

PRESBYTERIAN  
SOCIAL  
PSALMODIST.



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1857

THE

# Presbyterian Social Psalmist:

BEING

AN ABRIDGMENT

OF

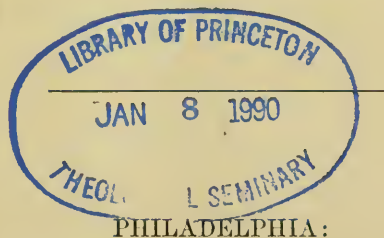
## The Presbyterian Psalmist.

WITH

A SELECTION OF HYMNS FROM THE ASSEMBLY'S COLLECTION,  
ADAPTED TO THE RESPECTIVE TUNES.

DESIGNED FOR USE IN

FAMILY WORSHIP, IN THE SOCIAL PRAYER-MEETING, AND IN THE  
LECTURE-ROOM.



PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

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## PREFACE.

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A BOOK which should be adapted to the exercises of social worship, in the lecture-room, the prayer-meeting, and the family, has been regarded by many as a desideratum. The preferences expressed, however, by those who felt the want, have been so various, both as to the sort of tunes to be selected and their arrangement, that it has been no easy matter to decide what would be most generally acceptable. The Board has attempted, however, in accordance with the recommendation of the last General Assembly, "to do what in their judgment is best adapted to supply the wants of the church."

The psalms and hymns contained in this "Social Psalmodist" are selected wholly from the Assembly's collection as now used in our churches. The tunes are from the larger book published by the Board, entitled "The Presbyterian Psalmodist." The psalms and hymns have been arranged on pages opposite to such tunes as were suitable to be employed in singing them. In three or four instances a hymn has been inserted opposite to two tunes, either of which is well adapted to it. This was occasioned by a paucity of suitable hymns in the collection, of those particular metres. The several indices appended add much to the convenience and value of the book.

# DOXOLOGIES.

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## C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit, be adored,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

## L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honour, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

## S. M.

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

## H. M.

TO God the Father's throne  
Perpetual honours raise;  
Glory to God the Son,  
To God the Spirit praise:  
With all our powers, eternal King,  
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

## 8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

## L. P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
Eternal praise and glory given,  
Through all the worlds where God is known,  
By all the angels near the throne,  
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

## 7s.

SING we to our God above  
Praise eternal as his love:  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high,  
Praise him, all below the sky,  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:  
As through countless ages past,  
Evermore his praise shall last.

## 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven;  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;  
As it was, and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days.

## 8s, 7s & 4s.

GLORY be to God the Father,  
Glory to the eternal Son;  
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;  
Join the elders round the throne;  
Hallelujah!  
Hail the glorious Three in One.

## L. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be praise amid the heavenly host  
And in the church below;  
From whom all creatures draw their breath,  
By whom redemption blessed the earth,  
From whom all comforts flow.

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Presbyterian Social Psalmist.

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## ANVERN. L. M.

[HYMN 560.]

Slow, and in steady time.

Arranged from the German, by LOWELL MASON.

1. Ascend thy throne, al-mighty King, And spread thy glo - ries all a-

2. Let millions bow be-fore thy seat, Let humble mourn-ers seek thy

The first system of the musical score for 'Anvern'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff, a grand staff (treble and bass), and a bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo/mood is 'Slow, and in steady time.' The lyrics are: '1. Ascend thy throne, al-mighty King, And spread thy glo - ries all a-' and '2. Let millions bow be-fore thy seat, Let humble mourn-ers seek thy'.

broad; Let thine own arm sal - va - tion bring, And be thou

face; Bring dar - ing re - bels to thy feet, Sub-dued by

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: 'broad; Let thine own arm sal - va - tion bring, And be thou' and 'face; Bring dar - ing re - bels to thy feet, Sub-dued by'.

known the gracious God, And be thou known the gra-cious God.

thy vic - to - rious grace, Subdued by thy vic - to - rious grace.

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece. The lyrics are: 'known the gracious God, And be thou known the gra-cious God.' and 'thy vic - to - rious grace, Subdued by thy vic - to - rious grace.' The system ends with a double bar line. There are 'Rit.' markings above the first and second staves in this system.

### HYMN 560. L. M.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. Oh, let the kingdoms of the world  
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;  
Let saints and angels praise thy name;  
Be thou thro' heaven and earth adored.

### HYMN 558. L. M.

*Prayer for Christ's universal reign.*

1. BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,  
Vast as the blessings he conveys,  
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,  
And permanent as his control:
2. So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come;  
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom  
Shall at thy brightness flee away,  
The dawn of an eternal day.
3. Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,  
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law,  
And Antichrist on every shore  
Fall from his throne to rise no more.
4. Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet  
In pure devotion at thy feet:  
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,  
Her fulness and her glory too.
5. Oh that from Sion now might shine  
This heavenly light, this truth divine;  
Till the whole universe shall be  
But one great temple, Lord, for thee!

### HYMN 481. L. M.

*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 blessed  
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
3. Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,  
And we arrive on Cauaan's shore,  
With all the ransomed we shall spend  
A Sabbath which shall never end.

### HYMN 591. L. M.

*The New Year.*

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

### PSALM 150. L. M.

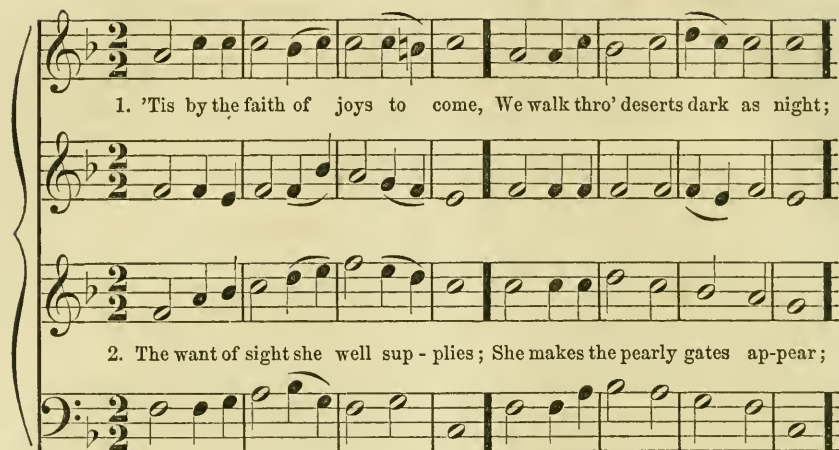
*Second Part.*

1. PRAISE ye the Lord; all nature join  
In work and worship so divine;  
Let heaven and earth unite, and raise  
High hallelujahs to his praise.
2. While realms of joy, and worlds around,  
Their hallelujahs high resound,  
Let saints below and saints above  
Exulting sing redeeming love.
3. As instruments well tuned and strung,  
We'll praise the Lord with heart and  
tongue;  
While life remains we'll loud proclaim  
High hallelujahs to his name.
4. Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,  
When freed from sorrow, sin, and pains,  
Eternally the church will raise  
High hallelujahs to his praise.

## DUKE STREET. L. M.

[HYMN 312.]

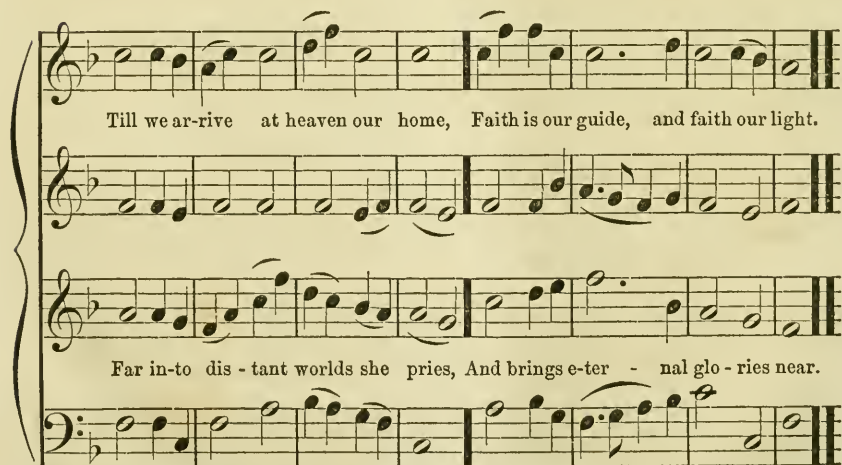
J. HATTON.



1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' deserts dark as night;

2. The want of sight she well sup - plies; She makes the pearly gates ap - pear;

This musical system consists of four staves. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a 2/2 time signature. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment in treble clef. The fourth staff is piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music is in the key of B-flat major (two flats). The first line of music corresponds to the first verse, and the second line corresponds to the second verse. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.



Till we ar - rive at heaven our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

Far in - to dis - tant worlds she pries, And brings e - ter - nal glo - ries near.

This musical system continues the hymn with four staves. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment in treble clef. The fourth staff is piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music continues in the key of B-flat major. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

## HYMN 312. L. M.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
4. So Abram, by divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God;  
His faith beheld the promised land,  
And fired his zeal along the road.

## HYMN 207. L. M.

*Christ the Priest, King, and Judge.*

1. NOW to the Lord that makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honours paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.
2. 'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins  
And washed us in his richest blood;  
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.
3. To Jesus our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus our exalted King,  
Be everlasting power confessed,  
And every tongue his glory sing.
4. Behold, on flying clouds he comes,  
And every eye shall see him move;  
Though with our sins we pierced him once,  
Still he displays his pardoning love.
5. The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day;  
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

## PSALM 68. L. M.

*Second Part.*

1. LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;  
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend thy state.
2. Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious when the Lord was there;  
While he pronounced his holy law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3. How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious powers of hell,  
That thousand souls had captive made,  
Were all in chains, like captives, led.
4. Raised by his Father to the throne,  
He sent his promised Spirit down,  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again.

## HYMN 553. L. M.

*Prayer for Sion's Increase.*

1. ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,  
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,  
And let the world, adoring, see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
2. Say to the heathen, from thy throne,  
"I am Jehovah—God alone:"  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.
3. No more let human blood be spilt,  
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;  
But to each conscience be applied  
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.
4. Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,  
In every land declare thy name;  
Let adverse powers before thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL.

## HYMN 564. L. M.

*Prayer for the Triumph of the Gospel.*

1. SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power,  
Be this thy Sion's favoured hour:  
Bid the bright morning star arise,  
And point the nations to the skies.
2. Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,  
On Western wilds, and heathen plains;  
Far let the gospel's sound be known,  
And be the universe thine own.
3. Speak—and the world shall hear thy voice,  
Speak—and the nations shall rejoice;  
Scatter the shades of moral night  
With the blest beams of heavenly light.

[PSALM 36, 1ST PART.]

1. High in the heavens, e-ter - nal God, Thy good - ness in full glo-ry shines;

2. For ev - er firm thy jus - tice stands, As mountains their foundations keep;

3. Thy pro - vi - dence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy bounty share;

Thy truth shall break thro' eve - ry cloud That veils and darkens thy designs.

Wise are the won - ders of thy hands, Thy judgments are a might - y deep.

The whole ere - a - tion is thy charge, But saints are thy pe - cu - liar care.

**Inst.**

4. My God, how excellent thy grace!  
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs;  
 The sons of Adam in distress  
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
5. From the provisions of thy house  
 We shall be fed with sweet repair;

- There mercy like a river flows,  
 And brings salvation to our taste.
6. Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
 Springs from the presence of my Lord,  
 And in thy light our souls shall see  
 The glories promised in thy word.

## HYMN 563. L. M.

*Prayer for the Success of Missions.*

1. THY people, Lord, who trust thy word  
And wait the smileings of thy face,  
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,  
And plead the promise of thy grace.
2. We consecrate these hours to thee,  
Thy sovereign mercy to entreat,  
And feel some animating hope  
We shall divine acceptance meet.
3. Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son  
To be a light to gentile lands,—  
To open the benighted eye,  
And loose the wretched prisoner's  
bands?
4. Hast thou not said, from sea to sea  
His vast dominion shall extend?—  
That every tongue shall call him Lord,  
And every knee before him bend?
5. Now let the happy time appear,  
The time to favour Zion come;  
Send forth thy heralds far and near,  
To call thy banished children home.

## PSALM 110. L. M.

*First Part.*

1. THUS God th' eternal Father spake  
To Christ the Son:—"Ascend and sit  
At my right hand, till I shall make  
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
2. "From Zion shall thy word proceed:  
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,  
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,  
And bow their wills to thy command.
3. "That day shall show thy power is great,  
When saints shall flock with willing  
minds,  
And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,  
Where holiness in beauty shines."
4. Oh, blessed power! Oh, glorious day!  
What a large victory shall ensue!  
And converts, who thy grace obey,  
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

## PSALM 80. L. M.

*First Part.*

1. GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,  
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,  
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,  
Safe through the desert and the deep,—
2. Thy church is in the desert now:  
Shine from on high, and guide us through;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.
3. Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,  
How long shall we lament and pray,  
And wait in vain thy kind return?  
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
4. Instead of wine and cheerful bread,  
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

## PSALM 63. L. M.

*Second Part.*

1. GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;  
The glories that compose thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God;  
And I am thine by sacred ties,—  
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
3. With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look,  
As travellers, in thirsty lands,  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
4. With early feet I love to appear  
Among thy saints and seek thy face;  
Oft have I seen thy glory there,  
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
5. Amidst the wakeful hours of night,  
When busy cares afflict my head,  
One thought of thee gives new delight,  
And adds refreshment to my bed.
6. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise;  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And bless the remnant of my days.

## FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

[HYMN 669.]

H. K. OLIVER, (by permission.)

*Dolce e Piano.*

1. As, when the wea - ry traveller gains The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
 2. While he surveys the much-loved spot, He slights the space that lies between;  
 3. Thus when the Christian pil-grim views, By faith, his mansion in the skies,

His heart re - vives, if 'cross the plains He eyes his home, tho' dis - tant still.  
 His past fatigues are now for - got, Because his journey's end is seen.  
 The sight his fainting strength re - news, And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4. The thought of home his spirit cheers;  
 No more he grieves for troubles past;  
 Nor any future trial fears,  
 So he may safe arrive at last.

5. 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell  
 With Jesus in the realms of day;  
 Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
 And he will wipe my tears away.

**HYMN 669. L. M.***[Stanzas 1-5 in the music.]*

6. Jesus, on thee our hope depends  
To lead us on to thine abode;  
Assured our home will make amends  
For all our toil while on the road.

**PSALM 95. L. M.***Third Part.*

1. COME, let our voices join to raise  
A sacred song of solemn praise:  
God is a sovereign King; rehearse  
His honour in exalted verse.
2. Come, let our souls address the Lord,  
Who framed our nature with his word:  
He is our Shepherd; we the sheep  
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
3. Come, let us hear his voice to-day,  
The counsels of his love obey,  
Nor let our hardened hearts renew  
The sins and plagues that Israel knew:
4. Israel, that saw his works of grace,  
Tempted their Maker to his face;  
A faithless, unbelieving brood,  
That tired the patience of their God.
5. Thus saith the Lord:—"How false they  
Forget my power, abuse my love! [prove;  
Since they despise my rest, I swear  
Their feet shall never enter there."
6. Look back, my soul, with holy dread,  
And view those ancient rebels dead;  
Attend the offered grace to-day,  
Nor lose the blessings by delay.
7. Seize the kind promise while it waits,  
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;  
Believe, and take the promised rest;  
Obey, and be for ever blest.

**HYMN 202. L. M.***Jesus the only Saviour.*

1. JESUS, the spring of joys divine,  
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;  
Jesus, no other name but thine  
Can save us from eternal woe.
2. In vain would boasting reason find  
The way to happiness and God:  
Her weak directions leave the mind  
Bewildered in a dubious road.

3. No other name will heaven approve;  
Thou art the true, the living way,  
Ordained by everlasting love  
To the bright realms of endless day.
4. Safe lead us through this world of night,  
And bring us to the blissful plains,  
The regions of unclouded light,  
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

**HYMN 257. L. M.***The Spirit the Source of Life and Light.*

1. FATHER of mercies, God of love,  
Send down thy Spirit from above;  
Let me his sacred influence feel,  
To quicken, purify, and heal.
2. May he these stubborn lusts subdue,  
And form my nature all anew;  
To thee my grovelling spirit raise,  
Excite to humble prayer and praise.
3. He is the source of every grace,  
Of light, and life, and holiness;  
By him alone may I be taught,  
And all my works in him be wrought.
4. Oh! let thy Holy Spirit come,  
And make my heart his constant home;  
There his abundant grace display,  
And lead me in a perfect way.

**HYMN 219. L. M.***Christ our Pattern.*

1. MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.
2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then God the Judge shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

[HYMN 327.]

1. Farewell, ye tran - si - to - ry things, The wealth of kingdoms and of kings :

2. Je-sus, in whom all glo-ries meet, Ho-ly and just, and good and great,

3. His blood redeemed my guilty soul, On him I all my bur-dens roll ;

A no-bler ob - ject far than you Appears to my en - raptured view :

Ev - er compas - sion - ate and kind, My Saviour, Ad - vo - cate, and Friend.

From him I seek, in him possess, Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness.

**HYMN 327. L. M.***[Stanzas 1-3 in the music.]*

- 4 His praise shall all my powers employ,  
My present hope, my future joy;  
For him I count my gain but loss,  
And glory only in his cross.

**HYMN 144. L. M.***Sinners urged to Religion.*

1. WHY will ye waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compassion spares;  
While, in the various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot?
2. Shall God invite you from above?  
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?  
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?  
And all these pleas be urged in vain?
3. Not so your eyes will always view  
Those objects which you now pursue;  
Not so will heaven and hell appear  
When death's decisive hour is near.
4. Almighty God, thy grace impart;  
Fix deep conviction on each heart;  
Nor let us waste on trifling cares  
That life which thy compassion spares.

**HYMN 155. L. M.***Invitation to the heavy laden.*

1. COME hither, all ye weary souls,  
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.
2. They shall find rest that learn of me;  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
3. Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight;  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light.
4. Jesus, we come, at thy command,  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

**HYMN 528. L. M.***Christian Dedication.*

1. HERE at thy cross, incarnate God,  
I lay my soul beneath thy love;  
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.
2. Not all that tyrants think or say,  
With rage and lightning in their eyes,  
Nor hell, shall fright my heart away,  
Should hell with all its legions rise.
3. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,  
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;  
Resolved, (for that's my last defence,)  
If I must perish, there to die.
4. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear:  
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?  
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,  
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
5. Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,  
And all my foes shall lose their aim;  
Hosanna to my Saviour God,  
And my best honours to his name.

**HYMN 557. L. M.***Prayer for the General Effusion of the Spirit.*

1. O SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.
2. Be darkness at thy coming light,  
Confusion, order, in thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
3. Baptize the nations; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call him Lord.
4. God from eternity hath willed  
All flesh shall his salvation see;  
So be the Father's love fulfilled,  
The Saviour's sufferings crowned  
through thee.

*Moderato.*

1. My God, how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are eve-ry evening new;

2. Thou spreadst the curtain of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;

And morn-ing mer-cies from a-bove Gent-ly dis-til, like ear-ly dew.

Thy sovereign word re-stores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy powers.

**HYMN 446. L. M.***[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]*

8. I yield my powers to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days:  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

**HYMN 447. L. M.***Retirement and Meditation.*

1. MY God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
2. Why should my passions mix with earth  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
3. Call me away from flesh and sense;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
4. Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
Let noise and vanity begone;  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

**HYMN 200. L. M.***Christ our Pattern.*

1. WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
What were his works from day to day  
But miracles of power and grace,  
That spread salvation through our race?
2. Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view  
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;  
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,  
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
3. The man who marks, from day to day,  
In generous acts his radiant way,  
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,—  
The path to glory and to God.

**HYMN 349. L. M.***Christian Consistency.*

1. SO let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honours of our Saviour-God,  
When his salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
3. Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,  
Our inward piety approve.
4. Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,—  
The bright appearance of the Lord,—  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

**HYMN 347. L. M.***Conformity to Christ.*

1. JESUS, my Saviour, let me be  
More perfectly conformed to thee;  
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone;  
And form my temper like thine own.
2. My foe, when hungry, let me feed,  
Share in his grief, supply his need;  
The haughty frown may I not fear,  
But with a lowly meekness bear.
3. To others let me always give  
What I from others would receive;  
Good deeds for evil ones return,  
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.
4. This will proclaim how bright and fair  
The precepts of the gospel are;  
And God himself—the God of love—  
His own resemblance will approve.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest,

2. So fades a summer cloud a-way, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

The musical score for the first two verses is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/2 time. It features a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) with a large brace on the left. The melody is a simple, flowing line with many half and whole notes. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding vocal parts.

How mild-ly beam the clos-ing eyes, How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So gent-ly shuts the eye of day, So dies a wave a-long the shore.

The musical score for the final two verses continues the four-part setting. The melody concludes with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding vocal parts.

**HYMN 624. L. M.***[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]*

3. A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys;  
Nothing disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternated dwell:  
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
5. Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies;  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

**HYMN 108. L. M.***Reliance on Christ's Righteousness.*

1. NO more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
2. Now, for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
3. Yes; and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;  
Oh, may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake!
4. The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

**HYMN 454. L. M.***Prayer for the Divine Presence.*

1. COME, gracious Lord, descend, and dwell  
By faith and love in every breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The joys that cannot be expressed.
2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;  
Make our enlarged souls possess  
And learn the height, and breadth, and  
length  
Of thine immeasurable grace.

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

**PSALM 84. L. M.***Second Part.*

1. GREAT God, attend while Sion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs;  
To spend one day with thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
2. Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
3. God is our sun; he makes our day:  
God is our shield; he guards our way  
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without and foes within.
4. All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too:  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.
5. O God, our King, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
And devils at thy presence flee,—  
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

**HYMN 106. L. M.***The Law satisfied by Christ's Death.*

1. WHEN on the cross my Saviour died,  
God's holy law he satisfied;  
My debts he paid, my sins he bore,  
And justice now demands no more.
2. A healing balm his hand bestows,  
To cure my wounds and ease my woes;  
And a rich fountain still remains  
To wash away my guilty stains.
3. Here will I bathe my guilty soul;  
Here blessings without number roll;  
My hopes and joys I hence derive,  
For Jesus died that I might live.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days;

2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;

3. I lay my bo - dy down to sleep, Peace is the pil - low for my head;

And eve - ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

But he forgives my fol - lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.

While well - ap - point - ed angels keep Their watchful sta - tions 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. Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to rouse the tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

## PSALM 17. L. M.

1. LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love:  
When men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword; the hand is thine.
2. Their hope and portion lie below;  
'Tis all the happiness they know,—  
'Tis all they seek: they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.
3. What sinners value, I resign;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
4. This life's a dream, an empty show;  
But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere:  
When shall I wake and find me there?
5. Oh, glorious hour! Oh, blest abode!  
I shall be near and like my God,  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
6. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

## PSALM 92. L. M.

*First Part.*

1. SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
To show thy love by morning light  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal care shall seize my breast;  
Oh 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 refined 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 desired or wished below,  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

## HYMN 486. L. M.

*Enjoyment of the Sabbath.*

1. ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest;  
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.
2. Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
As grateful incense to the skies,  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he that feels it knows!
3. This heavenly 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.
4. 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!

## PSALM 106. L. M.

1. TO God the great, the ever blest,  
Let songs of honour be addressed;  
His mercy firm for ever stands:  
Give him the thanks his love demands.
2. Who knows the wonders of thy ways?  
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?  
Blest are the souls that fear thee still  
And pay their duty to thy will.
3. Remember what thy mercy did  
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;  
And with the same salvation bless  
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.
4. Oh may I see thy tribes rejoice,  
And aid their triumphs with my voice!  
This is my glory, Lord,—to be  
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

## LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

[HYMN 381.]

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise;  
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with - stand - ing all:  
 3. Tho' numerous hosts of migh - ty foes, Tho' earth and hell, my way op - pose,

He just - ly claims a song from thee: His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!  
 He saved me from my lost es - tate: His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how great!  
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long: His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how strong!

His lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!  
 His lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how great!  
 His lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how strong!

4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,  
 He near my soul hath always stood:  
 His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
5. Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Saviour to depart;  
 But, though I oft have him forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.

6. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail,  
 Oh, may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death!
7. Then let me mount, and soar away  
 To the bright world of endless day;  
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

[PSALM 138.]

BURDER.

1. With all my powers of heart and tongue I'll praise my Maker in my song:

2. I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord; I'll sing the wonders of thy word:

3. To God I cried when troubles rose; He heard me, and sub-dued my foes;

4. The God of heaven maintains his state, Frowns on the proud and on the great,

Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap - prove the song, and join the praise.

Not all the works and names below So much thy power and glo - ry show.

He did my ris-ing fears control, And strength dif - fused thro' all my soul.  
But from his throne descends to bless The hum-ble souls that trust his grace.

5. Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.

6. Grace will complete what grace begins,—  
To save from sorrows and from sins;  
The work that wisdom undertakes  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

[HYMN 561.]

*Moderato.*

1. Behold th' expected time draw near, The shades disperse, the dawn appear ;

2. The untaught heathen waits to know The joy the gos-pel will be-stow ;

3. Come, let us with a grateful heart In the blest la-bour share a part ;

4. In-vite the world to come and prove A Saviour's con-descend-ing love ;

Be-hold the wil-der-ness as-sume The beauteous tints of E-den's bloom.

The ex-iled cap-tive, to re-ceive The freedom Je-sus has to give.

Our prayers and offerings gladly bring To aid the triumphs of our King.  
And humbly full be-fore his feet, Assured they shall ac-cept-ance meet.

### PSALM 121. L. M.

1. UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,—  
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;  
Thence all her help my soul derives;  
There my almighty Refuge lives.
2. He lives; the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood;  
The heavens with all their hosts he made,  
And the dark regions of the dead.
3. He guides our feet, he guards our way;  
His morning smiles adorn the day;  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
4. Israel, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest;  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
5. No sun shall smite thy head by day;  
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,  
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star  
Dart his malignant fire so far.
6. Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
Still thou shalt go, and still return,  
Safe in the Lord: his heavenly care  
Defends thy life from every snare.

### HYMN 401. L. M.

*Trials of the Christian.*

1. THUS far my God has led me on,  
And made his truth and mercy known;  
My hopes and fears alternate rise,  
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
2. Through this wide wilderness I roam,  
Far distant from my blissful home;  
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,  
And guard me in this dangerous way.
3. Temptations everywhere annoy,  
And sins and snares my peace destroy;  
My earthly joys are from me torn,  
And oft an absent God I mourn.
4. My soul, with various tempests tossed,  
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,  
Sees every day new straits attend,  
And wonders where the scene will end.

5. Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road  
Which leads us to the mount of God?  
Are these the toils thy people know,  
While in this wilderness below?
6. 'Tis even so; thy faithful love  
Doth all thy children's graces prove:  
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
That Jesus may be all in all.

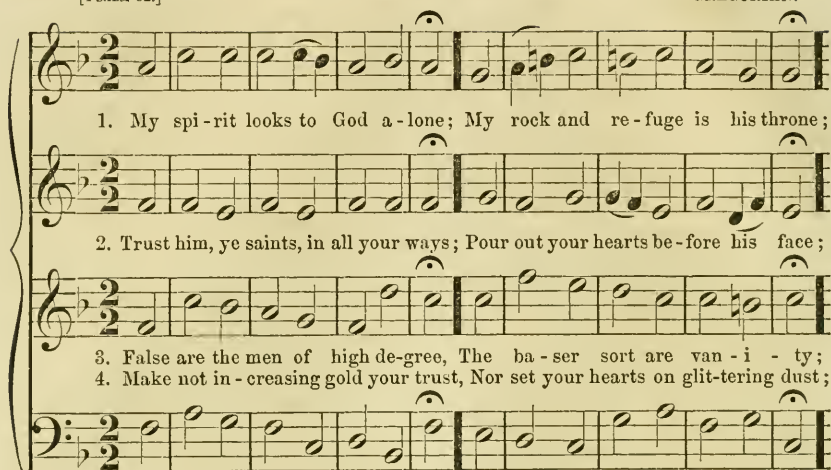
### PSALM 147. L. M.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise:  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.
2. The Lord builds up Jerusalem,  
And gathers nations to his name;  
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,  
And makes the broken spirit whole.
3. He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,  
He counts their numbers, calls their names;  
His sovereign wisdom knows no bound,—  
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned.
4. Great is our Lord, and great his might,  
And all his glories infinite;  
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
And treads the wicked to the dust.
5. Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,  
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

### HYMN 212. L. M.

*Christ a Saviour.*

1. NOT to condemn the sons of men  
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear:  
No weapons in his hands are seen,  
No flaming sword or thunder there.
2. Such was the pity of our God:  
He loved the race of men so well,  
He sent his Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
3. Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;  
Trust in his mighty name and live;  
A thousand joys his lips afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.

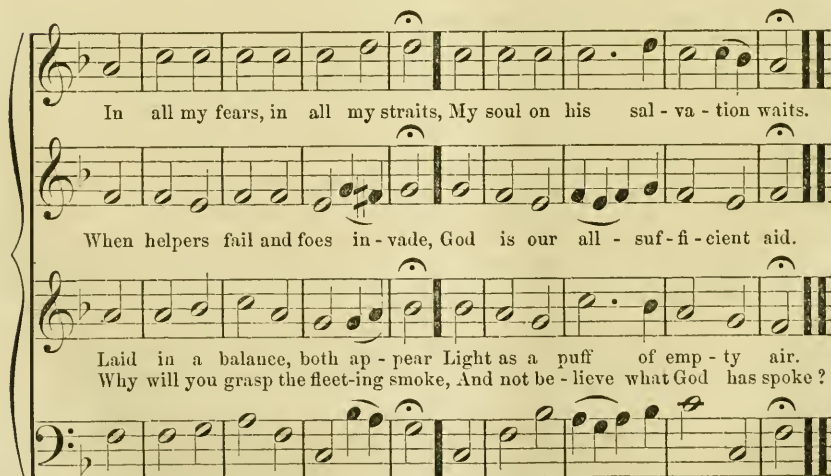


1. My spi-rit looks to God a-lone; My rock and re-fuge is his throne;

2. Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways; Pour out your hearts be-fore his face;

3. False are the men of high de-gree, The ba-ser sort are van-i-ty;

4. Make not in-creasing gold your trust, Nor set your hearts on glit-tering dust;



In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on his sal-va-tion waits.

When helpers fail and foes in-vade, God is our all-suf-fi-cient aid.

Laid in a balance, both ap-pear Light as a puff of emp-ty air.

Why will you grasp the fleet-ing smoke, And not be-lieve what God has spoke?

**PSALM 62. L. M.**

[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]

5. Once has his awful voice declared,  
Once and again my ears have heard,  
All power is his eternal due;  
He must be feared and trusted too.
6. For sovereign power reigns not alone;  
Grace is a partner of the throne:  
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,  
Shall well divide our last reward.

**PSALM 65. L. M.***First Part.*

1. THE praise of Sion waits for thee,  
My God, and praise becomes thy house;  
There shall thy saints thy glory see,  
And there perform their public vows.
2. O thou, whose mercy bends the skies  
To save when humble sinners pray,  
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,  
And every yielding heart obey.
3. Against my will my sins prevail,  
But grace shall purge away the stain;  
The blood of Christ will never fail  
To wash my garments white again.
4. Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,  
And give him kind access to thee;  
Give him a place within thy house,  
To taste thy love divinely free.
5. With dreadful glory God fulfils  
What his afflicted saints request;  
And with almighty wrath reveals  
His love to give his churches rest.
6. Then shall the flocking nations run  
To Sion's hill, and own their Lord;  
The rising and the setting sun  
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

**PSALM 72. L. M.**

1. GREAT God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,  
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
2. Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,  
All heaven submits to his commands;  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.

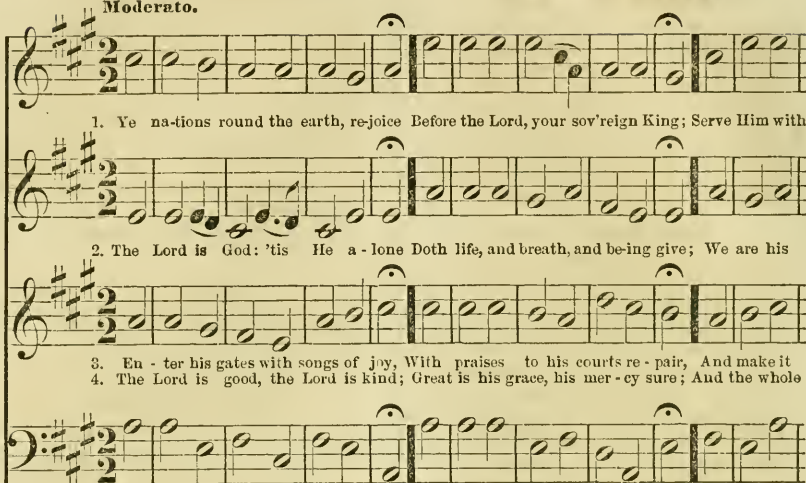
3. With power he vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;  
His worship and his fear shall last  
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
4. As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall he send his influence down;  
His grace on fainting souls distils,  
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
5. The heathen lands that lie beneath  
The shades of overspreading death  
Revive at his first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.
6. The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;  
Peace, like a river from his throne,  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

**HYMN 271. L. M.***Evidences of Grace.*

1. SURE the blest Comforter is nigh;  
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;  
Else would my hope for ever die,  
And every cheering ray depart.
2. When some kind promise cheers my soul,  
Do I not find his healing voice  
The tempest of my fears control,  
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?
3. Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,  
With ardent wish, my heart aspires,  
Can it be less than power divine  
Which animates these strong desires?
4. What less than thine almighty word  
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,  
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,  
My life, my treasure, and my trust?
5. And when my cheerful hope can say,  
I love my God, and taste his grace,  
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray  
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
6. Let thy kind Spirit in my heart  
For ever dwell, O God of love;  
And light and heavenly peace impart  
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

[PSALM 100, 1ST PART.]

OLD GERMAN.

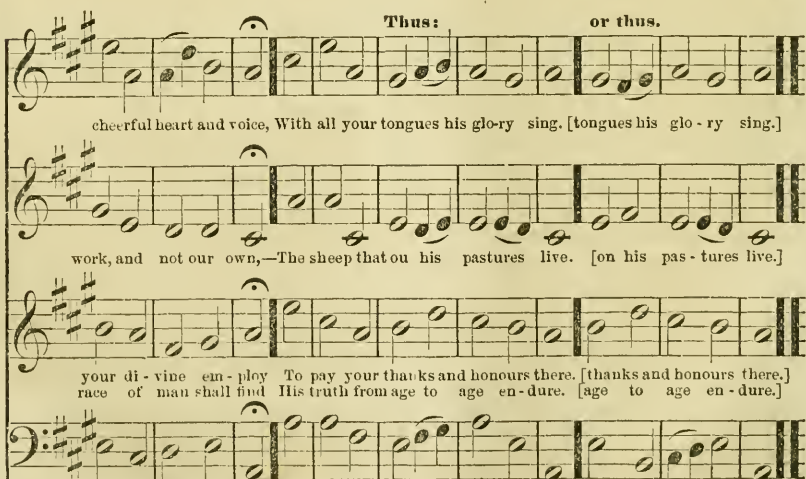
**Moderato.**


1. Ye na-tions round the earth, re-joyce Before the Lord, your sov'reign King; Serve Him with

2. The Lord is God: 'tis He a-lone Doth life, and breath, and being give; We are his

3. En-ter his gates with songs of joy, With praises to his courts re-pair, And make it

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind; Great is his grace, his mer-cy sure; And the whole



**Thus:** **or thus.**

cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glo-ry sing. [tongues his glo-ry sing.]

work, and not our own,—The sheep that ou his pastures live. [on his pas-tures live.]

your di-vine en-joy To pay your thanks and honours there. [thanks and honours there.]

race of man shall find His truth from age to age en-dure. [age to age en-dure.]

## PSALM 72. L. M.

*Second Part.*

1. JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. Behold the nations with their kings:  
There Europe her best tribute brings;  
From north to south the princes meet,  
To pay their homage at his feet.
3. There Persia, glorious to behold,  
And India, shines in Eastern gold;  
While Western empires own their Lord,  
And savage tribes attend his word.
4. For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
5. People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
6. Blessings abound where'er he reigns;  
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
7. Where he displays his healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more;  
In him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
8. Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud amen.

## PSALM 117. L. M.

*Second Part.*

1. FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise:  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

## PSALM 100. L. M.

*Second Part.*

1. BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:  
Know that the Lord is God alone,—  
He can create, and he destroy.
2. His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when, like wandering sheep, we  
strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.
3. We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name!
4. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
5. Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## HYMN 367. L. M.

*Praise to God.*

1. ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:  
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell;  
Come ye before him and rejoice.
2. Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid he did us make  
We are his flock: he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep he doth us take.
3. Oh, enter, then, his gates with praise,  
Approach with joy his courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.
4. Because the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure:  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

## PARK STREET. L. M.

[HYMN 676.]

Vivace staccato.

Arranged from VENUA.

1. Hark! how the cho - ral song of heaven Swells full of peace and

2. No anxious care nor thrill - ing grief, No deep de - spair nor

3. But we are pierced with in - ward pain, And waste in sighs the

joy a - bove! Hark! how they strike their golden harps, And raise the

gloom - y woe, They feel, when high their lof - ty strains In noblest,

live - long day; Or, if we join to praise our God, How harsh, how

tune - ful notes of love, And raise the tune - ful notes of love!

sweetest con - cord flow, In noblest, sweet - est con - cord flow.

fee - ble is our lay! How harsh, how fee - ble is our lay!

**HYMN 676. L. M.***[Stanzas 1-3 in the music.]*

4. When shall we join the heavenly host  
Who sing Immanuel's praise on high,  
And leave behind our doubts and fears,  
To swell the chorus of the sky?
5. Oh, come, thou rapture-bringing morn,  
And usher in the joyful day;  
We long to see thy rising sun  
Drive all these clouds of grief away.

**HYMN 675. L. M.***Worship of Heaven.*

1. OH for a sweet, inspiring ray,  
To animate our feeble strains,  
From the bright realms of endless day,—  
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!
2. There, low before his glorious throne,  
Adoring saints and angels fall;  
And with delightful worship own  
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their  
all.
3. Immortal glories crown his head,  
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,  
And love, and joy, and triumph spread  
Through all the assemblies of the skies.
4. He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs  
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;  
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues  
Resound his everlasting praise.
5. There all the followers of the Lamb  
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;  
Oh may the joy-inspiring theme  
Awake our faith and warm desire.
6. Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal  
Our interest in that blissful place,  
Till death remove this mortal veil  
And we behold thy lovely face.

**HYMN 495. L. M.***Christ bearing the Keys.*

1. WITH what delight I raise my eyes  
And view the courts where Jesus dwells;  
Jesus, who reigns above the skies,  
And here below his grace reveals.

2. Of God's own house the sacred key  
Is borne by that majestic hand;  
Mansions and treasures there I see  
Subjected all to his command.
3. He shuts, and worlds might strive in vain  
The mighty obstacle to move;  
He opens all their bars again,  
And who shall shut the gates of love?
4. Fixed in omnipotence, he bears  
The glories of his Father's name;  
Sustains his people's weighty cares,  
Through every changing age the same.
5. My little all I here suspend,  
Where the whole weight of heaven is  
hung;  
Secure I rest on such a Friend,  
And into raptures wake my tongue.

**HYMN 284. L. M.***A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.*

1. UP to the fields where angels lie,  
And living waters gently roll,  
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly;  
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
2. Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,  
Can make this world of guilt remove;  
And thou canst bear me where thou fliest,  
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!
3. Oh, might I once mount up and see  
The glories of the eternal skies,  
What little things these worlds would be!  
How despicable to my eyes!
4. Had I a glance of thee, my God,  
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,—  
Vanish as though I saw them not,—  
As a dim candle dies at noon.
5. Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;  
I should perceive the noise no more  
Than we can hear a shaking leaf  
While rattling thunders round us roar.
6. Great All-in-All, Eternal King,  
Let me but view thy lovely face,  
And all my powers shall bow, and sing  
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

[HYMN 639.]

W. B. BRADBURY.

*Tenderly.*

1. Un-veil thy bo-som, faithful tomb; Take this new trea-sure to thy trust,

2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear, Invades thy bounds: no mortal woes

3. So Je-sus slept: God's dy-ing Son Passed thro' the grave, and blessed the bed:

And give these sa-cred relics room To slumber in the si-lent dust.

Can reach the peaceful sleeper here, While angels watch his soft re- pose.

Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne The morning break, and pierce the shade.

**HYMN 639. L. M.***[Stanzas 1-3 in the music.]*

4. Break from his throne, illustrious morn,  
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;  
Restore thy trust: a glorious form  
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

**HYMN 629. L. M.***Death of the Saint and Sinner contrasted.*

1. WHAT scenes of horror and of dread  
Await the sinner's dying bed!  
Death's terrors all appear in sight,  
Presages of eternal night.
2. His sins in dreadful order rise,  
And fill his soul with sad surprise;  
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,  
And not one ray of hope appears.
3. Not so the heir of heavenly bliss:  
His soul is filled with conscious peace;  
A steady faith subdues his fear;  
He sees the happy Canaan near.
4. His mind is tranquil and serene;  
No terrors in his looks are seen;  
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,  
And smooths his passage to the tomb.
5. Lord, make my faith and love sincere;  
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;  
And, when the toils of life are past,  
May I be found in peace at last!

**HYMN 652. L. M.***The Day of Wrath.*

1. THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
2. When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead;
3. Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

**HYMN 645. L. M.***The Living and the Dead.*

1. WHERE are the dead?—In heaven or hell  
Their disembodied spirits dwell,—  
Their perished forms, in bonds of clay,  
Reserved until the judgment-day.
2. Who are the dead?—The sons of time,  
In every age, and state, and clime;  
Renowned, dishonoured, or forgot,  
The place that knew them knows them not.
3. Where are the living?—On the ground  
Where prayer is heard and mercy found;  
Where in the compass of a span  
The mortal makes the immortal man.
4. Who are the living?—They whose breath  
Draws every moment nigh to death:  
Of endless bliss or woe the heirs,  
Oh, what an awful lot is theirs!
5. Then, timely warned, let us begin  
To follow Christ and flee from sin;  
Daily grow up in him our head,  
Lord of the living and the dead.

**HYMN 161. L. M.***Invitation to Wanderers.*

1. RETURN, O wanderer, return,  
And seek an injured Father's face;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
2. Return, O wanderer, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart;  
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
3. Return, O wanderer, return!  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;  
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.
4. Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear;  
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn!"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

1. Je - sus is gone a - bove the skies, Where our weak sen-ses reach him not;

2. He knows what wandering hearts we have, Apt to for - get his glorious face;

3. The Lord of life this table spread With his own flesh and dying blood:

And car-nal objects court our eyes, To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

And, to refresh our minds, he gave These kind me-mo-rials of his grace.

We on the rich pro - vi - sion feed; We taste the wine and bless our God.

4. Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem;  
Christ and his love fill every thought,  
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

5. While he is absent from our sight,  
'Tis to prepare our souls a place;  
That we may dwell in heavenly light  
And live for ever near his face.

**HYMN 358. L. M.***Peace of Conscience.*

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

**HYMN 448. L. M.***Longing for God in Retirement.*

1. RETURN, my roving heart, return,  
And chase these shadowy forms no more;  
Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.
2. O thou great God, whose piercing eye  
Distinctly marks each deep recess,  
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,  
And with thy presence fill the place.
3. Through all the windings of my heart  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,  
And still its radiant beams impart,  
Till all be searched and purified.
4. Then with the visits of thy love  
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;  
Till every grace shall join to prove  
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

**HYMN 470. L. M.***The Mercy-Seat.*

1. FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat:  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

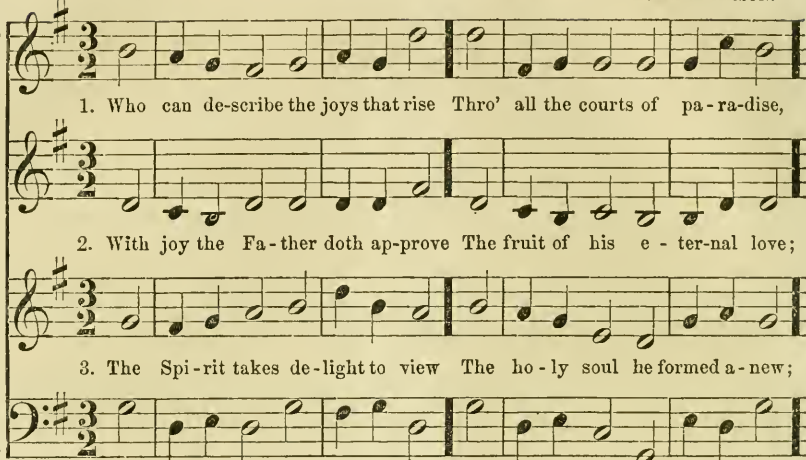
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,—  
A place than all besides more sweet:  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
5. There, there on eagles' wings we soar,  
And sin and sense seem all no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
6. Oh, let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget thy mercy-seat.

**HYMN 471. L. M.***The Benefit of Public Ordinances.*

1. AWAY from every mortal care,  
Away from earth, our souls retreat;  
We leave this worthless world afar,  
And wait and worship near thy seat.
2. Lord, in the temple of thy grace  
We see thy feet, and we adore;  
We gaze upon thy lovely face,  
And learn the wonders of thy power.
3. While here our various wants we mourn,  
United groans ascend on high,  
And prayer brings down a quick return  
Of blessings in variety.
4. If Satan rage and sin grow strong,  
Here we receive some cheering word;  
We gird the gospel-armour on  
To fight the battles of the Lord.
5. Or if our spirit faints and dies, [stings,  
Our conscience galled with inward  
Here doth the righteous Sun arise  
With healing beams beneath his wings.
6. Father, my soul would still abide  
Within thy temple, near thy side;  
But, if my feet must hence depart,  
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

[HYMN 67.]

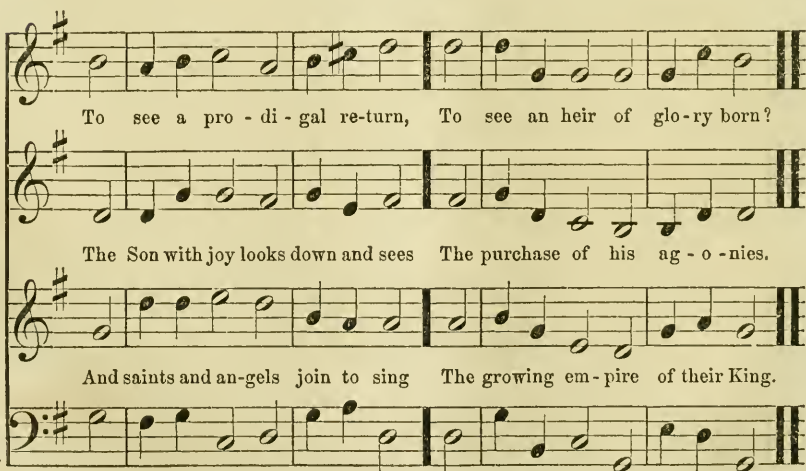
LOWELL MASON.



1. Who can de-scribe the joys that rise Thro' all the courts of pa-ra-dise,

2. With joy the Fa-ther doth ap-prove The fruit of his e-ter-nal love;

3. The Spi-rit takes de-light to view The ho-ly soul he formed a-new;



To see a pro-di-gal re-turn, To see an heir of glo-ry born?

The Son with joy looks down and sees The purchase of his ag-o-nies.

And saints and an-gels join to sing The growing em-pire of their King.

**HYMN 504. L. M.***On opening a Place of Worship.*

1. JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.
2. For thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And, going, take thee to their home.
3. Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.
4. Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
5. Behold, at thy commanding word  
We stretch the curtain and the cord;  
Come thou, and fill this wider space,  
And bless us with a large increase.

**HYMN 580. L. M.***Prayer for Revival.*

1. GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear  
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;  
Perfumed by thee, oh, may it rise,  
Like fragrant incense, to the skies!
2. May every pastor from above  
Be new-inspired with zeal and love,  
To watch thy flock, thy flock to feed,  
And sow with care the precious seed.
3. Revive the churches with thy grace:  
Heal all our breaches; grant us peace;  
Rouse us from sloth; our hearts inflame  
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
4. May young and old thy word receive,  
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,  
The wounded conscience healing find,  
And joy refresh each drooping mind!
5. May aged saints, matured with grace,  
Abound in fruits of holiness;

And, when transplanted to the skies,  
May younger in their stead arise!

6. Thus we our suppliant voices raise,  
And, weeping, sow the seed of praise,  
In humble hope that thou wilt hear  
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

**HYMN 278. L. M.***Broad and Narrow Ways.*

1. BROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there;  
But Wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveller.
2. "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command:  
Nature must count her gold but dross  
If she would gain this heavenly land.
3. The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;  
Create my heart entirely new;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

**HYMN 576. L. M.***Prayer for the Reviving Influences of the Spirit.*

1. COME, sacred Spirit, from above,  
And fill the coldest heart with love;  
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,  
And let thy Godlike power be known.
2. Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes  
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;  
While all their glowing souls are borne  
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
3. Oh, let a holy flock await,  
Numerous, around thy temple-gate,—  
Each pressing on, with zeal, to be  
A living sacrifice to thee.
4. In answer to our fervent cries,  
Give us to see thy church arise;  
Or, if that blessing seem too great,  
Give us to mourn its low estate.

[PSALM 91, 1ST PART.]

1. He that hath made his re - fuge God Shall find a most se - cure a - bode ;

2. Then will I say, "My God, thy power Shall be my for - tress and my tower ;

3. Thrice hap - py man ! thy Mak - er's care Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare ;

4. Just as a hen pro - tects her brood From birds of prey that seek their blood ;

Shall walk all day beneath his shade, And there at night shall rest his head.

I, that am formed of fee - ble dust, Make thine al - might - y arm my trust."

From Satan's wiles, who still be - trays Unguard - ed souls a thousand ways.  
The Lord his faithful saints shall guard, And endless life be their re - ward.

## PSALM 91. L. M.

[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]

5. If burning beams of noon conspire  
To dart a pestilential fire,  
God is their life; his wings are spread  
To shield them with a healthful shade.
6. If vapours with malignant breath  
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,  
Israel is safe; the poisoned air  
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.
7. What though a thousand at thy side,  
Around thy path ten thousand, died;  
Thy God his chosen people saves  
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.
8. The sword, the pestilence, or fire,  
Shall but fulfil their best desire;  
From sins and sorrows set them free,  
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

## HYMN 361. L. M.

*The Blessedness of the Righteous.*

- 1 BLEST are the humble souls that see  
Their emptiness and poverty:  
Treasures of grace to them are given,  
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
2. Blest are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart:  
The blood of Christ divinely flows,—  
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war:  
God will secure their happy state,  
And plead their cause against the great.
4. Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness:  
They shall be well supplied and fed  
With living streams and living bread.
5. Blest are the men whose bowels move,  
And melt with sympathy and love:  
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.
6. Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
From the defiling power of sin:  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.

7. Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife:  
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, the God of peace.
8. Blest are the sufferers, who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake:  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;  
Glory and joy are their reward.

## HYMN 325. L. M.

*Hope in God.*

1. THE God of my salvation lives;  
My nobler life he will sustain;  
His word immortal vigour gives,  
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.
2. Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,  
Though every earthly comfort die;  
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,  
And raise my sacred pleasures high.
3. Oh, let me hear thy blissful voice,  
Inspiring life and joy divine;  
The barren desert shall rejoice;  
'Tis paradise, if thou art mine.

## HYMN 340. L. M.

*Hymn of Praise to Christ.*

1. JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,  
To sing his everlasting fame;  
Great God, prepare each heart and voice  
In him for ever to rejoice.
2. With him I daily love to walk:  
Of him my soul delights to talk;  
On him I cast my every care;  
Like him, one day, I shall appear.
3. Bless him, my soul, from day to day;  
Trust him, to lead thee on thy way;  
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;  
With him, oh, never, never part.
4. Take him for strength and righteousness,  
Make him thy refuge in distress;  
Love him above all earthly joy,  
And him in every thing employ.
5. Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs;  
To him your highest praise belongs;  
Bless him who does your heaven prepare  
And makes you meet his joy to share.

[HYMN 195.]

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song; A - wake, my

2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face, The bright - est

soul; a - wake, my tongue; Ho - san - na to th'E -

im - age of his grace; God, in the per - son

ter - nal name, And all his boundless love pro - claim.

of his Son, Has all his mightiest works out - done.

**HYMN 195. L. M.***[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]*

3. The spacious earth and spreading flood  
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;  
And thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in every rolling star.
4. But in his looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labour of thine hands;  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
5. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
6. Oh, may I live to reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face!  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold.

**HYMN 372. L. M.***Praise for Redemption.*

1. BLEST Jesus, when thy cross I view—  
That mystery to th' angelic host—  
I gaze with grief and rapture too,  
And all my soul's in wonder lost.
2. What strange compassion filled thy breast,  
That brought thee, from thy throne on  
To woes that cannot be expressed, [high,  
To be despised, to groan and die!
3. Was it for man, rebellious man,  
Sunk by his crimes below the grave,  
Who, justly doomed to endless pain,  
Found none to pity or to save?
4. For man didst thou forsake the sky  
To bleed upon the accursed tree?  
And didst thou taste of death to buy  
Immortal life and bliss for me?
5. Had I a voice to praise thy name,  
Loud as the trumpet that wakes the dead,  
Had I the raptured seraph's flame,  
My debt of love could ne'er be paid.
6. Yet, Lord, a sinner's heart receive,—  
This burdened, contrite heart of mine;  
Thou knowest I've naught beside to give,  
And let it be for ever thine.

**HYMN 94. L. M.***Christ the Lamb slain.*

1. BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,  
With wonder, gratitude, and love:  
To take away our guilt and shame,  
See him descending from above.
2. Our sins and griefs on him were laid:  
He meekly bore the mighty load;  
Our ransom-price he fully paid  
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
3. To save a guilty world, he dies;  
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!  
To him lift up your longing eyes,  
And hope for mercy in his name.
4. Pardon and peace through him abound;  
He can the richest blessings give;  
Salvation in his name is found;  
He bids the dying sinner live.
5. Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee:  
Where else can helpless sinners go?  
Thy boundless love shall set me free  
From all my wretchedness and woe.

**HYMN 145. L. M.***Expostulation with Sinners.*

1. PRISONERS of sin and Satan too,  
The Saviour calls; he calls for you:  
Ye who have sold yourselves for naught,  
Jesus your liberty has bought.
2. The great Redeemer lived and died;  
The Prince of life was crucified;  
He shed his own most precious blood  
To ransom guilty souls for God.
3. He came to set the captive free;  
He came to publish liberty;  
To bind the broken-hearted up  
And give despairing sinners hope.
4. Prisoners of hope, why will you die?  
Why from the only refuge fly?  
Jesus, our hiding-place and tower,  
Invites the guilty and the poor.
5. He came to comfort those that mourn;  
He sweetly says to sinners, Turn!  
Prisoners of hope, his voice attend,  
Nor slight the calls of such a friend.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a no-bler rest a-

2. In thy blest kingdom we shall be From eve-ry mor-tal trou-ble

bove; To that our long-ing souls as - pire, With ar - dent love and free; No groans shall mingle with the songs Which war - ble from im-

strong de - sire, With ar - dent love and strong de - sire.

mor - tal tongues, Which war - ble from im - mor - tal tongues.

**HYMN 487. L. M.***[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]*

3. No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin;  
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

**HYMN 8. L. M.***Glory and Condescension of God.*

1. JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;  
His robes are light and majesty;  
His glory shines with beams so bright,  
No mortal can sustain the sight.
2. His terrors keep the world in awe;  
His justice guards his holy law;  
His love reveals a smiling face;  
His truth and promise seal the grace.
3. Through all his works his wisdom shines,  
And baffles Satan's deep designs;  
His power is sovereign to fulfil  
The noblest counsels of his will.
4. And will this glorious Lord descend  
To be my Father and my Friend?  
Then let my songs with angels join:  
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

**HYMN 55. L. M.***Repentance.*

- 1 OII for a glance of heavenly day,  
To take this stubborn stone away,  
And thaw, with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart, of mine.
2. The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;  
The sea can roar, the mountains shake;  
Of feeling all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
3. To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt:  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine.
4. Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,  
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5. But power divine can do the deed,  
And much to feel that power I need;  
Thy spirit can from dross refine  
And move and melt this heart of mine.

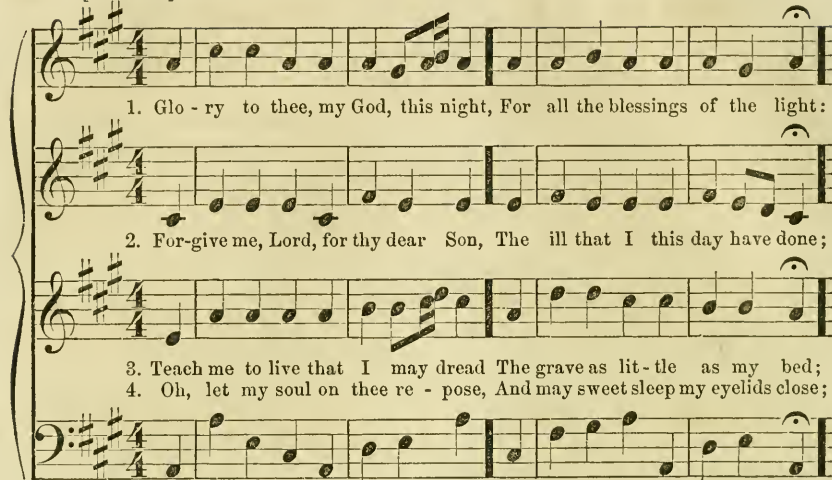
**HYMN 297. L. M.***Prayer for the divine Presence.*

1. O THOU, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light;  
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:  
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free.
2. If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;  
No foes nor violence I fear,  
Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
3. When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
4. Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:  
Oh, let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy Holy hill.
5. If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

**HYMN 10. L. M.***God's unbounded Love.*

1. LORD, what is man, that he should prove  
The object of thy boundless love?  
Say, why should he so largely share  
Thy favour and thy tender care?
2. While these my lips draw vital breath,  
Or till I close my eyes in death,  
I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,  
Nor thoughtless of thy kindness prove.
3. Beneath thy shadowing wings' defence  
I'll place my only confidence:  
In every danger and distress,  
To thee will I my prayer address.
4. Should all my hopes on earth be lost,  
In thee I'll make my constant boast;  
I'll spread the glories of thy name,  
And thy unbounded love proclaim.

[HYMN 450.]

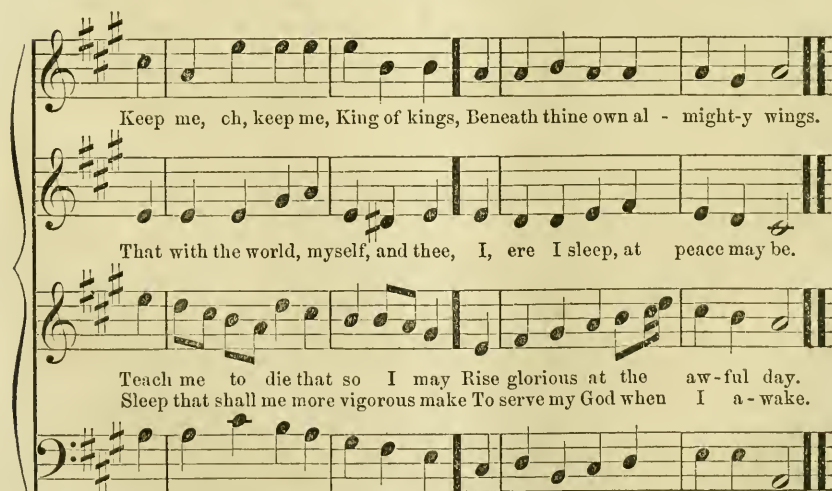


1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light:

2. For-give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done;

3. Teach me to live that I may dread The grave as lit-tle as my bed;

4. Oh, let my soul on thee re - pose, And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;



Keep me, ch, keep me, King of kings, Beneath thine own al - might-y wings.

That with the world, myself, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to die that so I may Rise glorious at the aw-ful day.  
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make To serve my God when I a - wake.

## HYMN 450. L. M.

[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]

5. If in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.
6. Oh, when shall I, in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns divine with angels sing,  
Glory to thee, eternal King?
7. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## HYMN 434. L. M.

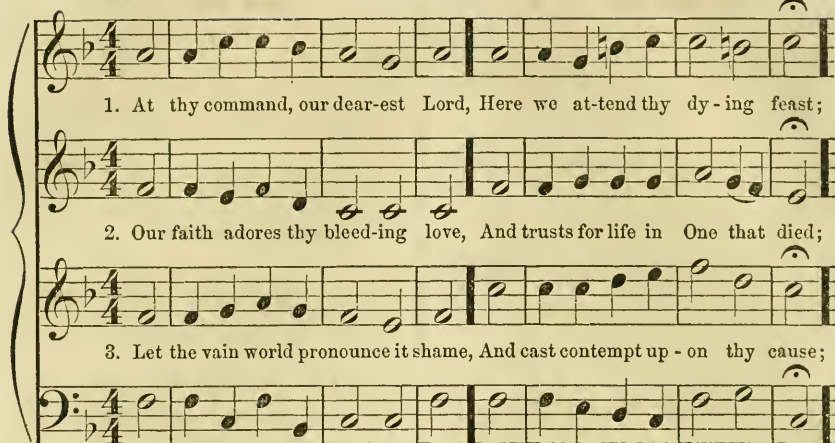
*Morning Hymn.*

1. GOD of the morning, at thy voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.
2. From the fair chambers of the east  
The circuit of his race begins;  
And, without weariness or rest,  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
3. Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil  
The appointed duties of the day;  
With ready mind and active will  
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
4. But I shall rove and lose the race,  
If God, my sun, should disappear,  
And leave me, in this world's wide maze,  
To follow every wandering star.
5. Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;  
Thy threatenings 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 compared with this.

## HYMN 438. L. M.

*Morning Hymn.*

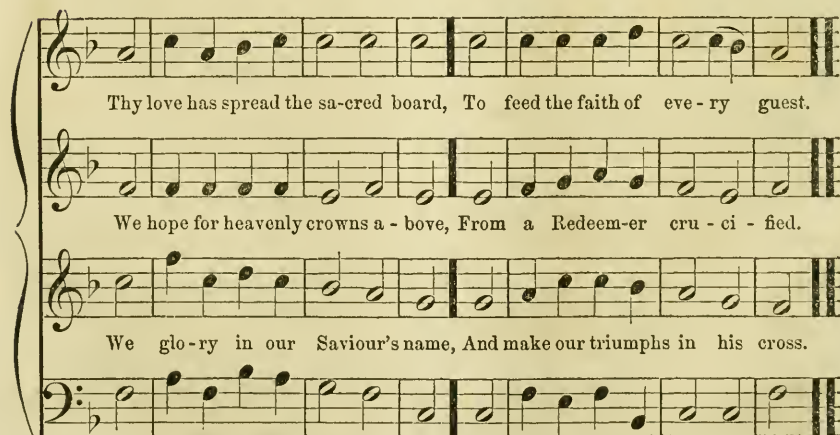
1. AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run:  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2. Redeem thy misspent time that's past;  
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;  
To improve thy talents take due care;  
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
3. Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noonday 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  
Glory to the eternal King.
5. I wake, I wake, ye Heavenly choir:  
May your devotions 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:  
Oh, 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 powers with all my might  
In thy sole glory may unite.
9. All praise to thee who safe hast kept  
And hast refreshed me while I slept:  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall  
wake,  
I may of endless life partake.



1. At thy command, our dear-est Lord, Here we at-tend thy dy-ing feast;

2. Our faith adores thy bleed-ing love, And trusts for life in One that died;

3. Let the vain world pronounce it shame, And cast contempt up-on thy cause;



Thy love has spread the sa-cred board, To feed the faith of eve-ry guest.

We hope for heavenly crowns a-bove, From a Redeem-er cru-ci-fied.

We glo-ry in our Saviour's name, And make our triumphs in his cross.

**HYMN 534. L. M.***[Stanzas 1-3 in the music.]*

4. With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
He that was dead has left his tomb;  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.

**HYMN 69. L. M.***Praise for Forgiveness.*

1. FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound  
To guilty rebels doomed to die:  
Publish the bliss the world around;  
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.
2. 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;  
'Tis full, effacing every crime;  
Unbounded shall its glories shine,  
And feel no change by changing time.
3. For this stupendous love of heaven,  
What grateful honours shall we show?  
Where much transgression is forgiven,  
Let love with equal ardour glow.
4. By this inspired, let all our days  
With every heavenly grace be crowned;  
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,  
In all abide, in all abound.

**HYMN 146. L. M.***Danger of Delay.*

1. HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,  
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;  
The longer Wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.
2. Oh, hasten mercy to implore,  
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;  
For fear thy season should be o'er  
Before this evening's course be run.
3. Hasten, O sinner, to return,  
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn  
Before the needful work is done.
4. Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,  
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;  
For fear the curse should thee arrest  
Before the morrow is begun.

**HYMN 102. L. M.***Access to God by the Blood of Christ.*

1. SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,  
I dare approach thy throne, O God!  
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,  
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears.
2. The encircling rainbow, peaceful sign,  
Does with refulgent brightness shine;  
And, while by faith I see it near,  
I bid farewell to every fear.
3. Let me my grateful homage pay;  
With courage sing, with fervour pray,  
And, though myself a wretch undone,  
Hope for acceptance through thy Son:—
4. Thy Son, who on the accursed tree  
Expired to set the vilest free:  
On this I build my only claim,  
And all I ask is in his name.

**HYMN 275. L. M.***Devotion to Christ.*

1. AH, wretched souls who strive in vain,  
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin;  
A nobler toil may I sustain,  
A nobler satisfaction win.
2. May I resolve, with all my heart,  
With all my powers to serve the Lord  
Nor from his precepts e'er depart  
Whose service is a rich reward.
3. Oh, be his service all my joy!  
Around let my example shine,  
Till others love the blest employ  
And join in labours so divine.
4. Be this the purpose of my soul,  
My solemn, my determined choice,  
To yield to his supreme control,  
And in his kind commands rejoice.
5. Oh, may I never faint nor tire,  
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways!  
Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
And give me strength to live thy praise.

[PSALM 46, 1ST PART.]

*Legato e piano.*Arranged from a Scottish Theme,  
by LOWELL MASON.

1. God is the re-fuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress in - vade ;  
 2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled Down to the deep, and buried there ;

3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar : In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide ,

4. There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God ;  
 5. That sacred stream, thine holy word, Supports our faith, our fear con-trols ;

Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be-hold him pre-sent with his aid.  
 Convulsions shake the so - lid world : Our faith shall nev - er yield to fear.

While eve-ry na - tion, eve-ry shore, Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

Life, love, and joy still gliding through And watering our divine a - bode.  
 Sweet peace thy promises af - ford, And give new strength to faint-ing souls.

**PSALM 46. L. M.***[Stanzas 1-5 in the music.]*

6. Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour;  
Nor can her firm foundation move,  
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

**HYMN 263. L. M.***The Striving of the Spirit.*

1. SAY, sinner, hath a voice within  
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,  
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin  
And yield thy heart to God's control?
2. Hath something met thee in the path  
Of worldliness and vanity,  
And pointed to the coming wrath, [flee?  
And warned thee from that wrath to
3. Sinner, it was a heavenly voice;  
It was the Spirit's gracious call;  
It bade thee make the better choice  
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
4. Spurn not the call to life and light;  
Regard in time the warning kind;  
That call thou may'st not always slight  
And yet the gate of mercy find.
5. God's Spirit will not always strive  
With hardened, self-destroying man;  
Ye who persist his love to grieve  
May never hear his voice again.
6. Sinner, perhaps this very day  
Thy last accepted time may be;  
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,  
Then hope may never beam on thee.

**HYMN 267. L. M.***Prayer for the Spirit's Influence.*

1. COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;  
O'er every thought and step preside.
2. The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may not depart.
3. Lead us to holiness,—the road  
That we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4. Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In his enjoyment to be blest;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

**HYMN 391. L. M.***Struggling against Doubts and Fears.*

1. WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,  
And smiling day once more appears,  
Then, my Redeemer, then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears.
2. Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.
3. Oh, let me then at length be taught,  
What I am still so slow to learn,  
That God is love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
4. Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;  
But, when my faith is sharply tried,  
I find myself a learner yet,  
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
5. But, O my Lord, one look from thee  
Subdues the disobedient will,  
Drives doubt and discontent away;  
And thy rebellious worm is still.
6. Thou art as ready to forgive  
As I am ready to repine:  
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;  
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

**HYMN 453. L. M.***Delight in Ordinances.*

1. FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be-  
Let my religious hours alone; [gone;  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see:  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
2. Oh, warm my heart with holy fire,  
And kindle there a pure desire:  
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
3. Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!  
How sweet thy entertainments are!  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace and dying love.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to insure the great re - ward;  
 2 Life is the hour that God has given To escape from hell and fly to heaven;

3. The liv-ing know that they must die, But all the dead for - got-ten lie;  
 4. Their ha-tred and their love are lost, Their en-vy bu-ried in the dust;

5. Then what my thoughts design to do, My hands, with all your might pursue;  
 6. There are no acts of par-dou past In the cold grave to which we haste;

And, while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil-est sin-ner may re - turn.  
 The day of grace, and mortals may Se - cure the blessings of the day.

Their memory and their sense are gone, A - like un-know-ing and unknown.  
 They have no share in all that's done Be-neath the cir-cuit of the sun.

Since no de-vice nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.  
 But darkness, death, and long despair Reign in e - ter - nal silence there.

## HYMN 100. L. M.

*The Work finished.*

1. 'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head and died;  
'Tis finished: yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.
2. 'Tis finished: all that heaven decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,  
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
3. 'Tis finished: heaven is reconciled,  
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:  
Peace, love, and happiness again  
Return and dwell with sinful men.
4. 'Tis finished: let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round:  
'Tis finished: let the echo fly  
Through heaven and hell, through earth  
and sky.

## HYMN 129. L. M.

*Fulness of the Gospel.*

1. GOD, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known,  
Where love in all its glory shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
2. Here sinners of an humble frame  
May taste his grace, and learn his name;  
May read, in characters of blood,  
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
3. The prisoner here may break his chains;  
The weary rest from all his pains;  
The captive feel his bondage cease;  
The mourner find the way of peace.
4. Here faith reveals to mortal eyes  
A brighter world beyond the skies;  
Here shines the light which guides our way  
From earth to realms of endless day.
5. Oh, grant us grace, almighty Lord,  
To read and mark thy holy word;  
Its truths with meekness to receive,  
And by its holy precepts live.

## HYMN 131. L. M.

*The Gospel's joyful Sound.*

1. COME, dearest Lord, who reign'st above,  
And draw me with the cords of love,  
And, while, the gospel does abound,  
Oh, may I know the joyful sound!
2. Sweet are the tidings, free the grace,  
It brings to our apostate race;  
It spreads a heavenly light around:  
Oh, may I know the joyful sound!
3. The gospel bids the sin-sick soul  
Look up to Jesus and be whole;  
In him are peace and pardon found:  
Oh, may I know the joyful sound!
4. It stems the tide of swelling grief,  
Affords the needy sure relief;  
Releases those by Satan bound:  
Oh, may I know the joyful sound!

## HYMN 152. L. M.

*Christ knocking at the Door.*

1. BEHOLD a stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still:  
You treat no other friend so ill.
2. Oh, lovely attitude! he stands  
With melting heart and bleeding hands!  
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes!
3. But will he prove a Friend indeed?  
He will:—the very Friend you need;  
The Friend of sinners,—yes, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine;  
Turn out his enemy and thine,  
That soul-destroying monster sin,  
And let the heavenly stranger in.
5. Admit him, ere his anger burn;  
His feet, departed, ne'er return:  
Admit him, or the hour's at hand  
You'll at his door rejected stand.

[HYMN 530.]

1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole-ful night When powers of earth and hell a - rose

2. Be - fore the mournful scene be-gan, He took the bread, and blessed and brake:

3. "This is my bo - dy broke for sin: Re-ceive and eat the liv-ing food;"

A-gainst the Son of God's de-light, And friends betrayed him to his foes.

What love through all his actions ran! What wondrous words of grace he spake!

Then took the cup and blessed the wine: "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

- |                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                               |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>4. "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,<br/>In memory of your dying Friend;<br/>Meet at my table, and record<br/>The love of your departed Lord."</p> | <p>5. Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,<br/>We show thy death, we sing thy name,<br/>Till thou return, and we shall eat<br/>The marriage-supper of the Lamb.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## PSALM 51. L. M.

*First Part.*

1. SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;  
Let a repenting rebel live:  
Are not thy mereics large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace:  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;  
So let thy pardoning love be found.
3. Oh, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.
4. My lips with shame my sins confess  
Against thy law, against thy grace:  
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death;  
And, if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.
6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

## PSALM 51. L. M.

*Third Part.*

1. O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.
2. Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
3. I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight:  
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me, that I fall no more.
4. Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
Thy help and comfort still afford,  
And let a wretch come near thy throne  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5. A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring:  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.
6. My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemned to die.
7. Then will I teach the world thy ways:  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
8. Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!  
Salvation shall be all my song;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

## HYMN 351. L. M.

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

1. JESUS, and shall it ever be?—  
A mortal man ashamed of thee?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days!
2. Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star:  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3. Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright Morning-Star, bid darkness flee.
4. Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
5. Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
6. Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—  
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain:  
And, oh, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Slow and delicate.

1. Descend from heaven, immortal Dove, Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,  
 2. Be-yond, be-yond this low-er sky, Up where e - ter - nal a - ges roll,

3. Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight, Of our al-migh-ty Father's throne!  
 4. A - dor-ing saints around him stand, And thrones and powers before him fall;

5. Oh, what a - maz-ing joys they feel, While to their gold-en harps they sing,  
 6. When shall the day, dear Lord, appear, That I shall mount to dwell a - bove,

And mount and bear us far a-bove The reach of these in - fe - rior things:  
 Where sol - id pleasures nev - er die, And fruits im - mor - tal feast the soul.

There sits our Saviour, crowned with light, Clothed in a bo - dy like our own.  
 The God shines gracious through the man, And sheds sweet glo-ries on them all.

And sit on eve - ry heavenly hill, And spread the tri-umphs of their King!  
 And stand and bow amongst them there, And view thy face, and sing and love?

**HYMN 272. L. M.***Self-Dedication to God.*

1. LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine;  
With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sovereign right in me.
2. Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of thy grace;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
3. Thine would I live, thine would I die,  
Be thine through all eternity;  
The vow is past beyond repeal:  
Now will I set the solemn seal.
4. Here, at that cross where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God,  
Thee, my new Master, now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.
5. Do thou assist a feeble worm  
The great engagement to perform:  
Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
And on that grace I dare depend.

**HYMN 283. L. M.***Crucifixion by the Cross.*

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

**HYMN 309. L. M.***Faith in Christ.*

1. WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,  
And fainting hope almost expires,  
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,  
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
2. Art thou not mine, my living Lord?  
And can my hope, my comfort, die,  
Fixed on thy everlasting word,—  
That word which built the earth and sky?
3. If my immortal Saviour lives,  
Then my immortal life is sure;  
His word a firm foundation gives:  
Here let me build and rest secure.
4. Here let my faith unshaken dwell:  
Immovable the promise stands;  
Nor all the powers of earth or hell  
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
5. Here, O my soul, thy trust repose:  
Since Jesus is for ever mine,  
Not death itself, that last of foes,  
Shall break a union so divine.

**HYMN 617. L. M.***Nearness to Eternity.*

1. ETERNITY is just at hand;  
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,  
And careless view departing day,  
And throw my inch of time away?
2. Eternity without a bound,—  
To guilty souls a dreadful sound!  
But oh, if Christ and heaven be mine,  
How sweet the accents! how divine!
3. Be this my chief, my only care,  
My high pursuit, my only prayer,  
An interest in the Saviour's blood,  
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.
4. But, should my highest hopes be vain,—  
The rising doubt, how sharp the pain!  
My fears, O gracious God, remove;  
Confirm my title to thy love.
5. Search, Lord, oh, search my inmost heart,  
And light, and hope, and joy impart;  
From guilt and error set me free,  
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

1. Blest morning whose first dawning light Be - held our ris - ing God;  
 2. To thy great name, al - migh - ty Lord, These sa - cred hours we pay,

3. In the cold pri - son of the tomb The dear Re - deem - er lay,  
 4. Hell and the grave u - nite their force To hold our God, in vain;  
 5. Sal - va - tion and im - mor - tal praise To our vic - to - rious King;

That saw him tri - umph o'er the dust, And leave his last a - bode.  
 And loud ho - san - nas shall pro - claim The tri - umph of the day.

Till the re - volv - ing skies had brought The third, the appointed day.

The sleep - ing Con - quer - or a - rose, And burst their fee - ble chain.  
 Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas, With glad ho - san - nas ring.

# PSALM 119. C. M.

## *Sixteenth Part.*

1. MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;  
Lord, give me life divine;  
From vain desires and every lust  
Turn off these eyes of mine.
2. I need the influence of thy grace  
To speed me in thy way,—  
Lest I should loiter in my race  
Or turn my feet astray.
3. When sore afflictions press me down,  
I need thy quickening powers;  
Thy word, that I have rested on,  
Shall help my heaviest hours.
4. Are not thy mercies sovereign still,  
And thou a faithful God?  
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal  
To run the heavenly road?
5. Does not my heart thy precepts love,  
And long to see thy face?  
And yet how slow my spirits move  
Without enlivening grace!
6. Then shall I love thy gospel more,  
And ne'er forget thy word,  
When I have felt its quickening power  
To draw me near the Lord.

# PSALM 51. C. M.

## *Fifth Part.*

1. O GOD of mercy, hear my call;  
My load of guilt remove;  
Break down this separating wall  
That bars me from thy love.
2. Give me the presence of thy grace:  
Then my rejoicing tongue  
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness  
And make thy praise my song.
3. No blood of goats nor heifers slain  
For sin could e'er atone;  
The death of Christ shall still remain  
Sufficient and alone.
4. A soul oppressed with sin's desert  
My God will ne'er despise:  
An humble groan, a broken heart,  
Is our best sacrifice.

# HYMN 59. C. M.

## *Repentance at the Cross.*

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
2. Thy body slain, dear Jesus, thine,  
And bathed in its own blood,  
While, all exposed to wrath divine,  
The glorious Sufferer stood.
3. Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
4. Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died  
For man the creature's sin.
5. Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.
6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.

# HYMN 665. C. M.

## *Joyful Anticipations of Heaven.*

1. WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage  
And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

[PSALM 98, 2D PART.]  
Allegretto.

Arranged from HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let

eve-ry heart pre-pare him room, And heaven and nature sing, And  
And heaven and nature

sing, . . . . .  
heaven and nature sing, And heaven, And heaven and na-ture sing.  
sing, And heaven and na-ture sing.

2. Joy to the earth: the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground:

- He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness  
And wonders of his love.

# PSALM 45. C. M.

## First Part.

1. I'LL speak the honours of my King,  
His form divinely fair;  
None of the sons of mortal race  
May with the Lord compare.
2. Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace  
Upon thy lips is shed;  
Thy God, with blessings infinite,  
Hath crowned thy sacred head.
3. Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince;  
Ride with majestic sway;  
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,  
And make the world obey.
4. Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;  
Thy word of grace shall prove  
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,  
To rule thy saints by love.
5. Justice and truth attend thee still,  
But mercy is thy choice;  
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill  
With most peculiar joys.

# PSALM 111. C. M.

## First Part.

1. SONGS of immortal praise belong  
To my almighty God;  
He has my heart, and he my tongue,  
To spread his name abroad.
2. How great the works his hands have  
How glorious in our sight! [wrought]  
And men in every age have sought  
His wonders with delight.
3. How fair and beauteous nature's frame!  
How wise th' eternal mind!  
His counsels never change the scheme  
That his first thoughts designed.
4. When he redeemed his chosen sons,  
He fixed his covenant sure;  
The orders that his lips pronounce  
To endless years endure.
5. Nature and time, and earth and skies,  
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:  
What shall we do to make us wise,  
But learn to read thy name?

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

# HYMN 153. C. M.

## Universal Invitation.

1. LET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.
2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind:
3. Eternal wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die,  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.
5. Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
6. Ye perishing and naked poor,  
Who work with mighty pain  
To weave a garment of your own,  
That will not hide your sin;
7. Come naked, and adorn your souls  
In robes prepared by God,  
Wrought by the labours of his Son,  
And dyed in his own blood.
8. Great God, the treasures of thy love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless miseries are,  
And boundless as our sins.
9. The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day:  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies  
And drive our wants away.

1. Oh, hap - py is the man who hears In - struction's war - ing voice,

2. For she has tre - asures great - er far Than East - ern climes un - fold;

3. Her right hand of - fers to the just Im - mor - tal, hap - py days;

4. And, as her ho - ly la - bours rise, So her re - wards in - crease;

And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

More pre - cious are her bright re - wards Than gems or stores of gold.

Her left, im - per - ish - a - ble wealth And heaven - ly crowns dis - plays.

Her ways are ways of plea - sant - ness, And all her paths are peace.

## PSALM 1. C. M.

*First Part.*

1. BLEST is the man who shuns the place  
Where sinners love to meet;  
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,  
And hates the scoffer's seat:
2. But in the statutes of the Lord  
Has placed his chief delight:  
By day he reads or hears the word,  
And meditates by night.
3. He, like a plant of generous kind,  
By living waters set,  
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,  
Enjoys a peaceful state.
4. Green as the leaf, and ever fair,  
Shall his profession shine;  
While fruits of holiness appear  
Like clusters on the vine.
5. Not so the impious and unjust:  
What vain designs they form!  
Their hopes are blown away like dust,  
Or chaff before the storm.
6. Sinners in judgment shall not stand  
Among the sons of grace,  
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand  
Appoints his saints a place.

## PSALM 27. C. M.

*First Part.*

1. THE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too;  
God is my strength; nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.
2. One privilege my heart desires;  
Oh! grant me mine abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God.
3. There shall I offer my requests,  
And see thy beauty still,  
Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And there inquire thy will.
4. When troubles rise and storms appear,  
There may his children hide:  
God is a strong pavilion, where  
He makes my soul abide

## HYMN 64. C. M.

*The repenting Sinner returning.*

1. COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve;  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve:—
2. "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
High as a mountain rose;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
3. "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone  
Without his sovereign grace.
4. "I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives:  
Perhaps he may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.
5. "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
6. "I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away I know  
I must for ever die."

## HYMN 533. C. M.

*The Heavenly Feast.*

1. HOW sweet and awful is the place  
With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores!
2. While all our hearts, in this our song,  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,  
"Lord, why was I a guest?"
3. "Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room:  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?"
4. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly forced us in:  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin.

[HYMN 636.]

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound! My ears, at-tend the cry:

2. "Prin - ces, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers;

3. Great God, is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se- cure?

4. Grant us the power of quickening grace, To fit our souls to fly;

"Ye liv - ing men, come, view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head Must lie as low as ours."

Still walk-ing down-ward to the tomb, And yet pre-pare no more?  
Then, when we drop this dy-ing flesh, We'll rise a - bove the sky.

## PSALM 39. C. M.

*Second Part.*

1. TEACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame;  
I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.
2. A span is all that we can boast,  
An inch or two of time :  
Man is but vanity and dust  
In all his flower and prime.
3. See the vain race of mortals move  
Like shadows o'er the plain :  
They rage and strive, desire and love,  
But all their noise is vain.
4. Some walk in honour's gaudy show,  
Some dig for golden ore ;  
They toil for heirs, they know not whom,  
And straight are seen no more.
5. What should I wish or wait for, then,  
From creatures, earth, and dust ?  
They make our expectations vain  
And disappoint our trust.
6. Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desires recall ;  
I give my mortal interest up,  
And make my God my all.

## HYMN 53. C. M.

*Sins acknowledged.*

1. GREAT God, before thy mercy-seat,  
Abased, in dust I fall ;  
My crimes of complicated guilt  
Aloud for judgment call.
2. I own my ways to be corrupt,  
My duties stained with sin :  
Make thou my broken spirit whole,  
My burdened conscience clean.
3. Lord, send thy Spirit from above,  
Implant a holy fear ;  
And, through thine all-abounding grace,  
Bring thy salvation near.
4. On my distressed, benighted soul,  
Oh, cause thy face to shine ;  
Make me to hear thy pardoning voice,  
And tell me I am thine.

## HYMN 602. C. M.

*Brevity of Life.*

1. OUR days, alas ! our mortal days,  
Are short and wretched too ;  
"Evil and few," the patriarch says ;  
And well the patriarch knew.
2. 'Tis but at best a narrow bound  
That heaven allows to men,  
And pains and sins run through the round  
Of threescore years and ten.
3. Well, if ye must be sad and few,  
Run on, my days, in haste ;  
Moments of sin, and months of woe,  
Ye cannot fly too fast.
4. Let heavenly love prepare my soul  
And call her to the skies,  
Where years of long salvation roll,  
And glory never dies.

## HYMN 604. C. M.

*Shortness of Human Life.*

1. HOW short and hasty is our life !  
How vast our souls' affairs !  
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
2. Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay ;  
Just like a story or a song,  
We pass our lives away.
3. God from on high invites us home,  
But we march heedless on,  
And, ever hastening to the tomb,  
Stoop downward as we run.
4. How we deserve the deepest hell  
Who slight the joys above !  
What chains of vengeance should we feel,  
Who break such cords of love !
5. Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high,  
That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation high.

1. Long have I sat be-neath the sound Of thy sal - va - tion, Lord;  
 2. Oft I frequent thy ho - ly place, And hear al - most in vain:

3. How cold and fee - ble is my love! How neg - li - gent my fear!

4. Great God, thy sovereign power impart, To give thy word suc-cess;  
 5. Show my for-get - ful feet the way That leads to joys on high;

But still how weak my faith is found, And knowledge of thy word!  
 How small a por-tion of thy grace Can my false heart re-tain!

How low my hope of joys a-bove! How few af - fec - tions there!

Write thy sal-va-tion in my heart, And make me learn thy grace.  
 There knowledge grows without decay, And love shall nev - er die.

# PSALM 71. C. M.

## Second Part.

1. MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace?
2. Thou art my everlasting trust;  
Thy goodness I adore:  
And, since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.
3. My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march with courage in thy strength,  
To see my Father, God.
4. When I am filled with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.
5. How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The victories of my King!  
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.
6. My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
My Saviour and my God;  
His death has brought my foes to shame,  
And saved me by his blood.
7. Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;  
With this delightful song  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.

# HYMN 88. C. M.

## Wonders of Redemption.

1. PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope  
Or spark of glimmering day.
2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and, oh, amazing love!  
He ran to our relief.
3. Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste, he fled;  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
4. He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,  
And brake our iron chains:

Jesus has freed our captive souls  
From everlasting pains.

5. Oh, for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

# HYMN 98. C. M.

## God reconciled in Christ.

1. DEAREST of all the names above,  
My Jesus and my God;  
Who can resist thy heavenly love,  
Or trifle with thy blood?
2. 'Tis by the merits of thy death  
The Father smiles again;  
'Tis by thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.
3. Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find;  
The holy, just, and sacred Three  
Are terrors to my mind.
4. But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins:  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.
5. While Jews on their own law rely,  
And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
I love the incarnate mystery,  
And there I fix my trust.

# HYMN 348. C. M.

## Not ashamed of Christ.

1. I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Nor to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honour of his word,  
The glory of his cross.
2. Jesus, my God, I know his name,  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
3. Firm as his throne his promise stands;  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands  
Till the decisive hour.
4. Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

## BRATTLE STREET. C. M. (Double.)

[HYMN 29.]

PLEYEL.

1. Whilst thee I seek, pro-tecting Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;

3. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see!

5. When gladness wings the favoured hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill;

The first system of the musical score for 'Brattle Street'. It consists of four staves. The top three staves are treble clef, and the bottom staff is bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is in a hymn style with a simple melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff, the second line to the second staff, and the third line to the third staff. The fourth staff is a continuation of the melody from the third staff.

And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.

Each bless - ing to my soul most dear, Be - cause con - ferred by thee.

Resigned, when storms of sor - row lower, My soul shall meet thy will.

The second system of the musical score for 'Brattle Street'. It consists of four staves. The top three staves are treble clef, and the bottom staff is bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff, the second line to the second staff, and the third line to the third staff. The fourth staff is a continuation of the melody from the third staff.

2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed ; To thee my thoughts would soar :

4. In eve - ry joy that crowns my days, In eve - ry pain I bear,

6. My lift - ed eye, without a tear, The gathering storm shall see ;

Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed ; That mer - cy I a - dore.

My heart shall find de-light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.

My stead-fast heart shall know no fear : That heart - will rest on thee.

[HYMN 437.]

W. B. BRADBURY.

**Allegro.**

1. Dread Sovereign, let my even-ing song Like ho - ly in-cense rise;  
 2. Through all the dangers of the day Thy hand was still my guard:

3. Per - pe - tual blessings from a - bove En - compassed me a - round;  
 4. What have I done for him who died To save my wretch-ed soul?

5. Lord, with this guilt - y heart of mine, To thy dear cross I flee,  
 6. Sprinkled a-fresh with pardoning blood, I'll lay me down to rest,

As - sist the offer-ings of my tongue To reach the loft - y skies.  
 And still to drive my wants a - way Thy mer - cy stood pre-pared.

But oh, how few re-turs of love Has my Cre - a - tor found!  
 How are my fol - lies mul - ti-plied, Fast as my min-utes roll!

And to thy grace my soul re - sign, To be re - newed by thee.  
 As in th' em - bra - ces of my God, Or on my Saviour's breast.

**HYMN 382. C. M.***Praise for the Love of Christ.*

1. COME, let our hearts and voices join  
To praise the Saviour's name;  
Whose truth and kindness are divine,  
Whose love's a constant flame.
2. When most we need his gracious hand,  
This Friend is always near;  
With heaven and earth at his command,  
He waits to answer prayer.
3. His love no end nor measure knows;  
No change can turn its course;  
Immutably the same it flows,  
From one eternal source.
4. When frowns appear to veil his face  
And clouds surround his throne,  
He hides the purpose of his grace,  
To make it better known.
5. And, when our dearest comforts fall  
Before his sovereign will,  
He never takes away our all;  
Himself he gives us still.

**HYMN 383. C. M.***Perpetual Praise.*

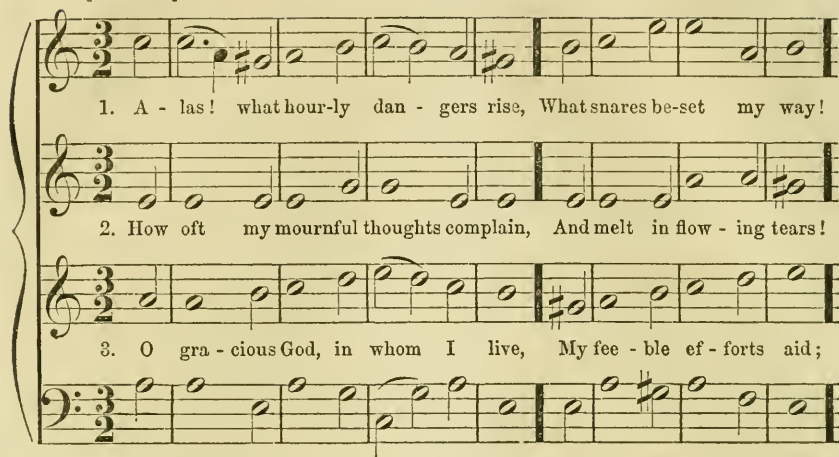
1. YES, I will bless thee, O my God,  
Through all my mortal days,  
And to eternity prolong  
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
2. Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim  
The honours of my God;  
My life, with all its active powers,  
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
3. Not death itself shall stop my song,  
Though death will close my eyes:  
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights  
And sweeter raptures rise.
4. There shall my lips, in endless praise,  
Their grateful tribute pay;  
The theme demands an angel's tongue  
And an eternal day.

**HYMN 400. C. M.***Spiritual Declension lamented.*

1. SWEET was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pardoning blood  
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.
2. Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
His praises tuned my tongue;  
And, when the evening shades prevailed,  
His love was all my song.
3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I called each promise mine.
4. But now, when evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns;  
And, when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.
5. Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;  
Oh, make my soul thy care:  
I know thy mercy cannot fail;  
Let me that mercy share.

**HYMN 430. C. M.***Prayer for Submission.*

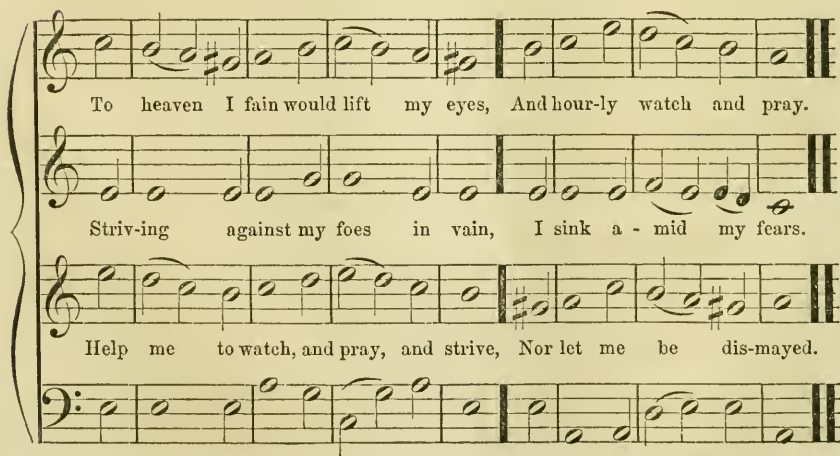
1. O LORD, my best desires fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.
2. Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears?
3. No! rather let me freely yield  
What most I prize to thee,  
Who never hast a good withheld  
Or wilt withhold from me.
4. Wisdom and mercy guide my way:  
Shall I resist them both?  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crushed before the moth!
5. But ah! my inward spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway;  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies  
Drives all these thoughts away.



1. A - las! what hour-ly dan - gers rise, What snares be-set my way!

2. How oft my mournful thoughts complain, And melt in flow - ing tears!

3. O gra - cious God, in whom I live, My fee - ble ef - forts aid;



To heaven I fain would lift my eyes, And hour-ly watch and pray.

Striv-ing against my foes in vain, I sink a - mid my fears.

Help me to watch, and pray, and strive, Nor let me be dis-mayed.

## HYMN 294. C. M.

[Stanzas 1-3 in the music.]

4. Do thou increase my faith and hope,  
When fears and foes prevail,  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.
5. Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee;  
And never, never let me stray  
From happiness and thee.

## HYMN 321. C. M.

*Confidence in God.*

1. WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,  
And where's our courage fled?  
Has restless sin, and raging hell,  
Struck all our comforts dead?
2. Have we forgot the almighty Name  
That formed the earth and sea?  
And can an all-creating arm  
Grow weary or decay?
3. Treasures of everlasting might  
In our Jehovah dwell;  
He gives the conquest to the weak,  
And treads their foes to hell.
4. Mere mortal power shall fade and die,  
And youthful vigour cease;  
But we that wait upon the Lord  
Shall feel our strength increase.
5. The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,  
And taste the promised bliss,  
Till their unwearied feet arrive  
Where perfect pleasure is.

## HYMN 396. C. M.

*The Power of Sin deplored*

1. AND will the Lord thus condescend  
To visit sinful worms?  
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,  
In all her winning forms?
2. Surprising grace!—and shall my heart  
Unmoved and cold remain?  
Has this hard rock no tender part?  
Must mercy plead in vain?

3. Shall Jesus for admission sue,  
His charming voice unheard,  
And this vile heart, his rightful due,  
Remain for ever barred?
4. 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power,  
The lodging has possessed;  
And crowds of traitors bar the door  
Against the heavenly guest.
5. Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;  
Dear Saviour, enter in,  
And guard the passage to my heart,  
And keep out every sin.

## HYMN 398. C. M.

*Looking to God in Trouble.*

1. DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
2. To thee I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.
3. But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.
4. Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.
5. Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?  
And shall I seek in vain?  
And can the ear of sovereign grace  
Be deaf when I complain?
6. No; still the ear of sovereign grace  
Attends the mourner's prayer:  
Oh, may I ever find access,  
To breathe my sorrows there!
7. Thy mercy-seat is open still:  
Here let my soul retreat,  
With humble hope attend thy will,  
And wait beneath thy feet.

[PSALM 27, 2D PART.]

OLD MELODY.

1. Soon as I heard my Fa-ther say, "Ye children, seek my grace,"

2. Let not thy face be hid from me, Nor frown my soul a - way;

This musical system consists of four staves. The first two staves are treble clef, and the last two are bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

My heart re - plied, with-out de - lay, "I'll seek my Fa-ther's face."

God of my life, I fly to thee In a dis - tress-ing day.

This musical system also consists of four staves in the same key and time as the first system. The first staff has a whole rest for the first four measures, followed by a melodic phrase. The second and third staves continue the melody, and the fourth staff provides a bass line.

**PSALM 27. C. M.***Second Part.*

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. Should friends and kindred near and dear  
Leave me to want or die,  
My God will make my life his care,  
And all my need supply.
4. My fainting flesh had died with grief,  
Had not my soul believed  
To see thy grace provide relief:  
Nor was my hope deceived.
5. Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,  
And keep your courage up;  
He'll raise your spirit while it faints,  
And far exceed your hope.

**PSALM 50. C. M.***Second Part.*

1. THUS saith the Lord:—"The spacious  
fields,  
And flocks and herds, are mine;  
O'er all the cattle of the hills  
I claim a right divine.
2. "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,  
Nor bullocks burnt with fire:  
To hope and love, to pray and praise,  
Is all that I require.
3. "Invoke my name when trouble's near,  
My hand shall set thee free;  
Then shall thy thankful lips declare  
The honour due to me.
4. "The man that offers humble praise  
Declares my glory best;  
And those that tread my holy ways  
Shall my salvation taste."

**PSALM 71. C. M.***First Part.*

1. MY God, my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth;  
Thine hands have held my childhood up  
And strengthened all my youth.
2. My flesh was fashioned by thy power,  
With all these limbs of mine;  
And from my mother's painful hour  
I've been entirely thine.

3. Still has my life new wonders seen  
Repeated every year;  
Behold, my days that yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.

4. Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise;  
Around me let thy glory shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5. Then, in the history of my age,  
When men review my days,  
They'll read thy love in every page,  
In every line thy praise.

**PSALM 144. C. M.***First Part.*

1. FOR ever blessed be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my Shield;  
He sends his Spirit with his word,  
To arm me for the field.
2. When sin and hell their force unite,  
He makes my soul his care,  
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,  
And guards me through the war.
3. A Friend and Helper so divine  
My fainting hope shall raise;  
He makes the glorious victory mine,  
And his shall be the praise.

**HYMN 37. C. M.***The Bible precious.*

1. HOW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine  
To guide our souls to heaven.
2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
3. This lamp through all the tedious night  
Of life shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

[HYMN 187.]

1. With joy we me - di - tate the grace Of our High-Priest a - bove:

2. Touched with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee - ble frame;

3. But spot-less, in - no - cent and pure, The great Re - deem - er stood,

His heart is made of ten - der-ness, His bow - els melt with love.

He knows what sore temp - ta - tions mean, For he has felt the same.

While Sa - tan's fie - ry darts he bore, And did re - sist to blood.

**HYMN 187. C. M.***[Stanzas 1-3 in the music.]*

4. He in the days of feeble flesh  
Poured out his cries and tears;  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
5. He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
6. Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power:  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

**HYMN 254. C. M.***Christ interceding above.*

1. NOW let our cheerful eyes survey  
Our great High-Priest above;  
And celebrate his constant care  
And sympathetic love.
2. Though raised to a superior throne,  
Where angels bow around,  
And high o'er all the shining train  
With matchless honours crowned;
3. The names of all his saints he bears  
Deep graven on his heart;  
Nor shall the meanest Christian say  
That he hath lost his part.
4. Those characters shall fair abide,  
Our everlasting trust,  
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,  
Are mouldered down to dust.
5. So, gracious Saviour, on my breast  
May thy dear name be worn:  
A sacred ornament and guard,  
To endless ages borne.

**HYMN 290. C. M.***Nature of Prayer.*

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Unuttered or expressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;

The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
4. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say, "Behold, he prays."
5. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gate of death:  
He enters heaven with prayer.

**HYMN 307. C. M.***The Lord's Prayer.*

1. FATHER of all, we bow to thee,  
Who dwell'st in heaven adored;  
But, present still, through all thy works  
The universal Lord.
2. For ever hallowed be thy name  
By all beneath the skies;  
And let thy kingdom still advance,  
Till grace to glory rise.
3. A grateful homage let us yield,  
With hearts resigned to thee;  
And as in heaven thy will is done,  
On earth so let it be.
4. From day to day we humbly own  
The hand that feeds us still  
Give us our bread, and teach to rest  
Contented in thy will.
5. Our sins before thee we confess;  
Oh, may they be forgiven!  
As we to others mercy show,  
We mercy beg from heaven.
6. Still let thy grace our lives direct,  
From evil guard our way;  
And in temptation's fatal path  
Permit us not to stray.
7. For thine the power, the kingdom thine,  
All glory's due to thee;  
Thine from eternity they were,  
And thine shall ever be.

1. Why do we mourn de - part-ing friends, Or shake at death's a-larms? 'T is

2. Are we not tend-ing up-ward, too, As fast as time can move? Nor

## Second Ending.

but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms. [to his arms.]

Second Ending.

should we wish our hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

**HYMN 622. C. M.***[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]*

3. Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
4. The graves of all the saints he blest,  
And softened every bed:  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head?
5. Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
At the great rising day.

**HYMN 619. C. M.***Happiness in Death.*

1. HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-  
claims  
For all the pious dead:  
Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.
2. They die in Jesus, and are blest;  
How calm their slumbers are!  
From sufferings and from sin released,  
And freed from every snare.
3. Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord:  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

**HYMN 637. C. M.***Funeral Hymn.*

1. BENEATH our feet and o'er our head  
Is equal warning given:  
Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
Above us is the heaven.
2. Their names are graven on the stone,  
Their bones are in the clay;  
And, ere another day is gone,  
Ourselves may be as they.
3. Death rides on every passing breeze  
And lurks in every flower;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour.

4. Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know:  
Where'er thy foot can tread,  
The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead.

**HYMN 647. C. M.***Judgment anticipated.*

1. WHEN, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
Oh, how shall I appear?
2. If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought;
3. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
Oh, how shall I appear?
4. Yet never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thine only Son has died  
To make her pardon sure.

**HYMN 680. C. M.***Perdition.*

1. FAR from the utmost verge of day,  
Those gloomy regions lie,  
Where flames amid the darkness play  
The worm shall never die.
2. The breath of God, his angry breath,  
Supplies and fans the fire;  
Then sinners taste the second death,  
And would, but can't, expire.
3. Conscience, the never-dying worm,  
With torture gnaws the heart;  
And woe and wrath in every form  
Are now the sinner's part.
4. Sad world, indeed! ah! who can bear  
For ever there to dwell,  
For ever sinking in despair,  
In all the pains of hell?

1. What shall I ren - der to my God For all his kind-ness shown?

2. A - mong the saints that fill thy house, My offering shall be paid;

3. How much is mer - cy thy de-light, Thou ev - er - bless - ed God!

4. How hap - py all thy servants are! How great thy grace to me!

My feet shall vi - sit thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne.

There shall my zeal perform the vows My soul in an - guish made.

How dear thy servants in thy sight! How precious is their blood!

My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I de - vote to thee.

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move;  
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with thy love.

6. Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
And thy rich grace record;  
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

# PSALM 4. C. M.

## *Second Part.*

1. LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;  
I am for ever thine:  
I fear before thee all the day,  
Nor would I dare to sin.
2. And while I rest my weary head,  
From cares and business free,  
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed  
With my own heart and thee.
3. I pay this evening sacrifice;  
And when my work is done,  
Great God, my faith and hope relies  
Upon thy grace alone.
4. Thus with my thoughts composed to peace  
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;  
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep.

# PSALM 34. C. M.

## *Fourth Part.*

1. I'LL bless the Lord from day to day:  
How good are all his ways!  
Ye humble souls that use to pray,  
Come, help my lips to praise.
2. Sing to the honour of his name,  
How a poor sufferer cried,  
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,  
Nor was his suit denied.
3. O sinners, come and taste his love,  
Come, learn his pleasant ways,  
And let your own experience prove  
The sweetness of his grace.
4. He bids his angels pitch their tents  
Round where his children dwell;  
What ills their heavenly care prevents,  
No earthly tongue can tell.
5. Oh! love the Lord, ye saints of his;  
His eye regards the just:  
How richly blest their portion is  
Who make the Lord their trust!
6. Young lions, pinched with hunger, roar  
And famish in the wood;  
But God supplies his holy poor  
With every needful good.

# HYMN 35. C. M.

## *Christ's Glory unveiled in the Scriptures.*

1. THOU lovely Source of true delight,  
Whom I unseen adore,  
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,  
That I may love thee more.
2. Thy glory o'er creation shines;  
But in thy sacred word  
I read in fairer, brighter lines,  
My bleeding, dying Lord.
3. 'Tis here, when'er my comforts droop  
And sins and sorrow rise,  
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope  
My fainting heart supplies.
4. Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,  
Oh, come with blissful ray;  
Break radiant through the shades of night,  
And chase my fears away.
5. Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
The wonders of thy love;  
But the full glories of thy face  
Are only known above.

# HYMN 48. C. M.

## *Fallen Human Nature.*

1. GREAT King of glory and of grace,  
We own, with humble shame,  
How vile is our degenerate race,  
And our first father's name.
2. From Adam flows our tainted blood:  
The poison reigns within;  
Makes us averse to all that's good,  
And willing slaves to sin.
3. We live estranged afar from God,  
And love the distance well;  
With haste we run the dangerous road  
That leads to death and hell.
4. And can such rebels be restored?  
Such natures made divine?  
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,  
And feel this power of thine.
5. We raise our Father's name on high,  
Who his own Spirit sends,  
To bring rebellious strangers nigh  
And turn his foes to friends.

[PSALM 47.]

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. Oh for a shout of sa - cred joy To God, the  
 2. Je-sus, our God, as - cends on high; His heaven - ly

3. While angels shout and praise their King, Let mor - tals

4. Rehearse his praise with awe pro - found; Let know - ledge  
 5. In Is-rael stood his an - cient throne: He loved that

sove-reign King! Let eve - ry land their tongues em - ploy,  
 guards a - round At - tend him, ris - ing through the sky,

learn their strains; Let all the earth his hon - ours sing,

guide the song; Nor mock him with a so - lemn sound  
 cho - sen race; But now he calls the world his own,

Let eve - - ry land their tongues em - ploy,  
 At - tend him, ris - ing through the sky,

Let all the earth his hon - ours sing;

Nor mock him with a so - lemn sound,  
 But now he calls the world his own,

And hymns of tri - umph sing, And hymns of tri - umph sing.  
 With trumpets' joy - ful sound, With trum - pets' joy - ful sound.

O'er all the earth he reigns, O'er all the earth he reigns.

Up - on a thoughtless tongue, Up - on a thought-less tongue.  
 And heathens taste his grace, And hea - thens taste his grace.

[PSALM 5.]

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as-cending high;

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints,

3. Thou art a God be-fore whose sight The wick-ed shall not stand;

The first system of the musical score for 'Colchester' consists of four staves. The top three staves are treble clef, and the bottom staff is bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with lyrics printed below the staves.

To thee will I di-rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye

Pre-sent-ing at his Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.

Sin-ners shall ne'er be thy de-light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of four staves (three treble, one bass) in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines.

# PSALM 5. C. M.

[Stanzas 1-3 in the music.]

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 every 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 fulfilled;  
The mighty God will compass them  
With favour as a shield.

# PSALM 37. C. M.

*Third Part.*

1. MY God, the steps of pious men  
Are ordered by thy will;  
Though they should fall, they rise again;  
Thy hand supports them still.
2. The Lord delights to see their ways,  
Their virtue he approves;  
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace  
Nor leave the men he loves.
3. The heavenly heritage is theirs,  
Their portion and their home;  
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs  
Of blessings long to come.
4. Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,  
Nor fear when tyrants frown;  
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,  
When justice casts them down.
5. The haughty sinner have I seen  
Not fearing man nor God;  
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,  
Spreading his arms abroad.

6. And lo, he vanished from the ground,  
Destroyed by hands unseen;  
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found,  
Where all that pride had been.
7. But mark the man of holy fear;  
How blest is his decease!  
He spends his days in duty here,  
And leaves the world in peace.

# HYMN 68. C. M.

*Joy over one Sinner that repenteth.*

1. OH, how divine, how sweet the joy  
When but one sinner turns,  
And, with an humble, broken heart,  
His sins and errors mourns!
2. Pleased with the news, the saints below  
In songs their tongues employ;  
Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
And heaven is filled with joy.
3. Well pleased the Father sees and hears  
The conscious sinner's moan;  
Jesus receives him in his arms,  
And claims him for his own.
4. Nor angels can their joys contain,  
But kindle with new fire;  
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,  
And strike the sounding lyre.

# HYMN 109. C. M.

*Justification through Faith.*

1. VAIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built;  
Their hearts by nature all unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.
2. Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
Without a murmuring word,  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.
3. In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now;  
Since to convince and to condemn  
Is all the law can do.
4. Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

[HYMN 356.]

1. Come, let us lift our joy-ful eyes Up to the courts a-bove, And smile to see our

Fa-ther there, And smile to see our Fa-ther there, Up-on a throne of love.

sum-ing fire, Our God appeared con-suming fire, And Vengeance was his name.

3. Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood  
That calmed his frowning face,  
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,  
And turned the wrath to grace.

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

5. The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss  
Are opened by the Son;  
High let us raise our notes of praise,  
And reach the eternal throne.

6. To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high;  
And glory to the almighty King,  
That lays his fury by.

## HYMN 77. C. M.

*Need of Spiritual Renovation.*

1. HOW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of her load!  
The heart unchanged can never rise  
To happiness and God.
2. Can aught beneath a power divine  
A stubborn will subdue?  
'T is thine, eternal Spirit, thine  
To form the heart anew.
3. 'T is thine the passions to recall,  
And bid them upward rise;  
To make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes;
4. To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live:  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'T is thine alone to give.
5. Renew these wretched hearts of ours;  
Oh, give us life divine;  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be thine.

## HYMN 114. C. M.

*Sanctification through the Spirit.*

1. ALAS! by nature how depraved,  
How prone to every ill!  
Our lives to Satan how enslaved,  
How obstinate our will!
2. And can such sinners be restored,  
Such rebels reconciled?  
Can grace itself the means afford  
To make a foe a child?
3. Yes, grace has found the wondrous means,  
Which shall effectual prove  
To cleanse us from our countless sins,  
And teach our hearts to love.
4. Jesus for sinners undertakes,  
And dies that we may live;  
His blood a full atonement makes,  
And cries aloud, "Forgive!"
5. The Holy Spirit must reveal  
The Saviour's work and worth;  
Then the hard heart begins to feel  
A new and heavenly birth.

6. Thus bought with blood, and born again,  
Redeemed and saved by grace,  
Rebels in God's own house obtain  
A son's and daughter's place.

## HYMN 60. C. M.

*Repentance at the Cross.*

1. 'T WAS for my sins my dearest Lord  
Hung on the cursed tree,  
And groaned away a dying life,  
For thee, my soul, for thee.
2. Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine  
That crucified my God;  
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood!
3. Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;  
My heart has so decreed;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed.
4. Whilst with a melting, broken heart  
My murdered Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murderers too.

## HYMN 66. C. M.

*Sinners Pleading for Mercy.*

1. LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,  
And knock at mercy's door;  
With heavy heart and downcast eye,  
Thy favour we implore.
2. Without thy grace, we sink oppressed  
Down to the gates of hell:  
Oh, give our troubled spirits rest;  
Our gloomy fears dispel.
3. 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore;  
Oh, may thy bowels move!  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thyself art love.
4. In mercy now, for Jesus' sake,  
Our many sins forgive:  
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,  
And, breaking, soon relieve.
5. Thus melt us down, thus make us bend  
And thy dominion own;  
Nor let a rival more pretend  
To repossess thy throne.

[HYMN 378.]

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;

This system contains the first line of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.

Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;

This system contains the second line of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.

Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

This system contains the third line of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.

## HYMN 378. C. M.

*[Stanza 1 in the music.]*

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
4. Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
5. Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## HYMN 673. C. M.

*Rejoicing in Prospect of Heaven.*

1. SING, ye redeem'd of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing:  
Pilgrims for Sion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
2. A hand divine shall lead you on  
Through all the blissful road;  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
3. The garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.
4. March on in your Redeemer's strength;  
Pursue his footsteps still;  
And let the prospect cheer your eye  
While labouring up the hill.

## HYMN 388. C. M.

*Praise for Salvation.*

1. SALVATION!—oh, the joyful sound!  
'T is pleasure to our ears;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.
3. Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

## HYMN 547. C. M.

*The Latter-Day Glory.*

1. BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
Above the mountains and the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
2. To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:  
"Up to the hill of God," they say,  
"And to his courts, we'll go."
3. The beams that shine on Sion's hill  
Shall lighten every land;  
The king who reigns in Sion's towers  
Shall all the world command.
4. No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,  
Or mar the peaceful years;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their  
swords,  
To pruning-hooks their spears.
5. Come, then,—oh, come, from every land,  
To worship at his shrine;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine

1. Father, how wide thy glo - ry shines! How high thy won - ders rise!

2. But, when we view thy strange de - sign To save re - bel - lious worms,

Known thro' the earth by thou - sand signs, . . . . . By

Where vengeance and com - pas - sion join . . . . . In

thousands thro' the skies, By thousands thro' the skies.

their di - vi - nest forms, In their di - vi - nest forms;—

**HYMN 95. C. M.***[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]*

3. Here the whole Deity is known;  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brightest shone,—  
The justice or the grace.
4. Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains;  
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.
5. Oh, may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song!  
Wouder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

**PSALM 78. C. M.**

1. LET children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God performed of old;  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.
2. He bids us make his glories known,  
His works of power and grace;  
And we'll convey his wonders down  
Through every rising race.
3. Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs,  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.
4. Thus shall they learn, in God alone  
Their hope securely stands,  
That they may ne'er forget his works,  
But practise his commands.

**HYMN 115. C. M.***Prayer for increasing Holiness.*

1. OH for a heart to praise my God,—  
A heart from sin set free:  
A heart that always feels thy blood  
So freely shed for me:
2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak;  
Where Jesus reigns alone:
3. A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine:  
Holy, and right, and pure, and good,—  
A copy, Lord, of thine.

**HYMN 237. C. M.***The Lamb of God to be worshipped.*

1. COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus;"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."
3. Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high  
And speak thine endless praise.
4. The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

**HYMN 266. C. M.***Prayer for the Descent of the Spirit.*

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys:  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
3. In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate,—  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?
5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

1. My God, what gen - tle cords are thine! How soft, and yet how strong!  
 2. Thou saw'st us crushed be - neath the yoke Of Sa - tan and of sin;

3. The guilt of twice ten thou - sand sins One offer - ing takes a - way;

4. Comfort through all this vale of tears, In rich pro - fu - sion, flows,  
 5. Drawn by such cords, we on - ward move, Till round thy throne we meet,

While power, and truth, and love com - bine To draw our souls a - long.  
 Thy hand the i - ron bondage broke, Our worthless hearts to win.

And grace, when first the war be - gins, Se - cures the crown - ing day.

And glo - ry of un - numbered years E - ter - ni - ty be - stows.  
 And, captives in the chains of love, Em - brace our con - queror's feet.

**PSALM 90. C. M.***Second Part.*

1. OUR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home :
2. Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
3. Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
"Return, ye sons of men ;"  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.
4. A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising dawn.
5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
6. Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

**PSALM 119. C. M.***Eleventh Part.*

1. OH that the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still !  
Oh that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will !
2. Oh, send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart ;  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.
3. From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design  
Nor covetous desires arise  
Within this soul of mine.
4. Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere :  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.

**PSALM 139. C. M.***Fourth Part.*

1. IN all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.
2. Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.
3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord  
Before they're formed within ;  
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
4. Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high !  
Where can a creature hide ?  
Within thy circling arms I lie  
Enclosed on every side.
5. So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sovereign love.

**HYMN 4. C. M.***Infinity of God.*

1. GREAT God ! how infinite art thou !  
What worthless worms are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.
2. Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made ;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
3. Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view ;  
To thee there's nothing old appears ;  
Great God ! there's nothing new.
4. Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares,  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturbed affairs.
5. Great God ! how infinite art thou !  
What worthless worms are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And  
 2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And  
 3. Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till  
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Re-  
 5. Then, in a no-bler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save, When

Coda for last verse.

sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains.  
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away.  
 all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more. *p*  
 Coda for last verse.  
 deeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
 this poor lisping, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave, Lies silent in the grave.

**HYMN 121. C. M.***Triumphant Grace.*

1. AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved:  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!
3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'T is grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
4. The Lord has promised good to me;  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.
5. And when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.
6. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.

**HYMN 126. C. M.***Excellence of Religion.*

1. RELIGION is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below:  
May I its great importance learn,  
Its sovereign virtue know!
2. More needful this than glittering wealth,  
Or aught the world bestows;  
Nor reputation, food, or health,  
Can give us such repose.
3. Religion should our thoughts engage  
Amidst our youthful bloom;  
'T will fit us for declining age,  
And for the awful tomb.
4. Oh, may my heart, by grace renewed,  
Be my Redeemer's throne,  
And be my stubborn will subdued  
His government to own!

5. Let deep repentance, faith, and love,  
Be joined with godly fear;  
And all my conversation prove  
My heart to be sincere.

**HYMN 298. C. M.***Prayer for the Divine Presence.*

1. PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,  
Obedient to thy call;  
To seek the presence of thy grace,  
My Strength, my Life, my All.
2. All I can wish is thine to give:  
My God, I ask thy love,  
That greatest bliss I can receive,  
That bliss of heaven above.
3. To heaven my restless heart aspires;  
Oh for a quickening ray,  
To wake and warm my faint desires,  
And cheer the tiresome way!
4. The path to thy divine abode  
Through a wild desert lies;  
A thousand snares beset the road,  
A thousand terrors rise.
5. Satan and sin unite their art,  
To keep me from my Lord;  
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,  
And guide me by thy word.
6. My Guardian, my almighty Friend,  
On thee my soul would rest:  
On thee alone my hopes depend;  
Be near, and I am blest.

**HYMN 364. C. M.***God the Believer's Happiness.*

1. MY God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting All,  
I've none but thee in heaven above,  
Or on this earthly ball.
2. What empty things are all the skies  
And this inferior clod!  
There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.
3. In vain the bright, the burning sun  
Scatters his feeble light;  
'T is thy sweet beams create my noon:  
If thou withdraw, 't is night.

[HYMN 529.]

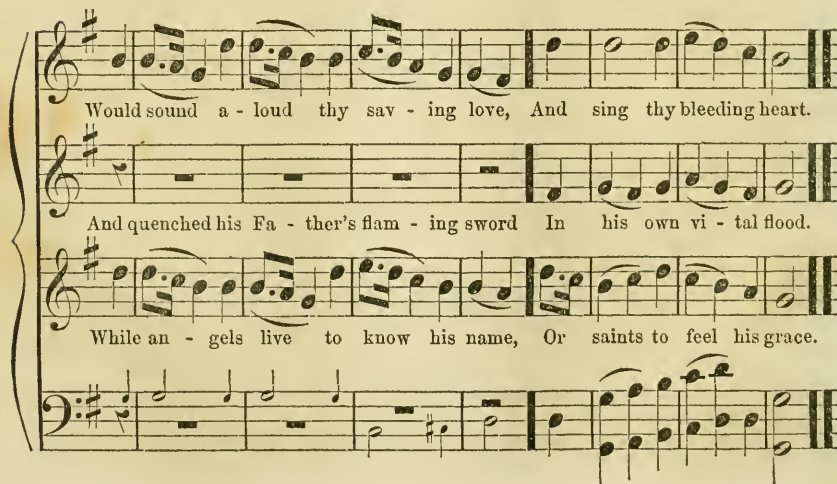
ENGLISH TUNE.



1. Je-sus, with all thy saints a-bove, My tongue would bear her part,

2. Blest be the Lamb, my dear - est Lord, Who bought me with his blood,

3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb, And nev - er - ceas - ing praise;



Would sound a - loud thy sav - ing love, And sing thy bleeding heart.

And quenched his Fa - ther's flam - ing sword In his own vi - tal flood.

While an - gels live to know his name, Or saints to feel his grace.

**HYMN 671. C. M.***Meditation of Heaven.*

1. MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,  
And look within the veil;  
There springs of endless pleasure rise,  
The waters never fail.
2. There, I behold with sweet delight  
The blessed Three in One;  
And strong affections fix my sight  
On God's incarnate Son.
3. His promise stands for ever firm,  
His grace shall ne'er depart;  
He binds my name upon his arm,  
And seals it on his heart.
4. Light are the pains that nature brings;  
How short our sorrows are,  
When with eternal future things  
The present we compare!
5. I would not be a stranger still  
To that celestial place,  
Where I for ever hope to dwell,  
Near my Redeemer's face.

**HYMN 678. C. M.***Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.*

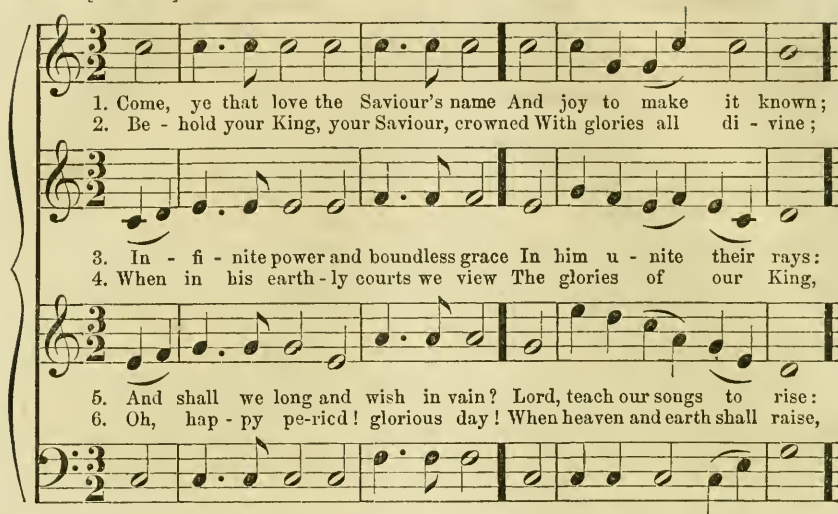
1. OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!  
And, like a raging sea,  
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,  
And hurry us away.
2. The waves of trouble, how they rise!  
How loud the tempests roar!  
But death shall land our weary souls  
Safe on the heavenly shore.
3. There, to fulfil his sweet commands,  
Our speedy feet shall move;  
No sin shall clog our wingéd zeal,  
Or cool our burning love.
4. There shall we sit, and sing and tell  
The wonders of his grace,  
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts  
And smile in every face.
5. For ever his dear, sacred name  
Shall dwell upon our tongue,  
And Jesus and salvation be  
The close of every song.

**HYMN 469. C. M.***Blessings on Public Worship.*

1. O LORD, our languid souls inspire,  
For here, we trust, thou art:  
Kindle a flame of heavenly fire  
In every waiting heart.
2. Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear;  
Thy presence now display;  
As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.
3. Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise;  
And pour thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.
4. Within these walls let holy peace  
And love and concord dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
5. The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humbled mind bestow;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow.
6. May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith present our prayers,  
And, in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.
7. And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

**HYMN 668. C. M.***The Christian longing for Heaven.*

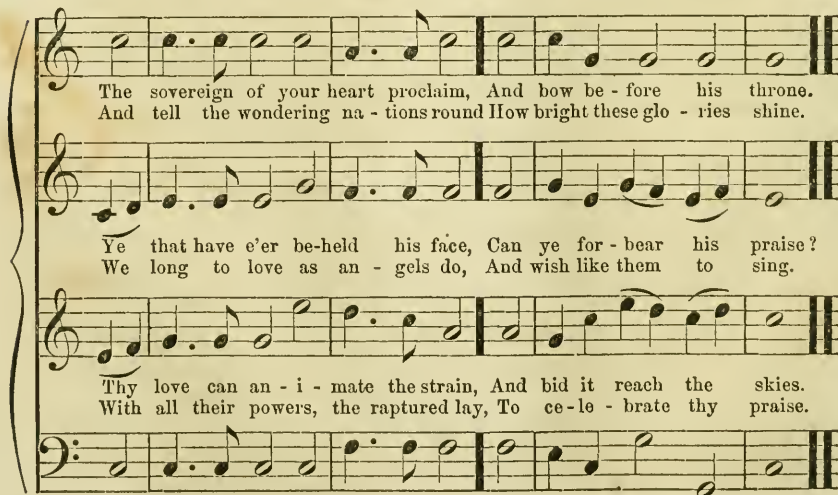
1. FATHER, I long, I faint, to see  
The place of thine abode:  
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee  
Up to thy seat, my God.
2. I'd part with all the joys of sense,  
To gaze upon thy throne;  
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,  
Unspeakable, unknown.
3. There all the heavenly hosts are seen:  
In shining ranks they move,  
And drink immortal vigour in,  
With wonder and with love.



1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name And joy to make it known;  
 2. Be - hold your King, your Saviour, crowned With glories all di - vine;

3. In - fi - nite power and boundless grace In him u - nite their rays:  
 4. When in his earth - ly courts we view The glories of our King,

5. And shall we long and wish in vain? Lord, teach our songs to rise:  
 6. Oh, hap - py pe-ric! glorious day! When heaven and earth shall raise,



The sovereign of your heart proclaim, And bow be - fore his throne.  
 And tell the wondering na - tions round How bright these glo - ries shine.

Ye that have e'er be-held his face, Can ye for - bear his praise?  
 We long to love as an - gels do, And wish like them to sing.

Thy love can an - i - mate the strain, And bid it reach the skies.  
 With all their powers, the raptured lay, To ce - le - brate thy praise.

## HYMN 404. C. M.

*Light in Darkness.*

1. O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,  
We could not fly to thee!
2. The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give  
Must weep those tears alone.
3. But thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
4. When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And e'en the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears  
Is dimmed and vanished too;
5. Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love  
Come brightly wafting through the gloom  
Our peace-branch from above?
6. Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows  
bright  
With more than rapture's ray;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day

## HYMN 425. C. M.

*Christian Submission.*

1. O LORD, I would delight in thee,  
And on thy care depend;  
To thee in every trouble flee,  
My best, my only Friend.
2. When all created streams are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same;  
May I with this be satisfied,  
And glory in thy name!
3. Why should the soul a drop bemoan  
Who has a fountain near,—  
A fountain which shall ever run  
With waters sweet and clear?
4. No good in creatures can be found  
But may be found in thee:  
I must have all things, and abound,  
While God is God to me.

5. Oh that I had a stronger faith  
To look within the veil,  
To credit what my Saviour saith,  
Whose word can never fail.
6. He who has made my heaven secure  
Will here all good provide:  
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?  
What can I want beside?
7. O Lord, I cast my care on thee;  
I triumph and adore:  
Henceforth my great concern shall be  
To love and praise thee more.

## HYMN 459. C. M.

*Divine Presence in Worship.*

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. Help us to venture near thy throne  
And plead a Saviour's name;  
For all that we can call our own  
Is vanity and shame.
3. Send down thy Spirit from above,  
That saints may love thee more;  
That sinners now may learn to love,  
Who never loved before.
4. And, when before thee we appear,  
In our eternal home,  
May growing numbers worship here,  
And praise thee in our room.

## HYMN 461. C. M.

*Christ's Presence invoked.*

1. COME, thou Desire of all thy saints,  
Our humble strains attend;  
While, with our praises and complaints,  
Low at thy feet we bend.
2. When we thy wondrous glories hear,  
And all thy sufferings trace,  
What sweetly-awful scenes appear!  
What rich, unbounded grace!
3. How should our songs like those above  
With warm devotion rise!  
How should our souls, on wings of love,  
Mount upward to the skies!

[PSALM 69, 3D PART.]

1. Fa - ther, I sing thy won-drous grace, I bless my Sa-viour's name;  
 2. His deep distress has raised us high: His du - ty and his zeal

3. His dy-ing groans, his liv - ing songs, Shall bet - ter please my God  
 4. This shall his hum - ble fol-lowers see, And set their hearts at rest;

5. Let heaven, and all that dwell on high, To God their voi - ces raise,  
 6. Si - on is thine, most ho - ly God; Thy Son shall bless her gates;

He bought sal - va - tion for the poor, And bore the sin - ner's shame.  
 Ful - filled the law which mortals broke, And fin - ished all thy will.

Than harp or trumpet's so - lemn sound, Than goat's or bull - ock's blood.  
 They by his death draw near to thee, And live for ev - er blest.

While lands and seas as - sist the sky, And join t'ad-vance his praise.  
 And glo - ry purchased by his blood For thine own Is - rael waits.

**HYMN 376 C. M.***Praise for Mercies.*

1. WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
2. Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.
3. When in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps, I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.
4. When worn by sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renewed my face,  
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.
5. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
6. Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
7. Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise:  
But, oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

**HYMN 221. C. M.***Christ the Shepherd.*

1. FATHER of peace, and God of love,  
We own thy power to save;  
That power by which our Shepherd rose  
Victorious o'er the grave.
2. We triumph in that Shepherd's name,  
Still watchful for our good,  
Who brought the eternal covenant down,  
And sealed it with his blood.
3. So may thy Spirit seal my soul,  
And mould it to thy will;  
That my fond heart no more may stray,  
But keep thy covenant still.

4. Still may we gain superior strength,  
And press with vigour on,  
Till full perfection crown our hopes,  
And fix us near thy throne.

**HYMN 549. C. M.***Extension of the Gospel.*

1. HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine  
Is thy victorious sword!  
The stoutest rebel must resign  
At thy commanding word.
2. Deep are the wounds thine arrows give;  
They pierce the hardest heart;  
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,  
And joy succeeds to smart.
3. Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;  
Ride with majestic sway;  
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,  
And make thy foes obey.
4. And when thy victories are complete,  
And all the chosen race  
Shall round the throne of mercy meet,  
To sing thy conquering grace;
5. Oh, may my humble soul be found  
Among that favoured band;  
And I, with them, thy praise will sound  
Throughout Immanuel's land.

**HYMN 554. C. M.***Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.*

1. GREAT God, the nations of the earth  
Are by creation thine;  
And in thy works, by all beheld,  
Thy radiant glories shine.
2. But, Lord, thy greater love has sent  
Thy gospel to mankind;  
Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
Are treasured in thy mind.
3. Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around,  
Till every tribe, and every soul,  
Shall hear the joyful sound?
4. Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt  
To spread the gospel's rays,  
And build on sin's demolished throne  
The temple of thy praise.

[HYMN 667.]

BILLINGS.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;

3. Sweet fields, beyond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green;

5. Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloomy doubts that rise,

The first system of the musical score for 'JORDAN' consists of four staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom three staves are a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined to indicate syllable placement.

In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.

So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled between

And see the Ca-naan that we love, With un-be-clouded eyes:

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of four staves with the same key and time signatures. The lyrics continue, with 'In-fi-nite day' and 'And pleasures ban-ish pain' on the first line, 'So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled between' on the second line, and 'And see the Ca-naan that we love, With un-be-clouded eyes:' on the third line.

2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er-withering flowers;

4. But timor - ous mor - tals start, and shrink To cross this nar - row sea;

6. Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

This block contains three systems of musical notation, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system is for the second line of lyrics, the second for the fourth, and the third for the sixth. The piano part is written in a lower register, likely for the left hand, and features a steady accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.

And lin - ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.

Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

This block contains three systems of musical notation, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system is for the second line of lyrics, the second for the fourth, and the third for the sixth. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment pattern, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal melody.

[HYMN 656.]

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my  
 2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearly gates behold? Thy bulwarks,  
 3. Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend, Where congre -  
 4. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom Nor sin nor sorrow know: Blest seats, thro'  
 5. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel, at death, dismay? I've Canaan's

labours have an end In joy and peace and thee? In joy and peace and thee?  
 with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shining gold? And streets of shin - ing gold?  
 gations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end? And Sabbaths have no end?  
 rude and stormy scenes I on - ward press to you, I on - ward press to you.  
 goodly land in view, And realms of end-less day, And realms of end-less day.

**HYMN 656. C. M.***[Stanzas 1-5 in the music.]*

6. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.
7. Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

**HYMN 390. C. M.***The Christian Soldier.*

1. AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this dark world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign:  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
5. Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
With faith's discerning eye.
6. When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thine armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

**HYMN 413. C. M.***Slothfulness lamented.*

1. MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?  
Awake, my sluggish soul;  
Nothing has half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.
2. The little ants, for one poor grain,  
Labour and toil and strive;  
Yet we, who have a heaven to obtain,  
How negligent we live!

3. We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move;  
We, for whose guard the angel-bands  
Come flying from above;
4. We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And laboured for our good,—  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchased with his blood!
5. Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts?  
Come, Holy Spirit, come, and fill,  
And wake, and warm our hearts.
6. Then shall our active spirits move;  
Upward our souls shall rise;  
With hands of faith and wings of love  
We'll fly and take the prize.

**HYMN 660. C. M.***Contemplation of Heaven.*

1. RAISE thee, my soul; fly up, and run  
Through every heavenly street,  
And say, there's naught below the sun  
That's worthy of thy feet.
2. There, on a high, majestic throne,  
The almighty Father reigns,  
And sheds his glorious goodness down  
On all the blissful plains.
3. Bright like the sun, the Saviour sits,  
And spreads eternal noon;  
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,  
To want the feeble moon.
4. Amidst those ever-shining skies,  
Behold the sacred Dove,  
While banished sin and sorrow flies  
From all the realms of love.
5. The glorious tenants of the place  
Stand bending round the throne;  
And saints and seraphs sing and praise  
The infinite Three-One.
6. Jesus! oh, when shall that blest day,  
That joyful hour, appear,  
When I shall leave this house of clay  
To dwell amongst them there?

1. Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek thy

2. I've seen thy glo - ry and thy power Through all thy tem - ple

face; My thirst - y spi - rit faints a - way, My thirst - y

shine; My God, re - peat that heaven - ly hour, My God, re -

spi - rit faints a - way, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.

peat that heaven - ly hour, That vi - sion so di - vine.

**PSALM 63. C. M.***First Part.**[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]*

3. 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.
4. Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.
5. 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 368. C. M.***Praise for Creation and Redemption.*

1. LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,  
Who never knew thy grace;  
But our loud songs shall still record  
The wonders of thy praise.
2. We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,  
And send them to thy throne;  
All glory to the United Three,  
The Undivided One.
3. 'T was he (and we'll adore his name)  
That formed us by a word;  
'T is he restores our ruined frame:  
Salvation to the Lord!
4. Hosanna! let the earth and skies  
Repeat the joyful sound;  
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice  
In one eternal round.

**HYMN 511. C. M.***On the Death of a Pastor.*

1. NOW let our mourning hearts revive,  
And all our tears be dry;  
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief  
Which view a Saviour nigh?
2. What though the arm of conquering death  
Does God's own house invade?  
What though the prophet and the priest  
Be numbered with the dead?

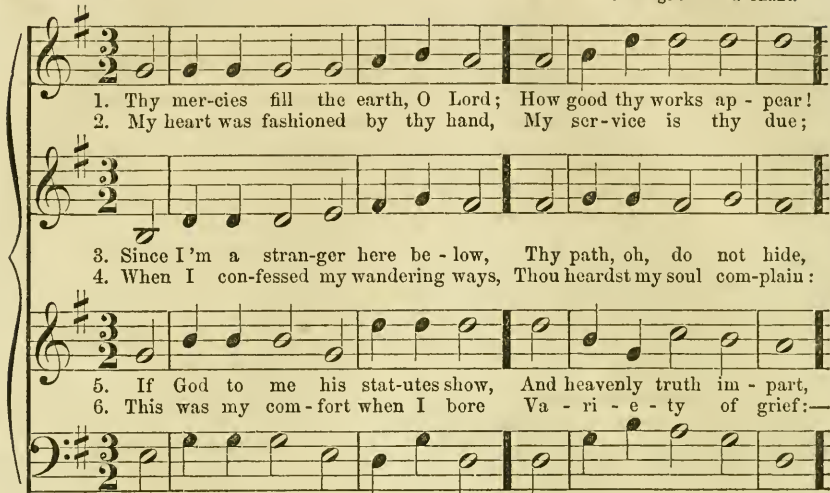
3. Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged and the young,  
The watchful eye in darkness closed,  
And mute the instructive tongue?
4. The eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New comfort to impart;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.
5. "Lo, I am with you!" saith the Lord;  
"My church shall safe abide;  
For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
Whose souls in me confide."
6. Through every scene of life and death  
This promise is our trust;  
And this shall be our children's song  
When we are cold in dust.

**HYMN 417. C. M.***The World's three chief Temptations.*

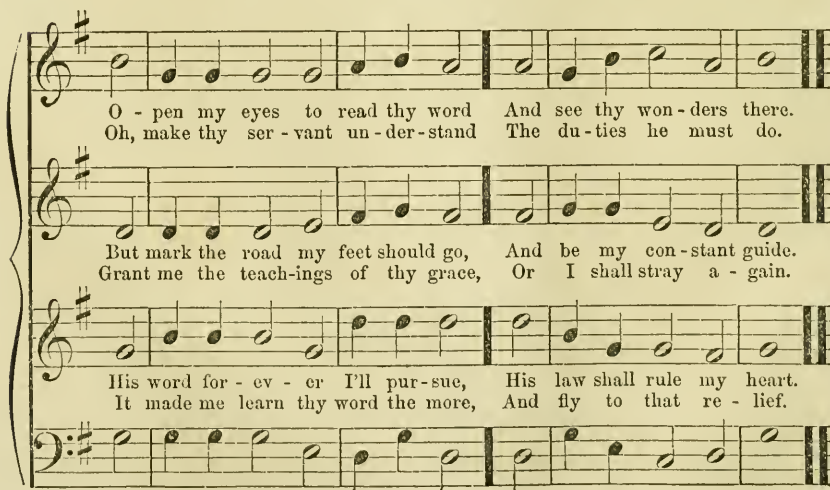
1. WHEN in the light of faith divine  
We look on things below,  
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,  
How vain and dangerous too!
2. Honour's a puff of noisy breath;  
Yet men expose their blood,  
And venture everlasting death,  
To gain that airy good.
3. Whilst others starve the nobler mind,  
And feed on shining dust,  
They rob the serpent of his food,  
To indulge a sordid lust.
4. The pleasures that allure our sense  
Are dangerous snares to souls;  
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,  
And dashed with bitter bowls.
5. God is my all-sufficient good,  
My portion and my choice;  
In him my vast desires are filled,  
And all my powers rejoice.
6. In vain the world accosts my ear,  
And tempts my heart anew;  
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,  
Nor part with heaven for you.

[PSALM 119, 9TH PART.]

Arranged from a Chant.



1. Thy mer-cies fill the earth, O Lord; How good thy works ap-pear!  
 2. My heart was fashioned by thy hand, My ser-vice is thy due;  
 3. Since I'm a stran-ger here be-low, Thy path, oh, do not hide,  
 4. When I con-fessed my wandering ways, Thou heardst my soul com-plain:  
 5. If God to me his stat-utes show, And heavenly truth im-part,  
 6. This was my com-fort when I bore Va-ri-e-ty of grief:—



O - pen my eyes to read thy word And see thy won-ders there.  
 Oh, make thy ser-vant un-der-stand The du-ties he must do.  
 But mark the road my feet should go, And be my con-stant guide.  
 Grant me the teach-ings of thy grace, Or I shall stray a - gain.  
 His word for - ev - er I'll pur-sue, His law shall rule my heart.  
 It made me learn thy word the more, And fly to that re - lief.

## PSALM 119. C. M.

*[Stanzas 1-6 in the music.]*

7. In vain the proud deride me now :  
I'll ne'er forget thy law,  
Nor let that blessed gospel go  
Whence all my hopes I draw.
8. When I have learned my Father's will,  
I'll teach the world his ways ;  
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,  
Shall sing aloud his praise.

## HYMN 431. C. M.

*Consolations in Sickness.*

1. WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,  
And long to fly away.
2. Sweet to look inward and attend  
The whispers of his love ;  
Sweet to look upward, to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.
3. Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down ;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own.
4. Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid ;  
Sweet to remember that his blood  
My debt of suffering paid.
5. Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death :  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
His Spirit's quickening breath.
6. Sweet on his faithfulness to rest  
Whose love can never end ;  
Sweet on his covenant of grace  
For all things to depend.
7. Sweet, in the confidence of faith,  
To trust his firm decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands  
And know no will but his.
8. If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee !

## HYMN 428. C. M.

*Submission.*

1. SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,  
I all to thee resign,  
And bow before thy chastening rod ;  
I mourn, but not repine.
2. Why should my foolish heart complain,  
When wisdom, truth, and love  
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,  
And point to joys above ?
3. How short are all my sufferings here !  
How needful every cross !  
Away, my unbelieving fear,  
Nor call my gain my loss.
4. Then give, dear Lord, or take away,  
I'll bless thy sacred name.  
My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,  
For ever, is the same.

## HYMN 445. C. M.

*Morning or Evening Hymn.*

1. HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,  
To God's upholding hand !  
Ten thousand snares attend us round,  
And yet secure we stand.
2. That was a most amazing Power  
That raised us with a word ;  
And every day, and every hour,  
We lean upon the Lord.
3. The evening 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 lives are forfeited by sin  
To God's avenging law ;  
We own thy grace, immortal King,  
In every breath we draw.
6. God is our Sun, whose daily light  
Our joy and safety brings ;  
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night  
Beneath his spreading wings.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All sea-ted on the ground,

2. "Fear not," said he, (for might - y dread Had seized their troubled mind;)

3. "To you, in David's town, this day, Is born, of Da - vid's line,

4. "The heavenly babe you there shall find, To hu - man view displayed,

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind.

The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign:  
All mean - ly wrapped in swaddling bands, And in a man - ger laid."

**HYMN 168. C. M.**

[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]

5. Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song:—
6. "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,  
Begin, and never cease."

**PSALM 119. C. M.***Fifth Part.*

1. OH, how I love thy holy law!  
'Tis daily my delight:  
And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.
2. My waking eyes prevent the day,  
To meditate thy word:  
My soul with longing melts away  
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
3. Thy heavenly words my heart engage,  
And well employ my tongue,  
And in my tiresome pilgrimage  
Yield me a heavenly song.
4. Am I a stranger, or at home,  
'Tis my perpetual feast;  
Not honey dropping from the comb  
So much allures the taste.
5. No treasures so enrich the mind;  
Nor shall thy word be sold  
For loads of silver well refined,  
Nor heaps of choicest gold.
6. When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support my hope;  
And there I write thy praise.

**PSALM 121. C. M.***Second Part.*

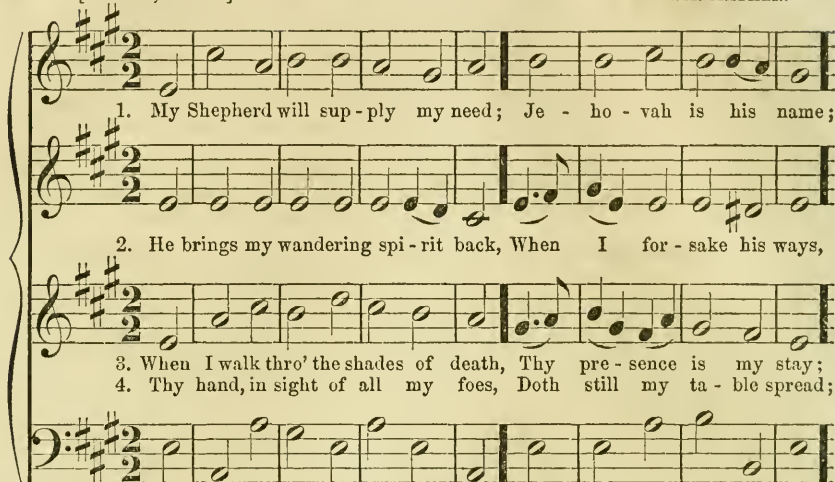
1. TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes;  
There all my hopes are laid:  
The Lord that built the earth and skies  
Is my perpetual aid.
2. Their steadfast feet shall never fall  
Whom he designs to keep;

His ear attends the softest call;  
His eyes can never sleep.

3. He will sustain our weakest powers  
With his almighty arm,  
And watch our most unguarded hours  
Against surprising harm.
4. Israel, rejoice, and rest secure;  
Thy Keeper is the Lord;  
His wakeful eyes employ his power  
For thine eternal guard.
5. Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,  
Shall have its leave to smite;  
He shields thy head from burning noon,  
From blasting damps at night.
6. He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,  
Where thickest dangers come;  
Go and return, secure from death,  
Till God commands thee home.

**HYMN 31. C. M.***Mysteries of Providence.*

1. GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
2. Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
5. His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour:  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

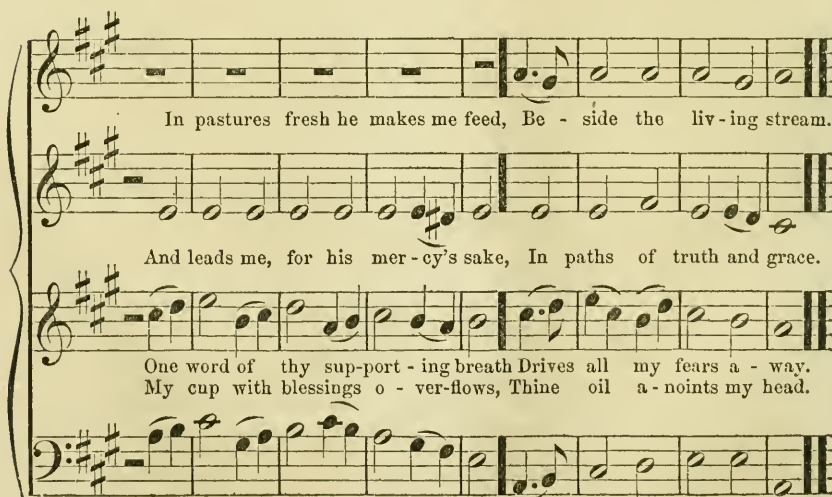


1. My Shepherd will sup- ply my need; Je - ho - vah is his name;

2. He brings my wandering spi - rit back, When I for - sake his ways,

3. When I walk thro' the shades of death, Thy pre - sence is my stay;

4. Thy hand, in sight of all my foes, Doth still my ta - ble spread;



In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.

And leads me, for his mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

One word of thy sup - port - ing breath Drives all my fears a - way.

My cup with blessings o - ver - flows, Thine oil a - noints my head.

**PSALM 23. C. M.***[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]*

5. The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days;  
Oh, may thy house be my abode,  
And all my work be praise!
6. There would I find a settled rest,  
While others go and come,  
No more a stranger or a guest,  
But like a child at home.

**HYMN 158. C. M.***Invitation to the Feast.*

1. YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast:  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store  
For every humble guest.
2. See, Jesus stands with open arms;  
He calls, he bids you come;  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms:  
But see, there yet is room.
3. Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;  
There love and pity meet;  
Nor will he bid the soul depart  
That trembles at his feet.
4. Oh, come, and, with his children, taste  
The blessings of his love:  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.
5. There, with united heart and voice,  
Before the eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
In ecstasies unknown.
6. And yet ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come:  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;  
Approach, there yet is room.

**HYMN 274. C. M.***Confessing Christ.*

1. DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame  
And bear the cross for me?  
And shall I fear to own thy name,  
Or thy disciple be?
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread  
To suffer shame or loss;

Oh, let me in thy footsteps tread,  
And glory in thy cross.

3. Inspire my soul with life divine,  
And holy courage bold;  
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,  
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.
4. Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear  
The face of feeble clay?  
Behold, thy Saviour ever near  
Will guard thee in the way."
5. Oh, how my soul would rise and run,  
At this reviving word;  
Nor any painful sufferings shun  
To follow thee, my Lord.
6. Let sinful men reproach, defame,  
And call me what they will,  
If I may glorify thy name,  
And be thy servant still.

**HYMN 609. C. M.***Time is short.*

1. "THE time is short!" the season near  
When death will us remove,  
To leave our friends, however dear,  
And all we fondly love.
2. "The time is short!" sinners, beware,  
Nor trifle time away;  
The word of great salvation hear,  
While it is called to-day.
3. "The time is short!" ye rebels, now  
To Christ the Lord submit,  
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,  
And fall at Jesus' feet.
4. "The time is short!" ye saints, rejoice;  
The Lord will quickly come;  
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
To call you to your home.
5. "The time is short!" it swiftly flies;  
The hour is just at hand  
When we shall mount above the skies,  
And reach the wished-for land.
6. "The time is short!" the moment near  
When we shall dwell above,  
And be for ever happy there  
With Jesus, whom we love.

[HYMN 171.]

From an Original Melody.

*Moderato affetuoso.*

1. A - wake, a - wake the sa - cred song To our in - carnate Lord;  
 2. That aw - ful Word, that sovereign Power, By whom the worlds were made,  
 3. Then shone al - migh - ty power and love In all their glorious forms,  
 4. To dwell with mis - e - ry be - low, The Sa - viour left the skies,—  
 5. A - dor - ing an - gels tuned their songs, To hail the joy - ful day;

Let eve - ry heart and eve - ry tongue A - dore th' e - ter - nal word.  
 (Oh, hap - py morn ! il - lus - trious hour !) Was once in flesh ar - rayed.  
 When Je - sus left his throne a - bove To dwell with sin - ful worms.  
 And sunk to wretched - ness and woe, That worthless man might rise.  
 With rap - ture, then, let mor - tal tongues Their grateful wor - ship pay.

**HYMN 171. C. M.***[Stanzas 1-5 in the music.]*

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

**HYMN 176. C. M.***Song of Angels at the Nativity of Christ.*

1. MORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
 And chant the solemn lay;  
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine  
 To hail the auspicious day.
2. In heaven the raptured song began;  
 And sweet seraphic fire  
 Through all the shiuing legions ran,  
 And strung and tuned the lyre.
3. Down through the portals of the sky  
 The impetuous torrent ran;  
 And angels flew, with eager joy,  
 To bear the news to man.
4. Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
 And glory leads the song:  
 Good-will and peace are heard throughout  
 The harmonious angel-throng.
5. Oh for a glance of heavenly love,  
 Our hearts and songs to raise;  
 Sweetly to bear our souls above,  
 And mingle with their lays.
6. With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
 "Glory to God on high!  
 Good-will and peace are now complete;  
 Jesus was born to die."

**HYMN 551. C. M.***Various Success of the Gospel.*

1. CHRIST and his cross is all our theme:  
 The mysteries that we speak  
 Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,  
 And folly to the Greek.
2. But souls enlightened from above  
 With joy receive the word;  
 They see what wisdom, power, and love  
 Shine in their dying Lord.
3. The vital savour of his name  
 Restores their fainting breath;  
 But unbelief perverts the same  
 To guilt, despair, and death.

4. Till God diffuse his graces down,  
 Like showers of heavenly rain,  
 In vain Apollos sows the ground,  
 And Paul may plant in vain.

**HYMN 585. C. M.***Youth the best Time to serve the Lord.*

1. AMIDST the cheerful bloom of youth,  
 With ardent zeal pursue  
 The ways of piety and truth,  
 With death and heaven in view.
2. Fair wisdom's paths with sweets are  
 strewed,  
 And pleasures all refined;  
 There joys divine are shed abroad,  
 That suit the immortal mind.
3. Youth is the most accepted time  
 To love and serve the Lord:  
 A flower presented in its prime  
 Will much delight afford.
4. He'll crown with peace your rising years,  
 And make your fruit increase;  
 Will guide you through this vale of tears,  
 And bid your sorrows cease.
5. Give him the morning of your days,  
 And be for ever blest;  
 'Tis none but those in wisdom's ways  
 Enjoy substantial rest.

**HYMN 631. C. M.***Triumphs over Death.*

1. OH for an overcoming faith  
 To cheer my dying hours,  
 To triumph o'er the monster, Death,  
 And all his frightful powers!
2. Joyful with all the strength I have,  
 My quivering lips should sing,  
 "Where is thy boasted victory, grave,  
 And where the monster's sting?"
3. If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;  
 Death has no sting beside;  
 The law gives sin its damning power,  
 But Christ, my ransom, died.
4. Now to the God of victory  
 Immortal thanks be paid,  
 Who makes us conquerors while we die,  
 Through Christ our living Head.

[HYMN 371.]

1. Fa-ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sove-reign will de - nies,

*p* *m*

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From eve - ry mur-mur free;  
 3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—

*p* *m*

The blessings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to thee.  
 Thy presence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my journey's end.

## HYMN 61. C. M.

*Hardness of Heart complained of.*

1. MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!  
How heavy here it lies!—  
Heavy and cold within my breast,  
Just like a rock of ice.
2. Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits  
Upon this flinty throne,  
And every grace lies buried deep  
Beneath this heart of stone.
3. How seldom do I rise to God,  
Or taste the joys above!  
This mountain presses down my faith,  
And chills my flaming love.
4. When smiling mercy courts my soul  
With all its heavenly charms,  
This stubborn, this relentless thing  
Would thrust it from my arms.
5. Against the thunders of thy word  
Rebellious I have stood:  
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath  
And terrors of a God.
6. Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine  
In thine own crimson sea:  
None but a bath of blood divine  
Can melt the flint away.

## HYMN 532. C. M.

*Covenant sealed with Christ's Blood.*

1. THE promise of my Father's love  
Shall stand for ever good:  
He said, and gave his soul to death,  
And sealed the grace with blood.
2. To this dear covenant of thy word  
I set my worthless name;  
I seal the engagement to my Lord,  
And make my humble claim.

3. Thy light, and strength, and pardoning  
grace,  
And glory, shall be mine;  
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,  
And all my powers, are thine.
4. I call that legacy my own  
Which Jesus did bequeath;  
'T was purchased with a dying groan,  
And ratified in death.
5. Sweet is the memory of his name,  
Who blessed us in his will,  
And to his testament of love  
Made his own blood the seal.

## HYMN 607. C. M.

*Man's Frailty and God's Goodness.*

1. OUR life is ever on the wing,  
And death is ever nigh:  
The moment when our lives begin  
We all begin to die.
2. Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days  
Thy lasting favours share;  
Yet with the bounties of thy grace  
Thou load'st the rolling year.
3. 'T is sovereign mercy finds us food,  
And we are clothed with love;  
While grace stands pointing out the road  
That leads our souls above.
4. His goodness runs an endless round;  
All glory to the Lord!  
His mercy never knows a bound;  
And be his name adored.
5. Thus we begin the lasting song;  
And, when we close our eyes,  
Let future ages praise prolong,  
Till time and nature dies.

1. Oh for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up-

2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re-

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have left an

4. Return, O ho-ly Dove, return, Sweet Messenger of rest; I hate the sins that

The first system of the hymn, consisting of four staves. The top three staves are for the vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and the bottom staff is for the bass. The music is in 6/4 time and G major. The lyrics are: 1. Oh for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up- 2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re- 3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have left an 4. Return, O ho-ly Dove, return, Sweet Messenger of rest; I hate the sins that

on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!

freshing view Of Je-sus and his word? Of Je-sus and his word?

ach-ing void The world can nev-er fill, The world can nev-er fill.  
made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast, And drove thee from my breast.

The second system of the hymn, continuing from the first. It consists of four staves. The lyrics are: on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb! freshing view Of Je-sus and his word? Of Je-sus and his word? ach-ing void The world can nev-er fill, The world can nev-er fill. made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast, And drove thee from my breast.

**HYMN 392. C. M.***[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]*

5. The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,—  
Hilp me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

**HYMN 193. C. M.***Condescension of Christ.*

1. THE Saviour! Oh, what endless charms  
Dwell in the blissful sound!  
Its influence every fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.
2. Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
In rich effusion, flow,  
For guilty rebels lost in sin  
And doomed to endless woe.
3. The Almighty Former of the skies  
Stooped to our vile abode;  
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,  
And hailed the incarnate God.
4. Oh, the rich depths of love divine!  
Of bliss a boundless store!  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine:  
I cannot wish for more.
5. On thee alone my hope relies;  
Beneath thy cross I fall;  
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my all.

**HYMN 330. C. M.***Love to Christ.*

1. HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace
4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
5. Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
6. Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death!

**HYMN 343. C. M.***Fellowship with the Saints.*

1. COME, let us join our friends above,  
That have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joy celestial rise.
2. Let saints below his praises sing,  
With those to glory gone;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In heaven and earth, are one.
3. One family, we dwell in him,  
One church above, beneath;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream, of death.
4. One army of the living God,  
To his commands we bow;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
5. How many to their endless home  
This solemn moment fly!  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon expect to die.
6. Dear Saviour, be our constant Guide;  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid the cold waves of death divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.

[HYMN 436.]

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;  
 2. Night un - to night his name re - peats; The day re - news the sound,

3. 'T is he sup - ports my mor - tal frame: My tongue shall speak his praise;  
 4. On a poor worm thy power might tread, And I could ne'er with - stand;

5. How ma - ny wretched souls are fled Since the last set - ting sun!  
 6. Great God, let all my hours be thine Whilst I en - joy the light;

Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To Him that rules the skies.  
 Wide as the heaven on which he sits To turn the sea - sons round.

My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de - lays.  
 Thy justice might have crushed me dead, But mer - cy held thy hand.

And yet thou lengthenest out my thread, And yet my mo - ments run.  
 Thou shalt my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a plea - sant night.

## PSALM 111. C. M.

*Second Part.*

1. GREAT is the Lord; his works of might  
Demand our noblest songs;  
Let his assembled saints unite  
Their harmony of tongues.
2. Great is the mercy of the Lord:  
He gives his children food;  
And, ever mindful of his word,  
He makes his promise good.
3. His Son, the great Redeemer, came  
To seal his covenant sure;  
Holy and reverend is his name,  
His ways are just and pure.
4. They that would grow divinely wise  
Must with his fear begin;  
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies  
In hating every sin.

## HYMN 209. C. M.

*The Lamb of God.*

1. SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God,  
Who takes away our guilt:  
Look to the precious, priceless blood  
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.
2. From heaven he came to seek and save,  
Leaving his blest abode;  
To ransom us himself he gave;  
"Behold the Lamb of God."
3. He came to take the sinner's place,  
And shed his precious blood;  
Let Adam's guilty, ruined race  
"Behold the Lamb of God."
4. Sinners, to Jesus then draw near,  
Invited by his word;  
The chief of sinners need not fear;  
"Behold the Lamb of God."
5. Backsliders too the Saviour calls  
And washes in his blood;  
Arise; return from grievous falls;  
"Behold the Lamb of God."
6. Spirit of grace, to us apply  
Immanuel's precious blood;  
That we may, with thy saints on high,  
"Behold the Lamb of God."

## HYMN 229. C. M.

*Christ's dying Love.*

1. HOW condescending and how kind  
Was God's eternal Son!  
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,  
And pity brought him down.
2. When justice, by our sins provoked,  
Drew forth its dreadful sword,  
He gave his soul up to the stroke  
Without a murmuring word.
3. He sunk beneath our heavy woes,  
To raise us to his throne;  
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows  
But cost his heart a groan.
4. This was compassion like a God,—  
That, though the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.
5. Now, though he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great:  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor lets his saints forget.
6. Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record;  
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,  
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

## HYMN 252. C. M.

*Victory and Dominion of Christ.*

1. I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;  
He conquered when he fell;  
"Tis finished," said his dying breath,  
And shook the gates of hell.
2. His cross a sure foundation laid  
For glory and renown,  
When through the regions of the dead  
He passed to reach the crown.
3. Exalted at his Father's side  
Sits our victorious Lord;  
To heaven and hell his hands divide  
The vengeance or reward.
4. The saints from his propitious eye  
Await their several crowns;  
And all the sons of darkness fly  
The terror of his frowns.

[PSALM 73, 1ST PART.]

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. God, my sup-port - er and my hope, My help for ev - er near,

2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet Through life's dark wil - der - ness ;

3. Were I in heaven with-out my God, 'T would be no joy to me ;

Thine arm of mer - cy held me up When sink-ing in de - spair.

Thine hand con-duct me near thy seat, To dwell be - fore thy face.

And while this earth is my a - bode, I long for none but thee.

**PSALM 73. C. M.***[Stanzas 1-3 in the music.]*

4. What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint?  
God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of every saint.
5. Behold! the sinners, that remove  
Far from thy presence, die;  
Not all the idol-gods they love  
Can save them when they cry.
6. But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

**HYMN 579. C. M.***Revival prayed for.*

1. RETIRE, vain world, a while retire,  
And leave us with the Lord:  
Thy gifts ne'er fill one just desire,  
Nor lasting bliss afford.
2. Blest Jesus, come thou gently down,  
And fill this hallowed place;  
Oh, make thy glorious goings known;  
Diffuse around thy grace.
3. Shine, dearest Lord, from realms of day;  
Disperse the gloom of night;  
Chase all our clouds and doubts away,  
And turn the shades to light.
4. Behold, and pity from above,  
Our cold and languid frame;  
Oh, shed abroad thy quickening love,  
And we'll adore thy name.
5. All-glorious Saviour, Source of grace,  
To thee we raise our cry;  
Unveil the beauties of thy face  
To every waiting eye.
6. Revive, O God, desponding saints,  
Who languish, droop, and sigh;  
Refresh the soul that tires and faints;  
Fill mourning hearts with joy.

7. Make known thy power, victorious King;  
Subdue each stubborn will;  
Then sovereign grace we'll join to sing  
On Sion's sacred hill

**HYMN 332. C. M.***Christian Love.*

1. HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast:  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.
2. Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.
3. 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know and tremble too,  
But devils cannot love.
4. This is the grace that lives and sings  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.
5. Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our smiling God.

**HYMN 578. C. M.***Prayer for Reviving.*

1. COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart;  
Inspire each lifeless tongue;  
And let the joys of heaven impart  
Their influence to our song.
2. Come, Lord; thy love alone can raise  
In us the heavenly flame;  
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,  
Our hearts adore thy name.
3. Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,  
And fill thy dwellings here,  
Till life, and love, and joy divine,  
A heaven on earth appear.

1. The Lord, how fear - ful is his name! How wide is his com-mand!

2. Im-mor - tal glo - ry forms his throne, And light his aw - ful robe;

3. A word of his al-migh - ty breath Can swell or sink the seas;

4. A - dor - ing an - gels round him fall, In all their shin - ing forms;

Na-ture, with all her mov - ing frame, Rests on his migh - ty hand!

While with a smile, or with a frown, He man - a - ges the globe.

Build the vast em - pires of the earth, Or break them, if he please!

His sovereign eye looks thro' them all, And pi - ties mor - tal worms.

**HYMN 5. C. M.***[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]*

5. His bowels to our worthless race  
In sweet compassion move;  
He clothes his looks with softest grace,  
And takes his title, love!

**HYMN 277. C. M.***Self-Denial.*

1. STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,  
That leads to joys on high;  
'T is but a few that find the gate,  
While crowds mistake and die.
2. Beloved self must be denied,  
The mind and will renewed,  
Passion suppressed and patience tried,  
And vain desires subdued.
3. Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,  
Where it prevails and rules;  
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,  
Lest they destroy our souls;
4. The love of gold be banished hence,  
That vile idolatry;  
And every member, every sense,  
In sweet subjection lie.
5. The tongue—that most unruly power—  
Requires a strong restraint;  
We must be watchful every hour,  
And pray, but never faint.
6. Lord, can a feeble helpless worm  
Fulfil a task so hard?  
Thy grace must all my work perform,  
And give the free reward.

**HYMN 310. C. M.***Living Faith.*

1. MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,  
While they are slaves to lust.
2. Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead;  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ the living Head.
3. 'T is faith that changes all the heart;  
'T is faith that works by love,

That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.

4. 'T is faith that conquers earth and hell,  
By a celestial power;  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.
5. Faith must obey her Father's will,  
As well as trust his grace;  
A pardoning God is jealous still  
For his own holiness.
6. When from the curse he sets us free,  
He makes our nature clean;  
Nor would he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.
7. His Spirit purifies our frame,  
And seals our peace with God;  
Jesus and his salvation came  
By water and by blood.

**HYMN 315. C. M.***Faith in Time of Declension.*

1. WHEN any turn from Sion's way,  
(Alas, what numbers do!)  
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"
2. Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast,  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.
3. Yet thou alone hast power, I know,  
To save a wretch like me;  
To whom, or whither could I go,  
If I should turn from thee?
4. Beyond a doubt, I rest assured,  
Thou art the Christ of God,  
Who has eternal life secured  
By promise and by blood.
5. No voice but thine can give me rest  
And bid my fears depart;  
No love but thine can make me blest,  
And satisfy my heart.
6. What anguish has this question stirred!--  
"And wilt thou also go?"  
Dear Lord, relying on thy word,  
I humbly answer—No!

[HYMN 466.]

1. O God of Beth-el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;  
 2. Our vows, our prayers, we now pre-sent Be - fore thy throne of grace;

3. Thro' each per - plex-ing path of life Our wandering footsteps guide;  
 4. Oh, spread thy covering wings around, Till all our wanderings cease,  
 5. Such blessings from thy gra-cious hand Our hum - ble prayers im-plore,

Who thro' this wea - ry pil - grim - age Hast all our fa - thers led:  
 God of our fa - thers, be the God Of their suc - ceed-ing race.

Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro-vide.

And at our Fa - ther's loved a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace.  
 And thou shalt be our cho - sen God And por - tion ev - er - more.

**HYMN 72. C. M.***Repentance for Backsliding.*

1. O THOU, whose tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh;  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye:
2. See, low before thy throne of grace,  
A wretched wanderer mourn;  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?  
Hast thou not said, Return?
3. And shall my guilty fears prevail  
To drive me from thy feet?  
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.
4. Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,  
Without one cheering ray,  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
How desolate my way!
5. Oh, shine on this benighted heart,—  
With beams of mercy shine!  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.

**HYMN 214. C. M.***Christ our Shepherd.*

1. THE Lord's my Shepherd; I'll not want:  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; he leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.
2. My soul he doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Even for his own name's sake.
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
For thou art with me, and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.
4. My table thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.
5. Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me:  
And in God's house for evermore,  
My dwelling-place shall be.

**HYMN 154. C. M.***Invitation to Gospel Blessings.*

1. IN vain we lavish out our lives  
To gather empty wind;  
The choicest blessings earth can yield,  
Will starve a hungry mind.
2. Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls  
With more substantial meat;  
With such as saints in glory love,  
With such as angels eat
3. Our God will every want supply,  
And fill our hearts with peace;  
He gives by covenant and by oath  
The riches of his grace.
4. Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,  
And wash away our stains,  
In the dear fountain that his Son  
Poured from his dying veins.
5. Our heart—that flinty, stubborn thing,  
That terrors cannot move,  
That fears no threatenings of his wrath—  
Shall be dissolved by love.
6. There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,  
And deep engrave his law;  
And every motion of our souls  
To swift obedience draw.

**HYMN 111. C. M.***Spirit of Adoption.*

1. SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,  
Allow our humble claim;  
Nor, while poor worms would raise their  
Disdain a Father's name. [heads,
2. Our Father God! how sweet the sound!  
How tender and how dear!  
Not all the melody of heaven  
Could so delight the ear.
3. Come, sacred Spirit; seal the name  
On my expanding heart;  
And show that in Jehovah's grace  
I share a filial part.
4. Cheered by a signal so divine,  
Unwavering I believe;  
Thou knowest I "Abba, Father," cry,  
Nor can thy word deceive.

[PSALM 84, 3D PART.]

STANLEY.

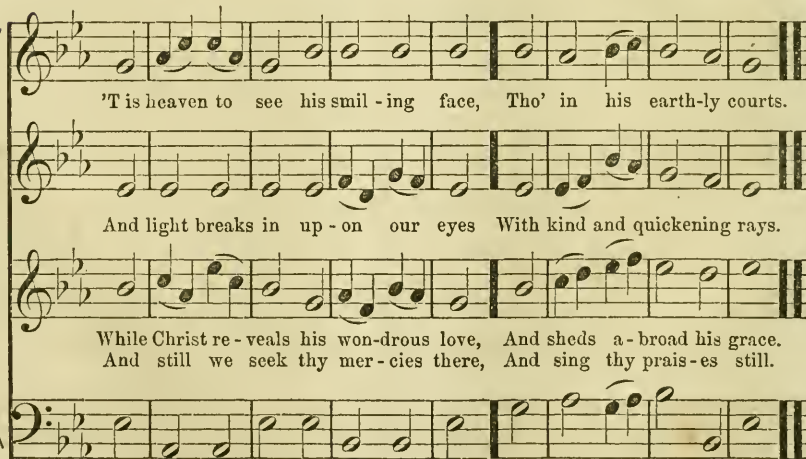


1. My soul, how love-ly is the place To which thy God re - sorts!

2. There the great Monarch of the skies His sav-ing power dis - plays,

3. With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove De - scends and fills the place,

4. There, mighty God, thy words de-clare The se - crets of thy will;



'Tis heaven to see his smil - ing face, Tho' in his earth-ly courts.

And light breaks in up - on our eyes With kind and quickening rays.

While Christ re - veals his won-drous love, And sheds a - broad his grace.  
And still we seek thy mer - cies there, And sing thy prais-es still.

**PSALM 96. C. M.***First Part.*

1. SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of every tongue;  
His new-discovered grace demands  
A new and nobler song.
2. Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own almighty Son;  
His power the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.
3. Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;  
Joy through the earth be seen:  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in cheerful green.
4. The joyous earth, the bending skies,  
His glorious train display;  
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;  
Prepare the Lord his way.
5. Behold, he comes,—he comes to bless  
The nations as their God,  
To show the world his righteousness  
And send his truth abroad.
6. His voice shall raise the slumbering dead  
And bid the world draw near;  
But how will guilty nations dread  
To see their Judge appear!

**HYMN 318. C. M.***Prayer for Assurance.*

1. WHY should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend, and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.
2. Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven?
3. Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood,  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.
4. Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

**HYMN 159. C. M.***Gospel Invitation.*

1. THE Saviour calls; let every ear  
Attend the heavenly sound:—  
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;  
Hope smiles reviving round.
2. For every thirsty, longing heart  
Here streams of bounty flow:  
And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal woe.
3. Here springs of sacred pleasure rise  
To ease your every pain:  
Immortal fountain! full supplies!  
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
4. Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;  
The gracious call obey:  
Mercy invites to heavenly joys;  
And can you yet delay?
5. Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
And drink, and never die.

**HYMN 335. C. M.***Christ the Object of Love.*

1. JESUS, I love thy charming name;  
'Tis music to mine ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven should hear.
2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My joy, my hope, my trust;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
3. All my capacious powers can wish  
In thee most richly meet;  
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.
5. I'll speak the honours of thy name  
With my last labouring breath;  
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,  
The antidote of death.

1. I love to steal a while a-way From eve-ry cumber-ing care,

2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear,

3. I love to think on mercies past, And fu-ture good im-plore,

4. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in heaven:

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are treble clef, and the bottom staff is bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with lyrics printed below the staves.

And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.

And all his pro-mi-ses to plead, Where none but God can hear.

And all my cares and sor-rows cast On Him whom I a-dore.  
The prospect does my strength renew, While here by tem-pests driven.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of four staves (three treble, one bass) in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

**HYMN 449. C. M.***[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]*

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.

**PSALM 119. C. M.***Third Part.*

1. THOU art my portion, O my God :  
 Soon as I know thy way,  
 My heart makes haste to obey thy word,  
 And suffers no delay.
2. I choose the path of heavenly truth  
 And glory in my choice ;  
 Not all the riches of the earth  
 Could make me so rejoice.
3. The testimonies of thy grace  
 I set before my eyes ;  
 Thence I derive my daily strength,  
 And there my comfort lies.
4. If once I wander from thy path,  
 I think upon my ways,  
 Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
 And trust thy pardoning grace.
5. Now I am thine, for ever thine ;  
 Oh, save thy servant, Lord ;  
 Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,  
 My hope is in thy word.
6. Thou hast inclined this heart of mine  
 Thy statutes to fulfil ;  
 And thus, till mortal life shall end,  
 Would I perform thy will.

**HYMN 313. C. M.***Efficacy of Faith.*

1. FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
 And saves me from its snares ;  
 Its aid in every duty brings,  
 And softens all my cares ;
2. Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
 And lights the sacred fire  
 Of love to God and heavenly things,  
 And feeds the pure desire.

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

**HYMN 369. C. M.***Praise to God.*

1. YE humble souls, approach your God  
 With songs of sacred praise ;  
 For he is good, supremely good,  
 And kind are all his ways.
2. All nature owns his guardian care ;  
 In him we live and move ;  
 But nobler benefits declare  
 The wonders of his love.
3. He gave his Son, his only Son,  
 To ransom rebel worms ;  
 'T is here he makes his goodness known  
 In its diviner forms.
4. To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;  
 'T is here our hope relies ;  
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
 When storms of trouble rise.
5. Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
 The souls who trust in thee ;  
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
 With bliss divinely free.
6. Great God, to thine almighty love  
 What honours shall we raise !  
 Not all the angelic songs above  
 Can render equal praise.

*Allegro vigoroso.*

1. I sing th' al-migh-ty power of God, That made the mountains rise,  
2. I sing the wis-dom that ordained The sun to rule the day;  
3. I sing the goodness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food;

The first system of the musical score for 'ZERAH' consists of four staves. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is bass clef. The time signature is 3/4. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff, the second line to the second staff, and the third line to the third staff. The fourth staff contains a continuation of the melody for the third line of lyrics.

That spread the flow-ing seas a-broad, And built the loft-y skies.  
The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars o-bey.  
He formed the crea-tures with his word, And then pronounced them good.

The second system of the musical score for 'ZERAH' consists of four staves. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is bass clef. The time signature is 3/4. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff, the second line to the second staff, and the third line to the third staff. The fourth staff contains a continuation of the melody for the third line of lyrics.

That spread the flowing seas a-broad, And built the lofty skies.

The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars obey.

He formed the creatures with his word, And then pronounced them good.

4. Lord, how thy wonders are displayed  
Where'er I turn mine eye!  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky.
5. There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes thy glories known;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.
6. Creatures, as numerous as they be,  
Are subject to thy care;  
There's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there.
7. No longer will I ask your love,  
Nor seek your friendship more;  
The happiness that I approve  
Is not within your power.
8. There's nothing round this spacious earth  
That suits my large desire;  
To boundless joy and solid mirth  
My nobler thoughts aspire:
9. Where pleasure rolls its living flood,  
From sin and dross refined,  
Still springing from the throne of God,  
And fit to cheer the mind.
10. The Almighty Ruler of the sphere,  
The glorious and the great,  
Brings his own all-sufficiency there  
To make our bliss complete.
11. Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd climb the heavenly road;  
There sits my Saviour, dressed in love,  
And there my smiling God.

### HYMN 285. C. M.

*Parting with Carnal Joys.*

1. MY soul forsakes her vain delight,  
And bids the world farewell;  
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,  
And mischievous as hell.

[PSALM 103, 4TH PART.]

LOWELL MASON.

*Moderato.*

1. My soul, re - peat his praise Whose mer - cies are so great,  
 2. God will not al - ways chide; And, when his strokes are felt,  
 3. High as the heavens are raised A - bove the ground we tread,  
 4. His power sub - dues our sins; And his for - giv - ing love,  
 5. The pi - ty of the Lord To those that fear his name  
 6. He knows we are but dust, Scat - tered with eve - ry breath:

Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.  
 His strokes are few - er than our crimes, And light - er than our guilt.  
 So far the rich - es of his grace Our high - est thoughts ex - ceed.  
 Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.  
 Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.  
 His an - ger, like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death.

**PSALM 103. S. M.**

[Stanzas 1-6 in the music.]

7. Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field  
It withers in an hour.
8. But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

**HYMN 140. S. M.***The Sinner warned.*

1. AND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?
2. How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven, before his face,  
Astonished shrink away?
3. But, ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound  
What joyful tidings spread!
4. Ye sinners, seek his grace  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear!  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.
5. So shall that curse remove  
By which the Saviour bled,  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.

**PSALM 25. S. M.***Third Part.*

1. MINE eyes and my desire  
Are ever to the Lord;  
I love to plead his promised grace,  
And rest upon his word.
2. Turn, turn thee to my soul;  
Bring thy salvation near;  
When will thy hand release my feet  
Out of the deadly snare?

3. When shall the sovereign grace  
Of my forgiving God  
Restore me from those dangerous ways  
My wandering feet have trod?
4. With every morning light  
My sorrow new begins;  
Look on my anguish and my pain,  
And pardon all my sins.
5. Oh, keep my soul from death,  
Nor put my hope to shame,  
For I have placed my only trust  
In my Redeemer's name.
6. With humble faith I wait  
To see thy face again;  
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,  
He sought the Lord in vain.

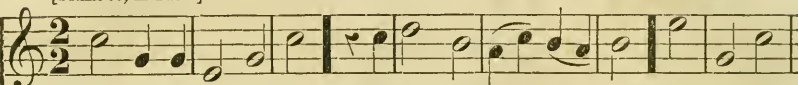
**HYMN 211. S. M.***Christ our Wisdom and Righteousness.*

1. HOW heavy is the night  
That hangs upon our eyes,  
Till Christ, with his reviving light,  
Over our souls arise!
2. Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of heaven;  
But, in his righteousness arrayed,  
We see our sins forgiven.
3. Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways;  
His hands infected nature cure,  
With sanctifying grace.
4. The powers of hell agree  
To hold our souls in vain;  
He sets the sons of bondage free,  
And breaks the accursed chain.
5. Lord, we adore thy ways  
To bring us near to God;  
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,  
And thy atoning blood.

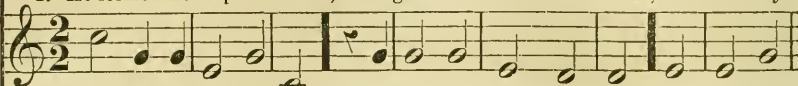
# 134 FALCON STREET, or SILVER STREET. S. M.

[PSALM 95, 2D PART.]

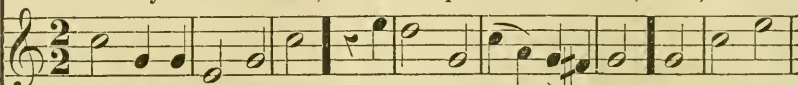
I. SMITH.



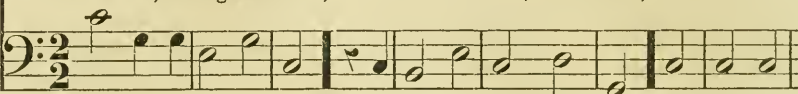
1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah  
2. He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The wa - tery



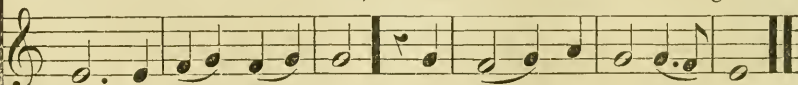
3. Come, worship at his throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his  
4. To - day attend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod; Come, like the



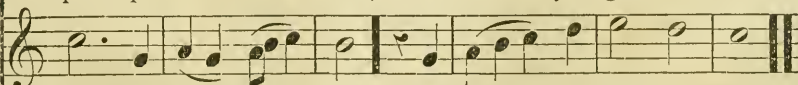
5. But if your ears re - fuse The language of his grace, And hearts grow  
6. The Lord, in vengeance drest, Will lift his hand, and swear, "You that de -



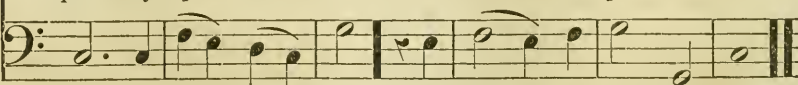
is the sove - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.  
worlds are all his own, And all the so - lid ground.



works, and not our own: He formed us by his word.  
peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra - cious God.



hard, like stub - born Jews, That un - be - liev - ing race;  
spise my pro - mised rest Shall have no por - tion there."



## PSALM 19. S. M.

*First Part.*

1. BEHOLD, the lofty sky  
Declares its Maker, God!  
And all the starry works on high  
Proclaim his power 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 every different land  
Their general voice is known;  
They show the wonders of his hand,  
And orders of his throne.
4. Ye Christian 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 passed  
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.

## PSALM 48. S. M.

*Second Part.*

1. FAR as thy name is known,  
The world declares thy praise;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne  
Their songs of honour raise.
2. With joy thy people stand  
On Sion's chosen hill,  
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
And counsels of thy will.

3. Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell,  
Compass and view thy holy ground,  
And mark the building well.
4. The orders of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;  
And make a fair report.
5. How decent and how wise!  
How glorious to behold!  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorned with gold.
6. The God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die;  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

## HYMN 87. S. M.

*Efficacy of Grace.*

1. GRACE! 't is a charming sound,  
Harmonious to mine ear:  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
3. Grace first inscribed my name  
In God's eternal book;  
'T was grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my sorrows took.
4. Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
5. Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And made my eyes o'erflow:  
'T was grace that kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.
6. Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

1. The great Re - deem - er's gone, T'ap - pear be - fore our God,  
2. No fie - ry vengeance now, No burn - ing wrath, comes down:  
3. Be - fore his Fa - ther's eye Our hum - ble suit he moves:  
4. Now may our joy - ful tongues Our Mak - er's ho - nour sing;

To sprinkle o'er the flam - ing throne With his a - ton - ing blood.  
If jus - tice calls for sin - ners' blood, The Sa - viour shows his own.  
The Fa - ther lays his thun - der by, And looks, and smiles, and loves.  
Je - sus, the Priest, re - ceives our songs, And bears them to the King.

**HYMN 217. S. M.***[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]*

5. On earth thy mercy reigns,  
And triumphs all above;  
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains  
To speak immortal love!
6. How jarring and how low  
Are all the notes we sing!  
Blest Saviour, tune our songs anew,  
And they shall please the King.

**PSALM 19. S. M.***Second Part.*

1. BEHOLD, the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way;  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.
2. But where the gospel comes  
It spreads diviner light;  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.
3. How perfect is thy word!  
And all thy judgments just;  
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,  
And men securely trust.
4. My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy directions given!  
Oh, may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heaven!
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. Oh, who can ever find  
The errors of his ways?  
Yet, with a bold, presumptuous mind,  
I would not dare transgress.
7. Warn me of every 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 231. S. M.***Sufferings of Christ.*

1. LIKE sheep we went astray,  
And broke the fold of God;  
Each wandering in a different way,  
But all the downward road.
2. How dreadful was the hour  
When God our wanderings laid,  
And did at once his vengeance pour  
Upon the Shepherd's head.
3. How glorious was the grace  
When Christ sustained the stroke!  
His life and blood the Shepherd pays  
A ransom for the flock.
4. His honour and his breath  
Were taken both away;  
Joined with the wicked in his death,  
And made as vile as they.
5. But God shall raise his head  
O'er all the sons of men,  
And make him see a numerous seed,  
To recompense his pain.
6. "I'll give him," saith the Lord,  
"A portion with the strong;  
He shall possess a large reward,  
And hold his honours long."

**HYMN 264. S. M.***The Comforter.*

1. BLEST Comforter divine,  
Whose rays of heavenly love  
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,  
And point our souls above;
2. Thou, who with "still small voice"  
Dost stop the sinner's way,  
And bid the mourning saint rejoice  
Though earthly joys decay;
3. Thou, whose inspiring breath  
Can make the cloud of care,  
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,  
A smile of glory wear;
4. Thou, who dost fill the heart  
With love to all our race,  
Blest Comforter! to us impart  
The blessings of thy grace.

[PSALM 133, 2D PART.]

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose

2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friend-ship meet; Their  
kind de - signs to serve and please Through all their ae - tions run.  
songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their com-mu - nion sweet.

**PSALM 133. S. M.**

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

- 3 Thus, when on Aaron's head  
They poured the rich perfume,  
The oil down to his raiment spread,  
And pleasure filled the room.
- 4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,  
The saints are blessed above,  
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,  
And all the air is love.

**HYMN 17. S. M.***Address to the Trinity.*

1. O LORD our God, arise;  
The cause of truth maintain;  
And wide o'er all the peopled world  
Extend her blessed reign.
2. Thou Prince of Life, arise;  
Nor let thy glory cease;  
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,  
And bless the earth with peace.
3. Thou Holy Ghost, arise;  
Expand thy quickening wing;  
And o'er a dark and ruined world  
Let light and order spring.
4. All on the earth arise:  
To God the Saviour sing;  
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,  
Let echoing anthems ring.

**PSALM 2. S. M.***Second Part.*

1. OUR Lord's ascended high,  
And rules the subject earth;  
The merit of his blood he pleads,  
And pleads his heavenly birth.
2. Beneath his sovereign sway  
The Gentile nations bend;  
Far as the world's remotest bounds  
His kingdom shall extend.

3. The nations that rebel  
Must feel his iron rod:  
He'll vindicate those honours well  
Which he receives from God.

4. Be wise, ye rulers, now,  
And worship at his throne;  
With trembling joy, ye judges, bow  
To God's exalted Son.

5. If once his wrath arise,  
Ye perish on the place:  
Then blessed is the soul that flies  
For refuge to his grace.

**PSALM 25. S. M.***First Part.*

1. I LIFT my soul to God;  
My trust is in his name:  
Let not the foes that seek my blood  
Still triumph in my shame.
2. Sin and the powers of hell  
Would tempt me to despair;  
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,  
That I may 'scape the snare.
3. From the first dawning light  
Till evening shades arise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait  
With ever-longing eyes.
4. Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth:  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.
5. The Lord is just and kind;  
The meek shall learn his ways,  
And every humble sinner find  
The methods of his grace.
6. For his own goodness' sake  
He saves my soul from shame;  
He pardons, though my guilt be great,  
Through my Redeemer's name.

[PSALM 103, 3D PART.]

HASTINGS.

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul; Let all with-in me join, And aid my tongue to

2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul; Nor let his mercies lie For-got-ten in un-

3. 'Tis he forgives thy sins; 'Tis he relieves thy pain; 'Tis he that heals thy

4. He crowns thy life with love; When ransomed from the grave, He that redeemed my

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 3/4 time. It contains four measures of music corresponding to the four verses. The bottom three staves are a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also in D major and 3/4 time. The first two staves of the piano part are identical for all verses, while the fourth staff has a different bass line for the second and third verses. The system ends with a double bar line.

bless his name Whose favours are di-vine, Whose favours are di-vine.

thank-ful-ness, And without prais-es die, And without prais-es die.

sickness-es And makes thee young a-gain, And makes thee young a-gain.

soul from hell Hath sovereign power to save, Hath sovereign power to save.

The second system of the musical score continues the four-voice setting. It also consists of four staves. The vocal line (top staff) has four measures, with the first measure containing a rest for the first two verses. The piano accompaniment (bottom three staves) continues the melody and harmony. The system concludes with a double bar line.

**PSALM 103. S. M.***[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]*

5. He fills the poor with good;  
He gives the sufferers rest;  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for th' oppressed.
6. His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known,  
But sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son.

**HYMN 170. S. M.***Incaruate Saviour.*

1. YE saints, proclaim abroad  
The honours of your King;  
To Jesus, your incarnate God,  
Your songs of praises sing.
2. Not angels round the throne  
Of majesty above  
Are half so much obliged as we  
To our Immanuel's love.
3. They never sunk so low;  
They are not raised so high;  
They never knew such depths of woe,  
Such heights of majesty.
4. The Saviour did not join  
Their nature to his own;  
For them he shed no blood divine,  
Nor breathed a single groan.
5. May we with angels vie,  
The Saviour to adore!  
Our debts are greater far than theirs:  
Oh, be our praises more!

**HYMN 246. S. M.***Praise to the risen Saviour.*

1. PREPARE a thankful song  
To the Redeemer's name;  
Let his high praise employ each tongue,  
And every heart inflame.
2. He laid his glory by,  
And bitter pains endured,

That sinners of the deepest dye  
From wrath might be secured.

3. Stretched on the cross he died,  
Our debt of sin to pay:  
The blood and water from his side  
Wash guilt and filth away.
4. Pleading for us, he stands  
Before the Father's throne,  
And answers all the law's demands,  
With what himself has done.
5. The Holy Ghost he sends,  
Our stubborn souls to move,  
To make his enemies his friends  
And conquer them by love.

**PSALM 148. S. M.***Fifth Part.*

1. LET every creature join  
To praise th' eternal God;  
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,  
And sound his name abroad.
2. Thou sun with golden beams,  
And moon with paler rays,  
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,  
Shine to your Maker's praise.
3. He built those worlds above,  
And fixed their wondrous frame;  
By his command they stand or move,  
And ever speak his name.
4. Ye vapours, when ye rise,  
Or fall in showers or snow,  
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,  
His power and glory show.
5. Wind, hail, and flaming fire,  
Agree to praise the Lord,  
When ye in dreadful storms conspire  
To execute his word.
6. By all his works above  
His honours be expressed;  
But saints that taste his saving love  
Should sing his praises best.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join

2. The God that rules on high, And thunders when he please, That

3. This aw - ful God is ours, Our Fa - ther and our love; He

4. There shall we see his face, And nev - er, nev - er sin; There,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It contains four lines of lyrics. The bottom three staves are a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also in 3/4 time and one flat. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence on the fourth line of each staff.

in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.

rides up - on the storm - y sky And man - a - ges the seas:

shall send down his heav - en - ly powers To car - ry us a - bove.  
from the riv - ers of his grace, Drink end - less plea - sures in.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of four staves (vocal and piano accompaniment). The lyrics continue across the staves, with a final line of lyrics spanning the bottom two staves. The musical notation remains consistent with the first system, ending with a double bar line.

**HYMN 464. S. M.***[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]*

5. The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
6. The hill of Sion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields  
Or walk the golden streets.
7. Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

**PSALM 90. S. M.***Fifth Part.*

1. LORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame!  
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves the name!
2. Alas, the brittle clay  
That built our body first!  
And every month, and every day,  
'Tis mouldering back to dust.
3. Our moments fly apace,  
Our feeble powers decay;  
Swift as a flood our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.
4. Yet, if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight;  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.
5. They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea;  
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

**HYMN 110. S. M.***Privilege of Adoption.*

1. BEHOLD, what wondrous grace  
The Father has bestowed  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God!

2. 'Tis no surprising thing  
That we should be unknown;  
The Jewish world knew not their King,  
God's everlasting Son.
3. Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made;  
But, when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.
4. A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure,  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.
5. If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.
6. We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne;  
My faith shall "Abba, Father!" cry,  
And thou the kindred own.

**HYMN 247. S. M.***Exaltation of Christ.*

1. COME, all harmonious tongues,  
Your noblest music bring;  
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
And Christ the man, we sing.
2. Down to the shades of death  
He bowed his awful head;  
Yet he arose, to live and reign  
When death itself is dead.
3. No more the bloody spear,  
The cross and nails no more;  
For hell itself shakes at his name,  
And all the heavens adore.
4. There the Redeemer sits,  
High on the Father's throne;  
The Father lays his vengeance by,  
And smiles upon his Son.
5. There his full glories shine  
With uncreated rays,  
And bless his saints and angels there  
To everlasting days.

[HYMN 295.]

LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;  
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;  
3. Ne'er think the vic - tory won, Nor once at ease sit down;  
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains four lines of lyrics. The bottom three staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of one sharp and a 2/2 time signature. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

And hosts of sins are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
Re - new it bold-ly eve - ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.  
Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou hast got the crown.  
He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath, Up to his blest a - bode.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of four staves with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

**HYMN 457. S. M.***Joy in Public 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 compared with this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.
3. Here on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our joyful eyes behold him sit  
And smile on all around.
4. To him their prayers and cries  
All humbled souls present:  
He listens to the broken sighs,  
And grants them all they want.
5. To them his sovereign 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 355. S. M.***Union with Christ.*

1. DEAR Saviour, we are thine,  
By everlasting bands:  
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,  
And souls, into thy hands.
2. Accepted for thy sake,  
And justified by faith,  
We of thy righteousness partake,  
And find in thee our life.
3. To thee we still would cleave,  
With ever-growing zeal;  
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.
4. Thy Spirit shall unite  
Our souls to thee our head;  
Shall form us to thy image bright,  
That we thy paths may tread.
5. Death may our souls divide  
From these abodes of clay;

10

But love shall keep us near thy side  
Through all the gloomy way.

6. Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
Since he in heaven has fixed his throne,  
He'll fix his members there.

**HYMN 319. S. M.***Appropriating Faith.*

1. FAITH is a precious grace,  
Where'er it is bestowed;  
It boasts of a celestial birth,  
And is the gift of God.
2. Jesus it owes as King  
And all-atoning Priest;  
It claims no merit of its own,  
But looks for all in Christ.
3. On him it safely leans  
In times of deep distress,  
Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
And trusts his righteousness.
4. All through the wilderness  
It is our strength and stay;  
Nor can we miss the heavenly road  
While it directs our way.
5. Lord, 'tis thy work alone,  
And that divinely free:  
Send down the Spirit of thy Son  
To work this faith in me.

**HYMN 488. S. M.***Resurrection of Christ on the Sabbath.*

1. TO-DAY the Saviour rose,  
Our Jesus left the dead;  
He conquered our malignant 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 fulfilled;  
On him our load of guilt was laid;  
We by his stripes are healed.
4. Ye saints, adore his name  
Who hath such mercy shown;  
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,  
And make his praises known.

G

[HYMN 118.]

1. To God the on - ly wise, Our Sa - viour and our King,  
 2. 'Tis his al - migh - ty love, His coun - sel and his care,

3. He will pre - sent our souls, Un - blem - ished and com - plete,

4. Then all the cho - sen seed Shall meet a - round the throne;  
 5. To our Re - deem - er - God Wis - dom and power be - longs,

Let all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring.  
 Preserves us safe from sin and death And eve - ry hurt - ful snare.

Be - fore the glo - ry of his face, With joys di - vine - ly great.

Shall bless the con - duct of his grace, And make his won - ders known.  
 Im - mor - tal crowns of ma - jes - ty And ev - er - last - ing songs.

## HYMN 485. S. M.

*The Sabbath a Delight.*

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 may we 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.

## PSALM 8. S. M.

*First Part.*

1. O LORD, our heavenly King,  
Thy name is all divine;  
Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And o'er the heavens they shine.
2. When to thy works on high  
I raise my wondering eyes,  
And see the moon complete in light  
Adorn the darksome skies:
3. When I survey the stars,  
In all their shining forms,  
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,  
Akin to dust and worms?
4. Lord, what is worthless man,  
That thou shouldst love him so?  
Next to thine angels he is placed,  
And lord of all below.
5. Thine honours crown his head,  
While beasts like slaves obey,  
And birds that cut the air with wings,  
And fish that cleave the sea.
6. How rich thy bounties are!  
And wondrous are thy ways:  
Of dust and worms thy power can frame  
A monument of praise.

## HYMN 373. S. M.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

1. AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of his dying love;  
Sing of his rising power;  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.
3. Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ the eternal King.
4. Soon shall we hear him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come!"  
Soon will he call us hence away,  
And take his wanderers home.

## HYMN 586. S. M.

*Prayer of Youth.*

1. WITH humble heart and tongue,  
Our God, to thee we pray:  
Oh, make us learn, while we are young,  
How we may cleanse our way.
2. Make us unguarded youth  
The objects of thy care;  
Help us to choose the way of truth  
And fly from every snare.
3. Our hearts, to folly prone,  
Renew by power divine:  
Unite them to thyself alone,  
And make us wholly thine.
4. Oh, let thy word of grace  
Our warmest thoughts employ;  
Be this through all our following days  
Our treasure and our joy.
5. To what thy laws impart  
Be our whole soul inclined;  
Oh, let them dwell within our heart  
And sanctify our mind.
6. May thy young servants learn  
By these to cleanse their way;  
And may we here the path discern  
That leads to endless day.

[PSALM 55, 2D PART.]

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. Let sin - ners take their course, And choose the road to death; But

2. My thoughts ad - dress his throne, When morn - ing brings the light; I

3. Then wilt re - gard my cries, O my e - ter - nal God! While

4. Be - cause they dwell at ease, And no sad chang - es feel, They

The first system of the musical score is written in 3/4 time. It consists of four staves. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is bass clef. The music is in G major, indicated by one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves, with line numbers 1 through 4 corresponding to the four staves.

in the wor - ship of my God I'll spend my dai - ly breath.

seek his bless - ing eve - ry noon, And pay my vows at night.

sin - ners per - ish in sur - prise Be - neath thine an - gry rod.

nei - ther fear nor trust thy name, Nor learn to do thy will.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of four staves (three treble, one bass) in 3/4 time, G major. The lyrics continue from the previous system, with line numbers 1 through 4 corresponding to the four staves.

**PSALM 55. S. M.***[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]*

5. But I, with all my cares,  
Will lean upon the Lord;  
I'll cast my burden on his arm,  
And rest upon his word.
6. His arm shall well sustain  
The children of his love;  
The ground on which their safety stands  
No earthly power can move.

**HYMN 233. S. M.***The Suffering Saviour.*

1. DID Christ o'er sinners weep?  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
2. The Son of God in tears  
Angels with wonder see;  
Be thou astonished, O my soul:  
He shed those tears for thee.
3. He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

**HYMN 261. S. M.***Grieving the Spirit.*

1. AND canst thou, sinner, slight  
The call of love divine?  
Shall God with tenderness invite,  
And gain no thought of thee?
2. Wilt thou not cease to grieve  
The Spirit from thy breast,  
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave  
With all thy sins oppressed?
3. To-day a pardoning God  
Will hear the suppliant pray;  
To-day a Saviour's cleansing blood  
Will wash thy guilt away.
4. But grace so dearly bought  
If yet thou wilt despise,  
Thy fearful doom with vengeance fraught  
Will fill thee with surprise.

**HYMN 603. S. M.***Value of Present Time.*

1. TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.
2. The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away;  
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.
3. Since on this winged hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken by thy almighty power  
The aged and the young.
4. One thing demands our care;  
Oh, be it still pursued,  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.
5. To Jesus may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light,  
Lest life's young golden beam should die  
In sudden, endless night.

**HYMN 625. S. M.***Peaceful Death.*

1. OH for the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord!  
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward!
2. Their bodies in the ground  
In silent hope may lie,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound  
Shall call them to the sky.
3. Their ransomed spirits soar  
On wings of faith and love,  
To meet the Saviour they adore,  
And reign with him above.
4. With us their names shall live  
Through long-succeeding years,  
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,  
Our praises and our tears.
5. Oh for the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord!  
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward!

[HYMN 301.]

**Vigorous.**

HASTINGS.

1. Je-sus, who knows full well The heart of every saint, In - vites us all our  
 2. He bows his gra - cious ear; We never plead in vain: Yet we must wait till

3. Tho' un-be - lief sug-gest, Why should we longer wait? He bids us nev - er  
 4. Je - sus the Lord will hear His chosen when they cry; Yes, though he may a

5. His na-ture, truth, and love, Engage him on their side: When they are grieved, his  
 6. Then let us ear - nest be, And never faint in prayer; He loves our im - por-

griefs to tell — To pray and nev - er faint, To pray and nev - er faint.  
 he ap - pear, And pray, and pray a - gain, And pray, and pray a - gain.

give him rest, But be im - por - tu - nate, But be im - por - tu - nate.  
 while for - bear, He'll help them from on high, He'll help them from on high.

bow - els move: And can they be de - nied? And can they be de - nied?  
 tu - ni - ty, And makes our cause his care, And makes our cause his care.

**HYMN 123. S. M.***The Law and Gospel contrasted.*

1. THE law by Moses came ;  
But peace, and truth, and love,  
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,  
Descending from above.
2. Amidst the house of God,  
Their different works were done ;  
Moses a faithful servant stood,  
But Christ, a faithful Son.
3. Then to his new commands  
Be strict obedience paid ;  
O'er all his Father's house he stands  
The sovereign and the head.
4. The man that durst despise  
The law that Moses brought,  
Behold, how terribly he dies  
For his presumptuous fault.
5. But sorer vengeance falls  
On that rebellious race  
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
And dare resist his grace.

**HYMN 125. S. M.***The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.*

1. THE Lord declares his will,  
And keeps the world in awe ;  
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill  
Breaks out his fiery law.
2. The Lord reveals his face,  
And, smiling, from above  
Sends down the gospel of his grace,  
The epistles of his love.
3. These sacred words impart  
Our Maker's just commands,  
The pity of his melting heart,  
And vengeance of his hands.
4. Hence we awake our fear,  
We draw our comfort hence ;  
The arms of grace are treasured here,  
And armour of defence.

5. We learn Christ crucified,  
And here behold his blood :  
All arts and knowledges beside  
Will do us little good.
6. We read the heavenly word,  
We take the offered grace,  
Obey the statutes of the Lord,  
And trust his promises.
7. In vain shall Satan rage  
Against a book divine,  
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,  
Where beams of mercy shine.

**HYMN 443. S. M.***A Morning Hymn.*

1. SEE how the rising sun  
Pursues his shining way,  
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise  
With every brightening ray.
2. Thus would my rising soul  
Its heavenly Parent sing,  
And to its great Original  
The humble tribute bring.
3. Serene I laid me down  
Beneath his guardian care ;  
I slept, and I awoke and found  
My kind Preserver near.
4. Thus does thine arm support  
This weak defenceless frame ;  
But whence these favours, Lord, to me  
All worthless as I am ?
5. Oh, 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 ;  
Tinged with 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 395.]

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant,  
by LOWELL MASON.

1. Your harps, ye tremb-ling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud  
2. Tho' in a for - eign land, We are not far from home, And

3. His grace will, to the end, Stronger and bright-er shine; Nor  
4. When we in dark-ness walk, Nor feel the heaven-ly flame, Then

5. Soon shall our doubts and fears Sub-side, at his con - trol: His  
6. Blest is the man, O God, That stays him-self on thee; Who

to the praise of love di - vine Bid eve - ry string a - wake.  
near - er to our house a - bove We eve - ry mo - ment come.

pre-sent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the love di - vine.  
is the time to trust our God And rest up - on his name.

lov - ing - kind - ness shall break through The midnight of the soul.  
waits for thy sal - va - tion, Lord, Shall thy sal - va - tion see.

**PSALM 1. S. M.***Second Part.*

1. THE man is ever blest  
Who shuns the sinners' ways,  
Among their counsels never stands,  
Nor takes the scorner's place;
2. But makes the law of God  
His study and delight,  
Amidst the labours of the day  
And watches of the night.
3. He like a tree shall thrive,  
With waters near the root;  
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;  
His works are heavenly fruit.
4. Not so th' ungodly race:  
They no such blessings find;  
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff  
Before the driving wind.
5. How will they bear to stand  
Before that judgment-seat,  
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand  
In full assembly meet?
6. He knows, and he approves,  
The way the righteous go;  
But sinners and their works shall meet  
A dreadful overthrow.

**PSALM 48. S. M.***First Part.*

1. GREAT is the Lord our God,  
And let his praise be great;  
He makes his churches his abode,  
His most delightful seat.
2. These temples of his grace,  
How beautiful they stand!  
The honours of our native place  
And bulwarks of our land.
3. In Sion God is known  
A refuge in distress;  
How bright has his salvation shone,  
How fair his heavenly grace!

4. When kings against her joined,  
And saw the Lord was there,  
In wild confusion of the mind,  
They fled with hasty fear.
5. When navies tall and proud  
Attempt to spoil our peace,  
He sends his tempests roaring loud,  
And sinks them in the seas.
6. Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secures the fold  
Where his own flocks have been.
7. In every new distress  
We'll to his house repair,  
Recall to mind his wondrous grace,  
And seek deliverance there.

**HYMN 342. S. M.***Christian Fellowship.*

1. BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
2. Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers:  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
4. When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
5. This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

[HYMN 442.]

LOWELL MASON.

1. The day is past and gone, The even-ing shades ap - pear;

2. We lay our garments by, Up - on our beds to rest;

3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears;

Oh, may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death draws near.

So death will soon dis - robe us all Of what is here pos - sessed.

May an - gels guard us, while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.

**HYMN 442. S. M.**

[Stanzas 1-3 in the music.]

4. And, when we early rise  
And view the unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
5. And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

**PSALM 73. S. M.***Third Part.*

1. SURE there's a righteous God,  
Nor is religion vain;  
Though men of vice may boast aloud,  
And men of grace complain.
2. I saw the wicked rise,  
And felt my heart repine,  
While haughty fools with scornful eyes  
In robes of honour shine.
3. Pampered with wanton ease,  
Their flesh looks full and fair;  
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,  
And grows without their care.
4. Free from the plagues and pains  
That pious souls endure,  
Through all their life oppression reigns,  
And racks the humble poor.
5. Their impious tongues blaspheme  
The everlasting God;  
Their malice blasts the good man's name,  
And spreads their lies abroad.
6. Then I, with flowing tears,  
Allowed my doubts to rise:  
"Is there a God that sees or hears  
The things below the skies?"
7. The tumult of my thought  
Held me in hard suspense,  
Till to thy house my feet were brought  
To learn thy justice thence.
8. Thy word with light and power  
Did my mistake amend;  
I viewed the sinner's life before,  
But here I learned his end.

9. On what a slippery steep  
The thoughtless wretches go!  
And, oh, that dreadful fiery deep  
That waits their fall below!
10. Lord, at thy feet I bow;  
My thoughts no more repine;  
I call my God my portion now,  
And all my powers are thine.

**HYMN 148. S. M.***Invitation.*

1. THE Lord on high proclaims  
His Godhead from his throne:  
"Mercy and justice are the names  
By which I will be known.
2. "Ye dying souls, that sit  
In darkness and distress,  
Look from the borders of the pit  
To my recovering grace."
3. Sinners shall hear the sound;  
Their thankful tongues shall own,  
"Our righteousness and strength is found  
In thee, the Lord, alone."
4. In thee shall Israel trust,  
And see their guilt forgiven;  
God will pronounce the sinners just,  
And take the saints to heaven.

**HYMN 403. S. M.***Warning against Self-Confidence.*

1. BEWARE of Peter's word,  
Nor confidently say,  
"I never will deny the Lord,"  
But, "Grant I never may."
2. Man's wisdom is to seek  
His strength in God alone;  
And e'en an angel would be weak  
Who trusted in his own.
3. Retreat beneath his wings,  
And in his grace confide;  
This more exalts the King of kings  
Than all your works beside.
4. In Jesus is our store;  
Grace issues from his throne;  
Whoever says, "I want no more,"  
Confesses he has none.

1. The Lord, the sove - reign King, Hath fixed his throne on high;

2. Ye au - gels great in might, And swift to do his will,

3. Let the bright hosts who wait The or - ders of their King,

4. While all his wond - rous works Through his vast king - dom show

O'er all the heavenly world he rules, And all be - neath the sky.

Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear, Whose plea - sure ye ful - fil.

And guard his churches when they pray, Join in the praise they sing;  
Their Ma - ker's glo - ry, thou, my soul, Shalt sing his prais - es too.

## PSALM 2. S. M.

*First Part.*

1. MAKER and sovereign Lord  
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,  
Thy providence confirms thy word  
And answers thy decrees.
2. The things so long foretold  
By David are fulfilled;  
When Jews and Gentiles join to slay  
Jesus, thy holy child.
3. Why did the Gentiles rage,  
And Jews, with one accord,  
Bend all their counsels to destroy  
The anointed of the Lord?
4. Rulers and kings agree  
To form a vain design;  
Against the Lord their powers unite,  
Against his Christ they join.
5. The Lord derides their rage,  
And will support his throne;  
He that hath raised him from the dead  
Hath owned him for his Son.

## PSALM 25. S. M.

*Second Part.*

1. WHERE shall the man be found  
That fears to offend his God,  
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,  
And trembles at the rod?
2. The Lord shall make him know  
The secrets of his heart,  
The wonders of his covenant show,  
And all his love impart.
3. The dealings of his power  
Are truth and mercy still  
With such as keep his covenant sure  
And love to do his will.
4. Their souls shall dwell at ease  
Before their Maker's face;  
Their seed shall taste the promises  
In their extensive grace.

## HYMN 385. S. M.

*Ingratitude deplored.*

1. IS this the kind return,  
And these the thanks we owe?  
Thus to abuse eternal love,  
Whence all our blessings flow!
2. To what a stubborn frame  
Has sin reduced our mind!  
What strange rebellious wretches we,  
And God as strangely kind!
3. On us he bids the sun  
Shed his reviving rays;  
For us the skies their circles run,  
To lengthen out our days.
4. The brutes obey their God,  
And bow their necks to men;  
But we, more base, more brutish things,  
Reject his easy reign.
5. Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
And mould our souls afresh;  
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of  
stone,  
And give us hearts of flesh.
6. Let past ingratitude  
Provoke our weeping eyes,  
And, hourly as new mercies fall,  
Let hourly thanks arise.

## HYMN 281. S. M.

*Believers dead to Sin.*

1. SHALL we go on to sin,  
Because thy grace abounds,  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all his wounds?
2. Forbid it, mighty God;  
Nor let it e'er be said  
That we, whose sins are crucified,  
Should raise them from the dead.
3. We will be slaves no more,  
Since Christ has made us free,  
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross  
And bought our liberty.

[PSALM 117, 3D PART.]

LOWELL MASON.

1. Thy name, al - migh - ty Lord, Shall sound thro' dis - tant lands;

2. Far be thine hon - our spread, And long thy praise en - dure,

Great is thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth for ev - er stands.

Till morning light and even - ing shade Shall be exchanged no more.

**PSALM 148. S. M.***Seventh Part.*

1. MONARCHS of wide command,  
Praise ye th' eternal King;  
Judges, adore that sovereign hand  
Whence all your honours spring.
2. Let vigorous youth engage  
To sound his praises high;  
While growing babes, with withering age,  
Their feeble voices try.
3. United zeal be shown  
His wondrous fame to raise:  
God is the Lord; his name alone  
Deserves our endless praise.
4. Let nature join with art,  
And all pronounce him blest;  
But saints, that dwell so near his heart,  
Should sing his praises best.

**HYMN 49. S. M.***Guilt and Helplessness of Man.*

1. AH! how shall fallen man  
Be just before his God?  
If he contend in righteousness,  
We fall beneath his rod.
2. If he our ways should mark  
With strict-inquiring eyes,  
Could we for one of thousand faults  
A just excuse devise?
3. All-seeing, powerful God,  
Who can with thee contend?  
Or who that tries the unequal strife  
Shall prosper in the end?
4. The mountains, in thy wrath,  
Their ancient seats forsake;  
The trembling earth deserts her place;  
Her rooted pillars shake.
5. Ah! how shall guilty man  
Contend with such a God?  
None, none can meet him and escape  
But through the Saviour's blood.

**HYMN 175. S. M.***Blessings of Christ's Advent.*

1. RAISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune;  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace has done.
2. Sing how eternal Love  
Its chief Belovéd chose,  
And bade him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.
3. His hand no thunder bears,  
Nor terror clothes his brow  
No bolts to drive our guilty soul  
To fiercer flames below.
4. 'Twas mercy filled the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardons down  
To rebels doomed to die.
5. Now, sinners, dry your tears;  
Let hopeless sorrow cease;  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offered peace.
6. Lord, we obey thy call;  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy name.

**HYMN 650. S. M.***Preparation to meet God.*

1. PREPARE me, gracious God,  
To stand before thy face;  
Thy Spirit must the work perform,  
For it is all of grace.
2. In Christ's obedience clothe,  
And wash me in his blood:  
So shall I lift my head with joy  
Among the sons of God.
3. Do thou my sins subdue,  
Thy sovereign love make known;  
The spirit of my mind renew,  
And save me in thy Son.
4. Let me attest thy power,  
Let me thy goodness prove,  
Till my full soul can hold no more  
Of everlasting love.

1. Oh, bless-ed souls are they Whose sins are cover-ed o'er; Di-

2. They mourn their follies past, And keep their hearts with care; Their

3. While I conceal-ed my guilt, I felt the fester-ing wound, Till

4. Let sin-ners learn to pray, Let saints keep near the throne; Our

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/2 time signature. It contains four lines of lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many whole and half notes.

vine - ly blest, to whom the Lord Im - putes their guilt no more.

lips and lives with - out de - ceit Shall prove their faith sin - cere.

I con-fessed my sins to thee, And rea - dy par-don found.

help in times of deep dis - tress Is found in God a - lone.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of four staves. The lyrics are split across the staves. The musical notation continues with similar note values and rests.

## HYMN 324. S. M. D.

*Rest found only in God.*

1. OIL, where shall rest be found,—  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole;  
The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'T is not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
2. Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.  
There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around "the second death"!
3. Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from thy face  
And evermore undone.  
Here would we end our quest:  
Alone are found in thee  
The life of perfect love, the rest  
Of immortality.

## HYMN 509. S. M.

*Blessedness of the Gospel Ministry.*

1. HOW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Sion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!
2. How charming is their voice!  
How sweet their tidings are!  
"Sion, behold thy Saviour-King;  
He reigns and triumphs here."
3. How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!

4. How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad:  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour, and their God.

## PSALM 23. S. M.

*Third Part.*

1. THE Lord my Shepherd is;  
I shall be well supplied;  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside?
2. He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
3. If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way  
For his most holy name.
4. While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear;  
Though I should walk through death's dark  
shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.
5. Amid surrounding foes  
Thou dost my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
6. The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my following days;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

[PSALM 63, 3D PART.]

Swiss Melody.

1. My God, per-mit my tongue This joy,—to call thee mine; And

2. My thirst-y, faint-ing soul Thy mer-cy doth im-plore; Not

3. With-in thy churches, Lord, I long to find my place, Thy

let my ear-ly cries pre-vail To taste thy love di-vine.

tra-vel-lers in dis-tant lands Can pant for wa-ter more.

power and glo-ry to be-hold, And feel thy quickening grace.

**PSALM 63. S. M.***[Stanzas 1-3 in the music.]*

4. For life without thy love  
No relish can afford;  
No joy can be compared with this,—  
To serve and please the Lord.
5. Since thou hast been my help,  
To thee my spirit flies,  
And on thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.
6. The shadow of thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps;  
I follow where my Father leads,  
And he supports my steps.

**PSALM 88. S. M.**

1. STRETCHED on a bed of grief,  
In silence long I lay;  
For sore disease and wasting pain  
Had worn my strength away.
2. How mourned my sinking soul  
The Sabbath's hours divine,  
The day of grace, that precious day,  
Consumed in sense and sin;
3. The work, the mighty work,  
Of life, so long delayed;  
Repentance, yet to be begun,  
Upon a dying bed!
4. Then to the Lord I prayed,  
And raised a bitter cry:—  
“Hear me, O God, and save my soul,  
Lest I for ever die.”
5. He heard my humble cry;  
He saved my soul from death:  
To him I'll give my heart and hands  
And consecrate my breath.
6. Ye sinners, fear the Lord  
While yet 't is called to-day;  
Soon will the awful voice of death  
Command your souls away.

**HYMN 116. S. M.***Sanctification implored.*

1. BEHOLD the leprous Jew,  
Oppressed with pain and grief,  
Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet  
For pity and relief.

2. “Oh, speak the word,” he cries,  
“And heal me of my pain:  
Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,  
To make a leper clean.”
3. Compassion moves his heart;  
He speaks the gracious word;  
The leper feels his strength return,  
And all his sickness cured.
4. To thee, dear Lord, I look,  
Sick of a worse disease;  
Sin is my painful malady,  
And none can give me ease.
5. But thy almighty grace  
Can heal my leprous soul:  
Oh, bathe me in thy precious blood,  
And that will make me whole.

**HYMN 540. S. M.***Communion with Christ and with Saints.*

1. JESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board;  
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold  
Communion with their Lord.
2. For food he gives his flesh;  
He bids us drink his blood;  
Amazing favour, matchless grace,  
Of our descending God!
3. This holy bread and wine  
Maintains our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord  
And interest in his death.
4. Our heavenly Father calls  
Christ and his members one;  
We the young children of his love,  
And he the first-born Son.
5. We are but several parts  
Of the same broken bread;  
One body hath its several limbs,  
But Jesus is the head.
6. Let all our powers be joined  
His glorious name to raise,  
Pleasure and love fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

[PSALM 125, 2D PART.]

(Probably of a German Origin.)

1. Firm and un-moved are they That rest their souls on God;

2. As mountains stood to guard The ci - ty's sa - cred ground,

3. What tho' the Fa - ther's rod Drop a chas - tis - ing stroke,

4. Deal gen - tly, Lord, with those Whose faith and pi - ous fear,

Firm as the mount where Da - vid dwelt, Or where the ark a - bode.

So God and his al - mighty love Em-brace his saints a - round.

Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep, Its fu - ry shall be broke.

Whose hope and love, and eve - ry grace, Proclaim their hearts sin - cere.

## PSALM 125. S. M.

[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]

5. Nor shall the tyrant's rage  
Too long oppress the saint:  
The God of Israel will support  
His children, lest they faint.
6. But if our slavish fear  
Will choose the road to hell,  
We must expect our portion there,  
Where bolder sinners dwell.

## PSALM 137. S. M.

*Second Part.*

1. I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.
2. I love thy church, O God!  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.
3. If e'er to bless thy sons  
My voice or hands deny,  
These hands let useful skill forsake,  
This voice in silence die.
4. If e'er my heart forget  
Her welfare or her woe,  
Let every joy this heart forsake,  
And every grief o'erflow.
5. For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.
6. Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways:  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
7. Jesus, thou Friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.
8. Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Sion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## PSALM 99. S. M.

*First Part.*

1. THE God Jehovah reigns:  
Let all the nations fear;  
Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
And saints be humble there.
2. Jesus the Saviour reigns:  
Let earth adore its Lord;  
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,  
Swift to fulfil his word.
3. In Sion stands his throne;  
His honours are divine;  
His church shall make his wonders known:  
For there his glories shine.
4. How holy is his name!  
How terrible his praise!  
Justice, and truth, and judgment, join  
In all his works of grace.

## PSALM 118. S. M.

*Fifth Part.*

1. SEE what a living stone  
The builders did refuse;  
Yet God hath build his church thereon  
In spite of envious Jews.
2. The scribe and angry priest  
Reject thine only Son;  
Yet on this Rock shall Sion 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 thine holy word,  
Which all this grace displays,  
And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
Our sacrifice of praise.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I

2. Thy shining grace can cheer This dun - geon where I dwell: 'Tis

3. The smilings of thy face, How a - mia - ble they are! 'Tis

can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art All in all.

par - a - dise when thou art here; If thou depart, 't is hell.

heaven to rest in thine em - brace, And no - where else but there.

**HYMN 23. S. M.***[Stanzas 1-3 in the music.]*

- 4 To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss:  
They sit around thy gracious throne  
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above  
Can make a heavenly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford—  
No, not a drop of real joy—  
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love  
Where all my pleasures roll,  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly,  
With infinito desire;  
And yet how far from thee I lie!  
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

**HYMN 642. S. M.***Joy in View of the Resurrection.*

1. AND must this body die,  
This mortal frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay?
2. God my Redeemer lives,  
And often from the skies  
Looks down and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.
3. Arrayed in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape and every face  
Look heavenly and divine.
4. These lively hopes we owe  
To Jesus' dying love:  
We would adore his grace below,  
And sing his power above.
5. Dear Lord, accept the praise  
Of these, our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

**PSALM 99. S. M.***Second Part.*

1. EXALT the Lord our God,  
And worship at his feet;  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is his seat.
2. When Israel was his church,  
When Aaron was his priest,  
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,  
He gave his people rest.
3. Oft he forgave their sins,  
Nor would destroy their race;  
And oft he made his justice known  
When they abused his grace.
4. Exalt the Lord our God,  
Whose grace is still the same;  
Still he's a God of holiness,  
And jealous for his name.

**PSALM 106. S. M.***Second Part.*

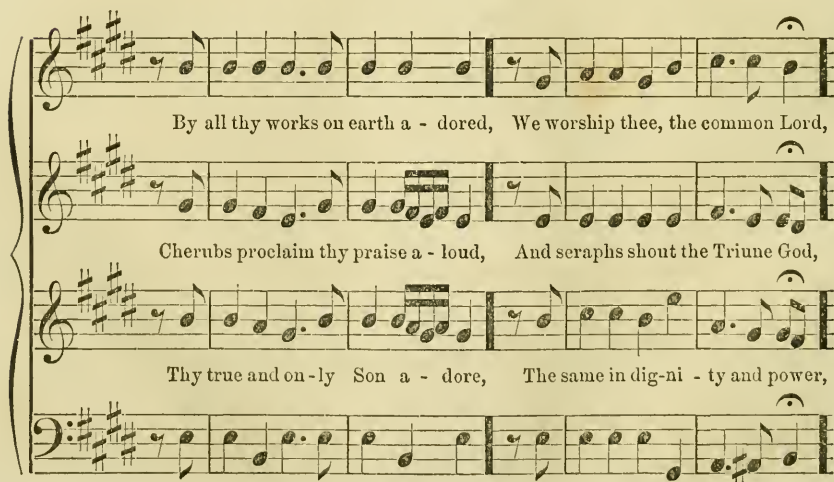
1. GOD of eternal love,  
How fickle are our ways!  
And yet how oft did Israel prove  
Thy constancy of grace!
2. They saw thy wonders wrought,  
And then thy praise they sung;  
But soon thy works of power forgot,  
And murmured with their tongue.
3. Now they believe his word,  
While rocks with rivers flow!  
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord;  
And he reduced them low.
4. Yet, when they mourned their faults,  
He hearkened to their groans,  
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,  
And called them still his sons.
5. Their names were in his book;  
He saved them from their foes;  
Oft he chastised, but ne'er forsook  
The people that he chose.
6. Let Israel bless the Lord,  
Who loved their ancient race,  
And Christians join the solemn word  
Amen to all the praise.



1. In - fi-nite God, to thee we raise Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;

2. Thee all the choir of angels sings, The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;

3. Fa-ther of endless ma-jes-ty, All might and love they ren-der thee;



By all thy works on earth a - dored, We worship thee, the common Lord,

Cherubs proclaim thy praise a - loud, And seraphs shout the Triune God,

Thy true and on-ly Son a - dore, The same in dig-ni - ty and power,

The ev-er-last-ing Father own, And bow our souls before thy throne.

And Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho-ly, cry; Thy glo - ry fills both earth and sky.

And God the Ho - ly Ghost declare The saints' e - ter - nal Comforter.

4. Messiah, joy of every heart,  
Thou, thou the King of glory art;  
With daily triumph we proclaim  
And bless and magnify thy name,  
And wait thy greatness to adore,  
When time and death shall be no more.

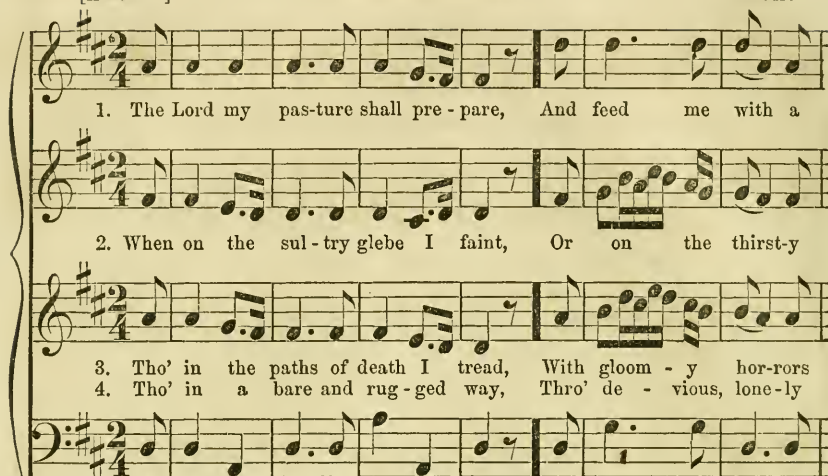
### HYMN 225. L. P. M.

*Christ the Hope of the Disconsolate.*

1. WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain:  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.
2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue  
Or do the sin I would not do,

Still He who felt temptation's power  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3. When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,  
Yet He who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
4. When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,  
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
5. And, oh, when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, for thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day  
And wipe the latest tear away.



1. The Lord my pas-ture shall pre-pare, And feed me with a

2. When on the sul-try glebe I faint, Or on the thirst-y

3. Tho' in the paths of death I tread, With gloom-y hor-rors

4. Tho' in a bare and rug-ged way, Thro' de-vicious, lone-ly



shep-herd's care; His pre-sence shall my wants sup-ply, And

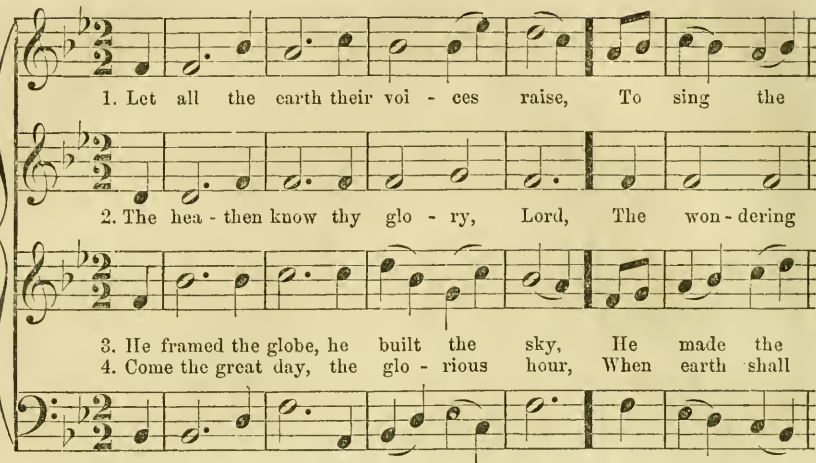
moun-tain pant, To fer-tile vales and dew-y meads My

o-ver-spread, My stead-fast heart shall fear no ill, For

wilds I stray, Thy boun-ty shall my pains be-guile,— The

guard me with a watch-ful eye: My noon-day walks he  
wea-ry, wandering steps he leads, Where peace-ful riv-ers,  
thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friend-ly arm shall  
bar-ren wild-er-ness shall smile, With sud-den green and

shall at-tend, And all my mid-night hours de-fend.  
soft and slow, A-mid the ver-dant land-scape flow.  
give me aid, And guide me thro' the dread-ful shade.  
herb-age crowned, And streams shall mur-mur all a-round.

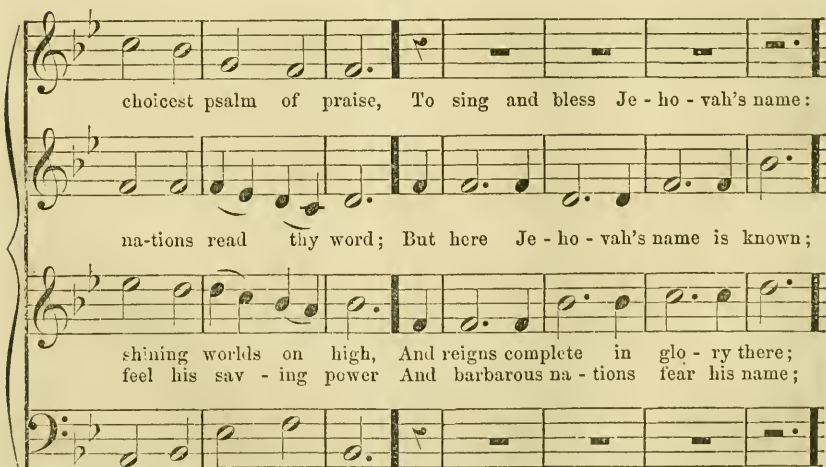


1. Let all the earth their voices raise, To sing the

2. The heaven know thy glory, Lord, The wondering

3. He framed the globe, he built the sky, He made the

4. Come the great day, the glorious hour, When earth shall



choicest psalm of praise, To sing and bless Je-ho-vah's name:

na-tions read thy word; But here Je-ho-vah's name is known;

shining worlds on high, And reigns complete in glory there;  
feel his saving power And barbarous nations fear his name;

His glo - ry let the hea - then know, His won - ders  
Nor shall our wor - ship e'er be paid To gods which  
His beams are ma - jes - ty and light: His beau - ties  
Then shall the race of men con - fess The beau - ty

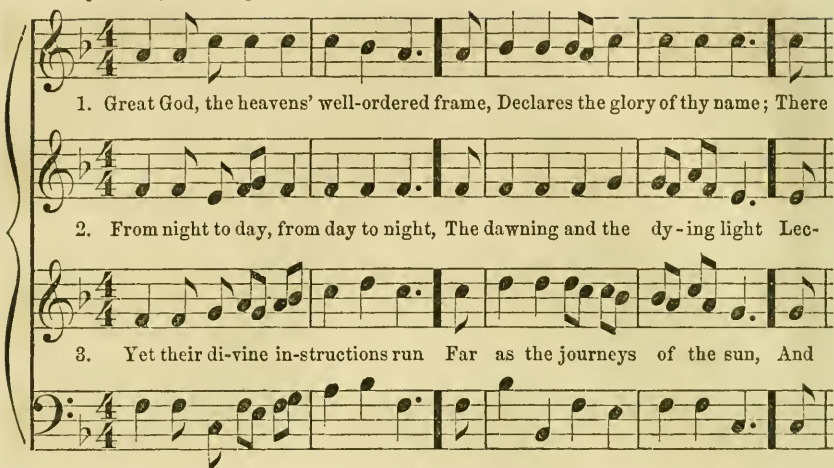
This musical system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a treble clef, containing the first line of lyrics. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment in G major with treble clefs, containing the second and third lines of lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major with a bass clef, containing the fourth line of lyrics. The music is in 4/4 time and features a variety of note values including eighth, quarter, and half notes, with some rests.

to the na-tions show, And all his sav - ing works proclaim.  
mor - tal hands have made: Our Ma - ker is our God a - lone.  
how di-vine - ly bright! His tem - ple how di-vine - ly fair!  
of his ho - li - ness, And in his courts his grace proclaim.

This musical system also consists of four staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It contains the final lines of the hymn. The notation includes various musical symbols such as beams, slurs, and repeat signs at the end of the system.

[PSALM 19, 4TH PART.]

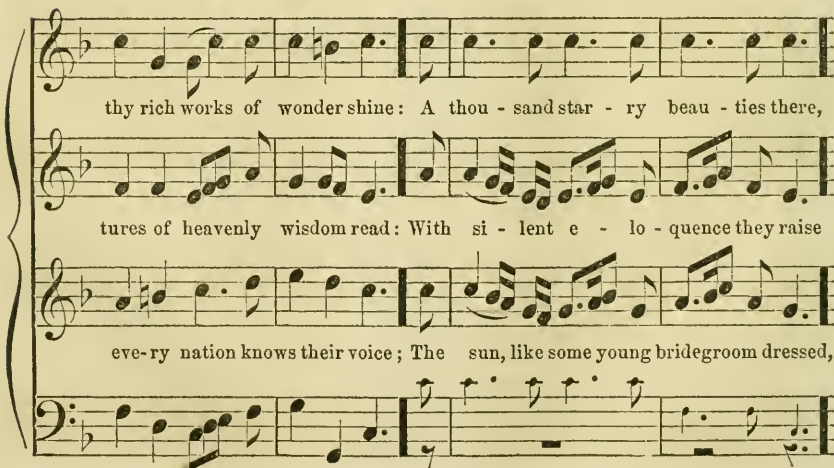
BOND.



1. Great God, the heavens' well-ordered frame, Declares the glory of thy name; There

2. From night to day, from day to night, The dawning and the dy-ing light Lec-

3. Yet their di-vine in-structions run Far as the journeys of the sun, And



thy rich works of wonder shine: A thou - sand star - ry beau - ties there,

tures of heavenly wisdom read: With si - lent e - lo - quence they raise

eve-ry nation knows their voice; The sun, like some young bridegroom dressed,

A thousand ra-diant marks ap - pear Of boundless power and skill di - vine.

Our thoughts to our Cre - a - tor's praise, And nei-ther sound nor language need.

Breaks from the chambers of the east, Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4. Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,  
He smiles, and speaks his Maker, God;  
All nature joins to show thy praise:  
Thus God in every creature shines;  
Fair is the book of nature's lines,  
But fairer is the book of grace.

**PSALM 146. L. P. M.**

1. I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.
2. Why should I make a man my trust?  
Princes must die and turn to dust:  
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;  
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,  
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;  
Nor can they make their promise good.
3. Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God: he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train;

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

4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind;  
He sends the labouring conscience peace;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
5. He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell;  
Thy God, O Sion, ever reigns:  
Let every tongue, let every age,  
In this exalted work engage;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.
6. I'll praise him while he lends me breath;  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

[HYMN 317.]

GERMAN.

1. O thou, that hearest the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death,

2. Slain in the guil - ty sin - ner's stead, His spotless righteous - ness I plead,  
That casts it - self on thee? I have no re - fuge of my own,  
And his a - ton - ing blood; Thy righteous - ness my robe shall be,

But fly to what my Lord has done And suf-fered once for me.

Thy mer-it shall a - vail for me, And bring me near to God.

3. Then snatch me from eternal death,  
The Spirit of adoption breathe,  
His consolation send;  
By him some word of life impart,  
And sweetly whisper to my heart,  
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4. The king of terrors then would be  
A welcome messenger to me  
To bid me come away:  
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,  
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,  
To everlasting day.

### HYMN 648. L. C. M.

*Apprehension of Judgment.*

1. WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt  
come  
To take thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand?

2. I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
Though vilest of them all;  
But (can I bear the piercing thought?)  
What if my name should be left out  
When thou for them shalt call?

3. Prevent, prevent it by thy grace!  
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place  
In this th' accepted day;  
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear,  
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4. Let me among thy saints be found,  
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall  
To see thy smiling face; [sound,  
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of sovereign grace.

[HYMN 185.]

1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh,

2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My

3. I'd sing the cha - rac - ters he bears, And

4. Soon the de - light - ful day will come, When

could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sa - viour shine;

ran - som from the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine:

all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne;

my dear Lord will call me home And I shall see his face:

I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings

I'd sing his glo-rious righteousness, In which all-perfect, heavenly dress

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise I would to ev - er - lasting days  
Then with my Sa-viour, Brother, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend,

In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - - er shine.

Make all his glo - ries known, Make all his glo - - ries known.  
Tri - umph - ant in his grace, Tri - umphant in his grace.

[HYMN 76.]

1. Awaked by Si-nai's awful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found,

2. When to the law I trembling fled, It poured its cur-ses on my head;

3. A-gain did Si-nai's thunders roll, And guilt lay hea-vy on my soul,

And knew not where to go; E-ter-nal truth did loud pro-claim,

I no re-lief could find; This fear-ful truth increased my pain,

A vast, op-pres-sive load; A-las! I read and saw it plain,

"The sin - ner must be born a - gain, Or sink to end - less woe."

"The sin - ner must be born a - gain," And 'whelmed my tortured mind.

"The sin - ner must be born a - gain, Or drink the wrath of God."

4. The saints I heard with rapture tell  
How Jesus conquered death and hell  
And broke the fowler's snare;  
Yet, when I found this truth remain,  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
I sunk in deep despair.
5. But, while I thus in anguish lay,  
The gracious Saviour passed this way,  
And felt his pity move;  
The sinner, by his justice slain,  
Now by his grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love.

### HYMN 613. L. C. M.

*Time and Eternity.*

1. LO! on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand;  
Yet how insensible!  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to yon heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.
2. O God, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtless heart  
Eternal things impress;

Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And save me ere it be too late;  
Wake me to righteousness.

3. Before me place, in bright array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day  
When thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at thy bar:  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
To meet a joyful doom?
4. Be this my one great business here,  
With holy trembling, holy fear,  
To make my calling sure,  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.
5. Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above,—  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope, in full, supreme delight  
And everlasting love.

[PSALM 148, 3D PART.]

HARWOOD.

1. Be-gin, my soul, th' exalted lay; Let each enraptured thought o - bey,

2. Ye fields of light, ce-les - tial plains, Where gay, transporting beau-ty reigns,

The first system of the musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The second system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The music is in a major key and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests.

And praise th' Almighty's name, Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,

Ye scenes di - vine - ly fair; Your Mak - er's wondrous power pro - claim,

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It features a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The music continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes, and includes a rest in the vocal line.

In one me-lo-dious con-cert rise, To swell th' in-spir-ing theme.

Tell how he formed your shin-ing frame And breathed the flu-id air.

3. Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,  
While all th' adoring thrones around  
His boundless mercy sing;  
Let every listening saint above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.
4. Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir:  
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,  
The mighty chorus aid!  
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,  
Thou moon, protract the melting strain,  
And praise him in the shade.
5. Let every element rejoice:  
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice  
To him who bids you roll!  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.
6. Let man, for nobler service made,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
In heavenly praise employ:
- Spread his tremendous name around,  
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the  
The general burst of joy. [sound,
7. Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,  
Nursed on the downy lap of ease,  
Fall prostrate at his throne;  
Ye princes, rulers, all adore;  
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your  
An image of his own. [power
8. Let youth its ardent passions move,  
To praise th' eternal Source of love,  
With all its hallowed fire:  
Let age take up the tuneful lay,  
Sigh his blest name, then soar away  
And ask an angel's lyre.
9. Let saints, redeemed from death and hell,  
In louder, loftier numbers tell  
The wonders of his grace;  
Beyond creation's utmost bounds,  
Above her noblest, sweetest sounds,  
Declare Jehovah's praise.

[HYMN 243.]

Words and music by H.

*Moderato.*

1. How calm and beau-ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa-cred tomb,

2. Ye mourning saints, dry eve - ry tear For your de-part-ed Lord;

3. Now cheerful to the house of prayer Your ear-ly footsteps bend,

Where once the Cru-ci - fied was borne And veiled in midnight gloom!

"Be-hold the place: he is not here;" The tomb is all un - barred;

The Saviour will him - self be there, Your Ad - vo - cate and Friend:

Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain : The Lord is risen ; he lives a - gain.

The gates of death were closed in vain : The Lord is risen ; he lives a - gain.

Once by the law your hopes were slain, But now in Christ ye live a - gain.

4. How tranquil now the rising day !  
 'Tis Jesus still appears,—  
 A risen Lord to chase away  
 Your unbelieving fears:  
 Oh, weep no more your comforts slain :  
 The Lord is risen ; he lives again.

5. And when the shades of evening fall,  
 When life's last hour draws nigh,  
 If Jesus shines upon the soul,  
 How blissful then to die !  
 Since He has risen who once was slain,  
 Ye die in Christ to live again.

### HYMN 234. C. L. M.

*Christ's Agony.*

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

2. The sun set in a fearful hour,  
 The stars might well grow dim,

When this mortality had power  
 So to o'ershadow him !  
 That he who gave man's breath might know  
 The very depths of human woe.

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

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

5. And was the Sinless thus beset  
 With anguish and dismay ?  
 How may we meet our conflict yet  
 In the dark, narrow way ?  
 Through him—through him that path who  
 Save, or we perish, Son of God. [trd :

[PSALM 122, 2D PART.]

1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the peo-ple cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day!"

2. Zion, thrice happy place, Adorned with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round;

3. There David's greater Son Has fixed his royal throne: He sits for grace and judgment there:

4. May peace attend thy gate, And joy within thee wait, To bless the soul of eve-ry guest:

5. My tongue repeats her vows, Peace to this sacred house! For here my friends and kindred dwell;

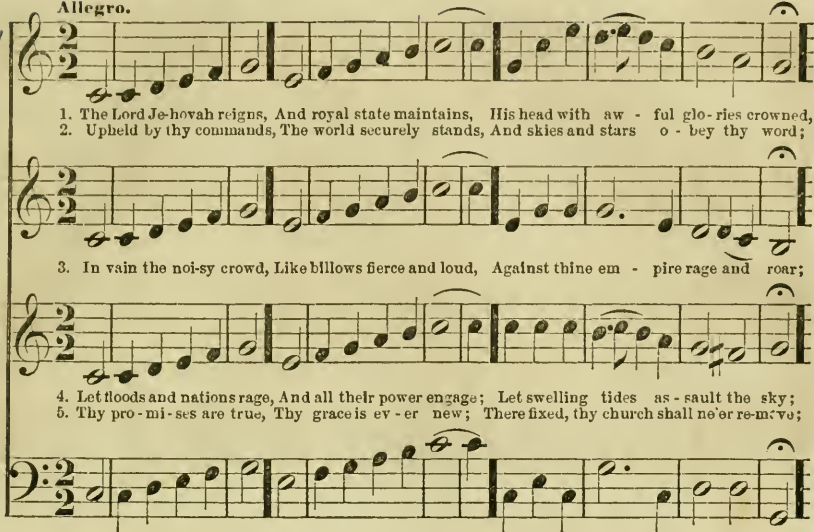
Yes, with a cheerful zeal We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and honours pay.  
In thee our tribes appear, To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

He bids the saints be glad, He makes the sinners sad, And humble souls rejoice with fear.

The man that seeks thy peace And wishes thine increase, A thousand blessings on him rest!  
And since my glorious God Makes thee his blest a-bode, My soul shall ever love thee well.

[PSALM 93, 3D PART.]

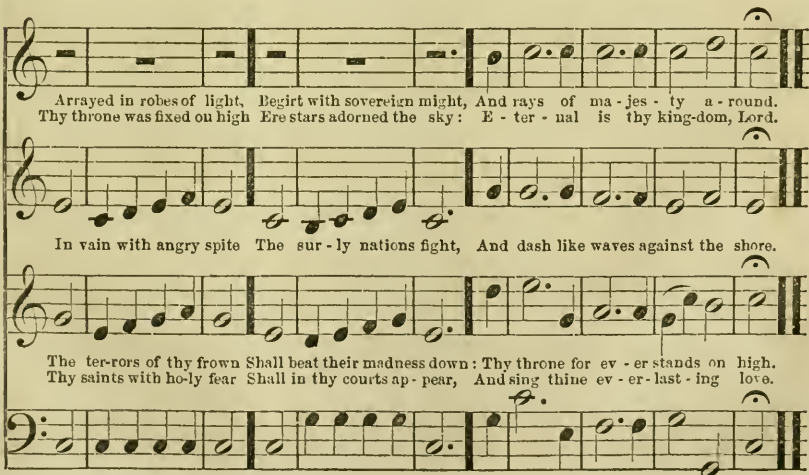
CARMINA SACRA.

**Allegro.**


1. The Lord Je-hovah reigns, And royal state maintains, His head with aw - ful glo-ries crowned,  
 2. Upheld by thy commands, The world securely stands, And skies and stars o - bey thy word;

3. In vain the noi-sy crowd, Like billows fierce and loud, Against thine em - pire rage and roar;

4. Let floods and nations rage, And all their power engage; Let swelling tides as - sault the sky;  
 5. Thy pro-mi-ses are true, Thy graces ev - er new; There fixed, thy church shall ne'er re-mo-ve;



Arrayed in robes of light, Begirt with sovereign might, And rays of ma-jes - ty a-round.  
 Thy throne was fixed on high Ere stars adorned the sky: E - ter - nal is thy king-dom, Lord.

In vain with angry spite The sur - ly nations fight, And dash like waves against the shore.

The ter-rors of thy frown Shall beat their madness down: Thy throne for ev - er stands on high.  
 Thy saints with ho-ly fear Shall in thy courts ap - pear, And sing thine ev - er - last - ing love.

[HYMN 1.]

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns; His throne is built on high; The gar-ments

2. The thunders of his hand Keep the wide world in awe; His wrath and

3. Through all his ancient works Sur - pris - ing wisdom shines; Confounds the

4. And can this might - ty King Of glo - ry con-de-scent, And will he

he assumes Are light and ma-jes-ty. His glo-ries shine with

jus-tice stand To guard his ho-ly law; And where his love re-

powers of hell, And breaks their cursed designs. Strong is his arm, and

write his name, My Fa-ther and my Friend? I love his name, I

beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight:

solves to bless, His truth con - firms and seals the grace.

shall ful - fil His great de - crees, his sove - reign will.  
love his word; Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord.

## HYMN 196. H. M.

*Titles of Christ.*

- 1 JESUS, my great High-Priest,  
Offered his blood and died:  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside.  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.
2. To this dear Surety's hand  
Will I commit my cause:  
He answers and fulfils  
His Father's broken laws.  
Behold my soul at freedom set:  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.
3. My Advocate appears  
For my defence on high;  
The Father bows his ears,  
And lays his thunder by.  
Not all that hell or sin can say  
Shall turn his heart, his love, away.
4. My great and glorious Lord,  
My Conqueror and my King,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace, I sing.  
Thine is the power: behold, I sit  
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.
5. Now let my soul arise  
And tread the tempter down:  
My Captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown.  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
6. Should all the hosts of death,  
And powers of hell unknown,  
Put their most dreadful forms  
Of rage and mischief on,  
I shall be safe; for Christ displays  
Superior power and guardian grace.

[PSALM 148, 1ST PART.]

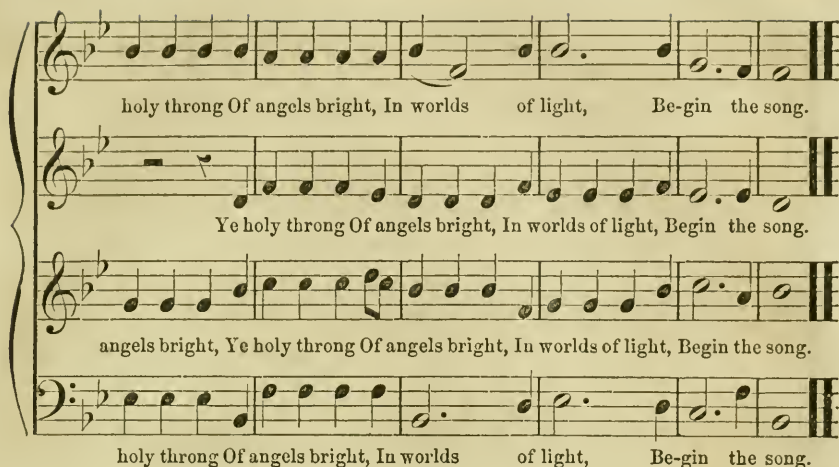
EDSON.

1. Ye tribes of Adam, join With heaven, and earth, and seas, And of-fer notes di-

vine To your Cre-a-tor's praise. Ye

vine, To your Cre-a-tor's praise, Ye holy throng Of

Ye holy throng Of angels bright, Ye



holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Be-gin the song.

Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Begin the song.

angels bright, Ye holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Begin the song.

holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Be-gin the song.

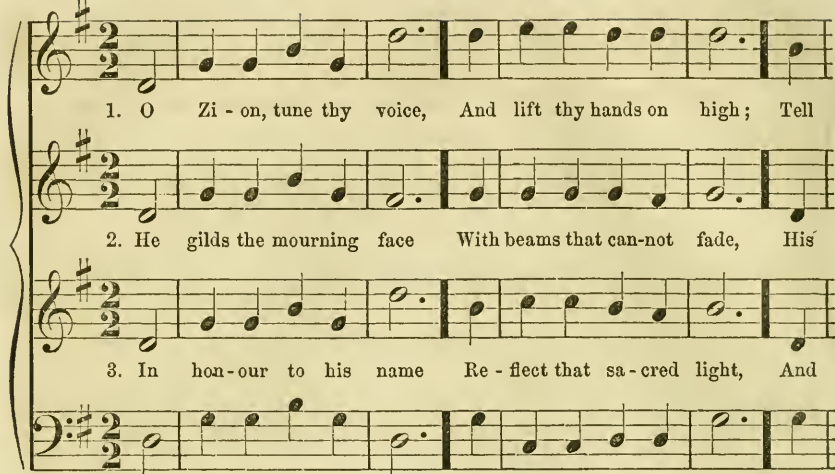
2. Thou sun, with dazzling rays,  
And moon, that rules the night,  
Shine to your Maker's praise,  
With stars of twinkling light  
His power declare,  
Ye floods on high,  
And clouds that fly  
In empty air.
3. The shining worlds above  
In glorious order stand,  
Or in swift courses move  
By his supreme command.  
He spake the word,  
And all their frame  
From nothing came  
To praise the Lord.
4. He moved their mighty wheels  
In unknown ages past,  
And each his word fulfils,  
While time and nature last.  
In different ways  
His works proclaim  
His wondrous name,  
And speak his praise.

### HYMN 555. H. M.

*The Gospel Jubilee.*

1. BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;  
The gladly-solemn sound,  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of Jubilee is come:  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
2. Exalt the Son of God,  
The sin-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in his blood  
To all the world proclaim:  
The year, &c.
3. Ye who have sold for nought  
Your heritage above,  
Come, take it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love:  
The year, &c.
4. The gospel-trumpet sounds;  
Let all the nations hear,  
And earth's remotest bounds  
Before the throne appear:  
The year, &c.

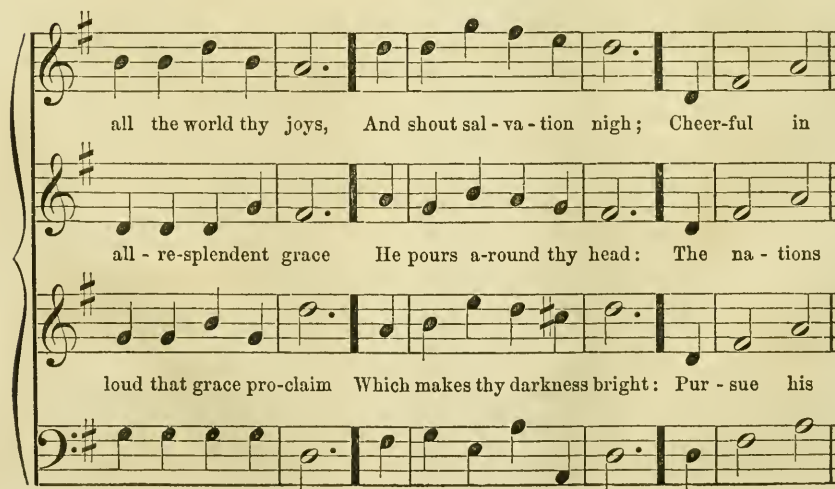
[HYMN 581.]



1. O Zi - on, tune thy voice, And lift thy hands on high; Tell

2. He gilds the mourning face With beams that can-not fade, His

3. In hon-our to his name Re - flect that sa - cred light, And



all the world thy joys, And shout sal - va - tion nigh; Cheer-ful in

all - re-splendent grace He pours a-round thy head: The na - tions

loud that grace pro-claim Which makes thy darkness bright: Pur - sue his

God, a - rise and shine; While rays di - vine stream all a - broad.  
 round thy form shall view, With lus - tre new di - vine - ly crowned.  
 praise till sove-reign love In worlds a - bove thy glo - ry raise.

4. There on his holy hill  
 A brighter sun shall rise,  
 And with his radiance fill  
 Those fairer, purer skies;  
 While round his throne ten thousand stars  
 In nobler spheres his influence own.

### HYMN 501. H. M.

*On Opening a new Place of Worship.*

1. IN sweet, exalted strains  
 The King of glory praise;  
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
 Through everlasting days:  
 He with a nod the world controls,  
 Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
2. To earth he bends his throne,  
 His throne of grace divine:  
 Wide is his bounty known,  
 And wide his glories shine;  
 Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,  
 Is with his smiles and presence blest.
3. Then, King of glory, come,  
 And with thy favour crown
- This temple as thy dome,  
 This people as thy own:  
 Beneath this roof, oh, deign to show  
 How God can dwell with men below.
4. Here may thine ears attend  
 Our interceding cries,  
 And grateful praise ascend  
 All fragrant to the skies:  
 Here may thy word melodious sound,  
 And spread celestial joys around.
5. Here may th' attentive throng  
 Imbibe thy truth and love,  
 And converts join the song  
 Of seraphim above;  
 And willing crowds surround thy board,  
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.
6. Here may our unborn sons  
 And daughters sound thy praise,  
 And shine like polished stones  
 Through long-succeeding days;  
 Here, Lord, display thy saving power,  
 While temples stand, and men adore.

[HYMN 240.]

LOWELL MASON.

*Moderato.*

1. Yes; the Re-deem-er rose, The Saviour left the dead, And o'er our hell-ish foes High

2. Lo! the an-ge-lic bands In full as-sem-bly meet, To wait his high commands And

3. Then back to heaven they fly, The joy-ful news to bear: Hark! as they soar on high. What

4. Ye mortals, catch the sound, Redeemed by him from hell, And send the e-cho round The

raised his conquering head; In wild dis-may, the guards around Fall to the ground and sink a-way.

worship at his feet; Joy-ful they come, and wing their way From realms of day to Je-sus' tomb.

mu-sic fills the air! Their anthems say: "Jesus, who bled, Hath left the dead; He rose to-day,"

globe on which you dwell: Trans-ported, cry, "Je-sus, who bled, Hath left the dead, no more to die."

## HYMN 240. H. M.

[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]

5. All hail, triumphant Lord,  
 Who savest us with thy blood!  
 Wide be thy name adored,  
 Thou rising, reigning God:  
 With thee we rise,  
 With thee we reign, and empires gain  
 Beyond the skies.

## PSALM 84. H. M.

*Fourth Part.*

1. LORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair  
 The dwellings of thy love,  
 Thy earthly temples are!  
 To thine abode  
 My heart aspires, with warm desires  
 To see my God.
2. The sparrow for her young  
 With pleasure seeks a nest,  
 And wandering swallows long  
 To find their wonted rest:  
 My spirit faints,  
 With equal zeal, to rise and dwell  
 Among thy saints.
3. Oh, happy souls, that pray  
 Where God appoints to hear!  
 Oh, happy men, that pay  
 Their constant service there!  
 They praise thee still;  
 And happy they that love the way  
 To Zion's hill.
4. They go from strength to strength  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
 Till each arrives at length,  
 Till each in heaven appears:  
 Oh, glorious seat,  
 When God our King shall thither bring  
 Our willing feet.
5. To spend one sacred day  
 Where God and saints abide  
 Affords diviner joy  
 Than thousand days beside:  
 Where God resorts,  
 I love it more to keep the door  
 Than shine in courts.

6. God is our sun and shield,  
 Our light and our defence;  
 With gifts his hands are filled;  
 We draw our blessings thence:  
 He shall bestow  
 On Jacob's race peculiar grace,  
 And glory too.

7. The Lord his people loves;  
 His hand no good withholds  
 From those his heart approves,—  
 From pure and pious souls;  
 Thrice happy he,  
 O God of hosts, whose spirit trusts  
 Alone in thee.

## PSALM 121. H. M.

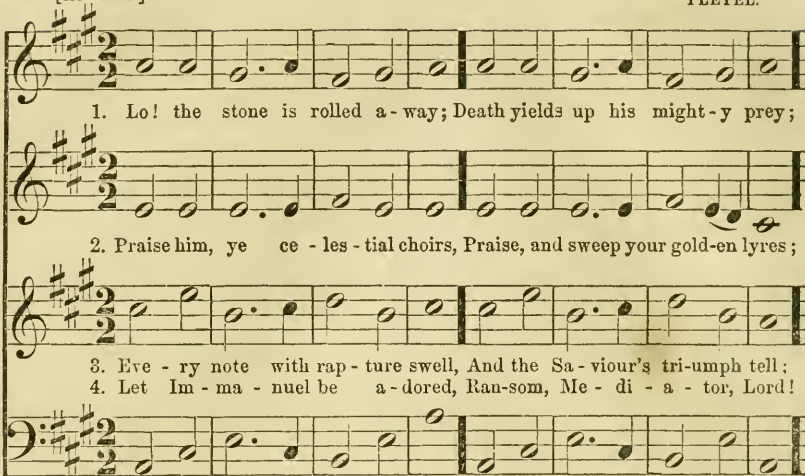
*Third Part.*

1. UPWARD I lift my eyes;  
 From God is all my aid,—  
 The God that built the skies,  
 And earth and nature made:  
 God is the tower  
 To which I fly; his grace is nigh  
 In every hour.
2. My feet shall never slide  
 And fall in fatal snares,  
 Since God, my guard and guide,  
 Defends me from my fears.  
 Those wakeful eyes,  
 That never sleep, shall Israel keep  
 When dangers rise.
3. No burning heats by day,  
 No blasts of evening air,  
 Shall take my health away  
 If God be with me there:  
 Thou art my sun,  
 And thou my shade, to guard my head  
 By night or noon.
4. Hast thou not given thy word  
 To save my soul from death?  
 And I can trust my Lord  
 To keep my mortal breath:  
 I'll go and come,  
 Nor fear to die, till from on high  
 Thou call me home.

# 196 GERMAN HYMN, or PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

[HYMN 245.]

PLEYEL.

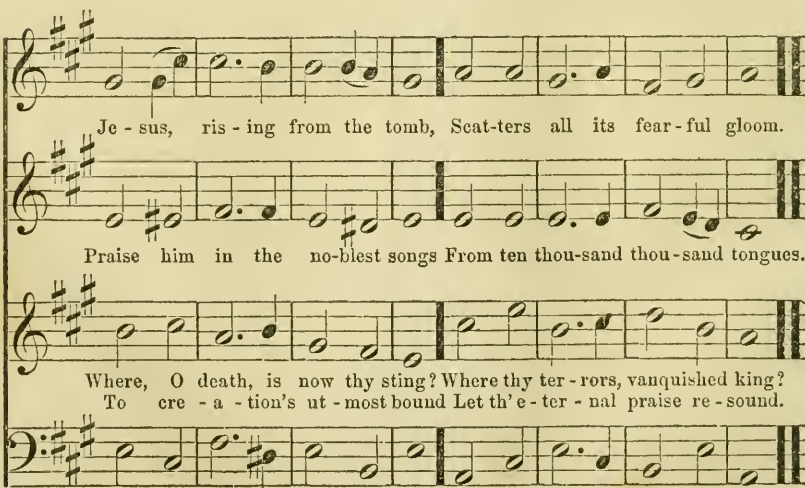


1. Lo! the stone is rolled a-way; Death yields up his might-y prey;

2. Praise him, ye ce - les - tial choirs, Praise, and sweep your gold-en lyres;

3. Eve - ry note with rap - ture swell, And the Sa - viour's tri-umph tell;

4. Let Im - ma - nuel be a - dored, Ran-som, Me - di - a - tor, Lord!



Je - sus, ris - ing from the tomb, Scat-ters all its fear-ful gloom.

Praise him in the no-blest songs From ten thou-sand thou-sand tongues.

Where, O death, is now thy sting? Where thy ter - rors, vanquished king?

To cre - a - tion's ut - most bound Let th'e - ter - nal praise re - sound.

**HYMN 117. 7s.***Exhortation to Perseverance.*

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing:  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
2. Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
3. O ye mourning souls, be glad;  
Christ our Advocate is made;  
Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.
4. Shout, ye little flock, and, blest,  
Soon you'll enter into rest;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.
5. Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,  
Bids us undismayed go on.
6. Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

**HYMN 242. 7s.***Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

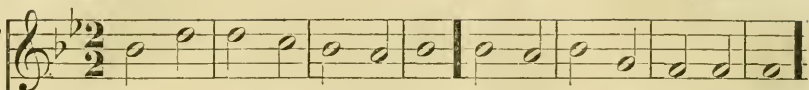
1. HARK! the herald-angels say,  
Christ the Lord has risen to-day;  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Let the glorious tidings fly.
2. Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won;  
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids him rise;  
Christ has opened paradise.

4. Lives again our glorious King:  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once he died our souls to save:  
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
5. What though once we perished all,  
Partners of our parents' fall?  
Second life we now receive,  
And in Christ for ever live.
6. Hail! thou dear almighty Lord;  
Hail! thou great incarnate Word;  
Hail! thou suffering Son of God;  
Take the trophies of thy blood.

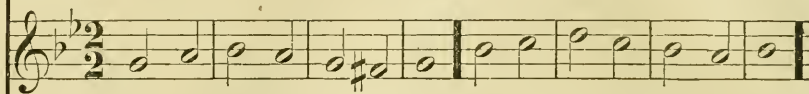
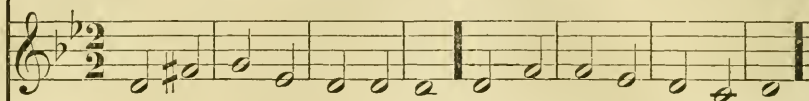
**HYMN 73. 7s.***Repentance through Grace.*

1. SOVEREIGN grace hath power alone  
To subdue a heart of stone;  
And the moment grace is felt,  
Then the hardest heart will melt.
2. When the Lord was crucified,  
Two transgressors with him died;  
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,  
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.
3. Thus he spent his wicked breath  
In the very jaws of death;  
Perished, as too many do,  
With the Saviour in his view.
4. But the other, touched with grace,  
Saw the danger of his case,  
Faith received to own the Lord  
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.
5. "Lord," he prayed, "remember me  
When in glory thou shalt be:"  
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,  
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."
6. This was wondrous grace indeed,—  
Grace bestowed in time of need.  
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name;  
You shall find him still the same.

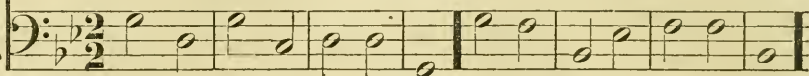
[HYMN 268.]



1. Gracious Spi - rit, Love di - vine, Let thy light with - in me shine;



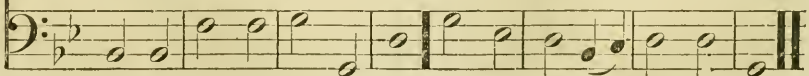
2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me; Set the burdened sin - ner free;



All my guilt - y fears re-move; Fill me full of heaven and love.



Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in his pre - cious blood.



**HYMN 268. 7s.***[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]*

3. Life and peace to me impart;  
Seal salvation on my heart;  
Breathe thyself into my breast,  
Earnest of immortal rest.
4. Let me never from thee stray;  
Keep me in the narrow way;  
Fill my soul with joy divine;  
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

**HYMN 192. 7s.***Constancy of Christ's Love.*

1. HARK, my soul, it is the Lord:  
'T is thy Saviour, hear his word:  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:—  
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
2. "I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when wounded, healed thy wound,  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
3. "Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be;  
Yet will I remember thee.
4. "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above;  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
5. "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
6. Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint:  
Yet I love thee, and adore;  
Oh for grace to love thee more!

**HYMN 305. 7s.***Encouragement to Prayer.*

1. COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2. Thou art coming to a King;  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For his grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
3. With my burden I begin;  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
4. Lord, I come to thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain;  
And without a rival reign.
5. While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.
6. Show me what I have to do;  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith;  
Let me die thy people's death.

**HYMN 456. 7s.***Delights of Public Worship.*

1. LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,  
E'en on earth, thy temples are!  
Here thy waiting people see  
Much of heaven, 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 thou makest thy glories known;  
Here we learn thy righteous ways,  
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
4. Thus, with sacred songs of joy,  
We our happy lives employ;  
Love, and long to love thee more,  
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

[HYMN 143.]

Slew; with tenderness and delicacy.

"SPIRITUAL SONGS."

1. Sin - ner, art thou still se - cure? Wilt thou still re - fuse to pray?

2. See, his mighty arm is bared; Aw - ful terrors clothe his brow;

3. At his presence na - ture shakes; Earth affright-ed hastes to flee;

4. Who his coming may a - bide? You, that glo - ry in your shame,

5. Lord, prepare us by thy grace; Soon we must re - sign our breath,

Can thy heart or hand eu - dure In the Lord's a - veng-ing day?

For his judgments stand pre-pared: Thon must ei - ther break or bow.  
So - lid mountains melt like wax: What will then be - come of thee?

Will you find a place to hide When the world is wrapped in flame?  
And our souls be called to pass Through the i - ron gate of death.

**HYMN 6. 7s.***Sovereignty of God.*

1. SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise!  
All my times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command.
2. His decree who formed the earth  
Fixed my first and second birth:  
Parents, native place, and time,  
All appointed were by him.
3. He that formed me in the womb,  
He shall guide me to the tomb;  
All my times shall ever be  
Ordered by his wise decree.
4. Times of sickness, times of health;  
Times of penury and wealth;  
Times of trial and of grief;  
Times of triumph and relief;
5. Times the tempter's power to prove;  
Times to taste a Saviour's love;  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
6. Thee at all times will I bless;  
Having thee, I all possess:  
How can I bereaved be,  
Since I cannot part with thee!

**HYMN 287. 7s.***An Anxious Inquiry.*

1. 'TIS a point I long to know;  
Oft it causes anxious thought:—  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?
2. If I love, why am I thus?  
Why this dull and lifeless frame?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse  
Who have never heard his name!
3. Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,  
Every trifle give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4. When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild:  
Filled with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child?
5. If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mixed with all I do;  
You who love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me, is it thus with you?
6. Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall:  
Should I grieve for what I feel  
If I did not love at all?
7. Could I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorred,  
Find at times the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord?
8. Lord, decide the doubtful case,  
Thou who art thy people's Sun:  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.
9. Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray;  
If I have not loved before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

**HYMN 649. 7s.***Terrors of Judgment.*

1. IN the sun and moon and stars  
Signs and wonders there shall be;  
Earth shall quake with inward wars,  
Nations with perplexity.
2. Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;  
Wildier storms the mountains sweep,  
Louder thunders rock the skies.
3. Dread alarm shall shake the proud,  
Pale amazement, restless fear;  
And, amid the thunder-cloud,  
Shall the Judge of men appear.
4. But, though from his awful face  
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,  
Fear not ye, his chosen race;  
Your redemption draweth nigh.

1. Hearts of stone, re - lent, re - lent, Break, by Je - sus' cross sub - dued;

2. Yes, our sins have done the deed, Driven the nails that fixed him there,

3. Will you let him die in vain, Still to death pur - sue the Lord,

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/2. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with whole and half notes.

See his bo - dy, mangled, rent, Covered with his flow - ing blood:

Crowned with thorns his sa - cred head, Pierced him with a sol - dier's spear;

O - pen tear his wounds a - gain, Tram - ple on his pre - cious blood?

The musical score continues with four staves. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/2. The music continues in the same simple, hymn-like style.

Sin - ful soul, what hast thou done? Cru - ci - fied th' in - car - nate Son.

Made his soul a sa - cri - fice: For a sin - ful world he dies.

No; with all my sins I'll part: Saviour, take my bro - ken heart.

**HYMN 203. 7s.***Christ our Example in Suffering.*

1. GO to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye who feel the tempter's power;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see;  
Watch with him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from his griefs away:  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
2. Follow to the judgment-hall;  
View the Lord of life arraigned;  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!  
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:  
Learn of him to bear the cross.
3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb:  
There, adoring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,—  
God's own sacrifice complete:  
"It is finished!" hear him cry:  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
4. Early hasten to the tomb  
Where they laid his breathless clay;  
All is solitude and gloom:  
Who hath taken him away?  
Christ has risen; he meets our eyes:  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

**HYMN 527. 7s.***Come and Welcome.*

1. FROM the cross uplifted high,  
Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What melodious sounds I hear,  
Bursting on my ravished ear!  
Love's redeeming work is done:  
Come and welcome, sinner; come.
2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
On my piercéd body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid;  
Bow the knee and kiss the Son:  
Come and welcome, sinner; come.
3. Spread for thee the festal board,  
See with richest dainties stored;  
To thy Father's bosom pressed,  
Yet again a child confessed,  
Never from his house to roam:  
Come and welcome, sinner; come.
4. Soon the days of life shall end;  
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,  
Safe your spirits to convey  
To the realms of endless day:  
Up to my eternal home,  
Come and welcome, sinners; come.

[HYMN 409.]

GERMAN.

Vivace.

1. { Once I thought my mountain strong, Firm-ly fixed, no more to move; }  
 { Then my Sa - viour was my song, Then my soul was filled with love: }

2. { Lit - tle then my - self I knew, Lit - tle thought of Sa - tan's power; }  
 { Now I feel my sins re - new, Now I feel the storm - y hour: }

3. { Saviour, shine, and cheer my soul, Bid my dy - ing hopes re - vive; }  
 { Make my wounded spi - rit whole, Far a - way the tempt - er drive: }

Those were hap - py, gold - en days, Sweet-ly spent in prayer and praise.

Sin has put my joys to flight, Sin has turned my day to night.

Speak the word and set me free; Let me live a - lone to thee.

**HYMN 132. 7s.***The Gospel's Welcome.*

1. NOW begin the heavenly theme;  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;  
Ye, who his salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.
2. Ye, who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears;  
Banish all your guilty fears;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancelled by redeeming love.
4. Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves to death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove;  
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
5. Welcome all by sin oppressed,  
Welcome to his sacred rest:  
Nothing brought him from above—  
Nothing—but redeeming love.
6. When his Spirit leads us home,  
When we to his glory come,  
We shall all the fulness prove  
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

**HYMN 166. 7s.***Invitation accepted.*

1. AM I called? and can it be?  
Has my Saviour chosen me?  
Guilty, wretched as I am,  
Has he named my worthless name?  
Vilest of the vile am I:  
Dare I raise my hopes so high?
2. Am I called? I dare not stay,—  
May not, must not, disobey;  
Here I lay me at thy feet,  
Clinging to the mercy-seat;  
Thine I am, and thine alone;  
Lord, with me thy will be done.

3. Am I called? what shall I bring  
As an offering to my King?  
Poor, and blind, and naked, I  
Trembling at thy footstool lie:  
Naught but sin I call my own,  
Nor for sin can sin atone.
4. Am I called? an heir of God!  
Washed, redeemed by precious blood!  
Father, lead me in thy hand;  
Guide me to that better land  
Where my soul shall be at rest,  
Pillowed on my Saviour's breast.

**HYMN 474. 7s.***Before Sermon.*

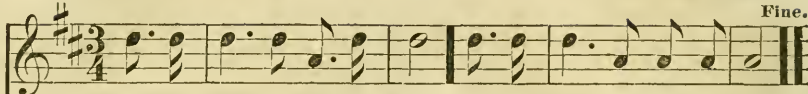
1. LORD, we come before thee now;  
At thy feet we humbly bow;  
Oh, do not our suit disdain:  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
2. Lord, on thee our souls depend;  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
3. In thine own appointed way  
Now we seek thee, here we stay;  
Lord, we know not how to go  
Till a blessing thou bestow.
4. Send some message from thy word  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
5. Comfort those who weep and mourn;  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those who are cast down, lift up;  
Make them strong in faith and hope.
6. Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind:  
Heal the sick, the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

# 206 ROCK OF AGES, or TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines.

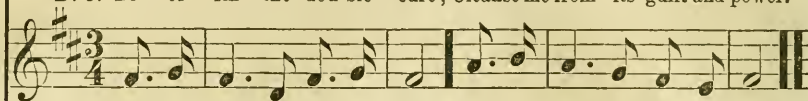
[HYMN 199.]

HASTINGS.

Fine.

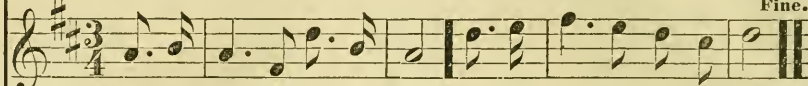


1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;  
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

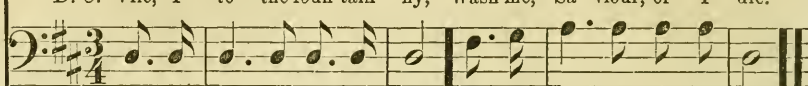


2. Not the la - bour of my hands Can ful - fil the law's de - mands;  
D. C. All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and thou a - lone.

Fine.



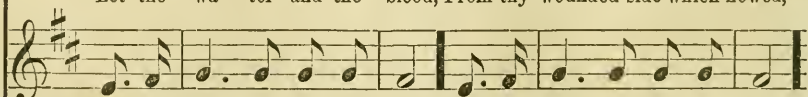
3. No - thing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling;  
D. C. Vile, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sa - viour, or I die.



D. C.

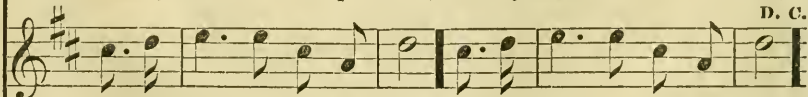


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

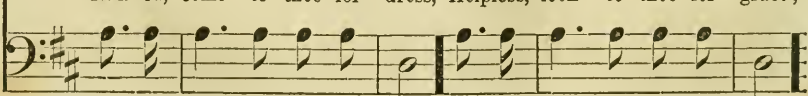


Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,

D. C.



Nak - ed, come to thee for dress, Helpless, look to thee for grace;



## HYMN 199. 7s. 6 lines.

[Stanzas 1-3 in the music.]

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my heart-strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

## HYMN 536. 7s.

1. BREAD of heaven, on thee I feed,  
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;  
Ever may my soul be fed  
With the true and living bread ;  
Day by day with strength supplied,  
Through the life of him that died.
2. Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice ;  
'T is thy wounds my healing give ;  
To thy cross I look and live :  
Thou, my life, oh, let me be  
Rooted, grounded, built on thee.

## HYMN 203. 7s.

1. GO to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye who feel the tempter's power ;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;  
Watch with him one bitter hour ;  
Turn not from his griefs away :  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
2. Follow to the judgment-hall ;  
View the Lord of life arraigned :  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall !  
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss :  
Learn of him to bear the cross.
3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb :  
There, adoring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,—  
God's own sacrifice complete :  
"It is finished!" hear him cry :  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
4. Early hasten to the tomb  
Where they laid his breathless clay ;  
All is solitude and gloom :  
Who hath taken him away ?  
Christ has risen ;—he meets our eyes :  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

## HYMN 409. 7s.

*Vicissitudes.*

1. ONCE I thought my mountain strong,  
Firmly fixed, no more to move :  
Then my Saviour was my song,  
Then my soul was filled with love :  
Those were happy, golden days,  
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.
2. Little then myself I knew,  
Little thought of Satan's power ;  
Now I feel my sins renew,  
Now I feel the stormy hour :  
Sin has put my joy to flight,  
Sin has turned my day to night.
3. Saviour, shine and cheer my soul ;  
Bid my dying hopes revive ;  
Make my wounded spirit whole ;  
Far away the tempter drive :  
Speak the word and set me free,  
Let me live alone to thee.

## HYMN 527. 7s.

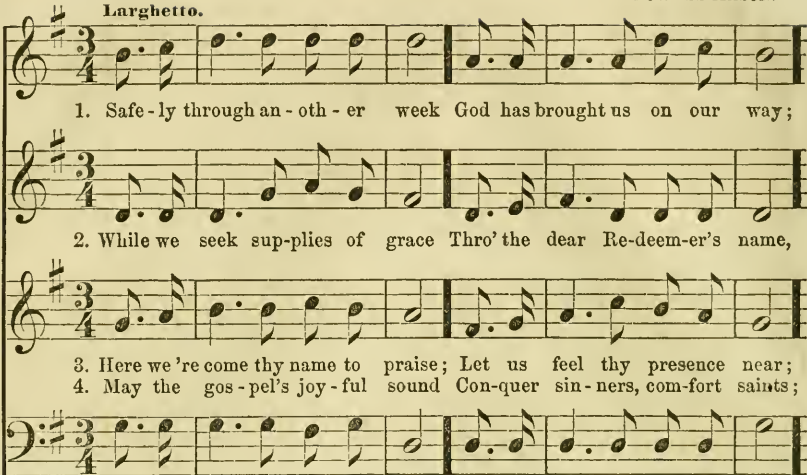
*Come and Welcome.*

1. FROM the cross uplifted high,  
Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What melodious sounds I hear,  
Bursting on my ravished ear !  
Love's redeeming work is done :  
Come and welcome, sinner ; come.
2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
Why beneath thy burden groan ?  
On my pierced body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid ;  
Bow the knee and kiss the Son :  
Come and welcome, sinner ; come.
3. Spread for thee the festal board,  
See with richest dainties stored ;  
To thy Father's bosom pressed,  
Yet again a child confessed,  
Never from his house to roam :  
Come and welcome, sinner ; come.
4. Soon the days of life shall end ;  
Lo ! I come, your Saviour, Friend,  
Safe your spirits to convey  
To the realms of endless day :  
Up to my eternal home,  
Come and welcome, sinner ; come.

[HYMN 452.]

Larghetto.

LOWELL MASON.

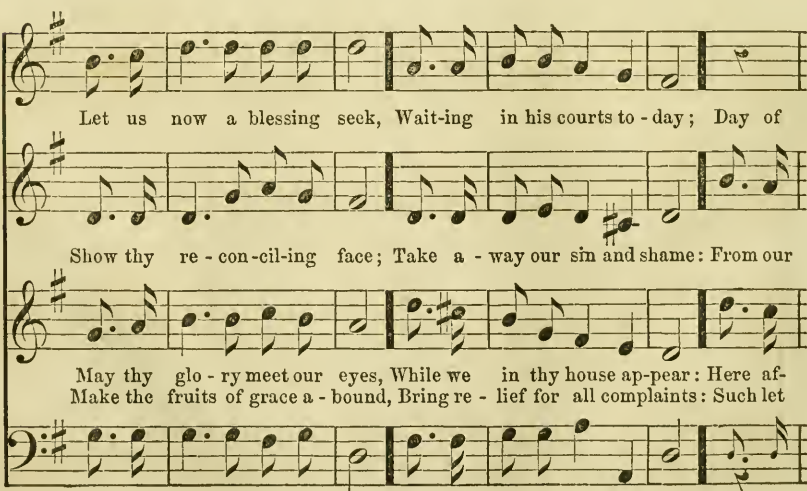


1. Safe-ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;

2. While we seek sup - plies of grace Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name,

3. Here we're come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy presence near;

4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;



Let us now a blessing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day; Day of

Show thy re - con - cil - ing face; Take a - way our sin and shame: From our

May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear: Here af -

Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all complaints: Such let

all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest; Day of  
 world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee; From our  
 ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast; Here af-  
 all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a-bove; Such let

**Second Ending.**  
 all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest, of e-ternal rest.  
 world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.  
**Second Ending.**  
 ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast.  
 all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a-bove.

[HYMN 149.]

Mod. Leg. Affet.

1. Sin-ners, turn: why will ye die? God, your Ma-ker, asks you why;

2. Sin-ners, turn: why will ye die? God, your Sa-viour, asks you why;

3. Sin-ners, turn: why will ye die? God, the Spi-rit, asks you why;

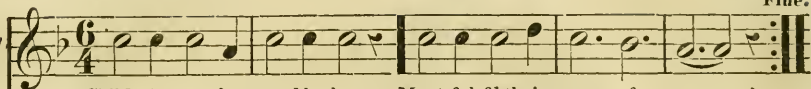
God who did your be-ing give, Made you with him-self to live,

He who did your soul re-trieve, Died him-self that ye might live,

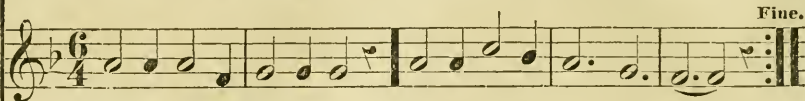
Many a time with you he strove, Wooed you to embrace his love:

He the fa - tal cause demands,—Asks the work of his own hands:  
Will ye let him die in vain, Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain?  
Will ye not his grace re-ceive? Will ye still re - fuse to live?

Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love and die?  
Why, ye re - bel sin-ners, why Will ye slight his grace and die?  
Why will ye for ev - er die, Oh, ye guilt - y sin-ners, why?

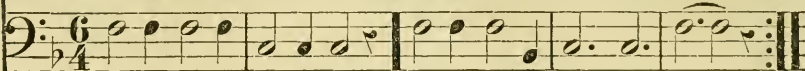


1. Child of man, whose seed be-low    Must ful-fill their race   of   woe; }  
       Heir of want, and doubt, and pain, Does thy fainting heart com - plain? }  
*D.C.* There I bore the vengeance due,    Free-ly bore it    all   for    you.

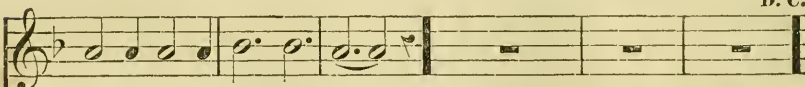


Fine.

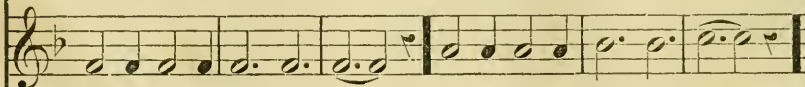
2. Child of dust, corruption's son,    By pride deceived, by pride un - done, }  
       Will - ing cap-tive, yet be free;    Take my yoke and learn   of   me. }  
*D.C.* I forsook my Father's side,    Toiled and wept, and bled and    died.



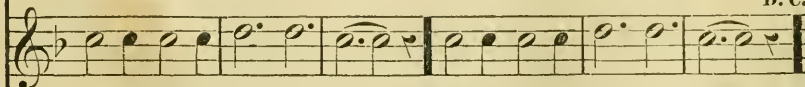
D. C.



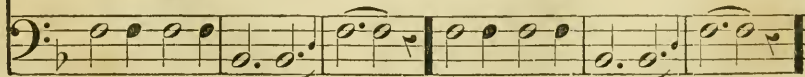
Oh, in thought one night re-call,—    The night of grief in He - rod's    hall:



D. C.



I, of heaven and earth the Lord,    God with God, the eter - nal    Word,



## HYMN 105. 7s.

*[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]*

3. Child of doubt, does fear surprise,  
Vexing thoughts within thee rise?  
Wondering, murmuring, dost thou gaze  
On evil men and evil days?  
Oh, if darkness round thee lower,  
Darker far my dying hour,  
Which bade that fearful cry awake,  
“My God, my God, dost thou forsake?”
4. Child of sin, by guilt oppressed,  
Heaves at last thy throbbing breast?  
Hast thou felt the mourner's part?  
Fear'st thou now thy failing heart?  
Bear thee on, beloved of God;  
Tread the path thy Saviour trod:  
He the tempter's power hath known;  
He hath poured the garden-groan.
5. Child of heaven, by me restored,  
Love thy Saviour, serve the Lord:  
Sealed with that mysterious name,  
Bear thy cross and scorn the shame.  
Then, like me, thy conflict o'er,  
Thou shalt rise to sleep no more;  
Partner of my purchased throne,  
One in joy, in glory one.

## HYMN 359. 7s.

*Christians have all in Christ.*

1. JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the raging billows roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past.  
Safe into the haven guide;  
Oh, receive my soul at last.
2. Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
All-in-all in thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
Just and holy is thy name;  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,—  
Grace to pardon all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art;  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart;  
Rise to all eternity.

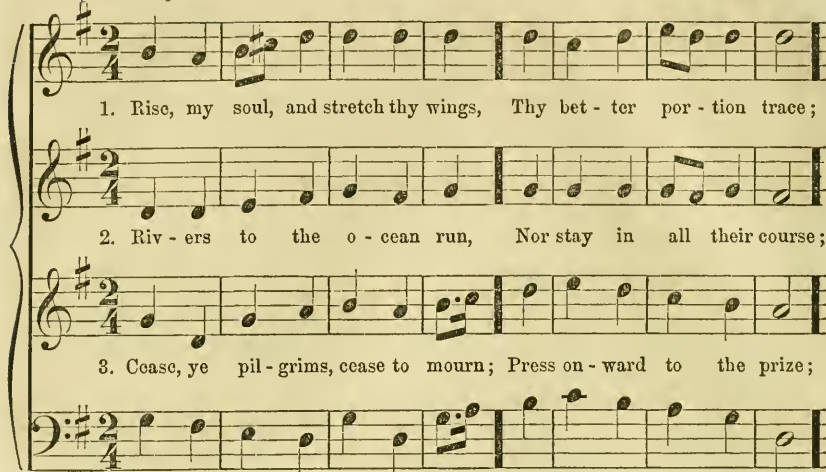
## HYMN 589. 7s.

*The 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;  
Fixed in their eternal state,  
They have done with all below;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little none can know.
2. As the wingéd arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts and leaves no trace behind:  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;  
All below is but a dream.
3. Thanks for mercies past receive;  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view.  
Bless thy word to young and old;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
And, when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above!

[HYMN 658.]

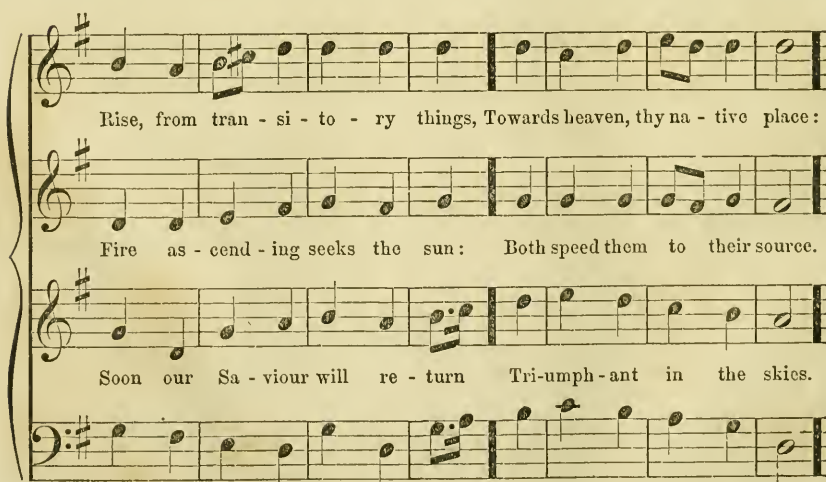
OLD GERMAN.



1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;

2. Riv-ers to the o-cean run, Nor stay in all their course;

3. Cease, ye pil-grims, cease to mourn; Press on-ward to the prize;



Rise, from tran-si-to-ry things, Towards heaven, thy na-tive place:

Fire as-cend-ing seeks the sun: Both speed them to their source.

Soon our Sa-viour will re-turn Tri-umphant in the skies.

Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move:

So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his glo - rious face,

Yet a sea-son, and, you know, Hap - py en-trance will be given;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em-brace.

All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heaven.

# 216 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s. & 6s. (Peculiar.)

[HYMN 562.]

LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand;

2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle,

3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;

Tho' eve - ry pro-spect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;

Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?

Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole,

From ma-ny an an-cient riv - er, From ma-ny a palm - y plain,

In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown:

Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,  
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

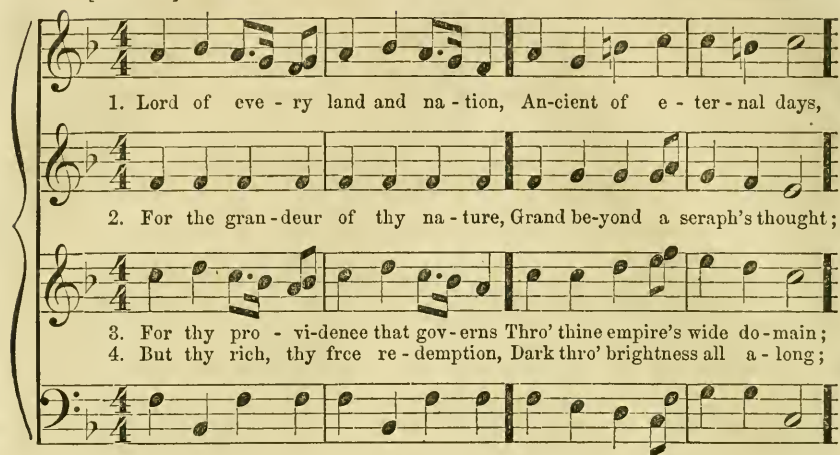
The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.  
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

# 218 SICILIAN HYMN, or DISMISSION. 8s & 7s. Single.\*

[HYMN 180.]

SICILIAN.

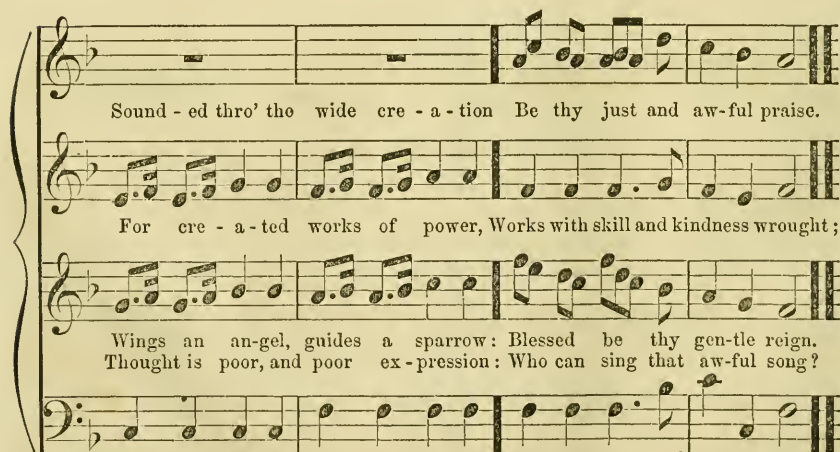


1. Lord of eve - ry land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days,

2. For the gran - deur of thy na - ture, Grand be - yond a seraph's thought;

3. For thy pro - vi - dence that gov - erns Thro' thine empire's wide do - main;

4. But thy rich, thy free re - demption, Dark thro' brightness all a - long;



Sound - ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion Be thy just and aw - ful praise.

For cre - a - ted works of power, Works with skill and kindness wrought;

Wings an an - gel, guides a sparrow: Blessed be thy gen - tle reign.

Thought is poor, and poor ex - pression: Who can sing that aw - ful song?

\* Double, by repeating each strain; or six lines, by repeating the first strain. These several methods are much in use with respect to this tune.

**HYMN 180. 8s. & 7s.***[Stanzas 1-4 in the music.]*

5. Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?  
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;  
Sing the Lord who came to die.
6. Did the angels sing thy coming?  
Did the shepherds learn their lays?  
Shame would cover me ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
7. From the highest throne in glory  
To the cross of deepest woe,  
All to ransom guilty captives!  
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
8. Go, return, immortal Saviour;  
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;  
Thence return, and live for ever;  
Be the kingdom all thy own.

**HYMN 63. 8s. & 7s.***Repentance at the Cross.*

1. JESUS, full of all compassion,  
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;  
Let me know thy great salvation:  
See, I languish, faint, and die.
2. Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,  
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,  
Send, oh, send me quick relief.
3. Whither should a wretch be flying  
But to him who comfort gives?  
Whither, from the dread of dying,  
But to him who ever lives?
4. While I view thee, wounded, grieving,  
Breathless, on the curs'd tree,  
Fain I'd feel my heart believing  
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.
5. With thy righteousness and Spirit,  
I am more than angels blest;  
Heir with thee, all things inherit,  
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.
6. Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory  
Through the shining realms above;  
Angels sing the pleasing story,  
All enraptured with thy love.

**HYMN 83. 8s. & 7s.***Praise for Conversion.*

1. HAIL! my ever-blessed Jesus!  
Oh thee I wish to sing:  
To my soul thy name is precious,  
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
2. Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!  
Oh, what joy and happiness!  
Love I much? I'm much forgiven;  
I'm a miracle of grace.
3. Once, with Adam's race in ruin,  
Unconcerned in sin I lay,  
Swift destruction still pursuing,  
Till my Saviour passed that way.
4. Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,  
My Redeemer's tenderness:  
Love I much? I'm much forgiven;  
I'm a miracle of grace.
5. Shout, ye bright angelic choir;  
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;  
Whilst astonished I admire  
God's free grace and boundless love.
6. That blest moment I received him  
Filled my soul with joy and peace;  
Love I much? I'm much forgiven;  
I'm a miracle of grace.

**HYMN 201. 8s. & 7s.***Christ the Friend of Sinners.*

1. ONE there is above all others  
Well deserves the name of Friend;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end.
2. Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But this Saviour died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God.
3. When he lived on earth abas'd,  
Friend of sinners was his name;  
Now, above all glory rais'd,  
He rejoices in the same.
4. Oh for grace our hearts to soften:  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often  
What a Friend we have above.

[HYMN 615.]

HASTINGS. Arranged from "Spiritual Songs."

*Moderato Affettuoso.*

1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts: Who has not lost a friend?

2. Be - yond the flight of time, Be - yond the reign of death,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are treble clef, and the last two are bass clef. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is in a moderate, affectionate tempo. The first staff has a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff has a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff has a piano accompaniment line. The fourth staff has a piano accompaniment line.

There is no u - nion here of hearts That finds not here an end.

There surely is some bless - ed clime Where life is not a breath,

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are treble clef, and the last two are bass clef. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is in a moderate, affectionate tempo. The first staff has a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff has a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff has a piano accompaniment line. The fourth staff has a piano accompaniment line.

Were this frail world our fi - nal rest, Living or dy-ing, none were blest.

Nor life's af-fec-tions transient fire, Whose sparks fly upward and ex - pire.

3. There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown;  
A long eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that glorious sphere.
4. Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away,  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

### HYMN 205. 6s. & 8s.

*Christ the Refuge.*

1. WHEN I behold my heart  
With sin's deep stain impressed,  
Fain would I draw a curtain dark  
Across my guilty breast;  
Hiding from all, but most from thee,  
My God, its vast iniquity.
2. Oh! could I mount the wing  
Of the ascending morn,

- And be to earth's remotest ring,  
Ere close of evening, borne,  
I'd haste, I'd fly o'er land and sea,  
To hide me from myself and thee.
3. Alas! how vain the thought!  
The Power that guides the sun  
Must bear the flying fugitive;  
And when the day is done,  
Within thy hand must be my bed,  
Beneath thy wing must rest my head.
4. Oh! whither shall I fly,  
Omniscient God, from thee?  
Within the deep, impervious folds  
Of night's dark canopy?  
'T were vain; I could not 'scape thy sight;  
For thou thyself, my God, art light.
5. Jesus, to thee I fly,  
In thine embrace to rest;  
Oh, shield me from thy Father's frown,  
Within thy sheltering breast:  
But no; within that hiding-place  
Frowns turn to smiles, and wrath to grace.

# 222 GOOD SHEPHERD, or FOUNT. 8s. & 7s. Double.

[HYMN 375.]

Fine.

1. Come, thou fount of eve-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
Streams of mer-cy, ne-ver ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }

*D. C.* Praise the mount,—oh, fix me on it,—Mount of God's unchanging love.

Fine.

2. Here I raise my E-be-ne-zer, Hith-er by thy help I'm come ;  
And I hope, by thy good plea-sure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home. }

*D. C.* He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-terposed with precious blood.

D. C.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove ;

D. C.

Je-sus sought me when a stranger Wandering from the fold of God ;

**HYMN 375. 8s. & 7s.***[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]*

3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it,  
Seal it from thy courts above.

**HYMN 189. 8s. & 7s.***Christ the Desire of all Nations.*

1. COME, thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free;  
From our fears and sins release us;  
Let us find our rest in thee:  
Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
Hope of all the saints thou art;  
Dear desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.
2. Born thy people to deliver;  
Born a child, and yet a King;  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now thy precious kingdom bring:  
By thine own eternal Spirit  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By thine all-sufficient merit  
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

**HYMN 286. 8s. & 7s.***World Renounced.*

1. JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my All shalt be:  
Let the world neglect and leave me;  
They have left my Saviour too:  
Human hopes have oft deceived me;  
Thou art faithful, thou art true.
2. Perish earthly fame and treasure;  
Come disaster, scorn, and pain:  
In thy service pain is pleasure;  
With thy favour loss is gain:  
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me  
While thy bleeding love I see;  
Oh, 'tis not in joy to charm me  
When that love is hid from me.

**HYMN 479. 8s. 7s. & 4s.***Close of Worship.*

1. LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace;  
Oh, refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.
2. Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound:  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.
3. So, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away;  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,  
May we, ready,  
Rise and reign in endless day.

**HYMN 575. 8s. 7s. & 4s.***Prayer for Revival.*

1. SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;  
All will come to desolation  
Unless thou return again.  
Lord, revive us;  
All our help must come from thee.
2. Keep no longer at a distance;  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.  
Lord, revive us;  
All our help must come from thee.
3. Let our mutual love be fervent;  
Make us prevalent in prayers;  
Let each one esteemed thy servant  
Shun the world's bewitching snares.  
Lord, revive us;  
All our help must come from thee.
4. Break the tempter's fatal power;  
Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
And begin, from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.  
Lord, revive us;  
All our help must come from thee.

1. Gen - tly, Lord, oh, gently lead us Thro' this lone - ly vale of tears; }  
Thro' the changes thou 'st decreed us, Till our last great change ap - pears. }

2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near, }  
Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear. }

When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,

And when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us in thine arms to rest,

\* Or 8s. 7s. &amp; 4s., by omitting the Repeat

Let thy goodness nev - er fail us; Lead us in thy per - feet way.

Till, by an - gel-bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest.

## HYMN 573. 8s. 7s. &amp; 4s.

*Prayer for the Heathen.*

1. O'ER the realms of pagan darkness  
Let the eye of pity gaze;  
See the kindreds of the people  
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:  
Darkness brooding  
On the face of all the earth.
2. Light of them who sit in error,  
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;  
Light, to lighten all the gentiles,  
Rise with healing in thy wing:  
To thy brightness  
Let all kings and nations come.
3. Let the heathen, now adoring  
Idol-gods of wood and stone,  
Come, and, worshipping before him,  
Serve the living God alone.  
Let thy glory  
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.
4. Thou, to whom all power is given,  
Speak the word: at thy command  
Let the company of heralds  
Spread thy name from land to land:  
Lord, be with them,  
Always, till time's latest end.

## HYMN 494. 8s. &amp; 7s.

*Sion's Security.*

1. GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Sion, city of our God;  
He whose word cannot be broken  
Formed thee for his own abode:  
On the Rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
2. See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.  
Who can faint, while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage,—  
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age?
3. Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near,  
Thus, deriving from their banner  
Light by night, and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which he gives them when they pray.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down :  
 2. Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit In - to eve - ry troubled breast :

3. Come, almight - y to de - li - ver, Let us now thy life re - ceive,

4. Fi - nish then thy new cre - a - tion ; Pure, unspot - ted may we be :

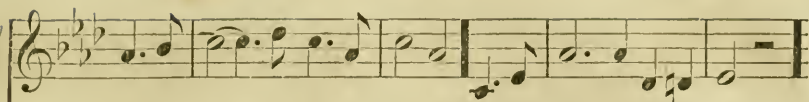
The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. The bottom three staves are a piano accompaniment, with the left hand in the bass clef and the right hand in the treble clef. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

Fix in us thy hum - ble dwelling, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.  
 Let us all in thee in - her - it ; Let us find thy promised rest :

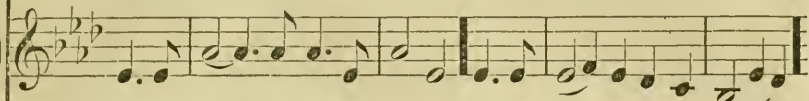
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and ne - ver, — Ne - ver more thy temples leave ;

Let us see our whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by thee :

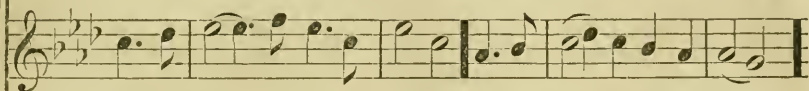
The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of four staves, with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed between the staves, aligned with the corresponding musical phrases.



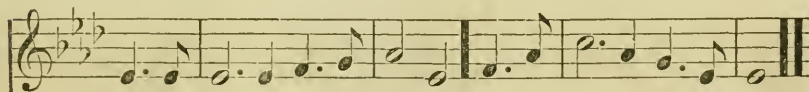
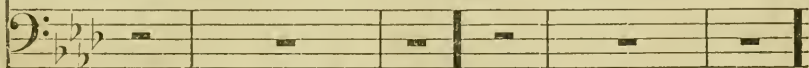
Je - sus, thou art all compassion; Pure, un-bound - ed love thou art;  
Take a - way the love of sinning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be,



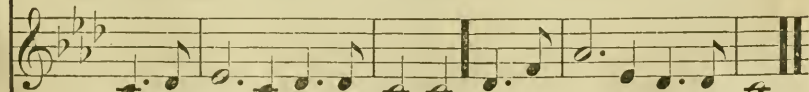
Thee we would be al-ways blessing, Serve thee as thine hosts a - bove,



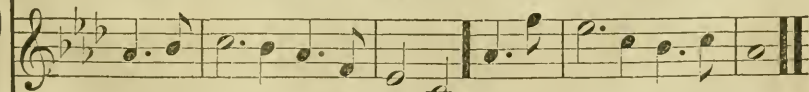
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place;



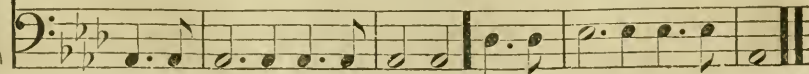
Vi - sit us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter eve - ry long-ing heart.  
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at li - ber - ty.



Pray and praise thee without ceas-ing, Glo - ry in thy pre-cious love.

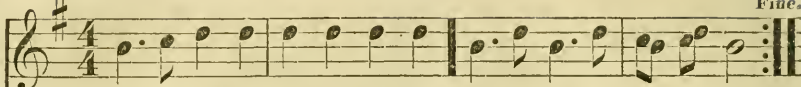


Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

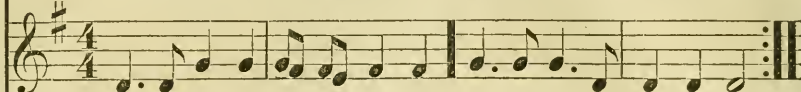


[HYMN 444.]

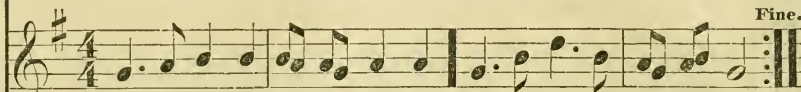
Fine.



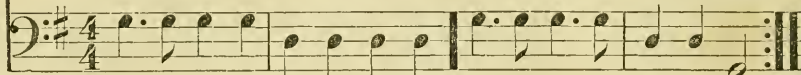
1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re-pose our spi-rits seal :  
 Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal. }  
*D. C.* Angel-guards from thee surround us, We are safe if thou art nigh.



Fine.



2. Tho' the night be dark and drea-ry, Darkness can-not hide from thee ;  
 Thou art He who, nev-er wea-ry, Watchest where thy peo-ple be. }  
*D. C.* May the morn in heaven a-wake us, Clad in light and death-less bloom.



D. C.



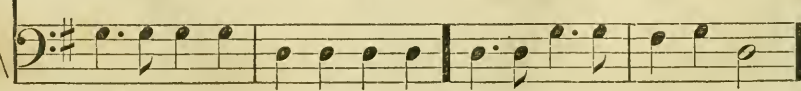
Tho' destruc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-row near us fly,



D. C.



Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be-come our tomb,



**HYMN 410. 8s. & 7s.***Light shining in Darkness.*

1. SAVIOUR, hast thou fled for ever  
From my tempest-ridden breast?  
Will thy gracious spirit never  
Come, and cheer, and make me blest?  
Long, dear Lord, in silent sorrow,  
I have sighed to taste thy love;  
Hoping on some sweet to-morrow  
Thou wouldst all my guilt remove.
2. Peace, my soul; the Saviour hears thee,  
He will chase thy fears away;  
'Tis his gracious presence cheers thee,  
Turning darkness into day.  
Precious Saviour, have I found thee?  
Wilt thou then my portion be?  
Spread thy sheltering arm around me,  
Let me lean alone on thee.
3. Through this world so dark and dreary  
Be my constant friend and guide;  
Hungry, thirsty, faint and weary,  
Keep me ever near thy side.  
Blessed be his name for ever  
For his pardoning grace to me;  
Sinners, doubt his promise never;  
Jesus' love is full and free.

**HYMN 101. 8s. 7s. & 4s.***Atonement accomplished.*

1. HARK! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth and veils the sky  
"It is finished!"  
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
2. It is finished!—oh, what pleasure  
Do these precious words afford!  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:  
It is finished!  
Saints, the dying words record.
3. Finished,—all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law;  
Finished,—all that God had promised;  
Death and hell no more shall awe:  
It is finished!  
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

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

**HYMN 651. 8s. 7s. & 4s.***Christ descending to Judgment.*

1. SEE the eternal Judge descending;  
View him seated on his throne:  
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,  
Stand and hear thy awful doom:  
Trumpets call thee;  
Stand and hear thy awful doom.
2. Hear the cries he now is venting,  
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;  
While in anguish thus lamenting  
That he ne'er was born again:  
Greatly mourning  
That he ne'er was born again.
3. "Yonder sits the slighted Saviour,  
With the marks of dying love;  
Oh that I had sought his favour  
When I felt his Spirit move;  
Golden moments,  
When I felt his Spirit move."
4. Now, despisers, look and wonder;  
Hope and sinners here must part:  
Louder than a peal of thunder,  
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"  
Lost for ever,  
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

**HYMM 477. 8s. 7s. & 4s.***Before or after Sermon.*

1. COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
Bless the sower and the seed:  
Let each heart thy grace inherit,  
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:  
From the gospel  
Now supply thy people's need.
2. Oh, may all enjoy the blessing,  
Which thy word's designed to give;  
Let us all, thy love possessing,  
Joyfully the truth receive;  
And for ever  
To thy praise and glory live.

[HYMN 220.]

German. Arranged by LOWELL MASON.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;

2. O-pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow;

3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my an-xious fears sub-side:

I am weak, but thou art migh-ty, Hold me with thy powerful hand:

Let the fie-ry, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my journey through:

Death of death, and hell's de-struction, Land me safe on Canaan's side:

## HYMN 163. 8s. 7s. &amp; 4s.

1. COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power:  
He is able,  
He is willing; doubt no more.

2. Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money  
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Bread of hea-ven, Bread of hea-ven, Feed me till I

Strong De-liver-er, Strong De-liver-er, Be thou still my

Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais-es I will ev-er

want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

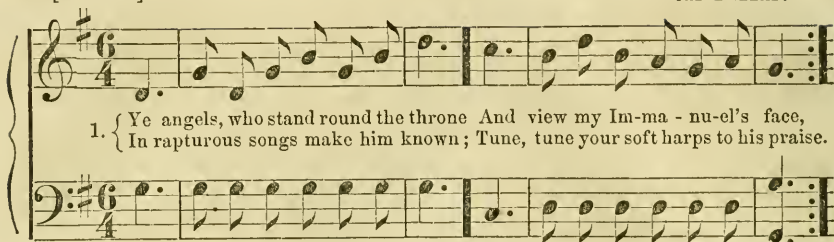
strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.

give to thee, I will ev-er give to thee.

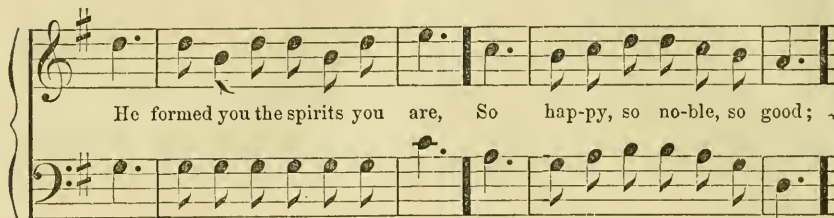
3. Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you;  
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruined by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

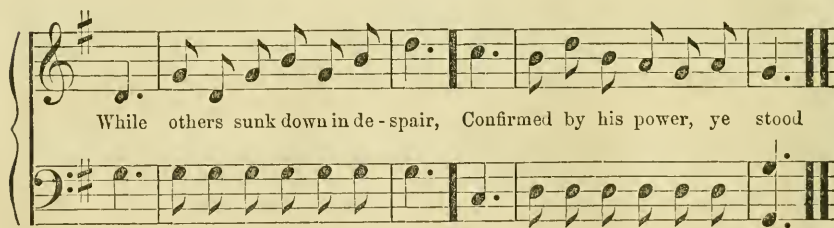
[HYMN 659.]



1. { Ye angels, who stand round the throne And view my Im-ma - nu-el's face,  
In rapturous songs make him known; Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.



He formed you the spirits you are, So hap-py, so no-ble, so good; ,



While others sunk down in de-spair, Confirmed by his power, ye stood

2. Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,  
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,  
His grace and his glory display,  
And all his rich mercy repeat :  
He snatched you from hell and the grave,  
He ransomed from death and despair;  
For you he was mighty to save,  
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3. Oh, when will the period appear  
When I shall unite in your song?  
I'm weary of lingering here,  
And I to your Saviour belong.

I'm fettered and chained up in clay;  
I struggle and pant to be free;  
I long to be soaring away,  
My God and my Saviour to see.

4. I want to put on my attire,  
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;  
I want to be one of your choir,  
And tune my sweet harp to his name :  
I want—oh, I want to be there  
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,  
Your joy and your friendship to share,  
To wonder and worship with you.

**HYMN 322. 8s.***Victorious Faith.*

1. THE moment a sinner believes,  
And trusts in his crucified God,  
His pardon at once he receives,  
Redemption in full through his blood.
2. The faith that unites to the Lamb,  
And brings such salvation as this,  
Is more than mere fancy or name:  
The work of God's Spirit it is.
3. It treads on the world and on hell;  
It vanquishes death and despair;  
And, what is still stranger to tell,  
It overcomes heaven by prayer.
4. It says to the mountains, "Depart,"  
That stand betwixt God and the soul:  
It binds up the broken in heart,  
The wounded in conscience makes whole.
5. Bids sins of a crimson-like dye  
Be spotless as snow and as white;  
And raises the sinner on high  
To dwell with the angels of light.

**HYMN 329. 8s.***Chief Object of a Believer's Love.*

1. HOW tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
flowers,  
Have lost all their sweetness with me;  
The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.
2. His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice;  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear:  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

3. Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resigned,  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind.  
While blessed with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,—  
If thou art my sun and my song,—  
Say, why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long?  
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

**HYMN 408. 8s.***Prayer in Despondency.*

1. ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,  
Just ready all hope to resign,  
I pant for the light of thy face,  
And fear it will never be mine:  
Disheartened with waiting so long,  
I sink at thy feet with my load;  
All plaintive I pour out my song,  
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
2. If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,  
My hold on thy promise to keep,  
The billows more fiercely return,  
And plunge me again in the deep.  
O'erwhelmed and cast out from thy sight,  
The tempter suggests, in that hour,  
The Lord has forgotten me quite,  
My God will be gracious no more.
3. Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease;  
The blood of atonement apply;  
And lead me to Jesus for peace,  
The Rock that is higher than I:  
Almighty to rescue thou art;  
Thy grace is my shield and my tower:  
Oh, gladden my desolate heart;  
Let this be the day of thy power.

[HYMN 316.]

1. How hap-py are they Who the Sa-viour o - bey, And have laid up their treasure a - bove.

2. 'T was hea-ven he - low My Re - deem-er to know; And the an-gels could do nothing more

3. Oh, the rapturous height Of that ho - ly de-light Which I felt in the life-giv-ing blood!

4. Then all the day long Was my Je - sus my song, And re-demption thro' faith in his name;

Oh, what tongue can express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love!

Than to fall at his feet, And the sto-ry re - pent, And the Lov-er of sin-ners a - dore.

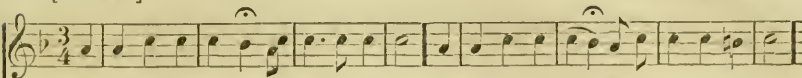
Of my Saviour possessed, I was per-fect-ly blest, As if filled with the fulness of God.

Oh that all might be-lieve, And sal - vation re - ceive, And their song and their joy be the same!

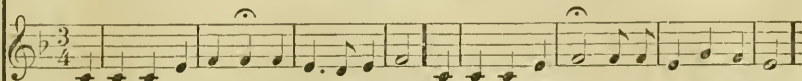
# FREDERICK; or, I would not live alway. 11s. 235

[HYMN 627.]

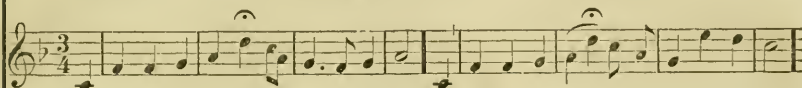
KINGSLEY.



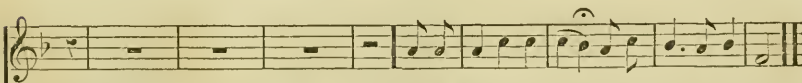
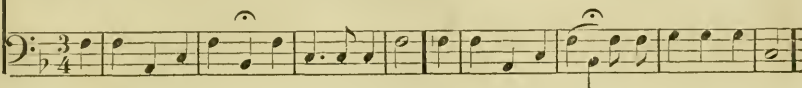
1. I would not live al-way: I ask not to stay Where storm after storm ris-es dark o'er the way;
2. I would not live al-way, thus fettered by sin; Temp-ta-tion with-out, and cor-ruption with-in;



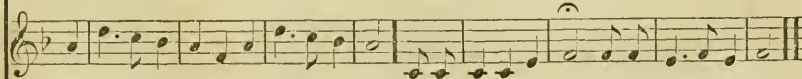
3. I would not live alway; no! welcome the tomb! Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;



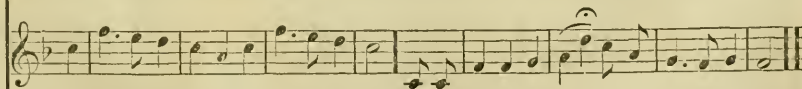
4. Who, who would live alway, a-way from his God? A-way from yon hea-ven, that blissful a-bode,
5. Where the saints of all a-ges in har-mo-nny meet, Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet:



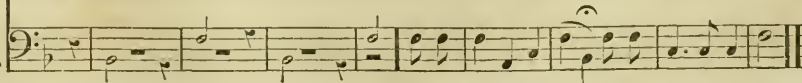
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiving with pen-i-tent tears.



There sweet be my rest, till He bid me a-rise, To hail Him in triumph de-scending the skies.



Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glory e-ter-nally reigns:  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.



[HYMN 165.]

OLD GERMAN. Words by HASTINGS.

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near; The wa - ters of  
 2. De - lay not, de - lay not; why lon - ger a - buse The love and com -

3. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to come, For mer - cy still

4. De - lay not, de - lay not; the Spi - rit of grace, Long grieved and re -  
 5. De - lay not, de - lay not; the hour is at hand; The earth shall dis -

life are now flow - ing for thee; No price is de - mand - ed, the  
 pas - sion of Je - sus thy God? A foun - tain is o - pened; how

lin - gers, and calls thee to - day; Her voice is not heard in the

sist - ed, may take its sad flight, And leave thee in dark - ness to  
 solve, and the hea - vens shall fade; The dead, small and great, in the

Sa-viour is here, Re - demp-tion is purchased, sal - va - tion is free.  
canst thou re - fuse To wash and be cleansed in his par - doning blood!

vale of the tomb: Her mes-sage un - heed - ed will soon pass a - way.

fi - nish thy race, To sink in the gloom of e - ter - nity's night.  
judgment shall stand; What power then, O sin - ner, shall lend thee its aid?

**HYMN 670. 11s.***Heaven the Christian's Home.*

1. 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!
2. Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;  
And thrice-precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease:  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;

- Though now my temptations like billows  
may foam, [at home.  
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee
4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
Oh, give me submission and strength as my day;  
In all my afflictions, to thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
  5. Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy grace, [face;  
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy  
Inspire me with patience to wait at thy throne, [home.  
And find even now a sweet foretaste of
  6. I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,  
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,  
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

[HYMN 323.]

1. Be-gone, un-be-lief; my Sa-viour is near, And for my re-  
 2. Though dark be my way, since he is my guide, 'Tis mine to o-  
 3. His love in times past for-bids me to think He'll leave me at  
 4. Why should I com-plain of want and dis-tress, Temp-ta-tion or  
 5. Since all that I meet shall work for my good, The bit-ter is

6. lief will sure-ly ap-pear: By prayer let me wres-tle, and  
 7. bey, 'tis his to pro-vide; Though cis-terns be bro-ken, and  
 8. last in trou-ble to sink; Each sweet E-be-ne-zer I  
 9. pain? He told me no less. The heirs of sal-va-tion, I  
 10. sweet, the me-di-cine food; Though pain-ful at pre-sent, 'twill

he will per-form: With Christ in the ves-sel, I smile at the storm.  
creatures all fail, The word he has spo-ken shall sure-ly pre-vail.

have in re-view Confirms his good plea-sure to help me quite through.

know from his word, Through much tribu-la-tion must fol-low their Lord.  
cease be-fore long, And then, oh how pleasant the con-que-ror's song!

**HYMN 627. 11s.***Death welcome to the Believer.*

1. I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
2. I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,—  
Temptation without, and corruption within:  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
3. I would not live alway: no! welcome the tomb!  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;

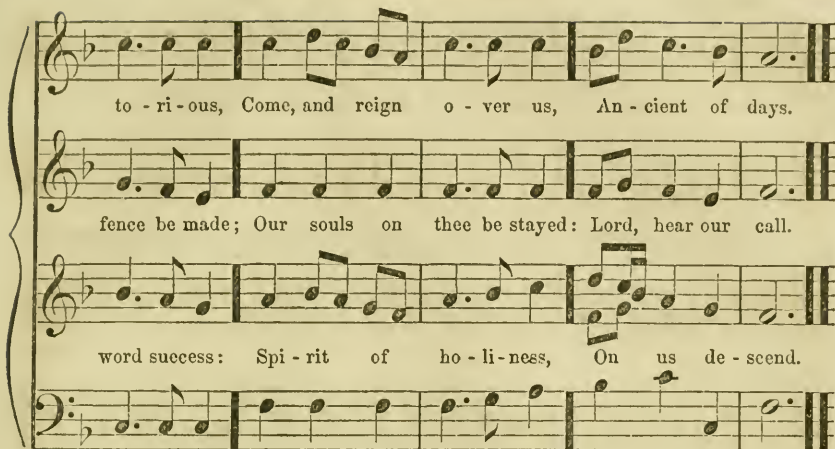
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4. Who,—who would live alway, away from his God?  
Away from yon heaven,—that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
5. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

[HYMN 13.]

1. Come, thou al-might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,  
 2. Je - sus, our Lord, a - rise, Scat - ter our e - ne - mies,  
 3. Come, thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword;

Help us to praise; Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-  
 And make them fall. Let thine al - might - y aid Our sure de-  
 Our prayer at - tend. Come, and thy peo - ple bless, And give thy



to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.  
 fence be made; Our souls on thee be stayed: Lord, hear our call.  
 word success: Spi - rit of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.

**HYMN 18.**

4. Come, Holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear  
 In this glad hour.  
 Thou, who almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power.
5. To the Great One in Three  
 The highest praises be,  
 Hence evermore.  
 His sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore.

**HYMN 467. 6s. & 4s.**

1. GLORY to God on high!  
 Let earth and skies reply,  
 Praise ye his name;  
 His love and grace adore  
 Who all our sorrows bore:  
 Sing loud for evermore,  
 Worthy the Lamb!

2. Jesus, our Lord and God,  
 Bore sin's tremendous load:  
 Praise ye his name;  
 Tell what his arm has done,  
 What spoils from death he won:  
 Sing his great name alone,  
 Worthy the Lamb!
3. While they around the throne  
 Cheerfully join in one,  
 Praising his name;  
 Those who have felt his blood  
 Sealing their peace with God,  
 Sound his dear fame abroad!  
 Worthy the Lamb.

4. Join, all ye ransomed race,  
 Our holy Lord to bless;  
 Praise ye his name;  
 In him we will rejoice  
 And make a joyful noise,  
 Shouting, with heart and voice,  
 Worthy the Lamb!

# 242 VOICE OF FREE GRACE, or SCOTLAND. 12s.

[HYMN 569.]

Arranged from Dr. CLARKE.

1. The voice of free grace cries, Es-cape to the moun-tain, For A-dam's lost  
 2. Now glo-ry to God in the high-est is giv-en, Now glo-ry to

3. O Je-sus, ride on, thy king-dom is glo-rious, O'er sin, death and  
 4. When on Zi-on we stand, hav-ing gained the blest shore, With our harps in our

race Christ hath o-pen-ed a foun-tain: For sin and trans-gres-sion, and  
 God is re-e-choed in hea-ven: A-round the whole earth let us

hell, thou wilt make us vic-to-rious: Thy name shall be praised in the  
 hands, we will praise ev-er-more; We'll range the blest fields on the

eve-ry pol-lu-tion, His blood flows most free-ly in streams of sal-va-tion,  
 tell the glad sto-ry, And sing of his love, his sal-va-tion and glo-ry,

great con-gre-ga-tion, And saints shall de-light in as-crib-ing sal-va-tion,  
 banks of the riv-er, And sing hal-le-lu-jah for ev-er and ev-er,

His blood flows most free-ly in streams of sal - va - tion. Hal - le - lu - jah to the  
And sing of his love, his sal - va - tion and glo - ry.

And saints shall de-light in as - crib - ing sal - va - tion. Hal - le - lu - jah to the  
And sing hal - le - lu - jah for ev - er and ev - er.

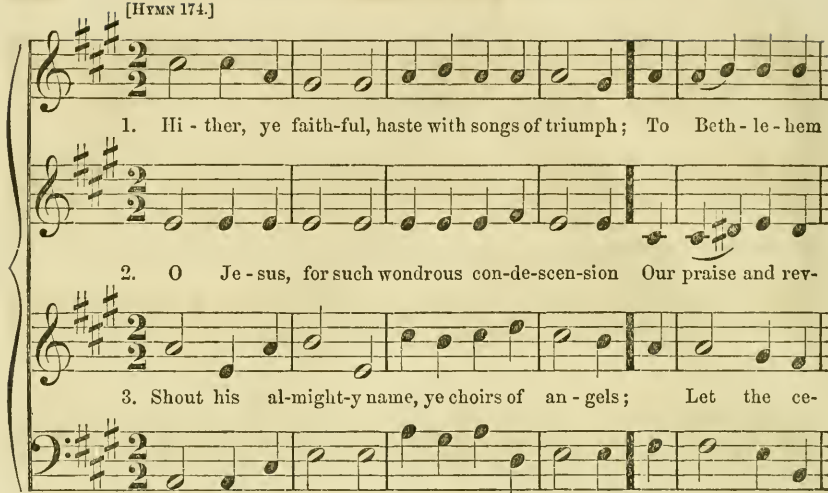
Lamb, who has pur - chased our par - don: We'll praise Him a - gain when we

Lamb, who has pur - chased our par - don: We'll praise him a - gain when we

pass o - ver Jor - dan, We'll praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

pass o - ver Jor - dan, We'll praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

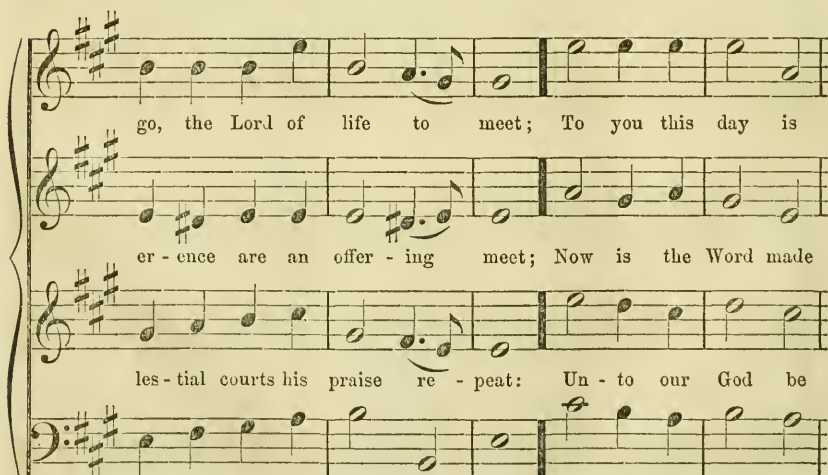
[HYMN 174.]



1. Hi - ther, ye faith-ful, haste with songs of triumph; To Beth - le - hem

2. O Je - sus, for such wondrous con-de-scen-sion Our praise and rev-

3. Shout his al-might-y name, ye choirs of an - gels; Let the ce-



go, the Lord of life to meet; To you this day is

er - ence are an offer - ing meet; Now is the Word made

les - tial courts his praise re - peat: Un - to our God be

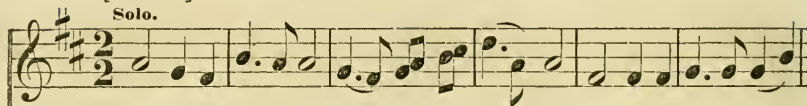
born a prince and Saviour; Oh, come and let us worship, oh, come and let us  
flesh, and dwells a - mong us, *p*  
glo - ry in the high-est; Oh, come and let us worship, oh, come and let us

wor-ship, Oh, come and let us wor - ship at his feet.  
*f*  
wor-ship, Oh, come and let us wor - ship at his feet.

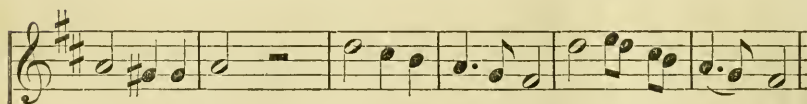
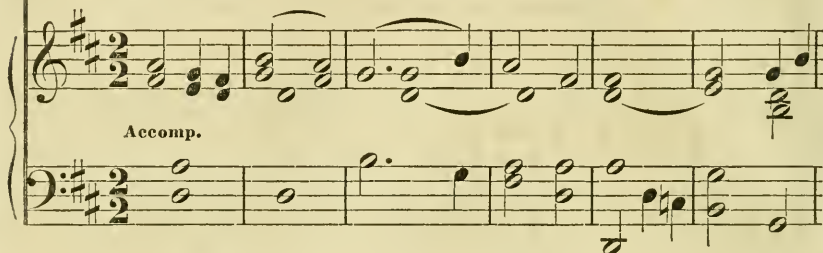
246 SOLO and CHORUS. "Come, ye disconsolate."

[HYMN 411.]

Solo.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish, Come to the mercy-seat,
2. Joy of the des-o-late, Light of the stray-ing, Hope of the pen-i-tent,
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flowing Forth from the throne of God,

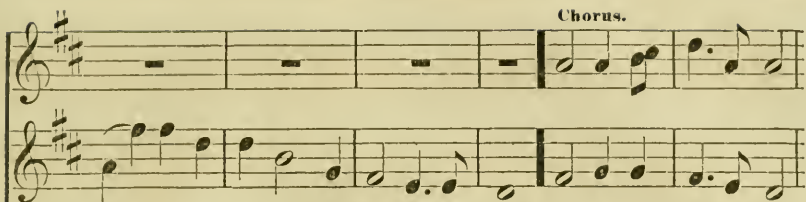


fer-vent-ly kneel;  
fadeless and pure,  
boundless in love;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;  
Here speaks the Comforter, in mer-cy say-ing,  
Come to the feast prepared; come, ev-er know-ing

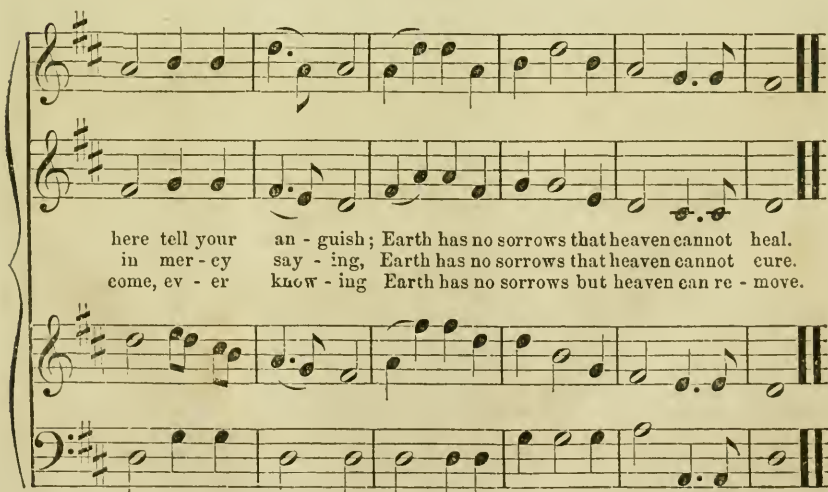
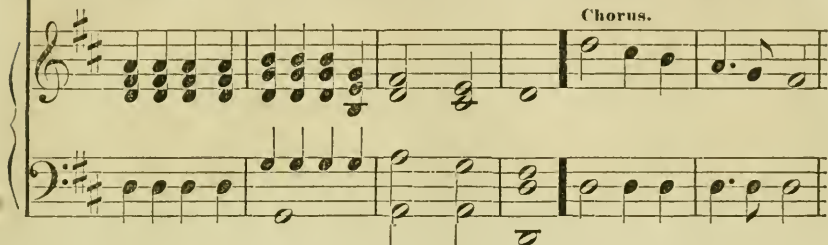


## Chorus.



Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal; Here bring your wounded hearts,  
 Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure; Here speaks the Comfort-er,  
 Earth has no sorrows but heaven can re-move; Come to the feast prepared;

## Chorus.



here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.  
 in mer - cy say - ing, Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.  
 come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sorrows but heaven can re - move.

# INDEX No. I.

## METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

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