

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it:
 Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 27.

8's.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
 Have all lost their sweetness to 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: