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McIVER'S

FAMILY PSALMODY.

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FAMILY PSALMODY;

OR,

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF

Evangelical Hymns.



ADAPTED TO THE

DAILY DEVOTIONS

OF

CHRISTIAN FAMILIES:

AND

CONTAINING SUBJECTS APPROPRIATE

TO

VARIOUS OCCURRENCES IN LIFE,

AND TO

Seasons of Prosperity and Adversity.

BY THE REV. COLIN M'IVER.

PSALM LV. 17.—“*Evening, and morning, and at noon,
will I pray, and cry aloud; and He shall hear my
voice.*”—CXIX. 164. “*Seven times a day do I praise
Thee, because of Thy righteous judgments.*”



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(RECAP)

PREFACE.

THE design of the following selection of hymns, is so plainly expressed in the title page, that the editor does not deem it necessary to say any thing, by way of preface, except to state, that notwithstanding the great variety of good hymns with which the Christian public have already been furnished, in the different collections extant; yet, no one of the various hymn books heretofore published, has appeared to him, precisely to answer the special object of this compilation. Under the impression that a book of this kind was needed, to fill up a chasm, not supplied by any of the selections which have heretofore been in circulation, he has been induced to add this one to their number. He

commends it to the attention and patronage of his Christian brethren of all evangelical denominations; but, above all, to the favour and countenance of ALMIGHTY God, humbly praying, that it may graciously please HIM, eminently to bless it, to the edification and comfort of his own children, wheresoever, in his good providence, it may find circulation.

COLIN M'IVER.

*Fayetteville, N. C.
8th Aug. 1833.*

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FAMILY PSALMODY,

&c.

SABBATH HYMNS.

HYMN 1. C. M. WATTS.

For the Lord's day Morning.

1. **LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high!
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.**
2. **Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.**
3. **Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.**
4. **But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.**
5. **Oh, may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.**

6. My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.
7. Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust
For ever shout for joy.
8. The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

HYMN 2. C. M. BROWN.

A hymn for the evening of the Lord's day.

1. Frequent the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!
2. Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
3. Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;
4. Where we shall breathe in Heav'nly air,
In Heav'nly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;

5. Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our pow'rs employ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.
6. Where we shall sing and never tire,
But sound immortal lays,
And with the bright, seraphic choir,
Sound forth Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 3. S. M. WATTS.

THE BOOK OF NATURE AND SCRIPTURE.

For a Lord's day morning.

1. Behold the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
2. The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night
Divinely teach his name.
3. In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
4. Ye western lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.
5. His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands
Where our salvation lies.

6. His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.
7. Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight;
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd
So much allures the sight.
8. While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim;
Accept the praise, my God, my King;
In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN 4. C. M. CENNICK:

Lord's day evening.

1. When, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual sabbath day
Without a veil between?
2. Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my pray'rs.
3. Release my soul from every chain
No more Hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.
4. Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.
5. Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,

To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end:

HYMN 5. S. M. WATTS.

GOD'S WORD MOST EXCELLENT; OR,
SINCERITY AND WATCHFULNESS.

For a Lord's day morning.

1. Behold the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
2. But when the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
3. How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just,
For ever sure thy promise, Lord;
And men securely trust.
4. My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain;
But find the path to Heav'n!
5. I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.
6. O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.

7. Warn me of ev'ry sin,
 Forgive my secret faults,
 And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
8. While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad;
 Accept the worship and the song
 My Saviour and my God.

HYMN 6. L. M. WATTS.

Lord's day evening.

1. Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship thee!
 At once they sing, at once they pray!
 They hear of Heav'n, and learn the way.
2. I have been there, and still would go!
 'Tis like a little Heav'n below:
 Not all that Hell or sin can say,
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.
3. O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
 The text and doctrine of thy word;
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before.
4. With thoughts of Christ and things divine!
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine,
 That, hoping pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 7. C. M. WATTS.

The morning of a Lord's day.

1. Early, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face;

- My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand;
Beneath a burning sky;
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
3. I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that Heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.
4. Not all the blessings of a feast,
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.
5. Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
6. Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and king;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

HYMN 8. L. M. ALEXANDER'S COLLECTION.

Sabbath evening.

1. Is there a time when moments flow
More peacefully than all beside?
It is of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve' in summer tide.
2. O then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,

- The diff'rent forms of nature wear,
One universal garb of love.
3. And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.
4. Delightful scene! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear,
A Heav'nly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.
5. If Heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so Heav'nly sure as this,
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.
6. Delightful hour, how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;
And morrow's quick returning light,
Must call us to the world again.
7. Yet will there dawn at last a day,
A sun that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,
The Heav'nly Sabbath never dies!

**HYMN 9. P. M. or as the CXLVIIIth Psalm,
Scott.**

A hymn for Lord's day morning,

1. Awake, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band,
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.
Auspicious morn!
Thy blissful rays

Bright seraphs hail
In songs of praise.

2. At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
Its dark domains confined:
Th' angelic host
Around him bends,
And 'mid their shouts
The Lord ascends.
3. All hail, triumphant Lord;
Heav'n with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou,
Who once wast slain,
Through endless years
To live and reign.
4. Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious thou,
Thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and Hell
In triumph lead.
5. Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart.
Then dying souls
For life shall sue,
Num'rous as drops
Of morning dew.

HYMN 10. 7s. NEWTON.

Sabbath eve.

1. Safely through another week,
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 On this ending Sabbath day,
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.
2. When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel thy presence near!
 May thy glory meet our eyes
 When we at thy throne appear!
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

HYMN 11. 8. 8. 6. MERRICK.

ZEAL FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD, AND DELIGHT
 IN WORSHIP.

A hymn for Sabbath morning.

1. The joyful morn, my God, is come,
 That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
 Thy presence to adore;
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy courts ascend,
 And tread the hallow'd floor.
2. Hither from *Judah's* utmost end,
 The Heav'n protected tribes ascend;
 Their off'rings hither bring:
 Here, eager to attest their joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues em-
 ploy,
 And hail th' immortal King.

3. Be peace implor'd by each on thee,
O Zion, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray:
How bless'd, who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labours shall attend,
And safety guard his way.
4. O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store!
5. Seat of my friends and brethren, Hail!
How can my tongue, O Zion; fail
To bless thy lov'd abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose
The mansions of my God?

HYMN 12. C. M. WATTS.

Sabbath evening.

1. I love to see the Lord below;
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.
2. I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.
3. I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his Heav'nly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

4. He shines—and I am all delight;
He hides—and all is pain:
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again!
5. O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy pow'r;
But soon in Heav'n I hope to view
And praise thee evermore.

HYMN 13. 7s. EDMESTON.

Sabbath morning.

1. Heavenly Spirit! may each heart
Through these sacred hours be thine;
May we from the world depart,
Breathing after things divine.
2. Lead us forth with joy and peace,
To thy temple, in thy ways;
And when this sweet day shall cease,
May its sun go down with praise!
3. May thy ministers declare
All thy word of truth and pow'r,
Till the sinner bend in pray'r,
Conquer'd in that mighty hour.
4. So may we, who worship here,
Profit by thy word to-day;
And more love and peace and fear
Carry from thy house away.

HYMN 14. L. M. ALEXANDER'S COLLECTION.

THE SABBATH AN EMBLEM AND TYPE OF
HEAVEN.*A hymn for Sabbath morning.*

1. Again our weekly labours end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend;

- Let us improve the sacred rest
And bless the day which God hath blest.
2. This day let pray'rs and praises rise,
To God a grateful sacrifice!
Thy peace, O Lord, on us bestow;
Which none but they who feel it, know.
3. That peace of thine within the breast
Is a rich foretaste of a rest
Which for thy church, O God, remains,
A rest from sin, and guilt, and pains.
4. In holy duties let this day,
Heav'n's type and emblem, pass away:
Each Sabbath, Lord, we thus would
spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end.

HYMN 15. L. M. NEWTON.

THE LORD'S DAY.

A hymn for Sabbath morning.

1. How welcome to the saints, when press'd
With six days' noise, and care, and toil;
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world
awhile!
2. Now from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a diff'rent air;
Compos'd and soften'd by the day,
All things another aspect wear.
3. How happy if their lot is cast,
Where stately the gospel sounds!
The word is honey to their taste,
Renews their strength and heals their
wounds!

4. Though pinch'd with poverty at home,
With sharp affliction daily fed;
It makes amends, if they can come
To God's own house for Heav'nly bread!
5. With joy they hasten to the place,
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feast upon his grace
Their burdens and their griefs forget.
6. This favour'd lot, my friends, is ours;
May we the privilege improve;
And find these consecrated hours,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.
7. We thank thee for thy day, O Lord,
Here we thy promis'd presence seek;
Open thine hand, with blessings stor'd,
And give us manna for the week.

HYMN 16. L. M. DOBELL.

Sabbath morning.

1. Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day;
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.
2. Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
3. Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

HYMN 17. C. M. DE COURCY.

Sabbath morning.

1. Come, let us join, with sweet accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.
2. This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven;
Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in Heaven.

HYMN 18. P. M. ALEXANDER'S COLLECTION:

For the morning of the Lord's day.

1. Great God! this sacred day of thine,
Demands the soul's collected pow'rs;
Gladly we now to thee resign
These solemn, these devoted hours!
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne!
2. Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
Where God resides appear no more:—
REDEEMER! thine all-piercing eye
Can ev'ry secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our bosoms move,
And fix our thoughts on things above.
3. Thy SPIRIT's pow'rful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart,
Then shall the day indeed be thine:
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 19. C. M. ALEXANDER'S COLLECTION.

Sabbath morning,

1. May I throughout this day of thine
Be in the Spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.
2. Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above,
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

HYMN 20. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Sabbath morning,

1. This is the day the Lord hath made.
Let young and old rejoice:
To him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.
2. This is the homage he requires,—
The voice of praise and pray'r,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves, and all we are.
3. While rich and poor for mercy call,—
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.
4. Well pleas'd, through Jesus Christ his
Son,
From sin he grants release,
According to their faith 'tis done,
He bids them go in peace.

HYMN 21. C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

The Sabbath morning.

1. When, on the third, th' auspicious day
While yet the blushing dawn
Shed forth its earliest smiling ray
To gild the rising morn;
2. The "holy women" sought the place
Where their belov'd was laid,
And shining angels preach'd the grace
That raised him from the dead;
3. They hasted from the hallow'd ground,
Where his dear flesh had lain,
To tell his mourning friends around,
That Jesus lives again.
4. This day, as days of olden time,
Is one of Heav'nly joy;
Good tidings reach to ev'ry clime,
And ev'ry tongue employ.

HYMN 22. L. M. PRATT'S COLLECTION.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Sabbath morning.

1. Lord, hear my words—my spirit see,
When wrapt in solemn thoughts of thee:
My King, my God, my cries attend;
To thee my suppliant pray'rs ascend.
2. Whene'r the morning rays appear,
Thou, Lord, my early voice shalt hear:
To thee my lifted hands shall rise;
And faith look up with longing eyes.
3. O God, thy pure and holy mind
In tents of sin no joy can find;

Far from thy throne shall evil flee,
Nor e'er inhabit, Lord, with thee.

4. But I, by boundless mercies led,
Thy temple's sacred courts will tread;
Up to thy house with joy repair:
Thy mercies shall surround me there.
5. Prostrate I'll bow—with fear impress'd,
While awe profound inspires my breast;
And faith, while yet my pray'rs arise,
Firm on the Saviour's name relies.

HYMN 23. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Sabbath morning.

1. Lord, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.
2. Thou, in the morn, my voice shalt hear,
And with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.
3. Let all thy saints who trust in thee,
With shouts their joy proclaim;
By thee preserv'd, let them rejoice,
And magnify thy name.
4. To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessings will extend;
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

HYMN 24. C. M. WRANGHAM.

Sabbath morning.

1. Lord, hear me when without disguise
My words to thee ascend;

- And when my meditations rise,
Oh, graciously attend.
2. Before thy throne I'll humbly fall,
And all my troubles bring;
On thee alone for help I'll call,
My righteous God and King.
3. Soon as the morning rays appear,
I'll lift my eyes above;
My voice shall reach thy list'ning ear,
And supplicate thy love.
4. Within thy house my voice shall rise,
Before thy mercy seat;
There will I fix my steadfast eyes,
And worship at thy feet.
5. In righteousness thy strength display,
And my protection be;
Teach me to know that only way,
Which leads to Heav'n and thee.

HYMN 25. I. M. BROWN—*Altered.**Sabbath morning.*

1. Hail, happy day of holy rest!
What Heav'nly transports fill our breast!
When Christ the Lord, in love descends,
And holds communion with his friends.
2. Let earth and all its toys begone,
Move off, and leave my soul alone;
Its fading glories I despise,
And upward turn my longing eyes.
3. Fain would I penetrate the skies,
And on Christ's glories fix my eyes:
Oh! meet my soul, thou God of love!
And waft it to the realms above!

**HYMN 26. P. M. or as the CXLVIIIth
PSALM. HAYWARD.**

Sabbath morning.

1. Welcome, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights,
And mortal toys,
I soar to reach
Immortal joys.
2. Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel
Thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know
And fear the Lord.
3. Descend, Celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul,
New life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be
Indulg'd in vain.

HYMN 27. C. M. KELLY.

Sabbath morning.

1. And now another week begins,
This day we call the Lord's;
This day he rose, who bore our sins,
For so his word records.

2. Hark, how the angels sweetly sing!—
Their voices fill the sky—
They hail their great victorious King,
And welcome him on high.
3. We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
Their joys O may we feel;
Our thankful song with them we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.
4. Come, then, ye saints, and grateful sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord;
Of Christ, the everlasting King,
Of Christ th' incarnate Word.
5. Hail, mighty Saviour, thee we hail!
High on thy throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

HYMN 28. L. M. EPISCOPAL COLLECTION.

Sabbath morning.

1. My op'ning eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.
2. I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest:
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.
3. Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought—through all the day.

4. Then, to thy courts when I repair,
 My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
 The wonders of thy love declare,
 And join the strains which angels sing.

HYMN 29. C. M. BARBAULD.

Sabbath morning.

1. Again the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray;
 Dispers the darkness of the night,
 And pours increasing day.
2. Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt
 A sinful world in gloom!
 Oh! what a Sun, which broke, this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb!
3. This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung;
 Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
 And praise on ev'ry tongue.
4. Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.

HYMN 30. C. M. DE COURCY.

**THE SABBATH COMMEMORATIVE OF CHRIST'S
 RESURRECTION.**

A hymn for Sabbath morning.

1. The Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
 In concert with the blest;
 And joyful, in harmonious lays,
 Employ this day of rest.

2. Lord, may we still remember thee,
And more in knowledge grow;
Oh! may we more of glory see,
While waiting here below.
3. On this blest day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
4. He rises, who our souls hath bought,
With blood, and grief, and pain—
'Twas great—to speak the world from
naught—
'Twas greater—to redeem.

HYMN 31. L. M. STEELE.

CHRIST'S DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

A hymn for Sabbath morning.

1. Come tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord to sing;
And echo to the Heav'nly plains,
The triumphs of your Saviour King.
2. In songs of grateful rapture, tell,
How he subdued your potent foes;
Subdued the powers of death and Hell,
And dying, finished all your woes.
3. Then to his glorious throne on high
Return'd while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conquering God, resound.
4. Almighty love, victorious power!
Not angel-tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour,
The joys of that illustrious day,

5. Then, well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raise;
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.
6. Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace
Fill every heart and every tongue,
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

HYMN 32. L. M. WALLIN.

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

A hymn for Sabbath morning.

1. When I the lonely tomb survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie;
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.
2. This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
How weak the bands of conquer'd
death;
Sweet pledge! that all who trust his name,
Shall rise and draw immortal breath.
3. Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seiz'd:
In his release; our own we see,
And shout to view Jehovah pleas'd.
4. Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
5. Thy risen Head, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears;
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

6. "Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leaye
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave."*

HYMN 33. L. M. WESLEY,

CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

A hymn for Sabbath morning.

1. Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of Hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
2. There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye Heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
3. Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene,
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.
4. "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and Hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
5. Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye Heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
6. "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless pow'r possess,

* Watts.

The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

HYMN 34. 7s. TURNER.

Sabbath morning.

1. Lord of Hosts, how lovely, fair,
Ev'n on earth, thy temples are
Here thy waiting people see
Much of Heav'n—and much of thee.
2. From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
3. Here, we supplicate thy throne,
Here, thy pard'ning grace is known;
Here, we learn thy righteous ways—
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

HYMN 35. L. M. CHURCH PSALMODY.

Sabbath morning.

1. When to his temple God descends,
He holds communion with his friends,
His grace and glory there displays,
And shines with bright, but friendly rays.
2. While hov'ring o'er the happy place,
The Spirit sheds his Heav'nly grace;
To fix our thoughts—our hearts to raise,
And tune our souls to love and praise.
3. 'Tis here we learn the blessed skill
To know and do our Maker's will;
And while we hear, and sing, and pray,
With Heav'nly joy we soar away.

4. Oh! dearest hours of all I know—
Oh! sweetest joys of all below:
Here would I choose my fix'd abode,
And dwell for ever near my God.

HYMN 36. C. M. BERRIDGE.

Sabbath morning.

1. On this sweet morn, my Lord arose;
Triumphant o'er the grave!
He dies, to vanquish all my foes,
And lives again to save.
2. I bless the Lord, and hail the morn,
It is my Lord's own day;
And faithful souls will surely scorn
To doze the hours away.
3. This is the day for holy rest,
Yet clouds will gather soon,
Except my Lord become my guest,
And put my harp in tune.
4. No Heav'nly fire my heart can raise;
Without the Spirit's aid;
His breath must kindle pray'r and praise;
Or I am cold and dead.
5. On all the flocks thy Spirit pour,
And saving health convey;
A sweet, refreshing Sunday show'r,
Will make them sing and pray.
6. Direct thy shepherds how to feed
The flocks of thy own choice;
Give savour to the Heav'nly bread,
And bid the folds rejoice.

HYMN 37. C. M. MASON.

Sabbath morning.

1. Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest
O bless thy flock, and make thy fold
Enjoy an Heav'nly rest.
2. Welcome, and precious to my soul,
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above!
3. I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
I wait to see thy face.
4. These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
In raptures I have been.
5. O, if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found:
I'd clasp my Saviour in my arms,
And leave this earthly ground.
6. I long for that delightful hour,
When from this clay undrest,
I shall be cloth'd in robes divine,
And made for ever blest.

HYMN 38. C. M. DOBELL.

Sabbath morning.

1. O happy souls, who dwell above,
In God's immediate sight;

- They glow with everlasting love,
And shine divinely bright.
2. O what a Sabbath they enjoy,
Now freed from ev'ry sin;
While Jesu's love is their employ,
And endless praise their theme.
3. O may I breathe that Heav'nly air,
And feast on joys divine;
And sing and praise my Saviour there,
And in his glories shine.
4. "Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face?"

HYMN 39. L. M. WATTS.

A Psalm for the Lord's day.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they
die;

- Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.
5. But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed;
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
6. Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 40. C. M. WATTS.

*Hosanna; the Lord's day; or, Christ's
Resurrection and our salvation.*

1. This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own,
Let Heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
2. To-day he rose, and left the dead;
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
3. Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
4. Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;

Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5. Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest Heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN 41. S. M. WATTS.

*An hosanna for the Lord's day; or a new
song of salvation by Christ.*

1. See what a living stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.
2. The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief Corner-stone.
3. The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes,
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
4. This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
Let all the church be glad.
5. Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
6. We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;

And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

HYMN 42. L. M. WATTS.

*An hosanna for the Lord's day; or a new
song of salvation by Christ.*

1. Lo! what a glorious corner stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.
2. Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
3. Sinners, rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna! let his name be blest,
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!
4. In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

HYMN 43. C. M. WATTS.

*The Lord's day; or the resurrection of
Christ.*

1. Bless'd morning, whose fast op'ning rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode!
2. In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,

- Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.
3. Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
4. To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud *hosannas* shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
5. Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let Heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and
seas,
With glad *hosannas* ring.

HYMN 44. L. M. J. STENNETT.

, *The Sabbath.*

1. Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.
2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of Heav'n,
And gives this day the food of sev'n.
3. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Heav'n that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.
4. This Heav'nly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,

Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5. With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past,
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
6. In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

HYMN 45. S. M. WATTS.

The Lord's day; or, Delight in Ordinances.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
2. The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
3. One day amid the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 46. S. M. HOSKINS.

The Resurrection of Christ on the Sabbath.

1. To-day the Saviour rose:
Our Jesus left the dead;
He conquer'd our tremendous foes,
And Satan captive led.
2. He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings for ever on his name
He bought us with his blood.
3. For us his life he paid;
For us the law fulfill'd;
On him our loads of guilt were laid;
We by his stripes are heal'd.
4. Ye saints, adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

HYMN 47. P. M. or as the CXLVIIIth PSALM.
PEACOCK.*The Resurrection of Christ on the Sabbath.*

1. All hail! the glorious morn,
That saw our Saviour rise
With vict'ry bright adorn'd,
And triumph in his eyes:
Ye saints extol
Your risen Lord,
And sing his praise
With sweet accord,

2. Behold the Lamb of God,
Th' atoning sacrifice,
Sustains the dreadful load,
Of man's iniquities:
Death, sin, and Hell,
Our cruel foes,
All vanquish'd fell,
When Jesus rose.
3. At once the prison doors,
Death's awful gates expand;
Their captive they restore,
At God's supreme command:
How blest the hour!
(Awake our joys,)
Hell's fatal pow'r,
Lo! he destroys.
4. The Conqueror ascends,
In triumph to the skies;
Celestial hosts attend,
To crown his victories:
Hark! they proclaim
His glorious name;
And Heav'n resounds
Immanuel's fame.
5. Now to the throne above,
Let ev'ry saint draw near;
There dwells incarnate love;
Grace sits triumphant there:
See mercy smile,
Ev'n on that throne,
Where once did wrath
And justice frown.
6. All praise be to the Lamb,
Who offer'd up his blood;

Hosannas to his name,
That for our ransom stood;
In notes sublime
With joy we sing,
The love divine
Of Christ our King.

HYMN 48. P. M. or as the **CXLVIIIth PSALM.**
DODDRIDGE.

*The Resurrection of Christ on the
Sabbath.*

1. Yes! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our Hellish foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring head;
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.
2. Behold th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet.
Joyful they come,
And wing their way,
From realms of day,
To Jesus' tomb.
3. Then back to Heav'n they fly,
The joyful news to bear—
Hark!—as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say—
"Jesus, who bled,

Hath left the dead—
He rose to-day.”

4. Ye mortals! catch the sound—
Redeem'd by him from Hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported, cry—
“Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die.”

HYMN 49. 7s. GIBBONS.

*The Resurrection of Christ on the
Sabbath.*

1. Angels! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey!
See!—he rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom.
2. 'Tis the Saviour—seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
3. Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes!
Now to glory see him rise!
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.
4. Heav'n unfolds its portals wide;
Gracious Conqu'ror through them ride,
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.
5. Praise him, all ye Heav'nly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;

Praise him in the noblest songs,
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

HYMN 50. L. M. DOBDRIDGE.

The eternal Sabbath.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire:
2. No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor Hell shall reach the place,
No groans to 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,
Obscures the lustre of thy throne.
4. Around thy throne, grant we may meet,
And give us but the lowest seat;
We'll shout thy praise, and join the song
Of the triumphant holy throng.

HYMN 51. 7s. GODWIN.

The Sabbatic year.

1. God of Sabbath, Israel's Lord,
Thee we'll praise with one accord:
Hear our humble, earnest pray'r;
Haste the great Sabbatic year.
2. Now thy glory to us show,
Give a taste of Heav'n below:
Lord, to thee we bow in pray'r,
Haste the great Sabbatic year.

3. Now the captive sinners free,
Now declare thy jubilee;
Now accomplish this our pray'r,
Haste the great Sabbatic year.
4. Now the senseless sinner wound,
Let the strong man, arm'd, be bound;
Spread thy gospel, hear our pray'r,
Haste the great Sabbatic year.
5. Now thy word with pow'r endue,
Let it wound and quicken too;
Make them fly to thee in pray'r,
Haste the great Sabbatic year.
6. Now let thoughtless souls awake,
All their follies now forsake;
Answer, Lord, our daily pray'r,
Haste the great Sabbatic year.
7. Bring the joyful Sabbath on,
Let the gospel tidings run;
Then in ceaseless praise we'll sing,
Hallelujah to our King.

MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

HYMN 52. L. M. WATTS.

A morning Psalm.

1. O Lord, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.
2. Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.
3. Supported by thy Heav'nly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.
4. But God sustain'd me all the night:
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

HYMN 53. C. M. WATTS.

An evening Psalm.

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

56 MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

2. And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
3. I pay this ev'ning sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
4. Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to
peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

HYMN 54. L. M. WATTS.

A morning hymn.

1. God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
2. From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest [shines.
Round the whole earth he flies and
3. Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my Heav'nly way.
4. But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

5. Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
6. Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

HYMN 55. C. M. WATTS.

THE MERCIES OF GOD INNUMERABLE.

An evening psalm.

1. Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.
2. My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
3. These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
Oh, may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

HYMN 56. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

A morning hymn.

1. On thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

58 MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

2. My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.
3. When ev'ning slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.
4. My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

HYMN 57. L. M. WATTS,

An evening hymn.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
2. Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to
come.
3. I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
4. In vain the sons of earth or Hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings,

5. Faith in his name forbids my fear:
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
6. Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN 58. C. M. WATTS.

A morning song.

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
2. Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the Heav'n on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise:
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
4. On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand:
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.
5. A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou lengthen'st out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

60 **MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.**

6. Great God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN 59, C. M. WATTS.

An evening song.

1. Dread Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
 Like holy incense rise;
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.
2. Through all the dangers of the day,
 Thy hand was still my guard,
 And still to drive my wants away
 Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
3. Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around,
 But oh, how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found!
4. What have I done for him that died
 To save my wretched soul?
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as the minutes roll!
5. Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
 To thy dear cross I flee,
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renew'd by thee.
6. Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
 I lay me down to rest,
 As in th' embraces of my God,
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 60. S. M. SCOTT.

A morning hymn.

1. See how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.
2. Thus would my rising soul
Its Heav'nly parent sing;
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.
3. Serene, I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.
4. Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame;
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?
5. O! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.
6. Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Cleans'd by thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.
7. My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

HYMN 61. S. M. STEELE.

An evening reflection.

1. Another day is past
The hours for ever fled,
And time is bearing me in haste,
To mingle with the dead.
2. Perhaps my closing eyes
No more may hail the light,
Seal'd up, before the morning rise,
In everlasting night.
3. But I've a part to live,
A never-dying ray,
The soul, immortal, will survive
The ruins of her clay.
4. This mortal frame must lie
Unconscious in the tomb,
But, oh! where will my spirit fly,
And what will be her doom?
5. On the tremendous brink
Of vast eternity, [shrink,
Where souls with strange amazement
What will my prospect be?
6. When the dark gulf below,
With death and horror fraught,
Reveals its scenes of endless wo—
Oh, dreadful, dreadful thought!
7. But lo! yon shining skies
Beam down a cheerful ray,
And bid my drooping hopes arise
To glorious realms of day.
8. 'Tis there my Saviour lives,
My Lord, my life, my light;

His blissful name my soul revives—
Adieu to death and night.

9. He conquer'd death and Hell,
And his victorious love
Shall bear his ransom'd friends to dwell
In his bright courts above.
10. Jesus! and art thou mine?
O let thy Heav'nly voice
Confirm my hope with pow'r divine,
And bid my soul rejoice.
11. Then shall my closing eyes,
Contented, sink to rest;
For if to-night this body dies,
My spirit shall be blest.

HYMN 62. C. M. RIPPON.

A morning hymn.

1. To thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
2. This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh!
So oft vouchsaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply!
And I that hand adore!
3. If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray;
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay!
4. Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure;
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure!

64 MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

5. Be this, and ev'ry future day,
Still wiser than the past;
And, when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 63. C. M. MASON.

An evening hymn.

1. Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.
2. Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.
3. New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.
4. Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon the score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 64. L. M. BISHOP KEN.

A morning hymn.

1. Awake, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2. Thy precious time mis-spent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;

Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare;

3. In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear:
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
4. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.
5. Awake, awake, ye Heav'nly choir;
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.
6. May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will—
O may I never more do ill!
7. Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
8. Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
9. 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.

HYMN 65. L. M. BISHOP KEN,

An evening hymn.

1. Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of Kings
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.
2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be,
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
4. O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eye-lids close!
Sleep, which may me more vig'rous
make,
To serve my God when I awake.
5. When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with Heav'nly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
6. Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.
7. 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!

8. 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.

HYMN 66. C. M. TURNER.

A morning hymn.

1. With thee, great God, the stores of light,
And stores of darkness, lie;
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.
2. And when, with welcome slumbers press'd,
We clos'd our weary eyes,
Thy pow'r, unseen secur'd our rest,
And made us joyous rise.
3. Numbers, last night, great God, have met
Their long eternal doom;
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.
4. Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand up-rais'd,
A thousand pleasures feel.
5. To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
Our morning thoughts arise;
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing sacrifice.

HYMN 67. C. M. C. WESLEY.

An evening hymn.

1. Father, by saints on earth ador'd,
By saints beyond the skies,

68 MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

- ✓ Accept, through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Our ev'ning sacrifice.
2. If kept to-day from wilful sin,
We magnify thy grace;
Thou hast our kind preserver been,
And thine be all the praise.
3. We live to testify the grace,
Which sure salvation brings;
And sink, to-night, in thine embrace,
And rest beneath thy wings.
4. But whether, Lord, we wake or sleep,
The charge of love divine,
We trust thy providence, to keep
Our souls for ever thine.

HYMN 68. 8. 8. 6. W——.

A morning hymn.

1. Lord, I am vile,—What shall I say?
I live to see another day;
O let me live to thee!
A thousand years to hope for this
Should be unutterable bliss;
What must fruition be!
2. Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Jesus hath for his prepar'd,
Nor can the heart conceive;
Thou hast commanded me, to-day,
To live by faith, and I'd obey;
Lord, help me to believe,

HYMN 69. C. M. ALEXANDER'S COLLECTION.

An evening hymn.

1. In mercy, Lord, remember me,
This instant passing night;
And grant to me most graciously
The safe-guard of thy might.
2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love!
3. Or, if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days;
Lord! take me to thy promis'd rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.
4. Thus I am sure to live or die,
To thee, the God of love;
In death and life I do rely
On thee who reign'st above.

HYMN 70. L. M. UNWIN.

A morning hymn.

1. Behold, the sun adorns the sky,
And darts his cheering rays on high!
From east to west in glorious march,
He gilds the wide expansive arch.
2. The warbling larks in triumph mount,
And all the scenes of morn recount,
While sounding groves and valleys ring,
With praise to Heav'n's eternal King.

70 MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

3. Begin, my soul, the morning song;
Let thankfulness inspire thy tongue;
The kindness of thy God proclaim,
And tell the wonders of his name.
4. Sing how his hand thy life defends,
And for thy guard his angel sends:
In grateful praise his name adore,
When fleeting days shall be no more.
5. Yes, O my God! thy glorious name,
My soul shall through the day proclaim;
I'll bear thy kindness on my heart,
While ev'ry pow'r performs its part.

**HYMN 71. C. M. ALEXANDER'S COL-
LECTION.**

An evening hymn.

1. Indulgent Father, by whose care,
I've pass'd another day,
Let me, this night, thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.
2. Show me my sins, and how to moan
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.
3. Speak to my conscience, speak thou
peace,
Through His atoning blood:
And grant me, Lord, a full release
From sin's oppressive load.
4. Show me my wants, and let me crave
Nothing but what is right;
Help me, by faith, on thee to live,
Then change my faith to sight.

5. Open to me thy gracious ear,
Great God, my wants supply;
Confirm my hope, relieve my fear,
And bid my murm'ring die.
6. Guide me through life's mysterious path,
Nor let me from thee stray;
Preserve my fleeting, mortal breath,
Through each revolving day.
7. Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.
8. And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to Heav'n and glory rise,
T' enjoy thy smiling face.

HYMN 72. C. M. MRS. ROWE.

A morning hymn.

1. Great God! my early vows to thee
With gratitude I'll bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.
2. Thou, round the Heav'nly arch dost draw
A dark and sable veil,
And all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.
3. Again the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn,
And paint with cheerful splendour gay
The fair ascending morn.

72 MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

4. And as the gloomy night returns
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.
5. For this will I my vows to thee
With ev'ning incense bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

HYMN 73. C. M. MORAVIAN COLLECTION.

An evening hymn.

1. The hour of sleep is now at hand,
My spirit calls for rest;
Oh, that my pillow may be found
The dear Redeemer's breast!
2. This night my longing soul with Christ
Would take up her abode;
I gladly would myself divest
Of ev'ry thing but God.
3. The nightly watches would I spend
In fellowship above;
Would hold communion with my Lord,
And feast upon his love.
4. Dead to the world when I'm asleep,
I'd be alive to God;
My soul would rest at peace with him,
Who bought me with his blood.
5. Oh, may I then of Christ this night
Be happily possess'd,
With holy angels round my bed,
And Jesus for my guest.

HYMN 74. L. M. HAWKSWORTH.

A morning hymn.

1. In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
2. New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee!
3. O guide me through the various maze,
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.
4. A deeper shade will soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
'Thy goodness still delight to bless'
5. That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine
eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day—
'Thy love, the rapture of the skies!

HYMN 75. 8. 7. EDMESTON.

An evening hymn.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal:
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

74 MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

2. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be;
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn, in Heav'n awake us,
Glad in light and deathless bloom.

HYMN 76. C. M. STEELE.

A morning hymn.

1. Lord of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest pow'rs,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.
2. Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
And see returning light.
3. While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains, and woes;
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And undisturb'd repose.
4. When sleep, death's semblance o'er me
spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

5. O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.
6. Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

HYMN 77. L. M. MORAVIAN COLLECTION.

An evening hymn.

1. The hours' decline and setting sun
Show, that my course this day is run;
The ev'ning shade, and silent night,
My weary limbs to rest invite.
2. I now my soul and frail abode
Humbly commit to Israel's God,
To him who slumbers not nor sleeps,
And who his own in safety keeps.
3. Where'er I thee this day did grieve,
O Lord, me graciously forgive;
And, with a mind from trouble free,
I'll sleep, and put my trust in thee.

HYMN 78. 8. 8. 6. KNIGHT.

A morning hymn.

1. Once more my eyes behold the day,
And to my God my soul would pay
Its tributary lays:

76 MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

O may the life preserv'd by thee,
With all its pow'rs and blessings be
Devoted to thy praise. \

2. Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
(Israel's great keeper, King of Kings,) My weary head found rest:
No dire alarms, or racking pains,
Devouring flames, or galling chains
Disturb my peaceful breast.
3. How many, since I laid me down,
Have launch'd into a world unknown;
To meet a dreadful doom;
While some on wat'ry billows toss'd,
Or wand'ring on an unknown coast,
Have sigh'd in vain for home.
4. But, I am spar'd to see thy face,
A monument of saving grace,
And live to praise thy name:
Still be thou near, my gracious Lord,
To keep and guide;—and, by thy word,
Peace, to my soul proclaim.
5. Let me enjoy thy presence here,
In ev'ry storm my heart to cheer,
Till thou shalt bid me rise,
Where sin and sorrow never come,
Till at my blest eternal home,
I wake in sweet surprise.

HYMN 79. C. M. KIRKWHITE.

An evening hymn.

1. O Lord, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,

- Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.
2. And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
3. And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.
4. Oh, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
Thine everlasting peace.

HYMN 80. L. M. MORAVIAN COLLECTION.

A morning hymn.

1. Be with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think, this day,
Direct me in the narrow way.
2. Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in mine own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my pow'r, my all, from thee.
3. Enrich me always with thy love,
My kind protector ever prove;
Lord, put thy seal upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.
4. Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;

78 MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

What thou abhorrest let me flee,
And only love what pleaseth thee.

HYMN 81. S. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

An evening hymn.

1. The day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear;
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.
2. I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest,
So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul undrest.
3. Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.
4. And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run:
5. That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord, I may in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 82. 8. 8. 6. MORAVIAN COLLECTION.

A morning hymn.

1. O God, my gracious God, to thee
My morning pray'r shall offer'd be,
For thee my soul doth pant;

To me th' enjoyment of thy love
Than life itself doth dearer prove;
Renewed strength I want.

2. Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
When I lie down sweet sleep to find,
And when I wake at night:
Since thy kind arm my succour brings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
I rest with great delight.

HYMN 83. L. M. COLLYER.

An evening hymn.

1. The night shall hear me raise my song,
And in her silent courts my tongue
Shall pour the solitary lay,
For all the mercies of the day.
2. Nor will my God disdain to hear
The sigh I breathe—the fervent pray'r;
When, sinking to oblivion's rest,
I seek the pillow of his breast.
3. And when the blushing morn shall rise,
To tinge with gold the eastern skies;
With strength renew'd, my thankful lay
Shall hail the new-born beams of day.

HYMN 84. C. M. J. STEWART,

A morning hymn.

1. Should God forbid the sun to rise,
And endless darkness reign,
Justice would silence ev'ry mouth,
Nor let a thought complain.

2. Thus had the sun of righteousness
Never arose and shone, [wrath,
The frowning Heav'ns had flash'd with
For crimes which we have done.
3. Then had salvation ne'er appear'd,
Nor angels sung of peace;
The anthem never had begun,
Which now will never cease.
4. But, thanks to God, the nat'ral sun
Does light and heat convey;
The Sun of righteousness will shine,
An everlasting day.

HYMN 85. 8s. TOPLADY.

An evening hymn.

1. Inspirer and Hearer of pray'r,
Before whom a sinner may bend;
My all to thy covenant care,
I sleeping or waking commend.
2. If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
3. From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest, if my Saviour be nigh;
And songs his kind presence indeed,
Shall in the night season supply.
4. He smiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace as the dew shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

HYMN 86. C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

A morning hymn.

1. My lovely Jesus, while on earth,
Arose before 'twas day
And to a solitary place
Departed, there to pray.
2. I'll do as did my blessed Lord—
His footsteps I will trace;
I love to meet him in the grove,
And view his smiling face.
3. Early I'll rise, and sing and pray,
While I the light enjoy;
May this bless'd work from day to day,
My heart and tongue employ.

HYMN 87. L. M. WATTS.

An evening hymn.

1. Thy favour, gracious Lord, impart,
With sacred joy to cheer my heart:
Howe'er the corn and wine increase,
Earth ne'er can yield such Heav'nly
peace.
2. With thy protection kindly blest,
I'll lay me down in peace to rest;
Safe in thy care—from danger free,
To wake on earth—or wake with thee.

HYMN 88. 7s. VILLAGE HYMNS.

A morning hymn.

1. Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;

Lord, may I be thine to-day—
Drive the shades of sin away.

2. Fill my soul with Heav'nly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labour, help me pray.
3. Keep my haughty passions bound—
Save me from my foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.
4. When my work of life is past,
Oh! receive me then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When I reach the Heav'nly shore.

HYMN 89. 8. 8. 6. MORAVIAN COLLECTION.

An evening hymn.

1. No farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day;
Turn in, my Lord, with me;
And in the morning when I wake,
Me under thy protection take,
To spend my life with thee.

HYMN 90. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

A morning hymn.

1. Thrice happy souls, who, born of Heav'n,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2. So may our eyes, with holy zeal,
Prevent the dawning day;
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name, and pray.
3. 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.
4. At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our pow'rs to rest.
5. In solid, pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

HYMN 91. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

An evening hymn.

1. Indulgent God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
Oh, let my grateful praise and pray'r
Arise before thy throne.
2. What mercies has this day bestow'd!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflow'd,
With cheerfulness my breast.
3. Now may soft slumber close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise,
To meditate on thee.

84 MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

4. Thus bless each future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er;
And then to realms of endless light,
Oh, let my spirit soar.

HYMN 92. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

A morning hymn.

1. Thou, gracious Lord, art my defence;
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.
2. Guarded by him, I laid me down,
My sweet repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.
3. Salvation to the Lord belongs;
He only can defend;
His blessing he extends to all,
That on his pow'r depend.

HYMN 93. S. M. CURTIS' COLLECTION,

An evening hymn.

1. Another day is gone,
Its fleeting hours are past;
And this vile flesh of mine shall sink,
To kindred earth at last.
2. My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3. How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stay'd!
Nor shall they be in life alarm'd,
Nor be in death dismay'd.

HYMN 94. 7s. CHURCH PSALMODY.

A morning hymn.

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 ev'ning 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;
Oh! preserve me through the day:
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.

HYMN 95. 7s. EPISCOPAL COLLECTION.

An evening hymn.

1. Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;

86 MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

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!

HYMN 96. C. M. WATTS.

A morning song.

1. My God! who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.
2. When from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.
3. So, like the sun, may I fulfil
The bus'ness of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my Heav'nly way.
4. Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Hath all been spent in vain.

HYMN 97. L. M. STEELE.

An evening song.

1. Great God, to thee my ev'ning song
With humble gratitude I raise:

- O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
2. Mercy, that rich unbounded store,
Does my unnumber'd wants relieve;
Among thy daily, craving poor,
On thy all-bounteous hand I live.
3. My days unclouded, as they pass,
And ev'ry gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and pow'r.
4. Thy love and pow'r, (Celestial Guard!)
Preserve me from surrounding harms:
Can danger reach me, while the Lord
Extends his kind protecting arms?
5. My num'rous wants are known to thee,
Ere my slow wishes can arise;
Thy goodness, measureless and free,
Is ready still with full supplies.
6. And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And fond of trifles vainly rove.
7. When calm reflection finds a place,
How vile this wretched heart appears!
O let thy all-subduing grace
Melt it in penitential tears.
8. Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
9. Let this blest hope my eye-lids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;

Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name,

HYMN 98. C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

A hymn for evening twilight.

1. I love to steal awhile away,
From ev'ry cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful pray'r.
2. I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear,
3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
4. I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in Heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

HYMN 99. C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

A hymn for Saturday night.

1. Begone, my worldly cares, away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight;

Let me begin th' ensuing day,
Before I end this night.

2. Yes, let the work of pray'r and praise
Employ my heart and tongue;
Begin, my soul;—thy Sabbath days
Can never be too long.
3. Let the past mercies of the week
Excite a grateful frame;
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.
4. On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to Heav'n ascend;
I long to welcome in the morn,
With Thee the day to spend.

HYMN 100. L. M. WATTS.

**WATCHFULNESS AND BROTHERLY RE-
PROOF.**

A morning or evening Psalm.

1. My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.
2. Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead,
3. O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

90 MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

4. When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to Heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

HYMN 101. L. M. WATTS.

A song for morning and evening.

1. My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
3. I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days,
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 102. C. M. WATTS.

A hymn for morning and evening.

1. Hosanna, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
2. That was a most amazing pow'r,
That rais'd us with a word,
And ev'ry day, and e'vry hour
We lean upon the Lord.

3. The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.
4. The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door,
To take our lives away.
5. Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King!
In ev'ry gasp we draw.
6. God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings,

HYMN 103. C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

A hymn for morning and evening.

1. Indulgent Father, how divine,
How bright thy beauties are! [shine,
Through nature's ample round they
Thy goodness to declare.
2. But in thy nobler work of grace,
What brighter mercy smiles
In our benign Redeemer's face,
And ev'ry fear beguiles!
3. Such wonders, Lord, while we survey,
To thee our thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or ev'ning veils the skies.

92 MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

4. When glimm'ring life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune our breath;
The dear memorials of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death.
5. But oh, how sweet our song shall rise,
When freed from feeble clay;
When all thy glories meet our eyes
In one eternal day!

HYMN 104. 8. 8. 6. CENNICK AND HAMOND.

An evening and morning song.

1. Now, Lord, be with us on our way;
Unveil thy face, thine arm display—
Thy glory let us prove:
Do thou, dear Saviour, with us walk,
That while with thee we sweetly talk,
Our hearts may burn with love.
2. May we in faith still journey on,
Till we arrive where thou art gone;
And see thy face in Heav'n;
Then, when in glory we shall meet,
In what sweet concert shall we sit,
And sing of sins forgiv'n!

HYMN 105. C. M. WATTS.

Daily and nightly devotion.

1. Ye that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2. Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.
3. The God of Zion cheers our hearts,
With rays of quick'ning grace;
The God that spread the Heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

OCCASIONAL FAMILY HYMNS.

HYMN 106. C. M. COWPER.

Going to a new habitation.

1. Great God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.
2. To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

HYMN 107. C. M. WATTS.

A psalm for a master of a family.

1. Of justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows:
Thy grace and justice, Heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my house.
2. Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise:
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.
3. The man that doth his neighbour wrong
By falsehood, or by force,
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,
I'll thrust him from my doors.

4. I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.
5. The wretch, that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue, I'll ever hate,
And banish from my sight.
6. I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found,
A dwelling fit for thee.

HYMN 108. C. M. WATTS.

Family blessings.

1. O happy man, whose soul is filled
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
Whose lips to God their honours yield,
Whose life adorns the law.
2. A careful Providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head;
And on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.
3. Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.
4. The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come;
The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill
Shall send thee blessings home.

5. This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
And leave the world in peace.

HYMN 109. S. M. WATTS.

Communion of saints; or, Love and worship in a family.

1. Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
2. Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.
3. Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.
4. Thus, on the Heav'nly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

HYMN 110. L. M. DODDGE.

Family religion.

1. Father of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and, by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustain'd.

2. To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of Heav'n, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
3. To thee, may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
4. O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

HYMN 111. S. M. S. STENNETT.

The pleasures of social worship.

1. How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
2. Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this
Where Jesus holds his court.
3. Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
4. To him their pray'rs and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5. To them his sov'reign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
6. Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

HYMN 112. C. M. COWPER.

Exhortation to prayer.

1. What various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there?
2. Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud with-
draw;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
3. Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour
bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
4. While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when, through weariness, they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
5. Have you no words?—Ah! think again;
Words flow apace, when you complain,

And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6. Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heav'n in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

HYMN 113. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's condescending regard to little children.

1. See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!
2. "Permit them to approach!" he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."
3. We bring them, Lord, by fervent pray'r,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!
4. Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.
5. If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

HYMN 114. 7s. FAWCETT.

A birth-day hymn.

1. I my Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart, I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.
2. What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.
3. I my all to thee resign:
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.
4. Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r;
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.
5. Let my few remaining days
Be devoted to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.
6. To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

HYMN 115. C. M. ADDISON.

The traveller's psalm.

1. How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!

Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence,

2. In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care, [hurt,
Through burning climes they pass un-
And breathe in tainted air.
3. When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
4. The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
5. In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore,
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
6. Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

HYMN 116. L. M. NEWTON.

*A welcome to Christian Friends—at
meeting.*

1. Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive:
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.
2. To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n
To know the Saviour's precious name;

And shortly we shall meet in Heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3. May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love,
4. Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of HIM,
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
5. We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
6. Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

HYMN 117. 7s. RIFFOR.

At parting.

1. For a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
2. Jesus, hear our humble pray'r!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
3. In thy strength may we be strong
Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain:

Give us, if we live, ere long,
In thy peace to meet again.

4. Then, if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord
Who our poor petitions heard.

HYMN 118. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian farewell.

1. Thy presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In ev'ry place thy children keep.
2. While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
3. To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
4. Give us in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

HYMNS SUITED TO SEASONS OF AFFLICTION.

HYMN 119. L. M. WATTS.

*Melancholy thoughts reprov'd; or, Hope
in affliction.*

1. My spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
2. Huge troubles with tumultuous noise
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.
3. Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.
4. I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my Heav'nly
Rock!
Why doth thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath thy
stroke?"
5. I'll chide my heart, that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.
6. Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts em-
ploy,
And lead me to thine Heav'nly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

HYMN 120. C. M. STEELE.

Desiring the presence of God in affliction.

1. Thou only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While, with protracted pain oppress'd,
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
2. Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My ev'ry wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.
3. This can my ev'ry care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sun-shine of the soul,
Without it all is night.
4. My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day!
5. O happy scenes of pure delight!
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart,
6. Her part in these fair realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
7. Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art,
I shall for ever be.

8. Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing,
To everlasting day.

HYMN 121. C. M. LEECH.

For a time of general sickness.

1. Death, with his dread commission seal'd,
Now hastens to his arms
In awful state, he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.
2. Attendant plagues around him stand;
And wait his dread command;
And pains and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.
3. With cruel force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly pow'r;
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.
4. Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
Nor let your fears prevail;
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth shall fail.
5. What though his darts, promiscuous
hurl'd,
Deal fatal plagues around;
And heaps of putrid carcasses
O'erload the cumber'd ground.
6. The arrows that shall wound your flesh,
Were giv'n him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.

7. These with a gentle hand he throws,
And saints lie gasping too; [souls,
But Heav'nly strength supports their
And bears them conqu'rors, through.
8. Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
And all in triumph rise
To the fair palace of their God,
And mansions in the skies.

HYMN 122. 8s. PEARCE.

FOR A SICK CHAMBER.

*Written when deprived, by sickness, of
attending public worship.*

1. The fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace;
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth,
The most glorious and beautiful place.
2. To this temple I once did resort,
With crowds of the people of God;
Enraptur'd we enter'd his court,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.
3. The Father of mercies we prais'd,
And prostrated low at his throne;
The Saviour we lov'd and ador'd,
Who lov'd us, and made us his own.
4. Full oft to the message of peace,
To sinners address'd from the sky,
We listen'd—extolling that grace,
Which set us—once rebels, on high.
5. Faith cleaves to the crucified Lamb;
Hope, smiling, exalted its head;

Love warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,
And vow'd to observe what he said.

6. What pleasure appear'd in the looks
Of the brethren and sisters around!
With transport all seem'd to reflect
On the blessings in *Jesus* they'd found.

7. Sweet moments, if aught upon earth
Resembles the joy of the skies,
It is when the hearts of the flock
Conjoin'd to their Shepherd arise.

8. But ah! these sweet moments are fled,
Pale sickness compels me to stay,
Where no voice of the turtle is heard,
As the moments are hasting away.

9. My God! thou art holy and good,
Thy plans are all-righteous and wise;
O help me submissive to wait
Till thou biddest thy servant arise.

10. If to follow thee here in thy courts.
May it be with all ardour and zeal;
With success and increasing delight,
Performing the whole of thy will.

11. Or shouldst thou in bondage detain
To visit thy temples no more,
Prepare me for mansions above,
Where nothing exists to deplore!—

12. Where *JESUS*, the Sun of the place,
Refulgent incessantly shines,
Eternally blessing his saints,
And pouring delight on their minds.

13. There—there are no prisons to hold
The captive from tasting delight;

There—there the day never is clos'd
With shadows, or darkness, or night.

14. There myriads and myriads shall meet,
In our Saviour's high praises to join;
While transported we fall at his feet,
And extol his redemption divine.

15. Enough then—my heart shall no more
Of its present bereavements complain;
Since ere long I to Heaven shall soar,
And ceaseless enjoyments obtain.

HYMN 123. L. M. SCOTT.

*Satisfaction in God, under the loss of
dear friends.*

1. The God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When his own children fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.
2. Yet not one anxious, murm'ring thought
Should with our mourning passions
blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' Almighty ever-living friend.
3. Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.
4. Parent and Husband, Guard, and Guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5. Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend;
And on thy cov'nant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

HYMN 124. S. M. DWIGHT.

Solemn thoughts after dangerous sickness.

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. Just o'er the grave I hung;
No pardon met my eyes;
As blessings never greet the slain,
And hope shall never rise.
3. Sweet mercy to my soul
Reveal'd no charming ray;
Before me rose a long dark night,
With no succeeding day.
4. I saw, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepar'd to scan with strict account
My blessings wasted here.
5. His wrath, like flaming fire,
Burn'd to the lowest Hell,
And in that hopeless world of wo
He bade my spirit dwell.
6. My friends, now friends no more,
At infinite remove,
Left me, to gain their rich reward,
And taste forgiving love.

7. Then, O how vain appear'd
The joys beneath the sky!
Like visions past, like flow'rs that blow,
When wintry storms are nigh.
8. How mourn'd my sinking soul
The Sabbath's hours divine,
The day of grace, that precious day,
Consum'd in sense and sin.
9. The work, the mighty work,
Of life, so long delay'd;
Repentance, yet to be begun,
Upon a dying bed!
10. 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."
11. He heard my humble cry;
He sav'd my soul from death;
To him I'll give my heart and hands,
And consecrate my breath.
12. Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis call'd to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death,
Command your souls away.
13. Soon will the harvest close;
The summer soon be o'er,
And soon your injur'd, angry God,
Will hear your pray'rs no more.

HYMN 125. L. M. WATTS.

Sickness healed, and sorrow removed.

1. I will extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly;

- Who but a God, can speak, and save
From the dark borders of the grave?
2. Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.
 3. His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

HYMN 126. L. M. WATTS.

Health, sickness, and recovery.

1. Firm was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night,
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
2. But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.
3. I cried aloud to thee, my God:
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there!"
4. "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead;"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
5. My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;

- I throw my sack-cloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round,
6. My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and
Heav'n,
For sickness heal'd and sins forgiv'n.

HYMN 127. C. M. WATTS.

Recovery from sickness.

1. I love the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied ev'ry groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.
2. I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!
3. My flesh declin'd my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of Hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
4. "My God," I cried, "thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,
Thy pow'r is all my trust."
5. The Lord beheld me sore distress,
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.
6. My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;

Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

HYMN 128. L. M. RIPPON.

Sickness and recovery.

1. Awhile remain'd the doubtful strife,
Till JESUS gave me back my life:
My life?—my soul, recall the word,
'Tis life to see thy gracious Lord.
2. Why inconvenient *now* to die?
Vile unbelief! O tell me why?
When can it inconvenient be,
My loving Lord, to come to thee?
3. He saw me made the sport of Hell,
He knew the tempter's malice well;
And when my soul had all to fear,
Then did the glorious Sun appear.
4. O bless him! bless, ye dying saints,
The God of grace, when nature faints!
He show'd my flesh the gaping grave,
To show me he had pow'r to save.

HYMN 129. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praise for recovery from sickness.

1. Sov'reign of life, I own thy hand
In ev'ry chast'ning stroke;
And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.
2. To thee, in my distress I cried,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear;

Thy pow'rful word my life prolong'd,
And brought salvation near.

3. Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.
4. Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand,
Renews our lab'ring breath:
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant, ev'n in death.
5. My God, in thine appointed hour,
Those Heav'nly gates display,
Where pain, and sin, and fear, and death,
For ever flee away.
6. There, while the nations of the bless'd
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to deliv'ring grace
In sweeter strains shall sound.

HYMN 130. S. M. RIFTON.

*The benefit of sanctified affliction; or,
God bringing his people into the co-
venant, under the rod.*

1. How gracious, and how wise
Is our chastising God!
And oh! how rich the blessings are
Which blossom from his rod!
2. He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That ev'ry stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3. Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sov'reign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To His forsaken way.
4. His cov'nant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts
To honour his commands.
5. Dear Father, we consent
To discipline divine;
And bless the pain that makes our souls
Still more completely thine.
6. Supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
And ev'ry frailty cease.

HYMN 131. 8. 7. 4. PEARCE.

Sweet affliction.—A song in a storm.

1. In the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.
2. Thus, the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is giv'n,
Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to Heav'n,—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiv'n.
3. 'Mid the gloom the vivid light'nings
With increasing brightness play,

'Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flow'rets
Look more beautiful and gay:
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

4. So in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations
To re-animate and cheer:
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.
5. Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar, [en;
Those that know not CHRIST—ye fright-
But *my soul* defies your pow'r.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.
6. In the sacred page recorded
Thus the word securely stands,
"Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee;
Nought shall pluck you from my hands."
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Ev'ry word my love demands.
7. All I meet, I find, assists me
In my path to Heav'nly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy:
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.
8. There, blessed with a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, It led me
To my blessed Saviour's seat—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to JESUS' feet.

HYMN 132. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Comfort for pious parents, who have been
bereaved of their children.*

1. Ye mourning saints, whose streaming
tears
Flow o'er your children dead;
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.
2. While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond desires ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and rev'rence view
A Heav'nly parent nigh.
3. Though, your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom
Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.
4. "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place;
No names of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace.
5. "Transient and vain is ev'ry hope
A rising race can give;
In endless honour and delight
My children all shall live."
6. We welcome, Lord, those rising tears
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which through
our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

HYMN 133. C. M. WATTS.

DELIVERANCE FROM DEATH.

1. Into thy hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.
2. The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife;
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.
3. "My times are in thy hand," I cried,
"Though I draw near the dust:"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.
4. O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.
5. 'Twas in my haste my spirit said,
"I must despair and die,
I am cut off before thine eyes;"
But thou hast heard my cry,
6. Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace,
To those that fear thy Majesty,
And trust thy promises!
7. O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

HYMN 134. C. M. WATTS.

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

1. My heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust:
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.
2. "My life is spent with grief," I cried,
My years consum'd in groans,
My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
"And sorrow wastes my bones."
3. Among mine enemies my name
Was a mere proverb grown,
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.
4. Slander and fear on ev'ry side
Seiz'd and beset me round,
I to the throne of grace applied,
And speedy rescue found.
5. How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boastings vain!
6. Thy children, from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavillion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.
7. Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced city wall'd and barr'd
Secures a saint so well.

FAST DAY HYMNS.**HYMN 135. L. M. PR. DAVIES.****NATIONAL JUDGMENTS DEPRECATED, AND NA-
TIONAL MERCIES PLEADED FOR.***A fast day hymn.*

1. While, o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword;
Oh! whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?
2. The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear, and hopeless grief.
3. On thee, our guardian God, we call;
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliv'rance there?
And must we perish in despair?
4. See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here.
5. We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas?
6. These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessing
down
On guilty lands in helpless wo;
Let them prevail to save us too.

HYMN 136. C. M. STEELE.

For a public fast.

1. See, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
2. Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
3. Great God, why is our country spar'd!
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "Forbear."
4. What num'rous crimes increasing rise
This people to defile!
What land so favour'd of the skies?
And yet, what land so vile?
5. How chang'd, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!
6. Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indiff'rence down
To everlasting fire.
7. O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
8. Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God is near.

HYMN 137. C. M. SCOTT.

A hymn for a fast day.

1. When Abram, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble, fervent pray'r,
For guilty Sodom sued.
2. With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd!
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.
3. And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?
4. Our nation, guilty as she is,
Her num'rous saints can boast;
And now their fervent pray'rs ascend,
And can those pray'rs be lost?
5. Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes?
6. Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land;
Forsake us not, O God.

HYMN 138. L. M. STEELE.

On a day of prayer for success in war.

1. Lord, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode?

- Or offer their imperfect pray'r
Before a just, a holy God?
2. Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face!
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet—
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.
3. O may our souls thy grace adore—
May Jesus plead our humble claim;
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing glorious name!
4. With all the boasted pomp of war,
In vain we dare the hostile field;
In vain, unless the Lord be there;
Thy arm alone must be our shield.
5. Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope—our trust invite!
Again attend our humble pray'r—
Again be mercy thy delight!
6. Our arms succeed—our councils guide—
Let thy right hand our cause maintain.
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.
7. O, when shall time the period bring,
When raging war shall waste no more;
When peace shall watch her balmy wing
Round the wide earth from shore to shore.
8. When shall the gospel's healing ray,
(Kind source of amity divine!)
Spread o'er the world celestial day?
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine?

HYMNS FOR DAYS OF THANKSGIVING.

HYMN 139. C. M. GIBBONS.

*Thanksgiving for victory over our
enemies.*

1. To thee, who reign'st supreme above,
And reign'st supreme below,
Thou God of wisdom, pow'r, and love,
We our successes owe.
2. The thund'ring horse, the martial band,
Without thine aid were vain;
And Vict'ry flies at thy command,
To crown the bright campaign.
3. Thy mighty arm, unseen, was nigh,
When we our foes assail'd;
'Tis thou hast rais'd our honours high,
And o'er their hosts prevail'd.
4. Their mounds, their camps, their lofty
tow'rs,
Into our hands are giv'n;
Not from desert or strength of ours,
But through the grace of Heav'n.
5. What though no columns lifted high
Stand deep inscrib'd with praise?
Yet, sounding honours, to the sky,
Our grateful tongues shall raise.
6. To our young race will we proclaim,
The mercies God has shown;
That they may learn to bless his name,
And choose him for their own.
7. Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
When threat'ning dangers come,

Their fathers' God shall be their trust,
Their refuge, and their home.

HYMN 140. L. M. STEELE.

*A hymn for a day of thanksgiving for
national peace.*

1. Great Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy Almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
2. When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain.
3. Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds
their pow'r:
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
4. Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace, with her what blessings
fled!)
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
5. Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
6. To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore!

HYMN 141. L. M. ALEXANDER'S COLLECTION.*Praise for national mercies.*

1. Praise to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r;
And, though deliv'rance long delay,
Yet answers still in his own day.
2. Lord! let thy goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by thine almighty hand
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King—
3. Till ev'ry public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And ev'ry peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.
4. Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

**WEDDING HYMNS.****HYMN 142. C. M. BERRIDGE.***A wedding hymn.*

1. Since Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here
To make a wedding guest.
2. Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;

- Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.
3. With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.
4. In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
5. True helpers may they prove indeed,
In pray'r, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.
6. As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.
7. On ev'ry soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine!
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.
8. O may each soul assembled here,
Be married, Lord, to thee!
Clad in thy robes, made white and fair,
To spend eternity.
9. And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er;
May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

HYMN 143. L. M. LEM.

Marriage.

1. With grateful hearts and tuneful lays,
We bow before th' eternal throne,
And offer up our humble praise,
To him whose name is God alone.
2. On this auspicious eve, draw near,
And shed thy richest blessings down;
Fill ev'ry heart with love sincere,
And all thy faithful mercies crown.
3. Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,
And hearken to our fervent pray'r;
The nuptial vow in Heav'n record,
And bless the newly married pair.
4. Oh, guide them safe this desert through,
'Mid all the cares of life and love;
At length with joy thy face to view,
In fairer, better worlds above.

HYMN 144. L. M. PROUD.

Marriage.

1. With cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King;
For he alone can minds unite,
And bless with conjugal delight.
2. Oh, may this pair increasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind;
Happy together may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.
3. So may they live as truly one;
And when their work on earth is done,
Rise, hand in hand to Heav'n, and share
The joys of love for ever there.

NEW YEAR HYMNS.

HYMN 145. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Help obtained of God.—New year's day.

1. Great God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which, supported, still we stand:
The op'ning year thy mercy shows:
Let mercy crown it, till it close.
2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed;
By his unerring counsel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
4. In scenes exalted, or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
5. When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper—God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

HYMN 146. L. M. KELLY.

New year.

1. Another year has reach'd a close,
And though mere cumb'ers of the
land,
Our Saviour deigns to interpose,
And we're permitted yet to stand.

2. But while we humbly own our fault,
And praise him for another year,
We've need to tremble at the thought,
The hand of justice may be near.
3. Long has the Lord been seeking fruit,
But ah! how little has he seen!
Nor blame to *Him* can we impute,
The cause with us alone has been.
4. Lord, we acknowledge all our shame,
Our privileges have been great;
The greater they, the more our blame,
That we have done so little yet.
5. The sweetest truths that angels know,
It is our privilege to hear;
And yet we seem to come and go,
As if the whole a fable were.
6. Lord, melt our hearts to mourn the past,
And let us henceforth faithful be;
And if this year should be our last,
O may our souls repose with thee!

HYMN 147. P. M. ALEXANDER'S COL-
LECTION.

New year.

1. Come, let us anew,
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year
And never stand still
Till the Master appear.
2. His adorable will,
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope,
And the labour of love.

3. Our life is a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment
Refuses to stay.
4. The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view,
And eternity's here.
5. O that each in the day
At his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work
Thou didst give me to do."
6. O that each from his Lord,
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy,
And sit down on my throne!"

HYMN 148. C. M. COWPER.

New year.

1. Come, Lord, and bless the rising race!
Make this a happy hour,
According to thy richest grace,
And thine almighty pow'r.
2. Dear youth, we know your sinful state—
May God your hearts renew!
We would awhile ourselves forget,
To pour out pray'r for you.
3. We see, though you perceive it not,
Th' approaching awful doom!

Oh, tremble at the solemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come!

4. Dear Saviour, let this new-born year
Spread an alarm abroad;
And cry in ev'ry careless ear,
"Prepare to meet thy God!"

**HYMN 149. C. M. ALEXANDER'S COL-
LECTION.**

At the beginning of the year.

1. Lord! we are spar'd, and yet are found
In thy own house on praying ground:
Many are gone who near us stood,
Gone to thy awful bar, O God!
2. Now soon in Heav'n, or soon in Hell,
We shall with Thee, or Satan, dwell:
Grant, Lord, that with intense desire,
We may, in Christ, to Heav'n aspire.
3. That glorious race, if now begun,
We in Jehovah's strength go on;
Nor life, nor death, thy servants fear,
'Twill be to them a happy year.

HYMN 150. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

New-year.

1. Remark, with awe, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year! [rounds.
How swift the weeks complete their
How short the months appear!
2. So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day
When all, that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3. Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.
4. Waken, O God! each trifling heart
Its great concern to see;
That all may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.
5. So shall the course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear the willing soul
To joy which never dies.

HYMN 151. C. M. NEWTON.

New-year.

1. Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.
2. From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.
3. Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.
4. And when before thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

HYMN 152. S. M. BEDDOME.*Rapid flight of time.*

1. My few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past—'tis but a day!—
2. A dark and cloudy day,
Made up of grief and sin;
A host of dang'rous foes without,
And guilt and fear within.
3. Lord, through another year,
If thou permit my stay,
With watchful care may I pursue
The true and living way!

HYMN 153. C. M. DODDRIDGE.*Salvation approaching.*

1. Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high!
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
That shows salvation nigh.
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies:
Each moment brings it near;
Then gladly view each closing day,
And each revolving year!
3. Not many years their round shall run,
Not 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.

HYMN 154. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.*Praise for providential goodness.*

1. God of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound:
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
2. To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend;
Whose constant mercies from the skies,
In genial streams descend.
3. In ev'ry scene of life, thy care,
In ev'ry age, we see:
And, constant as thy favours are,
So let our praises be.
4. Still may thy love, in ev'ry scene,
To ev'ry age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the op'ning year.
5. If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wand'ring souls to God:
In our affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

HYMN 155. L. M. DODDRIDGE.*New-year.*

1. Eternal God! I bless thy name,
The same thy pow'r—thy grace the same;
The tokens of thy friendly care
Begin, and close, and crown the year.
2. Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amid ten thousand deaths I stand,
And see, when I survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3. Thus far thine arm has led me on—
Thus far I make thy mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
4. My grateful voice on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

HYMN 156. 7s. NEWTON.

New-year.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little—none can know.
2. Spar'd to see another year,
Let thy blessing meet us here;
Come, thy dying work revive,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive;
Sun of righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes:
Let our pray'r thy pity move;
Make this year a time of love.
3. Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

HYMN 157. L. M. SHOVELLE.

New-year.

1. Blest be th' Eternal Infinite! [sphere;
Whose skill conducts this rolling
Who rules our day, who guards our night,
And guides the swift revolving year!
2. Our race are falling every hour,
While we distinguish'd yet appear;
'Tis of thy matchless love and pow'r
That we are spar'd another year.
3. Oh! for a sweet refreshing time;
Father! thy children wish thee near:
Come, and our joys shall be sublime,
While we begin another year.
4. Now may thy Spirit's love reveal,
And make our Heav'nly prospects clear;
Our int'rest in them may we feel,
While we pass on from year to year.
5. May that good Spirit be our guide,
During our stay as pilgrims here;
Nor let us from our God backslide,
As we have done the former year.
6. Strengthen our faith, increase our love,
Fill us with godly filial fear;
And to thy waiting children prove
Thy grace through ev'ry fleeting year.
7. This truth impress on ev'ry soul,
That vast eternity is near—
That time's swift moments onward roll,
To bring the last, the closing year.
8. When nature in a blaze shall die,
Or death conclude our being here,

Then to our Jesus may we fly,
To spend a never-ending year.

HYMN 158. 7s. NEWTON.

New year.

1. Lo! another year is gone!
Quickly have the seasons pass'd!
This we enter now upon,
Will to many prove their last.
2. Some we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seem'd as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun.
3. Some, (but who, God only knows,)
That are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death may bow.
4. If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of thy grace,
Welcome then, the call will be,
To depart, and see thy face.
5. To thy saints, while here below,
With new years new mercies come;
But the happiest year they know,
Is their last, which leads them home.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

**HYMN 159. S. M. MORAVIAN COL-
LECTION.**

Close of the year.

1. Let heart and tongue unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise;
'Tis duty mingled with delight
The Saviour's name to praise.
2. To him we owe our breath,
He took us from the womb,
Which else had shut us up in death,
And prov'd an early tomb.
3. When on the breast we hung,
Our help was in the Lord;
'Twas he first brought our infant tongue,
To form the lisping word.
4. In childhood and in youth,
His eye was on us still;
Though strangers to his love and truth,
And prone to cross his will.
5. E'er since his name we knew,
How gracious hath he been!
What dangers hath he led us through!
What mercies have we seen!
6. Now, through another year,
Supported by his care,
We raise our Ebenezer here,
"The Lord hath help'd, thus far."
7. Our lot, in future years,
We cannot, Lord, foresee;

But, kindly, to prevent our fears,
Thou say'st, "Leave all to me."

8. Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon thy breast;
Help us to praise thee for the past,
And trust thee for the rest.

HYMN 160. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Reflections at the end of the year.

1. And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.
2. Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.
3. Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn: [fair?
What are thy hopes?—how sure? how
What is thy great concern?
4. Behold, another year begins!
Set out afresh for Heav'n;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely giv'n.
5. Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue thy Heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M. WATTS.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n;
By all on earth, and all in Heav'n.

2. L. M. BISHOP KEN.

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.

3. L. M. DORRINGTON.

Great, everlasting God, to thee,
In essence One, in persons Three;
May all thy works their tributes bring,
And ev'ry age thy glory sing.

4. C. M. WATTS.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

5. C. M. WALLIN.

To God the Father, God the Son,
Your grateful voices raise;
And God the Spirit, Three in One
Give an immortal praise.

6. C. M. HODSON'S COLLECTION.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be everlasting honours paid,
Henceforth, for ever more.

7. C. M. MAXWELL.

All glory to th' Eternal Three,
And undivided One;
To Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Co-equal honours done.

S. S. M. WATTS.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

9. S. M. MAXWELL.

To the Eternal Three
In will and essence One;
To Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Co-equal honours done.

10. C. M. WATTS.

Where the tune includes two stanzas.

1. The God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.
2. To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three and Three in One,
Let Saints and Angels join.

11. S. M. HUMPHREY'S COLLECTION.

Where the tune includes two stanzas.

1. We bless the Father's name
Who chose us in his love;
To God the Son we give the same,
Our Advocate above.
2. The Spirit, two, we bless,
And raise his honours high,
Who conquers by his sov'reign grace,
And brings us strangers nigh.

12. 7s. CHURCH PSALMODY.

Sing we to our God above
 Praise eternal as his love,
 Praise him, all ye Heav'nly Host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

13. 8. 7. 4. PRATT'S COLLECTION.

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.

14. 8. 8. 6. ASSEMBLY'S FIRST COLLECTION.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amid the Heav'nly Host,
 And in the Church below ;
 From whom all creatures draw their breath,
 By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow.

15. As the cxiith Psalm. WATTS.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
 Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the Angels near the throne,
 And all the Saints in earth and Heav'n.

16. As the cxlviiiith Psalm. WATTS.

To God the Father's throne
 Perpetual 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.

THE END.