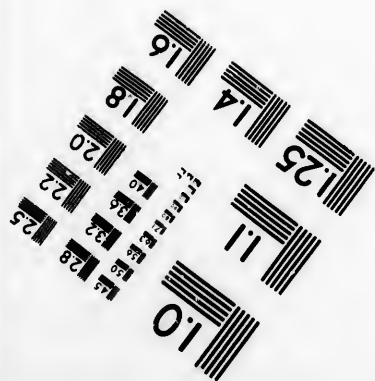
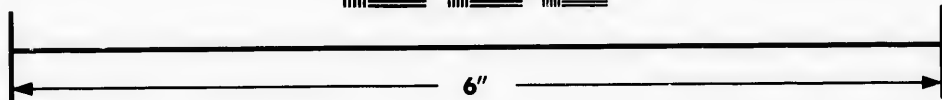
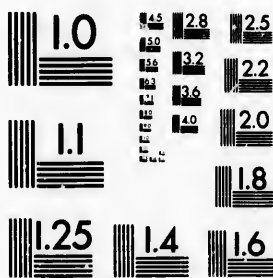


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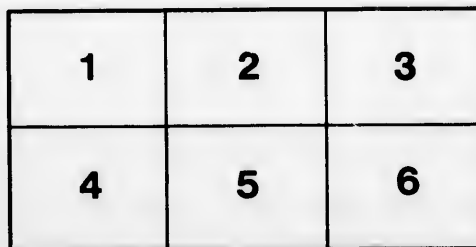
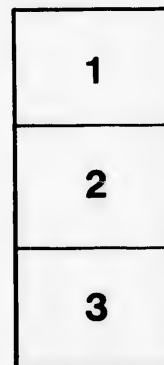
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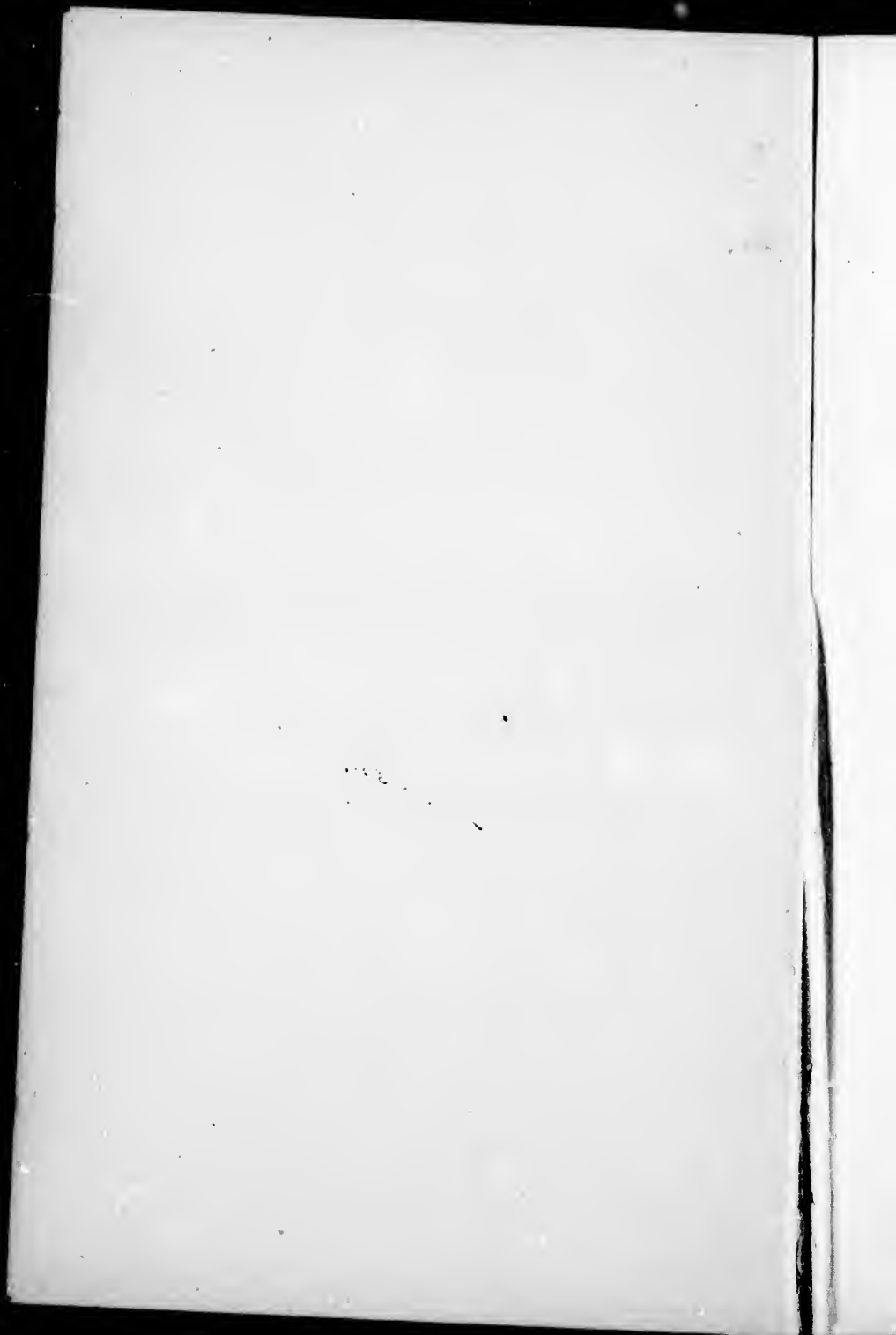
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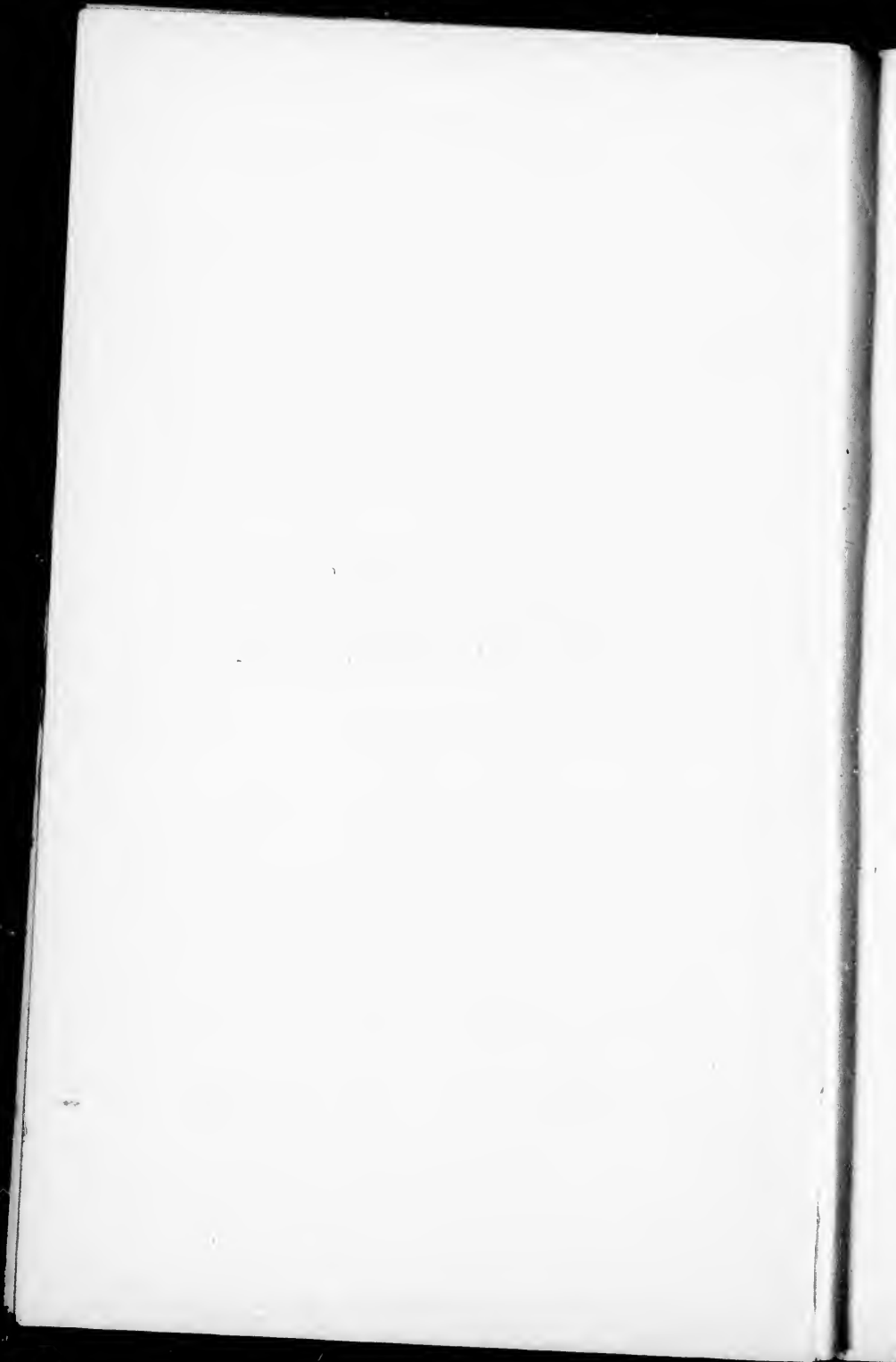
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THE
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BAPTIST HYMNAL

FOR THE USE OF

Churches and Families



BAPTIST BOOK AND TRACT SOCIETY
HALIFAX, N.S.

1899

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P R E F A C E.

THE demand for a new collection of Hymns for the use of Canadian Baptist Churches has been for several years growing more and more imperative. It has been felt that no one of the Hymn-Books which have filled a most honourable place in our Service of Song was adapted to the needs of the Churches. Besides, since the publication of these books, some of the hymns suited to give the fittest and fullest expression to the devotional feeling of the worshipper have been composed.

With these thoughts in mind, the Directors of the Baptist Book and Tract Society determined to undertake the work of preparing a Hymn-Book specially adapted to the needs of the Churches, provided that the Baptist Convention would sanction the enterprise. At the annual meeting of that body, held in Halifax, August 1883, approval of the undertaking was expressed, and a Committee appointed to co-operate with the Society, viz., Rev. J. E. Hopper, D.D., Rev. G. O. Gates, M.A., Rev. F. D. Crawley, B.A., Rev. J. E. Goucher, Rev. J. A. Gordon, Rev. S. B. Kempton, M.A., Rev. A. H. Lavers, and William Ackhurst, Esq.

▼

PREFACE.

The Directors invited the following brethren to assist : Professors T. H. Rand, D.C.L., E. M. Keirstead, M.A., Rev. T. A. Higgins, D.D., Rev. George Armstrong, D.D., Rev. G. E. Day, D.D., and Stephen Selden, Esq.

The work of compilation began immediately, and, after some delays, was completed at the close of 1887.

The whole work has been under the direct supervision of A. P. Shand, Esq., Rev. J. W. Manning, B.A., and Professor E. M. Keirstead, M.A.

The thanks of the Society are due and are hereby presented to all these brethren and others for services rendered.

In the preparation of the Canadian Baptist Hymnal use has been made of the following Hymn-Books : the Psalmist, the Service of Song, the Calvary Selection, the Baptist Hymnal, and the English Baptist Hymnal. A few original hymns by local authors have also found a place in the collection, which will in no wise detract from the merits of the book.

The collection contains hymns from two hundred and fifty-eight authors.

The pleasant duty remains of thanking most heartily the authors or their representatives for the kind permission to use their hymns. The names of authors are invariably appended to their hymns, and to them all the Society tender their most grateful acknowledgments.

In some cases it has been found impossible to discover the addresses of authors or their representatives, but the

PREFACE.

permission, which would have been gladly sought, it is hoped will be generously granted.

By request we have pleasure in acknowledging permission to use hymns by Miss Winkworth, the copyright of which is owned by Messrs. Longmans & Co.

The compilers have availed themselves of the services of Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., of Nottingham, editor of the English Baptist Hymnal, in obtaining from a number of the authors and representatives of authors permission to print hymns.

The work is respectfully dedicated to the Churches of our Lord Jesus Christ, with the earnest hope that it may be the means of lifting the worship of many a sanctuary and home to a higher spiritual level.

HALIFAX, N.S.

October, 1888.



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Sing praises to the Lord, which dwelleth in Zion. —PSALM ix. 11.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving. Let us make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

—PSALM xciv. 1, 2.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in His sanctuary. . . Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord!

—PSALM cl. 1, 6.

Speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord.

—EPH. v. 19.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto God.—COL. iii. 16.

The Canadian Baptist Hymnal.

WORSHIP.

1

C. M.

- 1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to Thy courts repair ;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 4 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 5 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

J. NEWTON.

2

S. M.

- 1 ARISE, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud, and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

—PSALM ix. 11.

*a joyful noise to
His presence with
with psalms.*

PSALM xciv. 1, 2.

*ry. . . Let every-
the Lord!*

—PSALM cl. 1, 6.

*l spiritual songs,
Lord.*

—EPH. v. 19.

*wisdom, teaching
ns and spiritual*

COL. iii. 16.

WORSHIP.

4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Arise, and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore ,
Arise, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

J. MONTGOMERY.

3

C. M.

1 **ARISE**, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God ;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

3 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace ;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

4 Arise, my soul ! awake, my voice,
And hymns of pleasure sing ;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

I. WATTS.

4

L. M.

1 **AWAKE**, my soul ; awake, my tongue ;
My God demands the grateful song ;
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.

2 Divinely free His mercy flows,
Forgives my sins, allays my woes,
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

3 His mercy, with unchanging rays,
For ever shines, while time decays ;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

WORSHIP.

- 4 While all His works His praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless His name,
O let my heart, my life, my tongue
Attend, and join the blissful song.

A. STEELE.

5

L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His 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 heaven 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 shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

I. WATTS.

6

C. M.

- 1 BE merciful to us, O God !
Upon Thy people shine ;
And spread Thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live are Thine.
- 2 Give light and comfort to Thine own ;
And let that light extend
Till Thy prevailing name is known
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Let all the people praise Thee, Lord !
Let all their homage bring :
From sea to sea be Thou adored,
Redeemer, Judge, and King !

WORSHIP.

- 4 Let all the people praise Thee, Lord !
Then earth her fruit shall give :
Thy blessing shall on all be poured,
And all to Thee shall live.

H. F. LYTE.

7

L. M.

- 1 BE thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.
- 2 O God, my heart is fixed ; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round ;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends ;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.

TATE AND BRADY.

8

6.4. double.

- 1 BREAK Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea ;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord ;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word !
- 2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee ;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall ;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All !

M. A. LATHBURY.

9

C. M.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before His feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards His seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

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

4 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays His anger by.

I. WATTS.

10

L. M.

1 COME, O my soul ! in sacred lays,
Attempt Thy great Creator's praise :
But O, what tongue can speak His fame ?
What verse can reach the lofty theme ?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines ;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of His name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing ;
And let His praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

T. BLACKLOCK.

11

S. M.

- 1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing !
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 Come, worship at His throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are His work, and not our own ;
He formed us by His word.
- 3 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod ;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

I. WATTS.

12

C. M.

- 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 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise !
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies !
- 3 Come, Lord ! Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame ;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.
- 4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

A. STEELE.

13

S. M.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come ;
The God of peace shall meet thee there ;
He makes that house His home.

WORSHIP.

S. M.

- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt His love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before His throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts His praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

E. TAYLOR.

C. M.

14

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.
- 2 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power,
Through all Thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.
- 4 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.

I. WATTS.

L. M.

15

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone ;
Let my religious hours alone ;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.
- 2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire :
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

- 3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare !
 How sweet Thy entertainments are !
 Ne'er did the angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
 In Thee thy Father's glories shine ;
 Thy glorious name shall be adored,
 And every tongue confess Thee Lord.

I. WATTS.

16

L. M.

- 1 FROM all who 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 rise and set no more.

I. WATTS.

17

L. M.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
 Mercy and truth are all His ways ;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
 The King of kings with glory crown ;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He sent His Son with power to save
 From guilt and darkness and the grave ;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
 And leads us to His heavenly seat ;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no more.

I. WATTS.

18

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
 Show the brightness of Thy face ;

WORSHIP.

Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine ;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Be by all that live adored ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man His blessing give ;
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

H. F. LYTE.

19

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion 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,
Display Thy grace, exert Thy power,
Till all on earth Thy name adore.

I WATTS.

20

8.7. double.

- 1 HAIL! Thou God of grace and glory!
 Who Thy name hast magnified,
 By redemption's wondrous story,
 By the Saviour crucified;
 Thanks to Thee for every blessing,
 Flowing from the Fount of love;
 Thanks for present good unceasing,
 And for hopes of bliss above.
- 2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,
 Near Thy bright and burning throne;
 We invoke Thee, God most holy!
 Through Thy well-belovèd Son.
 Send the baptism of Thy Spirit,
 Shed the pentecostal fire;
 Let us all Thy grace inherit,
 Waken, crown each good desire.
- 3 Bind Thy people, Lord! in union,
 With the sevenfold cord of love;
 Breathe a spirit of communion
 With the glorious hosts above;
 Let Thy work be seen progressing;
 Bow each heart, and bend each knee;
 Till the world, Thy truth possessing,
 Celebrates its jubilee.

T. W. AVELING.

21

7s.

- 1 HALLELUJAH! Raise, O raise
 To our God the song of praise;
 All His servants join to sing
 God our Saviour and our King.
- 2 Blessèd be for evermore
 That dread name which we adore;
 Round the world His praise be sung,
 Through all lands, in every tongue.
- 3 O'er all nations God alone,
 Higher than the heavens His throne;
 Who is like to God most high,
 Infinite in majesty?

WORSHIP.

- 4 Yet to view the heavens He bends ;
Yea, to earth He condescends ;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.
- 5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land ;
Wealth upon the needy shower,
Set the meanest high in power.
- 6 He the broken spirit cheers,
'Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;
Such the wonders of His ways ;
Praise His name—for ever praise.

J. CONDER.

C. M.

22

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King ;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry ;
"Thrice holy," let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul ! to God ;
Lift, with thy hands a holy heart
To His sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce His name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
A contrite heart shall please Him more
Than noblest forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are Thy delight,
And they Thy face shall see.

J. NEEDHAM.

7s.

23

- 1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord !
Be Thy glorious name adored ;
Lord ! Thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord ! Thine ear
Yet our hallelujahs hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.

- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way ;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.
- 4 Then no tongue shall silent be ;
All shall join in harmony ;
And through heaven's all-spacious round
Praise to Thee shall ever sound.
- 5 Lord ! Thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !
Be Thy glorious name adored.

B. WILLIAMS.

24

S. M.

- 1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauty 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 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

S. STENNET.

25

L. M.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts ! Thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of Thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode ;
My panting heart cries out for God ;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and Thee ?

WORSHIP.

- 3 Blest are the saints, who dwell on high,
Around Thy throne, above the sky ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace ;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
- 5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

I. WATTS.

26

C. M.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
" In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day ! "
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face.
- 3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.
- 4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell ;
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

I. WATTS.

27

8.7.4.

- 1 IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near ;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
Speak, and let Thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

WORSHIP.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee ;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run nor weary be,
Till Thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before,—
Full enjoyment,—
Holy bliss, for evermore.

28

T. KELLY.

L. M.

1 JESUS, assembled in Thy name,
Thy promise at Thy hand we claim !
We do believe : O let us see
Great signs and wonders wrought by Thee.

2 Now let Thy mighty power be known ;
Now break or melt these hearts of stone ;
We do believe : shall we not see
New signs and wonders wrought by Thee ?

3 Claim now the souls whom Thou hast bought ;
Fetch home the wanderers Thou hast sought ;
See, Lord, we bring our sick to Thee :
Let this the hour of mercy be.

4 O loving Saviour, mighty Lord !
We rest on Thine all-faithful word ;
We do believe : and we shall see
Yet greater wonders wrought by Thee.

29

RYLE'S COLLECTION.

S. M.

1 JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim :
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove ;
Thy name is life and health and peace
And everlasting love.

WORSHIP.

- 3 We meet, the grace to take
Which Thou hast freely given :
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
- 4 Present we know Thou art,
But O ! Thyself reveal !
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy mighty comfort feel !
- 5 O may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love !

C. WESLEY.

30

L. M.

- 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 Great 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 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own !

W. COWPER.

31

H. M.

- 1 LET every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name,
And every power unite
To swell th' exalted theme ;

WORSHIP.

Let nature raise, from every tongue,
A general song of grateful praise.
2 But O, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow :
Your voices raise, ye highly blest ;
Above the rest declare His praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God ;
My heart, my voice, inspire ;
Then shall I humbly join
The universal choir ;
Thy grace can raise my heart and tongue,
And tune my song to lively praise.

32

A. STEELE.

7s.

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living He doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

33

J. MILTON.

C. M.

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired ;

WORSHIP.

- Loud, and more loud, the anthems raise,
 With grateful ardour fired.
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose goodness, passing thought,
 Loads every moment, as it flies,
 With benefits unsought.
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 From whom salvation flows,
 Who sent His Son our souls to save
 From everlasting woes.
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise
 For hope's transporting ray,
 Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
 To realms of endless day.

R. WARDLAW.

C. M.

34

- 1 LONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
 My King, my God of love ;
 My work and joy shall be the same
 In the bright world above.
- 2 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
 And while my lips rejoice,
 The men that hear my sacred song
 Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 3 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
 And children learn Thy ways ;
 Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound Thy praise.
- 4 The world is governed by Thy hands,
 Thy saints are ruled by love ;
 And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
 Though rocks and hills remove.

I. WATTS.

8.7.4.

35

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace :
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us !
 Travelling through this wilderness.

gue,
 e.

;

tongue,

A. STEELE.

7s.

ht ;

C. M.

WORSHIP.

- 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 the summons to obey,
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day !

ANON.

36

L. M.

- 1 LORD God of Hosts, by all adored !
Thy name we praise with one accord ;
The earth and heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy love, Thy majesty.
- 2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim ;
Eternal praise to Thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.
- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
The prophets aid to swell the song,
The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast.
- 4 The holy Church in every place
Throughout the world exalts Thy praise ;
Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,
Thou Father of eternity !
- 5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honour Thee ;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end for evermore.

T. COTTERILL.

37

H. M.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above !
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are !

WORSHIP.

To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet !

I. WATTS.

38

7s.

1 LORD, we come before Thee now ;
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
O do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 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, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down, lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind ;
Heal the sick ; the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

W. HAMMOND.

39

L. M.

- 1 My God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.
- 3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine ;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of Thy name.
- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

I. WATTS.

40

S. M.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
His grace to thee proclaim ;
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy name.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all His benefits ;
The Lord to thee is kind.
- 3 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 4 He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth,
And like the eagle He renews
The vigour of thy youth.
- 5 Then bless His holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole ;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days,
O bless the Lord, my soul.

J. MONTGOMERY.

41

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 O GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade ;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food ;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.
- 2 O give thanks to Nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing ;
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame ;
O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind !
- 3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship ;
And all creatures are His care ;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?
- 4 O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came for rebel man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

J. CONDER.

42

10.10.11.11.

- 1 O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above !
O gratefully sing His wisdom and love !
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might ! O sing of His grace !
Whose robe is the light ; whose canopy, space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

5 O measureless Might ! ineffable Love !
 While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
 The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

R. GRANT.

43

7s. double.

1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love ;
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe.
 O ! my spirit longs and faints
 For the converse of Thy saints,
 For the brightness of Thy face,
 King of glory, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round Thine altars, O Most High !
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In their heavenly Father's breast :
 Like the wandering dove that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls ! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe :
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies :
 On they go from strength to strength
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,
 At Thy feet adoring fall
 Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win ;
 Guide me through a world of sin :
 Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
 Give me at Thy side a place :

WORSHIP.

Sun and shield alike Thou art,
 Guide and guard my erring heart ;
 Grace and glory flow from Thee,
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me !

H. F. LYTE.

44

8.7.4.

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven,
 To His feet thy tribute bring ;
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Who like thee His praise should sing !
 Praise Him ! praise Him !
 Praise the everlasting King !
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
 To our fathers in distress ;
 Praise Him, still the same as ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
 Praise Him ! praise Him !
 Glorious in His faithfulness !
- 3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
 Well our feeble frame He knows ;
 In His hands He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes.
 Praise Him ! praise Him !
 Widely as His mercy flows !
- 4 Angels, help us to adore Him ;
 Ye behold Him face to face ;
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
 Dwellers all in time and space.
 Praise Him ! praise Him !
 Praise with us the God of grace !

H. F. LYTE.

45

8.7.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him,
 Praise Him, angels, in the height ;
 Sun and moon rejoice before Him,
 Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken ;
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
 Laws which never shall be broken
 For their guidance hath He made.

- 3 Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;
 Never shall His promise fail ;
 God hath made His saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
 Hosts on high His power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth and all creation
 Laud and magnify His name !

KEMPTHORNE (?)

46

8.7. double.

- 1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
 Praise be Thine from every tongue ;
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
 Father, source of all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded grace is Thine ;
 Hail ! the God of our salvation,
 Praise Him for His love divine !
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high ;
 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise ;
 There, enraptured, fall before Him,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

J. FAWCETT AND WESLEY.

47

C. M.

- 1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord ! for Thee ;
 There shall our vows be paid ;
 Thou hast an ear when sinners pray ;
 All flesh shall seek Thine aid.
- 2 O Lord ! our guilt and fears prevail,
 But pardoning grace is Thine ;
 And Thou wilt grant us power and skill
 To conquer every sin.
- 3 Blest are the men whom Thou wilt choose
 To bring them near Thy face ;
 Give them a dwelling in Thy house,
 To feast upon Thy grace.

WORSHIP.

4 In answering what Thy Church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine ;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil Thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just ;
And distant islands fly to Thee,
And make Thy name their trust.

I. WATTS.

48

L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the poor ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

4 He loves the saints, He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell :
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

I. WATTS.

49

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.

T. KEN.

50

8.7. double.

1 ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn :
" Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord ! "

- 2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."
 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !"
- 3 With His seraph train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :
 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !"

R. MANT.

51

L. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord a joyful song,
 Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
 To us His gracious gifts belong,
 To Him our songs of love and praise.
- 2 For life and love, for rest and food,
 For daily help and nightly care,
 Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
 And praise His name, for it is fair.
- 3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
 His truth to prove, His will to do ;
 Praise ye our God, for He is great,
 Trust in His name, for it is true.
- 4 For joys untold that daily move
 Round those who love His sweet employ,
 Sing to our God, for He is love,
 Exalt His name, for it is joy.
- 5 For life below, with all its bliss,
 And for that life, more pure and high,
 That inner life which over this
 Shall ever shine, and never die ;

6 Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

52

7s.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun ;
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away :
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth :
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death :
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

J. MONTGOMERY.

53

L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer ;
I love to stand within its walls,
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.
- 2 I love to tread the hallowed courts,
Where two or three for worship meet ;
For thither Christ Himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

- 3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
 To join in holy praise and love ;
 And imitate the blessed throng
 That mingle hearts and songs above.
- 4 Within these walls may peace abound,
 May all our hearts in one agree ;
 Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
 May peace and concord ever be.

H. F. LYTE.

54

7s.

- 1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
 When the saints together meet ;
 When the Saviour is the theme,
 When they join to sing of Him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
 Such as did the Father move :
 He beheld the world undone,
 Loved the world, and gave His Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love :
 How He left the realms above,
 Took our nature and our place,
 Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love :
 With our wretched hearts He strove,
 Took the things of Christ, and showed
 How to reach His blest abode.
- 5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
 Where the saints in glory meet ;
 Where the Saviour's still the theme,
 Where they see, and sing of Him.

G. BURDER.

55

C. M.

- 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 blessing, Lord, my heart desires :
 O grant me mine abode
 Among the Churches of Thy saints,
 The temples of my God.

WORSHIP.

- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy glory still ;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And learn Thy holy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

I. WATTS.

56

7s. double.

- 1 THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou by whom we live and move !
O how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound Thy praise in song !
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All Thy favours to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.
- 2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within Thy house,
Hear Thy word, and pay our vows ;
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise ;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.
- 3 From Thy works our joys arise,
O Thou only good and wise !
Who Thy wonders can declare ?
How profound Thy counsels are !
Warm our hearts with sacred fire ;
Grateful fervours still inspire ;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in Thy praise unite.

G. SANDYS.

57

7s.

- 1 To Thy temple we repair ;
Lord, we love to worship there ;
There, within the veil, we meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.
- 2 While Thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue ;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend ;
Hear us when Thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While Thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at Thy law,
Let Thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 5 From Thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn ;
Then, at evening, we may say,
" We have walked with God to-day."

J. MONTGOMERY.

58

C. M.

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all His mercies shown ?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints who fill Thy house,
My offering shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God !
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight !
How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all Thy servants are !
How great Thy grace to me !
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

I. WATTS.

7s.

59

6.5. or 11s.

- 1 WITH gladness we worship,
Rejoice as we sing,
Free hearts and free voices
How blessed to bring.
The old thankful story
Shall reach Thine abode,
Thou King of all glory,
Most bountiful God!
- 2 Renewed by Thy Spirit,
Redeemed by Thy Son,
Thy children revere Thee
For all Thou hast done.
O Father! returning
To love and to light,
Thy children are yearning
To praise Thee aright.
- 3 Our souls mount aspiring
To reach the Divine;
Partaking Thy nature—
In Christ—even Thine!
Ascending and soaring,
With Him in accord,
We triumph adoring,
We joy in the Lord.
- 4 We join with the angels,
And so there is given,
From earth, Hallelujah!
In answer to heaven.
Amen! be Thou glorious
Below and above,
Redeeming, victorious,
And Infinite Love!

G. RAWSON.

60

L. M.

- 1 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise;—

- 2 Assured that He is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed—
 We, whom He chooses for His own,
 The flock which He delights to feed.
- 3 O enter, then, His temple gate ;
 Thence to His courts devoutly press ;
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still His name with praises bless ;—
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good ;
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

N. TATE.

61

7.6. double.

- 1 YE children of the Father,
 For whom the Son did die,
 Close, close around Him gather ;
 Ye cannot come too nigh.
 Draw near, by Him invited,
 Made bold by His own might,
 By His own smile delighted,
 With His own presence bright.
- 2 Throw every power and passion
 Into each song, each prayer ;
 Bring a free, full oblation !
 Let all your strength be there !
 With utmost rapture greet Him !
 Your inmost souls outpour !
 Spirit to spirit meet Him ;
 Within the veil adore :
- 3 Thou openest, Lord ! we enter ;
 Thou callest ; lo ! we come.
 Within the veil we venture,
 And find our Lord at home.
 Here, nigh to Thee, we tarry ;
 Here, close we wait on Thee,
 And when we go to glory,
 'Twill be Thy face to see.

T. H. GILL.

THE LORD'S DAY.

62

L. M.

- 1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King ;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice ;
With all your tongues His glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God ; 'tis He alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;
We are His work, and not our own,
The sheep that on His pastures live.
- 3 Enter His gates with songs of joy ;
With praises to His courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 The Lord is good ; the Lord is kind ;
Great is His grace, His mercy sure ;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

I. WATTS.

THE LORD'S DAY.

63

L. M.

- 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 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none, but him 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 With joy, great God, Thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new ;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away ;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

J. STENNETT.

64

L. M.

- 1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour, when God Himself draws nigh,
Well pleased His people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour ! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find His earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

T. RAFFLES.

65

H. M.

- 1 Now, to Thy sacred house,
With joy I turn my feet,
Where saints, with morning vows,
In full assembly meet :
Thy power divine shall there be shown,
And from Thy throne Thy mercy shine.
- 2 O send Thy light abroad ;
Thy truth with heavenly ray
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way ;
I'll hear Thy word with faith sincere,
And learn to fear and praise the Lord.
- 3 Here reach Thy bounteous hand
And all my sorrows heal ;

THE LORD'S DAY.

Here health and strength divine,
O make my bosom feel ;
Like balmy dew shall Jesus' voice
My heart rejoice, my strength renew.

T. DWIGHT.

7.6. double.

66

- 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;
On Thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.
- 2 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
- 3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

C. WORDSWORTH.

7s. 6 lines.

67

- 1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,

Show Thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame ;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise ;
Let us feel Thy presence near ;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear ;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints :
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

J. NEWTON.

68

7s.

1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day ;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades ;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad ;
'Tis the holy peace of God, —
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

S. F. SMITH.

69

L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care shall fill my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word :
His works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep His counsels, how divine !
- 4 And 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.
- 5 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.

I. WATTS.

70

S. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear Thy word,
And grateful offerings bring ;—
- 2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell ;—
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

H. AUBER.

71

7.6.

- 1 THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To some enchanted land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary waste of sand.
- 2 Lord, we would bring for offering,—
Though marred with earthly soil,—
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil ;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,
In our humility.
- 3 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed ;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone ;
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won !
- 4 May we in joy and gladness,
Reach Thy dear home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past ;
When angel-hands have gathered
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,
Most Holy Trinity !

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

72

L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 THE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear ;
The silver trumpets seem to sound,
That call the tribes of Israel near ;

THE LORD'S DAY.

7.6.

- Ye people all, obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear.
- 2 Obedient to Thy summons, Lord,
We to Thy sanctuary come ;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send Thy people joyful home ;
Of Thee our King, O may we sing,
And none with such a theme be dumb.
- 3 O hasten, Lord, the day when those
Who know Thee here shall see Thy face ;
When suffering shall for ever close,
And they shall reach their destined place ;
Then shall they rest, supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to Thy grace.

T. KELLY.

7.6. double.

73

- 1 THE Day of Resurrection !
Earth, tell it out abroad ;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God !
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.
- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light ;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own " All hail," and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein ;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end !

JOHN OF DAMASCUS, *trans.* J. M. NEALE.

74

L. M.

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of angry 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 these realms of pain and sin ;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

P. DODDRIDGE.

75

7.6. double.

- 1 THINE holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see ;
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, O God, to Thee !
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw ;
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn Thy holy law.
- 2 We join to sing Thy praises,
Lord of the Sabbath-day ;
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay !
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with Thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

RAY PALMER.

76

L. M.

- 1 THIS day, at Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was poured :
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.
- 2 This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again :
O Jesus, may we raised be
From death of sin to life in Thee.
- 3 This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame :
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.
- 4 O day of light and life and grace !
From earthly toils sweet resting-place !
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
Give we again to God above !
- 5 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore.

W. W. HOW.

77

L. M.

- 1 THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
On this day risen to set no more,
Shine on us now to heal, to bless,
With brighter beams than e'er before.
- 2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there ;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.
- 3 Shine on those unseen things, displayed
To faith's far penetrating eye ;
And let their splendour cast a shade
On every earthly vanity.
- 4 Shine in the hearts of those most dear,
Disperse each cloud 'twixt them and Thee :
Their glorious heavenward prospects clear ;
"Light in Thy light," O let them see !

- 5 Shine on, shine on, Eternal Sun !
Pour richer floods of life and light,
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
That glorious day which knows no night !

C. ELLIOTT.

78

H. M.

- 1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest !
I hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blest ;
From low delights and fleeting toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace ;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face ;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours :
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

T. HAYWARD.

79

S. M.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day ;
Here we may sit and see Him here,
And love and praise and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

THE LORD'S DAY.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

I. WATTS.

80

C. M.

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week !
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light !
- 3 Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will cease,
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more ?

J. EDMESTON.

81

C. M.

- 1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called His own ;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at His throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.
- 3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below ;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found ;
Let all her sons unite
To spread, with grateful zeal, around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own ;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

H. F. LYTE.

MORNING AND EVENING.

82

10s.

- 1 ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide :
The darkness deepens :—Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see :
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour,—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

H. F. LYTE.

83

L. M.

- 1 AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
O ! in what divers pains they met ;
O ! with what joy they went away !
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near :
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;
 For some are sick, and some are sad ;
 And some have never loved Thee well,
 And some have lost the love they had ;
- 4 And some are pressed with worldly care,
 And some are tried with sinful doubt ;
 And some such grievous passions tear,
 That only Thou canst cast them out !
- 5 And some have found the world is vain,
 Yet from the world they break not free ;
 And some have friends who give them pain,
 Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
- 6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would hide ;
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
 Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
 And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. TWELLS.

84

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High praises to th' eternal King.
- 3 Glory 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.
- 4 Lord, I to Thee my vows renew ;
 Dispel my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with true delight,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

T. KEN.

85

L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 At evening time—when day is done,
 Life's little day is near its close,
 And all the glare and heat are gone,
 And gentle dews foretell repose ;
 To crown my faith before the night,—
 At evening time let there be light !
- 2 At evening time—when labour's past ;—
 Though storms and toils have marred my day,
 Mercy has tempered every blast,
 And love and hope have cheered the way ;
 Now let the parting hour be bright,—
 At evening time let there be light !
- 3 God doth send light at evening time,
 And bid the fears, the doubtings flee ;
 I trust His promises sublime !
 His glory now is risen on me !
 His full salvation is in sight,—
 At evening time, there now is light.

G. RAWSON.

86

P. M.

- 1 FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining,
 Father in heaven, the day is declining ;
 Safety and innocence fly with the light,
 Temptation and danger walk forth with the night :
 From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
 Shield me from danger, save me from crime !
- REF.—Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
 Father, have mercy thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord.
- 2 Father in heaven, O hear when we call !
 Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all ;
 Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might ;
 In doubting and darkness, Thy love be our light ;

Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night taper burns,
Wake in Thine arms when morning returns.

REF.—Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord.
Amen. HUNTINGDON.

87

8.8.7.8.8.7.

- 1 FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of Thy mercy large and free:
Through the day Thy love hath fed us,
Through the day Thy care hath led us,
With divinest charity.
- 2 This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour!
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
From all evil us deliver;
Save us now, and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary!
- 3 While the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
From Thine own infinity!
Softly let our eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever-blessèd Trinity!

G. RAWSON.

88

G. G. 4. G. G. 6. 4.

- 1 FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night!
- 2 Jesus Immanuel!
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night!

- 3 Spirit of holiness,
 Gentle, transforming grace,
 Indwelling light !
 Soothe Thou each weary breast,
 Now let Thy peace possessed
 Calm us to perfect rest ;
 Bless us to-night !

J. RAWSON.

89

L. M.

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light :
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings !
 Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ill which I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed :
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- 4 O let my soul on Thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close !
 Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

T. KEN.

90

C. M.

- 1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high ;
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,
 To Thee lift up mine eye ;—
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all His saints,
 Presenting at His Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
 Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

- 4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there ;
I will frequent Thine holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.
- 5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

I. WATTS.

91

6.5.

- 1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.
- 2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.
- 5 Glory to the Father !
Glory to the Son !
As to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run !

S. BARING-GOULD.

92

S. M.

- 1 ONCE more, before we part,
O bless the Saviour's name !
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.
- 2 Lord, in Thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart ;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

- 3 Still on Thy holy word
 Help us to feed and grow,
 Still to go on to know the Lord,
 And practice what we know.
- 4 Now, Lord, before we part,
 Help us to bless Thy name :
 Let every tongue and every heart
 Adore and praise the same.

J. HART.

93

10s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise :
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease ;
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame.
 That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. ELLERTON.

94

7s.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away ;
 Free from care, from labour free,
 Lord, I would commune with Thee.
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away ;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G. W. DOANE.

95

L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go :
Thy word into our minds instil :
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

REF.—Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

- 2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.—REF.

- 3 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.—REF.

- 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad :
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.—REF.

F. W. FABER.

96

L. M.

- 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die !

- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine ;

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin !

5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light !

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. KEBLE.

97

10s. 6 lines.

- 1 THE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows ;
O brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now ;
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.
- 2 Thou who, in darkness, walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail ;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice—" Fear not, for it is I ! "
- 3 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend ;
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide ;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

C. WORDSWORTH.

98

8.8.8.4.

- 1 THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store ;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.
- 2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past !
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

- 3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
 Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
 Help us to look to that bright place
 Beyond the sky ;
- 4 Where light and life and joy and peace
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging angels never cease
 Their deathless strain ;
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
 And evening shadows never fall,
 Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
 Art Lord of all.

C. THIRING.

99

L. M.

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on ;
 Thus far His power prolongs my days ;
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
 But He forgives my follies past ;
 He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait Thy voice to break my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

I. WATTS.

100

L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
 The morning light salutes mine eyes,
 O Sun of righteousness divine,
 On me with beams of mercy shine !
 O chase the clouds of guilt away,
 And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
 My evening sacrifice I bring,

And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
 Ask mercy in my Saviour's name ;
 Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy blood,
 And be my Advocate with God.

- 3 When each day's scenes and labours close,
 And wearied nature seeks repose,
 With pardoning mercy richly blest,
 Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
 And, as each morning sun shall rise,
 O lead me onward to the skies !

W. SHRUBSOLE.

GOD—HIS ATTRIBUTES.

101

C. M.

- 1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing ;
 The mighty works or mightier name
 Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound His power abroad ;
 Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
 And the performing God.
- 3 His very word of grace is strong,
 As that which built the skies ;
 The voice that rolls the stars along,
 Speaks all the promises.
- 4 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
 But whisper, "Thou art mine !"
 Those gentle words should raise my song
 To notes almost divine.

I. WATTS.

102

L. M.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul ! the living God ;
 Call home thy thoughts, that rove abroad ;
 Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul ! the God of grace ;
 His favours claim thy highest praise ;
 Let not the wonders He hath wrought
 Be lost in silence, and forgot.

- 3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done :
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Let every land His power confess ;
 Let all the earth adore His grace :
 My heart and tongue, with rapture, join
 In work and worship so divine.

I. WATTS.

103

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 COME, Thou almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise :
 Father ! all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days !
- 2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword ;
 Our prayer attend ;
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success—
 Spirit of holiness !
 On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter !
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour :
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power !
- 4 To the great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore !
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

C. WESLEY.

104

C. M.

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above ;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth His word declares,
And all His mercies prove ;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears
To show that God is love.
- 3 Behold, His loving kindness waits
For those who from Him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them God is love.
- 4 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that God is love.

G. BURDER.

105

L. M.

- 1 FATHER and Friend, Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see ;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear—Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,
But this we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with Thee.
- 4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought ;
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

J. BOWRING.

106

L. M.

- 1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we, sinners, bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we, sinners, bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we, sinners, bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Eternal Godhead ! Three in One !
Before Thy throne we, sinners, bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

J. COOPER.

107

8.7.4.

- 1 Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One ;
Hallelujah,
While eternal ages run.
- 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain ;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign ;
Hallelujah,
To the Lamb that once was slain.
- 3 "Glory, blessing, praise eternal !"
Thus the choir of angels sings ;
"Honour, riches, power, dominion !"
Thus its praise creation brings ;
Hallelujah,
Glory to the King of kings !

H. BONAR.

108

8.7.

- 1 God is love ! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens :
God is wisdom ! God is love !

- 2 Chance and change are busy ever,
 Man decays and ages move ;
 But His mercy waneth never :
 God is wisdom ! God is love !
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove ;
 From the mist His brightness streameth :
 God is wisdom ! God is love !
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above ;
 Everywhere His glory shineth :
 God is wisdom ! God is love !

J. BOWRING.

109

L. M.

- 1 GOD of the world ! Thy glories shine,
 Through earth and heaven, with rays divine ;
 Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,
 Thine anger to the tempest power.
- 2 God of our lives ! the throbbing heart
 Doth at Thy beck its action start,—
 Throbs on, obedient to Thy will,
 Or ceases, at Thy fatal chill.
- 3 God of eternal life ! Thy love
 Doth every stain of sin remove ;
 The cross, the cross—its hallowed light
 Shall drive from earth her cheerless night.
- 4 God of all goodness ! to the skies
 Our hearts in grateful anthems rise ;
 And to Thy service shall be given
 The rest of life—the whole of heaven.

S. S. CUTTING.

110

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art Thou !
 What worthless worms are we !
 Let all the 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 all the race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.

I. WATTS.

111

L. M.

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God !
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils Thy just and wise designs.
- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep ;
 Wise are the wonders of Thy hands ;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 O God, how excellent Thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort spring !
 The sons of Adam, in distress,
 Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.
- 4 In the provisions of Thy house
 We still shall find a sweet repast ;
 There mercy, like a river, flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.
- 5 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.

I. WATTS.

112

11.12.12.10.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
 Gratefully adoring, our song shall rise to Thee ;
 Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty ;
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see ;
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and
sky and sea ;
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

R. HEBER.

C. M.

113

- 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 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide !
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.
- 4 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

I. WATTS.

114

C. M.

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes His glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from His throne.
- 5 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to His care ;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with His eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

I. WATTS.

115

L. M.

- 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.

I. WATTS.

8.8.8.4.

116

- 1 LET every voice for praise awake ;
Let every heart the joy partake ;
And with this truth sweet music make,
Our God is love !

- 2 Uncounted gifts, from day to day,
One great hope lighting all our way,
Through His dear Son, bid each to say,
Our God is love !
- 3 How strong these words from heaven to cheer,
To kindle love, to banish fear,
And all things high and pure endear !
Our God is love !
- 4 O Father, when the night is nigh,
That veils for ever earth and sky,
Be this the heart's last melody,
Our God is love !
- 5 Then, when the brief, low strain is o'er,
This truth divine shall with us soar,
And make sweet music evermore,
Our God is love !

T. DAVIS.

117

L. M.

- 1 LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !
- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. HOLMES.

118

L. M.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through,
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find Thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent, what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

I. WATTS.

7 G. double.

119

- 1 My song shall be of mercy :
Come, ye who love the Lord,
Who know that He is gracious,
Who trust His faithful word ;
Tell out His works with gladness,
With me exalt His name,
Whose love endures for ever,
To endless years the same.
- 2 My song shall be of judgment ;
Ye who His chastenings feel,
O faint not, nor be weary !
He wounds that He may heal
Yea, bless the hand that smiteth,
And in your grief confess
That all His ways are wisdom,
And truth, and righteousness.
- 3 Of mercy and of judgment
To Thee, O Lord, we sing ;
O Father, Son, and Spirit !
O great eternal King !
For only Thou art holy,
For Thou art Lord alone ;

And mercy still and judgment
Are pillars of Thy throne.

H. DOWNTON.

120

H. M.

- 1 O FOR a shout of joy,
Worthy the theme we sing ;
To this divine employ
Our hearts and voices bring ;
Sound, sound thro' all the earth abroad,
The love, the eternal love of God.
- 2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at Thy right hand.
And pay their homage there ;
But strive in vain with loudest chord,
To sound Thy wondrous love, O Lord.
- 3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery,—
Have told in strains of sweet accord,
Thy love, Thy sovereign love, O Lord.
- 4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
Thy love, Thy changeless love, O Lord.

J. YOUNG.

121

7.6. double.

- O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene :
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou !
- 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,

Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die :
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

- 3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

122

L. M.

- 1 O LOVE of God, how strong and true !
Eternal and yet ever new ;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.
- 2 O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill !
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless.
- 3 O wide embracing, wondrous love !
We read thee in the sky above ;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.
- 4 We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame ;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.
- 5 O love of God ! our shield and stay,
Through all the perils of our way ;
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blessed !

H. BONAR.

123

C. M.

- 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 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 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.

I. WATTS.

124

8.7. (Iambic.)

- 1 THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine, for ever.
- 2 Where streams of living waters flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

C. M.

4 And so through all the length of days
 Thy goodness faileth never ;
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
 Within Thy house for ever !

H. W. BAKER.

H. M.

125

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments He assumes
 Are light and majesty ;
 His glories shine with beams so bright,
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
 Keep the wide world in awe ;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard His holy law ;
 And where His love resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend,
 And will He write His name,
 My Father and my Friend ?
 I love His name, I love His word ;
 Join all my powers, and praise the Lord.

I. WATTS.

8.7.

126

1 THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea ;
 There's a kindness in His justice,
 Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good ;
 There is mercy with the Saviour ;
 There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind ;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word ;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER.

TS.
 bic.)

127

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light !
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight ;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light !
- 3 Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light !

J. MARRIOTT.

128

C. M.

- 1 Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore ;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest
In every golden ray :
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love returns the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly Thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen ;
There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

6.4.

- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name are given ;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

T. OLSON.

129

H. M.

- 1 WE give immortal praise
For God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above :
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that we had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe :
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God ! to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One :
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

I. WATTS.

130

L. M.

- 1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song :
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord ;
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word ;
Not all the works and names below,
So much Thy power and glory show.

M.

- 3 To God I cried when troubles rose ;
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins ;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

I. WATTS.

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

131

C. M.

- 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 'Twas 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 ;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yea—when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
- 5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

J. NEWTON.

132

L. M.

- 1 God is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.
- 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

I. WATTS.

133

C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform :
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace,
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain ;
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

W. COWPER.

134

C. M.

- 1 God, my supporter and my hope,
 My help for ever near,
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Through this dark wilderness ;
 Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,
 To dwell before Thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven, without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me ;
 And while the earth is my abode,
 I long for none but Thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint,
 Thou art my soul's eternal rock,
 The strength of every saint.

I. WATTS.

135

S. M.

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to my ear ;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
 To tread the heavenly road ;
 And new supplies I hourly meet,
 While pressing home to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

136

C. M.

- 1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honour of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on His firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 His providence unfolds a book,
In which His counsels shine ;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.
- 4 In Thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

I. WATTS.

137

L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him, whate'er betide ;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide ;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that naught can move.
- 2 What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs ?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies ?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.
- 3 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope ; content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent :
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

- 4 He knows when joyful hours are best,
 He sends them as He sees it meet ;
 When thou hast borne the fiery test,
 And now art freed from all deceit,
 He comes to thee all unaware,
 And makes thee own His loving care.

NEUMARCK, *trans.* C. WINKWORTH.

138

C. M.

- 1 My Shepherd will supply my need,
 Jehovah is His name :
 In pastures fresh He makes me feed
 Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back
 When I forsake His ways,
 And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay ;
 A word of Thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
 Doth still my table spread ;
 My cup with blessings overflows ;
 Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days ;
 O may Thy house be mine 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.

I. WATTS.
 S. M.

139

- 1 My soul, repeat His praise,
 Whose mercies are so great ;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;
 And when His strokes are felt,
 His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.

- 3 The pity of the Lord,
 To those that fear His name,
 Is such as tender parents feel :
 He knows our feeble frame.
- 4 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.
- 5 But Thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure ;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy words of promise sure.

I. WATTS.

140

L. M.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song !
 Awake, my soul ! awake, my tongue !
 Hosanna to the eternal name,
 And all His boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
 The brightest image of His grace !
 God, in the person of His Son,
 Hath all His mightiest works outdone.
- 3 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.
- 4 O may I reach that happy place,
 Where He unveils His lovely face,
 Where all His beauties you behold,
 And sing His name to harps of gold.

I. WATTS.

S. M.

141

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune,
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
 Its chief beloved chose,
 And bid Him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.

- 3 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons down
 To rebels doomed to die.
- 4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrow cease :
 Bow to the sceptre of His love,
 And take the offered peace.
- 5 Lord, we obey Thy call ;
 We lay a humble claim
 To the salvation Thou hast brought,
 And love and praise Thy name.

I. WATTS.

C. M.

142

- 1 SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly King ;
 Let age to age Thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high ; but ne'er confines
 His goodness to the skies :
 Through the whole earth His bounty shines
 And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
 On Thee for daily food ;
 Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouth with good.
- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord !
 How slow Thine anger moves !
 But soon He sends His pardoning word
 To cheer the souls He loves.

I. WATTS.

S. M.

143

- 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 In sight of all my foes
 Thou dost my table spread,
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
 Shall crown my following days ;
 Nor from Thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak Thy praise

I. WATTS.

144

I. M. 6 lines.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noonday walks He shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps He leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy presence shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile
 With sudden green and herbage crowned ;
 And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;

Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

J. ADDISON.

145

C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who make His name their trust.
- 3 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 4 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

TATE AND BRADY.

146

L. M.

- 1 WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea ;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee.
- 2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.
- 3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.
- 4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

G. E. I. COTTON.

147

C. M.

- 1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on 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 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise :
For O ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise !

J. ADDISON.

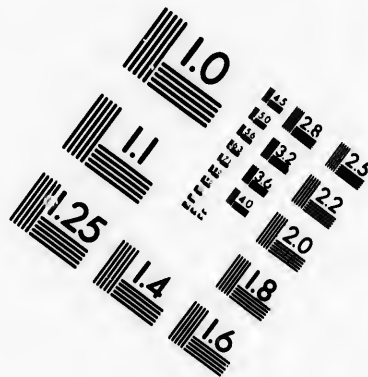
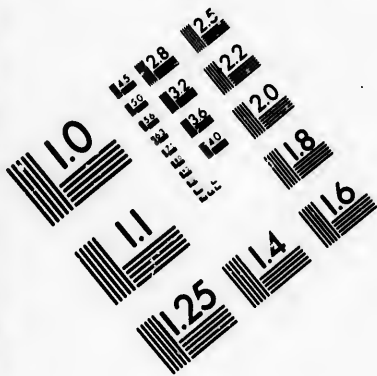
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS
ADVENT AND BIRTH.

148

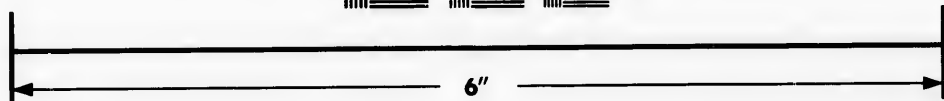
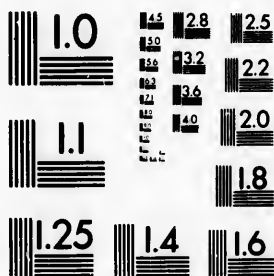
8.7.4.

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing ;
Yonder shines the heavenly light :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.





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20

10

- 3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Sinners, bowed in true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence ;
Mercy calls you ; break your chains :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. MONTGOMERY.

149

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

W. C. DIX.

150

11.10.11.10.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gold would His favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

R. HEBER.

151

C. M.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The joyous hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God !" the sounding skies
Aloud with anthems ring ;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King !"

E. H. SEARS.
F

152

8.7.

- 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.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art :
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born, Thy people to deliver ;
Born a child, and yet a King !
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

C. WESLEY.

153

11.10.11.10.9.10.

- 1 HARK ! hark, my soul ; angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore :
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
CHO.—Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
“Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come :”
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—CHORUS.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—
CHORUS.
- 4 Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping ;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—
CHORUS.

F. W. FABER.

154

C. M.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song
- 2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

P. DODDRIDGE.

155

7s.

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
Universal nature say,
"Christ the Lord is born to-day !"
- 3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace !
Hail, the Sun of righteousness :
Life and light to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
- 4 Mild He lays His glory by ;
Born, that man no more may die ;
Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
Born, to give them second birth.
- 5 Glory to the new-born King !
Let us all the anthem sing—
"Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

C. WESLEY.

156

7s. double.

- 1 HE has come ! the Christ of God
Left for us His glad abode ;
Stooping from His throne of bliss
To this darksome wilderness.
He has come ! the Prince of peace ;
Come to bid our sorrows cease ;
Come to scatter with His light
All the shadows of our night.
- 2 He, the mighty King, has come !
Making this poor earth His home ;
Come to bear our sin's sad load ;
Son of David, Son of God !
He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race ;
Left for us His glad abode ;
Son of Mary, Son of God !
- 3 Unto us a child is born !
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.
Unto us a Son is given !
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

H. BONAR.

157

C. M. double

- 1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold—
" Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King !"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;

HIS ADVENT AND BIRTH.

- And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring :
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !
- 3 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

E. H. SEARS.

158

C. M.

- 1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. WATTS.

159

C. M.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground ;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

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

N. TATE.

160

L. M.

- 1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill ;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
 Watched o'er their flocks by starry light,—
- 2 Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
 Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came :
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung :
- 4 “ O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 5 “ He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bid Satan and his host depart ;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom ! ”

T. CAMPBELL.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST : HIS
MINISTRY.

161

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;

Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If Thy light is hid from me ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine !
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. WESLEY.

162

L. M.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;
The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?
- 3 There is a great Physician near ;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
See, in His heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give.
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow :
'Tis only that dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

A. STEELE.

163

7s.

- 1 God with us ! O glorious name !
Let it shine in endless fame ;
God and man in Christ unite ;
O mysterious depth and height !

- 2 God with us ! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone ;
Now, ye saints, His grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.
- 3 God with us ! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot ;
Yet did He our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain
- 4 God with us ! O wondrous grace !
Let us see Him face to face ;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King !

S. SLINN.

164

L. M.

- 1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God !
- 2 O, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light ?
O, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe ?
- 3 O, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before ?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility ?
- 4 O, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe !
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God.

A. C. COXE.

165

L. M.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place !
- 2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

HIS MINISTRY.

- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest :"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest !
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust ;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay :
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

J. BOWRING.

166

S. M. double.

- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child ;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is ;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep ;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

H. BONAR.

167

L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 JESUS, Thou source of calm repose,
All fulness dwells in Thee divine ;
Our strength to quell the proudest foes ;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine ;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower,
Our trust and portion, evermore.

- 2 Jesus, our Comforter Thou art ;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain ;
The balm to heal each broken heart,
In storms our peace, in loss our gain ;
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown ;
In shame, our glory and our crown ;—
- 3 In want, our plentiful supply ;
In weakness, our almighty power ;
In bonds, our perfect liberty ;
Our refuge in temptation's hour ; .
Our comfort when in grief and thrall ;
Our life in death ; our all in all.

C. WESLEY.

168

C. M.

- 1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like His, upon the poor.
- 2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill ;
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
- 4 Mean are all offerings we can make ;
Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

W. CROSSWELL.

169

C. M.

- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow ;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men ;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

- 3 To Him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have ;
 He makes me triumph over death,
 He saves me from the grave.
- 4 Since from His bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be Thine.

H. STENNETT.

170

L. M.

- 1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
 I read my duty in Thy word ;
 But, in Thy life, the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
 Such 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 temptation 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
 Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

I. WATTS.

171

C. P. M.

- 1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
 O could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine !
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine !
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.
- 4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face ;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

S. MEDLEY.

172

7. 6. double.

- 1 O JESUS, ever present ;
O Shepherd, ever kind ;
Thy very name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.
It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above ;
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.
- 2 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of my way !
How oft, in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
And healing balm poured in !
- 3 O Shepherd good, I follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead ;
No matter where the pasture,
With Thee at hand to feed.
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold ;
O bring my ransomed spirit
To Thine eternal fold !

L. TUTTLETT.

173

7. 6. double.

- 1 O JESUS, Friend unfailing,
How dear Thou art to me !
Are cares or fears assailing ?
I find my strength in Thee.
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way ?
Rough though the path and dreary,
It ends in perfect day.
- 2 What fills my soul with gladness ?
'Tis Thine abounding grace ;
Where can I look in sadness,
But, Jesus, on Thy face ?
My all is Thy providing ;
Thy love can ne'er grow cold ;
In Thee my refuge, hiding,
No good wilt Thou withhold.
- 3 For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing,
I triumph, Lord, in Thee :
O Jesus, Friend unfailing,
How dear art Thou to me !

GERMAN, trans. H. K. BROWNE

174

L. M.

- 1 O LOVE, how deep ! how broad ! how high !
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortal's sake.
- 2 He sent no angel to our race
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.
- 3 For us He was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore ;
For us temptations sharp He knew ;
For us the tempter overthrew.

- 4 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought ;
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself but us.
- 5 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death ;
For us at length gave up His breath.
- 6 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

J. M. NEALE, *tr.*

175

L. M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR ! Thou in love didst make
Thyself incarnate for our sake,
To share with us the griefs of life,
Its watchings, weariness, and strife.
- 2 There's not an hour of life below,
A want, a weakness, or a woe,
In which, to help the human heart,
Thou didst not bear Thyself a part :
- 3 Thou who wast rich, becoming poor
To give us riches that endure ;
Thou who wast high, becoming low
That we might to Thy stature grow :
- 4 Thou, God of heaven, by human birth
A man of sorrows upon earth ;
That we may draw our best relief
From Thy dear fellowship in grief.
- 5 Lowly to us, O Lord, as Thou
In Thy humility dost bow,
So high our nature lift with Thine,
Till human things become Divine.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

176

8.7.

- 1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend :
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

HIS MINISTRY.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.
- 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name ;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

J. NEWTON.

177

L. M.

- 1 O THOU through suffering perfect made,
On whom the bitter cross was laid ;
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.
- 2 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure :
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.
- 3 But, O ! far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.
- 4 O ! heal the bruised heart within :
O ! save our souls all sick with sin :
Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore.

W. W. HOW.

178

C. M.

- 1 THOU art the Way : by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth : Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

- 3 Thou art the Life : the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,—
Grant us that way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. DOANE.

179

C. M. double.

- 1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save ;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.
- 2 And lo ! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight ;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed,
Owned Thee, the Lord of light ;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.
- 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death ;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath ;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

180

C. M.

- 1 WE may not climb the heavenly steps
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

HIS MINISTRY.

- 2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,
A present help is He ;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
- 3 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.
- 4 Through Him the first fond prayers are said,
Our lips of childhood frame ;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.
- 5 O Lord and Saviour of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
And form our lives by Thine.

J. G. WHITTIER.

181

C. M.

- 1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below ;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.
- 2 For ever, on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung ;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

E. DENNY.

G

*THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :
HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.*

182

C. M.

- 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 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Creator, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

I. WATTS.

183

H. M.

- 1 From Thy dear, piercèd side,
Unspotted Lamb of God,
Came forth a mingled stream
Of water and of blood :
My sinful soul there I would lay,
Till every stain is washed away.
- 2 'Tis from this sacred spring
A sovereign virtue flows,
To heal my painful wounds,
And cure my deadly woes ;
Here, then, I'll bathe, and bathe again,
Till not a wound or woe remain.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 3 A fountain 'tis unsealed,
Divinely rich and free,
Open for all who come,
And open, too, for me :
To this pure fount will I repair ;
Come, sinners, come ; there's mercy there.

B. BEDDOME.

184

8.7.4.

- 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 !" O what pleasure
Do those gracious words afford !
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord ;
" It is finished !"
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
Join to sing the glorious theme ;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name ;
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

J. EVANS.

185

L. M.

- 1 HE dies !—the Friend of sinners dies ;
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree :
The Lord of glory dies for men ;
But lo ! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

- 4 Say—live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save !
Where now, O Death, where is thy sting ?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave ?

I. WATTS.

186

C. M.

- 1 How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.
- 2 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.
- 3 This was compassion, like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great ;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget.

I. WATTS.

187

C. M.

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood ;
He fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.
- 3 O never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look !
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 A second look He gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I die that thou may'st live."

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 5 Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

J. NEWTON.

188

8.7.

- 1 IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time :
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.
- 5 IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time :
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. BOWRING.

189

7. 6. double.

- 1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown ;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine !
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.
- 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain :

- Lo, here I fall, my Saviour !
'Tis I deserve Thy place :
Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end ?
Lord, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove :
O let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

J. W. ALEXANDER, *sr.*

190

L. M.

- 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 !—this His dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last expiring breath.
- 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 triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

S. STENNETT.

191

L. M.

- 1 'Tis midnight ; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone .
'Tis midnight ; in the garden, now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight ; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears ;
Ev'n that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

- 3 'Tis midnight ; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.
- 4 'Tis midnight ; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

W. B. TAPPAN.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :
HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

192

8.7. double.

- 1 ALLELUIA ! Alleluia !
Hearts to heaven and voices raise ;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise ;
He, who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.
- 2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield ;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.
- 3 Christ is risen, we are risen ;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory,
From the brightness of Thy face ;
That we, with our hearts in heaven
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

C. WORDSWORTH.

193

7s.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey :
See ! He rises from the tomb—
Rises with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour ; seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes ;
Now to glory see Him rise ;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.
- 4 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise Him with your golden lyres ;
Praise Him in your noblest songs ;
Praise Him from ten thousand tongues.

T. SCOTT.

194

7s.

- 1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say :
Raise your joys and triumphs high !
Sing, ye heavens ; thou earth, reply !
- 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 hath burst the gates of hell !
Death in vain forbids His 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 thy victory, O Grave ?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head !
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

C. WESLEY.

7s.

195

C. P. M.

- 1 COME see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
 " He lives, who once was slain :
Why seek the living 'midst the dead ?
Remember how the Saviour said
 That He would rise again."
- 2 O joyful sound ! O glorious hour,
When by His own almighty power
 He rose, and left the grave !
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
 And ever lives to save.
- 3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
 Immortal life to bring ;
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
 And triumph with their King.
- 4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
 Though dust return to dust :
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
 To Thee our bodies trust.

T. KELLY.

196

7s.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Glorious, to His native skies !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Christ hath vanquished death and sin ;
Take the King of glory in.
- 3 See, the heaven its Lord receives !
Yet He loves the earth He leaves :
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

- 4 Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads ;
Near Himself prepares a place,
Great Forerunner of our race.
- 5 What, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height ;
Thither our affections rise,
Following Him beyond the skies.

G. WESLEY.

197

7s. double.

- 1 HE is gone—a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight ;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angel's ken ;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.
- 2 He is gone—towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll :
Far behind we leave the past ;
Forward are our glances cast :
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change :
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.
- 3 He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before ;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare :
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.
- 4 He is gone—but not in vain,
Wait until He comes again :
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere ;
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find :

To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

A. P. STANLEY.

198

8.7.8.7.7.7.

- 1 JESUS comes, His conflict over,—
Comes to claim His great reward ;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord ;
Haste, ye saints ! your tribute bring,
Crown Him, everlasting King.
- 2 Yonder throne for Him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat.
Lo, the Man on earth rejected !
Angels worship at His feet :
Haste, ye saints ! your tribute bring,
Crown Him, everlasting King.
- 3 Day and night they cry before Him,—
“ Holy, holy, holy Lord ! ”
All the powers of heaven adore Him,
All obey His sovereign word ;
Haste, ye saints ! your tribute bring,
Crown Him, everlasting King.

T. KELLY.

199

L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates !
Behold, the King of glory waits ;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here ;
Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing !
- 2 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use, for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy :
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.
- 3 Redeemer, come ! I open wide
My heart to Thee ; here, Lord, abide !

Let me Thine inner presence feel,
 Thy grace and love in me reveal ;
 Thy Holy Spirit guide me on,
 Until the glorious goal be won !

C. WEISZEL, *trans.* C. WINKWORTH.

200

C. P. M.

- 1 O JESUS, Lord ! 'tis joy to know
 Thy path is o'er of shame and woe,
 For us so meekly trod :
 All finished is Thy work of toil,
 Thou reapest now the fruit and spoil,
 Exalted by our God.
- 2 Thy holy head, once bound with thorns,
 The crown of glory now adorns—
 Thy seat the Father's throne ;
 O Lord ! e'en now we sing Thy praise,
 And soon the eternal song shall raise—
 " Worthy the Lord alone ! "
- 3 Our glorious Head, Thou sittest there,
 Thy members here the blessing share
 Of all Thou dost receive :
 Thy wisdom, riches, honours, powers,
 Thy boundless love has all made ours,
 Who in Thy name believe.
- 4 We triumph in Thy triumphs, Lord ;
 Thy joys our deepest joys afford,
 Our life is life divine :
 While sorrowing, suffering, toiling here,
 How does the thought our spirits cheer—
 The throne of glory's Thine !

ANON.

201

7.6. double.

- 1 O LORD ! who now art seated
 Above the heavens on high,
 The gracious work completed
 For which Thou cam'st to die,
 To Thee our hearts are lifted,
 While pilgrims wandering here,
 For Thou art truly gifted
 Our every grief to share.

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

- 2 O Lord ! Thy love's unbounded,
So full, so vast, so free ;
Our thoughts are all confounded,
Whene'er we think on Thee :
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die,
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.
- 3 O let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee ;
Let nothing henceforth pain us
But that which paineth Thee ;
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

J. G. DECK.

202

L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 3 " Who is the King of glory ? Who ?"
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 4 Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 5 " Who is the King of glory ? Who ?"
The Lord of boundless power possessed ;
The King of saints and angels too ;
God over all, for ever blest !

C. WESLEY.

203

S. M.

- 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed,"
Then is His work performed ;
The captive surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then hell has lost its prey ;
With Him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
He lives to die no more ;
He lives the sinner's cause to plead ;
Whose curse and shame He bore.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Attending angels hear ;
Up to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.
- 5 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord,
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

T. KELLY.

204

8.8.8.4.

- 1 THE strife is o'er, the battle done ;
The triumph of the Lord is won ;
O let the song of praise be sung—
Alleluia !
- 2 The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed ;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst—
Alleluia !
- 3 On that third morn He rose again,
In glorious majesty to reign ;
O let us swell the joyful strain—
Alleluia !
- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell ;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
Let songs of joy His triumph tell,
Alleluia !

HIS REIGN.

- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee—
Alleluia !

LATIN HYMN, *trans.* F. POTT.

205

8.7. double.

- 1 "WE shall see Him," in our nature,
Seated on His lofty throne,
Loved, adored by every creature,
Owned as God, and God alone !
There the hosts of shining spirits
Strike their harps, and loudly sing
To the praise of Jesus' merits,
To the glory of their King.
- 2 When we pass o'er death's dark river,
"We shall see Him as He is,"
Resting in His love and favour,
Owning all the glory His.
There to cast our crowns before Him,
O what bliss the thought affords !
There for ever to adore Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords !

N. PYPER.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS REIGN.

206

C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
A remnant weak and small ;
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 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall !
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

E. FERRONET.

C. M.

207

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid His Father's throne ;
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid !
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head !
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

I. WATTS.

208

7s.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain ;
Hark ! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !
- 2 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry :
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !
- 3 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save ;

Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings :
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !

4 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven :
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !

RRONET.

C. M.

G. WESLEY,

7s. 6 lines.

209

- 1 GLORY, glory to our King !
Crowns unfading wreath His head ;
Jesus is the name we sing, —
Jesus, risen from the dead ;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave ;
Jesus, mighty now to save.
- 2 Jesus is gone up on high :
Angels come to meet their King ;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing :
"Open now, ye heavenly gates !
'Tis the King of glory waits."
- 3 Now behold Him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from His face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace !
O for hearts and tongues to sing—
"Glory, glory to our King !"

T. KELLY.

210

L. M.

- 1 HE lives ! He lives ! and sits above,
For ever interceding there :
Who shall divide us from His love,
Or what should tempt us to despair ?
- 2 Shall persecution, or distress,
Shall famine, sword, or nakedness ?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 3 Faith has an overcoming power ;
It triumphs in the dying hour :

Christ is our life, our joy, our hope ;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

- 4 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

I. WATTS.

211

L. M.

- 1 "I KNOW that my Redeemer lives !"
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !
He lives ! He lives ! who once was dead ;
He lives, my ever-living Head !
- 2 He lives, triumphant from the grave ;
He lives, eternally to save ;
He lives, to bless me with His love ;
He lives, to plead for me above.
- 3 He lives, to silence all my fears ;
He lives, to stay and wipe my tears ;
He lives, to soothe my troubled heart ;
He lives, all blessings to impart.
- 4 He lives, my kind, my faithful Friend ;
He lives, and loves me to the end ;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 He lives, all glory to His name !
He lives, my Saviour, still the same !
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives !"

S. MEDLEY.

212

8.7.

- 1 JESUS, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
- 2 There for sinners Thou art pleading ;
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

- 3 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
- 4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits ;
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

J. BAKWELL.

213

H. M.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore :
 All are too mean to speak His worth,
 Too mean to set the Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of our God,
 Our tongues shall bless Thy name ;
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came,—
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has shed His blood and died ;
 Our guilty conscience needs
 No sacrifice beside :
 His precious blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 O Thou almighty Lord,
 Our Conqueror and our King,
 Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace, we sing.
 Thine is the power ; O make us sit
 In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

I. WATTS.

214

G. M.

- 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.

P. DODDRIDGE.

215

H. M.

- 1 REJOICE! the Lord is King ;
Your God and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up the heart ; lift up the voice ;
Rejoice aloud ; ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to the Saviour given :
Lift up the heart ; lift up the voice ;
Rejoice aloud ; ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 He every foe shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy ;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy :
Lift up the heart ; lift up the voice ;
Rejoice aloud ; ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope ;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home :

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice ;
The trump of God shall sound : rejoice.

C. WESLEY.

216

C. M.

- 1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know :
- 3 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given :
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 4 They suffer with their Lord below :
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.

T. KELLY.

217

L. M.

- 1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His almighty Father's side.
- 3 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 4 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men !
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen !

I. WATTS.

218

C. M.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above :
His heart is made of tenderness,
And overflows with love.
- 2 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears ;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

I. WATTS.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

HIS PRAISE.

219

6.5. double, or 11s.

- 1 At the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now ;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.
- 2 Humbled for a season
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came ;
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last ;
Brought it back victorious
When from death He passed.

HIS PRAISE.

C. M.

- 3 In your hearts enthrone Him ;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true :
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour ;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.
- 4 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train ;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

C. M. NOEL.

220

S. M.

- 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 ye hear Him say,
" Ye blessed children, come,"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.
- 5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sing in sweeter notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

W. HAMMOND.

221

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to grateful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me :
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate :
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along :
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood :
His loving-kindness, O how good !

S. MEDLEY.

222

11s.

- 1 COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou with me ;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for Thee ;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow though keen be the smart.
- 2 Without Thee but weakness, with Thee I am strong ;
By day Thou shalt lead me, by night be my song ;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since Thou, the most mighty, my Helper, art near.
- 3 Thy love, O how faithful ! so tender, so pure !
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure !
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.
- 4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, Thy peace :
From restless, vain wishes, bid Thou my heart cease ;
In Thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till, glad, to Thy presence my soul shall ascend.

RAY PALMER.

223

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus :"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

I. WATTS.

224

C. M.

· COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
'The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2 When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise :
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

4 O happy period ! glorious day !
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers, their raptured lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.

A. STEELE.

225

8.7.

- 1 CROWN His head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.
- 2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee,—
Thee, our Saviour,—Thee, our God ;
From Thy throne let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
- 3 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own ;
Highest honours, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne.
- 4 Now, ye saints, His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore ;
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

W. GOODE.

226

S. M. double.

- 1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne ;
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own !
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee ;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.
- 2 Crown Him the Lord of love !
Behold His hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.
- 3 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven !
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit through Him given
From yonder Triune throne !

HIS PRAISE.

8.7.

All hail, Redeemer, hail !
For Thou hast died for me :
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

M. BRIDGES.

227

8.7.4.

- 1 GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross,
Who redeemed our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us :
Sound His glory,
While the soul with transport glows.
- 2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end ;
Human thought is here confounded ;
'Tis too vast to comprehend ;
Praise the Saviour ;
Magnify the sinner's Friend.
- 3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, " Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb !"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to His name.

T. KELLY.

228

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 GLORY to God on high !
Let heaven and earth reply,
" Praise ye His name !"
Angels, His love adore
Who all our sorrows bore :
And saints, cry evermore,
" Worthy the Lamb !"
- 2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name :
We, who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His dear fame abroad,
" Worthy the Lamb !"

3 Join all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye His name !
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
“Worthy the Lamb !”

4 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His name :
To Him we'll tribute bring ;
Hail Him our gracious King ;
And without ceasing sing,
“Worthy the Lamb !”

J. ALLEN.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

229

- 1 HARK ! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above ;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
Jesus reigns, the God of love ;
See, He sits on yonder throne ;
Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms, Thy saints on earth :
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
- 3 King of glory, reign for ever ;
Thine an everlasting crown :
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own ;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.
- 4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing ;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away :
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
“Glory, glory to our King.”

T. KELLY.

230

C. M.

- 1 How great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine !
Angels and men with joy confess
The work is all divine.
- 2 Myriads of spirits round the throne
Behold, with wondering eyes,
God's holy, undefiled One,
Once made a sacrifice.
- 3 In rapturous strains they celebrate
The mysteries of His love ;
Redemption does new joys create
Amongst the hosts above.
- 4 Beneath His feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave ;
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim His power to save.
- 5 O let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew ;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

B. BEDDOME.

231

C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 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 !

J. NEWTON.

232

7s.

- 1 JOYFUL be the hours to-day ;
 Joyful let the seasons be ;
 Let us sing, for well we may :
 Jesus ! we will sing of Thee.
- 2 Should Thy people silent be,
 Then the very stones would sing :
 What a debt we owe to Thee,
 Thee our Saviour, Thee our King !
- 3 Joyful are we now to own,
 Rapture thrills us as we trace
 All the deeds Thy love hath done,
 All the riches of Thy grace.
- 4 'Tis Thy grace alone can save ;
 Every blessing comes from Thee—
 All we have, and hope to have,
 All we are, and hope to be.
- 5 Thine the name to sinners dear !
 Thine the name all names before !
 Blessèd here and everywhere ;
 Blessèd now and evermore !

T. KELLY.

233

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- 1 Look, ye saints ;—the sight is glorious ;—
 See the Man of Sorrows now ;
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to Him shall bow :
 Crown Him, crown Him ;
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him ;
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the heavenly concave rings :
 Crown Him, crown Him,
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name :
 Crown Him, crown Him ;
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
 Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
 Jesus takes the highest station ;
 O what joy the sight affords !
 Crown Him, crown Him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

T. KELLY.

234

8.7. double.

- 1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
 May a mortal lisp Thy name ?
 Lord of men as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme :
 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days,
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be Thy just and lawful praise.
- 2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,—
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought,—
 For the wonders of creation,—
 Works with skill and kindness wrought,—
 For Thy providence, that governs
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—
 Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
- 3 For Thy rich, Thy free redemption,—
 Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
 Thought is poor, and poor expression ;
 Who can sing that wondrous song ?

Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie ?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence ;
Sing the Lord who came to die.

R. ROBINSON.

235

C. M.

- 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 grace at first,
I speak Thy glories more.
- 3 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.
- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King !
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

I. WATTS.

236

L. M.

- 1 Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King ;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to His love.
- 2 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
Grace is the sceptre in Thy hands :
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But truth and mercy Thy delight.
- 3 Let endless honours crown Thy head ;
Let every age Thy praises spread ;
Let all the nations know Thy word,
And every tongue confess Thee Lord.

I. WATTS.

237

7s.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;

HIS PRAISE.

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 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast ;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string ;
Mortals ! join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

MADAN'S COLLECTION.

238

C. M.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King !
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

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

4 Speak forth His praise with awe profound ;
Let knowledge guide the song ;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

L. WATTS.

I

239

S. M.

- 1 O CHRIST, what gracious words
Are ever, ever Thine !
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life, and peace divine.
- 2 Grace, everlasting grace,
Glad tidings, full of joy,
Flow from Thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.
- 3 The broken heart, the poor,
The bruised, the deaf, the blind,
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In Thee compassion find.
- 4 Lord Jesus, speed the day,
The promised day of grace,
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead, of Adam's race.
- 5 One blissful anthem then
Around the earth shall roll,
And human nature shout Thy name,
The life of every soul.

ANON.

240

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace !
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus ! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin ;
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.

C. WESLEY.

S. M.

241

C. M.

- 1 O JESUS ! King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned ;
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found !
- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below !
Thou Fount of life and fire !
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire,—
- 4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore ;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless :
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our life express
The image of Thine own.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, *trans.* E. CASWALL.

242

7.6. double.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favour,
All other names above :
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King !
- 2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought :
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King !

- 3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
 All grace and power divine ;
 The glory that excelleth,
 O Son of God, is Thine :
 We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
 To Thee alone we sing ;
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee
 Our glorious Lord and King ?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

243

C. M.

- 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—O amazing love !—
 He flew 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 O for this love, rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys ;
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

I. WATTS.

244

G. 5. double.

- 1 SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
 Listen whilst we sing ;
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King.
 All we have we offer,
 All we hope to be—
 Body, soul, and spirit—
 All we yield to Thee.

- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
 Christ, we draw to Thee,
 Deep in adoration,
 Bending low the knee ;
 Thou for our redemption
 Cam'st on earth to die ;
 Thou, that we might follow,
 Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Clearer still and clearer
 Dawns the light from heaven,
 In our sadness bringing
 News of sins forgiven ;
 Life has lost its shadows,
 Pure the light within ;
 Thou hast shed Thy radiance
 On a world of sin.
- 4 Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road
 Worn by saints before us,
 Journeying on to God ;
 Leaving all behind us,
 May we hasten on,
 Backward never looking
 Till the prize is won.

G. THRING.
 C. M.

245

- 1 THERE is a name I love to hear,
 I love to speak its worth ;
 It sounds like music in mine ear,
 The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
 Who died to set me free ;
 It tells me of His precious blood,
 The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 Jesus, the name I love so well,
 The name I love to hear ;
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,
 No heart conceive how dear.
- 4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
 Along this thorny road ;
 Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
 That leads me up to God.

F. WHITFIELD.

246

C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour ! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 The a'mighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode ;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed the incarnate God.
- 3 O the rich depths of love divine !
Of bliss a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine ;
I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All !

A. STEELE.

247

C. M.

- 1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !
We love to hear of Thee ;
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O may we ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to us speak !
And in our priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the ransomed throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

J. CENNICK.

248

C. M.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song ;
O may His love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue !
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
What mortal tongue display ?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee ;
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.
- 4 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Move every heart and tongue ;
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song !

A. STEELE.

249

L. M.

- 1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, " God is Love ;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

T. KELLY.

250

L. M.

- 1 YE mortals, come, adore the Lord !
Let all mankind His fame record ;
Awake, arise, to Him draw near ;
Believe, and serve the Lord with fear.
- 2 Behold the Lamb of God ! Adore !
He bled for us—our guilt He bore ;
For us He bowed His head and died ;
For us He rose—was glorified.
- 3 Come, haste to Him, for refuge flee !
Make Jesus' name your only plea ;
In Him rejoice—on Him recline ;
And in His glory ever shine.
- 4 Then, come, adore the God of grace !
'Tis bliss supreme to see His face ;
From woe redeemed, with joyful lays,
For ever we shall shout His praise.

W. S. M'KENZIE.

251

10.10.11.11.

- 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious, He rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;
And still He is nigh—His presence we have ;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud and honour the Son ;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore and give Him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might ;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

C. WESLEY.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

252

S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
Let Thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood :
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith :
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life through every part,
And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then we shall know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

J. HART.

253

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray :
Divinely good Thou art,
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart ;
O come to-day !
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power ;
Rest which the weary know,
Shade mid the noontide-glow,
Peace when deep griefs o'erflow ;
Cheer us this hour !

3 Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill ;
 Dwell in each breast ;
We know no dawn but Thine ;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
 And make us blest.

4 Come, all the faithful bless !
Let all who Christ confess
 His praise employ ;
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And with our glorious Lord
 Eternal joy !

KING ROBERT II. OF FRANCE, *trans.* RAY PALMER.

254

L. M.

- 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 ne'er 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 pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

S. BROWNE.

255

C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
In these cold hearts of ours.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 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.

I. WATTS.

256

L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace ;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by Thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice ;
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

I. WATTS.

257

S. M.

- 1 COME, Spirit of the Lord !
Teacher and Heavenly Guide !
Be it according to Thy word :
In my poor heart reside.

- 2 Enter, O Holy Ghost !
 Pervade this soul of mine ;
 In me renew Thy Pentecost ;
 Reveal Thy power divine.
- 3 Make it my highest bliss
 Thy blessèd fruit to bear,
 Thy joy, love, peace, and gentleness,
 Goodness and faith to share.
- 4 Let me in deepest fear
 Thy holiness to grieve,
 Walk in the Spirit, even here,
 And in the Spirit live.
- 5 Now let me live in Thee,
 My inner life of love ;
 So best shall I preparing be
 For perfect life above.

G. RAWSON.

258

7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit !—Love divine !
 Let Thy light within me shine ;
 All my guilty fears remove ;
 Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me ;
 Set the burdened sinner free ;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God ;
 Wash me in His precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart ;
 Seal salvation on my heart ;
 Dwell Thyself within my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray ;
 Keep me in the narrow way ;
 Fill my soul with joy divine ;
 Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

J. STOCKER.

259

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me !
 I myself would gracious be ;
 And with words that help and heal,
 Would Thy life in mine reveal ;

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me !
I myself would truthful be ;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear ;
And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me !
I myself would tender be ;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
In temptation's darksome hour ;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

4 Holy Spirit, dwell with me !
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;
And, whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

T. T. LYNN.

260

78.

- 1 HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away ;
Turn the darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleans this guilty heart of mine :
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine ;
Bid my many woes depart ;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down every idol throne ;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

A. REED.

261

7.7.7.5.

- 1 HOLY GHOST, the Infinite !
Shine upon our nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine !
- 2 We are sinful : cleanse us, Lord ;
We are faint : Thy strength afford ;
Lost,—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine !
- 3 Like the dew, Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine !
- 4 In us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine !
- 5 In us " Abba, Father," cry,—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,—
Comforter Divine !

G. RAWSON.

262

8.7.

- 1 HOLY Source of consolation,
Light and life Thy grace imparts ;
Visit us in Thy compassion ;
Guide our minds, and fill our hearts.
- 2 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Thou canst bring us from above ;
Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure,
Wisdom, holiness, and love.
- 3 Dwell within us, blessed Spirit ;
Where Thou dwell'st no ill can come ;
Bless us now, through Jesus' merit ;
Reign in every heart and home.
- 4 Saviour, lead us to adore Thee,
While Thou dost prolong our days ;
Then, with angel hosts before Thee,
May we worship, love, and praise.

NOEL'S COLLECTION.

7.7.7.5.

263

7s.

- 1 HOLY SPIRIT, from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye ;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness ;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.
- 3 Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief :
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.
- 4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

W. H. BATHURST.

264

H. M.

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer !
Attend our humble cry ;
And let Thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high :
We plead the promise of Thy word,
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord !
- 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry ;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply ;
Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,
And answer when Thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father, Thou,—
We—children of Thy grace,—
O let Thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place ;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise Thy name.

J. BURTON.

265

C. M.

- 1 Nor all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of His Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

I. WATTN.

266

8.6.8.4.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 3 He breathes that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 4 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see ;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

H. AUBER.

267

L. M.

- 1 STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite ;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received,—
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved ;
- 3 Yet, O the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest ;
Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see Thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release ;
Uphold me with Thy gracious hand ;
O guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

C. WESLEY

268

L. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of Truth ! who makest bright
All souls that long for heavenly light,
Appear, and on my darkness shine ;
Descend, and be my Guide divine.
- 2 Spirit of Power ! whose might doth dwell
Full in the souls Thou lovest well,
Unto this fainting heart draw near,
And be my daily Quickener.
- 3 Spirit of Joy ! who makest glad
Each broken heart by sin made sad,
Pour on this mourning soul Thy cheer ;
Give me to bless my Comforter.
- 4 O tender Spirit ! who dost mourn
Whene'er from Thee Thy people turn,
Give me each day to grieve Thee less,—
Enjoy my fuller faithfulness :
- 5 Till Thou shalt make me meet to bear
The sweetness of heaven's holy air,
The light wherein no darkness is,
The eternal, overflowing bliss !

T. H. GILL.

269

S. M.

- 1 'Tis God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown ;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.

- 2 Supported by His grace
 We still pursue our way ;
 And hope at last to reach the prize,
 Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis He that works to will,
 'Tis He that works to do ;
 His is the power by which we act,
 His be the glory too.

J. MONTGOMERY.

270

C. M.

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend, and bring
 Some tokens of Thy grace.
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints,
 And seal them heirs of heaven ?
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In my Redeemer's blood,
 And bear Thy witness, with my heart,
 That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
 The pledge of joys to come ;
 And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Will safely bear me home.

J MONTGOMERY

THE SCRIPTURES.

271

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be Thy name adored,
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast ;
 Here purer sweets than nature knows
 Invite the longing taste.

- 3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around,
 And life, and everlasting joys,
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever-dear delight ;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be Thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour here.

A. STEELE.

272

L. M.

- 1 God, in the gospel of His Son,
 Makes His eternal counsels known :
 Here 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 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.
- 4 O grant us grace, almighty Lord,
 To read and mark Thy holy word,
 Its truths with meekness to receive,
 And by its holy precepts live.

B. BEDDOME.

273

C. M.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given !
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
 Its radiant beams are cast ;
 A light whose never weary ray
 Grows brightest at the last.

- 3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears ;
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

J. FAWCETT.

274

C. M.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin ?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day,
 And, through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.
- 3 Thy precepts make us truly wise ;
 We hate the sinner's road ;
 We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
 But love Thy law, O God.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth :
 How pure is every page !
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

I. WATTS.

275

L. M.

- 1 LET everlasting glories crown
 Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ;
 Thy hands have brought salvation down
 And stored the blessings in Thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
 Some solid ground to rest upon ;
 With long despair the spirit breaks,
 Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well Thy blessed truths agree !
 How wise and holy Thy commands !
 Thy promises, how firm they be !
 How firm our hope and comfort stands !

- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

I. WATTS.

276

C. M.

- 1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray ;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way :—
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high ;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.
- 3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day ;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay.
- 4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son,
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won ?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts ;
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, child-like hearts !

R. BARTON

277

C. M.

- 1 LORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage :
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight ;
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown.
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hid'den glory lies.

- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes their sorrows blest ;
And bids them look beyond the grave,
To an eternal rest !

I. WATTS.

278

C. M.

- 1 O 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, through my weary pilgrimage,
Yield me a heavenly song.
- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write Thy praise.

I. WATTS.

279

7.6. double.

- 1 O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky !
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.
- 2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

THE SCRIPTURES.

- 3 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old ;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

W. W. HOW.

280

L. M.

- 1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord ;
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights, and days Thy power confess ;
But that blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
O bless the world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 4 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven,

I. WATTS.

281

C. M.

- 1 THOU only source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore ;
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love Thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,
But in Thy sacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
My fainting heart supplies.

SALVATION :

- 4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light !
O 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.

A. STEELE.

282

C. M.

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
Its truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

W. COWPER

SALVATION : MAN'S LOST STATE.

283

S. M.

- 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 th' 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.

I. WATTS

284

C. P. M.

- 1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
 And knew not where to go ;
 One solemn truth increased my pain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 Or sink to endless woe.
- 2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
 While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
 A vast oppressive load ;
 All creature-aid I saw was vain ;
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 Or drink the wrath of God.
- 3 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
 My bondage to remove.
 The sinner, once by justice slain,
 Now by His grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

S. OCCOM.

285

7s.

- 1 God of mercy, God of grace,
 Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
 O restore Thy suppliant race,
 Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ;—
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain ;—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own ;
Humbled at Thy feet we lie ;
Seeking pardon from Thy throne.

J. TAYLOR.

286

S. M.

- 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 But God shall raise His head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed,
To recompense His pain.

I. WATTS.

287

C. M.

- 1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread !
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright ;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

THE ATONEMENT.

- 3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was Thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load ;
My sins revived again :
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

I. WATTS.

SALVATION : THE ATONEMENT.

288

C. M.

- 1 AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise ?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left His throne,
His radiant throne on high,—
Surprising mercy ! love unknown !—
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead ;
For sinful man,—O wondrous grace !—
For sinful man He bled.
- 4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In Thine atoning blood !
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

A. STEELE.

289

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt ;
Behold th' atoning, precious blood
That for our sins He spilt.

SALVATION :

- 2 O sinners, now to Christ draw near,
Invited by His word ;
The chief of sinners need not fear ;
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in His blood :
Arise, return from grievous falls ;
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 4 In every state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesus' blood ;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 5 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with Thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

J. HOSKINS.

290

L. M.

- 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.

J. FAWCETT.

291

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed His blood for me ;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die ;

THE ATONEMENT.

As the branch is to the vine,
I am His and He is mine.

- 2 O the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me,—wondrous thought!—
Found me when I sought Him not!
- 3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to Him are known,
All my sorrows are His own;
Safe with Him from earthly strife,
He sustains my hidden life.

W. M'COMB.

292

C. M.

- 1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own;
Blest Saviour, nothing but Thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threatenings of Thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God His sword of justice draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.
- 3 But Thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are offered by Thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by Thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on Thy cross we rest:
For ever be Thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest.

I. WATTS.

293

S. M.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curs'd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

I. WATTS.

294

L. M.

- 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 nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man 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.

I. WATTS.

295

L. M.

- 1 Now to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given ;
He saves from hell,—we bless His name,—
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2 'Twas His own purpose that began
To rescue rebels doomed to die :
He gave us grace in Christ, His Son,
Before He spread the starry sky.

- 3 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes His Father's counsels known ;
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 4 He dies ; and in that dreadful night
Doth all the powers of hell destroy ;
Rising, He brings our heaven to light,
And takes possession of the joy.

I. WATTS.

296

C. M.

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

I. WATTS.

297

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

W. COWPER.

298

H. M.

- 1 Thy works, not mine, O Christ !
 Speak gladness to this heart :
 They tell me all is done,
 They bid my fear depart :
 To whom, save Thee who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee ?
- 2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
 Can heal my bruised soul ;
 Thy stripes, not mine, contain
 The balm that makes me whole :
 To whom, save Thee who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee ?
- 3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
 Has borne the awful load
 Of sins that none could bear
 But the incarnate God :
 To whom, save Thee who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee ?
- 4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
 Has paid the ransom due ;
 Ten thousand deaths like mine
 Would have been all too few :
 To whom, save Thee who canst alone
 For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee ?

H. BONAR.

299

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 WEEPING soul, no longer mourn,
 Jesus all Thy griefs hath borne ;
 View Him bleeding on the tree,
 Pouring out His life for thee ;
 There thy every sin He bore ;
 Weeping soul, lament no more.
- 2 All thy crimes on Him were laid ;
 See upon His blameless head

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours ;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning sacrifice.

- 3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him ;
Find Him mighty to redeem ;
At His feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away ;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.

A. M. TOPLADY.

300

L. M.

- 1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
Who seeks relief for all his woe ?
Where shall the guilty sufferer find
A balm to soothe his anguished mind ?
- 2 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings His gospel nigh ;
'Tis there we find a sure relief,
A soothing balm for inward grief.
- 3 Be this the pillar of our hope ;
This bears the fainting spirit up ;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 4 Then let His name, who shed His blood
To bring the guilty nigh to God,
Be great in all the earth, and sung
In every land, by every tongue.

I. WATTS.

SALVATION :

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

301

C. M.

- 1 AMAZING sight ! the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door !
Ten thousand blessings in His hands,
To satisfy the poor.

- 2 "Behold," He saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest :
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be for ever blest.
- 3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell ?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me, for ever dwell ?
- 4 "Not to condemn your sinking race,
Have I in judgment come,
But to display unbounded grace,
And bring lost sinners home.
- 5 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven ?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven ?"

H. ALLINE, PALMGUTH, N. B.

302

S. M.

- 1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine ?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine ?
- 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 sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

MRS. A. B. HYDE.

303

8.5.8.3.

- 1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress ?
"Come to Me"—saith One—"and coming,
Be at rest !"

- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed!"
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!"
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Angels, saints, apostles, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes!"

GREEK HYMN (A.D. 790), *trans.* J. M. SEALE

304

L. M.

- 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 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!
- 3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest!
No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.

- 4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart, and ne'er return :
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
When at His door denied you'll stand.
- 5 Sovereign of Souls ! Thou Prince of Peace !
O may Thy gentle reign increase !
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be His empire, all mankind.

J. BRIGG.

305

H. M.

- 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 Lamb of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb ;
Redemption by His blood,
Through all the lands, proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. WESLEY.

306

L. M.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 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.

I. WATTS.

307

C. M.

- 1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs ;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless, was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry :
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.
- 4 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept Thine offered grace ;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

I. WATTS.

308

L. M.

- 1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 "They shall find rest who 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 the 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.

I. WATTS.

L. M.

309

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
Ye need not one be left behind,
Jesus hath died for all mankind.
2 Sent by our Lord, on you we call,
The invitation is to all ;
Come, all the world ; come, sinner, thou !
All things in Christ are ready now.
3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest :
Ye poor and maimed, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
4 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious ; bleeding sacrifice !
Pardon and life let all embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.
5 This is the time ; no more delay !
This is the glorious gospel day ;
Come in, this moment, at His call,
And live to Him who died for all.

C. WESLEY.

310

C. M.

- 1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast ;
O come without delay ;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.
2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul ;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 3 There's room within the Church, redeemed
 With blood of Christ divine ;
 Room in the white-robed throng, convened,
 For that dear soul of thine.
- 4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
 And harps and crowns of gold,
 And glorious palms of victory there,
 And joys that ne'er were told.
- 5 There's room around thy Father's board
 For thee and thousands more :
 O come and welcome to the Lord ;
 Yea, come this very hour.

C. WESLEY.

311

7.6. double.

- 1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
 And I will give you rest."
 O blessèd voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to hearts opprest !
 It tells of benediction,
 Of pardon, grace, and peace,
 Of joy that hath no ending,
 Of love which cannot cease.
- 2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
 And I will give you light."
 O loving voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to cheer the night !
 Our hearts were filled with sadness,
 And we had lost our way ;
 But He has brought us gladness
 And songs at break of day.
- 3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
 And I will give you life."
 O cheering voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to aid our strife !
 The foe is stern and eager,
 The fight is fierce and long ;
 But He has made us mighty,
 And stronger than the strong.

- 4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt !
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be,
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

W. C. DIX.

312

L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with sin, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad :
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope Thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let Thy wondrous love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
O sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

A. STEELE.

313

8.7.4.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able ;
He is willing ; doubt no more.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him ;
This He gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the Fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 4 Agonising in the garden,
Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold Him ;
Hear Him cry before He dies,
" It is finished !"
Finished, the great sacrifice.
- 5 Lo ! the Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood ;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

J. HART.

314

11s.

- 1 DELAY not, delay not ; O sinner, draw near ;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;
No price is demanded ; the Saviour is here ;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not ; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God ?
A fountain is opened ; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood.
- 3 Delay not, delay not ; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take His sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

- 4 Delay not, delay not ; the hour is at hand ;
 The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade ;
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand :
 What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee His aid ?

J. HASTINGS.

315

S. M.

- 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
 The wondering angels 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.

B. BEDDOME.

316

7s. 6 lines.

- 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 piercèd 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 !

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

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

T. HAWES.

317

L. M.

- 1 God calling yet ! shall I not hear ?
 Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear ?
 Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
 And still my soul in slumber lie ?
- 2 God calling yet ! shall I not rise ?
 Can I His loving voice despise,
 And basely His kind care repay ?
 He calls me still ; can I delay ?
- 3 God calling yet ! and shall I give
 No heed, but still in bondage live ?
 I wait, but He does not forsake ;
 He calls me still ; my heart, awake !
- 4 God calling yet ! I cannot stay ;
 My heart I yield without delay ;
 Vain world, farewell ! from thee I part ;
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.

G. TERSTEEGEN (H. L. L.)

318

L. M.

- 1 HASTE, traveller, haste ! the night comes on,
 And many a shining hour is gone ;
 The storm is gathering in the west,
 And thou far off from home and rest.
- 2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky ;
 The rains descend, the winds are high ;
 The waters swell, and death and fear
 Beset thy path, nor refuge near.
- 3 O yet a shelter you may gain,
 A covert from the wind and rain ;
 A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
 A refuge from the wrath to come !

- 4 Then linger not in all the plain ;
 Flee for thy life ; the mountain gain ;
 Look not behind ; make no delay ;
 O speed thee, speed thee on thy way !

W. B. COLLYER.

7s.

319

- 1 HASTE, O sinner ; now be wise ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Wisdom if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Lest thy season should be o'er
 Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Haste, O sinner ; now return ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
 Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Haste, O sinner ; now be blest ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Lest perdition thee arrest
 Ere the morrow is begun.

T. SCOTT.

7s. 6 lines.

320

- 1 "JESUS, sinners will receive ;"
 Say this word of grace to all
 Who the heavenly pathway leave,
 All who linger, all who fall ;
 This can bring them back again,
 "Christ receiveth sinful men."
- 2 Sick and sorrowful and blind,
 I, with all my sins, draw nigh ;
 O my Saviour, Thou canst find
 Help for sinners such as I ;
 Speak that word of love again,
 "Christ receiveth sinful men."
- 3 Yea, my soul is comforted ;
 For Thy blood hath washed away
 All my sins, though crimson-red,
 And I stand in white array,
 Purged from every spot and stain :
 "Christ receiveth sinful men."

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 4 " Christ receiveth sinful men : "
 Even me, with all my sin ;
 Openeth to me heaven again,
 With Him I may enter in.
 Death hath no more sting nor pain ;
 " Christ receiveth sinful men."

NEUMEISTER, *trans.* MRS. E. F. BEVAN.

C. M.

321

- 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.

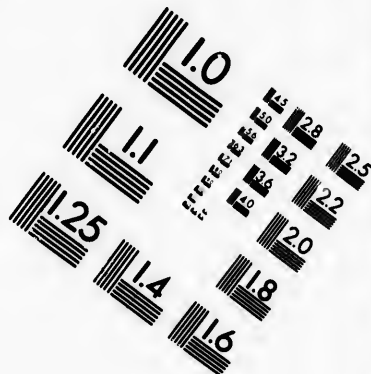
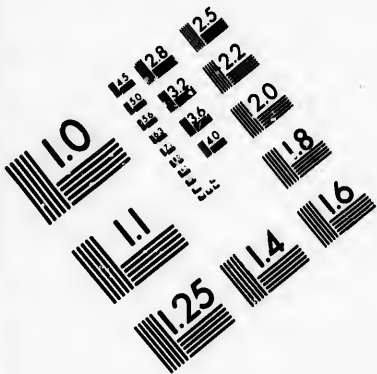
I. WATTS.

L. M.

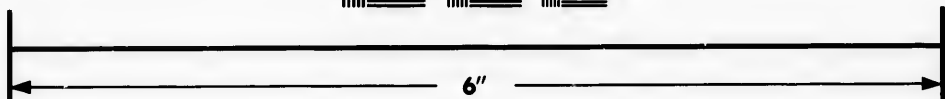
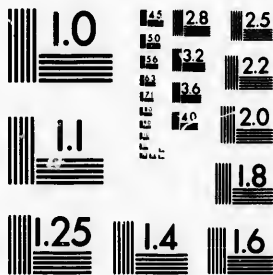
322

- 1 NATURE with open volume stands,
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;
 And every labour of His hands
 Shows something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescued man
 His brightest form of glory shines ;
 Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
 In precious blood and crimson lines.
- 3 Here I behold His inmost heart,
 Where truth and mercy strangely join
 To pierce His Son with keenest smart,
 And make the purchased pleasures mine.
- 4 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
 Where God, the Saviour, loved and died !
 Her noblest life my spirit draws
 From His dear wounds and bleeding side.





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28
25
22
20
18

10

5 I would for ever speak His name,
 In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
 With angels join to praise the Lamb,
 And worship at His Father's throne.

I. WATTS.

323

S. M.

- 1 Now is th' accepted time ;
 Now is the day of grace ;
 Now, sinners, come, without delay,
 And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time ;
 The Saviour calls to-day ;
 'To-morrow it may be too late ;
 'Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time ;
 The gospel bids you come,
 And every promise in His word
 Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
 And feast them with Thy love ;
 Then will the angels swiftly fly
 'To bear the news above.

J. DOBELL.

324

L. M.

- 1 O DO not let the word depart,
 And close thine eyes against the light ;
 Poor sinner, harden not thy heart :
 Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?
- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
 To bless thy long-deluded sight ;
 This is the time ; O then be wise !
 Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?
- 3 Our God in pity lingers still ;
 And wilt thou thus His love requite ?
 Renounce at length thy stubborn will :
 Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?
- 4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
 Who would to Him their souls unite ;
 Then be the work of grace begun :
 Thou wouldst be saved ; why not to-night ?

MRS. E. REED.

325

C. M.

- 1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.
- 3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.
- 4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

H. MEDLEY.

326

S. M.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal terrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

J. MONTGOMERY.

327

L. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh ;
Awake, and hearken ! for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.
- 2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin ;
Make straight the way for God within ;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty Guest may come.
- 3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge, and our great Reward ;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.
- 4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand ;
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.
- 5 All praise, O Saviour Christ, to Thee,
Whose Advent doth Thy people free ;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

C. COFFIN, *trans.* J. CHANDLER.

328

S. M.

- 1 RETURN, and come to God ;
Cast all your sins away ;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood,
Repent—believe—obey.
- 2 Say not, ye cannot come,
For Jesus bled and died ;
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.
- 3 Say not, ye will not come ;
'Tis God vouchsafes to call,
And fearful will their end be found
On whom His wrath shall fall.
- 4 Come, then, whoever will :
Come, while 'tis called to-day ;
Seek now the Saviour's cleansing blood,
Repent—believe—obey.

G. M. DOANE.

329

L. M.

- 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 thy 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.

W. B. COLLYER.

330

7s.

- 1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep ;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead ;
Jesus waits His light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep ; arise from death ;
See the bright and living path ;
Watchful, tread that path ; be wise ;
Leave thy folly ; seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly ; cease from crime ;
From this hour redeem thy time ;
Life secure without delay ;
Evil is thy mortal day.
- 4 O then, rouse thee from thy sleep ;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Jesus calls from death and night ;
Jesus waits to shed His light.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

331

7s.

- 1 SINNERS, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why ;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why ;
Will ye not in Him believe ?
He has died that ye might live.
- 3 Will ye let Him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, unpardoned sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die ?
- 4 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why ;
Often with you has He strove,
Wooded you to embrace His love.

C. WESLEY.

332

8.7.4.

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above ?
Every sentence, O how tender !
Every line is full of love :
Listen to it ;
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim :
" Pardon to each rebel sinner ;
Free forgiveness in His name : "
How important !
" Free forgiveness in His name. "
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour ;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears ;
Tender heralds !
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way ;

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

7s.

Haste ye to the court of heaven ;
Tidings bear without delay :
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

J. ALLEN.

333

C. M.

- 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 Ye sinners, come ! 'tis mercy's voice ;
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys ;
And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

A. STEELE.

334

S. M.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come ;"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, "Come !"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come ;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come.
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, " I quickly come ;"
 Lord, even so ; we wait Thy hour ;
 O blest Redeemer, come.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

335

6.4.

- 1 To-day the Saviour calls :
 Ye wanderers, come !
 O ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam ?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls :
 O hear Him now ;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls :
 For refuge fly ;
 The storm of justice falls,
 And death is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day :
 Yield to His power :
 O grieve Him not away ;
 'Tis mercy's hour.

S. F. SMITH.

336

7.6. double.

- 1 To-day Thy mercy calls us
 To wash away our sin,
 However great our trespass,
 Whatever we have been :
 However long from mercy
 Our hearts have turned away,
 Thy precious blood can cleanse us,
 And make us white to-day.
- 2 To-day Thy gate is open,
 And all who enter in
 Shall find a Father's welcome,
 And pardon for their sin.
 The past shall be forgotten,
 A present joy be given,

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

- 3 O all-embracing mercy !
O ever-open door !
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eye run o'er ?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer :

O. ALLEN.

337

L. M.

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 4 While God invites ; how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found !

T. DWIGHT.

338

L. M.

- 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 unite 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.

F. DODDRIDGE.

SALVATION : COMING TO CHRIST.

339

L. M.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 O 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.

I. WATTS.

340

S. M.

- 1 AND can I yet delay
 My little all to give ?
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 And Jesus to receive ?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield !
 I can hold out no more :
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own Thee conqueror.

- 3 Though la'ze, I all forsake ;
 My friends, my all resign ;
 Gracious Redeemer, take, oh take,
 And seal me ever Thine !
- 4 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know ;
 Freely to yield all other bliss,
 All other good below.

C. WESLEY.

341

C. M.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer ;
 There humbly fall before His feet,
 For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea ;
 With this I venture nigh :
 Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely pressed,
 By wars without, and fears within,
 I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, sheltered near Thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him, Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead Thy gracious name !

J. NEWTON.

342

7s.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy !—can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?
 Can my God His wrath forbear,
 And the chief of sinners spare ?
- 2 I have long withstood His grace ;
 Long provoked Him to His face ;
 Would not hear His gracious calls ;
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

- 3 Jesus, answer from above :
Is not all Thy nature love ?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget ?—
Lo, I fall before Thy feet
- 4 Now incline me to repent ;
Let me now my fall lament ;
Deeply my revolt deplore ;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. WESLEY.

343

C. M.

- 1 How SAD our state by nature is
Our sin—how deep it stains !
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred Word :
“ Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a pardoning Lord.”
- 3 My soul obeys the Almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord :
O help my unbelief !
- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall ;
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

I. WATTS.

344

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die ;
Whither—whither, but to Thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly !
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, oh save, my sinking soul !
- 2 Never bowed a martyr's head
Weighed with equal sorrow down ;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown ;
To Thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

- 3 All my soul, by love subdued,
 Melts in deep contrition there ;
 By Thy mighty grace renewed,
 New-born hope forbids despair :
 Lord ! Thou canst my guilt forgive,
 Thou hast bid me look and live.
- 4 While with broken heart I kneel,
 Sinks the inward storm to rest ;
 Life—immortal life—I feel
 Kindled in my throbbing breast ;
 Thine—for ever Thine—I am !
 Glory to Thee, bleeding Lamb !

RAY PALMER.

345

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
 Lost and undone, for aid I flee ;
 Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
 Open Thine arms and take me in.
- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul ;
 'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole ;
 Fall'n, till in me Thine image shine,
 And lost I am, till Thou art mine.
- 3 At last I own it cannot be
 That I should fit myself for Thee :
 Here, then, to Thee I all resign,
 Thine is the work, and only Thine.
- 4 What shall I say Thy grace to move ?
 Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love ;
 I give up every plea beside,
 Lord, I am lost,—but Thou hast died !

C. WESLEY.

346

C. M.

- 1 JESUS ! Thou art the sinner's Friend ;
 As such I look to Thee ;
 Now in the fulness of Thy love,
 O Lord ! remember me.
- 2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,—
 Remember Calvary ;
 Remember all Thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.

- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God '
 I yield myself to Thee ;
 While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
 Dear Lord ! remember me.
- 4 Lord ! I am guilty—I am vile,
 But Thy salvation's free ;
 Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
 Dear Lord ! remember me.

R. BURNHAM.

347

8.8.8.6. OF L. M.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot ;
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down,—
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

C. ELLIOTT.

L. M.

348

- 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 ;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Tho' I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

I. WATTS.

349

7.6.

- 1 So near the cleansing Fountain,
In this the Gospel day,
O guilty one ! awaken,
And wash thy sins away.
- 2 So near the Refuge City,
Then why not enter in ?
Pass through the open gateway
And life eternal win.
- 3 So near the fold of Jesus,
No longer stay outside ;
Come, find a peaceful shelter,
Where God's redeemed abide.
- 4 So near the loving Saviour,
Why stand in fear and doubt ?
In simple faith approach Him,
He will not cast thee out.
- 5 So near the Great Physician,
Go, touch His garment's hem ;
See, while His saints adore Him,
What grace has done for them.
- 6 So near the Ark of safety,
Arise, and enter thou ;
The storm of wrath is bursting !
O soul ! escape it now !

J. CLARK.

350

8.7. double.

- 1 TAKE me, O my Father, take me !
 Take me, save me, through Thy Son ;
 That which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
 Let Thy will in me be done.
 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proved the way I trod ;
 Weary come I now, and praying—
 Take me to Thy love, my God !
- 2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin ;
 At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To Thy household take me in.
 Freely now to Thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine ;
 Freely life and soul I offer—
 Gift unworthy love like Thine.
- 3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
 Bare our sins upon the tree ;
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to Thee ;
 Father, take me ! all forgiving,
 Fold me to Thy loving breast ;
 In Thy love for ever living,
 I must be for ever blest !

RAY PALMER.

351

L. M.

- 1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
 A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry ;
 "Thy pardoning grace is rich and free !"
 "O God, be merciful to me !"
- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
 With deep and conscious guilt opprest—
 Christ and His cross my only plea ;
 "O God, be merciful to me !"
- 3 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
 Can for a single sin atone ;
 To Calvary alone I flee :
 "O God, be merciful to me !"

8.7. double.

son ;
make me,

ing,

- 4 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
"God has been merciful to me!"

C. ELVEN.

*THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:**FAITH AND TRUST.*

352

H. M.

- 1 *ARISE*, my soul, arise ;
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears :
Before the throne my Surety stands ;
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 The bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me :
"Forgive him, oh forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
- 3 The Father hears Him pray,
The dear Anointed One ;
He cannot turn away
The pleading of His Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 To God I'm reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear ;
He owns me for His child ;
I can no longer fear :
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father," cry.

G. WESLEY.

353

S. M.

- 1 *ARISE*, ye saints, arise !
The Lord our Leader is ;
The foe before His banner flies,
And victory is His.

RAY PALMER.

L. M.

gh,

free!"

est—

ne,

- 2 We follow Thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King !
We follow Thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.
- 3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease ;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 This hope supports us here ;
It makes our burdens light ;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.
- 5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more ;
And ever with our Leader rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

T. KELLY.

354

10.10.11.11.

- 1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear ;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide ;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.
- 4 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song !

J. NEWTON.

355

L. M.

- 1 BENEATH Thy wing, O God, I rest,
Under Thy shadow safely lie,
By Thine own strength in peace possess,
While dreaded evils pass me by.

- 2 With strong desire I here can stay
To see Thy love its work complete ;
Here can I wait a long delay,
Reposing at my Saviour's feet.
- 3 My place of lowly service too,
Beneath that sheltering wing I see ;
For all the work I have to do
Is done through strengthening trust in Thee.
- 4 In faith and patience is repose,
In faith and rest my strength shall be ;
And, when Thy joy the Church o'erflows,
I know that it will visit me.

A. L. WARING.

356

7s.

- 1 DAY by day the manna fell,
O to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 Day by day, the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs :
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord ! my times are in Thy hand ;
All my sanguine hopes have planned ;
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make that promise mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give,
Day by day to Thee I live ;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own,—my Father's will.
- 5 O to live with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude :
Strong in faith, exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer !

J. CONDER.

S. M.

357

- 1 I BLESS the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

- 2 His cross dispels each doubt ;
 I bury in His tomb
 Each thought of unbelief and fear,
 Each lingering shade of gloom.
- 3 I praise the God of peace ;
 I trust His truth and might ;
 He calls me His, I call Him mine,
 My God, my joy, my light.
- 4 In Him is only good,
 In me is only ill ;
 My ill but draws His goodness forth,
 And me He loveth still.
- 5 'Tis He who saveth me,
 And freely pardon gives:
 I love because He loveth me ;
 I live because He lives.
- 6 My life with Him is hid,
 My death has passed away,
 My clouds have melted into light,
 My midnight into day.

H. BONAR.

358

7.6. double.

- 1 I COULD not do without Thee,
 O Saviour of the lost !
 Whose precious blood redeemed me
 At such tremendous cost :
 Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
 Thy precious blood must be
 My only hope and comfort,
 My glory and my plea !
- 2 I could not do without Thee !
 I cannot stand alone,
 I have no strength or goodness,
 No wisdom of my own ;
 But Thou, beloved Saviour,
 Art all in all to me,
 And weakness will be power
 If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
 O Jesus, Saviour dear !
 E'en when my eyes are holden,
 I know that Thou art near ;
 How dreary and how lonely
 This changeful life would be
 Without the sweet communion,
 The secret rest with Thee !

4 I could not do without Thee,
 For years are fleeting fast,
 And soon in solemn loneliness
 The river must be passed ;
 But Thou wilt never leave me,
 And though the waves roll high,
 I know Thou wilt be near me,
 And whisper, " It is I."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

359

7.6. double.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God,
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursèd load :
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains !

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
 All fulness dwells in Him ;
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem ;
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares,
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's Holy Child !

I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

H. BONAR.

7.6. double.

360

- 1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
 For I am full of sin :
 My soul is dark and guilty,
 My heart is dead within.
 I need the cleansing fountain,
 Where I can always flee,
 The blood of Christ most precious,
 The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
 For I am very poor ;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store.
 I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
 To cheer my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
 I need a friend like Thee,
 A friend to soothe and pity,
 A friend to care for me.
 I need the heart of Jesus
 To feel each anxious care,
 To tell my every trouble,
 And all my sorrows share.

F. WHITFIELD.

7.7.7.6.

361

- 1 IN the dark and cloudy day,
 When earth's riches flee away,
 And the last hope will not stay ;
 My Saviour, comfort me.
- 2 Thou who wast so sorely tried,
 In the darkness crucified,
 Bid me in Thy love confide :
 My Saviour, comfort me.

3 Comfort me, I am cast down,
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown ;
I deserve it all, I own !
My Saviour, comfort me.

4 In these hours of sad distress,
Let me know He loves no less,
Bid me trust His faithfulness :
My Saviour, comfort me.

G. RAWSON.

362

10.4.10.4.10.10.

1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on ;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years !

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. NEWMAN.

363

L. M.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While He my sinking head sustains.

H. BONAR.

7.6. double.

us,

WHITFIELD.

7.7.7.6.

- 3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong ;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

I. WATTS.

364

S. M.

- 1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy—to call Thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste Thy love divine.
- 2 For life, without Thy love,
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared with this,—
To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise Thy counsels are,
And all Thy dealings kind.
- 4 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies ;
And on Thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of Thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

I. WATTS.

365

L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name :
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil :
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

- 3 His oath, His covenant and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood ;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay :
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

E. NOTE.

363

L. M.

- 1 My heart, O God, be wholly Thine,
I would not keep it back from Thee ;
Nor wish to shun the grace divine,
Which asks this humble gift of me.
- 2 O take it now, and let Thy love
For evermore within me dwell ;
And may Thy Spirit from above
Teach me to serve my Master well.
- 3 Afar be every thought of sin,
Afar be every wish to stray ;
Let truth and holiness begin
To lead me up the heavenward way.
- 4 Make this my only aim and care,
To seek Thy praise in all I do ;
To consecrate each act with prayer,
As I my daily work pursue.
- 5 More like to Thee, my blessèd Lord,
I would be, as my days pass by,
With patience, love, and wisdom stored,
Ready to live, and fit to die.

W. J. MATHAMS.

367

L. M.

- 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 :
 O 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.

I. WATTM.

368

S. M.

- 1 NOT what these hands have done
 Can save this guilty soul ;
 Not what this toiling flesh has borne,
 Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Not what I feel or do,
 Can give me peace with God ;
 Not all my prayers and sighs and tears,
 Can bear my awful load.
- 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
 Can ease this weight of sin ;
 Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
 Can give me peace within.
- 4 Thy love to me, O God,
 Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
 Can rid me of this dark unrest,
 And set my spirit free.

H. BONAR.

369

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink
 Though pressed by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe !—
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God ;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
 That, when in danger, knows no fear,
 In darkness, feels no doubt ;—

- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whato'er may come,
 We'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

W. H. BATHURST.

370

C. M.

- 1 O GIFT of gifts ! O grace of faith !
 My God ! how can it be
 That Thou, who hast discerning love,
 Shouldst give that gift to me !
- 2 How many hearts Thou mightst have had
 More-innocent than mine !
 How many souls more worthy far
 Of that sweet touch of Thine !
- 3 Ah, grace ! into unlikeliest hearts
 It is thy boast to come,
 The glory of thy light to find
 In darkest spots a home.
- 4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
 Seem trifles less than light—
 Earth looks so little and so low
 When faith shines full and bright.
- 5 O happy, happy that I am !
 If thou canst be, O Faith,
 The treasure that thou art in life,
 What wilt thou be in death !

F. W. FABER.

371

C. P. M.

- 1 O LORD, how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on Thee,
 If we from self could rest ;
 And feel at heart that One above
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best.
- 2 How far from this our daily life !
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife !
 By sudden wild alarms !
 O could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On Thine Almighty arms !

- 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God ;
 Then rise with lightened cheer,
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear in that we fear.
- 4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
 Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
 Make them from self to cease,
 Leave all things to a Father's will,
 And taste, before Him lying still,
 E'en in affliction, peace.

J. ANSTICE.

372

7.6. double.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings :
 It is the Lord who rises
 With healing in His wings.
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it, after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new.
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may ;
- 3 It can bring with it nothing
 But He will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe His people too :
 Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed ;
 And He who feeds the ravens,
 Will give His children bread.

W. COWPER.

373

L. M.

- 1 Thus far my God hath 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 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God ?
Are these the toils Thy people know
While in the wilderness below ?
- 4 '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.

J. FAWCETT.

374

L. M.

- 1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 With joy we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

I. WATTS.

375

7.6. double.

- 1 To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour,
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favour,
My pillow on Thy breast.

- Though all the world deceive me,
 I know that I am Thine,
 And Thou wilt never leave me,
 O blessèd Saviour mine!
- 2 In Thee my trust abideth,
 On Thee my hope relies;
 O Thou, whose love provideth
 For all beneath the skies!
 O Thou, whose mercy found me,
 From bondage set me free,
 And then for ever bound me,
 With threefold cords to Thee!
- 3 O for a heart to love Thee
 More truly as I ought,
 And nothing place above Thee,
 In deed, or word, or thought!
 O for that choicest blessing
 Of living in Thy love,
 And thus on earth possessing
 The peace of heaven above!

J. S. B. MONSELL.

376

C. M.

- 1 WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love,
 His Spirit only can bestow,
 Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly His,
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
 In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquered there.
- 4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
 Thy path, though thorny, bright,
 For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
 And God Himself is light.

B. BARTON.

377

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 WEARY with my load of sin,
All diseased and faint within ;
See me, Lord, Thy grace entreat,
See me prostrate at Thy feet :
Here before Thy cross I lie,
Here I live or here I die.
- 2 I have tried and tried in vain
Many ways to ease my pain :
Now all other hope is past,
Only this is left at last,
Here before Thy cross I lie,
Here I live or here I die.
- 3 If I perish be it here,
With the Friend of sinners near :
Lord, it is enough—I know
Never sinner perished so !
Here before Thy cross I lie,
Here I cannot, cannot die.

W. ROBINSON.

378

S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take :
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : LOVE.

379

7s.

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis the Saviour ; hear His word :
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st 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 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."
- 4 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee, and adore ;
O for grace to love Thee more !

W. COWPER.

380

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love Thy charming name ;
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed 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,
 And, dying, clasp Thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death.

P. DODDRIDGE.

C. M.

381

- 1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
 That radiant form of Thine ;
 The veil of sense hangs dark between
 Thy blessed face and mine.
- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
 Yet art Thou oft with me ;
 And earth has ne'er so dear a spot,
 As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream, that comes unsought,
 When slumbers o'er me roll,
 Thine image ever fills my thought,
 And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
 Must rest in faith alone,
 I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
 Unseen but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
 And still this throbbing heart ;
 The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
 All-glorious as Thou art.

RAY PALMER.

L. M.

382

- 1 JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
 Unite my thankful heart to Thee,
 And reign without a rival there.
- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray !
 All pain before its presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
 Where'er its healing beams arise.
- 3 O let Thy love my soul inflame,
 And to Thy service sweetly bind ;
 Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
 And mould me wholly to Thy mind.

- 4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace ;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong ;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

P. GERHARDT, tr. by WESLEY.

383

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 JESUS, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord !
O Thou art all to me !
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord !
- 2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord !
O how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord !
- 3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord !
What need I now to fear ?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord ?
- 4 Soon Thou wilt come again !
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord !
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord !

J. G. DECK.

384

C. P. M.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee ?

ace ;
strong ;
ll cease,
ong.
EDT, tr. by WESLEY.
3.4.6.6.6.4.

ood,

- My thirsting spirit faints to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronge. His love than death and hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see :
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God :
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine ;
Be mine this better part !
- 4 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice !
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

C. WESLEY.

385

7s.

- 1 THINE for ever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above,
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine for ever ! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest ;
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.
- 3 Thine for ever ! Shepherd, keep.
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 4 Thine for ever ! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

M. F. MAUDE.

DECK.

C. P. M.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: JOY.

386

6.5. double.

1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way.

REF.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—REF.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.—REF.

T. J. POTTER.

387

S. M.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

JOY.

- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place ;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

I. WAITS.

388

C. M. double.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

Y.

5. double.

POTTER

S. M.

I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done !

H. BOSAR.

389

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till Him I view.
- 2 No adversary walks therein,
 No lover of the world and sin ;
 Wayfaring men, to Canaan bound,
 Alone shall in the way be found.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
 And mourned because I found it not :
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul ! I am the Way."
- 4 Lo ! glad I come : and Thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to Thee as I am !
 My sinful self to Thee I give ;
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 5 Then will I tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God !"

J. CENNICK.

C. M.

390

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee,
 With sweetness filis my breast ;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind !
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart !
 O Joy of all the meek !
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
 How good to those who seek !

JOY.

- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, *HOOD. F. CARWELL.*

391

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
 Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,
 We turn unfilled to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call;
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
 To them that find Thee, All in All!
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread!
 And long to feast upon Thee still;
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain-Head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus! ever with us stay,
 Make all our moments calm and bright;
 Chase the dark night of sin away,
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, *TRANS. RAY PALMER.*

392

8.7. double.

- 1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
 Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do or bear:
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;
 Think what Jesus did to win thee:
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer.
Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission ;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. LYTE.

393

11.10.11.10.

- 1 LIGHT hath arisen, we walk in its brightness ;
Joy hath descended, its fulness has come.
Peace hath been spoken ; we hear it, we take it ;
Angels are singing, and shall we be dumb ?
- 2 Happy in Him who hath loved us and bought us,
Rich in the life which He gives to His own,
Filled with the peace passing all understanding,
Never less lonely than just when alone.
- 3 Safe in His strength, in His love ever happy,
What are the tremblings and tossings of time ?
Firm in His grasp, to His arm ever clinging,
Upward, still upward, we buoyantly climb.
- 4 Lead on, our Captain, we follow, we follow ;
Life is no slumber, our battle no dream ;
Lift up Thy banner, we rally, we rally ;
Wave high Thy sword, we press on in its gleam.
- 5 Jesus, to Thee we look, Saviour Almighty ;
Jesus, on Thee we rest, happy and free ;
Jesus, on Thee we feed, bread of the hungry ;
Jesus, our all, lo ! we lean upon Thee !

H. BONAIL.

394

C. M.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun :
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
And He my rising sun.

- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 When to my heart His voice divine
 Bears witness I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word ;
 Run up with joy, the shining way,
 To meet my dearest Lord.

I. WATTS.

395

L. M.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 'Tis done,—the great transaction's done ;
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Rejoiced to own the call divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
 Here have I found a nobler part,
 Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
- 4 High heaven that hears the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
 'Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

F. DODDRIDGE.

C. M.

396

- 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 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.

- 4 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee ;
I triumph and adore ;
My great concern shall ever be
To love and please Thee more.

J. RYLAND.

397

8.7.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Love and grief, my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
- 3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before His cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.
- 4 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in His blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

J. ALLEN, *alt.* by W. SHIRLEY.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : ASPIRATION.

398

S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul ! ask what thou wilt ;
Thou canst not be too bold :
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold ?

ASPIRATION.

- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love ;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

J. NEWTON.

399

L. M.

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

I. WATTS.

400

8.7.

- 1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the Mount—O fix me on it !
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by Thine help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 5 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee !
- 6 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 from Thy courts above !

R. ROBINSON.

401

C. M.

- 1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise:—
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And make me live to Thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end."

A. STEELE.

402

7s. double.

- 1 JESUS, merciful and mild,
 Lead me as a helpless child;
 On no other arm but Thine
 Would my weary soul recline;
 Thou art ready to forgive,
 Thou canst bid the sinner live—
 Guide the wanderer day by day,
 In the straight and narrow way.
- 2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
 For the heavenly dwelling-place;
 All Thy promises are sure,
 Ever shall Thy love endure.
 Then what more could I desire,
 How to greater bliss aspire?
 All I need, in Thee I see;
 Thou art all in all to me.

T. HASTINGS.

403

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, my God,
 Redeemer blest;
 Who saved me by Thy blood,
 And gave me rest.
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 That I may nearer be,
 Lord Jesus, nearer Thee,
 Still nearer Thee.

ASPIRATION.

2 Through this rough wilderness,
 My pathway leads ;
 O help me in distress,
 Supply my needs.
 I trust alone in Thee,
 That I may near Thee be,
 Saviour, still nearer Thee,
 Still nearer Thee.

3 Son of the Living God,
 Thou Saviour dear !
 While guided by Thy rod
 I will not fear :
 Though troubles, like the sea,
 O'erwhelm me, I will flee,
 To Thee, O Lord, to Thee,
 I'll flee to Thee.

4 Then to eternity,
 Thy name I'll bless ;
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 My Righteousness.
 Loud as the sounding sea,
 Shall swell that song to Thee,
 " Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee."

S. T. RAND, HANTSPORT, N. S.

404

8.7. double.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death !
 Rise on us, Thy love revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath :
 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,—
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing,
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart :

C. M.

A. STEELE.

T. HASTINGS.

- Come, and manifest Thy favour
 To the ransomed, helpless race ;
 Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour !
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.
- 3 Save us, in Thy great compassion,
 O Thou mild, pacific Prince !
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins ;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burdened soul release ;
 Every weary, wandering spirit,
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

C. WESLEY.

405

C. M.

- 1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
 And plead to be forgiven,
 So let Thy life our pattern be,
 And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
 Our daily cross to bear ;
 Like Thee to do our Father's will,
 Our brethren's grief to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
 Our earthliness refine,
 And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
 As free and true as Thine.
- 4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
 Or brethren faithless prove,
 Then like Thine own, be all our aim
 To conquer them by love.
- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
 Forgiving and forgiven,
 O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
 And follow Thee to heaven.

J. H. GURNEY.

406

8. 7. double.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,—
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown :

ASPIRATION.

Jesus! Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find the promised rest:
 Come, almighty to deliver;
 Let us all Thy life receive!
 Speedily return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave!

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be:
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by Thee!
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. WESLEY.

407

7th. double.

1 MORE like Jesus would I be,
 Let my Saviour dwell in me;
 Fill my soul with peace and love,
 Make me gentle as a dove;
 More like Jesus, while I go,
 Pilgrim in this world below;
 Poor in spirit would I be,—
 Let my Saviour dwell in me.

2 More like Jesus when I pray,
 More like Jesus day by day;
 May I rest me by His side,
 Where the tranquil waters glide.
 Born of Him, through grace renewed,
 By His love my will subdued,
 Rich in faith I still would be,—
 Let my Saviour dwell in me.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

408

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away ;
O may I from this day
Be wholly Thine !
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire :
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire !
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray,
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul !

RAY PALMER.

409

L. M.

- 1 My God ! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?

6.6.6.4.

- 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 be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

I. WATTS.

S. M.

410

- 1 My Saviour, fill my soul
With holiness and peace ;
Arise with healing in Thy wings ;
Bid sin and doubting cease.
- 2 May things beneath the sky
Engross my heart no more ;
Be Thou my first, my chief delight,
My soul's unbounded store.
- 3 In Thee all treasures lie ;
From Thee all blessings flow ;
Thou art the bliss of saints above,
The joy of saints below.
- 4 O come and make me Thine,
A sinner saved by grace :
Then shall I sing, with loudest strains,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place.

PERCY CHAPEL COL.

8s.

411

- 1 My Saviour ! whom absent I love ;
Whom not having seen I adore,
Thy name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.
- 2 Ere long shall the veil be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be poured ;
I shall meet Him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.
- 3 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

MER.

L. M.

arth,
?
,

- 4 Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;
They'll be but new signs of Thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.
- 5 The stroke which from sin and from pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will strengthen and rivet the chain,
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

W. COWPER.

412

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me !
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 2 Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

S. F. ADAMS.

413

C. M.

- 1 O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my Lord,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may nevermore depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my frame dissolves in death
My soul shall love Thee more.

B. CLEVELAND, HORTON N.S.

414

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !

W. COWPER.

415

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God ;
 A heart from sin set free ;
 A heart that's sprinkled with the 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 humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within ;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And filled with love divine ;
 Perfect and right, and pure and good ;
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above :
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,—
 Thy new best name of Love !

C. WESLEY.

416

C. M.

- 1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
 By ancient worthies trod ;
 Aspiring, view those holy men
 Who lived and walked with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
 And in example live ;
 Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
 Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood
 They conquered every foe ;
 And to His power and matchless grace
 Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns Thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

J NEEDHAM.

417

C. M.

- 1 SWEET land of rest, for thee I sigh ;
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armour by,
And dwell with Christ at home ?
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome :
This world's a wilderness of woe,—
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest ;
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succour to His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.
- 4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

F. MILLS.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : PRAYER.

418

C. M.

- 1 A THRONE of grace ! then let us go
And offer up our prayer ;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.
- 2 A throne of grace ! O at that throne
Our knees have often bent !
And God has showered His blessings down
As often as we went.
- 3 A throne of grace ! rejoice, ye saints ;
That throne is open still ;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire His will.

- 4 A throne of grace we yet shall need
Long as we draw our breath ;
A Saviour, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

I. CORBIN.

419

L. M.

- 1 AND dost Thou say, " Ask what thou wilt ? "
Lord, I would seize the golden hour ;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of Thine image let me bear :
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from Thy joy to draw my strength,
To have Thy boundless love revealed,
In all its height and breadth and length.
- 4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to Thy care the rest resign ;
Living or dying, rich or poor,
All shall be well if Thou art mine.

J. NEWTON.

420

11.10.11.10.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish :
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure ;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the Bread of Life ; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
Come to the feast of love : come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

T. MOORE.

421

7s.

- 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.

J. NEWTON.

422

C. M.

- 1 DEAR Father, to Thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies :
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If Thou, my God, art near ;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.
- 3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart ;
O let Thy kind, Thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart !
- 4 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat !
Still let me trust Thy power and love,
And dwell beneath Thy feet.

A. STEELE.

423

L. M.

- 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 beside more sweet,
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle-wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. STOWELL.

424

10s.

- 1 FATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet ;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy and to sing Thy praise.
- 2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare !
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned ?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around ?
- 3 Alas ! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove ;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.
- 4 O by that Name in which all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open, blest Mercy's gate, and take us in !

L. WHITMORE.

425

8.7.4.

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this gloomy vale of tears ;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

T. HASTINGS.

426

8.7.4.

- 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehoval,
Pilgrim through this barren land :
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me through the swelling current ;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

W. WILLIAMS.

427

5.5.8.8.5.5.

- 1 JESUS, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won !
 And although the way be cheerless,
 We will follow, calm and fearless ;
 Guide us by Thy hand
 To our fatherland.
- 2 If the way be drear,
 If the foe be near,
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
 Let not faith and hope forsake us,
 For, through many a foe,
 To our home we go !
- 3 When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief,—
 When oppressed by new temptations,
 Lord, increase and perfect patience ;
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more !
- 4 Jesus, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won !
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our fatherland.

N. L. ZINZENDORF (H. L. L.).

428

S. M.

- 1 JESUS, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint.
 Invites us all our grief to tell,
 To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows His gracious ear ;
 We never plead in vain ;

PRAYER.

Then let us wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry ;
Yes, though He may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer ;
He sees, He hears, and from on high
Will make our cause His care.

J. NEWTON.

429

8.7. 6 lines.

- 1 LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy ;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. EDMESTON.

430

7.7.7.

- 1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
Hear us, as to Thee we pray.
- 2 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

- 3 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
4 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
5 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

I. WILLIAMS.

G. G. 4. 6. 6. 4.

431

- 1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine,—
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.
2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow,—
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us, Thou !
3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod,—
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,—
Aid us, O God.
4 While trembling o'er the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine :
Hear, hear our suppliant breath ;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.

F. D. HEMANS,

432

C. M.

- 1 O HELP us, Lord ; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

- 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Father, from on high ;
We know no help but Thee :
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

H. H. MILMAN.

433

S. M.

- 1 O LORD ! I look to Thee,
To Thee lift up my heart :
In heaven I would Thy glory see ;
Now, therefore, grace impart ;—
- 2 Grace, to prevent my sin,
My passions to subdue,
My heart to change, my soul to win,
My spirit to renew ;—
- 3 Grace, that I ever may
Walk humbly with my God,
And choose the self-renouncing way
The lowly Jesus trod ;—
- 4 Grace, to each stroke to bow,
Gladly each cross to bear,
That, suffering with the Saviour now,
I soon His joy may share ;—
- 5 Grace, onward still to go,
Forward each day to press,
Till Thou the blood-bought prize bestow,
Christ's crown of righteousness.

G. T. ASTLEY.

434

C. M.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will !

- 2 Lord, 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.
- 5 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

I. WATTS.

435

S. M.

- 1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now ;—
"Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To Thee all nations bow.
- 2 "Thy kingdom come ; Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 "Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 "From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 "Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are Thine."

J. MONTGOMERY.

436

C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came ;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast ;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear ;
To Him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.
- 4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

B. BEDDOME.

437

C. M.

- 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 Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

J. MONTGOMERY.

438

7s. double.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to Thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee,—
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—
O by all Thy pain and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear us when to Thee we cry.
- 2 By Thine hour of dark despair ;
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Listen to our humble cry.
- 3 By the deep, expiring groan ;
By the sad, sepulchral stone ;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear us when to Thee we cry.

R. GRANT.

439

C. M

- 1 THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive ;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.
- 2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road ;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.
- 3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest ;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

- 4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
 His watch He still shall keep,
 Crown with His grace His own blest day,
 And guard His people's sleep.

J. ELLERTON.

440

C. M.

- 1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wing of night ;
 There is an ear that never shuts,
 When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
 When human strength gives way ;
 There is a love that never fails,
 When earthly loves decay.
- 3 But there's a power which man can wield,
 When mortal aid is vain,
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That listening ear to gain.
- 4 That power is prayer, which soars on high
 Through Jesus to the throne,
 And moves the hand which moves the world,
 To bring salvation down.

J. A. WALLACE.

441

L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat ;
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
 But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love ;
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Were half the breath oft vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Our cheerful song would oftener be :
 " Hear what the Lord has done for me."

W. COWPER.

442

L. M.

- 1 WHILE others pray for grace to die,
O Lord, I pray for grace to live ;
For every hour a fresh supply :
O see my need, and freely give.
- 2 I do not dread the hour of death ;
If I am Thine, no fears remain ;
I know that with my parting breath
I yield for ever mortal pain.
- 3 But O ! my Lord, in life's highway
I crave the sunshine of Thy face,
And every moment of the day
I need Thy strong supporting grace.
- 4 I dare not—will not—Lord, deny
That heart and feet oft go astray ;
Therefore the more to Thee I cry,
To keep me in the chosen way.
- 5 The more my sin and unbelief
Keep me from walking near to Thee,
The more, Lord Jesus, is my grief,—
The more I long Thy face to see.

RYLE'S COLL.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : PENITENCE.

443

S. M.

- 1 AH ! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint ?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint ?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come ;
Ah ! why do I delay ?
He calls the weary sinner home ;
And yet from Him I stay !
- 3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart ?

PENITENCE.

- 4 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see ;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from Thee.
- 5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display ;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away !

C. WESLEY.

S. M.

444

- 1 Is this the kind return ?
Are 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 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

I. WATTS.

445

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 LORD, at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall ;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Lord, hear my call ;
Now let Thy work begin,
O make me pure within,
Cleanse me from every sin,
Jesus, my all.
- 2 Hark ! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
Ere to the realms above,
Heard is my call ;

Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am Thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

- 3 Still at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall ;
Pleading the promise sweet,
Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to Thee ;
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

FANNY J. CROMBY.

446

C. M.

- 1 O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.
- 2 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell :
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.
- 3 Wherefore to beg and to entreat
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.
- 4 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have.
- 5 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;
O let Thy mercy come !

J. MARDLEY AND R. HEBER.

447

S M.

- 1 OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear ;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
Yet will I not despair.

PENITENCE.

- 2 With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,
Holy and mighty as Thou art,
For Thou wilt pardon me.
- 3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin ;
But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.
- 4 I need not fear my foes ;
I need not yield to care ;
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.
- 5 In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee ;
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will welcome me.

A. BRONTË.

448

L. M.

- 1 Snow pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace ;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound ;
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean !
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 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.

I. WATTS.

Q

- 1 SINFUL, sighing to be blest,
Bound, and longing to be free ;
Weary, waiting for my rest :
" God be merciful to me ! "
- 2 Holiness I've none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see ;
I can only bring my need :
" God be merciful to me ! "
- 3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs :
" God be merciful to me ! "
- 4 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone :
" God be merciful to me ! "
- 5 He my cause will undertake,
My interpreter will be ;
He's my all, and for His sake,
" God be merciful to me ! "

J. S. B. MONSELL

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : CONFLICT.

- 1 ALAS ! what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heaven, O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !
- 3 O gracious God ! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

CONFLICT.

- 7a
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
 - 5 O keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee !
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee.

A. STEELE.

C. M.

451

- ONSELL
- 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 vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
 - 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

I. WATTS.

C. M.

452

- CT.
C. M.
- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
 - 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
 - 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- ain,
e,

- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

P. DODDRIDGE.

453

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 Thee, mighty God ! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode :
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

I. WATTS.

454

6.5.6.5.

- 1 FORWARD ! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined ;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind :
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head ;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led ?

CONFLICT.

Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight :
Canaan lies before us,
Sion beams with light.

2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared :
Eye hath not beheld them ;
Ear hath never heard ;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word ;
Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright ;
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth ;
That fair home is ours !
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold ;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold :
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might :
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

H. ALFORD.

455

C. M.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

- 3 I ask them, whence their victory came ;—
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
 His zeal inspired their breast ;
 And following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
 For His own pattern given ;
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

I. WATTS.

456

L. M.

- 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 !—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.
- 3 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.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain ;
 And O may this my glory be—
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

J. GRIGG.

457

S. M.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard ;
 Ten thousand foes arise ;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray ;
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

CONFLICT.

- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armour down ;
 Thy arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to Thy God ;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To His divine abode.

G. HEATH.

458

8.7.

- 1 Now, the sowing and the weeping,
 Working hard, and waiting long ;
 Afterward the golden reaping,
 Harvest-home and grateful song.
- 2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing ;
 Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot ;
 Afterward, the plenteous bearing
 Of the Master's pleasant fruit.
- 3 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
 Stone by stone to carve and bring ;
 Afterward, the perfect beauty
 Of the palace of the King.
- 4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
 Wounded heart, unequal strife ;
 Afterward, the triumph given,
 And the victor's crown of life.
- 5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
 Unexplained and tedious now ;
 Afterward, the service holy,
 And the Master's " Enter thou ! "

F. R. HAVERGAL.

459

7.6. double.

- 1 O JESUS, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end ;
 Be Thou for ever near me,
 My Master and my Friend !
 I shall not fear the battle
 If Thou art by my side,
 Nor wander from the pathway
 If Thou wilt be my guide.

- 2 O let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear :
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.
- 3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend !

J. E. BODE.

460

C. M.

- 1 O SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armour cling ;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.
- 3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw ;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.
- 4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on thy anxious road ;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.
- 5 O faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before His throne ;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

461

6.5.6.5.

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ the Royal Master
 Leads against the foe ;
 Forward into battle,
 See, His banners go !

Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

2 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain :
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.

Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

3 Onward then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song :
 " Glory, praise, and honour
 Unto Christ the King : "
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

S. BARING-GOULD.

462

S. M.

1 O WHAT if we are Christ's,
 Is earthly shame or loss ?
 Bright shall the crown of glory be
 When we have borne the cross.

- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When 'martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below :
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.
- 5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

H. W. BAKER.

S. M.

463

- 1 OUR Captain leads us on ;
He beckons from the skies ;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
- 2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake My victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with Me."
- 3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith :
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.
- 4 Who conquer in His might
The victor's meed receive ;
They claim a kingdom in His right,
Which God will freely give.

J. MONTGOMERY.

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

464

- 1 SAVIOUR ! I follow on,
Guided by Thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me ;

CONFLICT.

Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill ;
Only to meet Thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve ;
Never a want severe
Caused my eye a tear,
But Thou dost whisper near,
" Only believe ! "

3 Saviour ! I long to walk
Closer with Thee ;
Led by Thy guiding hand,
Ever to be ;
Constantly near Thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him who died
Freely for me !

C. S. ROBINSON.

465

S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God :—
- 4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

C. WESLEY.

466

L. M.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

I. WATTS.

467

7.6. double.

- 1 STAND up !—stand up for Jesus !
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss :
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you ;—
Ye dare not trust your own :
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song :

CONFLICT.

To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

G. DUFFIELD, JUN.

468

L. M.

- 1 TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be ;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.
- 2 Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel :
The Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only He who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

C. W. EVEREST.

469

C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour ;
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek His power.
- 2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife :
Help, Lord, to hear Thy voice to-day ;
Obedience is our life.
- 3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray ;
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away
To our eternal home.

- 4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear Thy sacred voice,
And walk, as Thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

T. MARTINE.

470

7.7.7.6.

- 1 TRAVELLING to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father! let me grasp Thy hand;
Lead me on, lead me on!
- 2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter water sweet;
Lead me on, lead me on!
- 3 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then, transported with the sight,
Lead me on, lead me on!
- 4 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
Lead me on, lead me on!
- 5 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

ANON.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : CONSECRATION.

471

C. M.

- 1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for Thee?
It is but right, since Thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go; one look from Thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of honour, riches, friends.

CONSECRATION.

- 3 Saviour of souls, could I from Thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

B. BEDDOME.

472

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 BLESSED Saviour! Thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in Thee abide,
'Thou my hope, and naught beside:
Ever let my glory be
Only, only, only Thee.
- 2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows, let me see
Jesus, crucified for me.
- 3 Blessèd Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height, or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only Thee!

G. DUFFIELD.

473

7s.

- 1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground;
Christ, the spring of all my joy;
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.
- 2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it, "Christ to live."
- 3 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely shall I pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

- 4 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky !
Having known it, "Christ to live,"
Let me know it, "Gain to die."

R. WARDLAW.

474

C. M.

- 1 DIDST Thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own Thy name,
Or Thy disciple be ?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold ;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain ;
Still may I glory in Thy name,
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To Thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign ;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

J. MAXWELL.

475

S. M. double.

- 1 I GIVE my heart to Thee,
O Jesus most desired !
And heart for heart the gift shall be,
For Thou my soul hast fired :
Thou hearts alone wouldst move,
Thou only hearts dost love ;
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !
- 2 What offering can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like Thine ?
That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to take
A human form like mine !
"Give Me thy heart, My son :"
Lord, Thou my heart hast won ;
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired !

CONSECRATION.

- 3 Here finds my heart its rest,
 Repose that knows no shock,
 The strength of love that keeps it blest
 In Thee, the riven Rock :
 My soul, as girt around,
 Her cit'adel hath found :
 I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
 O Jesus most desired !

LATIN HYMN, *trans.* RAY PALMER.

476

7.6.

- 1 In full and glad surrender,
 I give myself to Thee,
 Thine utterly and only,
 And evermore to be.
- 2 O Son of God who lov'st me,
 I will be Thine alone ;
 And all I have and am, Lord,
 Shall henceforth be Thine own !
- 3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus !
 O make my heart Thy throne !
 It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
 It shall be Thine alone.
- 4 O come and reign, Lord Jesus ;
 Rule over everything !
 And keep me always loyal,
 And true to Thee my King !

F. R. HAVERGAL.

477

8.7. double.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow Thee ;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate and friends disown me ;
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 2 Man may trouble and distress me ;
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast :
 Life with trials hard may press me ;
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest :

O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me ;
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

H. F. LYTE.

478

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 JESUS, Master, whose I am,
 Purchased Thine alone to be,
 By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
 Shed so willingly for me ;
 Let my heart be all Thine own,
 Let me live to Thee alone.
- 2 Other lords have long held sway ;
 Now Thy name alone to bear,
 Thy dear voice alone obey,
 Is my daily, hourly prayer.
 Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?
 Nothing else my joy can be.
- 3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine ;
 Keep me faithful, keep me near ;
 Let Thy presence in me shine
 All my homeward way to cheer.
 Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
 O be Thou my All in all.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

479

L. M.

- 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 ;
 And now I set the solemn seal.

CONSECRATION.

- 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.

S. DAVIES.

480

C. M.

- 1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here !
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free ;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

G. N. ALLEN.

481

I. M.

- 1 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to Thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place ;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath Thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.

JEAN FREDERICK OBERLIN, *trans.* by MRS. D. WILSON.

482

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
 Thou gavest me ;
 Nor should I aught withhold,
 Dear Lord, from Thee :
 In love my soul would bow,
 My heart fulfil its vow,
 Some offering bring Thee now,
 Something for Thee.
- 2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
 Pleading for me,
 My feeble faith looks up,
 Jesus to Thee :
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise, or prayer,
 Something for Thee.
- 3 Give me a faithful heart—
 Likeness to Thee,
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see
 Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some wanderer sought and won,
 Something for Thee.

S. D. PHELPS.

483

L. M.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess ;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The 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,
 Ambition, envy, lust, and pride ;
 While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
 Our inward piety approve.

CONSECRATION.

- 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.

I. WATTS.

484

7s.

- 1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee !
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
- 2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love ;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold :
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine ;
Take my heart, it is Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store ;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

C. M.

485

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu ;
A nobler choice be mine ;
A heavenly prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,—
O name divinely sweet !—
Jesus, in Thee, in Thee alone,
True wealth and honour meet.

- 3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever blest.
- 4 Dear portion of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And let me call Thee mine.

A. STEELE.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : RESIGNATION.

486

7s.

- 1 CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word ;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His unchanging faithfulness.
- 2 He sustains thee by His hand,
He enables thee to stand ;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From His grace are never moved.
- 3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay ;
He hath promised to fulfil
All the pleasure of His will.
- 4 Jesus ! guardian of thy flock,
Be Thyself our constant rock ;
Make us, by Thy powerful hand,
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.

W. HAMMOND.

487

C. M. 6 lines.

- 1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see ;
But ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,

RESIGNATION.

- To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 In service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
My inmost heart was taught the " truth,"
That makes Thy children " free ;"
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

A. L. WARING.

488

S. M.

- 1 How tender is Thy hand,
O Thou beloved Lord !
Afflictions come at Thy command,
And leave us at Thy word.
- 2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin !
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been !
- 3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew ;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found His word was true.
- 4 We told Him all our grief,
We thought of Jesus' love ;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pains remove.
- 5 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in His strength confide ;
For ever be His name adored ;
For there is none beside.

T. HASTINGS.

489

L. M.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away ;
 Away, ye tempters of the mind ;
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,
 Down to the gulf of dark despair ;
 And, while I listened to your song,
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
 That warned me of that dark abyss,
 That drew me from those treacherous seas,
 And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
 I stretch my hands and glance my eyes ;
 O for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear me to the upper skies !

I. WATTS.

490

S. M.

- 1 It is Thy hand, my God ;
 My sorrow comes from Thee ;
 I bow beneath Thy chastening rod,
 I know Thou lovest me.
- 2 I would not murmur, Lord,
 Before Thee I am dumb ;
 Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
 To Thee for help I come.
- 3 My God, Thy name is Love,
 A Father's hand is Thine ;
 With tearful eyes I look above,
 And cry, " Thy will be mine ! "
- 4 Jesus for me hast died,
 Thy Son Thou didst not spare ;
 His pierced hands, His bleeding side,
 Thy love for me declare.
- 5 Here my poor heart can rest ;
 My God, it cleaves to Thee ;
 Thy will is love, Thine end is blest ;
 All work for good to me.

J. G. DEER.

491

6s. double.

1 LORD JESUS, as Thou wilt !
 O may Thy will be mine ;
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign.
 Through sorrow or through joy,
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 " My Lord, Thy will be done ! "

2 Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 If needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure.
 The manna of Thy word
 Let my soul feed upon ;
 And if all else should fail,—
 " My Lord, Thy will be done ! "

3 Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 If loved ones must depart,
 Suffer not sorrow's flood
 To overwhelm my heart :
 For they are blest with Thee,
 Their race and conflict won ;
 Let me but follow them,—
 " My Lord, Thy will be done ! "

SCHMOLKE (H. L. L.)

492

8.8.8.4.

1 My God and Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 " Thy will be done ! "

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply,
 " Thy will be done ! "

3 Though Thou hast called me to resign
 What most I prized, it ne'er was mine ;
 I have but yielded what was Thine ;
 " Thy will be done ! "

- 4 Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done !"

C. ELLIOTT.

493

C. M.

- 1 My God, my Father,—blissful name,—
O may I call Thee mine ?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine ?
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er Thy holy will denies,
I calmly would resign ;
For Thou art good, and just, and wise :
O bend my will to Thine.
- 4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

A. STEELE.

494

L. M.

- 1 O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care ;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near."
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near !"
- 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

O. W. HOLMES.

495

S. M.

- 1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be ;
O lead me by Thine own right hand !
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not if I might ;
But choose Thou for me, O my God,
So shall I walk aright.
- 3 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill ;
As ever best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 4 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my guide, my guard, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

H. BONAR.

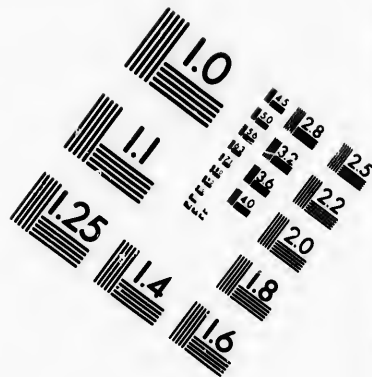
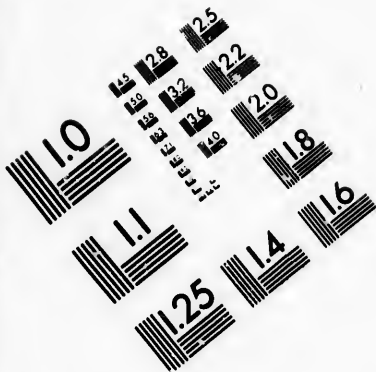
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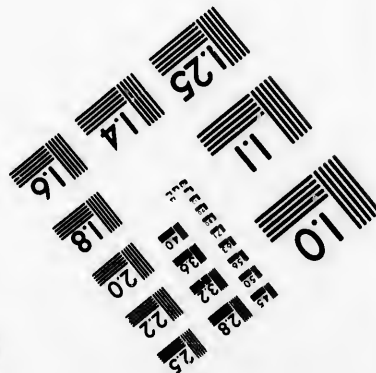
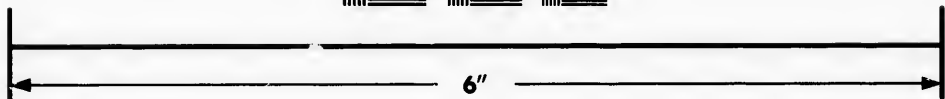
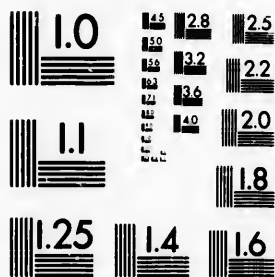
- 1 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;
But, with humble faith, to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Trials make the promise sweet ;
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 4 Did I meet no trials here,
No correcticn by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway ?
- 5 Others may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight ;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

W. COWPER.





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12

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : SERVICE.

497

8.7. double.

- 1 "CALL them in!"—the poor, the wretched,
 Sin-stained wanderers from the fold ;
 Peace and pardon freely offer,—
 Can you weigh their worth with gold ?
 "Call them in!"—the weak, the weary,
 Laden with the doom of sin ;
 Bid them come and rest in Jesus :
 He is waiting :—"Call them in!"
- 2 "Call them in!"—the Jew, the Gentile ;
 Bid the stranger to the feast ;
 "Call them in!"—the rich, the noble,
 From the highest to the least.
 Forth the Father runs to meet them,
 He hath all their sorrows seen ;
 Robe, and ring, and royal sandals
 Wait the lost ones :—"Call them in!"
- 3 "Call them in!"—the broken-hearted,
 Cowering 'neath the brand of shame ;
 Speak love's message, low and tender,—
 "'Twas for sinners Jesus came."
 See, the shadows lengthen round us,
 Soon the day-dawn will begin ;
 Can you leave them lost and lonely ?
 Christ is coming :—"Call them in!"

A. SHIPTON.

498

8.7.

- 1 CAST thy bread upon the waters,
 Thinking not 'tis thrown away ;
 God himself saith, thou shalt gather
 It again: some future day.
- 2 Cast thy bread upon the waters ;
 Wildly though the billows roll,
 They but aid thee as thou toilest
 Truth to spread from pole to pole.

SERVICE.

- 3 As the seed by billows floated
 To some distant island lone,
 So to human souls benighted,
 That thou flingest may be borne.
- 4 Cast thy bread upon the waters ;
 Why wilt thou still doubting stand ?
 Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
 If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

J. H. HANAFORD.

C. M. 6 lines.

499

- 1 DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
 But train me for Thy will ;
 For even I, in fields so broad,
 Some duties may fulfil ;
 And I will ask for no reward,
 Except to serve Thee still.
- 2 How many serve, how many more
 May to the service come !
 To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
 Thou dost appoint for some ;
 Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
 Thy little ones at home.
- 3 All works are good, and each is best
 As most it pleases Thee ;
 Each worker pleases when the rest
 He serves in charity ;
 And neither man nor work unblest,
 Wilt Thou permit to be.
- 4 Our Master all the work hath done
 He asks of us to-day ;
 Sharing His service, every one
 Share too His sonship may ;
 Lord, I would serve and be a son ;
 Dismiss me not, I pray !

T. T. LYNCH.

L. M.

500

- 1 FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
 My daily labour to pursue,
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
 In all I think, or speak, or do.

- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 4 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

501

C. M.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline ;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine ?
- 2 Help us, O Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
Delight to do Thy will,
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.
- 3 To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we move and live ;
Freely we have received of Thee—
As freely may we give.
- 4 Teach us, O Lord, with reverent love
Thee in Thy poor to see,
And while we minister to them,
To do it as to Thee.
- 5 Only do Thou our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed ;
Bless us in giving,—greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

P. DODDRIDGE AND E. OSLER.

502

L. M.

- 1 Go, labour on ! spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will :
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?

- 2 Go, labour on ! 'tis not for naught ;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain :
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
The Master praises ;—what are men ?
- 3 Go, labour on, while it is day ;
The world's dark night is hastening on ;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away :
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, " Behold I come ! "

H. BONAR.

503

8.7. double.

- 1 HARK ! the voice of Jesus calling,—
Who will go and work to-day ?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,—
Who will bear the sheaves away ?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free ;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
" Here am I, O Lord, send me. "
- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door ;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
- 3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
" There is nothing I can do ! "

Gladly take the task He gives you,
 Let His work your pleasure be ;
 Answer quickly when He calleth,
 " Here am I, O Lord, send me."

D. MARCH.

504

8.7.

- 1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing precious seed in love,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Findeth mercy from above.
- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
 Bright the rays celestial shine ;
 Precious fruits will thus be given,
 Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
 Let no fears thy soul annoy ;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening !
 See the rising grain appear :
 Look again ! the fields are whitening,
 For the harvest time is near.

T. HASTINGS.

505

L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 I WOULD the precious time redeem,
 And longer live for this alone :
 To spend, and to be spent, for them
 Who have not yet my Saviour known :
 Fully on these my mission prove,
 And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.
- 2 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
 Into Thy blessed hands receive ;
 And let me live to spread Thy word ;
 And let me to Thy glory live ;
 My every sacred moment spend
 In publishing the sinner's Friend.
- 3 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
 With boundless charity divine !

So shall I all my strength exert,
 And love them with a zeal like Thine,
 And lead unto Thy open side
 The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

G. WESLEY.

506

8.7.

- 1 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
 Of our life's wild restless sea ;
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
 Saying, " Christian, follow Me."
- 2 Jesus calls us from the worship
 Of the vain world's golden store,
 From each idol that would keep us,
 Saying, " Christian, love Me more."
- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
 Days of toil and hours of ease,
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
 " Christian, love Me more than these."
- 4 Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,
 Saviour, may we hear Thy call !
 Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
 Serve and love Thee best of all.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

507

8.7. double.

- 1 LORD of glory, who hast bought us
 With Thy life-blood as the price,
 Never grudging for the lost ones
 That tremendous sacrifice.
 And with that hast freely given
 Blessings, countless as the sand,
 To the unthankful and the evil
 With Thine own unsparing hand ;
- 2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee
 Gladly, freely of Thine own ;
 With the sunshine of Thy goodness
 Melt our thankless hearts of stone ;
 Till our cold and selfish natures,
 Warmed by Thee, at length believe,
 That more happy and " more blessed
 'Tis to give than to receive."

- 3 Wondrous honour hast Thou given
 To our humblest charity
 In Thine own mysterious sentence,
 "Ye have done it unto Me."
 Can it be, O gracious Master,
 Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
 Saying by Thy poor and needy,
 "Give as I have given to you?"

E. S. ALDERSON.

508

7.6. double.

- 1 LORD of the living harvest,
 That whitens o'er the plain,
 Where angels soon shall gather
 Their sheaves of golden grain ;
 Accept these hands to labour,
 These hearts to trust and love,
 And deign with them to hasten
 Thy kingdom from above.
- 2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
 Lord, send us out to be ;
 Content to bear the burden
 Of weary days for Thee ;
 We ask no other wages,
 When Thou shalt call us home,
 But to have shared the travail
 Which makes Thy kingdom come.
- 3 Be with us, God the Father ;
 Be with us, Christ the Son ;
 Be with us, Holy Spirit ;
 O blessed Three in One !
 Make us a royal priesthood,
 Thee rightly to adore,
 And fill us with Thy fulness,
 Now, and for evermore !

J. S. B. MONSELL.

509

L. M.

- 1 LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
 In living echoes of Thy tone :
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
 Thy erring children, lost and lone.

- 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
- 3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
- 5 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where ;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

510

L. M.

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for Thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end ?
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good ;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live—
To Him who for my ransom died ;
Nor could all worldly honour give
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, His glorious power.

P. DODDRIDGE.

ALDERSON.

f. double.

e.

MONSELL.

L. M.

511

S. M.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land :
- 2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.
- 4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, " Harvest-home !"

J. MONTGOMERY.

512

L. M.

- 1 Thy service, Lord, is my delight ;
I would be spent and spend for Thee :
Thou art my wisdom and my might ;
O glorify Thy name in me !
- 2 The light which Thou to me hast given,
Shall by Thy grace break forth and shine ;
I'll point to men the road to heaven,
And show the power of love divine.
- 3 My life, my strength, my heart, my tongue,
My soul, my flesh, to Thee I give !
All these to Thee of right belong,
O let me to Thy glory live !

G. B. HYMN-BOOK.

513

S. M.

- 1 We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be :
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

SERVICE.

- S. M.
- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive ;
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.
 - 3 O hearts are bruised and dead ;
And homes are bare and cold ;
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold !
 - 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.
 - 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.
 - 6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. HOW.

514

S. M.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

P. DODDRIDGE.

515

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 YE who hear the blessed call
Of the Spirit and the Bride :
Hear the Master's word to ail,
Your commission and your guide—
“ And let him that heareth say,
Come,” to all yet far away.
- 2 “ Come !” alike to age and youth,
Tell them of our Friend above,
Of His beauty and His truth,
Preciousness and grace and love.
Tell them what you know is true,
Tell them what He is to you.
- 3 “ Come !” to those who, while they hear,
Linger, hardly knowing why ;
Tell them that the Lord is near,
Tell them Jesus passes by.
Call them now ; O do not wait,
Lest to-morrow be too late.
- 4 Brothers, sisters, do not wait,
Speak for Him who speaks to you !
Wherefore should you hesitate ?
This is no great thing to do.
Jesus only bids you say,
“ Come !” and will you not obey ?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : FELLOWSHIP.

516

C. M.

- 1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part !
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go ;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

FELLOWSHIP.

- 3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To His beloved embrace ;
Expect His fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

C. WESLEY.

517

S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love !
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising 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.

J. FAWCETT.

518

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below in concert 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 command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
- 6 O Saviour, be our constant Guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

C. WESLEY.

519

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathising breasts
That generous pleasure know
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel
And swift our hands to aid.

FELLOWSHIP.

C. M.

- 4 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of His blood
A balm for every wound.

F. DODDRIDGE.

520

8s.

- 1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love ?
It fastens our souls in such ties
As distance and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My brethren are dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 Why, then, so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again ?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.
- 5 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all His bright glories shall see,
Singing, Hallelujah ! amen !
Amen ! even so let it be.

BALDWIN.

LEY.

C. M.

521

L. M.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,—
Or could my faith the world remove,—
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,—
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name,—

- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

I. WATTS.

522

L. M.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose heart, whose faith, whose hopes, are one !
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !
What tender love, what holy fear !
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming tears together flow,
For human guilt and human woe ;
Their ardent prayers united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

A. L. BARBAULD.

523

C. M.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word !
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart :
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,—
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love :
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

J. SWAIN.

524

S. M.

- 1 O LORD, Thou art my Lord,
My portion and delight ;
All other lords I now reject,
And cast them from my sight.
- 2 Thy sovereign right I own,
Thy glorious power confess ;
Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
While I adore Thy grace.
- 3 Too long my feet have strayed
In sin's forbidden way ;
But since Thou hast my soul reclaimed,
To Thee my vows I'll pay.
- 4 My soul to Jesus joined,
By faith and hope and love,
Now seeks to dwell among Thy saints,
And rest with them above.
- 5 Accept, O Lord, my heart,
To Thee myself I give ;
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
Or cause Thy saints to grieve.

B. BEDDOME.

=====

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : SECURITY.

525

8s. double.

- 1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing ;
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring ;
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do ;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete ;
His promise is yea, and amen,
And never was forfeited yet ;

Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things, below nor above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

- 3 My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase :
Impressed on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace :
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

A. M. TOPLADY.

526

8.7.

- 1 " ALWAYS " with us, " always " with us,
Words of cheer and words of love
Thus the risen Saviour whispers
From His dwelling-place above.
- 2 With us when with sin we struggle,
Giving strength and courage too,
Bidding us to falter never,
But to Him be ever true.
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear ;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.
- 4 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none ;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.
- 5 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

E. H. NEVIN.

527

L. M.

- 1 COMPLETE in Thee,—no work of mine,
May take, dear Lord, the place of Thine.
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in Thee.

- 2 Complete in Thee,—no more shall sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within ;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in Thee.
- 3 Complete in Thee,—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since Thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more,—complete in Thee.
- 4 Dear Saviour, when, before Thy bar,
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among Thy chosen may I be
At Thy right hand,—complete in Thee.

A. R. WOLFE.

C. M.

528

- 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 O when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

A. STEELE.

S. M.

529

- 1 DEAR Saviour, we are Thine
By everlasting bands ;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to Thy hands.
- 2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal ;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our Head ;
Shall form us to Thy image bright,
And teach Thy paths to tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay ;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear ?
If He in heaven hath fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

P. DODDRIDGE.

C. M.

530

- 1 FIRM as the earth Thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul ne'er can be lost.
- 2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep ;
All, whom His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favourites from His breast,
Within the bosom of His love
They must for ever rest.

I. WATTS.

S. M.

531

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time ; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 What though thou rulest not !
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

- 4 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work has wrought,
 That caused thy needless fear.

Trans. J. WESLEY.

532

L. M.

- 1 HERE at Thy cross, incarnate God,
 I lay my soul beneath Thy love,—
 Beneath the droppings of Thy blood,—
 Nor shall it, Jesus, e'er remove.
- 2 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
 Unmoved and firm this heart should lie;
 Resolved,—for that's my last defence,—
 If I must perish, there to die.
- 3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
 Am I not safe beneath Thy shade?
 Thy justice will not strike me here,
 Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
- 4 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.

I. WATTS.

533

C. M.

- 1 How can I sink with such a prop
 As my eternal God,
 Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
 And spreads the heavens abroad?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
 Who rose and left the dead?
 Pardon and grace my soul receives
 From my exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
 Shall be for ever Thine;
 Whate'er my duty bids me give,
 My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
 And duty did not call,
 I love my God with zeal so great,
 That I should give Him all.

I. WATTS.

534

11s.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord !
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word !
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled ?
- 2 “ Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 “ When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 “ When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 “ Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And then, when grey hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 “ The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to His foes ;
That soul—though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake !”

KEENE.

S. M.

535

- 1 How gentle God's commands !
How kind His precepts are !
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.
- 2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell ;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
 Unchanged from day to day :
 I'll drop my burden at His feet,
 And bear a song away.

P. DODDRIDGE.

536

L. M.

- 1 How oft have sin and Satan strove
 To rend my soul from Thee, my God !
 But everlasting is Thy love,
 And Jesus seals it with His blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm the vondrous grace ;
 Eternal power performs the word,
 And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
 While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation for my hope
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

I. WATTS.

537

C. M.

- 1 If God is mine, then present things,
 And things to come, are mine ;
 Yea, Christ, His word and Spirit too,
 And glory all divine.
- 2 If He is mine, then from His love
 He every trouble sends ;
 All things are working for my good,
 And bliss His rod attends.
- 3 If He is mine, let friends forsake,
 Let wealth and honour flee :
 Sure He who giveth me Himself
 Is more than these to me.
- 4 O tell me, Lord ! that Thou art mine ;
 What can I wish beside ?
 My soul shall at the fountain live,
 When all the streams are dried.

B. BEDDONS.
 T

538

S. M.

- 1 I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.
- 2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name ;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.
- 3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky ;
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.
- 4 I change—He changes not ;
The Christ can never die ;
His love, not mine, the resting-place ;
His truth, not mine, the tie.
- 5 My love is ofttimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows ;
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

H. BONAR.

C. M.

539

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or 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 soul 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.

I. WATTS.

540

7.6. double.

- 1 In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear ;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed ?
- 2 Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back ;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack.
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim ;
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen ;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where the dark clouds have been.
 My hope I cannot measure ;
 My path to life is free ;
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

A. L. WARING.

541

C. M.

- 1 LORD JESUS, are we one with Thee ?
 O height ! O depth of love !
 With Thee we died upon the tree,
 In Thee we live above.
- 2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
 Thou didst from heaven come down,
 Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
 In all our misery one.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
 Confessed and borne by Thee ;
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
 To set Thy members free.

- 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
 Still one with us Thou art ;
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
 Thy saints and Thee can part.

J. G. DECK.

542

7s. double.

- 1 JESUS ! lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly
 While the nearer waters 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 ;
 O 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 ;
 More than 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.

C. WESLEY.

543

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

A. M. TOPLADY.

544

7.6. double.

- 1 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.

Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears ;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

- 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me ;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er ;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

545

L. M.

- 1 Thou only sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?
- 2 Eternal life Thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 3 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While Thou art near, in vain they call ;
One smile, one blissful smile of Thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 4 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine :
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

A. STEELE.

546

H. M.

- 1 To heaven I lift mine eyes ;
From God is all my aid—
The God who 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.

SECURITY.

Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor 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 pledged 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.

I. WATTS.

C. M.

547

- 1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on Thee !
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.
- 3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, the Lord, is gone.

I. WATTS.

S. M.

548

- 1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

- 3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

I. WATTS.

549

L. M.

- 1 WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To Thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes ;
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord ?
And can my hope, my comfort, die ?
'Tis fixed on Thine almighty 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 I may build and rest secure.
- 4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose ;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

A. STEELE.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : BLESSEDNESS.

550

S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made,
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

BLESSEDNESS.

- 3 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne ;
 Our faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
 And Thou the kindred own.

I. WATTS.

551

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of God,
 They are bought with Jesus' blood ;
 They are ransomed from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have ;
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.
- 2 They are justified by grace ;
 They enjoy a solid peace ;
 All their sins are washed away ;
 They shall stand in God's great day ;
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.
- 3 They have fellowship with God,
 Through the Mediator's blood ;
 One with God, through Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun ;
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

J. HUMPHREYS.

552

7s.

- 1 BLESSED fountain, full of grace !
 Grace for sinners, grace for me,
 To this source alone I trace
 What I am, and hope to be.

- 2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord,
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.
- 3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above ;
When I join the heavenly throng ;
When I see the God of love.
- 4 Then I hope like Him to be,
Who redeemed His saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a veil that stands between.
- 5 Blesséd fountain, full of grace !
Grace for sinners, grace for me ;
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

T. KELLY.

S. M.

553

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King :
- 3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart ;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

J. KEBLE.

554

7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

BLESSEDNESS.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward !
- 4 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land :
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord ! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

J. CENNICK.

555

L. M.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I that is not in Thee,
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.
- 2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear ?
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near.
Am I with dread of justice tried ?
'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.
- 3 In life, Thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid ;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes ;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.
- 4 O all-sufficient Saviour ! be
This all-sufficiency to me ;
Nor pain nor sin nor death can harm
The weakest shielded by Thine arm.

J. EDMESTON.

556

C. M.

- 1 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

- 2 O blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible !
- 3 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blind old eye !
- 4 O learn to scorn the praise of men !
O learn to lose with God !
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.
- 5 And right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin !

F. W. FABER.

557

7.6. double.

- 1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head.
The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due :
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
- 2 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all trouble
To Him alone will turn :
What are they but forerunners
To lead you to His sight ?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light ?
- 3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure :

What are they, but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven on earth !

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, *trans.* J. M. NEALE.

558

S. M.

- 1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Among their councils 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.

I. WATTS.

C. M.

559

- 1 THERE is a hope, a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.
- 2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.
- 3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, " God is love."
- 4 That voice, aloud from Calvary's height,
Proclaims the soul forgiven ;
That star is revelation's light ;
That hope, the hope of heaven.

H. H. HAWLEY.

560

S. M.

- 1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel, and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

I. WATTS.

THE CHURCH : INSTITUTION.

561

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood ;
Yet must this building rise :
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

I. WATTS.

562

S. M.

- 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 Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care Thine holy ground,
And mark the building well,—
- 4 The order of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die—
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

I. WATTS.

563

8.7.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for His own abode.
- 2 Lord, Thy Church is still Thy dwelling,
Still is precious in Thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.
- 3 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose ?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
- 4 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

- 5 Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

J. NEWTON.

S. M.

564

- 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 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.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. DWIGHT.

C. M.

565

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke ;—
- 2 But we now come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.
- 3 Behold the great, the glorious host
Of angels clothed in light ;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

- 4 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
 But one communion make ;
 All join in Christ, their living Head,
 And of His grace partake.
- 5 In such society as this
 Our weary souls would rest ;
 The man who dwells where Jesus is
 Must be for ever blest.

I. WATTS.

566

78.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,—
 Turns, a fugitive unblest ;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 O receive me into rest.
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave.
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore ;
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
 Earth can fill my soul no more ;
 Every idol I resign.

J. MONTGOMERY.

567

C. M.

- 1 PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
 This day, with one accord,
 Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
 We yield to Thee, O Lord.
- 2 Joined in one body may we be,
 One inward life partake ;
 One be our heart ; one heavenly hope
 In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
 One wisdom be our guide ;
 Taught by one Spirit from above,
 In Thee may we abide.

THE CHURCH :

- 4 Around this feeble, trusting band
Thy sheltering pinions spread,
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fiercely on our head.
- 5 Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be Thine.

H. F. SMITH.

S. M.

568

- 1 THE Church of God below,
Is like His Church above ;
Safe shielded from her every foe,
By heavenly power and love.
- 2 On high and holy ground
Her deep foundations rest ;
And God within her courts is found
An omnipresent guest.
- 3 God loves her sacred gates,
Her solemn praise and prayer ;
And he that humbly on Him waits
Shall surely find Him there.
- 4 The Church of God below
Shall yet more honoured be ;
The nations to her side shall flow,
The world her glories see.
- 5 O blest and favoured men
That in her courts are born ;
Their life but sets to rise again,
In heaven's eternal morn !

H. F. LYTE.

7.6. double.

569

- 1 THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
She is His new creation
By water and the word :
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride ;

With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest :
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

S. J. STONE.

570

L. M.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Zion ! lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead ;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known ;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer ;
His hand thy ruins shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

P. DODDRIDGE.

571

8.7.4.

- 1 ZION stands with hills surrounded—
 Zion, kept by power divine :
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine :
 Happy Zion,
 What a favoured lot is thine !
- 2 Every human tie may perish ;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
 Heaven and earth at last remove ;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee ;
 Thou art precious in His sight :
 God is with thee—
 God, thine everlasting light.

T. KELLY.

THE CHURCH : BAPTISM.

572

C. M.

- 1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave
 The great Redeemer lies ;
 Faith views Him in the watery grave,
 And thence beholds Him rise.
- 2 Thus do His willing saints, to-day,
 Their ardent zeal express,
 And, in the Lord's appointed way,
 Fulfil all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in His footsteps tread,
 And would His cause maintain,—
 Like Him be numbered with the dead,
 And with Him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
 And drives our fears away ;

BAPTISM.

8.7.4.

When He commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

- 5 Now we, blest Saviour, would to Thee
Our grateful voices raise ;
Washed in the fountain of Thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

B. BEDDOME.

573

L. M.

- 1 COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who veiled His Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.
- 2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path His saints should tread ;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left His watery grave ;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 Come, all who love His precious name,
Come, tread His steps, and learn of Him ;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

T. BALDWIN.

574

L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.
- 2 We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,
And joyfully embrace Thy cause ;
We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
- 3 We sink beneath Thy mystic flood ;
O bathe us in Thy cleansing blood ;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With Thee, beneath the yielding wave.

- 4 And as we rise, with Thee to live,
O let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

A. JUDSON.

575

S. M.

- 1 Down to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led ;
And He who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed His head.
- 2 He taught the solemn way ;
He fixed the holy rite ;
He bade His ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.
- 3 Blest Saviour, we will tread
In Thy appointed way ;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

S. F. SMITH.

576

L. M.

- 1 Do we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord ?
Baptized into His death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death ;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Within our mortal flesh again ;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

I. WATTS.

577

C. M.

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue ;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes ;
"Hinder me not," shall 'be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at His command ;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
'To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
"Hinder me not ;" come, welcome, death ;
I'll gladly go with thee.

J. RYLAND.

578

L. M.

- 1 OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave :
Come, see the sacred path He trod—
A path well pleasing to our God.
- 2 His voice we hear, His footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek His face,
To do His will, to feel His love,
And join our songs with songs above.
- 3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine !
Let endless glories round Him shine ;
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

A. JUDSON.

579

8.7.4.

- 1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow Me ;"
Shall the word with terror seize us ?
Shall we from the burden flee ?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow Thee.
- 2 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of Thy love for me ;
But more blest the love that binds me,
In its deathless bond^s to Thee :
O what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be !

- 3 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.
- 4 Fellowship with Him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin ;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win :
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

J. E. GILES.

580

C. M.

- 1 'Tis the great Father we adore
In this baptismal sign :
'Tis He whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.
- 2 The Father hailed Him ; let our breath
In answering praise ascend,
As, in the image of His death,
We own our heavenly Friend.
- 3 We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path He trod :
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God !
- 4 Blest Spirit ! with intense desire,
Solicitous we bow ;
Baptize us in renewing fire,
And ratify the vow.
- 5 Let earth and heaven our pledge record,
And future witness bear,
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

M. G. SAFFERY.

581

C. M.

- 1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak ;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break :—

RECEPTION OF MEMBERS.

- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely ;
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our needs supply.
- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways :
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

B. BEDDOME.

THE CHURCH :
RECEPTION OF MEMBERS.

582

C. M.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord :
Stranger nor foe art thou :
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.
- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee :
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.
- 3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,—
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,—
Freely with us partake.

J. MONTGOMERY.

583

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, Thy sovereign grace we bless,
That crowns Thy gospel with success,
Subjecting rebels to Thy throne,
And gathering to Thy fold Thine own.
- 2 Those who have now Thy truth confessed,
As their own faith and hope and rest,
We in Thy name with joy embrace
As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.

THE CHURCH :

- 3 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear ;
In all Thy ways with vigour move,
And in Thy service faithful prove.
- 4 From all temptations them defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end ;
Ever abiding in Thy love,
Until they join the Church above.

W. H. BATHURST.

THE CHURCH : THE LORD'S SUPPER.

584

C. M.

- 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember Thee.
- 3 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me :
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 4 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come ;
Then, Lord, remember me.

J. MONTGOMERY.

585

L. M.

- 1 AMIDST us our Beloved stands,
And bids us view His pierced hands ;
Points to the wounded feet and side,
Blest emblems of the Crucified.
- 2 What food luxurious loads the board,
When at His table sits the Lord !
The wine how rich, the bread how sweet,
When Jesus deigns the guests to meet !

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 If now, with eyes defiled and dim,
We see the signs, but see not Him,
O may His love the scales displace,
And bid us see Him face to face !

C. H. SPURGEON.

586

S. M.

- 1 BLEST feast of love divine !
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of Thee.
- 2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within
That we are loved by Thee.
- 3 O if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet ?

E. DENNY.

587

8.8.8.4.

- 1 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come !
- 2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come !
- 3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see ;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come !
- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come !
- 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come !

6 O blessed hope ! with this elate
 Let not our hearts be desolate,
 But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
 Until He come !

G. RAWSON.

588

C. M.

- 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, and every 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.

I. WATTS.

589

7s.

- 1 LAMB of God, whose dying love
 Now Thy saints recall to mind,
 Hear us, bless us, from above ;
 Let us all Thy mercy find.
- 2 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
 Every sinner's pardon seal ;
 All in Thee be justified,
 Every soul Thy comfort feel.
- 3 By Thine agony of pain,
 By Thy precious blood, we pray ;
 Cleanse our hearts from every stain,
 Take our load of guilt away.
- 4 Burst our bonds and set us free ;
 Bid our fear and sorrow cease ;

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

O remember Calvary !
Saviour ! bid us go in peace.

C. WESLEY.

590

C. M.

- 1 LORD, at Thy table we behold
The wonders of Thy grace,
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place ;—
- 2 We, who are all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God ;
We, who have crucified Thy Son,
And trampled on His blood.
- 3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room !
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.
- 4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers :
No theme is like redeeming love ;
No Saviour is like ours.

J. STENNETT.

591

L. M.

- 1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore ;
Let every idol be forgot :
But, O my soul, forget Him not.
- 2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief ;
Nor Him forget, who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.
- 3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine :
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget ?
- 4 O no ; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

KRISHNA PAL. *trans.* J. MARSHMAN.

592

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 "TILL He come," O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords ;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen ;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come."
- 2 Clouds and conflicts round us press ;
Would we have one sorrow less ?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss ;
Death and darkness and the tomb
Only whisper, "Till He come."
- 3 See, the feast of love is spread :
Drink the wine, and break the bread ;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board ;
Some from earth, from glory some :
Severed only "Till He come."

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

593

C. M.

- 1 To Him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in His blood,
To royal honours raised our head,
And made us priests to God,—
- 2 To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

I. WATTS.

594

L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

OFFICERS.

- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

I. WATTS.

THE CHURCH : OFFICERS.

595

I. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;
We plead for those who plead for Thee ;
Successful pleaders may they be.
- 2 How great their work ! how vast their charge !
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge :
Their best endowments are our gain ;
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 O clothe with energy divine
Their words ; and let those words be Thine ;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal ;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
And thus reward their toil and pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy Spirit's living power.

B. BEDDOME.

596

S. M.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal !

- 2 How charming is their voice !
 How sweet their tidings are !
 " Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
 He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 The watchmen join their voice !
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
- 4 The Lord makes bare His arm
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

I. WATTS.

597

7.6. double.

- 1 How beauteous on the mountains,
 The feet of Him that brings,
 Like streams from living fountains,
 Good tidings of good things ;
 That publisheth salvation,
 And jubilee release,
 To every tribe and nation,
 God's reign of joy and peace !
- 2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman !
 And shout, from Zion's towers,
 Thy hallelujah chorus,—
 " The victory is ours !"
 The Lord shall build up Zion
 In glory and renown,
 And Jesus, Judah's Lion,
 Shall wear His rightful crown.
- 3 Break forth in hymns of gladness,
 O waste Jerusalem !
 Let songs, instead of sadness,
 Thy jubilee proclaim ;
 The Lord, in strength victorious,
 Upon thy foes hath trod ;
 Behold, O earth ! the glorious
 Salvation of our God !

B. GOUGH.

598

C. M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego,—
For souls which must for ever live
In rapture or in woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

P. DODDRIDGE.

599

S. M.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry ;
Answer Thy people's earnest prayer,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On Thee we humbly wait ;
Our wants are in Thy view :
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great ;
The labourers are few.
- 3 Raise up and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad ;
And let them speak Thy Word with power,
As workers with their God.
- 4 Give the pure Gospel word,
The word of general grace ;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.
- 5 O let them spread Thy name ;
Their mission fully prove ;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love !

C. WESLEY.
X

600

L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 Now in this consecrated place,
Dispense the treasures of Thy grace,
Benignant God, and largely bless
Our deacons with Thy righteousness ;
That by Thy tables they may stand
As servants of Thine own right hand.
- 2 These, by their office, called to see
The body broken on the tree,—
To hold before our brotherhood
The sign of the redeeming blood ;
The service of the cross to share,
May they the Saviour's image bear.
- 3 These, whom we call to bear relief
And solace to the sons of grief ;
These, who shall cheer with due supplies
And free and friendly ministries ;
Our pastor,—O Thyself uphold,
Thou greater Shepherd of the fold.
- 4 With heavenly zeal and wisdom fed
Be they who bear the sacred bread ;
With generous pleasures may they glow,
Who meet the wants and share the woe ;
And Thee, at last, O Saviour, see,
And spread the marriage feast for Thee.

E. T. WINKLER.

601

L. M.

- 1 REAPER, behold ! the fields are white
With the great harvest of the world ;
Soldier, seek thou the thickest fight,
Thy Captain's standard is unfurled.
- 2 Wise to win souls, exhort, reprove,
And watch the flock redeemed by blood :
Warn with thy tears, preach in deep love
The gospel of the grace of God.
- 3 Toil on in the appointed way,
The precious fruit shall soon appear ;
Work thou thy work whilst it is day ;
The shadows lengthen, night is near.

OFFICERS.

- 4 Soon shalt thou hear the Master's voice,
The welcome cry, "Behold, I come!"
Within the pearly gates rejoice,
And rest thee in thy heavenly home.

G. RAWSON.

602

L. M.

- 1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant: so He came;
And we receive thee in His stead.
- 2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

J. MONTGOMERY.

603

L. M.

- 1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to Thee commend;
Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And arm him to obey Thy will.
- 3 Before him Thy protection send,
O love him, save him to the end,
Nor let him as a pilgrim rove
Without the convoy of Thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him Thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

R. HILL.

PRAYER AND REVIVAL MEETINGS.

604

P. M.

- 1 "Almost persuaded" now to believe ;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive,
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way.
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."
- 2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day ;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear ;
O wanderer, come !
- 3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past ;
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last ;
"Almost" can not avail ;
"Almost" is but to fail ;
Sad, sad that bitter wail,—
"Almost," but lost !

P. P. BLISS.

605

P. M.

- 1 I AM thine, O Lord ; I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me ;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.
- REF.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died ;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.
- 2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine ;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.
 - 3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

- 4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
 Till I cross the narrow sea ;
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach
 Till I rest in peace with Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

606

6s. 6 lines.

- 1 I GAVE my life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead ;
 I gave my life for thee,
 What hast thou done for Me ?
- 2 My Father's house of light,
 My glory-circled throne,
 I left for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone.
 I left it all for thee,
 Hast thou left aught for Me ?
- 3 I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue can tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell ;
 I've borne it all for thee,
 What hast thou borne for Me ?
- 4 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from my home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and my love ;
 I bring rich gifts to thee,
 What hast thou brought to Me ?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

607

P. M.

- 1 I HEAR the Saviour say,
 Thy strength indeed is small ;
 Child of weakness, watch and pray,
 Find in Me thine all in all.
- CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
 All to Him I owe ;
 Sin had left a crimson stain ;
 He washed it white as snow.

- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
 Thy power, and Thine alone,
 Can change the leper's spots,
 And melt the heart of stone.—CHO.
- 3 For nothing good have I
 Whereby Thy grace to claim—
 I'll wash my garment white
 In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—CHO.
- 4 And when before the throne
 I stand in Him complete,
 I'll lay my trophies down,
 All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

E. M. HALL.

P. M.

608

- 1 I NEED Thee every hour,
 Most gracious Lord ;
 No tender voice like Thine
 Can peace afford.
 REF.—I need Thee, O I need Thee ;
 Every hour I need Thee ;
 O bless me now, my Saviour !
 I come to Thee.
- 2 I need Thee every hour ;
 Stay Thou near by ;
 Temptations lose their power
 When Thou art nigh.
- 3 I need Thee every hour ;
 Teach me Thy will ;
 And Thy rich promises
 In me fulfil.
- 4 I need thee every hour,
 Most Holy One ;
 O make me Thine indeed,
 Thou blessed Son.

A. S. HAWKS.

P. M.

609

- 1 JESUS, keep me near the Cross ;
 There a precious fountain,
 Free to all, a healing stream,
 Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHO.—In the Cross, in the Cross,
 Be my glory ever,
 Till my raptured soul shall find
 Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
 Love and mercy found me ;
 There the bright and morning star
 Sheds its beams around me.—CHO.

3 Near the Cross ! O Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me ;
 Help me walk from day to day,
 With its shadow o'er me.—CHO.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

610

P. M.

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
 Thou art scattering full and free :
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
 Let some droppings fall on me.
 Even me, even me,
 Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O Gracious Father !
 Sinful though my heart may be ;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy light on me—
 Even me, &c.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour !
 Let me live and cling to Thee ;
 I am longing for Thy favour :
 Whiist Thou'rt calling, O call me—
 Even me, &c.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
 Thou canst make the blind to see ;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit !
 Speak the word of power to me—
 Even me, &c.

5 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, O bless me—
 Even me, &c.

E. CODNER.

611

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

- 1 MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee !
Hear Thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee !
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !
- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest ;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best :
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !
- 3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise ;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

E. PRENTISS.

612

6s.

- 1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er :
I'm nearer home to-day
Than e'er I've been before.
- REF.—I'm nearer my home, nearer my home,
Nearer my home to-day ;
Yes, nearer my home in heaven to-day,
Than ever I've been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.
 - 3 For even now my feet
May stand upon its brink ;
I may be nearer home,
Nearer than now I think.

P. CARY.

613

11s.

1 O SAFE to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly ;
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be ;
Thou blest " Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,
Thou blest " Rock of Ages,"
I'm hiding in Thee.

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power :
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest " Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when press'd by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe ;
How often when trials like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

W. O. CUSHING.

614

8.5.

1 PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry ;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face ;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee ?
Whom in heaven but Thee ?

F. J. CROSBY.

615

S. M.

- 1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare :
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.
- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death ;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine Almighty breath.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee ;
And hungering for the bread of life,
O may our spirits be !
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious name ;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.
- 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers ;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

A. MIDLANE.

616

P. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee ;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.
REF.—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power ;
May Thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.
- 2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go ;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.—REF.
- 3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er ;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.—REF.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

617

8.7.4.

- 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 ; &c.
- 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 ; &c.

J. NEWTON.

618

7s.

- 1 SIMPLY trusting every day,
 Trusting through a stormy way ;
 Even when my faith is small,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
 Into this poor heart of mine ;
 While He leads I cannot fall ;
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 3 Singing, if my way is clear ;
 Praying, if the path is drear ;
 If in danger, for Him call :
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 5 Trusting Him while life shall last,
 Trusting Him till earth is past ;
 Till within the jasper wall,
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

E. PAGE

619

P. M.

- 1 SING them over again to me,
 Wonderful words of Life,
 Let me more of their beauty see,
 Wonderful words of Life.

Words of life and beauty,
 Teach me faith and duty ;
 ||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of Life. :||

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
 Wonderful words of Life ;
 Sinner, list to the loving call,
 Wonderful words of Life.
 All so freely given,
 Wooing us to Heaven.
 |: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of Life. :||

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
 Wonderful words of Life.
 Offer pardon and peace to all,
 Wonderful words of Life.
 Jesus, only Saviour,
 Sanctify for ever.
 ||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of Life. :||

P. P. BLISS.

620

P. M.

1 SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
 Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve ;
 Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves,
 Bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come rejoicing,
 Bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze ;
 By and by the harvest, and the labour ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Tho' the loss sustain'd our spirit often grieves ;
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

K. SHAW.

621

C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend ;
Thy people wait for Thee ;
Thine ear in kind compassion lend ;
Let us Thy mercy see.
- 2 Behold ! Thy weary churches wait
With wistful longing eyes ;
Let us no more be desolate ;
O bid Thy light arise !
- 3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to Thee ;
Let us not feel its rays alone ;
Alone Thy people be.
- 4 O bring our dearest friends to God :
Remember those we love ;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode ;
Fit them for joys above.
- 5 Spirit of holiness ! 'tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer ;
Come, for we wait Thy power divine,
Let us Thy mercy share !

S. F. SMITH.

622

L. M. double.

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known :
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer !
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless :
And, since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer !

W. W. WALFORD

623

P. M.

- 1 TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
 Child of sorrow and of woe,
 It will joy and comfort give you,
 Take it then where'er you go.

REF.—Precious name, O how sweet ;
 Hope of earth and joy of heaven ;
 Precious name, O how sweet ;
 Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
 As a shield from every snare ;
 If temptations round you gather,
 Breathe that holy name in prayer.

- 3 At the name of Jesus bowing,
 Falling prostrate at His feet,
 King of Kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
 When our journey is complete.

L. BAXTER.

624

7.6. double.

- 1 TELL me the old, old story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love.
 Tell me the story simply,
 As to a little child,
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.

REF.—Tell me the old, old story,
 Tell me the old, old story,
 Tell me the old, old story
 Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
 That I may take it in—
 That wonderful redemption,
 God's remedy for sin.
 Tell me the story often,
 For I forget so soon ;
 The "early dew" of morning
 Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
 With earnest tones and grave ;
 Remember, I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save.

PRAYER AND REVIVAL MEETINGS.

P. M.

Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

- 4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
O yes, and when its glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story :
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

C. HANKEY.

625

P. M.

- 1 'Tis the promise of God, full salvation to give
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will believe.
CHO. Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on the Son ;
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One.
- 2 Though the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
- 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song :
- 4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their songs of salvation they sing :
- 5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold.
And they sing as they march through the streets of
pure gold :
- 6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises for ever will be.—CHO.

P. F. BLISS.

626

P. M.

- 1 WE praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah, amen,
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.
- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our
night.

- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sin, and has cleans'd every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our
ways.
- 5 Revive us again ; fill each heart with Thy love ;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

W. P. MACKAY.

627

8.7. double.

- 1 WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear !
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer !
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer !
- 2 Have we trials and temptations ?
Is there trouble anywhere ?
We should never be discouraged ;
'Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share ?
Jesus knows our every weakness ;
'Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care ?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
'Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
'Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee :
Thou wilt find a solace there.

II. BONAF.

628

P. M.

- 1 WHEN Peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows roll ;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

- 2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
- 3 My sin—O the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
- 4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
“Even so”—it is well with my soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

629

P. M.

- 1 WORK, for the night is coming ;
Work through the morning hours ;
Work while the dew is sparkling ;
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store :
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

S. DYER.
Y

THE YOUNG.

630

L. M.

- 1 A THOUSAND blessings on the place
Where Sabbath-scholars joy to meet !
Fall there, O dews of early grace !
Rest there, O love divinely sweet !
- 2 God's angels spread their happy wings,
And hover o'er the children there ;
While praise from youthful voices rings,
And childhood's hands are joined in prayer.
- 3 Brood o'er that scene, O Holy Dove !
Renew and bless the youngest soul ;
Seal each and all for joys above,
Where everlasting ages roll.
- 4 Reveal how there the Saviour stands,
To hear the children when they call ;
And lay His gentle unseen hands
In benediction on them all.
- 5 A thousand blessings on the place
Where Sabbath-scholars joy to meet !
Till they ascend to see His face,
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet.

E. H. JACKSON.

631

C. M.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.
- 2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
 And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou who givest life and breath,
 We seek Thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still Thine own.

R. HEBER.

632

8.7.

- 1 CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us,
 Youthful days will soon be gone ;
 Cares and sorrows lie before us,
 Hidden dangers, snares unknown.
- 2 O may He who, meek and lowly,
 Trod Himself this vale of woe,
 Make us His, and make us holy,
 Guard and guide us while we go !
- 3 Hark, it is the Saviour calling,
 " Little children, follow Me ;"
 Jesus, keep our feet from falling ;
 Teach us all to follow Thee.
- 4 Soon we part : it may be never,
 Never here to meet again ;
 O to meet in heaven for ever !
 O the crown of life to gain !

W. DICKSON.

633

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 CHILDREN'S voices, high in heaven,
 Make sweet music round the throne ;
 Them the King of kings hath given
 Glory lasting as His own :
 Lord ! it was Thy mercy free,
 Suffered them to come to Thee.
- 2 We would think of them to-day,
 And their everlasting song ;
 We would sing as blest as they,
 In the spirit-land ere long :
 Lord ! let us Thy children be,—
 Suffer us to come to Thee !

- 3 Now to come with loving mind,
Simple faith and earnest prayer,
Seeking Thy dear cross, to find
Full and free salvation there :
Lamb of God ! our Saviour be,
Suffer us to come to Thee !

T. R. TAYLOR AND G. RAWSON.

634

S. M.

- 1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race ;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of Thy grace.
- 2 O what a pure delight
Their happiness to see ;
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to Thee.
- 3 Now bless, Thou God of love,
The word of truth divine ;
Send Thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children Thine.

J. FELLOWS.

635

7.6.

- 1 "REMEMBER thy Creator"
Now, in thy youthful days,
And He will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
- 2 "Remember thy Creator,"
He calls, in tones of love,
And offers endless pleasure
In brighter worlds above.
- 3 And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.
- 4 And when life's storms are over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

ANON.

636

8.7.

- 1 SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee ;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.
- 2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine :
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.
- 3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way ;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.
- 4 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart ;
Suffer me to leave Thee never ;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

J. BURTON.

637

8.7.4.

- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd, lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care ;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy fold prepare ;
Blessèd Jesus !
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
- 2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free ;
Blessèd Jesus !
Let us early turn to Thee.
- 3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will ;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy grace our bosoms fill ;
Blessèd Jesus !
Thou hast loved us, love us still !

D. A. THAUPP.

638

C. M.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark ! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach," He cries,
" Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to Thee ;
With humble trust that we are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust ;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

P. DODDRIDGE.

639

7.6. double.

- 1 WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
" Hosanna " to His name ;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.
- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, " Hosanna
To David's royal Son."
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.

MISSIONS.

But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

J. KING.

MISSIONS.

640

L. M.

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake ;
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake ;
Now 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 Let Zion's time of favour come ;
O bring the tribes of Israel home !
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
- 4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name ;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

641

L. M.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at Thy great command,
Before Thy face, dread King, we stand ;
The voice that marshalled every star
Has called Thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of Thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise,
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

MISSIONS.

- 4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home ;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

W. B. COLLYER.

642

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain-tops above 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'll say,
"And to His house we'll go."
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Salem'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, O come from every land
To worship at His shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

M. BRUCE.

643

C. M.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in Thy Redeemer trust ;
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake ; put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array ;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild Thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the South, "Give up thy charge !"
And "Keep not back, O North !"

- 4 They come ! they come ! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

J. MONTGOMERY.

644

7.6. double.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown :
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny ?
Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

R. HEBER.

645

L. M.

- 1 "Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord ;
 "Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;
 He shall be saved that trusts my word,
 And he condemned who'll not believe.
- 2 "I'll make your great commission known ;
 And ye shall prove my gospel true,
 By all the works that I have done,
 By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 "Teach all the nations my commands ;
 I'm with you till the world shall end ;
 All power is trusted in my hands ;
 I can destroy, and I defend."
- 4 He spake, and light shone round His head ;
 On a bright cloud to heaven He rode :
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

WATTS.

646

7s.

- 1 Go, ye messengers of God ;
 Like the beams of morning, fly ;
 Take the wonder-working rod ;
 Wave the banner-cross on high.
- 2 Go to many a tropic isle,
 In the bosom of the deep,
 Where the skies for ever smile,
 And th' oppressed for ever weep.
- 3 O'er the pagan's night of care
 Pour the living light of heaven ;
 Chase away his wild despair ;
 Bid him hope to be forgiven.
- 4 Where the golden gates of day
 Open on the palmy east,
 High the bleeding cross display,
 Spread the gospel's richest feast.

T. MARSDEN.

647

7.6. double.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son,
Who, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth ;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end ;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
That name to us is Love.

J. MONTGOMERY.

648

7s. double.

- 1 HARK ! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar ;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore ;—

Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God Omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark, the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.
 See Jehovah's banner furled ;
 Sheathed His sword : He speaks—'tis done !
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away.
 Then the end—beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is All in all.

J. MONTGOMERY.

649

L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown His head ;
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 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.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

L. WATTS.

650

8.7.4.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 See the promises advancing
 To a glorious day of grace:
 Blessèd jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
 Let the rude barbarian, see
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtained on Calvary:
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound, from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 Now, from eastern coast to western.
 May the morning chase the night:
 Let redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
 Win and conquer—never cease:
 May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply, and still increase:
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

W. WILLIAMS.

651

8.7.4.

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion, long in hostile lands:
 Mourning captive,
 God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.

- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
 He himself appears thy Friend ;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end :
 Great deliverance
 Zion's king will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee ;
 All thy warfare now be past ;
 God thy Saviour will defend thee ;
 Victory is thine at last :
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

T. KELLY.

652

L. M.

- 1 SOON may the last, glad song arise,
 Through all the myriads of the skies—
 That song of triumph which records
 That all the earth is now the Lord's.
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
 Obedient, mighty God, to Thee ;
 And over land, and stream, and main,
 Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.
- 3 O let that glorious anthem swell ;
 Let host to host the triumph tell,
 That not one rebel heart remains,
 But over all the Saviour reigns.

MRS. YOKE.

653

7.6. double.

- 1 THE morning light is breaking ;
 The darkness disappears ;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears :
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour :

Each cry, to heaven going,
 Abundant answers brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above ;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing—
 A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay :
 Stay not till all the lowly
 'Triumphant reach their home ;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

B. F. SMITH.

654

8.7.4.

1 YES, my native land, I love thee ;
 All thy scenes, I love them well :
 Friends, connections, happy country,
 Can I bid you all farewell ?

Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
 Joys no stranger-heart can tell
 Happy home, indeed I love thee :
 Can I, can I say, "Farewell ?"

Can I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days and Sabbath bell,
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
 Can I say a last farewell ?

Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

DEDICATIONS.

- 4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I loved so well :
Far away, ye billows, bear me :
Lovely, native land, farewell :
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

N. F. SMITH.

655

L. M.

- 1 YE Christian heralds—go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more—
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

MRS. VOKE.

DEDICATIONS.

656

C. M.

- 1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest !
Lo, Thy Church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.
- 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy Word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God ! accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

DEDICATIONS.

4 Here let the Son of David reign ;
 Let God's Anointed shine ;
 Justice and truth His court maintain,
 With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
 And, as His kingdom grows,
 Fresh honour shall adorn His crown,
 And shame confound His foes.

I. WATTS.

657

H. M.

1 CHRIST is our corner-stone,
 On Him alone we build ;
 With His true saints alone
 The courts of heaven are filled ;
 On His great love our hopes we place,
 Of present grace and joys above.

2 O ! then with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring ;
 Our voices we will raise
 The Three in One to sing ;
 And thus proclaim in joyful song,
 Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

3 Here may we gain from heaven
 The grace which we implore ;
 And may that grace, once given,
 Be with us evermore ;
 Until that day, when all the blest
 To endless rest are called away.

LATIN HYMN, trans. J. CHANDLER.

658

H. M.

1 COME, King of glory, come,
 And with Thy favour crown
 This temple as Thy dome,
 This people as Thy own :
 Beneath this roof, O deign to show
 How God can dwell with men below.

DEDICATIONS.

- 2 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 !
- 3 Here may the 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.
- 4 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.

B. FRANCIS.

659

L. M.

- 1 HERE, in Thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for 'Thee ;
O choose it for Thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.
- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna ! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong ;
Hosanna ! let the angels sing.

DEDICATIONS.

- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 6 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

J. MONTGOMERY.

660

7s.

- 1 LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let Thy children here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, with richest mercy blest,
May the weary soul find rest.
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

J. MONTGOMERY.

661

L. M.

- 1 O THOU, who didst the temple fill
With Thy resplendent awful train,
The glory of Thine Israel still,
Appear in those bright robes again.
- 2 In us, and round about us, shine,
Here cause us to behold Thy face:
O make this tabernacle Thine:
O sanctify this lowly place.
- 3 Now send the promised unction down,
And all our waiting hearts inspire:
Lord Jesus, make Thy goings known,
Thy ministers a flame of fire.

DEDICATIONS.

- 4 Work with them, and confirm Thy word
To all who worship in this place :
O pour upon us, holy Lord,
Unceasing showers of saving grace.

Cong. Supplement.

662

C. M.

- 1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.
- 2 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way :
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 3 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise ;
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. BRYANT.

663

C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT Divine ! attend our prayers,
And make our hearts Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come !
- 2 Come as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe ;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour ;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.
- 5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love ;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

A. REED.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

664

S. M.

- 1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.
- 2 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
- 3 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.
- 4 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

H. BONAR.

665

L. M.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep—
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet !
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venomèd sting !
- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest :
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be :
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

- 5 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

M. MACKAY.

666

C. M.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead !
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins 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.

I. WATTS.

667

L. M.

- 1 How blest the righteous, when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest !
How mildly beam the closing eyes ;
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer-cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies the wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Life's labour 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 ! "

A. L. BARBAULD.

668

S. M.

- 1 It is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.
- 4 Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die ;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

G. W. BETHUNE.

669

11s.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.
- 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 has 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 rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?
- 5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

W. A. MUEHLENBURG.

670

C. M.

- 1 O 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, O Death, thy sting?”
- 3 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

J. WAITS.

671

S. M.

- 1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, 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.

S. F. SMITH.

672

S. M.

- 1 “SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won
Enter thy Master's joy.”

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

C. M.

- 2 The voice at midnight came ;
He started up to hear ;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
He fell, but felt no fear.
- 3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red cross shield.
- 4 The pains of death are past ;
Labour and sorrow cease ;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
- 5 Soldier of Christ, well done ;
Praise be thy new employ ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

J. MONTGOMERY.

673

S. 7.

- 1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low :
Thou no more wilt join our number ;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us :
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

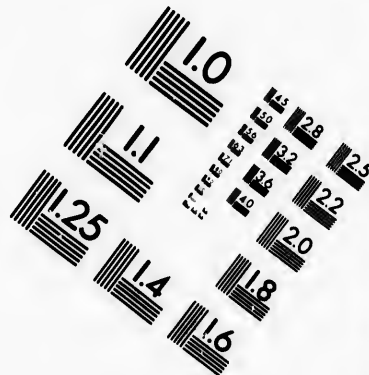
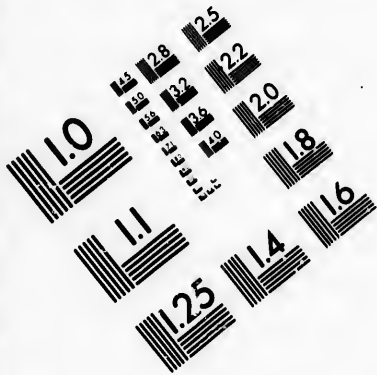
S. F. SMITH.

674

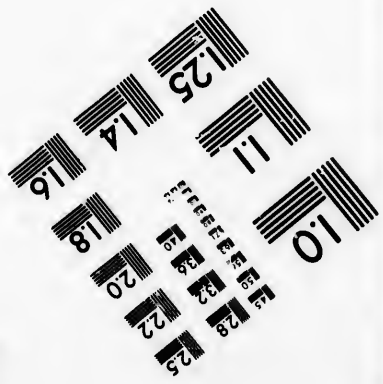
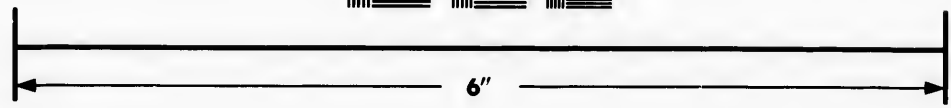
L. M.

- 1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour ;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.





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10

- 2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
 To soothe the anguish of the heart ?
 Spirit of grace, be ever nigh :
 Thy comforts are not made to die.
- 3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
 Till dying hope revives again ;
 Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
 And faith points upward to the sky.

A. STEELE.

675

7.8.7.8.7.7.

- 1 TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
 Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping :
 Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
 In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping !
 And no sigh of anguish sore
 Heaves that little bosom more.
- 2 In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it ;
 To the sunny heavenly plain
 Thou dost now with joy receive it ;
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.
- 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving ;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Though Thou take what most we love.

J. W. MEINHOLD, *trans.* C. WINKWORTH.

676

L. M.

- 1 THE hour of my departure's come ;
 I hear the voice that calls me home ;
 At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
 And let Thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run,
 The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
 And now my witness is on high,
 And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust ;
I bow before Thee in the dust ;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

4 I come, I come, at Thy command,
I yield my spirit to Thy hand ;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

M. BRUCE.

677

L. M.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God !
Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode ;
High was Thy throne, ere heaven was made,
Or earth, Thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst Thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man ;
And long Thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;
An empty tale ; a morning flower,
Cut down, and withered in an hour.

4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man ;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till Thine own grace, so rich, so free,
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

I. WATTS.

678

13.11.12.12.

1 THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore
thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;
The Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the
gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
 Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
 But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide.
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee:
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

R. HEBER.

679

L. M.

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

I. WATTS.

680

L. M.

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
 But that bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere:
 When shall I wake and find me there?

- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my God,
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
 Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

I. WATTS.

681

C. M.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to His arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb ?
 'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all the saints He blest,
 And softened every bed ;
 Where should the dying members rest
 But with their dying Head ?
- 4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way ;
 Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
 At the great rising day.

I. WATTS.

682

L. M.

- 1 WHY should we start, and fear to die !
 What timorous worms we mortals are !
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
 Fright our approaching souls away ;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

- 4 Jesús can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on His breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

I. WATTS.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

683

8.7.4.

- 1 CHRIST is coming! let creation
 Bid her groans and travail cease:
 Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore and faith increase;
 Christ is coming!
 Come, thou biessed Prince of Peace!
- 2 Long thy exiles have been pining,
 Far from rest, and home, and thee:
 But in heavenly vesture shining,
 Soon they shall thy glory see;
 Christ is coming!
 Haste the joyous jubilee.
- 3 With that "blessèd hope" before us,
 Let no harp remain unstrung;
 Let the mighty advent chorus
 Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
 Christ is coming!
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

J. R. MACDUFF.

684

C. M.

- 1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears
 To our believing eyes!
 The earth and seas are passed away,
 And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides—
 That holy, happy place,—
 The New Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing,—
 "Mortals! behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

- 4 " His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye ;
And pains and groans and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die ! "
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

I. WATTS.

L. M.

685

- 1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas He who cleansed us from our sins,
And washed us in His precious blood ;
'Tis He who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us, rebels, near to God.
- 3 Behold, on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see Him move ;
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
Now He displays His pardoning love.
- 4 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day :
Come, Lord, nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy chariot long delay.

I. WATTS.

686

7.6. double.

- 1 REJOICE, rejoice, believers !
And let your lights appear !
The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near ;
The Bridegroom is advancing ;
Each hour He draws more nigh ;
Up ! watch and pray, nor slumber ;
At midnight comes the cry.
- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
Your vessels filled with oil ;
Wait calmly your deliverance
From earthly pain and toil.

The watchers on the mountains
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
 Go, meet Him, as He cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear.

- 3 Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear !
 Arise, thou Sun so looked-for,
 O'er this benighted sphere !
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of our redemption,
 And ever be with Thee.

—*Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

687

L. M.

- 1 THE Lord will come ; the earth shall quake ;
 The hills their ancient seats forsake ;
 And, withering, from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ; but not the same
 As once in lowly form He came,—
 A quiet Lamb to slaughter led,—
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come ; a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Anointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Can this be He who wont to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 By power oppressed, and mocked by pride ?
 O God, is this the Crucified ?
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain ;
 Go seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;
 But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
 Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come.

R. HEBER.

688

7s.

- 1 WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star.

JUDGMENT.

- 2 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
- 4 Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveller ! ages are its own ;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 5 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller ! darkness takes its flight ;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
- 6 Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
Lo ! the Son of God, is come.

J. BOWRING.

JUDGMENT.

689

S. M.

- 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 the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread !

4 Come, sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find saivation there.

P. DODDRIDGE.

690

8.7.4

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round :
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine :
You, who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine :"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.
- 3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed !
See the kingdom I bestow :
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

J. NEWTON.

691

8.7.4.

- 1 Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain :
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train :
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.

JUDGMENT.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty !
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear ;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air :
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear.

J. CENNICK.

692

C. M.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear Thy voice
Pronounce the sound, " Depart ! "

3 Jesus, I throw my arms around
And hang upon Thy breast ;
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

4 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands !
Show me some promise in Thy book,
Where my salvation stands !

I. WATTS.

693

C. P. M.

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 ?

HEAVEN.

- 2 I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them 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 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace ;
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day ;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among Thy saints let me be found,
To bow before Thy face :
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

HEAVEN.

694

7.6. double.

- 1 BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there !
O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !
- 2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
And He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known ;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

HEAVEN.

- 3 The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day.
 There God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
 Shall we behold for ever,
 And worship face to face.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country
 That eager hearts expect :
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, *trans.* J. M. NEALE.

695

S. M.

- 1 "For ever with the Lord ;"
 Amen ! so let it be ;
 Life from the dead is in that word,—
 'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him, I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high—
 Home of my soul—how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
 The golden gates appear !
- 4 "For ever with the Lord !"
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to me fulfil.
- 5 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 In death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

J. MONTGOMERY.

696

7.6. double.

- 1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 O one, O only mansion !
 O Paradise of joy !
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy ;
 The Lamb is all thy splendour ;
 The Crucified thy praise ;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.
- 3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
 Thou hast no time, bright day !
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away !
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower ;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I e'er see thy face ?
 O sweet and blessed country,
 Shall I e'er win thy grace ?
 Exult, O dust and ashes,
 The Lord shall be thy part :
 His only, His for ever
 Thou shalt be, and thou art !

BERNARD OF CLUNY, *trans.* J. M. NEALE.

697

C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! my glorious home !
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?

HEAVEN.

7.6. double.

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Trans. LATIN HYMN.

698

7.6. double.

- 1 JERUSALEM the golden !
With milk and honey blest !
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare !
- 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song ;
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast :
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

- 4 O fields that know no sorrow !
 O state that fears no strife !
 O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
 O realm and home of life !
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, *trans.* J. M. NEALE.

699

S. G. S. G. G. G. G. G.

- 1 O PARADISE, O Paradise,
 Who doth not crave for rest ?
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest ?
 REF.—Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.
- 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 The world is growing old ;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold ?—REF.
- 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me.—REF.
- 4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
 O keep me in thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above.—REF.

F. W. FABER.

700

C. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
 That rises to my sight !
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.

- 3 O'er all those wide, extended plains
 Shines one eternal day :
 There God the Son for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be for ever blest ?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in His bosom rest ?

S. STENNETT.

7s.

701

- 1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns that never fade away,
 Gird and deck the saints in light ;
 Priests and kings and conquerors they.
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
 To the Lamb amidst the throne,
 And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
 Victory through His cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
 Crying, as they strike the chords,
 "Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
 ' King of kings, and Lord of lords ! ' "
- 4 Round the altar priests confess,
 If their robes are white as snow,
 'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
 And His blood that made them so.
- 5 Who were these ? On earth they dwelt,
 Sinners once of Adam's race,
 Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
 But were saved by sovereign grace.
- 6 They were mortal, too, like us ;
 Ah ! when we like them must die,
 May our souls, translated thus,
 Triumph, reign, and shine on high !

J. MONTGOMERY.

L. M.

702

- 1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen
 In visions of enraptured thought,
 So bright, that all which spreads between
 Is with its radiant glory fraught,—

ers !

M. NEALE.
 5.6.6.6.6.

FABER.
 C. M.

- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain ;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light ;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode ;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

G. ROBINS.

703

6s. double.

- 1 THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.
- 2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne,
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.
- 3 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe :
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

H. W. BAKER.

704

7.6. double.

- 1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes :
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love ;
The streams of earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face ;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace—
Not at the crown He gifteth,
But on His piercé hand ;—
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

A. R. COUSIN.

705

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

- 3 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,—
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

I. WATTS.

S. G. 8. 8. 6.

706

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast ;
 'Tis found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sins and sorrows driven,
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear,—'tis heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart no longer riven,
 And views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. TAPPAN.

707

S. M.

- 1 THERE is no night in heaven ;
 In that blest world above
 Work never can bring weariness,
 For work itself is love.
- 2 There is no grief in heaven ;
 For life is one glad day ;
 And tears are of those former things
 Which all have passed away.
- 3 There is no sin in heaven ;
 Behold that blessed throng—
 All holy is their spotless robe,
 All holy is their song !

HEAVEN.

- 4 There is no death in heaven ;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.
- 5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide ;
O lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won !

F. M. KNOLLIS.

708

8.7.

- 1 THIS is not my place of resting,—
Mine's a city yet to come ;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.
- 2 In it all is light and glory ;
O'er it shines a nightless day :
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse hath passed away.
- 3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,—
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turas our sighing into song.
- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain ;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again !

H. BONAR.

709

8s.

- 1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair ;
And oft are its glories confessed ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within ;
But what must it be to be there !

- 4 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare,
 And shortly we also shall know
 And feel what it is to be there.

E. MILLS.

710

C. M.

- 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 fiery 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.

I. WATTS.

711

7s. double.

- 1 Who are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song?
 Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches to obtain;
 New dominion every hour.
- 2 These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great afflictions came;
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His almighty name:
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,

THANKSGIVING.

Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels all fears ;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THANKSGIVING.

712

7s. double.

- 1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin :
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied :—
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !
- 2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield !
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home :
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away ;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast ;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

H. ALFORD.

713

C. M.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy ! God of love !
How rich Thy bounties are !
The changing seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain :
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless Thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.
- 6 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine,
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.

A. FLOWERDEW.

714

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 God the Lord hath heard our prayer,
God has lightened all our care ;
To His glorious throne on high
Rose His children's mournful cry :
Hallelujah ! praises sing
To our Father and our King.
- 2 Helpless, Lord, Thy face we sought,
Thou hast our deliverance wrought ;
God, who gave us faith to pray,
Gives us thankful hearts to-day :
Hallelujah ! Lord, to Thee
Sing we, though unworthily.

THANKSGIVING.

3 Now the night of grief is gone,
Now with joy breaks forth the morn ;
Trust in God, if ye would prove
All the riches of His love :
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord,
Trust His love, and plead His word !

4 Praise to God who heard our cry !
Praise to Christ who pleads on high !
And the Holy Ghost who gave
Strength our Father's help to crave :
Worship, praise, and glory be
To the blessed Trinity !

H. H. WYATT.

715

L. M.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still doth crown our days,
And we would celebrate Thy praise.

2 The harvest song we would repeat :
"Thou givest us the finest wheat :"
"The joy of harvest" we have known :
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garner's stored,
O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord ;
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace :
Mature our spirits by Thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low ;—

5 That so, when angel reapers come
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To Thy safe garner in the sky.

E. BUTCHER.

2 B

716

L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 LORD of the Harvest, Thee we hail ;
 Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
 The varying seasons haste their round ;
 With goodness all our years are crowned :
 Our thanks we pay, this holy day ;
 O let our hearts in tune be found !
- 2 When spring awakes the song of mirth,
 When summer warms the fruitful earth,
 When winter sweeps the naked plain,
 Or autumn yields its ripened grain,
 We still do sing, to Thee our King ;
 Through all their changes Thou dost reign.
- 3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
 Bestows new plenty o'er the land,—
 When sounds of music fill the air,
 As, homeward, all their treasures bear ;
 With them we raise our hymn of praise
 For we Thy common bounties share.
- 4 Lord of the Harvest, all is Thine,—
 The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
 The seed once hidden in the ground,
 The skill that makes our fruits abound.
 New every year thy gifts appear ;
 New praises from our lips shall sound.

J. H. GURNEY.

717

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 THE God of harvest praise,
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart, and voice ;
 The valleys smile and sing,
 Forests and mountains ring,
 The plains their tribute bring,
 The streams rejoice.
- 2 Yea, bless His holy name,
 And purest thanks proclaim
 Through all the earth ;
 To glory in your lot
 Is duty,—but be not
 God's benefits forgot,
 Amidst your mirth.

THANKSGIVING.

- 3 The God of harvest praise ;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord ;
From field to garner throng ;
Bearing your sheaves along ;
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

J. MONTGOMERY.

718

7s.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.
- 3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores,—
- 4 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

A. L. BARBAULD.

719

7s.

- 1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song ;
Praises to our God belong ;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
- 2 Blessings from His liberal hand
Flow around this happy land ;
Kept by Him, no foes annoy ;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.
- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey ;
Never feel oppression's rod ;
Ever own and worship God.

- 4 Hark ! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings ;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

N. STRONG.

MARRIAGE.

720

S. M.

- 1 How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day.
- 2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day ;
And bring a blessing from above,
That ne'er shall pass away.
- 4 Before Thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore ;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

H. W. BAKER.

721

7.6. double.

- 1 O Love Divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height !
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light :
O Love Divine and gentle,
The Blesser and the blest !
Beneath Thy care parental
The world lies down in rest.
- 2 O Love Divine and tender,
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

- 3 God bless these hands united !
God bless these hearts made one !
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on !
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above ;
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where " God is Love."

J. S. B. MONSELL.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

722

G.G.4.G.G.G.4.

- 1 God bless our native land !
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore ;
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.
- 2 O Lord, our monarch bless
With strength and righteousness ;
Long may she reign !
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above ;
And in a nation's love
Her throne maintain.
- 3 And not this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er !

W. E. HICKSON.

723

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 GOD save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen.
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the Queen.
- 2 Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On her be pleased to pour,
 Long may she reign.
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the Queen.

724

C. M.

- 1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
 Of every clime and coast,
 O hear us for our native land,
 The land we love the most.
- 2 O guard our shores from every foe,
 With peace our borders bless :
 With prosperous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and Thee ;
 And let our hills and valleys shout
 The songs of liberty.
- 4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
 Upon our Sabbaths shine ;
 And piety and virtue reign,
 Till every heart is thine.
- 5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
 Our country we commend ;
 Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
 Her everlasting Friend.

J. R. WREFORD.

725

L. M.

- 1 O God of Love! O King of Peace!
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful men restrain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.
- 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain:
Give peace, O God! give peace again.
- 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.
- 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God! give peace again.

H. W. BAKER.

TEMPERANCE.

726

S. M.

- 1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul,—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

UNKNOWN.

727

P. M.

- 1 RESCUE the perishing,
 Care for the dying,
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
 Weep o'er the erring one,
 Lift up the fallen,
 Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
- REF.—Rescue the perishing,
 Care for the dying;
 Jesus is merciful,
 Jesus will save.
- 2 Though they are slighting Him,
 Still He is waiting,
 Waiting the penitent child to receive;
 Plead with them earnestly,
 Plead with them gently,
 He will forgive if they only believe.
- 3 Down in the human heart,
 Crushed by the tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
 Touched by a loving heart,
 Wakened by kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
- 4 Rescue the perishing,
 Duty demands it;
 Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
 Back to the narrow way
 Patiently win them;
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

728

C. M.

- 1 'Tis Thine alone, almighty Name,
 To raise the dead to life,
 The lost inebriate to reclaim
 From passion's fearful strife.
- 2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
 How widely roll its waves!
 How many myriads hath it brought
 To fill dishonoured graves!

SEAMEN'S HYMNS.

- 3 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will
In bondage, heart and soul.
- 4 Stretch forth Thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain ;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end th' usurper's reign.

E. F. HATFIELD.

SEAMEN'S HYMNS.

729

L. M. 6 lines.

- 1 ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea !
- 2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst the storm didst sleep ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea !
- 3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea !
- 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. WRITING.

730

C. M.

- 1 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 3 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will !
The sea that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.
- 4 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore :
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 5 Our life, while Thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

J. ADDISON.

731

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea ;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal ;
Chart and compass came from Thee :
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild ;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, " Be still !"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar

C. M.

"Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

E. HOPPER.

732

7s.

- 1 JESUS, while life's seas we sail,
Toss'd about by many a gale,
Still the raging of our sea
As Thou did'st on Galilee.
- 2 Rocks and shoals on every hand,
Tides to draw us on the strand;
Tempests frightful round us sweep;
Thou alone canst safely keep.
- 3 When the skies are dark and drear,
And no guiding stars appear,
Let Thy light our spirits cheer;
Show us then the way to steer.
- 4 If becalmed our vessel lies,
Slumbering winds refuse to rise,
Spirit, gently o'er us move;
Waft us towards the port above.

J. SPENCER.

733

L. M.

- 1 THE billows swell; the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
Out of the depths to Thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

- 5 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy rain
Force back my shattered bark again.

W. COWPER.

734

C. M.

- 1 WE come, O Lord, before Thy throne,
And, with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.
- 2 O may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to Thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow,
Like rain-drops in the sea !
- 3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

J. SPAULDING.

735

I. M.

- 1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem !
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode ;
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem !
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

ANNIVERSARY HYMNS.

6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,—
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem !

H. K. WHITE.

ANNIVERSARY HYMNS.

736

L. M.

- 1 From distant places of our land,
Behold us, Lord, before Thee stand ;
Our hearts engaged to Thee, we raise
United prayer, united praise.
- 2 Blest be the hand whose guardian power
Has kept us to this present hour ;
Blest be the grace that bids us meet
Before Thy throne, in union sweet.
- 3 Through toils and trials we have come,
And grief has veiled the lot of some ;
But now, exulting in Thy care,
We meet each other's joy to share.
- 4 We meet, O God, that through our land,
The churches planted by Thy hand,
From error, weakness, discord, free,
May bloom, like gardens blest by Thee.
- 5 We meet abroad the news to send
Of Christ the Lord, the sinner's friend,
Till, to the earth's remotest bound,
Has pealed the soul-reviving sound.
- 6 Smile on us, Lord, and in this place
Display the glory of Thy face ;
Here to our gathered tribes be given,
A gladdening antepast of heaven.

W. L. ALEXANDER.

737

L. M.

- 1 GLADSOME we hail this day's return ;
In God's great name again we meet ;
Our hearts once more within us burn,
And our communion shall be sweet.

- 2 We bless Thee, Lord, for all the good
Thy liberal hand has freely given ;
For grace by which our feet have stood
In ways that lead the soul to heaven.
- 3 For all the mercies of the past
We join in songs of filial praise ;
Around us now Thy favour cast,
Thou Guide and Guardian of our days.
- 4 'Twas by Thy Spirit's kindling flame
Thy servants felt their bosoms glow,
And in Thy all-sustaining name,
They still with hallowed ardour go.
- 5 More strength we crave, more love, more zeal,
That we may follow Christ, and live
To labour for our brethren's weal,
And unto Thee the glory give !

DAWSON BURNS.

738

L. M.

- 1 Pour out Thy Spirit from on high ;
Lord ! Thine assembled servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe us all with righteousness.
- 2 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love ;--
- 3 To watch and pray, and never faint ;
By day and night strict guard to keep ;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
- 4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign ;
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God ! may they and we be Thine !

J. MONTGOMERY.

739

S. M.

- 1 THE Fathers, where are they ?
The sainted men of God
Who once, their hearts aglow with love,
These hills and valleys trod.

ANNIVERSARY HYMNS.

- 2 We look for them in vain ;
They left us one by one ;
"Come home," a voice celestial cried ;
"Thy work on earth is done."
- 3 Dear Saviour, Thou didst speak :
It was Thy sweet behest ;
The call to toil is Thine, and Thine
The call to endless rest.
- 4 The Fathers are with Thee ;
Thy glory they behold,
As now, within the pearly gates,
They walk the streets of gold.
- 5 There, too, may we be found,
When ends life's fleeting day ;
Our work well done, and Thine the call
That summons us away.

H. S. BURRAGE.

740

L. M.

- 1 WITH sacred joy, dear Lord, we meet
Before Thy radiant mercy seat ;
We come from far, we come from near,
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear.
- 2 Accept the work our hands have done ;
Accept our praise for triumphs won ;
Our faith, our zeal, our strength increase,
And o'er us breathe divinest peace.
- 3 Let all unite, with glad accord,
To magnify our Saviour Lord ;
Thy various gifts are large and free,
So let our grateful offerings be.
- 4 The cause on which our hearts are set,
Invites to grander service yet,
Demands our time, our thoughts, our prayers,
And well repays our toils and cares.
- 5 Be near to counsel, guide, and bless ;
Thy presence, Lord, insures success ;
Surpass Thy wonders wrought of old,
Increase Thy flock, and guard Thy fold.

- 5 In every heart assert Thy right,
Fill all the world with Gospel light,
Let all mankind Thy voice obey,
And speed redemption's crowning day.

J. CLARK.

OPENING AND CLOSING YEAR.

741

7.6. double.

- 1 ANOTHER year of labour,
And labour not in vain ;
For while the seed we've planted,
God gave the promised rain.
His love has been our comfort,
His strength has been our stay,
Hold fast His hand, march onward,
Still trusting day by day.
- 2 Hold fast His hand, march onward,
The reaping soon will come,
And then our harvest bearing,
We'll gladly gather home.
Toil on, O Christian workers,
To each and all we say,
Hold fast His hand, march onward,
Still trusting day by day.
- 3 O blessed, blessed harvest
Of souls for Christ our King,
When we who toil in weakness
With joy our fruit shall bring.
Then let us not be weary,
But work and watch and pray ;
Hold fast His hand, march onward,
Still trusting day by day.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

742

C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake and praise the sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

OPENING AND CLOSING YEAR.

- 2 On all the wings of time it flies :
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day !
Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers, decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

F. DODDRIDGE.

743

P. M.

- 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown—the moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 3 O that each in the day of His coming may say,
“ I have fought my way through ;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do ! ”
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad
word,
“ Well and faithfully done !
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne ! ”

C. WESLEY.

744

L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Thy praise may well our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady poll ;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores ;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a dreary aspect wear.
- 5 Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade ;
Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

745

7s.

- 1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness ;
Father and Redeemer, hear !
- 2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength ! be Thou our stay ;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.
- 3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ;
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
- 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own ;
Help, O help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.
- 5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings.

H. DOWNTON.

746

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that 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 counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future,—all to us unknown,—
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy and Thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

P. DODDRIDGE.

747

8.7.8.7.7.7.

- 1 HELP, Lord Jesus, let Thy blessing,
Rest upon this opening year,
May we now, new strength possessing,
Walk in love and holy fear.
Dearest Saviour, speed our way,
Strength bestow from day to day.
- 2 May our prayers and supplications
To Thy throne of grace ascend ;
May no foolish, vain oblations,
Weary Thee, our dearest Friend ;
May we love Thee more and more,
Serve and honour and adore !
- 3 Jesus, Thou our footsteps guiding,
May we never stray from Thee ;
Jesus, near us still abiding,
Thou our constant Guardian be !
Jesus, Thou our thoughts inspire ;
Jesus, be our heart's desire !

- 4 Saviour, when this year is closing,
 Marked by mercies large and free,
 May we, in Thy love reposing,
 Leave the future all with Thee ;
 Gladly in Thy courts appear,
 Gladly wait Thy summons here !

J. RIST, trans. by C. H. DUNN.

748

C. M.

- 1 Our Father, through the coming year
 We know not what shall be ;
 But we would leave without a fear
 Its ordering all to Thee.
- 2 It may be we shall toil in vain
 For what the world holds fair ;
 And all the good we thought to gain,
 Deceive and prove but care.
- 3 It may be it shall darkly blend
 Our love with anxious fears,
 And snatch away the valued friend,
 The tried of many years.
- 4 But calmly, Lord, on Thee we rest ;
 No fears our trust shall move ;
 Thou knowest what for each is best,
 And Thou art perfect Love.

W. GASKELL.

749

L. M.

- 1 Our Helper, God ! we bless Thy name,
 Whose love for ever is the same ;
 The tokens of Thy gracious care
 Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
 Supported by Thy guardian hand ;
 And see, when we review our ways,
 Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far Thine arm has led us on ;
 Thus far we make Thy mercy known ;
 And while we tread this desert land,
 New mercies shall new songs demand.

- 4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
 Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;
 Then bear in Thy bright courts above,
 Inscriptions of immortal love.

P. DODDRIDGE.

750

C. M.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
 Of each revolving year ;
 How swift the weeks complete their round !
 How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast Eternity comes on,
 And that important day
 When all that mortal life hath done
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Awake, O God, my careless heart
 Its great concerns to see,
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to Thee.
- 4 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my waiting soul
 To joy beyond the skies.

P. DODDRIDGE.

751

7s. double.

- 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 an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the wingèd 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.

OPENING AND CLOSING YEAR.

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.

J. NEWTON.

;
EWTON.

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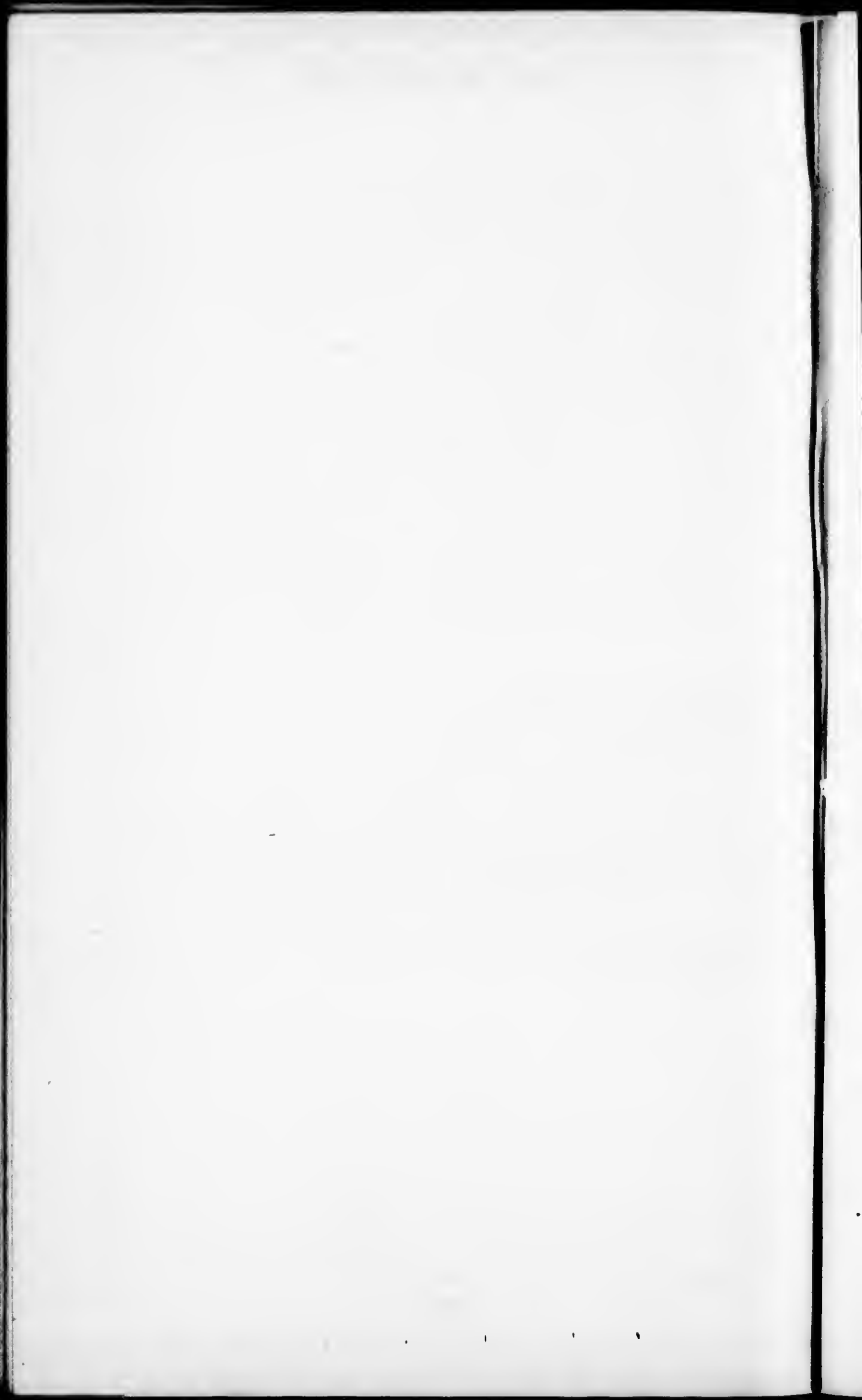
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Supplement.

1

L. M.

- 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 ye, 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 O 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 For why ? 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.

W. KETHE.

2

C. M.

- 1 BREAK, new-born year, on glad eyes break !
Melodious voices move !
On, rolling Time ! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.
- 2 The parted year had wingèd feet ;
The Saviour still doth stay :
The new year comes ; but Spirit sweet
Thou goest not away.

SUPPLEMENT.

- 3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er ;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams ;
Our sins are swelling evermore ;
But pardoning grace still streams.
- 4 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight ;
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright !
- 5 Then may we bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou shouldst take us home.

T. H. GILL.

3

S. M.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth, and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands ;
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on ;
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might :
His every act pure blessing is,
His path, unsullied light.

SUPPLEMENT.

6 Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

7 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time—thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

F. GERHARDT, *trans.* J. WESLEY.

4

8.6.8.8.6.

1 ETERNAL Light ! Eternal Light !
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight,
Can live, and look on Thee !

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss ;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 O ! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam ?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode :—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above ;
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love !

T. BINNEY.

5

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! God of love !
My Father and my God !
I'll sing the honours of Thy name,
And spread Thy praise abroad.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys ;
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude, Thy praise ?
- 3 In every period of my life
Thy kindest thoughts appear ;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each circling year.
- 4 In all these mercies may my soul
A Father's bounty see ;
Nor let the gifts Thy grace bestows,
Estrange my heart from Thee.
- 5 Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own Thy hand, my God !
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of Thy rod.
- 6 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each dreary scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 7 Then shall I close my eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear ;
For death itself, my God, is life,
If Thou art with me there.

O. HEGINBOTHAM.

6

10.10.10.4

- 1 For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed.

Alleluia !

SUPPLEMENT.

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of light.

Alleluia !

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia !

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia !

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong,

Alleluia !

6 The golden evening brightens in the west :
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia !

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day :
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
The King of Glory passes on His way.

Alleluia !

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Alleluia !

W. W. HOW.

7

887.887.

1 FROM the cross the blood is falling,
And to us a Voice is calling,
Like a trumpet silver clear ;
'Tis the Voice announcing pardon,
"It is finished," is its burden,
Pardon to the far and near.

SUPPLEMENT.

2 Peace that precious blood is sealing,
All our wounds forever healing,
And removing every load :
Words of peace that Voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the Soul and God.

3 God is love ;—we read the writing
Traced so deeply in the smiting
Of the glorious Surety there.
God is light ;—we see it beaming,
Like a heavenly dayspring gleaming,
So divinely sweet and fair.

4 Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,
Round thee winds the one great story,
Of this ever-changing earth ;
Centre of the true and holy,
Grave of human sin and folly,
Womb of nature's second birth.

HORATIUS BONAR.

8

8.7. double.

1 HAIL ! Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail ! Thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail ! Thou universal Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By Thy merits we find favour ;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid ;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
Every sin may be forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

SUPPLEMENT.

- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide ;
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side :
 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
 " Spare them yet another year ;"
 Thou for saints art interceding,
 Till in glory they appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Christ is worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give :
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise !

J. BAKEWELL.

9

6.5. double.

- 1 JESUS, wondrous Saviour !
 Christ, of kings the King !
 Angels fall before Thee,
 Prostrate, worshipping ;
 Fairest they confess Thee
 In the Heaven above.
 We would sing Thee fairest,
 Here in hymns of love.
- 2 Fairer far than sunlight
 Unto eyes that wait
 Amid fear and darkness,
 Till the morning break.
 Fairer than the day-dawn,
 Hills and dales among,
 When its tide of glory
 Wakes the tide of song.
- 3 Sweeter far than music
 Quivering from keys
 That unbind all feeling
 With strange harmonies,

ONAR.

double.

Thou art more and dearer
 Than all minstrelsy.
 Only in Thy presence
 Can joy's fulness be.

4 All earth's flowing pleasures
 Were a wintry sea ;
 Heaven itself without Thee
 Dark as night would be.
 Lamb of God ! Thy glory
 Is the light above.
 Lamb of God ! Thy glory
 Is Thy life of love.

5 Life is death, if severed
 From Thy throbbing heart.
 Death to life abundant
 At Thy touch would start.
 Worlds and men and angels
 All consist in Thee ;
 Yet Thou camest to us
 In humility.

6 Jesus ! all perfections
 Rise and end in Thee,
 Brightness of God's glory
 Thou, eternally.
 Favour'd beyond measure
 They Thy face who see ;
 May we, gracious Saviour,
 Share this ecstasy.

D. A. M'GREGOR.

10

8.8.8.4.

1 My God ! is any hour so sweet,
 From blush of morn to evening star,
 As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
 The hour of prayer ?

2 For then a dayspring shines on me,
 Brighter than morn's ethereal glow ;
 And richer dews descend from Thee
 Than earth can know.

- 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.
- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,—
What peace of mind !
- 5 Hushed is each doubt ; gone every fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay :
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.
- 6 Lord ! till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

C. ELLIOTT.

11

C. M.

- 1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here ;
All shall be Thine to-day.
- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at Thy shrine ;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple Thine.
- 3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares
Of earth and folly born ;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not desecrate, this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

ANNA LAETITIA BARBAULD.

12

C. M.

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led !—
- 2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide :
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

LODDRIDGE.

13

L. M.

- 1 O LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear ;
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.
- 2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart :
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God and find Him not.
- 3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight !
What dawning risen upon the night !
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find Guide and Path and all in Thee.
- 4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us more nearly near ;

SUPPLEMENT.

Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end ;
Till psalm and song His name adore,
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

14

8.8.8.4.

- 1 O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all ?
- 2 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessed One
Thou givest all.
- 3 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all ?
- 4 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.
- 5 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all ;
- 6 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give :
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all !

G. WORDSWORTH.

15

C. M.

- 1 O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode ;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Immanuel trod.



28
25
22
20
18

10
01

- 2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear ;
 This watch the Lord did keep ;
 These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
 These tears the Lord did weep.
- 3 Our very frailty brings us near
 Unto the Lord of Heaven ;
 To every grief, to every tear,
 Such glory strange is given.
- 4 But not this fleshly robe alone
 Shall link us, Lord, to Thee ;
 Not only in the tear and groan
 Shall the dear kindred be.
- 5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own,
 Because Thy heaven we share,
 Because we sing around Thy throne,
 And Thy bright raiment wear.
- 6 O mighty grace, our life to live,
 To make our earth divine !
 O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
 And lift our life to Thine.

T. H. GILL.

C. M.

16

- 1 O MYSTERY of Love Divine,
 That thought and thanks o'erpowers !
 Lord Jesus, was our portion Thine,
 And is Thy portion ours ?
- 2 Emmanuel ! didst Thou take our place
 To set us in Thine own ?
 Didst Thou our low estate embrace
 To lift us to Thy throne ?
- 3 Didst Thou fulfil each righteous deed,
 God's perfect will express,
 That we the unfaithful ones might plead
 Thy perfect faithfulness ?
- 4 Our load of sin and misery
 Didst Thou the Sinless bear ?
 Thy spotless robe of purity
 Do we the sinners wear ?

- 5 Lord Jesus, is it even so?
 Have we been lovèd thus?
 What love can we on Thee bestow
 Who hast exchanged with us?
- 6 Thou, who our very place didst take,
 Dwell in our very heart!
 Thou, who Thy portion ours dost make,
 Thyself, Thyself impart.

T. H. GILL.

17

11s.

- 1 OUR rest is in heaven, our rest is not here,
 Then why should we murmur when trials are near?
 Be hushed our complainings, the worst that can come
 But shortens our journey, and hastens us home.
- 2 It is not for us to be seeking our bliss,
 And building our hopes, in a region like this;
 We look for a city which hands have not piled,
 We pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around us may grow,
 We would not lie down upon roses below;
 We ask not our portion, we seek not our rest,
 Till we find them at last in the land of the blest.
- 4 Let doubts, then, and dangers our progress oppose,
 They only make heaven more sweet at its close;
 The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
 And we'll smooch it with hope, and cheer it with song.

H. F. LYTE.

18

7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, teach me day by day,
 Love's sweet lesson to obey;
 Sweeter lesson cannot be—
 Loving Him who first loved me.
- 2 With a child-like heart of love,
 At Thy bidding may I move;
 Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
 Loving Him who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in Thy grace,

Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

- 4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe ;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

JANE LEASON.

19

C. M.

- 1 SINCE all the downward tracts of time,
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways ?
- 2 Since none can doubt His equal love
Unmeasurably kind,
To His unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.
- 3 Good when He gives supremely good,
Nor less when He denies ;
E'en crosses, from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

JAMES HENRY.

20

S. M.

- 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
 And His salvation ours ;
 Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
 With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
 The Lord your God adore ;
 Stand up and bless His glorious Name,
 Henceforth for evermore.

J. MONTGOMERY

21

8s.

1 THE God who created the skies,
 The strength and support of His saints,
 Who gives them all needful supplies,
 And hearkens to all their complaints :

2 This God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend ;
 Whose love is as large as His power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.

3 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
 We'll praise Him for all that is past,
 And trust Him for all that's to come.

J. HART.

22

C. M. double.

1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain ;
 His blood-red banner streams afar :—
 Who follows in His train ?
 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain ;
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave ;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong:—
 Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
 They bowed their necks the death to feel:—
 Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain:
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train!

R. HEBER.

S. M.

23

1 This is the day of Light!
 Let there be light to-day!
 O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
 And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of Rest!
 Our failing strength renew;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of Peace!
 Thy Peace our spirits fill!
 Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease;
 The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of Prayer!
 Let earth to heaven draw near;
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
 Come down to meet us here.

SUPPLEMENT.

- 5 This is the First of days !
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of Death !

J. ELLERTON.

24

S. M.

- 1 THOU very present aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul, which still on Thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul in faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears :
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 It hallows every cross,
It sweetly comforts me,
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in Thee.
- 5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill ;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.
- 6 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One ;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ begun.

C. WESLEY.

25

7.7.7.4.

- 1 THROUGH the starry midnight dim
O'er the hills of Bethlehem,
Loud awoke the angels' hymn,
Hallelujah.

- 2 And the shepherds who their sheep
Kept among the meadows steep,
Feared, but soon had joy as deep,
Hallelujah.
- 3 "Fear not," cried the angel bright,
"There is born to you this night
A Saviour, Jesus, King of Light."
Hallelujah.
- 4 "He is Christ the Lord; arise,
Seek Him where He lowly lies,
In a manger, hid from eyes."
Hallelujah.
- 5 Joyful were the shepherds then,
When the Gospel tidings ran,
"Peace on earth, good-will to Man."
Hallelujah.
- 6 And all heaven, at the word,
Sang aloud—"O be adored,
In the highest, God the Lord."
Hallelujah.

STOFFORD A. BROOKE.

S. M.

26

- 1 To Thee in ages past
Our pious fathers came,
On Thee, O Lord, their cares they cast,
Nor were they put to shame.
- 2 Thy holy day they loved;
They loved the means of grace;
And oft Thy faithfulness they proved
When they had sought Thy face.
- 3 Their faith in Thee was strong;
Their godliness was pure;
And while Thou wast their strength and song
They all things could endure.
- 4 Their steps may we pursue
As they obeyed the Lord;
So may our hearts and lives be new,
And with Thy will accord.

5 O be Thou with us here,
 And Thy rich grace display,
 For our salvation, Lord, appear
 On this Thy hallowed day.

J. BULMER.

27

10s.

- 1 WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
 I look at heaven and long to enter in ;
 But there no evil thing may find a home,
 And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
 In the pure glory of that holy land ?
 Before the whiteness of that throne appear ?
 Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
 And His the blood that can for all atone,
 And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 4 O Great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
 The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
 That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
 May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
- 5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord ;
 Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown ;
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.
- 6 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
 Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
 Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
 Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

S. J. STONE.

28

C. M.

- 1 WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
 Deep as the unfathomed sea,
 Which falls like sunshine on the road
 Of those who trust in Thee.

- 2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast.
- 3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee.
- 4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.
- 5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee. *Cong. Supplement.*

29

11s.

- 1 "WELCOME, happy morning!" age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.
- 2 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on:
- 3 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show:
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning; rise, O buried Lord!
- 4 Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's
All that now is fallen raise to life again; [chain;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee!

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS (A. D. 530—609). *Trans. by John Ellerton, 1826.*
[Sung by Jerome of Prague at the stake.]

- 1 "WHAT means this glory round our feet,"
The magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."
- 2 "What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
- 3 'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come.
- 4 But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.
- 5 All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our willing hearts incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.
- 6 So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

J. R. LOWELL.

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