and true,
But thou art vile in heart:
Yield thee now, no more repine;
Own the justice of thy doom:
To the Lord, thyself resign,
And see—"there yet is room."

15

HYMN. 7s. and 6s.
The Sinner disquieted.

1 WHY sinks my soul desponding?
Why fill my eyes with tears;

CONVICTION.

While nature still abounding
The smile of beauty wears ?
Why burden'd now with sorrow,
Is ev'ry lab'ring thought ?
Each vision that I borrow,
With gloom and sadness fraught ?

2 The pleasures that deceived me,
My soul no more can charm ;
Of rest, they oft bereav'd me,
And fill'd me with alarm ;
The objects I have cherish'd,
Are empty as the wind ;
My earthly joys have perish'd,
What comfort shall I find ?

3 If inward still inquiring,
I turn my searching eye,
Or upward now aspiring,
I raise my feeble cry,
No heavenly light is beaming,
To cheer my troubled breast ;
No ray of comfort gleaming
To give my spirit rest.

4 My soul, from this dread anguish
Is there no refuge nigh ?
'Tis guilt that makes thee languish,
And leaves thee thus to die :

CONVICTION.

Renounce thy sin and folly
Before the throne of grace ;
And make the Lord most holy,
Thy strength and righteousness.

16

HYMN. C. M.

The Sinner- convicted by the Law.

- 1 LORD, how secure my conscience
was,
And felt no inward dread ;
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and
bright
Till the commandment came,
And brought me by its pow'r and light
To see how vile I am.
- 3 My soul now feels the heavy load,
My sins revive again ;
I have provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes are slain.
- 4 My God, I'll cry with ev'ry breath,
For some kind pow'r to save ;
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

INVITING.

17

HYMN. C. M.

The Saviour's Invitation.

- 1 THE Saviour calls—let every 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 wo.
- 3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice ;
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—
And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

18

HYMN. L. M.

"Come unto me."

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sins distress,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

INVITING.

- 2 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 !
- 3 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

19 HYMN. C. M. *Invitation of the Gospel.*

- 1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice !
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind :
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams
And pine away and die ;

INVITING.

Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

20 HYMN. L. M. *Christ's Invitation to Sinners.*

- 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 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.'
- 3 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.

21 HYMN. C. M. *The Resolve.*

- 1 COME, trembling sinner, in whose
breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear op-
press'd,
And make this last resolve :

INVITING.

- 2 " I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 " Hath like a mountain rose ;
 " I'll seek his courts, and enter in,
 " Whatever may oppose.
- 3 " Prostrate I'll fall before his throne,
 " And there my guilt confess ;
 " I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone,
 " Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 " Perhaps will hear my 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."

22

HYMN. L. M.
Living Waters.

- 1 HO ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
 'Tis God invites the fallen race ;
 Mercy and free salvation buy,
 Buy wine and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come !
 Sinners, obey your Maker's voice :
 Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
 And in redeeming love rejoice.

INVITING.

23

HYMN. L. M.

The day of Grace.

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is giv'n ;
But soon, ah soon ! approaching night
Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heav'n.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming
sound !
' Come, sinners, haste, Oh, haste
away,
While yet a pard'ning God he's
found. '
- 3 ' Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save. '
- 4 ' In that lone land of deep despair,
No sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise ;
No God regard your bitter pray'r,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies. '

24

HYMN. 8s, and 7s.

A Fountain set open.

- 1 COME to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
Sinners ruin'd by the fall;

INVITING.

Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you—to me—to all,
In a full perpetual tide,
Open'd when the Saviour died.

- 2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent and blind,
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find ;
Health, this fountain will restore ;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 3 He that drinks shall live forever ;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood :
God is faithful—God will never
Break his covenant in blood ;
Sign'd, when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd, when he was glorified.

25

HYMN. 7s.

Come and welcome.

- 1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravish'd ear :
'Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.'
- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?

INVITING.

On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid :
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
'Come and welcome, sinner, come.'

3 Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo, I come your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day ;
Up to my eternal home,
'Come and welcome, sinner, come.'

26

HYMN. 8s and 7s.
False and true Pleasure.

1 TELL me, wand'rer, wildly roving
From the path that leads to peace ;
Pleasure's false enchantment loving—
When will thy delusion cease ?
Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
I could kneel at pleasure's shrine ;
Then my brightest hopes were bound-
ed
By delights as false as thine.

2 But those visions never bless'd me ;
Soon their fleeting day was o'er,
Then the world that had caress'd me,
Charm'd me with its smiles no
more.

INVITING.

Such is pleasure's transient story :
Lasting happiness is known
Only in the path to glory—
In the Saviour's love alone.

27

HYMN. C. M.
Accepting Mercy.

- 1 THERE is a voice of sovereign 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 stains of deepest die.
- 4 A guilty, lost, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength, my only trust,
My Jesus, and my all.

28

HYMN. 8s, 6s and 4s.

“ The Spirit and the Bride say come.”

- 1 RETURN, O wand'rer, to thy home,
The Father calls for thee ;

INVITING.

No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery ;
Return, return !

2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;
The Spirit and the bride say—come ;
O, now for refuge flee :
Return, return !

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay ;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day :
Return, return !

29

HYMN. C. M.

"And yet there is room."

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

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

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;

INVITING.

Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

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

30 HYMN. C. M.
“ *Whosoever will, let him come.*”

- 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 Come, then, with all your wants and
wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love abounds,
A deep celestial spring.
- 3 This spring with living water flows,
And heav'nly joy imparts ;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants
disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

31 HYMN. C. M.
Expostulation with Sinners.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;

INVITING.

- He calls you by his gracious word,
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Your road is dark, and leads to hell!
And will you onward go?
Can you in endless burnings dwell,
Or bear eternal wo?
- 3 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.
- 4 His love exceeds your highest thoughts,
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your num'rous faults,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

32

HYMN. C. M.

Turn and live.

- 1 RETURN, O wand'rer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.
- 3 Return, O wand'rer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear;

INVITING.

Thy Father calls—no longer mourn
'Tis love invites thee near.

33

HYMN. 8s, 7s and 4s.

Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,
If you wait till you are better,
You will never come at all.
Sinners only,
Christ the Saviour came to call.
- 2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.
He will give you
His blest Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him,
There he groans, and bleeds, and
dies :
“ It is finish'd ;”
Heav'n accepts the sacrifice.
- 4 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude :

INVITING.

None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

34

HYMN. C. M.

"Behold I stand at the door."

- 1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms ?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand
In all her winning forms ?
- 2 Shall Jesus for admittance plead,
His charming voice unheard ?
And this vile heart for which he bled,
Remain for ever barr'd ?
- 3 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant pow'r,
The lodging has possess'd ;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heav'nly guest.
- 4 Ye vile seducers ! hence depart ;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
O, guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

35

HYMN. L. M.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
Who gently knocks in mercy's hour ;
In lovely attitude he stands,
With melting heart and bleeding
hands.

INVITING.

- 2 The Friend of sinners?—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary;
Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
And let the heav'nly stranger in.
- 3 Oh! then, his fulness thou shalt see,
And “sup with him and he with thee;”
Refusing still, the hour's at hand,
You'll at *his* door rejected stand.

36

8s, 7s and 4s.
“*Glad tidings.*”

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the mes-
sage
Coming from the courts above?
Mercy beams in ev'ry passage;
Ev'ry line is full of love;
O believe it,
Ev'ry line is full of love.
- 2 Now, the heralds of salvation,
Joyful news aloud proclaim:
Sinners freed from condemnation,
Through the all-atoning Lamb!
Life receiving
Through the all-atoning Lamb.

PENITENTIAL.

37

HYMN. C. M.

Contrition.

- 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 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet ?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

38

HYMN. C. M.

Submission.

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

PENITENTIAL.

- 2 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Jesus, the Redeemer, died
To save his foes from sin.
- 3 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, to tears.
- 4 But floods of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

39

HYMN. C. M.
Penitence and Hope.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts
recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.
- 3 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;

PENITENTIAL.

And grateful, own how kind, how
sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

40

HYMN. 7s.

Repentance at the Cross.

- 1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent ;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd ;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood ;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
Crucifi'd 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,
Pierc'd him with the bloody 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.

41

HYMN. L. P. M.

Supplication.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love !
Oh, hear an humble suppliant's cry ;

PENITENTIAL.

Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty ;
Oh deign to hear my mournful voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,
No worth to claim thy gracious
smile ;

No—when I bow before thy throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,
Dearest and sweetest name to me !

3 Father of mercies, God of love !
Then hear thy humble suppliant's
cry,

Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty ;
One pard'ning word can make me
whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

42

HYMN. 7s.

Confession and Entreaty.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall ;
Hear, oh, hear my earnest cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

PENITENTIAL.

- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners I have been ;
Oft abus'd thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.
- 3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart ;
Justly might thine angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.
- 4 But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound ;
Soothe, oh, soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wand'rer, rest.

43

HYMN. C. M-
Penitence.

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upwards to thy mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Let not thy justice frown me hence ;
Oh ! stay the vengeful storm :
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow could suffice
To pay the debt I owe,

PENITENTIAL.

Tears should from both my weeping
eyes,
In ceaseless currents 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.

44

HYMN. H. M.
Prayer for Pardon.

1 GREAT God, to thee I make
My sins and sorrows known;
And with a trembling heart,
Approach thine awful throne;
Oh! let thine ear
Of grace and love,
In heav'n above,
A sinner hear!

2 O thou, who by a word
My drooping soul canst cheer,
And by thy Spirit form
Thy glorious image there—
My fears dispel,
Thy grace impart,
Subdue my heart
And save from hell.

PENITENTIAL.

- 3 While conscience thunders loud,
To thee alone I fly,
Fall down before thy face,
And there for mercy cry :
One gracious word
Can cheer my soul,
And make me whole,
My dearest Lord !

45

HYMN. C. M.
Repentance at the Cross.

- 1 OH, if my heart were strung for wo,
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 sins of mine
That shed the Saviour's blood ;
That pierc'd and nail'd his sacred flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Whilst with a melting broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I here renounce my darling sins,
And slay the murd'ers too.

PENITENTIAL.

46

HYMN. 8s and 6s.

Prayer for pardoning mercy.

- 1 JESUS, incarnate son of God,
Now hear us from on high ;
Oh, seal our pardon by thy blood,
To thee, to thee we cry :
Our prostrate souls no merit claim ;
We plead thine all-prevailing name.
- 2 Thy law is holy just and good,
Wakens our guilt and fear ;
And sin has risen like a flood,
To whelm us in despair :
Guilty we fall before thy throne,
Thou, Lord, art righteous, thou alone.
- 3 Ruin'd, and all defil'd with sin,
Our souls would turn and live ;
Lord, if thou wilt, now make us clean,
And all our sins forgive :
Thy righteousness, thy bleeding love,
Can ev'ry stain of guilt remove.

47

HYMN. L. M.

A broken and a contrite Heart.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

PENITENTIAL.

- 2 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow se-
vere,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise
there,
Some sure support against despair.

48

HYMN. C. M.
" *Mine eye mourneth.*"

- 1 O GOD of my salvation, hear !
My daily cry attend !
When shall I triumph o'er the grave,
And when my sorrows end ?
- 2 Each day, a mourner from my youth,
My tears in anguish fall :
No feeling heart partakes my pain,
No ear attends my call.

PENITENTIAL.

- 3 To thee, each morn I raise my cry;
Thy suppliant hear and save!
Oh, let me see thy smiling face,
Oh, bring me from the grave.
I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my eyes,
For thy salvation, Lord;
Thy hand shall save me from my foes,
And well fulfil thy word.

49 HYMN. C. M.
"I am afflicted and ready to die."

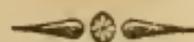
- 1 STRETCH'D on the bed of grief,
In silence long I lay;
For sore disease and wasting pain,
Had worn my strength away.
2 How mourn'd my sinking soul
The Sabbath's hours divine;
The day of grace, that precious day,
Consum'd in sense and sin.
3 Then to the Lord I pray'd,
And rais'd a bitter cry;
'Hear me, O God, and save my soul,
Lest I for ever die.'
4 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis call'd to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death,
Command your souls away.

PENITENTIAL.

50

HYMN. C. M.
Pleading for Mercy.

- 1 LORD, at thy feet, we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With bleeding heart, and downcast
eye,
Thy favour we implore.
- 2 'Tis mercy, mercy now we plead;
Let thy compassion move;
Mercy that led thee once to bleed,
In tenderness and love.
- 3 In mercy now, for Jesus' sake,
O Lord, our sins forgive;
Thy grace our stubborn hearts can
break,
And breaking, bid us live.



CONVERSION.

51

HYMN. 8s. and 6s.
"Ye must be born again."

- 1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:
One solemn truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink to endless wo.

CONVERSION.

- 2 How did the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load !
All human aid I saw was vain ;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 3 I heard the saints with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell
To bring salvation near :
Yet would the dreadful truth remain,
The sinner " must be born again,"
Or sink in black despair.
- 4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour pass'd that way
My bondage to remove :
The sinner once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love. .

52

HYMN. 8s and 7s.

" Follow me."

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence my all shalt be.

CONVERSION.

Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heav'n are still my own!

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not like them untrue;
Oh! 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.

53

HYMN. 7s.

Love to the Saints.

- 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,
Oh, receive me into rest.
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the restless wind or wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

CONVERSION.

4 Mine the God whom you adore ;
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my soul no more ;
Every idol I resign.

54

HYMN. 7s and 6s.
Renouncing the World.

- 1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu !
With all of creature good :
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasures I forego,
All thy wealth and all thy pride ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucifi'd.
- 2 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore ;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more :
Rivers of salvation flow
From his head, his hands, his side ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucifi'd.
- 3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end ;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend.

CONVERSION.

Daily in his grace to grow,
In his favour to abide :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucifi'd.

- 4 Him in all my works, I seek,
Who hung upon the tree ;
Only of his love I speak,
Who freely died for me :
While I sojourn here below,
Nothing I desire beside ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucifi'd.

55

HYMN. 8s and 7s.
Redemption.

- 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 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood,
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
Gazing here I'd spend my breath ;

CONVERSION.

Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

- 4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my heart and eyes on thine,
Till I taste thy whole salvation,
Where, unveil'd, thy glories shine.

56

HYMN. C. M.

Praise to the Saviour.

- 1 OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 Jesus, the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music to my ravish'd ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 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.

CONVERSION.

57

HYMN. L. M.
Christ the only Refuge.

- 1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo,
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 dearest 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.

58

HYMN. C. M.
Joys of Conversion.

- 1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious
name,
And chang'd my mournful state,

CONVERSION.

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 neighbours
cri'd,
And own'd thy pow'r divine ;
"Great is the work," my heart repli'd,
"And be the glory thine."

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

5 Let those, who sow in sadness, wait
'Till the fair harvest come ,
They shall confess their sheaves are
great,
And shout the blessing home.

59

HYMN. L. M.
God my Portion.

1 FAR from thy fold, O God, my feet
Once mov'd in error's devious maze ;

CONVERSION.

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 could'st ne'er
approve;

And gently drew my soul to thee,
With cords of sweet redeeming love.

3 Now to thy footstool, 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.

60

HYMN. C. M.

Subdued by the Cross.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or 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;

CONVERSION.

He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

- 3 O, never till my latest breath,
Shall 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,
It plung'd me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said,
' I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live.'

61

HYMN. L. M.

Parting with Carnal Joys.

- 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.

CONVERSION.

- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of the 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 my
 eyes ;
Oh, for the pinions of a dove,
To waft me to the upper skies.

62

HYMN. S. M.

Rejoicing.

- 1 NOW let our voices join
 To raise a sacred song ;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.
- 2 See flow'rs of paradise
 In rich profusion spring ;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.
- 3 See Salem's golden spires
 In beauteous prospect rise ;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle through the skies.
- 4 All honour to his name,
 Who marks the shining way ;

CONVERSION.

To him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

63

HYMN. C. M.
Salvation welcomed.

- 1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears:
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

64

HYMN. 7s.
Darkness turned to Light.

- 1 BOUNDLESS glory, Lord, be thine;
Thou hast made the darkness shine;
Thou hast sent a cheering ray;
Thou hast turn'd our night to day.
- 2 Darkness long involved us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound;
Then our darkness fled away,
Chas'd by truth's effulgent ray.

CONVERSION.

3 They are bless'd, and none beside,
They, who in the truth abide ;
Clear the light that marks their way,
Leading to eternal day.

4 Guide us, Saviour, through the road,
Till we reach the saints' abode ;
Till we see thee thron'd above,
As thou art the God of love.

65 HYMN. C. M.
Returning to Zion.

1 SING, all ye ransom'd of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing :
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road ;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength ;
Pursue his footsteps still :
With joyful hope still fix your eye
On Zion's heavenly hill.

CONVERSION.

66

HYMN. 5s 6s and 9s.
"First Love."

1 HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above ;
Oh, what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love.

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

3 Yes, all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his
name ;
Oh, that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

67

HYMN. 3s and 6s.
The great Change.

1 SAY, dost thou mark that beaming
eye,
That countenance serene ?

CONVERSION.

That smile of hope, and love, and joy,
Where gloom so late has been?
More beautiful that sight appears,
Than all the charms that nature wears.

2 And dost thou mark that temper mild,
That image pure, of heav'n?
That soul subdu'd and reconcil'd,
Which once with hate was riv'n?
Sure, nothing earthly can impart
Such meltings to a stubborn heart.

3 O, glorious change, 'tis all of grace,
By bleeding love bestow'd
On outcasts of a fallen race,
To bring them home to God.
Infinite grace to vileness giv'n,
The sons of earth made heirs of heav'n.

68

HYMN. S. M. D.
Submission to Christ.

1 JESUS, I come to thee,
A sinner doom'd to die;
My only refuge is thy cross;
Here at thy feet I lie;
Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God, this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

CONVERSION.

2 Too long my soul has gone
Far from my God astray ;
I've sported on the brink of hell,
In sin's delusive way :
But, Lord, my heart is fix'd,
I hope in thee alone ;
Break off the chains of sin and death,
And bind me to thy throne.

3 Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears—
Oh ! send thy blessed Spirit down
To banish all my fears :
Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free ;
Redeem'd from hell and ev'ry foe,
I'll trust alone in thee.

69

HYMN. 11s.
The Mercy of God.

1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of
my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of
my tongue ;
Free grace through the blood of a Sa-
viour alone,
Has won my affections, and made me
thy own.

CONVERSION.

- 2 Thy mercy has conquer'd my obdurate heart,
That wonders to feel its own hardness depart ;
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.
- 3 The door of thy mercy stands open to-day,
To the wretched and needy, thy call who obey ;
No sinner an entrance shall e'er be denied,
Who comes seeking mercy through Jesus that died.
- 4 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell,
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell ;
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
That open'd the fountain of mercy for me.

CONVERSION.

70

HYMN. C. M.
Self Dedication.

- 1 WELCOME, O Saviour, to my heart ;
Possess thy humble throne ;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thy own.
- 2 The world and Satan I forsake ;
To thee, I all resign ;
My longing heart, O Jesus, take,
And fill with love divine.
- 3 O, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom, flee ;
Let nothing here my heart divide ;
I give it all to thee.

71

HYMN. 8s and 6s.
Deliverance from evil Companions.

- 1 TO thee, my King, O God of grace,
I lift my humble cry :
Let not my poor desponding soul
With impious wretches die.
- 2 For me they dug the secret pit,
And form'd the hidden snare ;
Thoughtless I follow'd where they led,
Nor saw destruction near.

CONVERSION.

- 3 My heart with agonizing pray'r
Besought the Lord to save;
Unseen he seiz'd my trembling hand,
And brought me from the grave.
- 4 My lips thy wond'rous works shall
sing,
My heart adore thy grace;
Henceforth be love my sweet employ,
And all my pleasure praise.

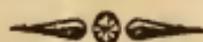
72

HYMN. 8s and 7s.
Grateful Recollections.

- 1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Streams of mercy, &c.
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure
Sung by raptur'd saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.
Fill my soul, &c.
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;

CHRISTIAN.

He to save my soul from danger,
Offer'd his most precious blood.
He to save &c.
Offer'd his most precious blood.



CHRISTIAN.

73

HYMN. 7s.
Rejoicing in Jesus.

- 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 Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 5 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,

CHRISTIAN.

We shall all the fulness prove
Of the Lord's redeeming love.

74

HYMN. 8s, and 7s.

Joyful Hope.

- 1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are
thine,
Think what Jesus did to win thee;
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?
- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by pray'r;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee
there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition;
Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

75

HYMN. S. M.

Salvation by Grace.

- GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
1 Harmonious to the ear;

CHRISTIAN.

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 wond'rous 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 all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

76

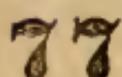
HYMN. C. M.
The Hope of Heaven.

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

2 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all ;

CHRISTIAN.

3 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.



HYMN. 7s and 6s.
Pilgrim's Song.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd 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 our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.

CHRISTIAN.

Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

78

HYMN. S. M.
Believer's Joy.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song, with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets;
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

CHRISTIAN.

79

HYMN. C. M.

Redemption and Protection.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God ;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The op'ning gates of hell ;
And fix'd my standing more secure,
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love,
Beneath my soul he plac'd ;
And on the rock of ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.
- 4 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing ;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

80

HYMN. C. M.

The glories of Redemption.

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

CHRISTIAN.

- 2 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms ;
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms ;—
- 3 Here the whole Deity is known ;
Nor dares a creature guess—
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains :
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name
And try their choicest strains.
- 5 Oh, may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

81

HYMN. L. M.
The Christian Race.

- 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.

CHRISTIAN.

- 3 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

82

HYMN. L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy
fears,
And gird the gospel armour 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 Jesus nail'd 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 conq'rors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;

CHRISTIAN.

While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

83

HYMN. C. M.
Pleasures unseen.

- 1 OH, could our thoughts and wishes
fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleas-
ures spring
Immortal in the skies.

84

HYMN. 7s and 6s.
Joy in believing.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;

CHRISTIAN.

The Lord of life arises
And his salvation brings :
While comforts are declining,
He sees us in distress ;
Then heals us by his shining,
The Sun of Righteousness.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Then free from care and sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring hither what it may.

3 His presence fills the vallies,
And crowns the lofty hills ;
He clothes the humble lilies,
And waters them with rills :
Beneath the spreading heav'ns,
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Its fruit or leaves should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;

CHRISTIAN.

Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

85

HYMN. 7s.
Rejoice in Hope.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour'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 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest :
There your seat is now prepar'd—
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren—joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

CHRISTIAN.

86

HYMN. C. M.
Holy Love.

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 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.

87

HYMN. C. M.
Brotherly Love.

- 1 HOW sweet and heav'nly is the sight,
When those that fear the Lord,
In mutual love and peace unite,
And thus fulfil his word.
- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through ev'ry bosom flow ;

CHRISTIAN.

And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glow.

- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds,
His bosom fill'd with love.

88

HYMN. 7s.

Christian Union and Love.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree,
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid our jars forever cease.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Wholly like our blessed Lord.
- 3 Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear;
To thy church, the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 4 Let us, then, with joy, remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

CHRISTIAN.

89

HYMN. S. M.
Supports of Religion.

- 1 WHEN gloomy doubts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade :
- 2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul ;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.
- 3 Through life's 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 Oh ! let me feel thy pow'r
And find thy sweet relief,
To cheer my ev'ry gloomy hour,
And calm my ev'ry grief.

90

HYMN. C. M. D.
Contrition and Prayer.

- 1 O FOR that tenderness of heart,
That bows before the Lord ;

CHRISTIAN.

That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word :

O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow ;

That sense of guilt which trembling
fears

The long-suspended blow !

- 2 Saviour, to me, in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress ;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace :
O fill my soul with faith, and love,
And strength to do thy will ;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
Thyself to me reveal.

91

HYMN. 3s, 7s and 4s.

Hope encouraged.

- 1 O MY soul, what means this sadness ?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
Let thy grief be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fear begone ;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
Though thy heart is stain'd with sin,
Jesus lives, he'll ne'er forget thee,

CHRISTIAN.

But will make thee pure within ;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road ;
His right hand shall still defend thee ;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God.
Thou shalt praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

92

HYMN. 6s and 8s.
Prayer for Comfort.

- 1 WHERE is my Saviour now,
Whose smiles I once possess'd ?
'Till he return, I bow
By heaviest griefs oppress'd :
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.
- 2 Where can the mourner go
And tell his tale of grief ?
Ah, who can sooth his wo,
And give him sweet relief ;
Earth cannot heal the wounded breast,
Or give the troubled sinner rest.
- 3 Jesus, thy smiles impart ;
My dearest Lord, return,
And ease my wounded heart,

CHRISTIAN.

And bid me cease to mourn ;
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace, and heav'n be found in
thee.

93

HYMN. L. M.

Asking divine Consolation.

1. SWEET peace of conscience, heav'n-ly guest !
Come fix thy mansion in my breast,
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling
here ;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.
- 3 Thou God of hope and peace divine,
O make these sacred pleasures mine ;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.
- 4 Then should mine eyes, without a tear,
See death with all its terrors near ;
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my falt'ring voice.

CHRISTIAN.

94 HYMN. C. M.
Submission to afflictive Providences.

- 1 'TIS God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives—and (blessed be his name,)
He takes but what he gave.
- 2 Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.
- 3 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

95 HYMN. 8s and 7s.
Eternity.

- 1 IN this world of sin and sorrow,
Compass'd round with ev'ry care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope that can exclude despair;
Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
In the glass of faith we see,
Oh, assist each faint endeavour,
Raise our earth-born souls to thee.
- 2 Place that awful scene before us,
Of the last tremendous day,

CHRISTIAN.

When to light thou wilt restore us ;
Ling'ring ages haste away !
Then this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on ;
Life-renewing, glorious Saviour !
Let thy gracious will be done.

96

HYMN. 8s and 7s.
Pilgrim.

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears ;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
- 2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear ;
And when mortal life is ended
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

CHRISTIAN.

97

HYMN. 7s and 6s.

Pleading by the Cross.

- 1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find ;
Think on us, who think on thee,
And ev'ry burden'd soul release ;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 2 By thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat we pray ;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away ;
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From all our sins do thou release,
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Let thy blood by faith appli'd,
The sinner's pardon seal ;
Speak us freely justifi'd,
And all our sickness heal :
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease,
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

CHRISTIAN.

- 4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give ;
Still our souls shall cry to thee
Until renew'd in holiness ;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

98

HYMN. C. M.

Asking Mercy in Affliction.

- 1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here.
- 2 O grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's alluring gain
Succeeded by a frown.
- 3 Then, though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only, shall I see ;
The very hand, that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

99

HYMN. 7s and 6s.

Desire for Heaven.

- 1 FROM ev'ry earthly pleasure,
From ev'ry transient joy,

CHRISTIAN.

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.

3 'Tis true we are but strangers
And pilgrims here below ;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go :
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above ;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

100

HYMN. 7s.

In Darkness.

1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd no more to move ;

CHRISTIAN.

Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love ;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r ;
Now I feel my sins anew ;
Now I feel the stormy hour.
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine, and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive ;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive ;
Speak the word, and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

101

HYMN. C. M.
" *I was troubled.*"

1 HEAR, O my God, in mercy hear ;
Attend my mournful cry ;
Be thou, my gracious helper, near,
And bid my sorrows fly.

2 Once, Lord, when overwhelm'd with
grief,
To thee I breath'd my cry ;

CHRISTIAN.

Thy mercy brought divine relief,
And wip'd my tearful eye.

3 And now, its gloom when sorrow
spreads,

And light and hope depart,
Thy smile celestial morning sheds,
And joy revives the heart.

4 To thee, my gracious God, I raise
My thankful heart and tongue;
O, be thy goodness and thy praise
My everlasting song.

102 HYMN. 7s.
Pleading for Support and Sanctification.

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 Saviour, 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,
Helpless hangs my soul on thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;

CHRISTIAN.

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Jesus, thou 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 ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

103

HYMN. C. M.

God my Refuge.

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 ;

CHRISTIAN.

Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For ev'ry pain I feel.

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

4 Thy mercy seat is open still ;
Here let my soul retreat :
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

104 HYMN. C. M.
Filial Submission.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say my 'Father, God ?'
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise ;
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene ;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 'My Father God,' permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,

CHRISTIAN.

And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

105 HYMN. C. M.
Watchfulness and Prayer.

- 1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heav'n, O let me lift my eyes,
And, hourly, watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful tho'ts complain
And melt in flowing tears!
I strive against my foes in vain,
I sink amid my fears.
- 3 O Lord, increase my faith and hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 4 O, keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and thee.

106 HYMN. L. M.
Hardness of Heart lamented.

- 1 O FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
To chase the shades of night away,
To melt, with beams of love divine,
This unrelenting heart of mine.

CHRISTIAN.

- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can
quake,
The ocean roar, the mountain shake ;
All nature feels, and gives the sign ;
But not this stubborn heart of mine.
- 3 Dear Lord, the sorrows thou hast felt
Might cause a heart of stone to melt ;
Yet I can read each sacred line,
And nothing melt this heart of mine.
- 4 But pow'r supreme the soul can move,
And purify and melt to love ;
Come, Holy Spirit, pow'r divine,
O come, subdue this heart of mine.

107

HYMN. C. M.
Retirement.

- 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 my soul,
And grace her mean abode ;

CHRISTIAN.

Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She there communes with God!

- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

108

HYMN. 11s.
Precious Promises.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints
of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent
word!
What more could his mercy and good-
ness have said
To those, who for refuge, to Jesus have
fled.
- 2 Fear not, I am with thee; O be not
dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will give thee
my aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent
hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters, I call
thee to go,

CHRISTIAN.

The rivers of sorrow shall ne'er over-
flow ;

My presence shall guide thee, my
mercy shall bless,

And cheer thy sad spirit in deepest
distress.

4 My people through life shall abund-
antly prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
love ;

And when hoary hairs shall their tem-
ples adorn,

Like lambs they shall still in my bo-
som be borne.

5 The soul, that on Jesus hath lean'd
for repose,

I never will leave to the rage of his
foes ;

That soul, although Satan endeavour
to shake,

My mercy and goodness shall never
forsake.

109

HYMN. C. M.

The Power of Grace.

1 AMAZING grace ! how sweet the
sound,

That sav'd a wretch like me !

CHRISTIAN.

I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
fear,

And grace my fears reliev'd ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd.

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come ;

'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.

110 HYMN. 4s, 5s and 8s.
The Pilgrim.

1 **PILGRIM** weary,
Lone and dreary

Hast thou found the night ?

Onward while thy course pursuing,
Hast thou been thy strength renewing,
Or been cheer'd by faintly viewing
Some beacon light ?

CHRISTIAN.

- 2 O thou stranger,
 Many a danger
 Hourly have I met ;
Yet by foes unseen surrounded,
And in many a conflict wounded,
I have never been confounded ;
 Christ is my light.
- 3 Morn is breaking,
 Nature waking
 With her thousand tongues :
While the shades are fast retiring,
And the charms of earth conspiring
All to fill the soul admiring,
 Listen to her songs.
- 4 Brighter regions,
 Countless legions,
 Heaven's morn displays ;
On the eye of faith are pouring
Lofty heights and mansions tow'ring,
Spirits blest, their God adoring ;
 Heav'n is fill'd with praise.
- 5 Pleasures nearer,
 Treasures dearer,
 Cannot earth afford ?
Trials sore will hence await thee,

CHRISTIAN.

All who love the world will hate thee,
Spirits foul will fiercely meet thee,
By thy soul abhorr'd.

- 6 Endless treasures,
 Boundless pleasures
 Shall the victor crown ;
Onward still his soul is flying,
On the Lord of life relying,
All the rage of hell defying ;
 Heav'n will soon be won.

1 1 1 HYMN. 7s
 Privileges of Adoption.

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of God ;
They are bought with Jesus' blood ;
They are ransom'd from the grave—
Life eternal they shall have.
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.
- 2 They are justifi'd by grace ;
They enjoy the Saviour's peace ;
All their sins are wash'd away ;
They shall stand in God's great day :
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.
- 3 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness ;

CHRISTIAN.

They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, blameless, undefil'd:
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

- 4 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heav'nly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

112

HYMN. L. M.

Faith our Guide.

- 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.

CHRISTIAN.

113

HYMN. 8s.

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 TO Jesus the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone :
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent, I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power :
- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ;
Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories, I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline :
- 5 O then shall the veil be remov'd,
And round me thy brightness be
pour'd ;
I shall meet him whom absent I lov'd,
Shall see him whom unseen I ador'd.
- 5 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,

CHRISTIAN.

Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

114

HYMN. C. M.
The Power of Faith.

- 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 The wounded conscience knows its
pow'r,
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.
- 4 It shows the precious promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 5 There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies ;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

CHRISTIAN.

115

HYMN. C. M.
Confiding in God.

- 1 TO thee, my God, my heart shall bring
The lively grateful song;
Attending kings shall hear me sing,
With rapture on my tongue.
- 2 Amid the glories of thy name,
Thy truth exalted shines;
A faithful God thy words proclaim
In everlasting lines.
- 3 When in the day of deep distress,
To thee, my God, I cry'd,
With strength divine, thy pow'ful grace
My fainting soul suppli'd.
- 4 Thou, Lord, wilt all my hopes fulfil,
To thee the work belongs;
Let endless mercy guide me still,
And tune my grateful songs.

116

HYMN. L. M.
The Saint's Hope.

- 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 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;

CHRISTIAN.

And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

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

117

HYMN. L. M.
Crucifixion to the World.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet.
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the wide realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

CHRISTIAN.

118

HYMN 8s, 7s and 4s.
God the Pilgrim's Guide.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters 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.

119

HYMN. L. M.

Grateful recollection, or renewal of Covenant.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord; his gracious ear
Was open to my mournful pray'r;
He heard my supplicating voice,
And bade my fainting heart rejoice.

CHRISTIAN.

- 2 Return, my soul, and sweetly rest
On thy almighty Father's breast ;
The riches of his grace adore,
And tell his wond'rous mercies o'er.
- 3 What shall I render to the Lord ?
Or how his matchless grace record ?
To him my grateful voice I'll raise,
And pour libations to his praise.
- 4 His crowded courts shall see me pay
The vows of my distressful day ;
In life and death, the saints shall find
Their guardian God forever kind.

120

HYMN. L. M.

Inconstant Heart lamented.

- 1 AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart ;
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.
- 2 Jesus, to thee I would return,
And, at thy feet repenting, mourn :
There let me view thy pard'ning love,
And never from thy sight remove.
- 2 O let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul ;
Bid ev'ry earthly charm depart,
And dwell forever in my heart.

CHRISTIAN.

121

HYMN. C. M.

Joys departed.

- 1 SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Appli'd 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 evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In pray'r, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

122

HYMN. C. M.

Seeking God.

- 1 OH, that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God ;

CHRISTIAN.

- 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 leave my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God ;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

123

HYMN. C. M.
Seeking Help in God.

- 1 FROM the dark borders of despair,
To thee, my God, I cry ;
Wilt thou, in pity, hear my pray'r
And every plaintive sigh.
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy dwells with thee
Hope dawns amid my fears ;

CHRISTIAN.

Divine forgiveness, large and free,
Shall stay my flowing tears.
As those who wait with longing eyes,
To see the cheerful morn;
So shall my ardent wishes rise,
Till thou, my God, return.
Let all the saints upon the Lord
With cheerful hope recline ;
For pow'r and mercy, in his word,
With boundless glory shine.

24 HYMN. C. M.
Prayer for quickening Grace.

OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the lamb !
What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left a cheerless void,
The world can never fill.
Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,

CHRISTIAN.

Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

- 5 So shall my walk be close with G
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

125

HYMN. S. M.
"Watch and pray."

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
And hosts of sins 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 thy armour down ;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

126

HYMN. L. M.
Help in God alone.

- 1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain
Like one that seeks his God in vain
How long my soul thine absence mourn
And still despair of thy return?

CHRISTIAN.

How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts opprest?
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

Fear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Thy mercy now shall end my grief;
For I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

27 HYMN. C. M.
Desiring the Presence of God.

HEAR, gracious God, my humble
moan,

To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone,
And when my joys arise?

My God—O could I make the claim,
My Father and my friend,
And call thee mine, by ev'ry name
On which thy saints depend;

By ev'ry name of pow'r and love,
I would thy grace entreat;

CHRISTIAN.

Nor should my humble hopes remove
Nor leave the sacred seat.

- 4 Yet, though my soul in darkness
 mourns,
 Thy word is all my stay ;
Here I would rest till light return
 Thy presence makes my day.

128

HYMN. C. M.

Submission.

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
 And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasures mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Thy love forbids my fears ;
Why tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No—let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize, to thee ;
Thou never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through
 Shall be my rich supply ;
What more I want, or think I do,
 Let wisdom still deny.

CHRISTIAN.

129

HYMN. C. M.

Sickness and Recovery.

- 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.
- 1 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast ;
Pleas'd to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.
- 4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.
- 5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come ;
Nor will I ask a speedier flight
To my celestial home.
- 6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be ;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heav'n with thee.

G O D .

130

HYMN. C. P. M.

Praise from all Creatures.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay ;
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty name ;
Lo ! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and
 skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast
 abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker God
 Ye thunders, speak his power :
Lo ! on the light'ning's fiery wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal King ;
 Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies,
 Praise him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing,
Ye feather'd warblers of the spring,

GOD.

Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with
gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heav'n shall echo back the sound
In songs of holy joy.

131

HYMN. S. M.
Praise from Creatures.

1 LET ev'ry creature join,
To praise th' eternal God ;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame ;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

GOD.

- 4 By all his works above
His honours be express'd ;
But saints who taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

132

HYMN. 6s and 4s.

Invocation.

- 1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise :
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.
- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword ;
Our prayer attend :
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour :
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,

GOD.

And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r.

- 4 To the great ONE in THREE,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore :
His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

133 HYMN. 6s and 7s.
Praise from all Creation.

- 1 ANGELS, assist to sing
The honours of your God ;
Touch ev'ry tuneful string,
And sound his name abroad :
Pour the trembling notes along ;
Swell the grand immortal song.
- 2 And ye of meaner birth,
Your joyful voices raise ;
Inhabitants of earth,
Your great Creator praise :
Let your loud hosannas rise,
Shake the earth and pierce the skies.
- 3 Let day and dusky night,
In solemn order join

GOD.

His praises to recite,
And speak his power divine :
Ev'ry hill and ev'ry vale,
Echo with the sacred tale.

- 4 Let ev'ry creature sing
The honours of our God ;
Touch ev'ry tuneful string,
And spread his praise abroad :
Pour the trembling notes along ;
Swell the universal song.

134 HYMN. H. M.
God's Goodness and Truth.

- 1 SING to the Lord most high ;
Let ev'ry land adore ;
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and his power :
With cheerful songs
Declare his ways,
And let his praise
Inspire your tongues.
- 2 Enter his courts with joy ;
With fear address the Lord ;
He form'd us with his hand,
And quicken'd by his word ;
With wide command,
He spreads his sway

GOD.

O'er ev'ry sea
And ev'ry land.

3 His hands provide our food
And ev'ry blessing give ;
We feed upon his care,
And in his pastures live :
With cheerful songs
Declare his ways,
And let his praise
Inspire your tongues.

4 Good is the Lord our God,
His truth and mercy sure ;
While earth and heav'n shall last,
His promises endure :
With wide command,
He spreads his sway
O'er ev'ry sea
And ev'ry land.

135

HYMN. H. M.
Praise in Zion.

1 IN Zion's sacred gates,
Let hymns of praise begin,
Where acts of faith and love
In ceaseless beauty shine.
In mercy there
While God is known,

GOD.

Before his throne
With songs appear.

- 2 In heav'nly courts above,
Ye angels lift your voice,
Let heav'nly harps resound,
And happy saints rejoice.
The glories sing,
That ever shine
With pomp divine
Around your King.

136

HYMN. H. M.
Rejoicing in 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 Let ev'ry creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various pow'rs
Assist th' exalted theme.
Let nature raise,
From ev'ry tongue,

GOD.

A gen'ral song
Of grateful praise.

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

- 4 Assist me, gracious God,
My heart, my voice inspire,
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir :
Thy grace can raise
My heart, my tongue,
And tune my song
To lively praise.

137

HYMN. L. M.
Majesty of God.

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

GOD.

- 2 Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;
His works, through all his wond'rous
frame,
Bear the great impress 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 repeat the song.

138

HYMN. H. M.
Perpetual Praise.

- 1 TO thee, great source of light,
My thankful voice I'll raise ;
And all my powers unite
To celebrate thy praise :
And, till my voice is lost in death,
May praise employ my ev'ry breath.
- 2 And when this feeble tongue
Lies silent in the dust,
My soul shall dwell among
The spirits of the just ;

GOD.

Then, with the shining hosts above,
In nobler strains I'll sing thy love.

139

HYMN. 7s.

Praise for Temporal Mercies.

- 1 PRAISE to God ! immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days :
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores ;—
- 3 These to that dear source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

140

HYMN. H. M.

Perfections of God's Government.

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

GOD.

- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
 And where his love
 Resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms,
 And seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his perfect works
Surprising wisdom shines ;
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs ;
 Strong is his arm,
 And shall fulfil
 His great decrees,
 His sovereign will.
- 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
 I love his name,
 I love his word :
 Join all my pow'rs,
 And praise the Lord.

GOD.

141 HYMN. C. M.
Rejoicing in God our Father.

- 1 COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love ;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.
- 2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends ;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.
- 3 My Father God ! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear ?
Not thus could heav'n's sweet harmony
Delight my list'ning ear.
- 4 Thanks to my God for ev'ry gift
His bounteous hands bestow ;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

142 HYMN. S. M. D.
Spiritual and temporal Mercies.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul ;
Let all within me join ;
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
'Tis he forgives thy sins ;
'Tis he relieves thy pain ;

GOD.

'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

2 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave ;
He who redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign pow'r to save.
O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

143 HYMN. C. M.
The Grandeur of God.

- 1 THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears ;
His goodness through the earth we
trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.
- 2 Lift to the arch of heav'n your eye,
Thither his path pursue ;
His glory boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wond'ring view.
- 3 He bows the heav'ns,—the mountains
stand
A highway for their God ;
He walks amidst the desert land,—
'Tis Eden where he trod.

GOD.

- 4 In ev'ry stream, his bounty flows
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In ev'ry breeze, his Spirit blows
The breath of life and health.
- 5 Ye nations bend—in rev'rence bend ;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

144

HYMN. C. M.
Wonders of God's Love.

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise ;
For he is good, supremely good ;
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his 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,
'Tis here our hope relies ;

GOD.

A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

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

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise ?
Not all th' angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.

145 HYMN. S. M.
The presence of God desired.

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

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

146

HYMN. L. M.

Power and goodness of God.

- 1 YE sons of men, with joy record
 The various wonders of the Lord ;
 And let his pow'r and goodness sound,
 Through all your tribes, the earth
 around.
- 2 Let the high heav'ns your songs in-
 vite,
 Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
 Where sun, and moon, and planets
 roll,
 And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 But oh ! that brighter world above !
 There lives and reigns incarnate love ;
 This theme demands an angel's lay,
 Demands an everlasting day.

147

HYMN. C. M.

Creation and Providence.

- 1 LORD, when my raptur'd thought
 surveys
 Creation's beauties o'er,
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid my soul adore.
- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine ;

GOD.

Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence has shone
With gentle, smiling rays ;
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart ;
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart ;
And crown them with thy love.

148 HYMN. S. M.
God my Creator and Benefactor.

1 MY Maker and my King,
To thee, my all I owe ;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.

2 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live ;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

3 O ! let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

GOD.

149 HYMN. C. M.
Thanks for Providence and Grace.

- 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 thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.
- 3 Yet I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine ;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 4 When blest with that transporting
view,
That Jesus died for me,
For this sweet hope, what praise is
due,
O God of grace, to thee ?
- 5 Now shall my joyful pow'rs unite,
In more exalted lays,
Till I shall join the sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

GOD.

150 HYMN. C. M.
God's presence is Light in Darkness.

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights ;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss ;
When Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

151 HYMN. C. M. D.
Thirsting after God.

- 1 WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parch'd with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool refreshing stream :
So longs the weary, fainting mind,
Oppress'd with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heav'nly comfort flows.
- 2 Oh, may I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire ;

GOD.

And still, through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace aspire.
Then shall my pray'r to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice ;
My mourning voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

152

HYMN. L. M.

Imploring Divine Influence.

- 1 MY God, whene'er my longing heart
Its grateful tribute would impart,
In vain my boldest thoughts arise,
I sink to earth, and lose the skies.
- 2 Thy name inspires the harps above,
With harmony, and praise, and love ;
That grace which tunes th' immortal
strings,
Looks kindly down on mortal things.
- 3 O let thy grace guide ev'ry song,
And fill my heart and tune my tongue ;
Then shall the strain harmonious flow,
And heav'n's sweet work begin be-
low.

CHRIST.

153

HYMN. C.M.
Christ's Nativity.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay :
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it
flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Good-will and peace are heard through-
out
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

CHRIST.

154 HYMN. 8s and 7s.
Christ the Saviour born.

- 1 HAIL, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free !
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art ;
Long desir'd of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry waiting heart.
- 3 Born, thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

155 HYMN. 7s.
Song of the Angels.

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconcil'd. "
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies ;

CHRIST.

With th' angelic hosts, proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

- 3 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth ;
Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of peace,
Hail, the Sun of righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

156

HYMN. S. M.
' Good Will to Man.'

- 1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The blessing promis'd long ;
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In their triumphant song.
- 2 "Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth ;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."
- 3 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues ;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

CHRIST.

4 “Glory to God on high,
And heav’nly peace on earth ;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer’s birth.”

157

HYMN. H. M.
Joy at Immanuel’s Birth.

1 HARK ! hark !—the notes of joy
Roll o’er the heav’nly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains ;
Some new delight in heav’n is known ;
Loud sound the harps around the
throne.

2 Hark ! hark !—the sounds draw
nigh,
The joyful hosts descend ;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend ;
He comes to bless our fallen race ;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round ;
Let ev’ry mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show ;
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

CHRIST.

- 4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name ;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim ;
Angels and men, wake ev'ry string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

158

HYMN. C. M.
The Redeemer's Message.

- 1 HARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour, 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 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

CHRIST.

159

HYMN. 11s and 10s.
Star of the East.

- 1 BRIGHTNESS of glory, thou God
of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
thine aid ;
Shine like the star, the horizon adorn-
ing ;
Guide where the infant Redeemer
is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle, the dew drops are
shining ;
Low lies his head, with the beasts
of the stall ;
Sages adore him, in slumbers reclin-
ing ;
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour
of all.
- 3 Say, shall they yield him, in costly
devotion,
Odours of Edom, and off'rings di-
vine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of
the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from
the mine ?

CHRIST.

- 4 Vainly they offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts, would his favour
secure,
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God, are the pray'rs of the
poor.

160

HYMN. C. M.
Jesus my Trust.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n should hear.
- 2 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart
And sheds its fragrance there ;
The healing balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 3 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my expiring breath ;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine
arms,
The antidote of death.

161

HYMN. 8s and 6s.
The Excellency of Christ.

- 1 O, COULD I speak the matchless
worth,
O, could I sound the glories forth

CHRIST.

Which in my Saviour shinè ;
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes that are divine.

2 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.

3 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me
home,
And I shall see his face :
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend
Triumphant in his grace.

162 HYMN. C. M. D.
God reconciled in Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood ?
'Tis by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again ;

CHRIST.

'Tis by thine interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

- 2 'Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find ;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.
But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins ;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

163

HYMN. C. M.
Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 RISE, glorious Sun, supremely bright,
Diffuse thy rays abroad ;
Scatter the shades of gloomy night,
And show the heav'nly road.
- 2 With healing in thy wings, arise
On this dark soul of mine ;
Oh, pour thy glories from the skies,
And give me life divine.
- 3 Though thorns and briers, pits and
snares,
Beset the path I go,
One ray of thine dispels my fears,
And guides me safely through.

CHRIST.

164 HYMN. S. M.
Christ will hear Prayer.

- 1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of ev'ry saint,
Invites us, all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain ;
'Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry ;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in pray'r ;
He sees, he hears, and from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

165 HYMN. C. M.
Christ the living Fountain.

- 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 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

CHRIST.

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

- 3 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping falt'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 4 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.

166

HYMN. S. M.
Preserving Grace.

- 1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

CHRIST.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom with pow'r belongs ;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

167

HYMN. L. M.
Love of Christ.

1 I WAS a traitor doom'd to die,
Bound to endure eternal pains ;
When Jesus saw me from on high,
Was mov'd by love, and broke my
chains.

2 Did melting pity stoop so low,
The Lord from heav'n pour out his
blood,
To save our rebel race from wo,
And be our Advocate with God?

3 Infinite mercy ! boundless love !
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies ;
The Son of God, his grace to prove,
Hangs on a tree, and groans, and dies.

CHRIST.

168

HYMN. 7s.
The good Shepherd.

- 1 TELL me, Shepherd, from above,
Dearest object of my love,
Where thy little flocks abide,
Shelter'd by thy bleeding side.
- 2 Tell me, Saviour all divine,
Where I may my soul recline ;
Where I shall for refuge fly,
When the burning sun is high.
- 3 Claim me, Shepherd, as thine own,
Oh, protect me, thou alone ;
Let me hear thy gracious voice ;
Make my fainting heart rejoice.

169

HYMN. 7s.
"The Day-spring from on High."

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
"Day-spring from on high," be near ;
Day-star, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;

CHRIST.

Till they inward light impart,
Cheer my eyes, and warm my heart.

- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

170 HYMN. S. M.
“*The Light of the World.*”

- 1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise.
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n:
But in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain:
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

CHRIST.

- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God ;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing
 grace,
And thine atoning blood.

171

HYMN. C. M.
“*Pearl of great Price.*”

- 1 YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine ;
A real prize attracts my view—
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye flatt'ring baits of sense ;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense !
- 3 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
- 4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.
- 5 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;

CHRIST.

Accept the praise that grace inspires,
Since I can call thee mine.

172

HYMN. 8s.
The Hiding Place.

- 1 HAIL, Sovereign Love, that form'd
the plan
To save rebellious, ruin'd man !
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with weapons lifted high ;
I madly ran the sinful race,
Regardless of a hiding-place.
- 3 Yet when God's justice rose in view,
To Sinai's burning mount I flew :
Keen were the pangs of my distress ;
The mountain was no hiding-place.
- 4 But lo ! a heav'nly voice I heard ;
A bleeding Saviour then appear'd ;
Led by the Spirit of his grace,
I found in him a hiding-place.
- 5 On him the weight of vengeance fell
That else had sunk a world to hell :
Then, O my soul, for ever praise
Thy Saviour God, thy hiding-place.

CHRIST.

173

HYMN. 7s.
Fulness of Christ.

- 1 BLEEDING hearts defil'd by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean :
Contrite souls, with guilt opprest,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.
- 2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste ;
Turn to God, O turn and live,
Jesus Christ can still forgive.
- 3 You that oft have wander'd far
From the light of Bethl'em's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace,
Jesus Christ is full of grace.
- 4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Griev'd, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's rock confide,
Jesus Christ for man has died.
- 5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's pow'r ;
On the risen Lord rely,
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

174

HYMN. 5s, 9s and 6s.
"Come unto me."

- 1 COME, let us draw near,
The Saviour to hear

CHRIST.

As he speaks in the accents of love ;
‘ He that cometh to me,
Shall from sin be set free,
And be welcom’d to mansions above.

2 ‘ Who in me confide
Shall safely outride
All the tempests that lower beneath ;
With the ransom’d shall soar
To eternity’s shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 ‘ Through me they shall come
To their permanent home,
The fruition of heaven to prove ;
By love they shall rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.’

175

HYMN. C. M.
God's Love in Christ.

1 THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influ’nce ev’ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom’d to endless wo.

CHRIST.

- 3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

176

HYMN. H. M.
Mission of Christ.

- 1 COME, ev'ry pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest pow'rs exert
To celebrate his fame ;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside ;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died :
What he endur'd no tongue can tell,
'To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead ;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led :

CHRIST.

Up through the sky the conqu'ror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

177

HYMN. C. M.

King of Saints.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Savior's name,
And joy to make it known,
The sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before the throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Savior, crown'd
With glories all divine ;
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When in his earthly courts, we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise ;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

178

HYMN. C. M.

Asking the Presence of Christ.

- 1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

CHRIST.

- 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 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
 In us the heav'nly flame ;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
 Our hearts adore thy name.
- 4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
 And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
 A heav'n on earth appear.

179

HYMN. C. M.
Love to Christ desired.

- 1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
 Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
 That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
 But in thy sacred word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
 My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
 And sin and sorrow rise,

CHRIST.

Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting breast supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of
night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

180 HYMN. 7s, 6s and 8s.
Looking to Christ for Pardon.

1 SAVIOUR, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Teach me, by thy gracious word,
My guilt and danger here to own;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

CHRIST.

- 2 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die ;
Life, and happiness, and love
Beam from thy gracious eye ;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd, that we might live ;
When thy supplicating cry
To God was heard, " Forgive."
Surely, with that dying word,
My Saviour turns, and says, 'tis done :
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

181

HYMN. L. M.
Gratitude to Christ.

- 1 NOW let my soul, eternal King !
To thee its grateful tribute bring ;
My knee, with humble homage, bow ;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.
- 2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above ;
But in thy blessed word, I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

CHRIST.

3 There what delightful truths I read,
There I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 For love like this, oh, let my song
Through endless years thy praise pro-
long:

Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

182 HYMN. C. M.
The Glories of the Lamb.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 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.

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;

CHRIST.

Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

183

HYMN. 8s.
Christ our Advocate.

- 1 WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow beneath the rod;
To him, with penitence, I mourn :
I have an Advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of pard'ning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in ;
Oh ! freely my backslidings heal,
And love the dying sinner still.
- 3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now,
Fill all my soul with filial fears,
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow ;
Bend, by thy grace, O bend, or break
The iron sinew in my neck.
- 4 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at th' approach of sin,
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant and root it deep within ;

CHRIST

That I may dread thy fearful pow'r,
And never dare offend thee more.

184 HYMN. 6s and 4s.
"Worthy the Lamb."

1 GLORY to God on high :
Let heav'n and earth reply—
Praise ye his name !
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
And sing for ever more,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Ye, who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name :
Ye, who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

3 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye his name :
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

CHRIST.

- 4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name :
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

185 HYMN. C. M.
Praise from Saints and Angels.

- 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
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give.
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

CHRIST.

186 HYMN. L. M.
"Blessing and honour unto the Lamb."

- 1 **WHAT** equal honours 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 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.

187 HYMN. L. M.
Christ our High Priest and King.

- 1 **NOW** to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

CHRIST.

- 3 To Jesus our atoning priest,
To Jesus our superior King,
Be everlasting pow'r confess'd ;
Let ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

188

HYMN. 8s and 7s.
The Love of Christ.

- 1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above—
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices ;
Jesus reigns—the God of love ;
See he sits on yonder throne,
Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above—and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on
earth ;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
- 3 King of glory, reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine
own ;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destin'd to behold thy face.

CHRIST.

Saviour, hasten thine appearing,
Bring, Oh bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away ;
Then with golden harps, we'll sing
Glory—glory to our King.

89 HYMN. 83 and 7s.
“*The Light of the World.*”

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwell-
ling

Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath :
The new heav'n and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

Still we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart :
Come, and manifest thy favour
To the ransom'd, helpless race ;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour ;
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

CHRIST.

- 3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince ;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Ev'ry burden'd soul release :
Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

190

HYMN. H. M.
Christ our King.

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up the heart,
Lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud,
Ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n :
Lift up the heart,
Lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud,
Ye saints, rejoice.

CHRIST.

3 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy ;
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy :
 Lift up the heart,
 Lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud,
 Ye saints, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear
 Th' archangel's voice ;
 The trump of God
 Shall sound, rejoice.

191

HYMN. L. M.
The Way to Heaven.

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

CHRIST.

192

HYMN. 12s.

Free Grace.

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—for every transgression,

His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.

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 Saviour!

He calls you in mercy—'tis infinite favour;

Your sins are increasing; escape to the mountain—

His blood can remove them, which flows from the fountain.

Hallelujah to the Lamb—he hath purchas'd our pardon;

We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

CHRIST.

- 3 O Jesus, ride on 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 men raise the shout
of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb—he hath
purchas'd our pardon,
We'll praise him again when we
pass over Jordan.

193

HYMN. 7s and 6s.
Praise to the Saviour.

- 1 TO thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favour,
Almighty King of kings ;
I'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Soon as the morn, with roses,
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast ;

CHRIST.

My voice in supplication,
Well pleased, thou shalt hear,
O, grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

194

HYMN. L. M.

Glory and Grace in Christ.

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming
theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground.
- 3 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where I his beauties shall behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

195

HYMN. 8s, 7s and 4s.

"He is precious."

- 1 HAIL, thou ever blessed Jesus,
Thy redeeming love I sing;
To my soul, thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.

CHRIST.

Oh ! how precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

2 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd, in sin I lay ;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way,
Still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.

3 Witness, all ye hosts of heav'n,
My Redeemer's tenderness ;
Love I much ? ah ! much forgiv'n,
I'm a miracle of grace.
Much forgiv'n,
I'm a miracle of grace.

196

HYMN. C. M.
Christ precious.

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 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;

CHRIST.

But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

- 4 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

197 HYMN. L. M.
"In Him is life."

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes—
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 3 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

198 HYMN. H. M.
Prophet, Priest and King.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,

CHRIST.

That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore ;
All are too mean,
To speak his worth ;
Too mean to set
The Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came :
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died ;
My guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside.
His precious blood
Did once atone ;
And now it pleads,
Before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our conq'ror and our King ;
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing :

CHRIST.

Thine is the pow'r—
Oh make us sit
In willing bonds,
Beneath thy feet.

199 HYMN. S. M.
Christ our Sacrifice.

- 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 like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
And sing his bleeding love.

200 HYMN. 8s.
Songs of Heaven.

- 1 YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,

CHRIST.

In rapturous songs make him known ;
Oh ! tune your soft harps to his praise.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat.

3 He snatch'd you from hell and the
grave :

He ransom'd from death and despair ;
For you he is mighty to save—
And faithful to bring you safe there.

4 O when will the moment appear,
When I shall unite in your song ?
I'm weary of lingering here,
For I to your Saviour belong.

5 I'm fetter'd and chain'd here in clay—
I struggle and pant to be free ;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see !

201 HYMN. H. M.
The Name of Jesus a sweet Savour.

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide !
While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breath'd on every side :

CHRIST.

Balmy and rich the odours rise,
And fill the earth, and reach the skies.

- 2 Ten thousand dying souls
Its influence feel—and live ;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive :
They breathe anew, and rise and sing
Jesus, the Lord, their conq'ring King.

202

HYMN. S. M.
Christ's Mediation.

- 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 ruin'd race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by—
When Christ was sent with pardons
down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;

CHRIST.

Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

203 HYMN. L. M.
Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

- 1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above,
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
- 4 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly
plains.

204 HYMN: 7s.
The Rock of Ages.

- 1 ROCK of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;

CHRISS.

Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
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.

205

HYMN. L. M.
Gethsemane.

1 'TISmidnight—and, on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now
The suff'ring Saviour 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 grief and tears.

CHRIST.

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

4 'Tis midnight—from celestial plains,
Is borne the song that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

206 HYMN. C. M.
Christ dying on the Cross.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree !
How vast that 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 asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

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

4 But soon he'll break death's iron
chain,

CHRIST.

And in full glory shine ;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine ?

207

HYMN. L. M.

"It is finished."

- 1 'TIS finish'd ! so the Saviour 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—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone ;
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last expiring breath.

208

HYMN. L. M.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

- 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 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.
- 3 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
Up to his Father's court he flies ;

CHRIST.

Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 4 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy
sting?
And where thy vict'ry, boasting
grave?"

209

HYMN. 7s and 4s.
Calvary.

- 1 HARK, from yonder mount arise
Notes of sadness—Jesus dies!
On the cross, the Lord of lords
Love for guilty man records,
Sinner, sinner!
Hear your Saviour's dying words.
- 2 'Mortal! for your guilt I die;
Guilt that dar'd your God defy;
Blood for blood I freely give,
Death I taste, that you may live.'
Sinner, sinner;
Free salvation now receive.

210

HYMN. 7s.
Christ's Resurrection.

- 1 HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day!

CHRIST.

Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! the Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Lives again our glorious King,
' Where, O death, is now thy sting ?'
Once he died our souls to save,
' Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?'
- 4 ' Hail, thou great almighty Lord,
' Hail, thou blest incarnate Word ;
' Hail, thou suff'ring son of God,
' Take the trophies of thy blood.'

211

HYMN. H. M.

Jesus rising and reigning.

- 1 YES, the Redeemer rose ;
The Saviour left the dead ;
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conq'ring head.
In wild dismay,
The guards around,
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.
- 2 Lo ! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,

CHRIST.

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 ;
 Transported cry,
 " Jesus, who bled,
 Hath left the dead,
 No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood !
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God !

CHRIST.

With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain,
Beyond the skies.

212 HYMN. 7s.
Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.

- 1 LO ! the rock is roll'd away,
Death yields up his mighty prey ;
See ! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Hark ! the wond'ring angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound,
Echo with the blissful sound.
- 3 Now ye saints, lift up your eyes,
See the conq'ror mount the skies !
King of heav'n, ascend thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own
- 4 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Tune, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Raise, O earth, your noblest songs,
From ten thousand, thousand tongues

213 HYMN. L. M.
Christ's Ascension.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;

CHRIST.

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, of boundless pow'r possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest !

214 HYMN. C. M.

Coronation.

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 form'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,

HOLY SPIRIT.

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,
Come spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.



HOLY SPIRIT.

215

HYMN. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 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 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

HOLY SPIRIT.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

216 HYMN. S. M.
Convicting and sanctifying Influences.

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

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

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

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

217 HYMN. 7s.
Spiritual Light, Life and Peace.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine ;

HOLY SPIRIT.

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 ;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

218

HYMN. H. M.
Promise of the Spirit.

1 O THOU, that hearest pray'r,
Attend our 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 ;

HOLY SPIRIT.

O, let thy spirit now
Descend and fill the place.
So shall we feel the heav'nly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

219 HYMN. L. M.
Prayer for spiritual Enjoyment.

- 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,
Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see ;
O, soothe and cheer my burden'd heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

220 HYMN. L. M.
Heavenly Visions desired.

- 1 DESCEND from heav'n, immortal
Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 O for a sight, a blissful sight
Of our almighty Father's throne !
There sits the Saviour crown'd with
light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 3 Adoring saints around him stand,
While thrones and pow'rs before him
fall ;
The God shines gracious through the
man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 4 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

221 HYMN. L. M. *"Take not thy Holy Spirit from me."*

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Oh ! I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And thus shook off my guilty fears ;
And griev'd and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.

HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest ;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand ;
O, guide my steps in perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

222

HYMN. L. M.

Prayer for Light and Guidance.

- 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 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy
way ;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to heav'n our final rest,
Where we shall be for ever blest.

HOLY SPIRIT.

223

HYMN. L. M.

The Comforter.

- 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 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires ;
Can it be less than pow'r divine,
Which animates these strong desires ?
- 3 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred
peace ?
- 4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heav'nly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

224

HYMN. 7s.

Prayer for Light and Sanctification.

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

PRAYER.

- 2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with love divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down ev'ry idòl throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.



PRAYER.

225

HYMN. 7s.

Social Prayer and Praise.

- 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 ?
Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay :
Lord, we cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

PRAYER.

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

226

HYMN. 7s.
Sin bewailed.

- 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 sovereign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

227

HYMN. C. M.
Seeking God.

- 1 AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn ;
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O, let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide ;

PRAYER.

That love shall vainer loves expel ;
That fear, all fears beside.

- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply ;
The good we ask not—Father, grant,
The ill we ask—deny.

228 HYMN. L. M.
“Forgive us our sins.”

- 1 FORGIVE us, Lord, to thee we cry ;
Forgive us through thy matchless grace ;
On thee alone our souls rely,
Be thou our strength and righteousness.
- 2 Forgive us, as we now forgive
The ills we suffer from our foes ;
Restore us, Lord, and bid us live,
O, let us in thine arms repose.
- 3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great,
Our wretched souls no merit claim ;
For sovereign mercy still we wait,
And ask but in the Saviour’s name.
- 4 Forgive us, O thou bleeding Lamb,
Thou risen, thou exalted Lord ;
Thou great High Priest, our souls re-
deem,
And speak the pardon-sealing word.

PRAYER.

229

HYMN. C. M.
The Request.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise :
- 2 " Give us a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make us live to thee.
- 3 " Let the sweet hope that we are thine,
Our life and death attend ;
Thy presence through our journey
shine,
And crown our journey's end."

230

HYMN. C. M.
Habitual Devotion.

- 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'r of thought bestow'd ;
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
That mercy I adore.

REVIVAL.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'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 pray'r.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'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 gath'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart shall rest on thee.



REVIVAL.

231

HYMN. 8s, 7s and 4s
Prayer for Zion's Increase.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;

REVIVAL.

All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again ;
Lord revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green,
All its plants by thee were nourish'd ;
Then how cheering was the scene.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

3 Keep no longer at a distance ;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

232

HYMN. 8s and 7s.
Love Divine.

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.

REVIVAL.

2 Breathe, O, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast ;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away ;
End the work of thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.

233

HYMN. C. M,
Prayer for a Revival.

1 O LORD, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour ;
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring pow'r.

2 O, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest pray'r ;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak,
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry ;
O, come, and bring salvation near ;
Our souls on thee rely.

REVIVAL.

234 HYMN. 12s, 11s and 8s.
The Triumph of the Gospel.

- 1 THE Prince of salvation in triumph
is riding,
And glory attends him along his
bright way ;
The news of his grace on the bree-
zes are gliding,
And sinners are owning his sway.
- 1 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquer-
ing Saviour,
Let thousands of thousands submit to
thy reign ;
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for
thy favour,
And follow thy glorious train.
- 3 Then sweetly shall sound, from each
sanctified nation,
The voices of myriads tun'd to thy
praise ;
And heaven shall echo the songs of
salvation,
In rich and melodious lays.

235 HYMN. 8s, 7s and 4s.
Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 NOW we hail the happy dawning
Of the gospel's glorious light;

REVIVAL.

May it take the wings of morning,
And dispel the shades of night ;
Blessed Saviour,
Let our eyes behold the sight.

2 Where, amid the desert dreary,
Plant, nor shrub, nor flow'ret grows,
There refresh the pilgrim weary,
With the sight of Sharon's Rose ;
And its beauties
To the longing eye disclose.

3 Where the beasts of prey are prowling,
And the pois'nous serpents hiss,
There exchange the dismal howling,
For the pleasing calm of peace ;
And for ever
May destruction's empire cease.

4 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.

236

HYMN. 8s and 7s.
Glory of the Church.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;

REVIVAL.

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,
To supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows his thirst t' assuage ?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

237 HYMN. C. M.
Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

- 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour !
Her God hath heard her mourning
voice,
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.
- 2 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there ;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

REVIVAL.

- 3 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes ;
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 4 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And, when his saints complain,
It shan't be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

238

HYMN. H. M.

Jubilee.

- 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.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace ;

REVIVAL.

Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.

- 5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad !

239

HYMN. 8s, 7s and 4s.
" *Thy God reigneth.*"

- 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 will quickly send.

REVIVAL.

- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

240 HYMN. L. M.
Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 O SUN of Righteousness, arise,
With gentle beams on ZION shine;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.
- 2 On all around let grace descend,
Like heav'nly dew, or copious show'rs;
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.

241 HYMN. H. M.
"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."

- 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh.
Cheerful in God
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

REVIVAL.

- 2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade ;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head ;
 The nations round,
 Thy form shall view,
 With lustre new
 Divinely crown'd.
- 3 In honour to his name
Reflect that sacred light ;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright ;
 Pursue his praise,
 Till sovereign love,
 In worlds above,
 The glory raise.
- 4 There on his holy hill
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies ;
 While, round his throne,
 Ten thousand stars
 In nobler spheres
 His influ'nce own.

REVIVAL.

242

HYMN. 7s.

“ What of the night ? ”

- 1 WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are ?
 Trav'ler ! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star.
 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretel ?
 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,
 And 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'rings cease :
 Hie thee to thy quiet home ;
 Trav'ler ! lo ! the Prince of peace,
 Lo ! the Son of God is come !

REVIVAL.

243

HYMN. 8s, 7s and 4s.

Fountain of Life.

- 1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow ;
God has open'd there a fountain
That supplies the plains below :
They are blessed,
Who its sovereign virtues know.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flow-
ing,
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 ;
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

244

HYMN. 8s, 7s and 6s.
Departure of Missionaries.

- 1 WATCHMEN! onward to your stations,
Blow the trumpet long and loud;
Preach the gospel to the nations,
Speak to ev'ry gath'ring crowd:
See! the day is breaking;
See the saints awaking,
No more in sadness bow'd.
- 2 Watchmen! hail the rising glory
Of the great Messiah's reign;
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,
Tell it to the list'ning train:
See his love revealing;
See his Spirit sealing;
'Tis life amid the slain
- 3 Watchmen! as the clouds are flying,
As the doves in haste return,
Thousands, from amid the dying,
Flee to Christ, his love to learn:
All their sighs and sadness
Turn to joy and gladness,
When they his grace discern.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

- 4 Watchmen ! now lift up your voices,
Tell the triumphs of your King;
While the ransom'd host rejoices,
Sing aloud, his praises sing :
See his arm victorious ;
See his kingdom glorious,
While heav'n's glad anthems ring.

245

HYMN. 12s and 9s.
Mission to Palestine.

- 1 THEY have gone to the land where
the patriarchs rest,
Where the bones of the prophets are
laid,
Where the chosen of Israel the prom-
ise possess'd,
And Jehovah his wonders display'd ;
To the land where the Saviour of sin-
ners once trod,
Where he labour'd, and languish'd,
and bled ;
Where he triumph'd o'er death, and
ascended to God,
As he captive captivity led.
- 2 They have gone to the land where the
gospel's glad sound
Sweetly tuned by the angels above,

MONTHLY CONCERT.

Was re-echo'd on earth, through the
regions around,
In accents of heavenly love ;
Where the Spirit descended in tokens
of flame,
The rich gifts of his grace to reveal ;
Where apostles wrought signs in Im-
manuel's name,
The truth of their mission to seal.

- 3 They have gone—O, thou Shepherd
of Israel—have gone
The glad mission in love to restore ;
Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave
them alone ;
Thy blessing we humbly implore.
Thy blessing go with them—O, be
thou their shield
From the shafts of the fowler that
fly ;
O Saviour of sinners, thine arm be
reveal'd
In mercy, in might, from on high.

246

HYMN. L. M.

Christ's Kingdom universal.

- 1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run ;

MONTHLY CONCERT.

His kingdom spread from shore to
shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no
more.

2 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.

3 Let ev'ry creature rise—and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

247

HYMN. C. M.

"The Desire of all Nations."

1 UNBOUNDED loveliness is thine,
Thou blessed Prince of grace !
Thine uncreated beauties shine
With never fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet ;
To thee their pray'rs and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And heav'n can give no more.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

Thou art their triumph and their joy—
They find their life in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ,
Through all eternity.

248

HYMN. 11s.
Zion encouraged.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from
thy sadness ;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee
no more ;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-
star of gladness,
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is
o'er.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that
subdu'd them,
And scatter'd their legions, was migh-
tier far ;
They fled, like the chaff, from the
scourge that pursu'd them ;
Vain were their steeds and their char-
iots of war.

Daughter of Zion, the pow'r that hath
sav'd thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel
should be ;

MONTHLY CONCERT.

Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that
enslav'd thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion
is free.

249

HYMN. L. M.

Prayer for the Millennium.

- 1 JESUS, we bow before thy throne,
We lift our eyes to seek thy face;
To bleeding hearts thy love make
known,
On contrite souls bestow thy grace.
- 2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelmed in guilt and
tears,
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears.
- 3 Lord, arm thy truth with pow'r divine,
Its conquests spread from shore to
shore;
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.
- 4 O, rise, ye ransom'd captives, rise,
Peal the loud anthem here below;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heav'n with new-born rapture
glow.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

250 HYMN. 7s and 6s.
The Blessings of Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun :
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

4 To 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.

251

HYMN. S. M.
The Gospel Trumpet.

1 YE trembling captives, hear!
The gospel trumpet sounds ;
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

2 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heav'n aloud proclaims ;
And earth, the Jubilee's release,
With eager rapture claims.

3 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread ;
And Jesus all his willing bands,
In glorious triumph lead.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

252

HYMN. L. M.

The Time to favour Zion.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy
pow'r,
Be this thy Zion's favour'd hour ;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains ;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
And claim the nations for thy own.
- 3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy
voice ;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice ;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night ;
Bid every nation hail the light.

253

HYMN. C. M.

Returning to Zion.

- 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.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

- 3 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.
- 4 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

254 HYMN. L. M.
“The isles shall wait for me.”

- 1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?
- 2 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolations round;
See, what wide realms in darkness lie,
What scenes of wo and crime abound.
- 3 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

255

HYMN. S. M.
Prayer for all Lands.

- 1 O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne ;
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy son.
- 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways ;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

256

HYMN. L. M.
Triumph of the Gospel.

- 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 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land of every name ;
Let Zion's time of favour come ;
O bring the tribes of Israel home :
- 4 Arm of the Lord, awake ! awake !
Put on thy strength—the nations shake,

MONTHLY CONCERT.

Let hostile pow'rs before thee fall;
And crown the Saviour—Lord of all.

257

HYMN. 7s and 6s.

The condition of the Heathen.

- 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 ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O Salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,

MONTHLY CONCERT.

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.

258

HYMN. L. M.
Praise from all the Earth.

- 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.

259

HYMN. C M.
Christ ascending and reigning.

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King !

MONTHLY CONCERT.

Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

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

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

4 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own ;
The heathen taste his grace.

260

HYMN. 7s and 6s.
The Gospel Banner.

1 NOW be the gospel banner
In ev'ry land unfurl'd,
And be the shout hosanna
Re-echoed through the world ;
Till ev'ry isle and nation,
Till ev'ry tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation
And join the happy throng.

Cho. Now be the gospel banner, &c.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

- 2 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings,
Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
Each ransom'd captive sings ;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and vallies greeting,
The song responsive raise.
Cho. Now be the gospel, &c.

261 HYMN. L. M.
Prayer for Christ's Presence.

- 1 OH, haste, with ev'ry gift inspir'd,
With glory, truth, and grace attir'd,
Thou star of heav'n's eternal morn,
Thou sun, whom beams divine adorn.
- 2 Assert the honour of thy name,
And fill thy foes with fear and shame ;
To help thy chosen sons appear,
And show thy pow'r and glory here.
- 3 Let saints be glad before thy face,
And grow in love, and truth, and grace ;
Thy church shall blossom in thy sight,
Yield fruits of peace and pure delight.
- 4 Oh, hither, then, thy footsteps bend ;
Swift as a roe, from hills descend ;

MONTHLY CONCERT.

Shine like the Sabbath's cheerful ray,
Till life unfolds eternal day.

262

HYMN. 8s, 7s and 4s.
Dawning of the latter Day.

- 1 LOOK, ye saints, the day is breaking ;
Joyful times are near at hand ;
God, the mighty God is speaking
By his word, in ev'ry land :
Day advances,
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy pow'r ;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world for evermore ;
Then shall idols
Perish, while thy saints adore.



S A B B A T H.

263

HYMN. 7s.
The Sabbath Morning.

- 1 IN this calm impressive hour,
Let my pray'r ascend on high,
God of mercy, God of pow'r,
Hear me when to thee I cry :

SABBATH.

Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ thy Son.

- 2 With this morning's early ray,
While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
Joy and gladness to my heart :
Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.
- 3 O what joy that word affords,
'Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth ;'
King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Send thy gospel heralds forth :
Now begin thy boundless sway,
Usher in the glorious day.

264

HYMN. C. M.

The Resurrection Sabbath.

- 1 BLEST morning, whose first dawn-
ing rays
Beheld our rising God ;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode !
- 2 In the cold prison of the tomb
Our dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought]]
The third, th' appointed day.

SABBATH.

- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain ;
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

265

HYMN. L. M.

The earthly and heavenly Sabbath.

- 1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we
love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the
place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred and eternal noon.
- 4 Soon shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond this world of death and sin ;

SABBATH.

Soon shall our voices join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

266 HYMN. H. M.
Commencement of public Worship.

1 NOW, to thy sacred house
I turn my willing feet,
Where saints, with morning vows,
In full assembly meet.

Thy pow'r divine
Shall there be shown,
And from thy throne
Thy mercy shine.

2 O send thy light abroad ;
Thy truth with heav'nly ray
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way ;

I'll hear thy word
With faith sincere,
And learn to fear
And praise the Lord.

3 Here, reach thy gracious hand,
And all my sorrows heal,
Here, health and strength divine,
O make my bosom feel ;

Like balmy dew,
Shall Jesus voice

SABBATH.

My heart rejoice
And strength renew.

- 4 Now in thine holy hill,
Before thine altar, Lord,
My harp and song shall sound
The glories of thy word.
O God of grace,
Henceforth to thee
My life shall be
A hymn of praise.

267 HYMN. 7s.
The social Worship of the Sabbath.

- 1 TO thy temple we repair,
Lord, we love to worship there;
There, within the veil, we meet
Thee upon thy mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 While to thee our pray'rs 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,

SABBATH.

Let thy gospel's wond'rous love
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.

- 5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn ;
That at evening we may say—
We have walk'd with God to day.

268 HYMN. S. M.
The Pleasure of social Worship.

- 1 HOW charming is the place,
Where our Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad !
- 2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold thee sit
And smile on all around.
- 3 To thee, our pray'rs and cries
Each humble soul presents :
O listen to our broken sighs,
And grant us all our wants.

269 HYMN. 7s.
Heaven on Earth.

- 1 LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are ;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heav'n, and much of thee.

SABBATH.

From thy gracious presence, flows
Bliss that softens all our woes ;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire

Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known ;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
'Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

- 4 Thus, with sacred songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
'Till from earth to heav'n we soar.

270

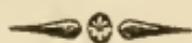
HYMN. C. M.
Coldness lamented.

- 1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord :
But still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 How cold and feeble is our love,
How negligent our fear ;
How low our hope of joys above,
How few affections there.
- 3 Great God ! thy sovereign pow'r im-
part
To give thy word success ;

MINISTRY.

Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

- 4 Shew our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without de-
cay,
And love shall never die.



MINISTRY.

271 HYMN. S. M.
Ministers exhorted and encouraged.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey ;
Rise 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 Go, spread the Saviour's fame ;
Go, tell his matchless grace ;
Proclaim salvation full and free
To Adam's guilty race.

MINISTRY.

4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's—and will prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

272

HYMN. 5s and 6s.
God's Servants exhorted.

- 1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name ;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have ;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud
And honour the Son ;

MINISTRY.

Immanuel's praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

- 4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right,
All glory and pow'r,
And wisdom and might ;
All honour and blessing
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

273

HYMN. S. M.
The Heralds of Christ.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here.'
- 3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

MINISTRY.

4 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

274 HYMN. S. M. D.
A Minister's Love to the Church.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.
If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo,
Let ev'ry joy this heart forsake,
And ev'ry grief o'erflow.

3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

SCRIPTURES.

For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my pray'rs ascend ;
To her my care, and toils be giv'n,
Till toils and cares shall end.



SCRIPTURES.

275 HYMN. C. M.
The Bible suited to our Wants.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimersweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O, may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight ;

SCRIPTURES.

And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

- 5 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

276 HYMN. C. M.
Comfort to the Guilty and Afflicted.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage ;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,—
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have ;
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

SCRIPTURES.

277

HYMN. C. M.
Revelation welcomed.

- 1 HAIL, sacred truth, whose piercing
rays
Dispel the shades of night ;
Diffusing o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.
- 2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wand'ring feet ;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.
- 3 Oh ! send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze ;
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

278

HYMN. C. M.
The Bible, our Light.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heav'n.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

MORNING

- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious
night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of heav'n's eternal day.



MORNING AND EVENING.

279

HYMN. 7s.
Morning Thanks.

- 1 THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song ;
Thankful, from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.
- 2 Thou didst hear my evening cry ;
Thy preserving hand was nigh ;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.
- 3 Thou hast kept me through the night ;
'Twas thy hand restor'd the light ;
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.
- 4 Still my feet are prone to stray ;
O, preserve me through the day ;

AND EVENING.

Dangers ev'ry where abound,
Sins and snares beset me round.

5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display ;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

280

HYMN. S. M.

Prayer for spiritual Light.

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-Star from on high ;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O, let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night ;
And let the glories of thy love
Come like the morning light.

3 How beauteous nature now !
How dark and sad before !—
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 May we this life improve
To mourn for errors past ;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

MORNING

281

HYMN. S. M.

Morning Prayer Meeting.

- 1 HOW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in pray'r.
- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne ;
He listens to their bursting sighs,
And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light ;
Once, on the chilling mount did stay
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down,
To rescue souls condemn'd to die,
And makes his people one.

282

HYMN. S. M.

Morning Meditation.

- 1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul,
These airy visions chase ;
Awake, my active pow'rs, renew'd,
To run the heav'nly race.
- 2 See how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way ;

AND EVENING.

And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray!

3 Thus would my rising soul
Her heav'nly parent sing;

And to her great original
Her humble tribute bring.

4 Serene, I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;

I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near.

5 Dear Saviour, to thy cross,
I bring my sacrifice;

Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

283

HYMN. L. M.
An Evening Sacrifice.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
And ev'ry gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wond'rous grace,
And witness to thy love and pow'r.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone

MORNING

I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

- 4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close
With sleep refresh my feeble frame
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

284

HYMN. L. M.
Evening Song.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light !
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
My soul, this night, at peace may be.
- 3 O may my faith on thee repose ;
May gentle sleep mine eyelids close,
That shall my frame more vig'rous
make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 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.

AND EVENING.

285

HYMN. C. M.

Evening Prayer and Praise.

- 1 INDULGENT Father, by whose care,
I've pass'd another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share ;
O, teach me how to pray.
- 2 Show me my sins, that I may 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 mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heav'n and glory rise,
To see thy smiling face.

286

HYMN. 7s

Evening Communion with God.

- 1 NOW, from labour and from care,
Twilight shades have set me free ;
In the work of praise and pray'r,
Lord, I would converse with thee.
O, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

MORNING

- 2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,
Wither all my earthly joys ;
Nought can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice.
Lord, forgive ; thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.
- 3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r,
Grateful notes to thee I raise ;
O, accept my song of praise.

287

HYMN. C. M.

Evening Thanks and Confession.

- 1 PERPETUAL blessings from above
Encompass me around ;
But oh, how few returns of love,
Hath my Creator found ?
- 2 What have I done for him, who died
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll ?
- 3 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.

AND EVENING.

- 4 Sprinkl'd afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

288 HYMN. 7s.
Evening Contemplation.

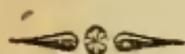
- 1 SOFTLY now, the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.
- 2 Soon for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

289 HYMN. 8s and 4s.
Morning and Evening Worship.

- 1 GOD of evening and of morning,
Great source of all !
While our hearts with love are burn-
ing,
Prostrate we fall :
Now, thy sacred throne addressing,
And our follies all confessing,
We entreat a Father's blessing ;
Lord, hear our call.

THE YEAR.

- 2 Thou that rulest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
May thine angel guards defend us;
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us;
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This live-long night.
- 3 Object of our souls' devotion,
Thee we adore;
Fill our hearts with sweet emotion,
This sacred hour:
Jesus, Master, thou art worthy;
All the heav'nly host adore thee;
Saints shall cast their crowns before
thee,
Now and evermore.



THE YEAR.

290

HYMN. 5s and 11s.
A New Year.

- 1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,

THE YEAR.

Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, till the Master
appear.

2 Our life is a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away ;
And the fugitive moment refuses to
stay.

3 The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's
here.

4 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
“ I've fought my way through,
I've finish'd the work thou didst give
me to do ! ”

5 O that each from his Lord
May receive the good word,
“ Well and faithfully done !
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
throne ” !

THE YEAR.

291

HYMN. C. M.
Close of the Year.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your
eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
Ye mortal pow'rs, decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

292

HYMN. S. M. D.
The Spring.

- 1 SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear ;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the op'ning year :

THE YEAR.

But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King
Who loves the youthful race.

2 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky ;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh :
But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth ;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn
Before the light of truth.

3 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain's tops,
And decks each plant and flow'r we view,
With pearly glitt'ring drops :
But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill ;
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distil.

DEATH.

293

HYMN. 8s and 7s.
Mourners comforted.

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love ;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deep'ning shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round th' immortal spirit's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die.
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there, no more can come ;
There no fear of wo, intruding,
Sheds o'er heav'n, a moment's gloom.

DEATH.

5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love ;
Far remov'd from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

294 HYMN. L. M.
Death and Burial of Saints.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd
the bed !
Rest here, blest saint,—till from his
throne
The morning break, and pierce the
shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious
morn !
Attend, O earth ! his sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

DEATH.

295

HYMN. L. M.

Death of the Righteous.

1 HOW bless'd the righteous when he
dies,

When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eye,
How gently heaves th' expiring
breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing 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 ap-
pears,

Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

296

HYMN. C. M.

Dying in the Lord.

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n
proclaims,

For all the pious dead;

DEATH.

Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suff'rings, and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

297

HYMN. 3s and 7s.

The departing Saint.

- 1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below :
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go !
- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle thro' thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;

DEATH.

Die, to live the life of glory ;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

298

HYMN. 7s and 4s.

Support in Death.

- 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

299

HYMN. C. M.

Mourning with Hope.

- 1 **THAT** once lov'd form now cold and
 dead,
 Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
 And wither'd all her joys.
- 2 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time ;
 When what we now deplore,

DEATH.

Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

- 3 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy
tears,
Religion points on high ;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

300 HYMN. C. M. *"The weary are at rest."*

- 1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by heav'n's de-
cree,
Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling
cease,
Their passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 All, levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God, in judgment, call them forth
To meet their final doom.

DEATH.

301

HYMN. 12s and 11s.
A Funeral Hymn.

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave—but we
will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness en-
compass the tomb ;
The Saviour has pass'd through its
portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.
Thou art gone to the grave—we no
longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the
world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread
to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the
Saviour hath died.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave—and its
mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt
linger'd long ;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd
bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was
the seraphim's song.

DEATH.

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 hath no sting since the
Saviour hath died.

302 HYMN. 8s and 7s.
The Spirit of a dying Christian.

- 1 PARTING soul ! the flood awaits thee,
And the billows round thee roar ;
Yet rejoice ! the holy city
Stands on yon celestial shore.
- 2 There are crowns and thrones of glory,
There the living waters glide ;
There the just in shining raiment,
Standing by Immanuel's side.
- 3 Linger not ; the stream is narrow,
Though its cold dark waters rise ;
He who pass'd the flood before thee,
Guides thy path to yonder skies.

ETERNITY.

303

HYMN. 12s and 8s.
"The Harvest is past."

- 1 WHEN the harvest is past, and the
summer is gone,
And sermons and pray'rs shall be
o'er ;
When the beams cease to break of the
sweet Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more ;
When the rich gales of mercy no long-
er shall blow,
The gospel no message declare ;
Sinner, how can'st thou bear the deep
wailings of wo ?
How suffer the night of despair ?
- 2 When the holy have gone to the re-
gions of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above,
When their harmony wakes, in the
fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour they love ;
Say, O sinner, who livest at rest, and
secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,

ETERNITY.

Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow
endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

304 HYMN. 7s, 6s and 8s.
The Sinner's Prospect.

- 1 DARK brood the heavens o'er thee,
Black clouds are gath'ring fast :
In awful pow'r thy God has come,
Thy days of mirth are past.
- 2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee,
Red flames are bursting round ;
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders
roar,
How shakes the trembling ground.
- 3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee,
Behold the Judge appears :
Unnumber'd millions throng around,
Rais'd from the dust of years.
- 4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee,
O, come and hear thy doom ;
Destruction opens wide for thee,
Thy chosen, final home.
- 5 Yet stay—the vision lingers ;
Why sinner, wilt thou die?

ETERNITY.

Dark brood the heav'ns—but mercy
waits;

This hour to Jesus fly!

305

HYMN. S. M.
"The second death."

1 THERE is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.

2 Lord, God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone.

306

HYMN. S. M.
The last Account.

1 I SAW, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear!
Prepar'd to scan, with strict account,
The blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath, like flaming fire,
In hell for ever burns;
And, from that hopeless world of wo,
No fugitive returns.

3 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;

JUDGMENT.

O sinner, then your injur'd God
Will heed your cries no more.



JUDGMENT.

307 HYMN. 8s, 7s and 4s.
Christ coming to Judgment.

- 1 LO, he comes, in clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah ;
Jesus shall for ever reign.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing
Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
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.

JUDGMENT.

- 4 Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah ;
See the day of God appear.

308

HYMN. C. M.
God the awful Judge.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts
And thou, O earth, adore ;
Let death and hell, through all their
coasts,
Stand trembling at his pow'r.
- 2 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea
And send his wrath abroad.
- 3 What shall the wretch, the sinner do !
He once defied the Lord ;
But he shall dread the thund'rer now
And sink beneath his word.
- 4 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul,
In one eternal storm.

JUDGMENT.

309 HYMN. C. M.
Everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste—
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, depart!
- 3 Oh! wretched state of deep despair;
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station, where
I must not taste his love!
- 4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

310 HYMN. 8s, 7s and 4s.
The Judgment Trumpet.

- 1 HARK! the judgment-trumpet sound-
ing,
Rends the skies and shakes the
poles;
Lo! the day, with wrath abounding,
Breaks upon astonish'd souls:

JUDGMENT.

Ev'ry creature
Now the awful Judge beholds.

- 2 Jesus, Captain of salvation,
Leads his armies down the skies ;
Ev'ry kindred, tribe and nation,
From the sleep of death, arise :
Heav'n's loud summons
Fills the world with dread surprise.
- 3 Zion's King, his throne ascending,
Calls his saints before his face ;
Crowns, with glory never ending,
All the children of his grace :
Heav'n shall echo ;
Songs of triumph fill the place.
- 4 Look beneath, where hell is burning !
There the sons of darkness lie ;
- Hope to black despair is turning ;
There the worm shall never die :
Careless sinner,
Oh, to Jesus quickly fly.

311

HYMN. 8s, 7s and 4s.
Saints and Sinners judged.

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round :

JUDGMENT.

How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine ;
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, ' this God is mine :'
Gracious Saviour,
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 ?

312 HYMN. . 7s.
Christ coming to save his People.

1 HARK, that shout of rapt'rous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud !
Jesus comes—and, through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark ! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land :
Let his people now rejoice ;
Their redemption is at hand.

HEAVEN.

- 3 See ! the Lord appears in view ;
Heav'n and earth before him fly ;
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you—
Rise to meet him in the sky.
- 4 Go and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest ;
Happy in the Saviour's love,
Ever blessing, ever blest.



HEAVEN.

313

HYMN. S. M.
Rest in Heaven.

- 1 OH, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul !
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or search from pole to 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.

HEAVEN.

314 HYMN. C. M.
Heaven anticipated.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue,
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influ'nce to our song.
- 2 Then to the shining realms of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of Paradise
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.
- 3 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs ;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 4 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire ;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heav'nly choir.

315 HYMN. C. M. D.
The Peace and Repose of Heaven.

- 1 THERE is an hour of hallow'd peace
For those with cares opprest,
Where sighs and sorr'wing tears shall
cease,
And all be hush'd to rest :

HEAVEN.

'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy ;
Then they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

2 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more ;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore :
There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
There they that oft had sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

316

HYMN. C. M. D.
The heavenly City.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home !
Name ever dear to me ;
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee ?
When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built
walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets with shining gold.

2 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend ?

HEAVEN.

Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

Why should I shrink at pain or wo,
Or feel at death dismay ?

Jerusalem I soon shall view
In realms of endless day.

3 Redeemed saints and angels, there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ, below,
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home !

My soul still pants for thee ;
There shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

317 HYMN. L. M. *The Worship of Heaven.*

1 O FOR a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus
reigns.

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall ;
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n,
their all.

HEAVEN.

- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the
skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they
gaze ;
Ten thousand, thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the foll'wers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir ;
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire !
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our int'rest in that blissful place ;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

318 HYMN. 8s and 6s.
The everlasting Bliss of Heaven.

- 1 HEAV'N is the land where troubles
cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er ;
The blissful clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more ;

HEAVEN.

And not the shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

2 Heav'n is the place where Jesus lives,
To plead his dying blood ;
While, to his pray'rs, his Father gives
An unknown multitude,
Whose harps and tongues, through
endless days,
Shall crown his head with songs of
praise.

3 Heav'n is the dwelling place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransom'd souls above
Enjoy, before th' eternal throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

319 HYMN. 7s.
The Songs and Bliss of Heaven.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptur'd saints above ;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love :
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Tort'ring pain, and heavy wo.

HEAVEN.

- 2 Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark ! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.
Happy spirits ! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find ;
Lull'd to rest, the aching head,
Sooth'd, the anguish of the mind.
- 3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose ;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wip'd away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast ;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

320

HYMN. S. P. M.
The Perpetuity of Heaven.

- 1 BEYOND the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath ;
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.
- 2 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;

HEAVEN.

A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

3 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away :
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day :
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heav'n's own
light.

321 HYMN. 8s. *Sin deplored, and Heaven desired.*

1 THE clouds of affliction and pain
Have shrouded in mourning the sky ;
Thick darkness conceals all the plain,
And tempests are hurrying by :
My Saviour ! my Saviour ! my God !
Why dost thou my spirit forsake ?
O, when shall I see thine abode ;
O, when in thy likeness awake ?

2 The winds of temptation arise,
And howl o'er my pathway of night ;
The clouds never move from the skies
To show the returning of light ;
Mid tempests of sorrow I mourn,

HEAVEN.

My heart with its anguish will break,
When shall I to gladness return ;
O, when in thy likeness awake ?

- 3 My Saviour ! my Saviour ! I wait,
I wait till thy glory arise ;
I watch at thy merciful gate,
Till light bursts again from the skies ;
Then peace shall return to my breast,
My soul of thy goodness shall speak,
And calmly my spirit shall rest,
Till I in thy likeness awake.

322 HYMN. C. M. *The cheering Prospect of Heaven.*

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-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.

HEAVEN.

- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes !
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

323

HYMN. 8s and 6s.
Divine Contemplation.

- 1 HOW blest the minds which daily rise
To worlds unseen beyond the skies,
And lose this vale of tears !
On heav'n-taught pinions while they
soar,
And joys unknown to sense explore,
How low the cares of mortal life,
How mean its bliss appears !
- 2 O for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my thoughts and hopes above
These little scenes of care !

HEAVEN.

Above those gloomy mists which rise,
And pain my heart, and cloud mine
eyes ;

To see the dawn of heav'nly day,
And breathe celestial air.

3 Ten thousand times ten thousand
tongues

There join in rapture-breathing songs,
And tune the golden lyre

To Jesus their exalted Lord ;

Dear name ! how lov'd, and how ador'd!
His charms awake the heav'nly strain,
And ev'ry note inspire.

324 HYMN. 8s and 6s.
“ *The things which are not seen are eter-
nal.*”

1 OH ! weep not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away,
For hopes, that, like the stars decay'd,
Have left thy mortal day ;
For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be giv'n ;
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
Amid the bow'rs of heav'n.

2 Oh ! weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonely grave,

HEAVEN.

As breezes sweep the wither'd grass
Along the restless wave ;
For though thy pleasures may depart
And mournful days be giv'n,
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heav'n.

325

HYMN. 11s.

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 "I WOULD not live always :” I ask
not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark
o'er the way ;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on
us here,
Are follow'd by gloom, or beclouded
with fear.
- 2 "I would not live always"—no, bless'd
is the tomb ;
Since Jesus has died, I will welcome
its gloom ;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid
me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending
the skies.

HEAVEN.

- 3 "I would not live always"—remote
from my God ;
An exile from heaven, that blissful
abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains—
And the noon-tide of glory eternally
reigns.
- 4 There, saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transport-
ed to greet ;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast
of the soul.

326 HYMN. 8s and 6s.
The Peace and Rest of Heaven.

- 1 **THERE** is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers 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 home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driv'n,

DISMISSIONS.

When toss'd on life's tempestuous
shoals,

Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heav'n.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects giv'n ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heav'n !

4 There, fragrant flow'rs immortal,
bloom,
And joys supreme are giv'n :
There, rays divine disperse the
gloom ;—
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heav'n !



DISMISSIONS, &c.

327 HYMN. 8s, 7s and 4s.
Prayer for a parting Blessing.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,

DISMISSIONS

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 cumb'rous clay ;
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day.

328

HYMN. C. M. D.
Praise to the Trinity.

1 THE God of mercy be ador'd
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.

AND ASCRPTIONS.

329

HYMN. 8s, 3s and 6s.

Perpetual Praise.

- 1 BLESS the Lord, ye saints, adore him,
As ye stand,
By his command,
Day and night before him.
- 2 Lift your hands, his glory viewing,
In his house,
Pay your vows,
Songs of praise renewing.

330

HYMN. 4s, 3s and 7s.

Christ our Lord and King.

- 1 ENDLESS praises
To our Lord,
Ever be his name ador'd.
- 2 Angels, crown him,
Crown the Lamb ;
He is worthy—praise his name.
- 3 Saints, adore him,
For his grace
To our guilty fallen race.
- 4 Saints and angels,
Join to sing
Praises to our Lord and King.

DOXOLOGIES.

1

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.

2

C. M.

To God the Father, God the son,
Your grateful voices raise ;
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Ascribe immortal praise.

3

S. M.

Ye angels, round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

4

8s and 7s.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
To the Lamb be ever paid ;
Let new blessings ev'ry hour
Rest on his adored head.

DOXOLOGIES.

5

H. M.

To God the Father's throne,
Your highest honours raise ;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise :
 With all our pow'rs,
 Eternal King,
 Thy name we sing,
 While faith adores.

6

7s.

Glory to the Father's name ;
Messiah's excellence proclaim ;
Sing the blessed Spirit's praise ;
Angels, swell the notes we raise.

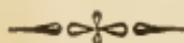
7

8s, 7s and 4s.

Great Jehovah, we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
 On the same eternal throne :
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah three in one.

THE Compiler of the foregoing work is happy to acknowledge his indebtedness to several of his lay friends for their aid in correcting and arranging a number of the hymns in this collection. Among these, a more particular acknowledgment is due to a member of his own Session, and to Mr. Thomas Hastings, one of the authors of the Spiritual Songs. To the latter gentleman he is indebted for several original hymns, and for permission to insert a number of others from the above named book.

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