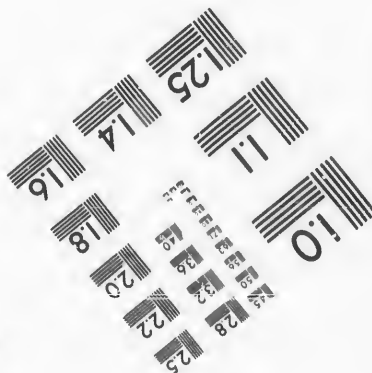
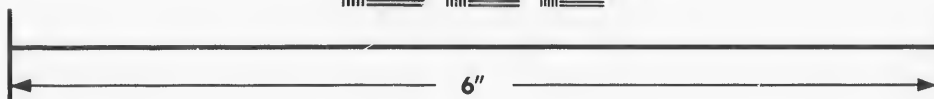
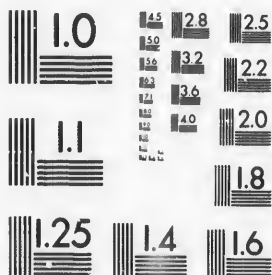


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

1.5
1.6
2.8
3.2
3.4
2.2
2.0
1.8

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

1.0

© 1987

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached/ Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough/ Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure | <input type="checkbox"/> Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées. | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Additional comments: / Commentaires supplémentaires: Pages 79 - 80 are missing. | |

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

| | | | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 10X | 14X | 18X | 22X | 26X | 30X |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 12X | 16X | 20X | 24X | 28X | 32X |

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

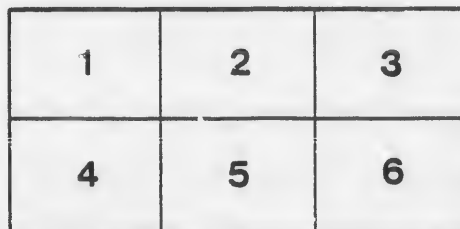
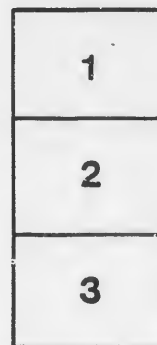
The Nova Scotia
Legislative Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

The Nova Scotia
Legislative Library

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



A

d. 14

SELECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF THE
DIOCESE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

"Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." EPH. v. 19.

SECOND EDITION.

HALIFAX, N. S.
WILLIAM GOSSIP, 24 GRANVILLE STREET.
1856.

NS

245

C

HAVING been informed that our Congregations are requiring Collections of Hymns, in addition to the metrical version of the Psalms, and that unless some *one* book is sanctioned, great diversity of practice will arise, I now recommend the adoption of this Collection, as being, though not altogether unexceptionable, well adapted for general use, and in the hope that uniformity, in this part of public worship, may thus be preserved throughout the Diocese.

H. NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX,
Feast of St. Matthias, 1852.

479

IN
Psalms
Scot
view
price
cont
ment
Th
consi
from
consi
vario
may a
be fou
all, th
numb
of the
excee

Congrega-
Hymns, in
the Psalms,
sanctioned,
I now re-
jection, as
ptionable,
the hope
worship,
Diocese.
OTIA.

P R E F A C E .

IN undertaking to prepare a new Collection of Psalms and Hymns for the Diocese of Nova Scotia, the Compilers have had two objects in view, — to supply a Book at the lowest possible price — and, at the same time, one which would contain a sufficient variety for all the requirements of public worship.

The Book is divided into two parts; the first, consisting of Selections from the New, (with three from the Old) Version of the Psalms; the second, consisting of Hymns, and Versions of Psalms, by various authors. To some persons, the first part may appear to be too much curtailed; but it will be found, upon examination, that all, or nearly all, the portions commonly used are included, the number of four verses, to which the greater part of these are limited, being in practice seldom exceeded. In some cases, however, where the

sense appeared to require it, or for other special reasons, the Selections are longer.

In the second part the difficulty of selection has been much greater, in consequence of the abundance of matter and the limited space at the disposal of the Compilers. They believe, however, that they have included most of the Hymns generally found in the Collections used in England, together with many from the American Book, and other sources. Some have been omitted, because, though beautiful in themselves, they are not adapted for public worship; others, on account of the metre; and others, again, merely because they would have added too much to the size, and, consequently, to the price of the Book, without any corresponding advantage.

HALIFAX, N. S. 1852.

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

PSALMS OF THE OLD AND NEW VERSIONS.

PSALM I. C. M.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
'And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
- 4 For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II. C. M.

- W**ITH restless and ungoverned rage
 Why do the heathen storm ?
 Why in such rash attempts engage,
 As they can ne'er perform ?
- 2 The great in counsel and in might
 Their various forces bring ;
 Against the Lord they all unite
 And his anointed King.
- 3 But God who sits enthron'd on high
 And sees how they combine,
 Does their conspiring strength defy
 And mocks their vain design.
- 4 Attend, O Earth, whilst I declare
 God's uncontroll'd decree ;
 Thou art my Son, this day my heir
 Have I begotten thee.
- 5 Ask and receive thy full demands ;
 Thine shall the heathen be :
 The utmost limits of the lands
 Shall be possess'd by thee.
- 6 Learn, then, ye princes ; and give ear,
 Ye judges of the earth ;
 Worship the Lord with holy fear ;
 Rejoice with awful mirth.
- 7 Appease the Son, with due respect
 Your timely homage pay ;

Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
Incens'd by your delay.

- 8 If but in-part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame?
Then blest are they whose hope relies
On his most holy name.

PSALM III. C. M.

THOU, O my God, art my defence;
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and shall yet
Lift up my head on high.

- 2 Since whensoever in like distress
To God I made my prayer,
He heard me from his holy hill,
Why should I now despair?

- 3 Guarded by him, I laid me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.

- 4 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend;
His blessing he extends to all
That on his power depend.

PSALM V. C. M.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret prayer;

To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

3 And when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy lov'd courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.

4 Conduct me by thy righteous laws,
For watchful is my foe;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.

5 Now let all those who trust in thee
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy Name.

6 To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend,
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

PSALM VIII. C. M.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!

- 2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 Through thee the weak confound the strong,
And crush their haughty foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng,
That thee and thine oppose.
- 4 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;
- 5 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

PSALM IX. C. M.

- T**C celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to thy Name, O thou Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 God is a constant, sure defence
Against oppressing rage;

As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

4 All those who have his goodness prov'd
Will in his truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.

5 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode ;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

PSALM XI. C. M.

SINCE I have plac'd my trust in God,
A refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,
To distant mountains fly ?

2 Behold the wicked bend their bow,
And ready fix their dart ;
Lurking in ambush to destroy
The man of upright heart.

3 The Lord hath both a temple here,
And righteous throne above ;
Whence he surveys the sons of men,
And how their counsels move.

4 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace ;
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

PSALM XIII. C. M.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Must I forever mourn?

How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh! never to return?

2 O hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting night.

3 Since I have always plac'd my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come, and then
My heart with joy shall spring;

4 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To thee, my God, ascend;
Who to thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

PSALM XV. C. M.

LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair?

Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.

- 3 Who never did a slander forge
His neighbor's fame to wound ;
Nor harken to a false report,
By malice whisper'd round.
- 4 Who vice in all its pomp and power
Can treat with just neglect ;
And piety, though cloth'd in rags,
Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood ;
And, though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

PSALM XVI. C. M.

- I** STRIVE each action to approve
To God's all-seeing eye ;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.
- 2 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice ;
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'ful voice.
- 3 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free ;
Nor let thy Holy One, in death
The least corruption see.
- 4 Thou shalt the paths of life display
That to thy presence lead ;

Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVIII. L. M.

NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

- 2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 Who then deserves to be ador'd,
But God, on whom my hopes depend ?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend ?
- 4 Therefore to celebrate his fame
My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise ;
And nations, strangers to his Name,
Shall thus be taught to sing his praise.
- 5 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
The rock on whose defence I rest ;
O'er highest heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
Who me with his salvation blest.

PSALM XVIII. (O. V.) C. M.

O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love thee ;

- Thou art my refuge and defence,
In my necessity,
- 2 My God, my rock, in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth,
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health.
- 3 The Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens high ;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 4 On Cherub, and on Cherubim,
Full royally he rode.
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 5 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And he as sov'reign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.
- 6 Who then is God except the Lord ?
For other there is none ;
Or else who is omnipotent,
Saving our God alone ?
- 7 Lord God of power ! to thee alone
Be praise eternal giv'n,
By men on earth, and saints above,
And all the hosts of heav'n.

PSALM XIX. C. M.

PART I.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

- 2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.
- 3 Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd ;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.
- 4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display ;
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

PART II.

- 1 God's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.
- The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight ;
pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

- 3 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill ;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.
- 4 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give ;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.
- 5 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall ?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all !
- 6 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me ;
That, by thy grace preserved, I may
The great transgression flee.
- 7 So shall my pray'r and praises be
With thy acceptance blest ;
And I secure on thy defence,
My strength and Saviour, rest.

PSALM XXII. C. M.

- Y**E worshippers of Jacob's God,
All you of Israel's line,
O praise the Lord, and to your praise
Sincere obedience join.
- 2 He ne'er disdain'd on low distress
To cast a gracious eye ;

Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
But hears its humble cry.

Thus in thy sacred courts will I
My cheerful thanks express ;
In presence of thy saints perform
The vows of my distress.

- 4 Let all the glad converted world,
To God their homage pay ;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
One sov'reign Lord obey.

PSALM XXIII. C. M.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

- 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free ;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

- 5 Since God does thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

PSALM XXIV. C. M.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory ; see, he comes
With his celestial train.

- 2 Who is this King of glory ? who ?
The Lord for strength renown'd ;
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

- 3 Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory ; see, he comes
With all his shining train.

- 4 Who is this King of glory ? who ?
The Lord of hosts renown'd ;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV. S. M.

THY mercies and thy love
O Lord recall to mind ;
And graciously continue still
As thou wert ever, kind.

- 2 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee ;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.
- 3 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.
- 4 He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek ;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.
- 5 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts
To his blest will incline.

PSALM XXVII. C. M.

WHOM should I fear, since God to me
Is saving health and light ?
Since strongly he my life supports,
What can my soul affright ?

- 2 Henceforth within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire,
His wondrous beauty there to view,
And of his will inquire.
- 3 For there may I with comfort rest,
In times of deep distress ;

And safe, as on a rock, abide
In that secure recess ;

4 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry ;
In mercy my complaints receive,
Nor my request deny.

5 When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise ;
Thy glorious face I'll always seek,
My grateful heart replies.

6 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject ;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.

PSALM XXXI. S. M.

DEFEND me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in thee ;
As just and righteous is thy Name,
From danger set me free.

2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succor send ;
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.

3 Those mercies thou hast shown
I'll cheerfully express ;
For thou hast seen my straits, and known
My soul in deep distress.

- 4 The brightness of thy face
 To me, O Lord, disclose ;
 And, as thy mercies still increase,
 Preserve me from my foes.

PSALM XXXII. L. M.

HE'S blest whose sins have pardon gain'd,
 No more in judgment to appear ;
 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
 And whose repentance is sincere.

- 2 While I conceal'd the fretting sore,
 My bones consum'd without relief ;
 All day did I with anguish roar,
 But no complaints assuag'd my grief.
- 3 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
 The guilt that tortur'd me within,
 But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
 And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 4 True penitents shall thus succeed,
 Who seek thee whilst thou may'st be
 found ;
 They, from the common deluge freed,
 Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.
- 5 Thy favr, Lord, in all distress,
 My tow'r of refuge I must own ;
 Thou shalt my enemy suppress,
 And me with songs of triumph crown.

PSALM XXXIII. C. M.

- L**ET all the just to God with joy
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes
 In joyful concert meet,
 And new-made songs of loud applause
 The harmony complete.
- 3 For faithful is the word of God,
 His works with truth abound ;
 He justice loves, and all the earth
 Is with his goodness crown'd.
- 4 How happy then are they, to whom
 The Lord for God is known ;
 Whom he from all the world besides
 Has chosen for his own !
- 5 Our soul on God with patience waits,
 Our help and shield is he ;
 Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
 Because we trust in thee.
- 6 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
 Do thou to us extend ;
 Since we for all we want or wish
 On thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV. C. M.

THROUGH all the chauging scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his Name ;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How bless'd they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

PSALM XXXVI. L. M.

O LORD thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heav'nly orb ascends ;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

2 Thy justice, like the hills, remains ;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains ;
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust.

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led
To banquet on thy love's repast ;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall forever last.

PSALM XXXVII. 6 Lines 8's.

THOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise ;
For they, cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flow'rs, away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

2 A little, with God's favour bless'd,
That's by one righteous man possess'd,
The wealth of many bad excels ;

For God supports the just man's cause,
But as for those that break his laws,
Their unsuccessful power he quells.

3 The good man's way is God's delight,
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command ;
Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For God upholds him with his hand.

4 God to the just will aid afford,
Their only safeguard is the Lord ;
Their strength in time of need is he ;
Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

PSALM XXXVIII. C. M.

THY chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all ;
Nor let at once on me the storm
Of thy displeasure fall.

2 My sins, that to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And for my feeble strength to bear
Too vast a burden grow.

3 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes
All my desires appear ;
And sure my groans have been too loud
Not to have reach'd thine ear.

- 4 Since, with continual grief oppress'd,
To sink I now begin ;
To thee, O Lord, I will confess,
To thee bewail my sin.
- 5 Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
Nor far from me depart ;
Make haste to my relief, O thou,
Who my salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX. C. M.

PART I.

- L**ORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end ;
The num'rous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.
- 2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,
A cipher sums my years ;
And ev'ry man in best estate,
But vanity appears.
- 3 Man like a shadow vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd ;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.
- 4 Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious care attend ?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

PART II.

- 1 The dreadful burden of thy wrath
In mercy soon remove ;
Lest my frail flesh too weak to bear
The heavy load should prove.
- 2 For when thou chast'nest man for sin,
Thou mak'st his beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he,) like cloth
By fretting moths decay'd.
- 3 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my pray'r ;
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.
- 4 O spare me yet a little time,
My wasted strength restore ;
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

PSALM XL. L. M.

- I** WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply ;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heav'n my humble cry.
- 2 Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought !
The treasures of thy love surmount
The pow'r of numbers, speech and thought.

- 3 I've learnt, that thou hast not desir'd
 Off'rings and sacrifice alone ;
 Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd
 For man's transgression to atone.
- 4 I therefore come — come to fulfil
 The oracles thy books impart :
 'Tis my delight to do thy will ;
 Thy law is written in my heart.

PSALM XLI. C. M.

- H**APPY the man whose tender care
 Relieves the poor distrest ;
 When troubles compass him around,
 The Lord shall give him rest.
- 2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
 In safety shall prolong ;
 And disappoint the will of those
 That seek to do him wrong.
- 3 If he, in languishing estate,
 Oppress'd with sickness lie ;
 The Lord will easy make his bed,
 And inward strength supply.
- 4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
 I thus my prayer address'd ;
 Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
 Though I have much transgress'd.

PSALM XLII. C. M.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase ;
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine ;
 O when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine !

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, who will employ
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM XLIII. L. M.

LET me with light and truth be blest,
 Be these my guides to lead the way,
 Till on thy holy hill I rest
 And in thy sacred temple pray.

2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
 To God, who is my only joy ;
 And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
 Shall all my grateful hours employ.

- 3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
 So much oppress'd with anxious care?
 On God, thy God, for aid rely,
 Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

PSALM XLVI. 6 Lines 8's.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
 A present help when dangers press;
 In him undaunted we'll confide;
 Though earth were from her centre tost,
 And mountains in the ocean lost,
 Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

- 2 A gentler stream with gladness still
 The city of our Lord shall fill,
 'The royal seat of God most high;
 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
 Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
 While his almighty aid is nigh.

- 3 Submit to God's almighty sway,
 For him the heathen shall obey,
 And earth her sovereign Lord confess;
 The God of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
 As to our fathers in distress.

PSALM XLVII. L. M.

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
 And with triumphant voices sing;
 No force the mighty pow'r withstands
 Of God, the universal King.

- 2 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
 With shouts of joy and trumpet's scound ;
 To him repeated praises sing,
 And let the cheerful song go round.
- 3 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
 For him, who all the world commands ;
 Who sits upon his righteous throne,
 And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

PSALM XLVIII. C. M.

THE Lord, the only God, is great,
 And greatly to be prais'd
 In Sion, on whose happy mount
 His sacred throne is rais'd.

- 2 In Sion, we have seen perform'd
 A work that was foretold ;
 In pledge that God, for times to come,
 His city will uphold.
- 3 Let Sion's mount with joy resound,
 Her daughters all be taught
 In songs his judgments to extol,
 Who this deliv'rance wrought.
- 4 This God is ours, and will be ours,
 Whilst we in him confide ;
 Who, as he has preserv'd us now,
 Till death will be our guide.

PSALM LI. S. M.

- H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
- 2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.
- 3 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd, and, though condemn'd,
Must own thy judgment right.
- 4 Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice ;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.
- 5 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view ;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.
- 6 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight :
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.
- 7 The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain ;

And
M

8 A
By

By h
Sh

A

Ye
C

2 I'll
T

To
T

3 Tho
A

The
A

4 Tha
I

And
M

O G
It

And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

8 A broken spirit is
By God most highly priz'd ;
By him a broken contrite heart
Shall never be despis'd.

PSALM LVI. C. M.

ALTHOUGH sometimes surpris'd by fear,
On danger's first alarm,
Yet still for succour I depend
On thy Almighty arm.

2 I'll trust God's word, and so despise
The force that man can raise ;
To thee, O God, my vows are due ;
To thee I'll render praise.

3 Thou hast retriev'd my soul from death,
And thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserv'd,
And make my footsteps sure ;

4 That thus protected by thy pow'r,
I may this light enjoy,
And in the service of my God
My lengthen'd days employ.

PSALM LVII. L. M.

O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present ;

And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in song of praise.

- 2 Awake, my glory ; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round ;
Thy mercy highest heav'n 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 display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LIX. C. M.

ON thee I wait, 'tis on thy strength
For succour I depend ;
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,
Who only canst defend.

- 2 Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft
From danger set me free,
Shall crown my wishes, and subdue
My haughty foe to me.
- 3 Thus early I thy mercy sing,
Thy wondrous power confess ;
For thou hast been my sure defence,
My refuge in distress.

- 4 To thee with never-ceasing praise,
O God, my strength, I'll sing;
Thou art my God, the rock from whence
My health and safety spring.

PSALM LXII. L. M.

MY soul for help on God relies,
From him alone my safety flows;
My rock, my health, that strength supplies,
To bear the shock of all my foes.

- 2 God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my fortress and defence,
On him my soul shall still depend.
- 3 In him, ye people, always trust,
Before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.
- 4 For God has oft his will express'd,
And I this truth have fully known;
To be of boundless pow'r possess'd
Belongs of right to God alone.

PSALM LXIII. 6 Lines 8's.

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be;
For thee my thirsty soul doth pant:

My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
 Within this dry and barren place,
 Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O to my longing eyes once more
 That view of glorious pow'r restore,
 Which thy majestic house displays!
 Because to me thy wondrous love
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In blessing God I will employ,
 With lifted hands adore his Name:
 My soul's content shall be as great
 As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.

4 When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind;
 And when I wake in dead of night;
 Because thou still dost succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM LXV. L. M.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
 In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
 Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
 And all our zealous vows complete.

- 2 O thou, to whom my humble prayer
 Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
 To thee shall all mankind repair,
 And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
 To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
 Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
 And washest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
 Within thy sacred dwelling lives ;
 Whilst we at humbler distance taste
 The vast delights thy temple gives.

PART II.

- 1 Thy goodness does the circling year
 With fresh returns of plenty crown ;
 And, where thy glorious paths appear,
 Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
- 2 They drop on barren forests, chang'd
 By them to pastures fresh and green ;
 The hills about in order rang'd
 In beauteous robes of joy are seen.
- 3 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
 The cheerful downs ; the valleys bring
 A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
 And seem for joy to shout and sing.

PSALM LXVI. C. M.

LET all the lands with shouts of joy
 To God their voices raise ;
 Sing psalms in honour of his Name,
 And spread his glorious praise.

2 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
 In all thy works art thou !
 To thy great power thy stubborn foes
 Shall all be fore'd to bow.

3 Through all the earth the nations round
 Shall thee their God confess ;
 And with glad hymns their awful dread
 Of thy great name express.

4 O come, behold the works of God,
 And then with me you'll own,
 That he to all the sons of men
 His wondrous judgments shown.

5 O all ye nations, bless our God,
 And loudly speak his praise ;
 Who keeps our soul alive, and still
 Confirms our stedfast ways.

PSALM LXVII. S. M.

TO bless thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known,
 Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring nations join
 To celebrate thy fame;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious Name.

4 O let them shout and sing
 With joy and pious mirth,
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

PSALM LXIX. L. M.

WITH restless cries my spirits faint,
 My voice is hoarse with long complaint;
 My sight decays with tedious pain,
 Whilst for my God I wait in vain.

2 Reproach and grief have broke my heart;
 I look'd for some to take my part,
 To pity or relieve my pain;
 But look'd, alas! for both in vain.

3 But, Lord, to thee I will repair
 For help with humble timely pray'r;
 Relieve me from thy mercy's store,
 Display thy truth's preserving pow'r.

4 When me, howe'er distress'd and poor,
Thy strong salvation shall restore ;
Thy pow'r with songs I will proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy Name.

5 For God regards the poor's complaint,
Sets pris'ners free from close restraint.
Let heav'n, earth, sea, their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.

PSALM LXX. L. M.

O LORD, to my relief draw near,
For never was more pressing need ;
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliv'rance speed.

2 While those, who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd,
And all who prize thy saving grace,
With me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd

3 Thus wretched though I am and poor,
The mighty Lord of me takes care ;
Thou, God, who only canst restore,
To my relief with speed repair.

PSALM LXXI. C. M.

IN thee I put my stedfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame ;
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy Name.

- 2 Be thou my strong abiding place,
To which I may resort ;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe ;
Thou art my rock and fort.
- 3 Thy constant care did safely guard
My tender infant days ;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb
To sing thy constant praise.
- 4 Reject not then thy servant, Lord,
When I with age decay,
Forsake me not when, worn with years,
My vigour fades away.
- 5 Thy righteous acts and saving health
My mouth shall still declare ;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summ'd with utmost care.
- 6 While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on ;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.

PSALM LXXVII. C. M.

TO God I cried, who to my help
Did graciously repair ;
In trouble's dismal day I sought
My God with humble pray'r.

- 2 I thought on God, and favours past,
But that increas'd my pain ;

I found my spirit more oppress'd,
The more I did complain.

3 I said, My weakness hints these fears :
But I'll my fears disband ;
I'll yet remember the Most High,
And years of his right hand.

4 I'll call to mind his works of old,
The wonders of his might ;
On them my heart shall meditate,
My tongue shall them recite.

5 Safe lodg'd from human search on high,
O God, thy counsels are !
Who is so great a God as ours ?
Who can with him compare ?

PSALM LXXIX. C. M.

HOW long wilt thou be angry, Lord ?
Must we for ever mourn ?
Shall thy devouring jealous rage,
Like fire, for ever burn ?

2 O think not on our former sins,
But speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints,
Almost with sorrow spent.

3 Thou God of our salvation, help,
And free our souls from blame ;
So shall our pardon and defence
Exalt thy glorious Name.

- 4 So we, thy people and thy flock,
 Shall ever praise thy Name ;
 And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
 From age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX. L. M.

O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
 Our pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear ;
 Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,
 Again in solemn state appear.

- 2 O thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
 How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
 How long thy suff'ring people pray,
 And to their pray'rs have no return ?
- 3 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray ;
 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew ;
 From heav'n, thy throne, this vine survey,
 And her sad state with pity view.
- 4 Behold the vineyard made by thee,
 Which thy right hand did guard so long ;
 And keep that branch from danger free,
 Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
- 5 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
 The lustre of thy face display ;
 And all the ills we suffer now,
 Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM LXXXIV. C. M.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place,
 Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
 The brightness of thy face !

2 My longing soul faints with desire
 To view thy blest abode ;
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For thee, the living God.

3 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
 Their sure protection made ;
 Who long to tread the sacred ways
 That to thy dwelling lead !

4 Thus they proceed from strength to strength
 And still approach more near,
 Till all on Sion's holy mount
 Before their God appear.

5 For in thy courts one single day
 'Tis better to attend,
 Than, Lord, in any place besides
 A thousand days to spend.

6 Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
 How highly blest is he,
 Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
 Is still repos'd on thee !

PSALM LXXXV. C. M.

THY gracious favour, Lord, display,
Which we have long implor'd;
And, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.*

2 God's answer patiently I'll wait;
For he with glad success,
If they no more to folly turn,
His mourning saints will bless.

3 For mercy now with truth is join'd,
And righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.

PSALM LXXXVI. C. M.

TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, distress'd, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.

2 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.

3 Thou, Lord, art good; nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.

- 4 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart;
In rev'ence to thy sacred Name
Devoutly fix my heart.
- 5 Thy boundless mercy shown to me
Transcends my pow'r to tell,
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
From lowest depths of hell.
- 6 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Praise thee with heart sincere;
And to thy everlasting Name
Eternal trophies rear.

PSALM LXXXIX. L. M.

- T**HY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
- 2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last;
Thy truth, that does the heav'ns sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.
- 3 For such stupendous truth and love
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.
- 4 With rev'ence and religious dread,
Thy saints should to thy temple press;

Thy fear thro' all their hearts should spread,
Who thy Almighty Name confess.

5 Thy arm is mighty; strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
Possess'd of absolute command;
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.

6 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy sacred Name rely;
And, in thy righteousness employ'd,
Above their foes be rais'd on high.

PSALM XC. C. M.

THOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
'Tis instantly obey'd.

2 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

3 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams;
At first we grow like grass that feels
The sun's reviving beams:

4 But howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning beauty shows;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
Before the ev'ning close.

- 5 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

PSALM XCII. C. M.

HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high ;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify !

- 2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate ;
And of his constant truth each night
The glad effects repeat !

- 3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalt'ries join'd ;
And to the harp with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.

- 4 For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

PSALM XCIII. L. M.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

- 2 How surely stablish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCV. L. M.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favour's past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his Name belongs.
- 3 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King superior far to all,
Whom gods the heathen false call.
- 4 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there

Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

- 5 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His flock and pasture sheep are we ;
Then let us, as his flock, draw near,
His voice with glad attention hear.

PSALM XCVI. 8 Lines 8's.

SING to the Lord a new-made song ;
Let earth in one assembled throng,
Her common Patron's praise resound.
Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crown'd.
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

- 2 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd,
In majesty and glory raised
Above all other deities.
For pageantry and idols all
Are they whom gods the heathen call ;
He only rules who made the skies.
With majesty and honour crown'd.
Beauty and strength his throne surround.

- 3 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore.
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,

And heav'nly mirth let earth express ;
 Its loud applause the ocean roar :
 Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
 And for this triumph find a voice.

PSALM XCVII. L. M.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
 In his just government rejoice ;
 Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
 In his applause unite their voice.

2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
 His dazzling glory shroud in state ;
 Justice and truth his guards are made,
 And fix'd by his pavilion, wait.

3 For thou, O God, art seated high,
 Above earth's potentates enthron'd ;
 Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the sky,
 Supreme by all the gods art own'd.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord :
 Memorials of his holiness
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM XCVIII. C. M.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
 Who wondrous things has done ;
 With his right hand and holy arm
 The conquest he has won.

- 2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
 Display'd his saving might,
 And made his righteous acts appear
 In all the heathen's sight.
- 3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
 Have ever mindful been ;
 Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
 Of Israel's God have seen.
- 4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 And all with universal joy
 Resound their Maker's praise.

PSALM XCIX. C. M.

JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all
 The guilty nations quake :
 On cherub's wings he sits enthron'd ;
 Let earth's foundations shake.

- 2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
 His palace makes her tow'rs ;
 Yet thence his sov'reignty extends
 Supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.
- 3 Let therefore all with praise address
 His great and dreadful name ;
 And with his unresisted might
 His holiness proclaim.
- 4 With worship at his sacred courts
 Exalt our God and Lord ;

For he, who only holy is,
Alone should be ador'd.

PSALM C. L. M.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes 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 forever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM C. (O. V.) L. M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forthtell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The Lord ye know 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 forever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM CII. C. M.

WHEN I pour out my soul in pray'r,
Do thou, O Lord, attend ;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.

- 2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress ;
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.
- 3 My days, just hast'ning to their end,
Are like an ev'ning shade ;
My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
With waning lustre fade.
- 4 But thy eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste ;
The mem'ry of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

M

Of

2 'Ti

Fr

3 Th

His

4 Go

An

5 As

So

6 As

Wh

7 Le

PSALM CIII. L. M.

MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
 God's holy name for ever bless ;
 Of all his favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
 And after sickness makes thee sound ;
 From danger he thy life retrieves,
 By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
 And unexampled acts of grace ;
 His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
 His willing mercy flows apace.

4 God will not always harshly chide,
 But with his anger quickly part ;
 And loves his punishments to guide
 More by his love than our desert.

5 As high as heav'n its arch extends
 Above this little spot of clay,
 So much his boundless love transcends
 The small respects that we can pay.

6 As far as 'tis from east to west,
 So far has he our sins remov'd,
 Who with a father's tender breast
 Has such as fear him always lov'd.

7 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
 The mighty Lord : and thou, my heart,

With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM CIV. (O. V.) P. M.

MY soul, praise the Lord ; speak good of his
Name ;

O Lord, our Great God, how dost thou
appear !

So passing in glory that great is thy fame ;
Honour and majesty in thee shine most clear.

2 With light as a robe thou hast thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth thy greatness may
see ;

The heav'ns in such sort thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain compared may be.

3 His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full sure,
Which as his chariots are made him to bear ;
And there with much swiftness his course doth
endure,

Upon the wings riding of winds in the air.

4 He maketh his spirits as heralds to go,
And lightnings to serve we see also prest ;
His will to accomplish they run to and fro,
To save or consume things, as seemeth him
best.

PSALM CV. C. M.

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord ;
Invoke his sacred Name ;

Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns
His wondrous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name,
Alone to be ador'd ;
And let their heart o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

PSALM. CVI. L. M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray ;
Who know what's right, nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His name eternally confess'd :
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens — Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII. L. M.

TO God your grateful voices raise,
Who does our daily Patron prove ;
And let your never-ceasing praise
Attend on his eternal love.

2 For he from heav'n the sad estate
Of longing souls with pity views ;
To hungry souls that pant for meat,
His goodness daily food renews.

3 O then that all the earth with me
Would God for this his goodness praise,
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays !

4 With off'rings let his altar flame,
Whilst they their grateful thanks express,
And with loud joy his holy Name
For all his acts of wonder bless !

O
M

2 A

W

3 To

An

4 Be

An

5 Be

An

P
R

Wit

Of s

PSALM CVIII. C. M.

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
 To magnify thy Name ;
 My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
 Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my lute ; nor thou, my harp,
 Thy warbling notes delay ;
 Whilst I with early hymns of joy
 Prevent the dawning day.

3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
 Thy wonders I will tell ;
 And to those nations sing thy praise
 That round about us dwell.

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
 The highest heav'n transcends,
 And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
 Thy faithful truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
 Above the starry frame ;
 And let the world, with one consent,
 Confess thy glorious Name.

PSALM CXI. L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord ; our God to praise
 My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise,
 With private friends, and in the throng
 Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

- 2 His works, for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found.
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.
- 3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim ;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.
- 4 By precept he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind ;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

PSALM CXII. L. M.

THAT man is bless'd who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

- 2 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that fix'd on God relies.
- 3 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

Y
T
K
W
H
I

2 'Go
Th
E
W
Wh
L

3 Th
In
Y
He
Adv
C

L
O
B
G
A

2 Why
T
Con
A

PSALM CXIII. 6 Lines 8's.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
 The triumphs of his Name record ;
 His sacred Name for ever bless.
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Due praise to his great Name address.

2 'God through the world extends his sway,
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are,
 With him, whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
 Let no created pow'r compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
 In highest heav'n what angels do,
 Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care :
 He takes the needy from his cell,
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,
 Companion to the greatest there.

PSALM CXV. C. M.

LORD, not to us, we claim no share,
 But to thy sacred Name
 Give glory for thy mercy's sake,
 And truth's eternal fame.

2 Why should the heathen cry, Where's now
 The God whom we adore ?
 Convince them that in heav'n thou art,
 And uncontroll'd thy pow'r.

- 3 Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
 On him they fear rely,
 Who them in danger can defend,
 And all their wants supply.
- 4 They who in death and silence sleep
 To him no praise afford ;
 But we will bless for evermore
 Our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI. C. M.

MY soul with grateful thoughts of love
 Entirely is possess'd,
 Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
 The voice of my request.

- 2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
 I never will despair ;
 But still in all the straits of life
 To him address my pray'r.
- 3 Then what return to him shall I
 For all his goodness make ?
 I'll praise his Name, and with glad zeal
 The cup of blessing take.
- 4 To God I'll off'rings bring of praise ;
 And, whilst I bless his Name,
 The just performance of my vows
 To all his saints proclaim.

PSALM CXVII. C. M.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
 To heav'n their voices raise ;
 Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
 Sing solemn hymns of praise.

- 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
 His truth shall ne'er decay ;
 Then let the willing nations round
 Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII. C. M.

PART I.

O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
 His mercies ne'er decay :
 That his kind favours ever last,
 Let thankful Israel say.

- 2 Far better 'tis to trust in God,
 And have the Lord our friend,
 Than on the greatest human pow'r
 For safety to depend.
- 3 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
 Whom God has sav'd from harm ;
 For wondrous things are brought to pass
 By his Almighty arm.
- 4 He, by his own resistless pow'r,
 Has endless honour won ;
 The saving strength of his right hand
 Amazing works has done.

PART II.

- 1 This day is God's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice;
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.
- 2 Him that approaches in God's Name
Let all th' assembly bless;
We, that belong to God's own house,
Have wish'd you good success.
- 3 God is the Lord, through whom we all
Both light and comfort find;
Fast to the altar's horn with cords
The chosen victim bind.
- 4 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy Name;
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.
- 5 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

PSALM CXIX. C. M.

PART I.

HOW bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!

- 2 How
H
And
H
- 3 Such
T
But
W
- 4 Tho
To
And
Th
- 5 O th
Mi
And
By
- 1 How
Fr
By m
W
- 2 With
To
O suf
Fr
- 3 Safe i
Thy

- 2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been ;
And have with fervent humble zeal
His favour sought to win !
- 3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed ;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.
- 4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will ;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.
- 5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide !

PART II.

- 1 How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free ?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.
- 2 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray ;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray !
- 3 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies ;

To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.

- 4 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy Name ;
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame !

PART III.

- 1 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display ;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.
- 2 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.
- 3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead ;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.
- 4 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart ;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.
- 5 From those vain objects turn my eyes,
Which this false world displays ;
But give me lively pow'r and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

1 A

M

2 Th

Th

3 Th

Til

4 Th

I th

T

1 For

U

Thy

D

2 Thr

In

As o

B

PART IV.

- 1 According to thy promis'd grace,
Thy favour, Lord, extend ;
Make good to me the word, on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.
- 2 That only comfort in distress
Did all my griefs control ;
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round,
Reviv'd my fainting soul.
- 3 Thy judgments then of ancient date
I quickly call'd to mind,
Till, ravish'd with such thoughts, my soul
Did speedy comfort find.
- 4 Thy Name, that cheer'd my heart by day,
Has fill'd my thoughts by night ;
I then resolv'd by thy just laws
To guide my steps aright.

PART V.

- 1 For ever, and for ever, Lord,
Unchang'd thou dost remain ;
Thy word establish'd in the heav'ns
Does all their orbs sustain.
- 2 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
Inmovable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
By thy Almighty hand.

- 3 All things the course by thee ordain'd
E'en to this day fulfil ;
They are the faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.
- 4 Unless thy sacred law had been
My comfort and delight,
I must have fainted, and expir'd
In dark affliction's night.
- 5 Thy precepts therefore from my thoughts
Shall never, Lord, depart ;
For thou by them hast to new life
Restor'd my dying heart.

PART VI.

- 1 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore ;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest name adore.
- 2 Directed by thy heav'nly word
Let all my footsteps be ;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.
- 3 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord make thy face to shine ;
Thy statutes both to know and keep
My heart with zeal incline.

1 To

A

Ins

A

2 Let

E

Acc

E

3 The

T

Wh

A

4 My

S

Bec

W

T

E

Fro

W

2 Ther

T

His

W

PART VII.

- 1 To my request and earnest cry
Attend, O gracious Lord ;
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,
According to thy word.
- 2 Let my repeated pray'r at last
Before thy throne appear ;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.
- 3 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just ways.
- 4 My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall thankfully resound,
Because thy promises are all
With truth and justice crown'd.

PSALM CXXI. C. M.

- T**O Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.
- 2 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep ;
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel's monarch keep.

- 3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXII. C. M.

O'TWAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

- 2 At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled pow'rs,
In strong and beauteous order rang'd,
Like her united tow'rs.
- 3 'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and pray'r.
- 4 O pray we then for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosp'rous be,
(Thou holy city of our God !)
Who bear true love to thee.
- 5 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,

Fo

W
Lib
I

2 Lo
So
7

3 Th
I
No
I

4 All
T
Cul
V

FR
T
Lon
A

2 Sho
Wh

For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXV. C. M.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand ;
Like her immovably be fix'd
By his Almighty hand.

- 2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem enclose ;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.
- 3 The wicked may afflict the just,
But ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by despair to seek
Base means for his redress.
- 4 All those who walk in crooked paths
The Lord shall soon destroy ;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXX. S. M.

FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry ;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

- 2 Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear ?

But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

3 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord ;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

4 My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

5 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows ;
The pienteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows.

6 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXIII. C. M.

HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love !

2 True love is like that precious oil,
Which pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

3 'Ti

Or

4 For

The

B

Tha

V

2 Wit

A

Fro

V

O

Let

F

2 Pra

A

Wit

V

- 3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
 On Hermon's top distil ;
 Or like the early drops that fall
 On Sion's fruitful hill.
- 4 For Sion is the chosen seat,
 Where the Almighty King
 The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
 And life's eternal spring.

PSALM CXXXIV. C. M.

BLESS God, ye servants that attend
 Upon his solemn state,
 That in his temple, night by night,
 With humble rev'rence wait :

- 2 Within his house lift up your hands,
 And bless his holy Name ;
 From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,
 Who earth and heav'n did'st frame.

PSALM CXXXV. C. M.

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
 And magnify his Name ;
 Let all the servants of the Lord
 His worthy praise proclaim.

- 2 Praise him, all ye that in his house
 Attend with constant care ;
 With those that to his outmost courts
 With humble zeal repair.

- 3 For this our truest int'rest is,
 Glad hymns of praise to sing;
 And with loud songs to bless his Name,
 A most delightful thing.
- 4 That God is great we often have
 By glad experience found;
 And seen how he with wondrous pow'r
 Above all gods is crown'd.

PSALM CXXXVI. P. M.

- T**O God, the mighty Lord,
 Your joyful thanks repeat;
 To him due praise afford,
 As good as he is great.
 For God does prove
 Our constant friend;
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.
- 2 By his Almighty hand
 Amazing works are wrought;
 The heav'ns by his command
 Were to perfection brought.
 For God, &c.
- 3 He does the food supply
 On which all creatures live;
 To God who reigns on high
 Eternal praises give.
 For God will prove, &c.

W
 Bel
 A

2 I'll
 A
 The
 C

3 The
 V
 An
 I

4 For
 I
 The
 I

5 The
 S
 An
 S

T
 My
 Kn

PSALM CXXXVIII. C. M.

WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
 Thy praise I will proclaim ;
 Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
 And bless thy holy Name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat ;
 And, with thy love inspir'd,
 The praises of thy truth repeat
 O'er all thy works admir'd.

3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,
 When I to thee did cry ;
 And, when my soul was press'd with fear,
 Didst inward strength supply.

4 For God, although enthron'd on high,
 Does thence the poor respect ;
 The proud far off his scornful eye
 Beholds with just neglect.

5 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
 Shall fix my happy state ;
 And, mindful of his favours past,
 Shall his own work complete.

PSALM CXXXIX. L. M.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down ;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand;
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
- 4 Oh could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
Or whither from thy presence run?
- 5 If I should try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 6 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXLIII. C. M.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send.

- 2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;

For
C
3 To
I
My
L
4 Hea
T
Les
T
5 Thy
W
Tea
M
6 Tho
In
Let
M
7 Oh t
R
For
T
THE
T
This
A

For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

- 3 To thee my hands in humble pray'r
I fervently stretch out ;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
Like land oppress'd with drought.
- 4 Hear me with speed ; my spirit fails ;
Thy face no longer hide,
Lest I become forlorn, like them
That in the grave reside.
- 5 Thy kindness early let me hear,
Whose trust on thee depends ;
Teach me the way where I should go ;
My soul to thee ascends.
- 6 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey ;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way.
- 7 Oh for the sake of thy great Name,
Revive my drooping heart ;
For thy truth's sake, to me, distress'd,
Thy promis'd aid impart.

PSALM CXLV. C. M.

THREE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim ;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

- 2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd ;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.
- 3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future times extends ;
From age to age thy glorious Name
Successively descends.
- 4 The Lord is good ; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies ;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.
- 5 Thy love thro' earth extends its fame,
To all thy works express'd ;
These show thy praise, whilst thy great
Name
Is by thy servant bless'd.

PSALM CXLVI. C. M.

- O** PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his Name ;
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.
- 2 The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.
- 3 By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears ;

Earth's utmost ends
 His pow'r obey;
 His glorious sway
 The sky transcends.

- 5 His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high,
 And favours Israel's race,
 Who still to him are nigh.
 O therefore raise
 Your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice
 The Lord to praise!

PSALM CXLIX. P. M.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
 Prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing:
 In our great Creator
 Let Israel rejoice;
 And children of Sion
 Be glad in their King.

- 2 Let them his great Name
 Extol in the dance;
 With timbrel and harp
 His praises express:
 Who always takes pleasure
 His saints to advance,
 And with his salvation
 The humble to bless.

- 3 With glory adorn'd,
 His people shall sing
 To God, who their beds
 With safety does shield ;
 Their mouths fill'd with praises
 Of him their great King ;
 Whilst a two-edged sword
 Their right hand shall wield.

PSALM CL. L. M.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
 From whence his goodness largely flows ;
 Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
 Which he in our behalf has done ;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
 Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;
 Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
 And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.
- 4 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he does to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ ;
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

ce,
lows;
e

HYMNS

AND

VERSIONS OF PSALMS

BY

run.
and;
e,

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

A
SE
To

2 Re
An
Th
Fo

3 Le
Th
Fo
Th

HYMNS

AND

VERSIONS OF PSALMS

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

MORNING HYMN.

HYMN 1. L. M.

- A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience, as the noon-day, clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

- 4 All praise to thee, whose arm has kept,
Whose care refresh'd me while I slept,
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 5 Lord ! I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 6 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 2. C. M.

- A** GAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair ;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour there.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display :
We stand within thy house of pray'r,
Oh give us hearts to pray !
- 3 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove :
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

- 4 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
 To kneel before thy face;
 And may the children of thy pow'r
 Be children of thy grace.

HYMN 3. 7's.

LORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow;
 Oh do not our suit disdain;
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

- 2 In thine own appointed way,
 Now we seek thee, here we stay;
 Lord, from hence we would not go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a God supremely kind;
 Heal the sick, the captive free,
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 4. 6 Lines 8's.

LO, God is here! let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this place;
 Let all within us feel his pow'r,
 And silent bow before his face.

Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.

2 Lo, God is here ! him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heav'n's host their noblest praises bring :
Disdain not, Lord ! our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.

3 Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill !
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear, and do thy sov'reign will
To thee may all our thoughts arise.
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

HYMN 5. P. M.

PSALM lxxxiv.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To thine abode,
Our hearts aspire,
With warm desire
To meet our God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !

They praise thee still;
 Thrice happy they,
 That 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 heav'n appears:
 To that blest seat
 O God our King,
 Direct and bring
 Our willing feet.

HYMN 6. C. M.

THOUGH oft we hear the joyful sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord,
 How weak in faith we still are found!
 How slow to learn thy word!

- 2 Though we frequent thy holy place,
 We seem to come in vain:
 So small a portion of thy grace
 Our careless hearts retain.

- 3 How cold and feeble is our love!
 How negligent our fear!
 How low our hopes of joys above!
 How few affections there!

- 4 Great God, thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
 To give thy word success;

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

- 5 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

HYMN 7. 7's.

IN thy presence we appear ;
Lord, we love to worship here,
When, within the veil we meet
Thee upon thy mercy-seat.

- 2 Thou through Christ art reconcil'd,
Each in him is own'd thy child ;
Abba, Father, give us grace
In thy courts to seek thy face.

- 3 While thy glorious name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue :
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, " The Lord, our righteousness."

- 4 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend ;
Hear us, when thy Spirit pleads :
Hear ; for Jesus intercedes.

- 5 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through thy name,
In their voices let us own
Jesus speaking from the throne.

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

HYMN 8. C. M.

GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear ;
 Thy presence now display ;
 As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,
 So give us hearts to pray.

- 2 Show us some token of thy love
 Our feeble hope to raise ;
 And pour thy blessing from above,
 That we may render praise.

- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love, and concord dwell ;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.

- 4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
 The contrite heart bestow ;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.

HYMN 9. L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
 And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

- 2 For thou within no walls confin'd,
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 glories of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are weak, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh! rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make the sinner's heart thine own.

HYMN 10. L. M.

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."
- 3 Command thy blessing, in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place

With humbling and exalting pow'r,
With quick'ning and confirming grace.

4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide!
One true eternal God confess'd,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion bless'd.

5 With thee, and these, for ever bound,
May all who here in pray'r unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

HYMN 11. C. M.

PSALM V.

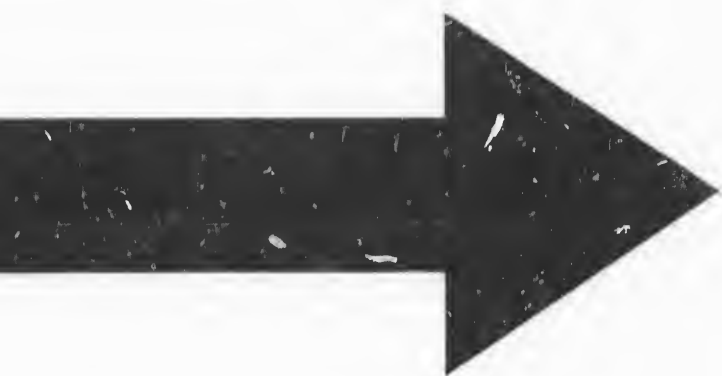
LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eyes.

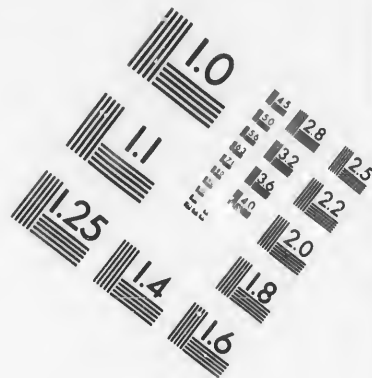
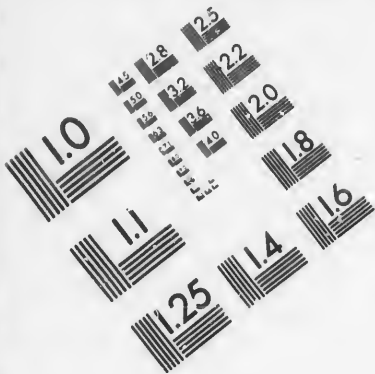
2 Oft to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court
And worship in thy fear.

3 Oh may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of truth and grace;
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

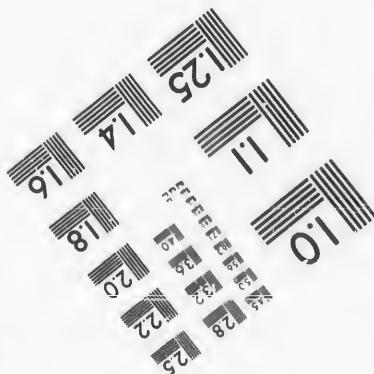
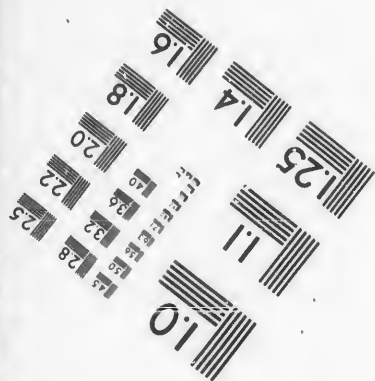
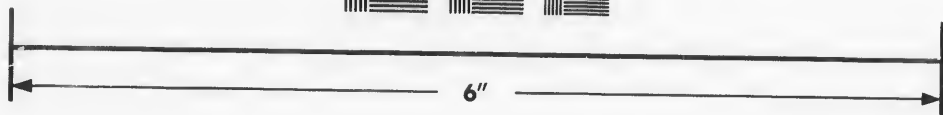
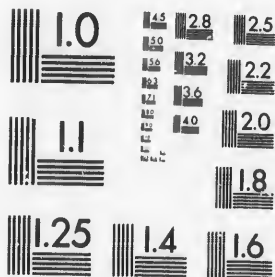
4 To all that love and fear thy name
Thy blessing shall extend;







**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

4.5
5.0
5.6
6.3
7.1
8.0
9.0
10.0
11.2
12.5
14.0
16.0
18.0
20.0
22.0
25.0
28.0
32.0
36.0
40.0
45.0
50.0
56.0
63.0
71.0
80.0
90.0
100.0

10

Thy favour, Lord, shall compass them,
And like a shield defend.

HYMN 12. L. M.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

- 2 I have been there and still would go:
'Tis like a little heav'n below;
Not all that careless sinners say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 Oh! write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrines of thy word,
That I may feel their saving pow'r,
And learn to love thee more and more.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine,
That finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 13. L. M.

FEW are the hours when we can share
The comfort of united pray'r;
In Jesu's name together meet,
And put the world beneath our feet.

- 2 Yet, Lord, thy goodness we adore,
Which now assembles us once more:

Oh may we here thy presence find,
And serve thee with a thankful mind !

3 Grant that our souls, renew'd by thee,
In faith and friendship may agree,
And for thy sake delight to heal,
Or share the pain that others feel.

4 Teach us to love as Christians ought,
Nor keep one proud or angry thought ;
And when we meet or when we part,
Oh may we still be join'd in heart !

HYMN 14. 8's and 6's.

THOU God of pow'r and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing ;
And veil their faces while they cry,
"Thrice holy !" to their God most high,
"Thrice holy !" to their King.

2 Thee as our God, we also claim ;
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Thro' whom this grace is giv'n ;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who forms their ruin'd souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heav'n.

3 The veil that hides thy glory rend ;
And here in saving pow'r descend,
And fix thy bless'd abode ;

Here to each heart thyself reveal,
 And all who enter, cause to feel
 The presence of our God.

HYMN 15. L. M. and Chorus.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heav'n, hosanna sing!
 Hosanna! Lord! hosanna in the highest.

2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
 Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound;
 Hosanna, &c.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
 Return to this thy house of pray'r!
 Assembled in thy sacred name,
 Where we thy parting promise claim!
 Hosanna, &c.

4 But chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
 Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure and worthy Thee.
 Hosanna, &c.

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heav'n shall melt away,

Th
 Sha
 I

A

Whe
 And

Let
 To l
 In pu
 Unite

So sh
 The c
 So sh
 Our c

Fathe
 Whos

In life
 Glory

A N
 A

Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.
 Hosanna, &c.

THE LORD'S DAY.

HYMN 16. P. M.

A GAIN the day returns of holy rest,
 Which, when he made the world, Jeho-
 vah blest ;
 When like his own, he bade our labours cease,
 And all be piety, and all be peace.

Let us devote this consecrated day,
 To learn his will, and all we learn obey ;
 In pure religion's hallowed duties share,
 Unite in penitence and bend in pray'r.

So shall the God of mercy, pleas'd, receive
 The only tribute man has pow'r to give ;
 So shall he hear, while fervently we raise,
 Our choral harmony in songs of praise.

Father of heav'n ! in whom our hopes confide,
 Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts
 guide,

In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
 Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end !

HYMN 17. L. M.

A NOTHER six days' work is done ;
 Another Sabbath is begun :

- Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest ;
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Provides an antepast of heav'n
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 Oh! that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it, knows.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away :
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

HYMN 18. C. M.

- T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made :
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy son ;
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace ;
 Who comes in God the Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise ;
 The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN 19. C. M.

LORD ! thou hast set this day apart,
 From toil and labour free,
 That man may commune with his heart,
 And meditate on thee.

- 2 We meet within this sacred place
 To worship and adore :
 To bless Thee for the means of grace,
 And humbly plead for more.
- 3 For thou hast pledg'd thy gracious word,
 Where'er in praise or pray'r,
 Thy faithful servants meet, O Lord,
 Thy presence shall be there.
- 4 Grant that, with heav'nly manna fed,
 We may in peace depart ;
 Shed thy rich blessings on each head,
 And sanctify each heart.

HYMN 20. S. M.

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 ;
And we by faith may see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Where Thou, my God, art seen,
Is better than ten thousand days
Spent in the joys of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this ;
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

HYMN 21. 6 lines 8's.

GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected pow'rs ;
May we employ in work divine
These solemn consecrated hours.
Oh may our souls, adoring, own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

2 All-seeing God ! before thine eye
Our secret thoughts and sins appear :
With trembling awe may we draw nigh

And keep our hearts with holy fear,
 And while their wayward course we see,
 Look up for grace and strength to Thee.

- 3 Thy Spirit's pow'ful aid impart,
 Oh may thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart,
 Then shall the day indeed be thine:
 Then shall our souls, adoring, own
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 22. L. M.

PSALM XCII.

SWEET is the work O God, our King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And tell of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No earthly care shall seize our breast;
 Oh may our souls in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 Our hearts 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 Oh may we see, and hear, and know,
 What mortals cannot reach below;
 And all our pow'rs find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 23. L. M.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
 In this thy house, on this thy day;
 Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from thy temple rise.

2 Now met to pray and bless thy name;
 Whose mercies flow each day the same,
 Whose kind compassions never cease,
 We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 Oh that we might that rest attain,
 From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.

4 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
 From ev'ry mortal trouble free;
 No sighs shall mingle with the songs
 Resounding from immortal tongues.

A D V E N T .

HYMN 24. C. M.

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long;
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.

2 He comes the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;

3
4
5
T
A
T
2 T
A
A
A
3 T
W
O
A

The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes long clos'd in night,
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the riches of his grace,
To bless the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 25. L. M.

THE Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake ;
And with'ring from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come ! but not the same
As once in lowliness he came ;
A silent lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come ! a dreadful form,
With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm ;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

- 4 Can this be He, who once did stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 Oppress'd by pow'r, and mock'd by pride,
 The Nazarine, the Crucified ?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
 "Rocks, hide us ; mountains, on us fall !"
 The saints, ascending from the tomb,
 Shall joyful sing, " The Lord is come ! "

HYMN 26. C. M.

- T**O him that lov'd the souls of men,
 And wash'd us in his blood,
 To royal honours rais'd our heads,
 And made us priests to God ;
- 2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
 And ev'ry heart be love,
 And grateful honours paid on earth ;
 And nobler songs above.
- 3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes !
 His saints shall bless the day ;
 While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn
 In anguish and dismay.
- 4 I am the first, and I the last ;
 Time centres all in me ;
 Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
 And evermore shall be.

HYMN 27. 8, 7, 7.

JESUS, hail, whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth ;
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and quickens saints on earth ;
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord we own it love divine.

2 King of glory, reign for ever,
 Thine an everlasting crown ;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own ;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destin'd to behold thy face.

3 Saviour, Master, thine appearing
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away :
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 " Glory, glory to our King."

HYMN 28. 8, 7, 7.

NOTHING know we of the season,
 When the world shall pass away ;
 But we know the saints have reason
 To expect a glorious day,
 When the Saviour will return,
 And his people cease to mourn.

2 While a careless world is sleeping,
 Then it is the day will come ;

Mirth shall then be turn'd to weeping;
 Sinners then must meet their doom;
 But the people of the Lord
 Shall obtain their bright reward.

- 3 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
 Be it ours his word to keep;
 Let our lamps be always burning;
 Let us watch while others sleep:
 We're no longer of the night;
 We are children of the light.

HYMN 29. 8's and 7's.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
 May a sinner praise thy Name?
 Lord of men, as well as angels,
 Thou art ev'ry creature's theme;
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

- 2 "Brightness of the Father's glory,"
 Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
 Shun my tongue, such guilty silence;
 Sing the Lord who came to die.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 Did archangel's sing thy coming?
 Did the shepherd's learn their lays?
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse to praise.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 Come, return, immortal Saviour,
 Come, Lord, Jesus, take thy throne;

Quickly come and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all thine own.
 Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 30. 4 lines 6's and 2, 8's.

COME ye who love the Lord,
 And feel his quick'ning pow'r;
 Unite with one accord,
 His goodness to adore:
 To heav'n and earth aloud proclaim
 Your great Redeemer's glorious name.

2 He left his throne above,
 His glory laid aside,
 Came down on wings of love,
 And wept, and bled, and died:
 The pangs he bore, what tongue can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell?

3 He burst the grave; he rose
 Victorious from the dead;
 And thence his vanquish'd foes
 In glorious triumph led:
 Up through the heav'ns the conqu'ror rode,
 Triumphant to the throne of God.

4 He soon again will come,
 (His chariot will not stay,)
 To take his children home
 To realms of endless day:
 We there shall see him face to face,
 And sing the triumphs of his grace.

HYMN 31. L. M.

JESUS, thy church, with longing eyes,
 For thine expected coming waits;
 When will the promis'd light arise,
 And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
 And wintry clouds o'er cast the sky;
 Thy words with joy we still recall,
 And deem our soul's redemption nigh.

3 Oh come, and reign o'er ev'ry land!
 Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd:
 All nations bow to thy command,
 And grace revive a dying world.

CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 32. Double 7's.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King;
 Glory in the highest heav'n,
 Peace on earth, and man forgiv'n!"
 Joyful all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb!

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

- 3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
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.

HYMN 33. C. M.

WHILE shepherds watch'd 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 seiz'd their troubled mind,)

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

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

A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign,

- 4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,

- All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song.
- 6 “ All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin and never cease.”

HYMN 34. 8, 7, 4.

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 infant light :
Come, &c.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar :
Seek the great Desire of nations,
We have seen his natal star :
Come, &c.

- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly, the Lord, descending,
 In his temple shall appear :
 Come, &c.
- 5 Sinners wrung with true repentance,
 Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Grace is giv'n to break your chains :
 Come, &c.

HYMN 35. 8, 7.

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 ;
 Bless'd Desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry faithful 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.

HYMN 36. P. M.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
When Christ, the Saviour of the world, was
born;

Rise to adore this mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above,
Glory to God, the holy angels cry,
Good-will to men, let ev'ry heart reply.

2 Let hatred, strife, and wrath be heard no more,
But peace and love be spread from shore to
shore;

Christ comes with peace and pardon from above,
And saves his people by redeeming love.
Glory to God, &c.

3 Let ev'ry tongue this wondrous love proclaim,
Let us devoutly hail our Saviour's name;
Thro' all the world the joyful tidings run,
Of God incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.
Glory to God, &c.

4 To Father, Son, and Spirit ever bless'd,
Let us all join in songs of holy praise;
With grateful hearts be our best thanks ad-
dress'd

And in loud chorus let our voices raise.
Glory to God, &c.

HYMN 37. S. M.

REJOICE in Jesu's birth,
To us a Son is giv'n,
To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heav'n.

- 2 He reigns above the sky,
The universe sustains;
The God supreme, the Lord most high,
The King, Messiah reigns.
- 3 Our Counsellor we praise,
Our Advocate above;
Who daily in his church displays,
His miracles of love.
- 4 Now, for thy promise' sake
O'er earth exalted be;
The kingdom, pow'r, and glory take,
Which all belong to thee.

EPIPHANY.

HYMN 38. 7's.

- S**ONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star;
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light!
- 3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear,
Haste, for him your hearts prepare;
Meet him manifested there.

- 4 Sing ye morning stars, again,
 God descends to dwell with men,
 Deigns for man his life t' employ;
 Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

HYMN 39. Old 104th.

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, or gold from the mine?

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

HYMN 40. C. M.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
 With mild benignant ray,
 The Gentiles to the lowly shed,
 Where the Redeemer lay.

- 2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light
 Now points to his abode ;
 It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
 To guide us to our God.
- 3 Oh haste to follow where it leads,
 Its gracious call obey !
 Be rugged wilds, or flow'ry meads,
 The Christian's destin'd way.
- 4 Oh gladly tread the narrow path,
 While light, and grace are giv'n ;
 Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
 Shall reign with him in heav'n.

HYMN 41. L. M.

- L**O! in the East appears a light,
 In eastern skies unseen before ;
 The wise men hail the welcome sight,
 And seek the myst'ry to explore.
- 2 That star to us its light imparts ;—
 Let us our pilgrimage pursue ;
 And with the homage of our hearts,
 To Bethl'hem go, and worship too.
- 3 May we through life its guidance trace,
 And mark its path o'er earthly things,
 Until it lead us to the place,
 Where Jesus reigns the King of kings.
- 4 Light of the world, the True Light ! rise ;
 Nor cease to shed thy cheering ray,

Till o'er all lands beneath the skies,
Thy glory shine in perfect day.

L E N T .

HYMN 42. C. M.

- O** LORD! turn not thy face away
From them who prostrate lie;
Lamenting sore their sinful lives,
With tears and bitter cry.
- 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To all who mourn their sin,
Oh! shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.
- 3 Thou know'st, O Lord! what things be past,
And all the things that be;
Thou know'st also what is to come;
Nothing is hid from thee.
- 4 We come, Lord, to thy throne of grace,
Where mercy does abound,
Desiring pardon for our sin,
To heal our deadly wound.
- 5 O Lord! we need not to repeat,
What we do beg and crave;
For thou dost know before we ask
The thing which we would have.
- 6 Mercy, good Lord! mercy we ask;
This is the total sum;

For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
Oh! let thy mercy come!

HYMN 43. 8 lines 7's.

SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee,
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh! by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany.

2 By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of th' insulting tempter's pow'r;
Turn, oh! turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany.

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lov'd abode!
By the anguish'd sigh that told
Treach'ry lurk'd within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn Litany.

4 By thine hour of dire despair,
 By thine agony and pray'r;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veil'd the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn Litany.

5 By thy deep expiring groan,
 By the sad sepulchral stone;
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God,
 Oh! from earth to heav'n restor'd,
 Mighty reascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany.

HYMN 44. L. M.

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 condemn'd to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
 Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace,

I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

- 4 Oh may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 45. P. M.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep ;
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all long-suff'ring shown :
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart ;
Give most earnestly implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die :
Life, and happiness, and love,
Fall from thy gracious eye :

Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down ;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

HYMN 46. L. M.

STAY, thou oft grieved Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite ;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
 And long in vain thy grace receiv'd ;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd ;

3 Yet, oh ! the mourning sinner spare,
 In honor of my great High Priest,
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
 T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release ;
 Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;
 Guide me into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 47. C. M.

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And shun what we deplore.

- 2 Our broken spirits pitying see ;
 True penitence impart ;
 And let a healing ray from thee
 Beam hope on ev'ry heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in pray'r,
 May we our wills resign ;
 And not a thought our bosoms share
 Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies ;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it or denies.

HYMN 48. C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
 Where Jesus answers pray'r ;
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none can perish there.

- 2 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely prest,
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.
- 3 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, shelter'd near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 4 Oh wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,

That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

HYMN 49. L. M.

- I** ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 3 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 4 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer pray'r for grace and faith.
- 5 "Those inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

HYMN 50. Double 7's 6.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;

He bears them all and frees us
 From the accursed 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 heals all 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 sorrow 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 heav'nly throng,
 To sing with saints, his praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

HYMN 51. C. M.

AS o'er the past my mem'ry strays,
 Why heaves the secret sigh ?
 'Tis that I mourn departed days,
 Still unprepared to die.

- 2 The world, and worldly things belov'd,
My anxious thoughts employ'd ;
And time, unhallow'd, unimprov'd,
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my lab'ring breast ;
Thy grace it is which prompts the pray'r,
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine,
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
Oh ! speed my soul to thee.

HYMN 52. 7's.

WHEN the heart is sad within,
Burden'd with the weight of sin ;
When the spirit sinks with fear ;
"Jesu, Son of David," hear !

- 2 Thou, the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own ;
Thou wert pleas'd their load to bear,
"Jesu, Son of David," hear !
- 3 When our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears overflow,
When we mourn in sorrow drear,
"Jesu, Son of David," hear !

- 4 Thou hast pass'd thro' death's dark shade ;
 The best full atonement made ;
 Thou to God's right hand art near ;
 " Jesu, Son of David," hear !

THE PASSION.

HYMN 53. C. M.

FROM Calvary's Cross a fountain flows,
 Of water and of blood,
 More healing than Bethesda's pool
 Or famed Siloam's flood.

- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 This fountain in his day,
 And there would I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, 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, lisp'ing, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 54.

As Ps. 148.

ISRRAEL, in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learn'd the Gospel too :
 The types and figures were a glass,
 In which they saw a Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,
 And blood besprinkled door,
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
 And once applied with pow'r,
 Would teach the need of other blood
 To reconcile a holy God.

3 Dipped in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free ;
 The type, well understood,
 Express'd the sinner's plea,
 Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
 And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

Jesus, I love to trace
 Throughout the sacred page,
 The footsteps of thy grace,
 The same in every age ;
 Oh grant that I may faithful be
 To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

HYMN 55. 6, 7's.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee ;

Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I scar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN 56. C. M.

HOW condescending and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son ;
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

3 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great ;

Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record ;
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN 57. C. M.

BLESS'D Saviour, was it love to us
Which nail'd thee to the tree !
Then by that love constrain'd, we yield
Our hearts, our all to thee.

2 We love thee for thy grace and truth,
Who wast so rich yet poor ;
We love thee for the painful cross,
Thou didst for us endure.

3 Though in the very form of God,
With heav'nly glory crown'd,
Thou would'st partake of human flesh,
Beset with troubles round.

4 O Jesus, may we more and more,
Thy grace and goodness prove ;
Till thy dear Name our spirits fill
With light, and joy, and love.

HYMN 58. S. M.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God,
Who takes our sins away ;

See and adore his heav'nly love,
And praise him day by day.

2 Be ev'ry vally high,
Be ev'ry mountain low,
The proud must stoop, the humble soul
Shall his salvation know.

3 The heathen realms abroad,
Shall join in sweet accord :
And all the sons of men shall see,
The glory of the Lord.

4 Jesus! thou Lamb of God !
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
Cleanse us in thine atoning blood,
For sinners shed this day.

HYMN 59. S. M.

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

2 But Christ the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our guilt away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

- 4 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 60. C. M.

DARK was the night, and cold the ground,
 Where Jesus prostrate laid ;
 His sweat like drops of blood ran down ;
 In agony he pray'd :

- 2 " Father, remove this bitter cup,
 If such thy sacred will ;
 If not, content to drink it up,
 Thy pleasure I fulfil."
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner, see
 These precious drops that flow ;
 The heavy load he bears for thee ;
 For thee he lies so low.
- 4 Then learn of him the cross to bear ;
 Thy Father's will obey ;
 And when temptations sore draw near,
 Awake to watch and pray.

HYMN 61. 6, 7's.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r ;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with him one bitter hour ;

Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment hall.
View the Lord of Life arraign'd ;
Oh ! the wormwood and the gall !
Oh ! the pangs his soul sustain'd !
Shun not suff'ring, shame, nor loss,
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete ;
"It is finish'd !" hear the cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay :
All is solitude and gloom ;
Who hath taken him away ?
Christ is ris'n ! He meets our eyes !
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

HYMN 62. L. M.

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 which charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingl'd down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 63. 8, 7, 4.

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 finish'd,"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law !
Finish'd now is man's redemption ;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
" It is finish'd,"
Saints from hence your comfort draw.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All on earth and all in heaven,

Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Join to praise Immanuel's name.

HYMN 64. C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd,
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks;
The solid marbles rend.

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

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

HYMN 65. L. M.

6 **'T**IS finish'd!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died.
'Tis finish'd! yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finish'd! this his dying groan,
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,

And millions be redeem'd from death,
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

- 3 'Tis finish'd ! heav'n is reconcil'd,
And all the pow'rs of darkness spoil'd ;
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 4 'Tis finish'd ! let the joyful sound,
Be heard through all the nations round :
'Tis finish'd ! let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

E A S T E R E V E .

HYMN 66. C. M.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd ;
A mourner all his life was he
A dying Lamb at last.

- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave ;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord ; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn ?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreath'd his brow with thorn ?
- 4 No ! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,

We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

E A S T E R .

HYMN 67. 7's.

- C**HRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Hal.
 Our triumphant, holy day ; Hal.
 Who did once upon the cross Hal.
 Suffer to redeem our loss. Hal.
- 2 Lo ! he rises, mighty King ! Hal.
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ? Hal.
 Lo ! he claims his native sky ! Hal.
 Grave, where is thy victory ? Hal.
- 3 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hal.
 Unto Christ, our heav'nly King ; Hal.
 Who endur'd the cross and grave, Hal.
 Sinners to redeem and save. Hal.
- 4 For the pains which he endur'd, Hal.
 Our salvation have procur'd ; Hal.
 Now above the sky he's King, Hal.
 Where the angels ever sing. Hallelujah.

HYMN 68. 6's and 8's.

THE happy morn is come ;
 Triumphant o'er the grave ;
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Omnipotent to save ;

Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

2 Who now accuses them
For whom their surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid ;
The glorious work is done ;
On him our help is laid ;
By him our vict'ry won :
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

HYMN 69. C. M.

THIS day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

2 Oh what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
Oh what a sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !

3 The pow'rs of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death ;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
By his expiring breath !

- 4 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
 To hail this happy morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings,
 On nations yet unborn !

HYMN 70. 7's.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
 Jesus dissipates its gloom !
 Day of triumph, through the skies
 See the glorious Saviour rise !

- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears,
 Chase those unbelieving fears ;
 Look on his deserted grave ;
 Doubt no more his pow'r to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scatter'd shade ;
 Drive your anxious cares away,
 See the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
 Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;
 So retiring beams of light
 Chase the terrors of the night.

HYMN 71. 7's.

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 eternal songs 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 heav'nly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

HYMN 72. L. M.

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 man!
But lo! what sudden joys I see;
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
- 3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 4 Sing, "live for ever, glorious king,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Sing, "where, O death, is now thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?"

HYMN 73. 7's.

- J**ESUS, rising from the dead;
Bruis'd to-day the serpent's head;
Now the vanquish'd pow'rs of hell
Swift from heav'n like lightning fell.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Vain the stone; the watch, how vain!
Christ has burst to life again.
- 3 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.
- 4 Sinners, glad your voices raise;
Sing your great Redeemer's praise;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heav'ns! thou, earth, reply!
- 5 Thee we greet, triumphant now;
Hail, the resurrection thou!
Hail, thou Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise, by both, to thee be giv'n.

HYMN 74. C. M.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord:
 Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
 His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
 And call'd him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope,
 That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
 Our flesh to see the dust;
 Yet as the Lord, our Saviour, rose,
 So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
 Reserv'd against that day;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
 Till their salvation come;
 We walk by faith as pilgrims here,
 Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 75. 6 lines 7's.

GLORY, glory to our King!
 Crowns unfading wreath his head;
 Let us all unite to sing,
 Jesus risen from the dead;

He is conqu'ror o'er the grave!
Mighty to redeem and save.

2 Now behold him high enthron'd,
Mercy beaming from his face;
By adoring angels own'd,
God of holiness and grace;
Oh, that all the world would sing
Glory, glory to our King!

3 Jesus, on thy people shine,
Warm our hearts, and tune our tongues;
May we with the bless'd combine,
Share their joy, and swell their songs;
Thee we gratefully adore,
Praise be thine for evermore!

ASCENSION.

HYMN 76. 7's.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Glorious to his native skies,
Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,
Enters now the gates of heav'n.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin;
Take the King of Glory in.

3 See the heav'n 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 our place,
Harbinger of human race.
- 5 What, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking thee above the skies.

HYMN 77. 6's and 8's.

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; again I say, Rejoice."

- 2 The mighty Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above.
Lift up, &c.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour giv'n.
Lift up, &c.

4

C
C

J

V

3 H

A

4 T

Je

CHR
H

- 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."

HYMN 78. 7's.

CROWNS of glory, ever bright,
 Rest upon the Victor's head,
 Crowns of glory are his right,
 His, who liveth and was dead.

Jesus fought and won the day,
 Such a day was never fought ;
 Well his people now may say,
 See what God, our God has wrought.

- 3 He subdued the pow'rs of hell,
 In the fight he stood alone ;
 All his foes before him fell,
 By his single arm o'erthrown.

- 4 They have fall'n, to rise no more ;
 Final is the foe's defeat ;
 Jesus triumph'd by his pow'r,
 And his triumph is complete.

HYMN 79. P. M.

CHRISt is gone up with a joyful sound,
 He is gone to his bright abode ;

The armies of heav'n they throng around,
To hail their ascended God.

- 2 He is gone to his glorious throne on high,
And to claim the victor's crown ;
And captive he leads captivity,
And the foe he has overthrown.
- 3 He is gone to pour, from the fount of love,
Rich gifts on a sinful race ;
To prepare a place for the saints above,
And to shed the Spirit's grace.
- 4 Christ is gone up with a joyful sound,
He is gone to his bright abode ;
With the seraphim pure, who his throne sur-
round,
Oh praise our ascended God.

HYMN 80. 8, 7, 4.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the "Man of Sorrows" now ;
From the fight return'd victorious,
Ev'ry 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 pow'r enthrone him,
While the vault of heav'n rings ;
Crown him, crown him ;
Crown the Saviour king of kings.

3 Sin
M

Sain
C

Spr

4 Har
H
Jesu
O

"Kin

COM
An
Thou
Who
Thy bl
Is com

2 Enable
The du
Anoint
With th
Keep &
Where

3 Sinners in derision crown'd 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."

WHITSUNDAY.

HYMN 81. 6 lines 8's.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire:
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart;
 Thy blessed unction from above,
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light,
 The dulness of our blinded sight;
 Anoint and cheer our soiled face,
 With the abundance of thy grace;
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home,
 Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
 And Thee of both to be but one ;
 That, through the ages all along,
 This still may be our endless song ;
 Praise to thy eternal merit,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

HYMN 82. C. M.

- S**PIRIT of Holiness, look down,
 Our fainting hearts to cheer ;
 Or when we tremble at thy frown,
 Oh ! bring thy comforts near.
- 2 The fear which thy convictions wrought,
 Oh let thy grace remove !
 And may the souls which thou hast taught
 To weep, now learn to love.
- 3 Complete the work thou hast begun,
 And make our darkness light ;
 That we a glorious race may run,
 Till faith be lost in sight.
- 4 Then as our wond'ring eyes discern,
 The Lord's unclouded face ;
 In fitter language we shall learn,
 To sing triumphant grace.

HYMN 83. C. M.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,

Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither mount nor go,
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise —
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit from above,
With thine all quick'ning pow'rs;
Come shed abroad thy Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 84. L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness — the road
Which 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,
To be with him for ever blest ;
Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there.

HYMN 85. 7's.

HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye ;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the pow'r of sin depart.

- 2 Light up ev'ry dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness ;
Shew us ev'ry 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 Other groundwork should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away ;
Make us feel that Christ alone,
Can for human guilt atone.
- 5 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heav'nly race ;
Train'd in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

HYMN 86. 8, 7.

COME, thou all inspiring spirit,
 Into ev'ry longing heart;
 Purchase of the Saviour's merit,
 Now thy strength to us impart.

2 Keep us from the world unspotted,
 From all earthly passions free;
 Wholly to thyself devoted,
 Fix'd to live and die for thee.

3 Wrestling on in mighty prayer
 Lord, we will not let thee go,
 Till we Israel's blessing share,
 And thy grace thou dost bestow.

4 Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
 Joy, and ardent love impart:
 Present, everlasting heaven,
 All thou hast, and all thou art.

HYMN 87. L. M.

SPIRIT of Mercy, Truth, and Love!
 Oh shed thy influence from above,
 And still from age to age convey,
 The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In ev'ry clime by ev'ry tongue,
 Be God's amazing glory sung,
 Let all the list'ning earth be taught,
 The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

- 3 Unfailing Comfort ! heav'nly Guide !
 Still o'er thy favour'd church preside :
 Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
 Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love !

HYMN 88. 7's.

HEAV'NLY Teacher from thy ways,
 Who can tell how oft he strays ?

Fill our souls with holy light,
 Guide, oh guide our steps aright.

- 2 Cleanse us from the guilt that lies,
 Wrapt within the heart's disguise ;
 Let us now by thee renew'd,
 Each presumptuous thought exclude.
- 3 Let our tongues from error free,
 Speak the words approv'd by thee ;
 To thy all-observing eyes,
 Let our thoughts accepted rise.
- 4 Whilst we thus thy name adore,
 And thy healing grace implore ;
 Blest Redeemer lend thine ear,
 God, our strength, propitious hear !

TRINITY SUNDAY.

HYMN 89. L. M.

FATHER of heav'n ! whose love profound,
 A ransom for our souls hath found :

- To thee, great God! the song we raise;
Thee, for thy pard'ning love, we praise.
- 2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
To thee, great God! the song we raise;
Thee, for thy saving grace we praise.
- 3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath,
The soul is rais'd from sin and death:
To thee, great God! the song we raise;
Thee, for thy quick'ning pow'r we praise.
- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son;
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
To thee our hearts, our songs we raise;
Thee only we adore and praise.

HYMN 90. 6's and 8's.

- T**O God the Father yield
Immortal praise and love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above;
He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins which man had done.
- 2 To God th' eternal Son,
Let praise immortal flow,
Who bought us with his blood,
Who saves from endless woe:
And now on high he lives and reigns,
And sees the fruits of all his pains.

- 3 To God the Holy Ghost,
 Immortal honours give,
 Whose new-creating pow'r,
 Can make the dead to live :
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Immortal praise to thee,
 O Father, Spirit, Son,
 The undivided Three,
 The great mysterious One :
 Where reason fails, with all her pow'rs,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

HYMN 91. 7's.

GLORY be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth, and man forgiv'n,
 Man the well-belov'd of heav'n.

- 2 Hail, by all thy works ador'd !
 Hail, the everlasting Lord !
 All thy glories we confess,
 Infinite and numberless.
- 3 Holy Spirit, thee we own ;
 Thee, O Christ, the only Son !
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending men.
- 4 Praise the name of God Most High ;
 Praise him, all below the sky ;

Praise him, all-ye heav'nly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 92. S. M.

FATHER, in whom we live,
 In whom we are and move,
 All glory, pow'r, and praise, receive,
 For thy creating love.

2 O thou incarnate Word,
 Let all thy ransom'd race
 Unite in thanks, with one accord,
 For thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness,
 Let all thy saints adore
 Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless
 Thy heart-renewing pow'r.

4 The grace on man bestow'd,
 Ye heav'nly choirs, proclaim,
 And cry, "Salvation to our God!
 Salvation to the Lamb."

BAPTISM.

HYMN 93. C. M.

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, with fervent pray'r,
 And yield them up to thee :
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine, —
 Thine let our offspring be.

HYMN 94. C. M.

- J**ESUS, we lift our souls to thee ;
 Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
 And let these little infants be
 Baptiz'd into thy death.
- 2 Oh ! let thine unction on them rest,
 Thy grace their souls renew ;
 And write within their tender breast,
 Thy name and nature too.
- 3 Lord, if thou lengthen out their race,
 Continue still thy care ;
 And, should'st thou quickly end their days,
 Their place with thee prepare.
- 4 Thy faithful servants let them prove,
 Begirt with truth divine ;
 And sharers in thy dying love,
 And followers of thine.
- 5 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
 That we thy life may prove

Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

HYMN 95. 7's.

PARDON'D through redeeming grace,
In thy blessed Son reveal'd ;
Worshipping before thy face,
Lord, to thee ourselves we yield.

2 Thou the sacrifice receive,
Humbly offer'd through thy Son ;
Quicken us in him to live,
Lord, in us thy will be done.

3 By the hallow'd, outward sign,
By the cleansing grace within,
Seal, and make us wholly thine,
Wash, and keep us pure from sin.

4 Call'd to bear the Christian name,
May our vows and life accord ;
And our ev'ry deed proclaim
Holiness unto the Lord.

L O R D ' S S U P P E R .

HYMN 96. L. M.

MY Saviour, is thy table spread ?
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes !
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood ;

- Thrice happy he who here partakes
This sacred stream, this heavenly food.
- 3 Oh, let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
May ev'ry soul salvation see,
Who here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd,
With hearts inflam'd let all attend!
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
Love, thankfulness, or profit end.
- 5 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
Bid all our drooping graces live;
More of that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN 97. C. M.

- A**CCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heav'n shall be;
Thy sacramental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God! my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

- 4 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me !
 Yes, while a pulse or breath remains
 Will I remember thee.
- 5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And thought and mem'ry flee,
 When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

HYMN 98. 6 lines 8's.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly,
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Saviour, we seek thy shelter here ;
 Weary and weak, thy grace we pray,
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

- 2 Long have we roam'd in want and pain,
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
 Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost.
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

HYMN 99. L. M.

TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
 When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betray'd him to his foes.

- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and bless'd and brake;
 What love through all his actions ran;
 What wond'rous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin,
 Receive and eat the living food;"
 Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;
 "'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
 In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
 Meet at my table, and record
 The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 100. 7's.

- B**READ of heav'n, on thee we feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed;
 Ever let our souls be fed
 With this true and living bread.
- 2 Wine of heav'n, thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice;
 Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
 To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
 Through the life of him who died;

Lord of life, O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

CONFIRMATION.

HYMN 101. L. M.

LOOK down, O Lord, and on our youth
Bestow thy gifts of heav'nly grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Find in each mind a fruitful place.

- 2 The cross that mark'd their infant brow,
May it a faithful emblem prove,
That they shall keep that sacred vow,
And walk as children of thy love.
- 3 Lord, teach them to remember thee,
Their great Creator, from their youth ;
Advancing to maturity,
In-years, in knowledge, grace, and truth.
- 4 Now in the strength of pow'r divine,
Oh ! may they all, with glad accord,
In holy covenant combine,
And join themselves to Christ the Lord.
- 5 Thy sons and daughters may they be,
Confirm'd and strengthen'd by thy grace ;
And safe through life preserv'd by thee ;
In heav'n behold thee, face to face.

HYMN 102. S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put 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 pow'r ;
Who in the strength of Jesus 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 armour of your God.

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your vict'ry won,
And stand complete at last.

HYMN 103. C. M.

WITNESS ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break :

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 need supply.

4 Lo

Ar

L E

No

2 'Tis

T

It o

E

3 The

D

For

I

4 May

T

And

T

H C

Who

Ar

- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
 And keep us in thy ways:
 And while we turn our vows to pray'rs,
 Turn thou our pray'rs to praise.

O R D I N A T I O N .

HYMN 104. C. M.

- L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
 And take th' alarm they give;
 Now let them from the mouth of God
 Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
 The pastor's care demands;
 It occupies the Saviour's heart;
 Employs th' angelic bands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
 Did heav'nly bliss forego,
 For souls which must for ever live
 In happiness or woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see;
 And watch thou daily for their souls,
 That they may watch for thee.

HYMN 105. S. M.

- H**OW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill,
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.

2 How blessed are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

3 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light ;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

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

HYMN 106. L. M.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest pray'r ;
We pray for those who plead for thee ;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 Clothe thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine :
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Dispel their fears, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the heav'nly seed ;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
And thy pure gospel to maintain.

4 Let list'ning multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,

In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy spirit's living pow'r.

- 5 Let sinners break their cruel chains,
And souls distress'd forget their pains ;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

HYMN 107. L. M.

O THOU! who art above all height!
Our God, our Father, and our Friend!
Beneath thy throne of love and light,
Let thine adoring children bend.

- 2 We kneel in praise, that here is set
A vine that by thy culture grew ;
We kneel in pray'r, that thou would'st wet
Its op'ning leaves with heav'nly dew.

- 3 Since this thy servart now hath giv'n
Himself, his pow'rs, his hopes, his youth,
To the great cause of truth and heav'n ;
Be thou his Guide, O God of truth!

- 4 Here may his doctrine drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe from the harvest, wait thy will.

- 5 And when he sinks in death, by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years opprest ;
Saviour! remember then our pray'r ;
And take his spirit to thy rest.

INDUCTION.

HYMN 108. L. M.

- W**E 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 ; watch, and keep
 His fold from error and from sin ;
 Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep ;
 The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a teacher sent by God,
 Charg'd his whole counsel to declare ;
 Feeding the church he bought with blood,
 While we uphold thy hands with pray'r.
- 4 Come as a messenger of peace,
 Fill'd with the Spirit, fir'd with love,
 Live to behold our large increase,
 And die to meet us all above.

L A Y I N G F I R S T S T O N E ,
 O R C O N S E C R A T I O N O F A C H U R C H .

HYMN 109. L. M.

- T**HIS stone to thee in faith we lay ;
 We build the temple, Lord, to thee ;
 Thine eye be open night and day,
 To guard this house and sanctuary.

- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear those in heav'n, thy dwelling-place,
 And, when thou hearest, oh ! forgive.
- 3 Here where thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed gospel of thy Son,
 Still by the pow'r of his great name,
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Thy glory never hence depart ;
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
 Thy kingdom come to ev'ry heart,
 In ev'ry bosom fix thy throne.

HYMN 110. 8 and 7.

PSALM lxxxvii.

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, the church is still thy dwelling,
 Still is precious in thy sight,
 Judah's temple far excelling,
 Beaming with the gospel light.
- 3 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake her sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 She can smile at all her foes.

- 4 Lo, the just of ev'ry nation,
 Though in distant climes they rove
 Still as citizens of Zion,
 Shall be register'd above.

S C H O O L S .

HYMN 111. L. M.

GREAT God, let children to thy throne
 Look up and trust in thee alone ;
 To thee our health, our lives belong :
 Oh ! may we learn thy truth while young.

2 Teach us the knowledge of thy Son ;
 He shews the road which we must run ;
 It is a thorny path, and yet,
 It will not hurt our tender feet.

3 Jesus and all his saints have trod,
 Unhurt, that narrow, rugged road ;
 And we, if Jesus be our guide,
 Shall have our ev'ry want supplied.

4 He dwells in heav'n and yet below,
 He sees and knows what children do ;
 And, when in his dear name they meet,
 He sits upon his mercy-seat.

5 Oh may his spirit now approve,
 This work of duty and of love !
 Oh may his spirit make us still
 Desire and learn to do his will.

HYMN 112. C. M.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
For 'tis his grace, though in the bud,
And shall to glory rise.

3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,
And make our virtue strong.

4 To thee, almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ our youngest breath ;
Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

HYMN 113. 7's.

GOD of mercy, thron'd on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat,
Hear, oh hear our feeble cry ;
Guide, oh guide our wand'ring feet.

- 2 Jesus, lover of the young,
 Cleanse us with thy blood divine;
 Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
 Save us, keep us, make us thine.
- 3 Let us ever hear thy voice,
 Ask thy counsel ev'ry day;
 Saints and angels will rejoice,
 If we walk in wisdom's way.
- 4 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
 Hope and love on ev'ry soul;
 Hope, till time shall be no more;
 Love, while endless ages roll.

HYMN 114. 7's.

GLORY to the Father give,
 God, in whom we move and live;
 Children's pray'rs he deigns to hear;
 Children's songs delight his ear.

- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
 Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King;
 Children, raise your sweetest strain
 To the Lamb, for he was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 He reclaims the sinner lost;
 Children's minds may he inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed Trinity,

For
 For

IN
 T
 An
 Sar

2 A
 "S
 He
 Fro

3 Th
 In
 Pro
 An

4 Spe
 Inc
 Thy
 Spe

5 An
 An
 To
 Tha

For the gospel from above,
For the word that " God is love."

HYMN 115. L. M.

- I**N Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke,
" Samuel ! " it call'd, and thrice it spoke.
He rose ; he ask'd, whence came the word ?
From Eli ? No : — it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early call'd to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod ;
Prophetic visions fir'd his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were bless'd.
- 4 Speak, Lord ! and from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways.
Thy wak'ning voice hath reach'd our ear ;
Speak, Lord, to us ! thy servants hear.
- 5 And ye who know the Saviour's love,
And richly all his mercies prove,
To us your friendly aid afford,
That we may early serve the Lord.

CHARITIES.

HYMN 116. C. M.

LORD, when our off'rings we present
 Before thy gracious throne,
 We but return what thou hast lent,
 And give thee of thine own.

2 Ourselves, our all, to thee we owe,
 To thee, for ever kind ;
 And, while we of thy gifts bestow,
 Give thou the willing mind.

3 The pow'r and willingness to give
 Alike proceed from thee ;
 Debtors we are, and, while we live,
 Debtors shall ever be.

4 O Lord ! our contributions bless,
 For their appointed end,
 And crown with happiest success
 The cause that we befriend.

HYMN 117. C. M.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
 All pow'ful from above,
 To form in our obedient souls
 The image of thy love.

2 Oh ! may our sympathizing breast,
 That gen'rous pleasure know,

Fre
 A

3 Wh
 I
 Sof
 A

4 So
 I
 An
 E

5 Sin
 O
 We
 S

OUR
 In
 Asser
 Ou

2 God
 Th
 The
 Th

3 May
 Li
 Suffe
 An

- Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief,
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
Enthron'd above the skies ;
And when he saw their lost estate,
Felt his compassion rise.
- 5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
On wings of mercy flew,
We, whom the Saviour thus hath lov'd,
Should love each other too.

HYMN 118. L. M.

- O**UR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In him our spirit shall rejoice ;
Assembled here with one accord,
Our hearts shall praise him with one voice.
- 2 God of our hope ! to thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress :
The husband of the widow, thou ;
The father of the fatherless.
- 3 May we the law of love fulfil ;
Lighten each other's burthens here,
Suffer, and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

- 4 Then grant our union here begun,
 May last for ever, firm and free ;
 Around thy throne may we be one :
 One with each other and with thee.

MISSIONARY .

HYMN 119. L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
 Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;
 And let the world adoring see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
 " I am Jehovah, God alone."
 Thy voice, their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.

- 3 Let Zion's time of favour come ;
 Oh ! bring the tribes of Israel home !
 And let our wond'ring eyes behold
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold.

- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
 In ev'ry clime, of ev'ry name,
 Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

HYMN 120. 7's and 6's.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strands,

Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands :
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile !
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Wait, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll ;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spread from pole to pole ;
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

HYMN 121. 8, 7, 4.

- O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace.
 Blessed Jubilee!
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary;
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 Let the morning chase the night;
 Chase the darkness
 From their long benighted eyes.
- 4 Fly abroad thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 So Immanuel's fair dominions
 Shall extend and still increase,
 Till the kingdoms
 Of the world are all his own.

HYMN 122. L. M.

PSALM cxvii.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;

Let
 Thr

2 Eter
 Eter
 Thy
 Till

CHE
 W
 Whi
 No r
 Oh!
 The

2 Chri
 Whi
 Uncl
 See r
 To h
 Whi

3 Chris
 In w
 Millie
 Uncl
 Oh!
 That

Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Praise God, &c.

HYMN 123. 6 lines 8's.

CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope ye know
Which soothes the heart in ev'ry woe ;
While heathen helpless, hopeless, lie, —
No ray of glory meets their eye :
Oh ! give to their desiring sight,
The hope that Jesus brought to light.

- 2 Christians, ye taste the heav'nly grace,
Which cheers believers in their race,
Uncheer'd by grace, through heathen gloom,
See millions hast'ning to the tomb :
To heathen lands that grace convey,
Which trains the soul for endless day.
- 3 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleans'd for God :
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleans'd from sin, expos'd to hell :
Oh ! strive that heathens soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you.

HYMN 124. L. M.

- O**H! send God's holy book where'er
 Or winds can waft, or waters bear;
 Let India's sons its page revere,
 Let Afric's land the blessing share.
- 2 Send it to ev'ry dungeon's gloom,
 Send it to ev'ry poor man's room;
 Nor cease the woe-worn to befriend,
 Nor cease the heav'nly gift to send.
- 3 May ev'ry suff'ring child of woe,
 Its truth believe, its comforts know;
 May ev'ry hand the treasure hold,
 And error's cloud away be roll'd.
- 4 O Holy Ghost! who gave the word,
 With thine own truth thy light afford,
 Give thou the quick'ning, saving pow'r,
 On all the earth thy blessings show'r.

HYMN 125. C. M.

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

3 TH

Ti

H

'Ti

Ye

Pu

2 Is

Do

S

Th

Su

3 Br

J

'Ti

H

Fat

Bri

O H

- 3 This lamp, thro' all the tedious night,
Of life shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light,
Of an eternal day.

HYMN 126. 8's and 7's.

HARK the solemn trumpet sounding,
Loud proclaims the jubilee ;
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
Grace to sinners rich and free ;
Ye who know the joyful sound,
Publish it to all around.

- 2 Is the name of Jesus precious ?
Does his love your spirits cheer ?
Do you find him kind and gracious,
Still removing doubt and fear ?
Think that what he is to you,
Such he'll be to others too.

- 3 Brethren join in supplication,
Join to plead before the Lord ;
'Tis his arm that brings salvation,
He alone can give the word :
Father, let thy kingdom come,
Bring the wand'ring outcasts home.

HYMN 127. L. M.

OH! if we know the joyful sound,
And have the only Saviour found,

- Shall we not then his saving name,
Throughout the earth to all proclaim ?
- 2 Allow'd of God, we hold in trust,
The gospel light, and it is just,
That we our utmost efforts use,
And far and wide this light diffuse.
- 3 All those who in this work preside,
Jesus, by thy good Spirit, guide,
Instruct, direct, control, sustain,
That they thy truth may still maintain.
- 4 While we send forth each little book,
In favour, Lord upon us look ;
Let each its message have from thee,
To bring some soul thy grace to see.
- 5 Send out thy light and truth O Lord !
Scatter thy saving truths abroad ;
In ev'ry land thy word be sown,
By ev'ry soul the Saviour known.

HYMN 128. L. M.

- G**REAT God of Abra'm, hear our pray'r ;
Let Abra'm's seed thy mercy share ;
Oh ! may they now at length return,
And look on him they pierc'd, and mourn.
- 2 Remember Jacob's flock of old ;
Bring home the wand'ers of thy fold ;
Remember too thy promis'd word,
"Israel at last shall seek the Lord."

- 3 Lord,
And v
The v
Which
- 4 Oh !
When
One h
And c

FOR
I w
Until
And

- 2 Until
As o
The la
Wit

- 3 The G
And
Appoin
A no

- 4 The L
And
The di
The

- 3 Lord, put thy law within their hearts.
 And write it in their inward parts :
 The veil of darkness rend in two,
 Which hides Messiah from their view.
- 4 Oh ! haste the day, foretold so long,
 When Jew and Greek, (a glorious throng)
 One house shall seek, one pray'r shall pour
 And one Redeemer shall adore.

HYMN 129. C. M.

FOR Zion's sake I will not rest,
 I will not hold my peace ;
 Until Jerusalem be blest,
 And Judah dwell at ease.

- 2 Until her righteousness return,
 As day-break after night ;
 The lamp of her salvation burn
 With everlasting light.
- 3 The Gentiles shall her glory see,
 And kings declare her fame ;
 Appointed unto her shall be
 A new and holy name.
- 4 The Lord upholds her with his hand,
 And claims her for his own ;
 The diadem of Judah's land,
 The glory of his crown.

VISITATION.

HYMN 130. L. M.

- P**OUR out thy Spirit from on high :
 Lord, thine assembled servants bless :
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple when we stand,
 To teach the truth, as taught by thee,
 Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
 The angels of the churches be.
- 3 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.
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
 By day and night on guard to keep,
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 5 Then when our work is finished here,
 Let us, in hope, our charge resign,
 When the good Shepherd shall appear,
 That they and we may all be thine.

PUBLIC FAST.

HYMN 131. C. M.

ALmighty God, before thy throne,
 Thy mourning people bend ;

'Tis
 C

2 Tre
 T
 Yet
 A

3 Oh !
 B
 The
 A

4 Ther
 W
 Secu
 If

DR
 H
 Hear
 No

2 Lo !
 H
 Hear
 He

3 Thou
 Lo
 Thou
 Jer

- 'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Oh! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy all pow'rful grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
- 4 Then, should disease or foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

HYMN 132. 8's 7's.

- D**READ Jehovah, God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliv'rance rise.
- 2 Lo! with deep con'trition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend,
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesu's blood can cleanse them all.

- 4 Let that love veil our transgression ;
 Let that blood our guilt efface ;
 Save thy people from oppression ;
 Save from spoil thy holy place.

HYMN 133. C. M.

LORD, look on all assembled here,
 Who in thy presence stand,
 To offer up united pray'r
 For this our sinful land.

- 2 But should the dread decree be pass'd,
 And we must feel thy rod,
 May stedfast faith still hold us fast
 To our offended God:

- 3 Whatever be our destin'd case,
 Accept us in thy Son ;
 Give us thy gospel and thy grace,
 And then thy will be done.

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

HYMN 134. 8's 7's.

LORD of heav'n and earth and ocean,
 Hear us from thy bright abode,
 While our hearts with deep devotion,
 Own their great and gracious God ;
 Now with joy we come before thee,
 Seek thy face, thy mercies sing ;
 Lord of life and light and glory,
 Guard thy church, and guide our Queen.

2 Hea
 A
 Com
 H
 You
 TH
 Lord
 Sh

SOV
 Th
 By w
 Th

2 Stir u
 An
 Ever
 An

3 Guar
 Th
 From
 Fr

4 Let a
 Th
 Hono
 An

5 Her p
 Wi
 Make
 An

- 2 Health and ev'ry needful blessing
 Are thy bounteous gifts alone ;
 Comforts undeserv'd possessing,
 Here we bend before thy throne ;
 Young and old do now before thee
 Their united tribute bring ;
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,
 Shield our land, and save our Queen.

A C C E S S I O N .

HYMN 135. C. M.

- S**OV'REIGN of all, whose will ordains
 The pow'rs on earth that be,
 By whom our rightful monarch reigns,
 The minister to thee :
- 2 Stir up thy pow'r, appear, appear,
 And give thy servant grace,
 Ever to seek thy glory here,
 And walk in all thy ways.
- 3 Guard her from all that dare oppose
 Thy delegate and thee,
 From open and from secret foes,
 From force and perfidy.
- 4 Let all for conscience' sake revere
 Th' appointment of thy hand ;
 Honour and love thine image here,
 And yield to her command.
- 5 Her people, bound in unity,
 With ev'ry mercy bless :
 Make us a nation fearing thee,
 And working righteousness.

THE SEASONS.

HYMN 136. L. M.

- L**ORD, in thy presence we appear
 To celebrate the op'ning year ;
 Thy name we praise, while we confess
 Thy sparing goodness and thy grace.
- 2 Encircled with thy mercies, Lord,
 And favour'd with thy gospel-word,
 What songs of praises shall we sing
 To thee, our Father, God, and King ?
- 3 Lord ! with new days our strength renew ;
 'Tis thine own promise, kind and true ;
 Oh, let new hearts, new lives be giv'n,
 Give us thyself, and Christ, and heav'n.
- 4 We bless thy name with all our pow'rs,
 For all thy gifts to us and ours ;
 To thee we look, on thee depend,
 For all we need till time shall end.
- 5 And when the year of life is o'er,
 Reveal thy grace, thy love, thy pow'r ;
 Thy great salvation let us see,
 And close our years and lives with thee.

HYMN 137. 7's.

- B**LESS, O Lord, the op'ning year
 To the souls assembled here ;
 Clothe thy word with pow'r divine ;
 Make us willing to be thine.

2 Sh
 Te
 Le
 Se

3 W
 Gi
 Sc
 W

4 Bl
 Ca
 Le
 All

E
 W
 To

2 W
 Th
 Th
 Th

3 Th
 Th
 He
 An

4 Sea
 De

- 2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the harden'd soul to weep ;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See their sins and look on thee.
- 3 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 4 Bless us all, both old and young,
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue :
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy mercy, pow'r, and love.

HYMN 138. L. M.

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy,
Praise shall our hearts and lips employ
While in thy temple we appear,
To bless thee, Sov'reign of the year.

- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;
The day is taught by thee to rise,
The night by thee to veil the skies.
- 3 The clouds, dispos'd at thy command,
Their fatness drop through ev'ry land.
Her various produce nature yields,
And plenty smiles o'er all her fields.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise

Oh ! be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.

- 5 Here in thy house let incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Till to those glorious realms we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 139. C. M.

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 mark'd 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
Matur'd 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.

M
Thy
A

2 Stil
E
Bel
I

3 Cas
V
An
V

4 Let
S
An
T

T
F
Sm
Ye
Th
An
(T
Th

HYMN 140. C. M.

PSALM lxxi.

MY God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon thy truth ;
 Thy hands have held my childhood up,
 And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
 Repeated ev'ry year ;
 Behold, my days that yet remain,
 I trust them to thy care.

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

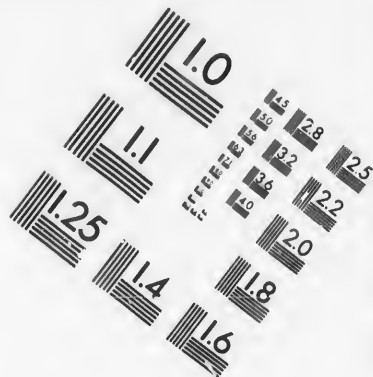
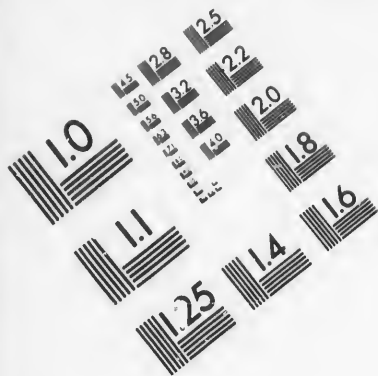
4 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim,
 Supported still by thee,
 And leave a savour of thy name
 To those who follow me.

HYMN 141. 8 lines 7's.

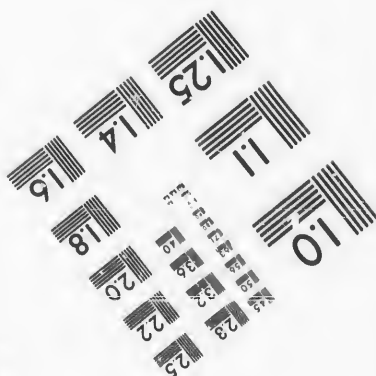
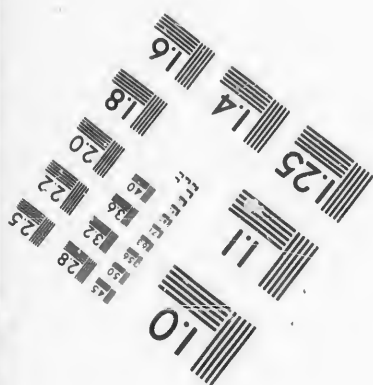
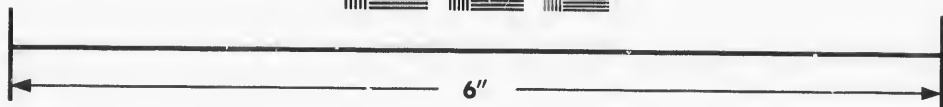
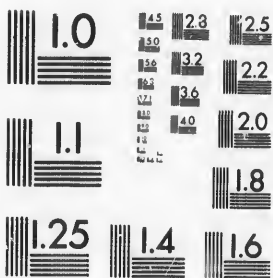
TIME by moments steals away,
 First the hour and then the day ;
 Small the daily loss appears,
 Yet it soon amounts to years.
 Thus another year is flown,
 And is now no more our own,
 (Though it brought or promis'd good,)
 Than the years beyond the flood.







**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

1.5 2.8
1.8 3.2
2.2 3.6
2.5 4.0
3.0 4.5
3.6 5.0
4.5 5.6
5.6 6.3
6.3 7.1
7.1 8.0
8.0 9.0
9.0 10.0
10.0 11.2
11.2 12.5
12.5 14.0
14.0 16.0
16.0 18.0
18.0 20.0
20.0 22.5
22.5 25.0
25.0 28.0
28.0 31.5
31.5 36.0
36.0 40.0
40.0 45.0
45.0 50.0
50.0 56.0
56.0 63.0
63.0 71.0
71.0 80.0
80.0 90.0
90.0 100.0
100.0 112.0
112.0 125.0
125.0 140.0
140.0 160.0
160.0 180.0
180.0 200.0
200.0 225.0
225.0 250.0
250.0 280.0
280.0 315.0
315.0 360.0
360.0 400.0
400.0 450.0
450.0 500.0
500.0 560.0
560.0 630.0
630.0 710.0
710.0 800.0
800.0 900.0
900.0 1000.0

10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

- 2 But each year, let none forget,
 Finds and leaves us deep in debt;
 Favours from the Lord receiv'd,
 Sins that have the Spirit griev'd,
 Marked by God's unerring hand,
 In his book recorded stand;
 Who can tell the vast amount
 Plac'd above to our account?
- 3 We have nothing, Lord, to pay;
 Take, oh take our guilt away;
 Self-condemn'd, on thee we call,
 Freely, Lord, forgive us all.
 If we see another year,
 May we spend it in thy fear;
 All its days devote to thee,
 Living for eternity.

FUNERALS.

HYMN 142. C. M.

- W**HY 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?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all the saints he bless'd,
 And soften'd ev'ry bed;

Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head ?

- 4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

HYMN 143. C. M.

PSALM xc.

O 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 receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an ev'ning 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 op'ning day.

HYMN 144. P. M.

THOU art gone to the grave ; but we will
 not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass
 the tomb ;

The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals
 before thee,

And the lamp of his love was thy guide
 through the gloom.

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer be-
 hold thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by
 thy side ;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-
 fold thee,

And sinners may hope, since the Saviour
 hath died.

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion
 forsaking,

Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd
 long ;

But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on
 thy waking,

And the sound which thou heard'st was the
 seraphim's song.

4 Tho

S

He

W

T

In

2 O

TH

3 O

TH

4 W

TH

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave ; but 'twere wrong
to deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
thy guide ;
He gave thee, he took thee, he soon will re-
store thee,
Where death has no sting since the Saviour
has died.

HYMN 145. L. M.

- T**HE pastor's voice we lov'd to hear,
But often heard, alas, in vain,
In hallow'd words of praise and pray'r,
Will never bless our ear again !
- 2 Oh, let us dwell with solemn thought
On all the words of truth he gave ;
The lesson to the heart is brought,
When sorrow muses o'er the grave.
- 3 Oh ! Saviour, from thy holy hill
Regard our wants, and hear our cry ;
Thou art our Guide and Shepherd still,
Though earthly pastors fall and die.
- 4 When thou didst bid thy flock farewell,
Thy love could make their sorrows cease ;
The Spirit came, with them to dwell ;
Thy messenger of truth and peace.

DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

HYMN 146. C. M.

THREE we adore, eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we !

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase,
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb ;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

3 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
 To walk this dang'rous road ;
 And if our souls be hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

HYMN 147. L. M.

“**W**E'VE no abiding city here :”
 Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 “ We seek a city yet to come.”

2 “ We've no abiding city here ;”
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;

Let not this world our rest appear ;
But let us haste from all below.

3 " We've no abiding city here ;"
We seek a city out of sight ;
Zion its name : " The Lord is there ;"
It shines with everlasting light.

4 Oh ! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest ;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

5 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine,
The time my God appoints is best ;
While here, to do his will be mine ;
And his to fix my time of rest.

HYMN 148. 8's and 6's.

O GOD, thy saving grace impart,
And deeply on each thoughtful heart,
Eternal things impress ;
Give us to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble at our guilty state,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Be this our one great object here,
With godly jealousy and fear,
To make our calling sure,
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

- 3 Then, gracious Lord, our souls receive,
Transported from this world, to live
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is lost in perfect sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

HYMN 149. S. M.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
Oh ! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Awaken, by thy mighty pow'r,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care ;
Be that one thing pursued ;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

HYMN 150. L. M.

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene.

- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
And faith, rekindling all its pow'r,
Lights up the languor of his breast.
- 3 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?
- 4 O Lord! that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, thy face to see,
Impress thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with thee.

HYMN 151. L. M.

- T**HE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heav'n and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heav'ns together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
- 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heav'n and earth shall pass away.

HYMN 152. 8, 7, 4.

DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpets' 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,
Cloth'd in majesty divine !
Ye who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, " This God is mine ;"
Gracious Saviour,
Own us in that day for thine.
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken,
From his face prepare to flee :
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 But to those who have confess'd,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow !
You, for ever,
Shall my love and glory know."

HYMN 153. 8, 7, 4.

LO ! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.

- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful-majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Now redemption, 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 !
- 4 Yea, amen ; let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne :
 Saviour, take the power and glory ;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own.
 Oh ! come quickly ;
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come.

HYMN 154. P. M.

- G**REAT God ! what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated :
 The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before ;
 Prepare my soul to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding :

No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepar'd to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing ;
The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet him.

4 Great God ! what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated :
Beneath his cross I view the day,
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

CHRISTIAN LIFE, DUTIES,
AND PRIVILEGES.

HYMN 155. L. M.

A WAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True ! 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;

But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

- 3 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.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode,
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor linger on the heav'nly road.

HYMN 156. C. M.

ARISE my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
The meed a glorious crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Ho'd thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And urge thine onward 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.
- 4 Then on, with sacred ardor fir'd,
The glorious end pursue!
To meet with joy the glad command,
To bid this world adieu!

HYMN 157. S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil —
 O may it all my pow'rs engage,
 To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care
 As in thy sight to live;
 And O! thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give;

4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely;
 Assur'd if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

HYMN 158. 7's.

LAMB of God, who thee receive,
 And in thee begin to live,
 Day and night will cry to thee,
 "As thou art, so let us be."

2 Fix, oh! fix each wav'ring mind;
 To thy sway our spirits bind;
 Earthly passions far remove;
 Fill our hearts with fervent love.

- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 May we in thy name believe,
Of thy fulness now receive,
Die to sin and live to thee;
Then we shall indeed be free.
- 5 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man,
Endless praise to thee be giv'n,
By thy saints in earth and heav'n.

HYMN 159. C. M.

AS by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

- 2 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
'Tis grace indeed, that thou should'st own,
A worthless worm like me.

HYMN 160. L. M.

PSALM xxxii.

BLESS'D is the man, for ever bless'd,
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
 And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Bless'd is the man, to whom the Lord
 Imputes not his iniquities;
 He pleads no merit of reward,
 And not on works but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
 His humble joy, his holy fear,
 With deep repentance well agree,
 And join to prove his faith sincere.

3 How glorious is that righteousness,
 That hides and cancels all his sins!
 While a bright evidence of grace,
 Through his whole life appears and shines.

HYMN 161. L. M.

PSALM cxxxix.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me
 through;

Thine eye commands with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.

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 op'ning lips they break.

- 3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
At home, abroad, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there !

HYMN 162. L. M.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
That men may see our virtues shine,
And own the doctrine is divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honour of our Saviour God,
While the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Thy promise bears our spirit up
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 163. L. M.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord! I go,
 My daily labour to pursue;
 Thee, only thee, resolv'd to know,
 In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom has assign'd,
 Oh! let me cheerfully fulfil;
 In all thy works thy presence find,
 And prove thine own accepted 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 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
 And ev'ry moment watch and pray,
 And still to things eternal look,
 And hasten to thy glorious day;

5 For thee delightfully employ
 Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath giv'n;
 And run my course with even joy,
 And closely walk with thee to heav'n.

HYMN 164. 8, 7, 4.

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrims through this barren land:
 We are weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold us with thy pow'rful hand.
 Lord of glory!
 Feed us with the bread of life.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead us all our journey through !
 Strong Deliv'rer !
 Be thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid our anxious fears subside ;
 Bear us through the swelling currents ;
 Land us safe on Canaan's side.
 There for ever
 Ceaseless hymns of praise to sing.

HYMN 165. C. M.

INSPIRE my soul with holy zeal,
 Great God, my love inflame ;
 Religion without zeal and love,
 Is but an empty name.

- 2 If duty call, and suff'ring too,
 My Lord, I'd follow thee ;
 As thou hast done, so would I do,
 As thou art, would I be.
- 3 With zeal inflam'd 'twas thy delight,
 To do thy Father's will ;
 May the same zeal my soul excite,
 Thy precepts to fulfil.
- 4 Enlarge my heart by sov'reign grace,
 To run the heav'nly road,

With willing mind thy steps to trace,
And climb to thine abode.

HYMN 166. C. M.

NOW that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates beleaguer'd by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend,
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favour end.

HYMN 167. C. M.

WHOM have we, Lord, in heav'n but thee,
And whom on earth beside?
Where else for succour can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide?

2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promis'd bliss above;

Ne'er may our souls an object know,
So precious as thy love.

- 3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer,
Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.
- 4 Yes, thou shalt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply,
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,
And welcome us on high.

HYMN 168. 7's.

OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war and face the foe;
Tremble not in danger's hour,
Trusting in your Captain's power.

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heav'nly armour clad;
In your very weakness strong,
Fight, nor think the battle long.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall ev'ry tear be dry;
Onward still in battle move,
More than conqu'rors shall ye prove.

HYMN 169. L. M.

BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand :
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart,
 O Lord ! to choose the better part ;
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys that none can take away.

3 Then should the wildest storms arise,
 And tempests mingle seas and skies,
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand wor'ds in thee.

HYMN 170. C. M.

THOU boundless source of ev'ry good,
 Our best desires fulfil ;
 And help us to adore thy grace,
 And mark thy sov'reign will.

2 In all thy mercies may our souls
 Thy bounteous goodness see ;
 Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts
 Estrange our hearts from thee.

- 3 In ev'ry changing scene of life,
 Whate'er that scene may be,
 Give us a meek and humble heart,
 A mind at peace with thee.
- 4 Do thou direct our steps aright;
 Help us thy name to fear;
 And give us grace to watch and pray,
 And strength to persevere.

HYMN 171. 7's.

- J**ESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
 Pow'rful is thine arm to keep
 All thy flocks with safest care,
 Fed in pastures large and fair.
- 2 Thee their Guide and Guard they own;
 Thee they love, and thee alone;
 Thee they follow day by day,
 Fearful lest their feet should stray.
- 3 Lord thy helpless sheep behold;
 Gather all into thy fold:
 Gently lead the wand'ers home,
 Watch them, lest again they roam.
- 4 Bring thy sheep, now far astray,
 Lost in Satan's evil way;
 Then (the fold and Shepherd one,)
 We shall praise thee round the throne.

HYMN 172. L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be
 A mortal man asham'd of thee;
 Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Asham'd 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 Asham'd 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 oh may this my glory be,
 That He is not asham'd of me!

HYMN 173. C. M.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Pow'r,
 Be my vain wishes still'd:
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
 To thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
 That mercy I adore.

- 3 In each event of life how clear,
 Thy ruling hand I see ;
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
 In ev'ry pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in pray'r.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gath'ring storm shall see ;
 My stedfast heart shall know no fear,
 That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 174. 7's.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing :
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Foes are round us, but we stand
 On the borders of our land,

Jesus, God's exalted Son ;
Bids us, undismay'd go on.

4 Le' us sing; for, safe and bless'd,
We with Jesus soon shall rest ;
There our home is now prepar'd ;
There our kingdom and reward.

5 Onward then we'll gladly press,
Through this earthly wilderness ;
Only, Lord, our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 175. 7's.

GREAT the joy when Christians meet ;
Christian fellowship how sweet !
When (their theme of praise the same,)
They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move ;
He beheld the world undone,
Lov'd 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,
Liv'd and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too, the Spirit's love ;
With our stubborn hearts he strove ;
Chas'd the mists of sin away,
Turn'd our night to glorious day.

5 C
V
V
V

J
N

P

Y

2 L

H

A

F

3 S

J

T

T

- 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet ;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

HYMN 176. Double 8, 7.

- J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee !
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shall be :
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heav'n are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me ;
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue ;
And whilst thou shall smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
Shew thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Soul, then know 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 that Jesus died to save thee :
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

HYMN 177. C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.

2 Here, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God!

3 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of life divine,
 And (all harmonious names in one,)
 My Saviour, thou art mine!

4 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
 A boundless, endless store,
 Shall echo through the realms above,
 When time shall be no more.

HYMN 178. C. M.

JESUS, exalted far on high;
 To whom a name is given;
 A name surpassing ev'ry name,
 That's known in earth and heav'n;

2 Jesus who in the form of God,
 Didst equal honour claim;
 Yet to redeem our guilty souls,
 Didst stoop to death and shame;

- 3 Oh ! may that mind in us be form'd,
Which shone so bright in thee ;
A humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.
- 4 May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love ;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

HYMN 179. C. M.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear,
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our willing feet,
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 When join'd to that harmonious throng,
That fills the choirs above,
Then shall we raise our nobiest song,
And ev'ry note be love.

HYMN 180. S. M.

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 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

HYMN 181. 8, 7, 4.

BRETHREN, let us walk together,
In the bonds of love and peace ;
Can it be a question whether
Brethren should from conflict cease ?
'Tis in union,
Hope, and joy, and love increase.

2 While we journey homeward, let us
Help each other on the road ;

3

A F F

'T

H

S

2 T

H

I

T

3 T

T

T

L

4 D

N

M

I

Foes on every side beset us,
 Snares through all the way are strew'd ;
 It behoves us
 Each to bear a brother's load.

- 3 When we think how much our Father
 Has forgiv'n, and does forgive,
 Brethren, we should learn, the rather,
 Free from wrath and strife to live ;
 Far removing
 All that might offend or grieve.

AFFLICTION AND RESIGNATION.

HYMN 182. 7's.

TIS my happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss.

2 Trials must and will befall,
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to pray'r ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low and keep me there.

4 Did I meet no trials here,
 No correction by the way,
 Might I not with reason fear,
 I should prove a cast-away ?

HYMN 183. C. M.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
 Where wave succeeds to wave ;
 Though o'er my head the billows roll,
 I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys,
 Can yet restore my peace ;
 And he who bids the tempest roar,
 Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night,
 I'll count his mercies o'er ;
 I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
 And humbly beg for more.

4 There will I rest and build my hopes,
 Nor murmur at his rod ;
 He's more than all the world to me,
 My Saviour and my God.

HYMN 184. 6 lines 8's.

WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On Him I lean who not in vain
 Experienc'd ev'ry human pain ;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 When aught shall tempt my soul to stray
 From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,

To
O
M
St

W
A
St
Th
Sh
Th

4 An
Th
St
My
Th
An

J
I
W

Hi
7
Saf
C

2 Oth
I
Lea
S

To shun the precept's holy light,
 Or quit my hold on Jesu's might,
 May He, who felt temptation's pow'r, :
 Still guard me in that dang'rous hour.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And sore dismay'd my spirit dies ;
 Still He who once vouchsaf'd to bear
 The sick'ning anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

- 4 And oh ! when I have safely past
 Through ev'ry conflict but the last,
 Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
 My dying bed, for thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 185. 8 lines 7's.

JESU, refuge of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is nigh :
 Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
 Till the storm of life be past :
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh receive my soul at last !

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
 Leave, oh ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :

All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from thee I bring :
 Cover my defenceless head,
 With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 186. C. M.

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

- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
 For thou art good and wise ;
 Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,
 And not a murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can chee. the darksome gloom,
 And bid me wait serene,
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
 And brighten all the scene.
- 4 " My Father," — oh ! permit my heart
 To plead its humble claim,

AFFLICTION AND RESIGNATION. 221.

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

HYMN 187. C. M.

SURE 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 ev'ry pain I feel.

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

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

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

HYMN 188. 8, 7, 4.

WHY those fears ? Behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship !

- Spread the sails, and catch the breezes,
 Sent to waft us through the deep,
 To the regions
 Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Led by Christ, we brave the ocean ;
 Led by Him, the storm defy ;
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh :
 Waves obey him,
 And the storms before him fly.
- 3 Render'd safe by his protection,
 We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;
 Trusting to his wise direction,
 We shall gain the port at last ;
 And with wonder,
 Think on toils and dangers past.
- 4 Oh what pleasures there await us !
 There the tempests cease to roar ;
 There it is that those who hate us
 Shall molest our peace no more ;
 Trouble ceases
 On that tranquil, happy shore.

HYMN 189. C. M.

- O** THOU from whom all goodness flows !
 I lift my soul to thee,
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Jesus remember me.
- 2 When on my aching, burden'd heart
 My sins lie heavily,

- Thy pardon grant; new peace impart,
In love remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh! let my strength be as my day,
For good remember me.
- 4 If for thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.
- 5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the pray'r of my last breath,
O Lord remember me.

HYMN 190. C. M.

- F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let 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.

HYMN 191. C. M.

OH! for a faith that will not shrink
 Though press'd by many a foe;
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of poverty or woe;—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod;
 But in the hour of grief or pain,
 Can lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last spark is fled,
 And with a pure and heav'nly ray
 Lights up a dying bed.

4 Lord give me such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 I'll taste e'en here the hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

HYMN 192. C. M.

OLORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears,
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?

AFFLICTION AND RESIGNATION. 225

- 3 No; let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

HYMN 193. 7's.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.

- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

HYMN 194. C. M.

IN trouble, and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
And joy hath budded from each thorn,
That round my footsteps lay.

2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosp'rous days refus'd,
As herbs, tho' scentless when entire,
Perfume the air when bruis'd.

3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driv'n,
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fix'd my heart in heav'n.

4 All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot
At other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

HYMN 195. C. M.

OH! 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 resign'd, submissive, meek,
My gracious Saviour's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak
Where Jesus reigns alone;—

3 A H
H

Wh
H

4 A H
A

Per
A

W
Yet
But

2 Res
Pra
And
The

3 Hav
Wo
And
Wit

4 We
To
Our
"H

PRAYER.

- 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 ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

P R A Y E R .

HYMN 196. L. M.

- W**HAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight :
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright,
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
 - 3 Have we no words ? Ah ! think again :
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.
 - 4 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplications sent,
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

HYMN 197. S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace !
 The promise calls me near ;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer pray'r.

2 Beyond our utmost wants
 His love and pow'r can bless ;
 To praying souls he always grants
 More than they can express.

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy presence and thy love ;
 I ask to serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.

4 Teach me to live by faith,
 Conform my will to thine ;
 Let me victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine.

HYMN 198. L. M.

FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
 From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
 There is as calm, a sure retreat ;
 'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads—
 A place of all on earth most sweet ;
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 Th
 W
 Th
 Ar

4 Th
 An
 An
 An

L O
 Th
 V
 We
 O
 And
 L

2 Giv
 O
 A st
 T
 Fait
 T
 To c
 O

3 Patie
 T

- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend :
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

HYMN 199. D. C. M.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With rev'rence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must, draw near :
We perish if we cease from prayer ;
Oh grant us power to pray !
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

- 2 Give deep humility, — the sense
Of Godly sorrow give, —
A strong desiring confidence
To see thy face and live, --
Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone, —
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ — on Christ alone.
- 3 Patience to watch and wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay, —

Courage our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust thee though thou slay ; —
 Give these, and then thy will be done ;
 Thus strengthen'd with all might,
 We, by thy Spirit through thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

HYMN 200. L. M.

WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
 The house of God, not made with hands,
 A great High Priest our nature wears,
 The guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,
 And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
 Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
 The Saviour and the friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
 He bend's on earth a brother's eye ;
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
 The man of sorrows had a part ;
 He sympathizes with our grief,
 And to the suff'rer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
 Let us make all our sorrows known ;
 And ask the aid of heav'nly pow'r,
 To help us in the evil hour.

J
 In
 M

2 Sa
 Br
 Co
 Li
 3 Ma
 Ma
 Me
 Pa

C
 Th
 An

2 Op
 Oh
 Div
 Wil

3 Her
 To
 Par
 How

HYMN 201. 7's.

JESUS, we thy promise claim,
 We are gather'd in thy name;
 In the midst do thou appear,
 Manifest thy presence here.

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
 Come, and dwell within each heart,
 Light, and life, and joy impart.

3 Make us all in thee complete,
 Make us all for glory meet;
 Meet t' appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light.

HYMN 202. L. M.

COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
 The Saviour offers heav'nly rest;
 The kind, the gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
 Oh! 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 hearts,
The hopes thy gracious word imparts;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy pow'ful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

HYMN 203. Double 8, 7.

- L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come and all thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
- 2 Help us in thy great compassion,
O thou Prince of peace and love,
Show us all thy great salvation,
Raise our hearts to things above
By thine all sufficient merit
Ev'ry burden'd soul release;
By the influence of thy spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

T
A
T
T
D
A
T
2 S
T
A
R
W
A
C
A
3 W
M
W
A
In
A
F
“

P R A I S E .

HYMN 204. D. L. M.

PSALM xix.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What, though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
 What, though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice
 And utter forth a glorious voice:
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 205. C. M.

I SING th' Almighty pow'r of God
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 There's not a plant nor flow'r below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

4 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye:
How can I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

HYMN 206. L. M.

PSALM c.

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 sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

- 3 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 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.

HYMN 207. C. M.

THERE is a Book, who runs may read,
 Which heav'nly truth imparts ;
 And all the lore its scholars need
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

- 2 The works of God above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book to show
 How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Maker's love,
 Wherewith encompass'd great and small
 In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heav'n is like thy grace,
 It steals in silence down,
 But where it lights, the favour'd place
 By richest fruits is known.
- 5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
 Thy boundless power display ;

But in the gentle breeze we find
Thy spirit's viewless way.

- 6 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love, this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee ev'rywhere.

HYMN 208. 7's.

LORD of earth ! thy bounteous hand,
Well this glorious frame hath plann'd ;
Woods that wave, and hills that tow'r,
Ocean rolling in its pow'r ;
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me ?
" Whom have I on earth but thee ? "

- 2 Lord of heav'n ! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light ;
There immortal music rings
From ten thousand seraph strings ;
O that scene is passing fair !
Yet, should'st thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me ?
" Whom have I in heav'n but thee ? "

- 3 Lord of earth and heav'n ! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest ;
Source of ev'ry joy I know,
Solace of my ev'ry woe !

C
O
W
"

L
Fo
Ev
2 He
Fi
Fo
Ev
3 All
Hi
Fo
Ev
4 He
In
Fo
Ev
5 He
Lec
For
Eve

O! should once thy smile divine
 Cease upon my soul to shine,
 What were earth or heav'n to me ?
 " Whom have I in each but thee ? "

HYMN 209. 7's.

PSALM cxxxvi.

- L**ET 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,
 Fill'd 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 his chosen race did bless
 In the wasteful wilderness ;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath with a piteous eye
 Look'd upon our misery :
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

HYMN 210. 7's.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heav'n 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 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

- 4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

HYMN 211. C. M.

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

2 T

A

8 B

W

4 A

A

5 O

W

J E

H

T H

2 L o

T h

3 M a

M

- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
 Their motions speak thy skill ;
 And, on the wings of ev'ry hour,
 We read thy patience still.
- 3 But, Father, in thy great design,
 To save rebellious worms,
 We see both truth and mercy shine,
 In their divinest forms.
- 4 And thus the glories of the Lamb
 Fill heav'n and earth with praise ;
 Archangels learn Immanuel's name,
 And celebrate his grace.
- 5 Oh ! may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song ;
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

HYMN 212. C. M.

- J**EHOVAH, Lord of power and might,
 How glorious is thy name !
 The blaze of day, the pomp of night,
 Thy majesty proclaim.
- 2 Lord what is man — weak, sinful man —
 That he thy care should prove ;
 That thou for him should'st deign to plan
 Such mighty acts of love !
- 3 Made in thy image at his birth,
 Next to the heav'nly host,

And sov'reign of the new-form'd earth,
Each privilege he lost.

- 4 Then did the pitying Saviour leave
The glories of the sky, —
(O love too wondrous to conceive !)
For sinful man to die, —
- 5 To die, that we, by grace restor'd,
Might life and glory claim :
O great Creator, Saviour, Lord,
How excellent thy name !

HYMN 13. 7's.

- S**OV'REIGN Ruler of the skies !
Ever gracious, ever wise !
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 Thou didst form me in the womb,
Thou wilt guide me to the tomb :
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by thy wise decree :
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health ;
Times of penury and wealth ;
Times of trial and of grief ;
Times of triumph and relief ;
- 4 Times temptation's pow'r to prove ;
Times to taste a Saviour's love ;
All is fix'd — the means and end,
As shall please my Heav'nly Friend.

HYMN 214. C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his vast designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head:

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence,
 He hides a smiling face.

HYMN 215. 6 lines 8's.

PSALM xxiii.

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 noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,

In fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amidst the verdant landscape flow.

- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast 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 awful shade.

HYMN 216. C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul,
 Thy tender care bestow'd ;
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 3 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran ;
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 4 Through ev'ry period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

- 5 Through all eternity to thee,
 A joyful song I'll raise ; -
 But oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 217. C. M.

FATHER of mercies, let our songs
 With thee acceptance find :
 Thy loving-kindness we confess,
 To us and all mankind.

- 2 Thanks for creation are thy due,
 For life preserv'd by thee,
 And all the blessings life affords,
 So great, and yet so free ;
- 3 Thanks for redemption, above all,
 To us in Jesus giv'n ;
 Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
 And for the hope of heav'n.
- 4 Oh ! let a sense of this thy grace,
 Our best affections move,
 That while our lips thy praise proclaim,
 Our hearts may feel thy love.

HYMN 218. C. M.

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
 Which daily I receive
 From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
 My soul what canst thou give ?

- 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
 What can I bring him forth?
 My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
 My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
 For all he has bestow'd,
 Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
 And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,
 So wretched and so poor,
 Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
 And ask him still for more.

HYMN 219. 7's.

- G**RATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
 While Jehovah's praise we sing;
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
 Be thy glorious name ador'd.
- 2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
 Still our hallelujahs hear:
 Purer praise we hope to bring,
 When with saints above we sing.
- 3 Lead us to that blissful state,
 Where thou reign'st supremely great;
 Look with pity from thy throne;
 Send thy Holy Spirit down.
- 4 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
 Guide our footsteps in the way,

Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.

HYMN 220. 8, 7.

PRAISE, O praise the Lord of heaven,
Ever bless his gracious name;
Nor, while time and thought are given,
Cease his goodness to proclaim.

2 High as heav'n's bright arch extendeth
O'er the earth in beauty fair,
So his wondrous love transcendeth
All that language can declare.

3 As his children he beholds us,
With a father's pitying eyes;
In the arms of mercy folds us,
Ev'ry want his care supplies.

4 Oh! let all his works adore him,
Men on earth, and saints above;
Ev'ry knee bow down before him,
Praise, O praise the Lord of love.

HYMN 221. 6 lines 8's.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Isr'el's God ; he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train :
 His truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

HYMN 222. 6 lines 8's.

- J**OIN, all ye servants of the Lord,
 To praise him for his sacred word —
 That word like manna sent from heav'n
 To all who seek it freely giv'n ;
 Its promises our fears remove,
 And fill our hearts with joy and love.
- 2 It tells us, though oppress'd with cares,
 The God of mercy hears our pray'rs ;
 Though steep and rough th' appointed way
 His mighty arm shall be our stay ;
 Though daily foes assail our peace,
 His pow'r shall bid their malice cease.
- 3 It tells who first inspir'd our breath,
 Whose blood redeem'd our souls from death ;

It tells of grace — grace freely giv'n,
 And shews the path to God and heav'n :
 O praise we, then, our gracious Lord,
 For all the treasures of his word !

HYMN 223. L. M.

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 The pris'ner here may break his chains ;
 The weary rest from all his pains ;
 The captive feel his bondage cease ;
 The mourner find the way of peace.

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 see thy light, to know thy word :
 Its truths with meekness to receive,
 And by its holy precepts live.

HYMN 224. L. M.

GOD of my life, through all my days,
 My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise ;
 My song shall wake with opening light,
 And cheer the dark and silent night.

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast ;
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the pow'rs of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O, when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live :
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

HYMN 225. C. M.

- Y**E servants of the living God,
Let praise your hearts employ ;
And, as you tread salvation's road,
Lift up the voice of joy.
- 2 Have they not reason to rejoice
Whose sins have been forgiv'n,
Called by a gracious Father's choice
To be the heirs of heav'n ?
- 3 How do the captive's transports flow
When rescued from his chains !

And how must sinners joy to know
Their own Messiah reigns !

- 4 Oh ! grant us, Lord, to feel and own
The pow'r of love divine,
The blood which doth for sin atone,
The grace which makes us thine.
- 5 The spirit of adoption give ;
Teach us with ev'ry breath
To sing thy mercies, while we live,
And praise thy name in death.

HYMN 226. C. M.

- C**OME ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine,
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 While in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 4 O happy period ! glorious day !
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their pow'rs, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

HYMN 227. C. M.

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 praise 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 Let all creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 228. S. M. with Chorus.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
 The universal King.
 Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah.

2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The wat'ry worlds are his alone,
 And his the solid ground.
 Praise, &c.

3 Come, worship at his throne ;
 Come, bow before the Lord ;
 We are his work, and not our own ;
 He form'd us by his word.
 Praise, &c.

4 To-day obey his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come as the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.
 Praise, &c.

HYMN 229. S. M.

A WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love ;
 Sing of his rising pow'r ;
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heav'nly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
 In Christ, th' eternal King.

- 4 Soon shall th' enraptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 230. 7's.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ, the Lord our righteousness;
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's right hand in heav'n.

- 2 Son of God, to thee we bow;
Thou art Lord, and only thou;
Thou the blessed virgin's seed,
Glory of thy church and head.
- 3 Thee, the angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more;
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join thy saints above.

HYMN 231. C. M.

THOU art the Way,—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 The
7
The
A

3. The
I
An
M

4 The
C
Th
V

JES
D
His
Til

2 Pec
Dw
An
Th

3 Ble
Th
Th
An

- 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 conqu'ring arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell can harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life —
Grant us to know that way ;
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

HYMN 232. L. M.

PSALM lxxii.

- J**ESUS 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 People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
 - 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns :
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

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

HYMN 233. 4 lines 8, 7. 2 lines 7.

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 !
 They who once his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.

- 2 Which, of all our friends, to save us,
 Could, or would, have shed his blood ?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconcil'd in him to God :
 This was boundless love indeed !
 Jesus is a friend in need.

- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name ;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same :
 Still he calls them brethren, friends ;
 And to all their wants attends.

HYMN 234. 7's.

KING of kings, and Lord of lords !
 These are great and awful words ;
 'Tis to Jesus they belong,
 Let his people raise their song.

- 2 Hark ! how angels sound his praise,
 Fill'd with transport, while they gaze ;
 Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r,
 These are thine forevermore.
- 3 Crown him, then, whom angels sing ;
 Crown him everlasting King ;
 Jesus fills the throne above ;
 Jesus is the God of love.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy Lord :
 Heav'n and earth thy name record ;
 Pow'r and praise to thee belong ;
 Lord, accept our feeble song.

HYMN 235. 8, 7, 7.

HARK ! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above !
 Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices ;
 Jesus reigns the God of love ;
 See ! He sits on yonder throne,
 Jesus rules the world alone.

- 2 Well may angels, bright and glorious,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While on earth He prov'd victorious ;
 Now He bears a matchless name ;
 Well may angels sing of Him,
 Heav'n supplies no higher theme.

- 3 Come, ye saints, unite your praises
 With the angels round his throne ;
 Soon we hope the Lord will raise us
 To the place where He is gone ;
 Meet it is that we should sing,
 Glory, glory to our King.

HYMN 236. C. M.

- J**ESUS is precious in the sight
 Of all who know his voice ;
 'Twas He who brought them to the light,
 And taught them to rejoice.
- 2 'Tis He who cheers them by his smile,
 And guards them by his power ;
 Who keeps them safe from force and guile,
 In every trying hour.
- 3 'Tis He who will conduct them home,
 Beyond the reach of ill ;
 Where all the ransom'd people come,
 Where saints for ever dwell.
- 4 Then let his people make their boast
 Of Him, and Him alone,
 Who came from heav'n to save the lost ;
 The praise be his alone.

HYMN 237.

As Ps. 148.

- J**OIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That ever angels bore :

ALL
 Toc
 2 Gre
 C
 By
 C
 The
 Of
 3 Jes
 C
 Our
 M
 His
 An
 4 Aln
 C
 Th
 T
 Th
 In
 I
 L E
 He
 I
 He
 He

All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

- 2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came :
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.
- 3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died ;
Our guilty souls require
No sacrifice beside :
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now he pleads before the throne.
- 4 Almighty, gracious Lord !
Our Conqu'ror and our King !
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing :
Thine is the pow'r — O may we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

HYMN 238. 4 lines 8, 7. 2 lines 7.

LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name !
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame :
He has wash'd us in his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

- 2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
 Pitied us when enemies,
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
 Gave us ears, and gave us eyes :
 He has wash'd us in his blood,
 He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us praise, and join the chorus
 Of the saints enthron'd on high ;
 Here they trusted him before us,
 Now their praises fill the sky :
 " Thou hast wash'd us in thy blood ;
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God ! "

HYMN 239. C. M.

- COME, let us all unite to praise
 The Saviour of mankind ;
 Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
 Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 O Lord, we cannot silent be ;
 By love we are constrain'd
 To offer our best thanks to thee,
 Our Saviour and our Friend.
- 3 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness show,
 And spread abroad thy fame ;
 Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
 And bless thy wondrous name.
- 4 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
 Be to our Saviour giv'n,

By men below, by saints above,
By all in earth and heav'n.
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

HYMN 240. C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
And yearns with faithful love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And still, in glory, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In each distressing hour.

HYMN 241. C. M.

JESUS, the name high over all,
 In hell, or earth, or sky;
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus the sinner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head;
 Pow'r into strengthless souls it speaks,
 And life into the dead.

3 O that the world might taste and see,
 The riches of his grace!
 The arms of love, that compass me,
 Would all mankind embrace.

4 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp his name;
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,
 "Behold, behold the Lamb!"

HYMN 242. C. M.

ALL hail, the great Emmanuel's name!
 Ye angels! prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye saints, redeem'd of Adam's race,
From sin and Satan's thrall,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye realms, of ev'ry tongue and name,
Through this terrestrial ball,
In ev'ry language sound his fame,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 243. 7's.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud the Saviour's name :
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Sing of his redeeming love.

- 2 Mourning souls, refrain your tears ;
Trembling hearts, dismiss your fears ;
See the guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 3 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome all to Jesu's rest,
Who descended from above,
Prompted by redeeming love.

- 2 Hither, then, your tribute bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Saints below, and saints above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 244. C. M.

- J**ESUS, I love thy saving name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 All that my largest thoughts can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 3 Thy grace still dwells within my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 4 I'll speak the honours of his name
With my last lab'ring breath;
And, dying, glory in thy love,
The antidote of death.

HYMN 245. C. M.

- H**OW 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 Jesus, my Saviour, shepherd, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king ;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 4 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.
- 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 246. C. M.

OH! for a thousand tongues to sing
The great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

- 2 Jesus ! the name that soothes our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He speaks ! and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;

The broken contrite hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

- 4 Hear Him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

HYMN 247. Double 8, 7.

COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

- 2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace break ev'ry fetter
That withholds my heart from thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love:
Saviour, take my heart and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 248. S. M.

COME, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song, with sweet accord,
While we surround the throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heav'nly king
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
Whose thunders roll above,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
Whose throne shall ne'er remove, —
- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Friend ;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours ;
His love shall never end.
- 5 Soon shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 249. C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
In death's dark gloom we lay ;

But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !
To thee the praise belongs ;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN 250. S. M.

GRACE ! 'tis a joyful sound,
Harmonious to the ear :
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

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

HYMN 251. C. M.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (oh! amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

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

4 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.

HYMN 252. L. M.

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound,
To malefactors doom'd to die;
Publish the bliss the world around:
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.

2 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size
The seas of sov'reign grace expand,
The seas of sov'reign grace arise.

- 3 For this stupendous love of Heaven,
 What grateful honours shall we sing,
 Where much transgression is forgiv'n,
 Let love in equal ardour glow.

HYMN 253. C. M.

MY God! the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights!
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.

- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
 And whispers — I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Should bear me conqu'ror through.

L O

Fix

A

Jesu

P

Visi

E

2 Bre

In

Let

L

The

S

Pra

T

3 Fini

P

Let

P

Cha

T

Till

L

HYMN 254. Double 8, 7.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down ;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry waiting heart.

2 Breathe, oh ! breathe thy loving spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast :
 Let us all in thee inherit ;
 Let us find thy promis'd rest :
 Thee may we be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

3 Finish then thy new creation ;
 Pure, unspotted may we be,
 Let us see our full salvation,
 Perfectly secur'd in thee :
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 255. 8, 7.

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 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion,
Floating in his languid eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe :
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
Still to my Redeemer go,
Prove his death each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

HYMN 256. 4 lines 6's. 2, 8's.

BLLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :

(Chorus to each verse.)

The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonng Lamb ;
 Redemption by his blood,
 Through all the lands proclaim.
- 3 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace ;
 Ye happy souls, draw near ;
 Behold your Saviour's face.
- 4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad.

HYMN 257. 8, 7, 4.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Come, in mercy's gracious hour ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and pow'r :
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.

- 2 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! the Saviour prostrate lies ;
 On the bloody cross behold Him,
 Hear Him cry, before he dies —
 " It is finish'd ! "
 Finish'd the great sacrifice
- 3 Lo ! th' 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.

- 4 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb:
 While the blissful seats of heav'n;
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 258. P. M.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
 Jehovah hath triumph'd, his people are free;
 Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
 His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and
 brave,
 How vain was their boasting; the Lord hath
 but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
 wave.
 Sound, &c.

- 2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord;
 His word was our arrow — his breath was our
 sword;
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride!
 The Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of
 glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the
 tide.
 Sound, &c.

HEAVEN AND SAINTS TRIUMPHANT.

HYMN 259. C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign :
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 Lo ! rising from the swelling flood,
Th' eternal hills are seen ;
So Canaan's promis'd land was view'd,
While Jordan roll'd between.

3 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumin'd eyes ; —

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 260. L. M.

AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains,
He views his home, though distant still ;

2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

- 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers ;
 No more he grieves for trouble past ;
 Nor any future trial fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode ;
 Assur'd our home will make amends
 For all we suffer on the road.

HYMN 261. C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise ;
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

- 2 No cloud those blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair !
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
- 3 There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's faint, sickly ray ;
 But glory, from the sacred throne,
 Spreads everlasting day.
- 4 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 For thy bright courts on high ;
 Then bid our spirits rise and join
 The chorus of the sky.

HYMN 262. C. M.

WHILE through this changing world we
roam,

From infancy to age,
Heav'n is the Christian pilgrim's home ;
His hope at ev'ry stage.

2 Thither his raptur'd thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share ;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in pray'r.

3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

4 Oh, there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found ;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

HYMN 263. S. M.

MY Father's house on high,
Theme of my soul, how dear
At times to faith's all-piercing eye
Thy golden gates appear !

2 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's ark, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

4 Anon the clouds depart,
Winds sleep, and billows cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart,
Expands the bow of peace.

HYMN 264. L. M.

O WHAT a bright and blessed world
This groaning earth of ours will be,
When from his throne, the tempter hurl'd,
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to thee !

2 O blessed Lord ! with weeping eyes,
That blessed hour we wait to see ;
While ev'ry worm or leaf that dies,
Tells of the curse, and calls for thee.

3 Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below,
Shine brightly from thy throne above ;
Bid heav'n and earth thy glory know,
And all creation feel thy love.

HYMN 265. C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

HEAVY

2 Wh
O
I've
A

3 Jesu
In
And
I

4 Jeru
M
The
V

R I

Rise
T
Sun
T
Rise
T

2 Riv
N
Fire
B
So
P
Up
T

HEAVEN AND SAINTS TRIUMPHANT. 277

- 2 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 3 Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein,
In glorious majesty;
And Him through ev'ry stormy scene,
I onward press to see.
- 4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When once thy joys I see.

HYMN 266. 7's and 6's.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n, thy resting place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;—
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face.
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press upwards to the prize ;
 Soon your Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and ye know
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heaven.

HYMN 267. 8, 7, 7.

- L**ET us sing, for we have reason ;
 Let us join with those above ;
 Praise is never out of season ;
 Let us praise the God of love :
 We have cause, indeed, to sing,
 Jesus is our glorious King.
- 2 When we reach the full enjoyment,
 Of the state where sorrows end :
 Praise will be our sweet employment,
 We shall praise the sinner's Friend ;
 Him who wash'd us with his blood,
 Sav'd, and brought us nigh to God.
- 3 But, how diff'rent then our praises,
 From the thanks we render now !
 Well our coldness may amaze us,
 When we think how much we owe :
 But no coldness will remain,
 When that glorious state we gain.

4 Ye

He

He

A

C

A

2 So

A

3 T

B

4 T

A

W

I

HEAVEN AND SAINTS TRIUMPHANT. 279

- 4 Yet, our Lord accepts our praises,
Offer'd while we sojourn here ;
He, on whom th' archangel gazes
With delight and holy fear,
Hears his people when they sing,
And accepts the praise they bring.

HYMN 268. C. M.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease ;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more ;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

- 4 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs ;
And endless honour to his name
Employ their grateful tongues.

HYMN 269. C. M.

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 hurl'd,
Still 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 heav'n, my all.
- 4 There, anchor'd safe, my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest ;
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll,
Nor fears assail my breast.

HYMN 270. S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
Bid ev'ry string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above,
We ev'ry moment come.

3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4

No

5

W

W
M

2 TH

TH

3 H

N

4 O

W

4 The time of love will come,
 When we shall clearly see,
 Not only that He shed his blood,
 But each shall say, "for me."

5 Blest is the man, O God!
 That stays himself on thee;
 Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall thy salvation see.

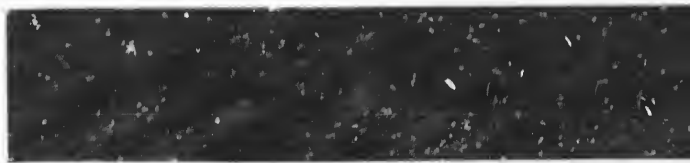
HYMN 271. 8, 7.

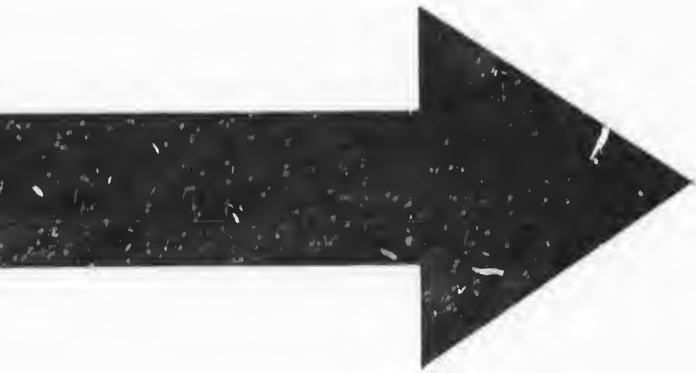
WHEN the world my heart is rending,
 With its heaviest storm of care,
 My glad thoughts, to God ascending,
 Find a refuge from despair.

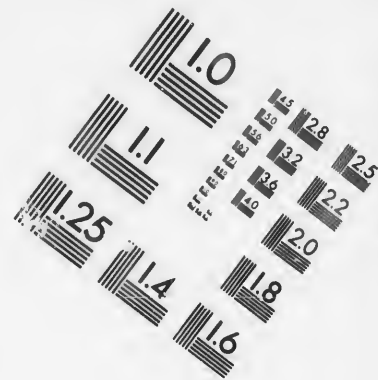
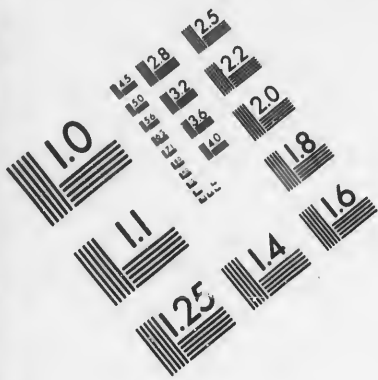
2 There's a hand of mercy near me,
 Though the waves of trouble roar;
 There's an hour of rest to cheer me,
 When the toils of life are o'er.

3 Happy hour! when saints are gaining
 That bright crown they long'd to wear:
 Not one spot of sin remaining,
 Not one pang of earthly care.

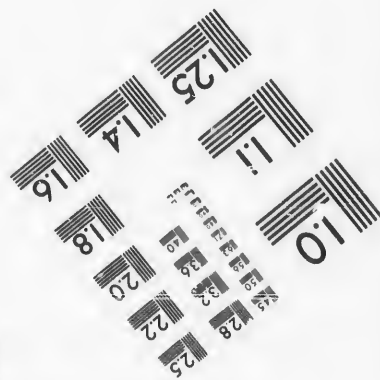
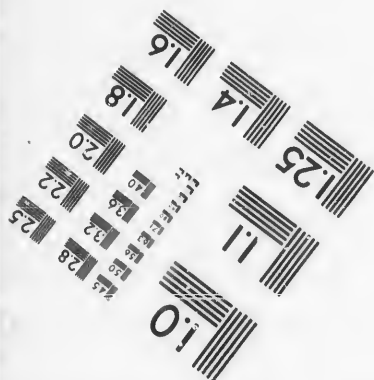
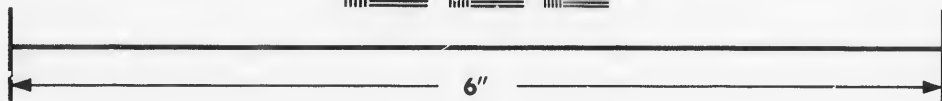
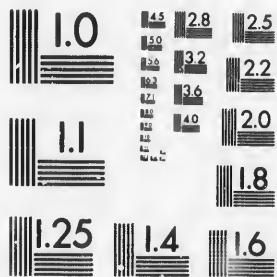
4 Oh! to rest in peace forever,
 Join'd with happy souls above;
 Where no foe my heart can sever
 From the Saviour whom I love!







**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

15 28
16 32 25
17 22
18 20

01

- 5 This the hope that shall sustain me,
 Till life's pilgrimage be past;
 Fears may vex and troubles pain me,
 I shall reach my home at last.

HYMN 272. 8, 7.

JESUS, Prince of peace, be near us;
 Fix in all our hearts thy home;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come.

- 2 Raise to heav'n our expectation;
 Give our favour'd souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

HYMN 273. 8, 7, 7.

WHEN we pass through yonder river,
 When we reach the farther shore,
 There's an end of war forever;
 We shall see our foes no more;
 All our conflicts then shall cease,
 Follow'd by eternal peace.

- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant;
 Oh! how sweet the prospect is!
 Though we toil and strive at present,
 Let us not repine at this:
 Toil, and pain, and conflict, past,
 All endear repose at last.

3 Oh! that hope! how bright, how glorious!
 'Tis his people's blest reward;
 In the Saviour's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord:
 In his kingdom they shall rest,
 In his love be fully blest.

HYMN 274. C. M.

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear!
 Thou glorious star of day;
 Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
 With all our tears, away!

2 No resting place we seek on earth,
 No loveliness we see;
 Our eye is on the royal crown,
 Prepar'd for us and thee.

3 But, gracious Lord, however bright
 That crown of joy above,
 What is it to the brighter hope
 Of dwelling in thy love?

4 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
 Unmingled, pure, and free,
 Of union with our living Head,
 Of fellowship with thee?

5 This joy e'en now on earth is ours;
 But only, Lord, above,
 Our hearts without a pang shall know
 The fulness of thy love.

HYMN 275. C. M.

THE saints on earth, and those above,
 But one communion make ;
 Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
 All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
 One church, above, beneath ;
 Though now divided by the stream —
 The narrow stream — of death.

3 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

4 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide ;
 Then, when the word is giv'n,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heav'n.

HYMN 276. L. M.

HOW blest the state of saints above,
 Perfect in righteousness and love ;
 Where all is purity, and peace,
 And holy joys, which never cease !

2 There reigns the Lord whom we adore,
 Glorious in holiness and pow'r,
 Array'd in majesty so bright,
 No mortal eye could bear the sight.

- 3 Our Saviour by a heav'nly birth,
 Calls us to holiness on earth,
 Bids us from paths of sin to fly,
 And seek the joys above the sky.
- 4 Then let our first, our chief pursuit,
 Be holiness in all its fruit :
 Oh ! seek it in the Saviour's grace,
 And thus prepare to see his face.

HYMN 277. Double 7's.

WHO are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne ?
 These are they who bore the cross,
 Faithful to their Master died —
 Suff'ers in his righteous cause,
 Followers of the Crucified.

- 2 Out of great distress they came ;
 And their robes, by faith below,
 In the blood of Christ — the Lamb,
 They have wash'd as white as snow.
 More than conquerors, at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er !
 They have all their suff'rings past,
 Hunger now and thirst no more.
- 3 He that on the throne doth reign,
 Them for evermore doth feed ;
 With the tree of life sustain,
 To the living fountains lead :

He shall all their griefs remove,
 He shall all their wants supply;
 God himself, the God of love,
 Tears shall wipe from ev'ry eye.

HYMN 278. L. M.

- L** C! round the throne, at God's right hand,
 The saints, in countless myriads, stand;
 Of ev'ry tongue redeem'd to God,
 Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came;
 They bore the cross, despis'd the shame;
 From all their labours now at rest,
 In God's eternal glory bless'd.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
 Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore:
 The tears are wip'd from ev'ry eye,
 And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see their Saviour face to face,
 And sing the triumphs of his grace:
 Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
 To Him their loud hosannas raise.
- 5 "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign:
 Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God!"

E

L

A

2 E

E

T

L

3 V

M

V

M

4 L

E

V

T

G

K

E

2 F

T

T

I.

EVENING.

HYMN 279. 7's.

ERE another Sabbath's close,
 Ere again we seek repose,
 Lord, our song ascends to thee,
 At thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day
 For this rest upon our way,
 Thanks to thee alone be given,
 Lord of earth and King of heav'n.

3 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
 May thy love our footsteps lead ;
 When our journey here is past,
 May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
 Foretastes of our joys above ;
 While their steps thy pilgrims bend,
 To the rest which knows no end.

HYMN 280. L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, oh keep me ! King of kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- 4 Oh! may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
- 6 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

HYMN 281. C. M.

GREAT Sov'reign, let our ev'ning songs
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of our tongues
To reach the lofty skies.

- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still our guard;
And still to drive our wants away,
Thy mercies stood prepar'd.

- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass us around,
 But, ah ! how few returns of love
 Hath our Redeemer found !
- 4 Yet with these guilty hearts of ours,
 Lord, to thy cross we flee ;
 And yield them up, with all their powers,
 To be renew'd by thee.

HYMN 282. C. M.

- LORD, another day is flown,
 And we, a humble band,
 Are met once more before thy throne,
 To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear
 To praises weak as ours ?
 Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear
 The song which meekness pours.
- 3 O let thy grace perform its part,
 May sinful passions cease ;
 And shed abroad in ev'ry heart,
 Thine everlasting peace.
- 4 Thus pardon'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
 A flock by Jesus led ;
 The Sun of Righteousness shall shine
 In glory on our head.

HYMN 283. L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear!
 It is not night if thou be near;
 Oh may no earth-born cloud arise,
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When round thy wondrous works below,
 My searching, rapturous glance I throw;
 Tracing out wisdom, pow'r, and love,
 In earth or sky, in stream or grove;

3 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
 And all the flow'rs of life unfold,
 Let not my heart within me burn,
 Except in all I thee discern.

4 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.

5 Abide with me from morn to eve,
 For without thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without thee I dare not die.

HYMN 284. 6 lines 8's.

AS ev'ry day thy mercy spares,
 Will bring its trials and its cares,
 O Saviour! till my life shall end,
 Be thou my counsellor and friend;
 Teach me thy precepts all divine,
 And be thy great example mine.

- 2 When each day's scenes and labours close,
 And wearied nature seeks repose;
 With pard'ning mercy, richly blest,
 Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
 And as each morning sun shall rise,
 O lead me onward to the skies!
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
 Jesus, thine heav'nly radiance shed,
 To cheer and bless my dying bed;
 And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
 To see thy face and sing thy praise.

HYMN 285. C. M.

NOW that the daylight dies away,
 Ere we lie down and sleep,
 Thee, Maker of the world, we pray
 To own us and to keep.

- 2 Let dreams depart and visions fly,
 The offspring of the night;
 Keep us, like shrines, beneath thine eye,
 Pure in our foe's despise.
- 3 This grace on thy redeem'd confer,
 Father, co-equal Son,
 And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
 Eternal Three in one.

HYMN 286. 8, 7.

THROUGH the day thy love has spar'd us;
 When we lay us down to rest,
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest:
 Jesus! thou our guardian be,
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,
 In thy care may we repose,
 And when life's short day is past,
 Rest with thee in heav'n at last.

DISMISSAL.

HYMN 287. 8, 7, 4.

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,
 Trav'ling through the wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruit of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 Ever faithful
 To thy truth may we 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 ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

HYMN 288. L. M.

ALMIGHTY Father! bless the word,
 Which thro' thy grace we now have heard;
 O may that precious seed take root,
 Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
 Thus in thy courts to seek thy face;
 Grant, Lord, that we who worship here,
 May, sav'd from sin, in heav'n appear.

HYMN 289. 8, 7.

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

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth can not afford.

HYMN 290. L. M.

DISSMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word ;
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
 Wash all our works in Jesu's blood :
 Give ev'ry troubled soul release ;
 And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 291. 4 lines 6's, 2 8's.

ON what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;
 The pow'r is thine alone
 To make it spring and grow ;
 O Lord ! th' abundant harvest raise,
 And thou alone shalt have the praise.

HYMN 292. L. M.

COME, Christian brethren ! ere we part,
 Join ev'ry voice and ev'ry heart ;
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,
 One final song of grateful praise.

- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
 But there is yet a happier shore ;
 And there releas'd from toil and pain,
 Brethren, we all shall meet again.

- 3 Now to our God, the Three in One,
 Be everlasting glory done ;
 Rehearse, ye saints, the sound again —
 Let ev'ry voice repeat, Amen !

HYMN 293. 7's.

FOR a season call'd to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend,
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend.

- 2 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r,
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep ;
 Let thy mercy and thy care,
 All our souls in safety keep.

- 3 What we each have now been taught,
 Let our memories retain ;
 May we, if we live, be brought
 Here to meet in peace again.

- 4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
 Songs of praises shall be giv'n ;
 We'll our thankfulness express
 Here on earth, and when in heav'n.

HYMN 294. L. M.

LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
 In which we here together came,
 Grant us our few remaining days
 To work thy will, and spread thy praise !

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord our strength and righteousness ;
And grant us all to meet above,
Then shall we better sing thy love.

DOXOLOGIES.

I. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

II. S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

III. L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory ; as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

IV. As Psalm 37.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory ; as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself must be no more.

V. As Psalm 148.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal Three in One,
 All worship be address;
 As heretofore
 It was, is now,
 And shall be so
 For evermore.

VI. As Psalm 149.

By angels in heav'n
 Of ev'ry degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be address
 To God in Three Persons,
 One God ever blest;
 As it has been, now is,
 And always shall be.

VII. 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.

VIII. 7's.

Praise the name of God most high:
 Praise Him, all below the sky;
 Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host;
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

IX. 8's and 6's.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

X. 6 lines 8's.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be glory in the highest giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

XI. 8, 7, 4.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory,
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

SEL

Acco
All p
Altho
sur
As pa

Bless

Defen

Erect

For e
For t
From

God i
God's

Happ
Have
He's
How
How
How

INDEX

TO THE

SELECTION OF METRICAL PSALMS.

FIRST LINES.

| | Page | | Page |
|--------------------------|------|-------------------------|------|
| According to thy | 67 | How long wilt thou be | |
| All people that on earth | 53 | angry | 42 |
| Although sometimes | | How long wilt thou for- | |
| surprised | 33 | get | 11 |
| As pants the hart | 29 | How shall the young | 65 |
| | | How vast must their | 72 |
| Bless God, ye servants | 73 | | |
| | | I strive each action | 12 |
| Defend me, Lord | 20 | I waited meekly* | 27 |
| | | In thee I put | 40 |
| Erect your heads | 18 | Instruct me in | 66 |
| | | | |
| For ever, and for ever | 67 | Jehovah reigns | 51 |
| For thee, O God, | 36 | Jehovah reigns, let | 52 |
| From lowest depths | 71 | | |
| | | Let all the just | 22 |
| God is our refuge | 30 | Let all the lands | 38 |
| God's perfect law | 15 | Let me with light | 29 |
| | | Lord, hear my prayer | 76 |
| Happy the man | 28 | Lord, hear the voice | 7 |
| Have mercy, Lord | 32 | Lord, let me know | 26 |
| He's blest whose sins | 21 | Lord, not to us | 61 |
| How bless'd are they | 64 | Lord, who's the happy | 11 |
| How blest is he | 5 | | |
| How good and pleasant | 48 | My soul for help | 35 |

| | Page | | Page |
|------------------------|------|-------------------------|------|
| My soul, inspired | 55 | Sing to the Lord | 50 |
| My soul, praise, O. V. | 56 | Sing to the Lord | 51 |
| My soul with grateful | 62 | That man is bless'd | 60 |
| No change of times | 13 | The dreadful burden | 27. |
| O all ye people | 30 | The heavens declare | 15 |
| O come, loud anthems | 49 | The Lord himself | 17 |
| O God, my gracious | | The Lord, the only | 31 |
| God | 35 | Thee I'll extol | 77 |
| O God, my heart | 33 | This day is God's | 64 |
| O God, my heart is | | Though wicked men | 24 |
| fully | 59 | Thou Lord, by strictest | 75 |
| O God, my strength. | | Thou, O my God | 7 |
| O. V. | 13 | Thou turnest man | 47 |
| O God of Hosts | 44 | Through all the chang- | |
| O Israel's Shepherd | 43 | ing | 23 |
| O Lord, thy mercy | 24 | Thy chastening wrath | 25 |
| O Lord, to my relief | 40 | Thy goodness does | 37 |
| O praise the Lord | 78 | Thy gracious favour | 45 |
| O praise the Lord | 63 | Thy mercies and thy | |
| O praise the Lord in | | love | 18 |
| that | 82 | Thy mercies, Lord | 46 |
| O praise the Lord with | | To bless thy chosen | |
| hymns | 79 | race | 38 |
| O praise the Lord with | | To celebrate thy praise | 9 |
| one | 73 | To God I cried | 41 |
| O praise ye the Lord | 81 | To God, the mighty | |
| O render thanks | 56 | Lord | 74 |
| O render thanks to God | 57 | To God your grateful | 58 |
| O thou, to whom | 8 | To my complaint | 45 |
| O 'twas a joyful | 70 | To my request | 69 |
| On thee I wait | 34 | To Zion's hill | 69 |
| Praise ye the Lord | 59 | When I pour out | 54 |
| Since I have placed | 10 | Who place on Zion's | |
| | | God | 71 |
| | | Whom should I fear | 19 |
| | | With cheerful notes | 63 |

With
With
With
With
With

FIRST LINES OF PSALMS.

303

| Page | | Page | | Page |
|------|---------------------|------|------------------------|------|
| 50 | With glory clad | 48 | Ye boundless realms | 80 |
| 51 | With favour, Lord | 68 | Ye saints and servants | |
| | With my whole heart | 75 | of | 61 |
| 60 | With one consent | 53 | Ye worshippers of Ja- | |
| 27. | With restless and | 6 | cob's God | 16. |
| 15 | With restless cries | 39 | | |
| 17 | | | | |
| 31 | | | | |
| 77 | | | | |
| 64 | | | | |
| 24 | | | | |
| 75 | | | | |
| 7 | | | | |
| 47 | | | | |
| 23 | | | | |
| 25 | | | | |
| 37 | | | | |
| 45 | | | | |
| 18 | | | | |
| 46 | | | | |
| 38 | | | | |
| 9 | | | | |
| 41 | | | | |
| 74 | | | | |
| 58 | | | | |
| 45 | | | | |
| 69 | | | | |
| 69 | | | | |
| 54 | | | | |
| 71 | | | | |
| 19 | | | | |
| 68 | | | | |

INDEX

TO THE

SELECTION OF HYMNS.

FIRST LINES.

| | Page | | Page |
|-----------------------|------|--------------------------|------|
| A broken heart, | 118 | Before Jehovah's | 234 |
| According to thy | 156 | Behold the Lamb | 128 |
| A charge to keep | 200 | Behold the Saviour | 133 |
| Affliction is a | 218 | Behold the throne | 228 |
| Again our earthly | 86 | Beset with snares | 208 |
| Again the day returns | 97 | Bless'd Saviour | 128 |
| All hail, the great | 260 | Bless, O Lord | 184 |
| Almighty Father | 293 | Blest be the | 140 |
| Almighty God | 180 | Blest be the tie | 216 |
| And can my heart | 220 | Bless'd is the man | 202 |
| Angels, from the | 110 | Blow ye the trumpet | 270 |
| Angels, roll the | 137 | Bread of heaven | 158 |
| Another six days | 97 | Brethren, let us | 216 |
| A pilgrim through | 134 | Brethren, let us join | 252 |
| Approach, my soul | 121 | Brightest and best | 114 |
| Arm of the Lord | 199 | Bright was the | 114 |
| As by the light | 172 | | |
| As ev'ry day | 201 | Children of the | 211 |
| As o'er the past | 290 | Christians, awake | 112 |
| As when the weary | 123 | Christians, the glorious | 175 |
| Awake, and sing | 273 | Christ is gone up | 143 |
| Awake, my soul | 251 | Christ, the Lord | 136 |
| Awake our souls | 85 | Come, Christian | 294 |
| | 198 | Come, gracious Spirit | 147 |

Come, I
 Come, I
 Come, I
 Come, I
 Come, I
 Come, s
 Come,
 Come,
 Come,
 Come v
 Come y
 Come y
 Come y
 Come y
 Come y
 Comm
 Crown

 Dark v
 Day of
 Dismis
 Dread

 Eterna
 Ere an

 Far fro
 Far fro
 Father
 Father
 Father
 Father
 Father
 Father
 Father
 Father
 Few a
 For a
 Forgi
 For m

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

305

| | Page | | Page |
|------|------|-------------------------|------|
| | 145 | Forth from the dark | 157 |
| | 145 | Forth in thy name | 204 |
| | 258 | For Zion's sake | 179 |
| | 250 | Fountain of mercy | 186 |
| | 279 | From all that dwell | 174 |
| | 250 | From Calvary's cross | 125 |
| | 149 | From ev'ry stormy | 228 |
| | 264 | From Greenland's icy | 172 |
| | 111 | | |
| | 231 | Glorious things | 165 |
| | 271 | Glory be to God | 152 |
| | 249 | Glory, glory to | 140 |
| | 107 | Glory to thee my God | 287 |
| | 264 | Glory to the Father | 168 |
| | 92 | God, in the gospel | 247 |
| | 148 | God moves in a | 241 |
| | | God of mercy | 16. |
| | 130 | God of my life | 247 |
| | 195 | Go to dark Gethsemane | 130 |
| | 294 | Grace! 'tis a joyful | 266 |
| | 181 | Grateful notes and | 244 |
| | | Great God, let children | 166 |
| | 185 | Great God of Abra'am | 178 |
| | 287 | Great God, this | 100 |
| | | Great God! what | 197 |
| | 274 | Great Shepherd | 91 |
| | 214 | Great Sov'reign | 288 |
| | 238 | Great the joy | 212 |
| | 153 | Guide us, O thou | 204 |
| | 150 | | |
| | 162 | Hail the day | 141 |
| | 243 | Happy the child | 167 |
| | 170 | Happy the heart | 215 |
| | 223 | Hark! ten thousand | 255 |
| | 64 | Hark! the glad sound | 102 |
| | 295 | Hark! the herald | 168 |
| | 267 | Hark! the solemn | 177 |
| | 248 | Hark! the voice | 182 |
| | | | |
| Page | | | |
| 234 | | | |
| 128 | | | |
| 133 | | | |
| 228 | | | |
| 208 | | | |
| 128 | | | |
| 184 | | | |
| 140 | | | |
| 216 | | | |
| 202 | | | |
| 270 | | | |
| 158 | | | |
| 216 | | | |
| 252 | | | |
| 114 | | | |
| 114 | | | |
| 211 | | | |
| 112 | | | |
| 175 | | | |
| 142 | | | |
| 136 | | | |
| 294 | | | |
| 147 | | | |

| | Page | | Page |
|--------------------------|------|--------------------------|------|
| Heavenly Teacher | 150 | Jesus, we lift | 154 |
| He dies! the friend | 138 | Jesus, we thy promise | 281 |
| Holy Spirit from | 148 | Jesus, where'er thy | 91 |
| Hope of our hearts | 283 | Join all the glorious | 256 |
| Hosanna to the living | 96 | Join all ye servants | 246 |
| How beauteous | 161 | | |
| How blest the state | 284 | King of kings | 254 |
| How condescending | 127 | | |
| How precious is | 176 | Lamb of God | 200 |
| How sweet the hour | 194 | Let Zion's watchmen | 161 |
| How sweet the | 262 | Let us love | 257 |
| | | Let us sing for we | 278 |
| I asked the Lord | 122 | Let us with a | 287 |
| I lay my sins | 122 | Light of those | 232 |
| I'll praise my Maker | 245 | Lo! God is here | 87 |
| In Israel's fane | 169 | Lo! He comes with | 196 |
| Inspire my soul | 205 | Lo! in the east | 115 |
| In thy presence | 90 | Lo! round the throne | 286 |
| In trouble and in grief | 226 | Look down, O Lord | 169 |
| I sing th' Almighty | 254 | Look, ye saints | 144 |
| Israel, in ancient days | 126 | Lord, dismiss us | 292 |
| | | Lord, how delightful | 94 |
| Jehovah, Lord of | 239 | Lord, in the morning | 93 |
| Jerusalem, my happy | 276 | Lord, in thy presence | 184 |
| Jesus, exalted | 214 | Lord, look on all | 182 |
| Jesus, hail, whose | 105 | Lord, now we part | 295 |
| Jesus, I love | 262 | Lord of earth thy | 236 |
| Jesus, I my cross | 213 | Lord of heaven | 182 |
| Jesus, I precious | 256 | Lord of the Sabbath | 102 |
| Jesus, let thy | 119 | Lord of the worlds | 88 |
| Jesus, prince of | 282 | Lord, teach us how | 229 |
| Jesu, refuge | 219 | Lord, thou hast | 202 |
| Jesus, rising | 139 | Lord, thou hast set | 99 |
| Jesus shall reign | 253 | Lord, we come | 87 |
| Jesus, and shall it ever | 210 | Lord, when our off'rings | 170 |
| Jesus, Shepherd | 209 | Lord, when we bend | 120 |
| Jesus, the name | 260 | Love divine, all love | 259 |
| Jesus, thy Church | 108 | | |

May th
Mighty
Mornin
My Fa
My Go
My Go
My Sa

Not al
Notlin
Now b
Now t
Now i

O'er t
Oft in
O God
O God
Oh!
Oh!
Oh!
Oh!
Oh!
Oh!
Oh!
O Lo
O Lo
O Lo
One
On w
O th
O th
Our

Pard

Flur
Pou
Prai

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

307

| | Page | | Page | | Page |
|-----------|------|--------------------------|------|-------------------------|------|
| | 154 | May the grace of | 293 | Quiet, Lord, my | 225 |
| romise | 281 | Mighty God, while | 106 | Rejoice in Jesu's birth | 112 |
| thy | 91 | Morning breaks upon | 137 | Rejoice, the Lord | 142 |
| ious | 256 | My Father's house | 275 | Rise, my soul | 277 |
| ants | 246 | My God, my | 187 | Rock of Ages | 126 |
| | 254 | My God! the spring | 268 | Salvation! O the | 265 |
| | | My Saviour, is thy | 155 | Saviour, when in dust | 117 |
| | 200 | Not all the blood | 129 | See, Israel's gentle | 153 |
| hmen | 161 | Nothing know we | 105 | Soldiers of Christ | 159 |
| | 257 | Now begin the | 261 | So let our lips | 203 |
| we | 278 | Now that the daylight | 291 | Songs of praise | 238 |
| | 287 | Now that the sun is | 206 | Sons of men behold | 113 |
| | 282 | O'er the gloomy | 174 | Sov'reign of all | 183 |
| | 87 | Oft in sorrow | 207 | Sov'reign Ruler | 240 |
| with | 196 | O God, our help in | 182 | Sound the loud | 272 |
| | 115 | O God, thy saving | 193 | Spirit of holiness | 146 |
| throne | 286 | Oh! for a faith | 224 | Spirit of mercy | 149 |
| Lord | 169 | Oh! for a heart | 226 | Stay, thou oft grieved | 120 |
| | 144 | Oh! for a thousand | 263 | Sun of my soul | 290 |
| | 292 | Oh! if we know | 177 | Sure refuge of | 221 |
| | 94 | Oh! send God's holy | 176 | Sweet is the work | 101 |
| ghtful | 93 | Oh! what a bright | 276 | Sweet the moments | 270 |
| orning | 184 | O Lord, another day | 289 | The day of wrath | 195 |
| essence | 182 | O Lord, my best | 224 | Thee we adore | 192 |
| ll | 295 | O Lord! turn not thy | 116 | The happy morn | 135 |
| part | 236 | One there is above | 254 | The Lord my pasture | 241 |
| hy | 182 | On what has now been | 294 | The Lord shall come | 103 |
| bath | 102 | O thou from whom | 222 | The pastor's voice | 191 |
| lds | 88 | O thou! who art | 163 | There is a book | 235 |
| how | 229 | Our souls shall | 171 | There is a land | 273 |
| | 202 | Pardon'd thro' redeeming | 155 | The saints on earth | 284 |
| set | 99 | Plung'd in a gulf | 267 | The spacious | 233 |
| | 87 | Pour out thy spirit | 180 | This day be grateful | 136 |
| off'rings | 170 | Praise, O praise | 245 | This is the day | 98 |
| bend | 120 | | | This stone to thee | 164 |
| love | 259 | | | | |

| | Page | | Page |
|-----------------------|------|-----------------------|------|
| Thou art gone | 190 | When gathering | 218 |
| Thou art the way | 252 | When I can read | 279 |
| Thou boundless | 208 | When I survey | 131 |
| Though oft we hear | 89 | When the heart | 124 |
| Thou God of power | 95 | When the world my | 281 |
| Through the day thy | 292 | When we pass through | 282 |
| Time by moments | 187 | Where high the | 230 |
| 'Tis my happiness | 217 | While shepherds | 109 |
| 'Tis finished, so the | 133 | While thee I seek | 210 |
| To him that lov'd | 104 | While through this | 275 |
| To God the Father | 151 | Who are these array'd | 285 |
| To-morrow, Lord | 194 | Whom have we, Lord | 206 |
| 'Twas on that dark | 157 | Why do we mourn | 188 |
| | | Why those fears | 221 |
| We bid thee welcome | 164 | With joy we meditate | 259 |
| Welcome, sweet day | 100 | Witness ye men | 160 |
| We've no abiding | 192 | | |
| What various | 227 | Ye servants of the | 248 |
| When all thy mercies | 242 | Your harps, ye | 280 |

| | Page |
|-------|------|
| | 218 |
| | 279 |
| | 131 |
| | 124 |
| ny | 281 |
| rough | 282 |
| | 230 |
| | 109 |
| | 210 |
| is | 275 |
| ray'd | 285 |
| Lord | 206 |
| n | 188 |
| | 221 |
| itate | 259 |
| | 160 |
| e | 248 |
| | 280 |



