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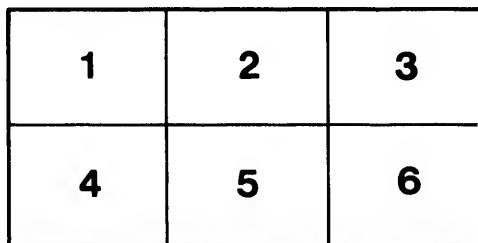
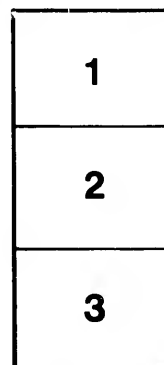
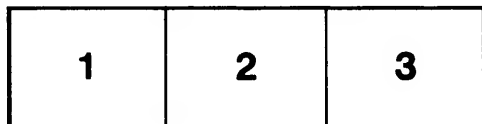
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H Y M N S  
FOR  
SOCIAL WORSHIP:

COMPILED FOR THE USE OF

Canadian Baptist Churches.

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“We'll praise Him on earth, and in glory again,  
Sing loud hallelujahs, for ever, Amen.”

*Rippon.*

---

TORONTO:  
H. LLOYD,  
BAPTIST BOOK ROOM.  
1869.

LP EV 320 H 94

TORONTO:

DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS,

VICTORIA HALL.

45, May 1861

Dr. S. C. Pelletier

Canada Council English -

Canada Council

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## P R E F A C E .

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**I**N dedicating this selection of Hymns to the Baptist Churches of Canada, the compiler hopes that it will supply a real and felt want. The price, as well as the size of "The Psalmist," Spurgeon's "Our Own Hymn Book," and "The Sabbath Hymn Book" render them unavailable for general use in our Prayer Meetings and other Social Religious gatherings, while the smaller Hymn Books are objectionable to many on account of the number of adapted songs and ditties they contain, as well as for other reasons.

The greater part of the Hymns are taken from "Our Own Hymn Book." The names of their authors and the dates of their composition are also given, so far as known. They are also exempted from the injury which modern Hymn critics are so ready to inflict on our choicest Hymns by alterations.

May the Great Head of the Church, who is worthy of the praises of all his creatures, give his blessing with this little book, so that it may prove of spiritual benefit to all who make use of it in the sweet service of song!

TORONTO, August, 1869.

1104891

Canada Council English

Dr. J. C. Bellenger  
Canada Council

75, May 1867





# H Y M N S .

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## MORNING.

**1**            *Keep us, O Lord, this day.*            C.M.

1 Now that the sun is beaming bright,  
Once more to God we pray,  
That He, the uncreated Light,  
May guide our souls this day.

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.

*St. Ambrose, Third Century.*

MORNING.

2

*Thanks.*

C.M.

- 1 Lord, for the mercies of the night,  
My humble thanks I pay ;  
And unto Thee I dedicate  
The first-fruits of the day.
  
- 2 Let this day praise Thee, O my God,  
And so let all my days :  
And oh let mine eternal day  
Be Thine eternal praise !

*John Mason, 1683.*

3

*A Hymn for Morning.*

C.M.

- 1 Hosanna, with a cheerful sound,  
To God's upholding hand ;  
Ten thousand snares attend us round,  
And yet secure we stand.
  
- 2 That was a most amazing power  
That raised us with a word,  
And every day, and every hour,  
We lean upon the Lord.
  
- 3 The rising morning can't assure  
That we shall end the day ;  
For death stands ready at the door  
To take our lives away.

MORNING.

4 Our breath is forfeited by sin  
To God's avenging law ;  
We own Thy grace, immortal King,  
In every gasp we draw.

5 God is our sun, whose daily light  
Our joy and safety brings ;  
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night  
Beneath His shady wings.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

4 *Welcome, sweet Day of Rest.* S.M.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes !

2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts His saints to-day ;  
Here we may sit and see Him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

MORNING.

5

*Hosannah.*

C.M.

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours His own ;  
Let heaven 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 Hosannah to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son !  
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring  
Salvation from Thy throne.
  
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes in God His Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
  
- 5 Hosannah in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise ;  
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

MORNING.

6 *Jesus rose on the first Day of the Week.* C.M.

1 Bless'd morning, whose young dawning rays  
Beheld our rising God ;  
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,  
And leave His dark abode !

2 In the cold prison of a tomb  
The dead Redeemer lay,  
Till the revolving skies had brought  
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force  
To hold our God in vain ;  
The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To Thy great name, almighty Lord,  
These sacred hours we pay ;  
And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise  
To our victorious King ;  
Let heaven and earth, and rocks, and seas,  
With glad hosannas ring.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

## EVENING.

7

*Prayer at Eventide.*

7s.

- 1 Softly now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away ;  
Free from care, from labour free,  
Lord, I would commune with Thee !
  
- 2 Thou whose all-pervading eye  
Nought escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault and secret sin.
  
- 3 Soon for me the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away ;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee !
  
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity ;  
Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

*George W. Doane, 1826.*

8

*An Evening Song.*

C.M.

- 1 Dread Sovereign, let my evening song  
Like holy incense rise ;  
Assist the offerings of my tongue  
To reach the lofty skies.

EVENING.

2 Through all the dangers of the day  
Thy hand was still my guard ;  
And still to drive my wants away,  
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 What have I done for Him that died  
To save my wretched soul ?  
How are my follies multiplied,  
Fast as my minutes roll !

4 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine  
To Thy dear cross I flee ;  
And to Thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renew'd by Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

9 *Beneath the Almighty Wings.* L.M.

1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The 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.



EVENING.

- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eye-lids close ;  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
Nor powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Oh when shall I in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away ;  
And endless praise with th' heavenly choir,  
Incessant sing, and never tire ?

*Thomas Ken, 1697, a.*

10 *Abide with us, for it is toward* 7s.  
*Evening.*

- 1 Holy Father! whom we praise  
With imperfect accents here ;  
Ancient of eternal days !  
Lord of heaven and earth and air ;  
Stooping from amid the blaze  
Of the flaming seraphim,  
Hear and help us while we raise  
This our Sabbath evening hymn.
- 2 We have trod Thy temple, Lord ;  
We have join'd the public praise ;  
We have heard Thy holy Word ;  
We have sought Thy heavenly grace :

## EVENING.

All Thy goodness we record,  
All our powers to Thee we bring ;  
Let Thy faithfulness afford  
Now the shadow of Thy wing.

- 3 We have seen Thy dying love,  
Jesus! once for sinners slain ;  
We would follow Thee above!  
We like Thee would rise and reign.  
Let revolving Sabbaths prove  
Seasons of delight in Thee ;  
Let Thy presence, Holy Dove,  
Fit us for eternity.

*Thomas Binney, 1857.*

11

### *The End of the Sabbath.*

7s.

- 1 Ere another Sabbath 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 heaven.
- 3 Cold our services have been,  
Mingled every prayer with sin :  
But Thou canst and wilt forgive :  
By Thy grace alone we live.

## THE TRINITY.

- 4 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.
- 5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove  
Foretastes of our joys above ;  
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend  
To the rest which knows no end.

*Edward Bickersteth's Coll., 1833.*

---

## PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

12

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.

*Thomas Ken, 1697.*

13

10s & 11s.

Give glory to God, ye children of men,  
And publish abroad, again and again,  
The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace,  
The gift of the Spirit, to Adam's lost race.

*Joseph Hart, 1762.*

THE TRINITY.

14

8 7 Double.

Praise the God of all creation,  
Praise the Father's boundless love ;  
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,  
Priest and King enthroned above.  
Praise the Fountain of salvation,  
Him by whom our spirits live ;  
Undivided adoration  
To the One Jehovah give.

*Josiah Conder, 1837.*

15

7s.

Give to the Father praise,  
Give glory to the Son,  
And to the Spirit of His grace  
Be equal honour done.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

16

7s.

1 Hallelujah ! joyful raise  
Heart and voice our God to praise !  
Praise the Father ! praise the Son !  
Praise the Spirit ! Three in One.

2 One to perfect all the plan  
Of redeeming ruin'd man !  
Triune God ! to Thee be given  
Praise on earth, and praise in heaven.

*Newman Hall, 1857.*

THE TRINITY.

17

L.M.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

18

C.M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God, whom we adore,  
Be glory as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*Tate and Brady, 1696.*

19

6 6 4.

1 Come, Thou Almighty King,  
Help us Thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise :  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise ;  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall :  
Let Thine almighty aid  
Our sure defence be made,  
Our souls on Thee be stay'd :  
Lord, hear our call.

THE TRINITY:

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend:  
Come, and Thy people bless,  
And give Thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

4 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour:  
Thou who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

*Charles Wesley ? 1757.*

20

*"Make a joyful noise."*

87.

- 1 Music, bring thy sweetest treasures,  
Dulcet melody and chord,  
Link the notes with loveliest measures,  
To the glory of the Lord.
- 2 Wing the praise from every nation,  
Sweetest instruments employ,  
Raise the chorus of creation,  
Swell the universal joy.
- 3 Far away be gloom and sadness;  
Spirits with seraphic fire,  
Tongues with hymns, and hearts with gladness,  
Higher sound the chords and higher.

## THE TRINITY.

4 To the Father, to the Saviour,  
To the Spirit, source of light,  
As it was, is now, and ever,  
Praise in heaven's supremest height.

*James Edmeston, 1837.*

21      "*The Father, the Word, and*      L.M.  
              *the Holy Ghost.*"

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

2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,  
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us thy quickening power extend.

*J. Cooper, 1812.*

## PRAISE TO GOD.

22

*"Praise ye the Lord."*

8 7.

- 1 Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him ;  
Praise Him, angels, in the height ;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;  
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken ;  
Worlds His mighty voice obey'd ;  
Laws that never shall be broken,  
For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious ;  
Never shall His promise fail ;  
God hath made His saints victorious ;  
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,  
Hosts on high His power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify His name.

*Richard Mant, 1824.*

23

*Stand up and bless the Lord.*

S.M.

- 1 Stand up and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice ;  
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart and soul and voice.



## PRAISE TO GOD.

- 2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear His holy name,  
And laud, and magnify ?
- 3 Oh for the living flame  
From His own altar brought  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 God is our strength and song,  
And His salvation ours ;  
Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd  
With all our ransom'd powers.
- 5 Stand up and bless the Lord ;  
The Lord your God adore :  
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,  
Henceforth for evermore.

*James Montgomery, 1825.*

### **24** *The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.* L.M.

- 1 The Lord is King ; lift up thy voice,  
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice :  
From world to world the joy shall ring,  
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 2 The Lord is King ; child of the dust,  
The Judge of all the earth is just :  
Holy and true are all His ways ;  
Let every creature speak His praise.

PRAISE TO GOD.

- 3 He reigns! Ye saints, exalt your strains,  
Your God is King, your Father reigns ;  
And He is at the Father's side,  
The Man of love, the Crucified.
- 4 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;  
He will present them at the throne ;  
And angel-bands are waiting there,  
His messages of love to bear.
- 5 Oh! when His wisdom can mistake,  
His might decay, His love forsake,  
Then may His children cease to sing,  
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

*Josiah Conder, 1824.*

25

*Holy and Reverend.*

C.M.

- 1 Holy and reverend is the name  
Of our eternal King!  
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry,  
"Thrice holy," let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,  
Pay, O my soul, to God ;  
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart  
To His sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce His name,  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach,  
A contrite heart shall please Him more  
Than noblest forms of speech.

PRAISE TO GOD.

- 4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul  
From all pollution free ;  
The pure in heart are Thy delight,  
And they Thy face shall see.

*John Needham, 1768.*

**26** *Faithful and unchanging.* L.M.

- 1 How oft have sin and Satan strove  
To rend my soul from Thee, my God !  
But everlasting is Thy love,  
And Jesus seals it with His blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord  
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace ;  
Eternal power performs the word,  
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;  
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
While tempests blow, and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

**27** *Loving-kindness.* L.M.

- 1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise :  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how free !

PRAISE TO GOD.

- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;  
He saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;  
But though I have Him oft forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
Oh may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day ;  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

*Samuel Medley, 1787.*

PRAISE TO GOD.

28

*Wisdom and Love.*

8.7.

- 1 God is love, His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove ;  
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever,  
Man decays and ages move ;  
But His mercy waneth never ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove ;  
From the mist His brightness streameth,  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above ;  
Everywhere His glory shineth ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

*John Bowring, 1825.*

29

*Goodness and Kindness.*

L.M.

- 1 Give thanks to God, He reigns above ;  
Kind are His thoughts, His name is love ;  
His mercy ages past have known,  
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord  
The wonders of His grace record ;  
How great His works ! how kind His ways !  
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

PROVIDENCE.

8.7. **30** "Thou hast created all things." 87.

1 Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator!  
Praise be Thine from every tongue;  
Join, my soul, with every creature  
Join the universal song.

2 Father! Source of all compassion!  
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:  
Hail the God of our salvation!  
Praise Him for His love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,  
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore Him,  
Till in heaven our song we raise;  
There, enraptured fall before Him,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

*John Fawcett, 1782, a.*

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PROVIDENCE.

**31** *All our ways appointed.* 7s.

1 Sovereign Ruler of the skies!  
Ever gracious, ever wise!  
All my times are in Thy hand,  
All events at Thy command.

## PROVIDENCE.

- 2 Times of sickness, times of health ;  
Times of penury and wealth ;  
Times of trial and of grief ;  
Times of triumph and relief.
- 3 Times the tempter's power to prove ;  
Times to taste a Saviour's love :  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 4 O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,  
In Thy hands my life I trust :  
Have I somewhat dearer still ?  
I resign it to Thy will.

*John Ryland, 1777.*

**32**

*Providence mysterious.*

C.M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

## PROVIDENCE.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain :  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

*William Cowper, 1779.*

### 33

#### *Gratitude for Providence.*

C.M.

- 1 When all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys ;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Oh how shall words, with equal warmth,  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my ravish'd heart !  
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.



## PROVIDENCE.

- 4 Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
But oh ! eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise.

*Joseph Addison, 1712.*

### **34** *Goodness of God in Providence.* C.M.

- 1 Since all the downward tracks of time  
God's watchful eye surveys,  
Oh ! who so wise to choose our lot,  
And regulate our ways ?
- 2 Good, when He gives, supremely good !  
Nor less when He denies :  
E'en crosses from His sov'reign hand  
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Since none can doubt His equal love,  
Immeasurably kind,  
To His unerring, gracious will  
Be every wish resign'd.

*James Hervey, 1763.*

## DIVINE GRACE.

35

*Electing Love acknowledged.*

7.6.

- 1 'Tis not that I did choose Thee,  
For, Lord, that could not be ;  
This heart would still refuse Thee,  
But Thou hast chosen me :  
Thou from the sin that stain'd me  
Wash'd me and set me free,  
And to this end ordain'd me,  
That I should live to Thee.
- 2 'Twas sovereign mercy call'd me,  
And taught my opening mind ;  
The world had else enthrall'd me,  
To heavenly glories blind.  
My heart owns none above Thee ;  
For Thy rich grace I thirst ;  
This knowing, if I love Thee,  
Thou must have loved me first.

*Josiah Conder, 1856.*

36

*Free Grace in Election.*

8.7.4.

- 1 Sons we are through God's election,  
Who in Jesus Christ believe ;  
By eternal destination,  
Sovereign grace we here receive ;  
Lord, Thy mercy  
Does both grace and glory give.

DIVINE GRACE.

2 Every fallen soul, by sinning,  
Merits everlasting pain ;  
But Thy love, without beginning,  
Has restored Thy sons again :  
Countless millions  
Shall in life, through Jesus, reign.

3 Pause, my soul ! adore, and wonder !  
Ask, " Oh why such love to me ?"  
Grace hath put me in the number  
Of the Saviour's family :  
Hallelujah !  
Thanks, eternal thanks, to Thee !

S— P— R—, 1777.

37

*Electing Love immutable.*

L.M.

- 1 Who shall condemn to endless flames  
The chosen people of our God,  
Since in the book of life their names  
Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood ?
- 2 He, for the sins of all the elect,  
Hath a complete atonement made ;  
And Justice never can expect  
That the same debt should twice be paid.
- 3 Not tribulation, nakedness,  
The famine, peril, or the sword ;  
Not persecution, or distress,  
Can separate from Christ the Lord.

## DIVINE GRACE.

4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,  
Nor powers below, nor powers above,  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Can change His purposes of love.

5 His sovereign mercy knows no end,  
His faithfulness shall still endure ;  
And those who on His word depend  
Shall find His word for ever sure.

*Benjamin Beddome, 1818.*

38

*Love before Atonement.*

C.M.

1 'Twas not to make Jehovah's love  
Towards the sinner flame,  
That Jesus, from his throne above,  
A suffering man became.

2 'Twas not the death which He endured,  
Nor all the pangs He bore,  
That God's eternal love procured,  
For God was love before.

3 He loved the world of His elect  
With love surpassing thought ;  
Nor will His mercy e'er neglect  
The souls so dearly bought.

4 The warm affections of His breast  
Towards His chosen burn ;  
And in His love He'll ever rest,  
Nor from His oath return.

DIVINE GRACE.

5 Still to confirm His oath of old,  
See in the heavens His bow ;  
No fierce rebukes, but love untold  
Awaits His children now.

*John Kent, 1805.*

39

*The Covenant.*

148th.

- 1 With David's Lord and ours,  
A covenant once was made,  
Whose bonds are firm and sure,  
Whose glories ne'er shall fade ;  
Sign'd by the sacred Three in One,  
In mutual love ere time begun.
  
- 2 Firm as the lasting hills,  
This covenant shall endure,  
Whose potent *shalls* and *wills*  
Make every blessing sure :  
When ruin shakes all nature's frame,  
Its jots and tittles stand the same.
  
- 3 Here, when thy feet shall fall,  
Believer, thou shalt see  
Grace to restore thy soul,  
And pardon, full and free :  
Thee with delight shall God behold  
A sheep restored to Zion's fold.

DIVINE GRACE.

- 4 And when through Jordan's flood  
Thy God shall bid thee go,  
His arm shall thee defend,  
And vanquish every foe ;  
And in this covenant thou shalt view  
Sufficient strength to bear thee through.

*John Kent, 1803.*

40

*The Covenant God extolled.*

6.8.4.

- 1 The God of Abraham praise  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love!  
Jehovah, great I AM!  
By earth and heaven confest ;  
I bow, and bless the sacred name,  
For ever blest!
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command,  
From earth I rise and seek the joys  
At His right hand :  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;  
And Him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace

## DIVINE GRACE.

Shall guide me all my happy days,  
In all His ways :  
He calls a worm His friend,  
He calls Himself my God !  
And He shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,  
I on His oath depend ;  
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend :  
I shall behold His face,  
I shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
For evermore.

*Thomas Olivers, 1772.*

### 41 *The Love that God hath to us.* C.M.

- 1 Oh, love beyond the reach of thought.  
That form'd the sovereign plan,  
Ere Adam had our ruin wrought,  
Of saving fallen man !
- 2 God has so loved our rebel race  
As His own Son to give,  
That whoso will, amazing grace !  
May look to Him and live.
- 3 Chosen in Christ, His ransom'd flock  
Th' eternal purpose prove ;  
By nature of a sinful stock,  
Made blameless now in love.

## DIVINE GRACE.

- 4 Ransom'd by price, by blood redeem'd,  
Restored by power divine,  
Though lightly by the world esteem'd,  
They as the stars shall shine.

*Josiah Conder, 1856.*

42

*"Grace reigns."*

S.M.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!  
Harmonious to the ear!  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps *that* grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace first inscribed my name  
In God's eternal book:  
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

*Philip Doddridge, 1755.*



DIVINE GRACE.

43

*Grace most free.*

S.M.

- 1 Not to myself I owe  
That I, O Lord, am Thine ;  
Free grace hath all the shades broke through,  
And caused the light to shine.
- 2 Me Thou hast willing made  
Thy offers to receive ;  
Call'd by the voice that wakes the dead,  
I come to Thee and live.
- 3 Because Thy sovereign love  
Was bent the worst to save ;  
Jesus who reigns enthroned above,  
The free salvation gave.

*Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.*

44

*Salvation by Grace in Christ.*

L.M.

- 1 Now to the power of God supreme  
Be everlasting honours given ;  
He saves from hell (we bless His name),  
He calls our wand'ring feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,  
But of His own abounding grace,  
He works salvation in our hearts,  
And forms a people for His praise.
- 3 'Twas His own purpose that begun  
To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;  
He gave us grace in Christ His Son  
Before He spread the starry sky.

DIVINE GRACE.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,  
And makes His Father's counsels known ;  
Declares the great transactions past,  
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies ; and in that dreadful night  
Did all the powers of hell destroy :  
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,  
And took possession of the joy.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

**45** *Sin subdued by Grace.* C.M.

1 'Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done ;  
But we are saved by sovereign grace  
Abounding through His Son.

2 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin ;  
'Tis by the water and the blood  
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

3 'Tis through the purchase of His death  
Who hung upon the tree,  
The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry bones as we.

4 Raised from the dead, we live anew ;  
And, justified by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

DIVINE GRACE.

46

*Salvation.*

C.M.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

47

*The Messenger of Grace.*

S.M.

- 1 Raise your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune;  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love  
Its chief Beloved chose,  
And bid Him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 Lord, we obey Thy call;  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation Thou hast brought,  
And love and praise Thy name.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

DIVINE GRACE.

C.M.

48

*Grace enjoyed.*

C.M.

- 1 Arise, my soul, my joyful powers,  
And triumph in my God ;  
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,  
The gates of gaping hell,  
And fix'd my standing more secure  
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love  
Beneath my soul He placed ;  
And on the Rock of Ages set  
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blessed abode  
Is wall'd around with grace ;  
Salvation for a bulwark stands  
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,  
And all his legions roar :  
Almighty mercy guards my life,  
And bounds his raging power.
- 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,  
And tunes of pleasure sing ;  
Loud hallelujahs shall address  
My Saviour and my King.

*Isaac Watts, 170*

1709.

S.M.

S

c .

1709.

DIVINE GRACE.

49

*Grace acknowledged.*

7s., 6 lines.

- 1 When I stand before the throne,  
Dress'd in beauty not my own,  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinning heart,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.
  
- 2 Chosen not for good in me,  
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified.  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.
  
- 3 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,  
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;  
But, when fear is at the height,  
Jesus comes, and all is light ;  
Blessed Jesus ! bid me show  
Doubting saints how much I owe.

*Robert Murray McCheyne, 1837.*

50

*Grace causing Love.*

C.M.

- 1 We love Thee, Lord, because when we  
Had err'd and gone astray,  
Thou didst recall our wandering souls  
Into the heavenward way.

DIVINE GRACE.

- nes.
- 2 When helpless, hopeless, we were lost  
In sin and sorrow's night,  
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray  
Of Thy benignant light.
- 3 Because when we forsook Thy ways,  
Nor kept Thy holy will,  
Thou wert not the avenging Judge,  
But gracious Father still :
- 4 Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,  
But Thou hast not forgot ;  
Because we have forsaken Thee,  
But Thou forsakest not :
- 5 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us  
With everlasting love ;  
Because Thou sent'st Thy Son to die,  
That we might live above.
- 837.
- 6 Because, when we were heirs of wrath,  
Thou gavest us hope of heaven ;  
We love because we much have sinn'd,  
And much have been forgiven.

C.M.

*Julia Anne Elliott, 1835.*

## THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

51

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

8.7.4.

- 1 Mighty God! while angels bless Thee,  
    May an infant lisp Thy name?  
Lord of men, as well as angels,  
    Thou art every creature's theme.  
    Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.
  
- 2 Did archangels sing Thy coming?  
    Did the shepherds learn their lays?  
Shame would cover me ungrateful,  
    Should my tongue refuse to praise,  
    Hallelujah, &c.
  
- 3 From the highest throne in glory,  
    To the cross of deepest woe;  
All to ransom guilty captives:  
    Flow, my praise, for ever flow.  
    Hallelujah, &c.
  
- 4 Go, return, immortal Saviour!  
    Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;  
Thence return, and reign for ever,  
    Be the kingdom all Thy own.  
    Hallelujah, &c.

*Robert Robinson, 1774.*

PRAISE TO JESUS.

52

*Advent Morning.*

7s.

- 1 Bright and joyful is the morn,  
For to us a Child is born ;  
From the highest realms of heaven  
Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On His shoulders He shall bear  
Power and majesty—and wear  
On His vesture, and His thigh,  
Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He ;  
The Incarnate Deity,  
Sire of Ages ne'er to cease ;  
King of kings, and Prince of peace.
- 4 Come and worship at His feet,  
Yield to Christ the homage meet ;  
From His manger to His throne,  
Homage due to God alone.

*James Montgomery, 1819.*

53

*The Advent.*

C.M.

- 1 Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long !  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.



PRAISE TO JESUS.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice,  
To clear the mental ray ;  
And on the eye-balls of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure ;  
And, with the treasures of His grace,  
To enrich the humble poor.

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

*Philip Doddridge, 1755.*

54

*Joy at His Coming.*

C.M.

1 Joy to the world ; the Lord is come !  
Let earth receive her King :  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth ; the Saviour reigns !  
Let men their songs employ :  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

55

*His Divine Example.*

L.M.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

56

*The Mind of Christ.*

7s.

- 1 Father of eternal grace,  
May we all resemble Thee ;  
Meekly beaming in our face,  
May the world Thine image see.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 2 Happy only in Thy love,  
Poor, unfriended, or unknown ;  
Fix our thoughts on things above,  
Stay our hearts on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resign'd  
To Thy will,—Thy will be done !  
Give us, Lord, the perfect mind  
Of Thy well-beloved Son !
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,  
May we tread the path He trod :  
Bear with Him on earth our cross,  
Rise with Him to Thee our God.

*James Montgomery, 1819.*

57

*His Love to Souls.*

S.M.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry ?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,  
Angels with wonder see !  
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep ;  
Each sin demands a tear ;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

*Benjamin Beddome, 1818.*

PRAISE TO JESUS.

58 *A place called Gethsemane.* 7s., 6 lines.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;  
Watch with Him one bitter hour :  
Turn not from His griefs away ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
  
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraign'd ,  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall !  
Oh, the pangs His soul sustain'd !  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
  
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete.  
"It is finish'd !" hear Him cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
  
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
Where they laid His breathless clay ;  
All is solitude and gloom :  
Who hath taken Him away ?  
Christ is risen —He meets our eyes ;  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

*James Montgomery, 1825.*

PRAISE TO JESUS.

59

*Gethsemane.*

L.M.

- 1 Come, all ye chosen saints of God,  
Who long to feel the cleansing blood,  
In pensive pleasure join with me  
To sing of sad Gethsemane.
- 2 Gethsemane, the olive-press !  
(And why so call'd let Christians guess)  
Fit name, fit place, where vengeance strove,  
And griped and grappled hard with love.
- 3 And why, dear Saviour, tell me why  
Thou didst a bleeding sufferer lie ?  
What mighty motive could Thee move ?  
The motive's plain—'twas all for love !
- 4 For love of whom ? of sinners base ;  
A harden'd herd, a rebel race ;  
That mock'd and trampled on Thy blood,  
And wanton'd in the wounds of God.
- 5 Oh love of unexampled kind !  
That leaves all thought so far behind ;  
Where length, and breadth, and depth, and  
Are lost to my astonish'd sight. [height,  
*Joseph Hart, 1759, a.*

60

*" They crucified Him."*

L.M.

- 1 Oh come and mourn with me awhile ;  
Oh come ye to the Saviour's side ;  
Oh come, together let us mourn ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- M.
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?  
Oh ! look how patiently He hangs ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
  - 3 How fast His hands and feet are nail'd ;  
His throat with parching thirst is dried ;  
His failing eyes are dimm'd with blood ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
  - 4 Come, let us stand beneath the cross ;  
So may the blood from out His side  
Fall gently on us drop by drop ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
  - 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears  
Ask, and they will not be denied ;  
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,  
Since Thou for us art crucified.

*Frederick William Faber, 1852, a.*

61

*Weeping at the Cross.*

C.M.

- nd  
ht,  
.  
M.
- 1 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
And did my Sovereign die ?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?
  - 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groan'd upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While His dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe ;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;  
'Tis all that I can do.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

**62**

*A View of Christ crucified.*

8.7

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend,  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;  
Precious drops ! my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

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.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 4 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go ;  
Prove His wounds each day more healing,  
And Himself more fully know.

*James Allen, 1757.*

**63** *Crucifixion to the World by the Cross.* L.M.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*



PRAISE TO JESUS.

64

*The Cleansing Fountain.*

C.M.

- 1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
Oh may I there, 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 saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

*William Cowper, 1779.*

65

*For me.*

L.M.

- 1 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,  
Became a man of griefs for me ;  
In love, though rich, becoming poor,  
That I, through Him, enrich'd might be.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- M.
- 2 Though Lord of all, above, below,  
He went to Olivet for me :  
He drank my cup of wrath and woe,  
And bled in dark Gethsemane.
  - 3 The ever-blessed Son of God  
Went up to Calvary for me,  
There paid my debt, there bore my load  
In His own body on the tree.
  - 4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,  
Went down into the grave for me;  
There overcame my enemies,  
There won the glorious victory.
  - 5 'Tis finish'd all ; the veil is rent,  
The welcome sure, the access free ;  
Now then, we leave our banishment,  
O Father, to return to Thee !

*Horatius Bonar, 1866.*

66

*The Lord is risen.*

7s.

- 1 " Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,"  
Sons of men and angels say !  
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;  
Sing, ye heavens ; and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;  
Fought the fight, the battle won :  
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;  
Lo ! he sets in blood no more !

PRAISE TO JESUS.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;  
Death in vain forbids His rise,  
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King !  
" Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?"  
Once He died our souls to save ;  
" Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

*Charles Wesley, 1739.*

67

*" He is risen."*

7s.

1 Angels, roll the rock away ;  
Death, resign thy mighty prey :  
See the Saviour quit the tomb,  
Glowing with immortal bloom.  
Hallelujah.

2 Shout, ye seraphs ! Gabriel raise  
Fame's eternal trump of praise :  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.  
Hallelujah.

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,  
Now to glory see Him rise ;  
Troops of angels on the road  
Hail and sing the incarnate God.  
Hallelujah.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,  
Gracious hero, through them ride ;  
King of glory, mount Thy throne,  
Boundless empire is Thine own.

Hallelujah.

● *Thomas Scott, 1769.*

68

*Praise the risen Lord.*

148th.

- 1 Yes, the Redeemer rose ;  
The Saviour left the dead,  
And o'er our hellish foes  
High raised His conquering head ;  
    In wild dismay  
    The guards around  
    Fell to the ground,  
    And sunk away.
- 2 Lo! the angelic bands  
In full assembly meet  
To wait His high commands,  
And worship at His feet :  
    Joyful they come,  
    And wing their way  
    From realms of day  
    To Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,  
And the glad tidings bear :  
Hark! as they soar on high,  
What music fills the air!

PRAISE TO JESUS.

Their anthems say,  
"Jesus, who bled,  
Hath left the dead !  
He rose to-day."

- 4 Ye mortals ! catch the sound,  
Redeem'd by Him from hell,  
And send the echo round  
The globe on which you dwell ;  
Transported cry  
"Jesus, who bled,  
Hath left the dead,  
No more to die."

*Philip Doddridge, 1755.*

69

*Sing, O Heavens.*

7s.

- 1 Sing, O heavens ! O earth, rejoice !  
Angel harp, and human voice,  
Round Him, as He rises, raise  
Your ascending Saviour's praise.  
Alleluia !
- 2 Bruised is the serpent's head,  
Hell is vanquish'd, death is dead,  
And to Christ, gone up on high,  
Captive is captivity.  
Alleluia !
- 3 All His work and warfare done,  
He into His heaven is gone,  
And beside His Father's throne,  
Now is pleading for His own :  
Alleluia !

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 4 Asking gifts for sinful men,  
That He may come down again,  
And, the fallen to restore,  
In them dwell for evermore.

Alleluia!

- 5 Sing, O heavens! O earth rejoice!  
Angel harp, and human voice,  
Round Him, in His glory, raise  
Your ascended Saviour's praise.

Alleluia!

*John S. B. Monsell, 1863.*

70

*Gone into Heaven.*

S.M.

- 1 Thou art gone up on high,  
To mansions in the skies;  
And round Thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise.
- 2 But we are lingering here  
With sin and care oppress'd;  
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to Thy rest.
- 3 Thou art gone up on high;  
But Thou shalt come again,  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in Thy train.
- 4 Oh! by Thy saving power,  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand, in that dread hour,  
At Thy right hand on high!

*Emma Toke, 1851.*

PRAISE TO JESUS.

71

*"Lift up your Heads."*

L.M.

- 1 Lift up your heads, ye gates! and wide  
Your everlasting doors display;  
Ye angel-guards, like flames divide,  
And give the King of glory way.
- 2 Who is the King of glory?—He  
The Lord, omnipotent to save;  
Whose own right arm, in victory,  
Led captive Death, and spoil'd the grave.
- 3 Lift up your heads, ye gates! and high  
Your everlasting portals heave;  
Welcome the King of glory nigh;  
Him must the heaven of heavens receive.
- 4 Who is the King of glory—who?  
The Lord of hosts; behold His name:  
The kingdom, power, and honour due,  
Yield Him, ye saints, with glad acclaim!

*James Montgomery, 1822.*

72

*Touched with a feeling of our  
infirmities.*

L.M.

- 1 Where high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The Patron of mankind appears.

## PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 2 He, who for men their Surety stood,  
And pour'd on earth His precious blood,  
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow sufferer yet retains  
A fellow feeling of our pains,  
And still remembers in the skies,  
His tears, and agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of Sorrows had a part;  
He sympathizes in our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness therefore at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known,  
And ask the aid of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

*Michael Bruce, 1770, a.*

### 73 "He shall reign for ever and ever." 8.7.4.

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



PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him ;  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings :  
In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings :  
Crown Him, crown Him :  
Crown the Saviour, " King of kings."
- 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 :  
Oh what joy the sight affords !  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
" King of kings, and Lord of lords."

*Thomas Kelly, 1809.*

74

*The Kingdom of Christ.*

148th.

- 1 Rejoice, the Lord is King,  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love :  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above :  
Lift up, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given :  
Lift up, &c.

4 He all His foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy,  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy :  
Lift up, &c.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home :  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, *Rejoice.*

*Charles Wesley, 1746, a.*

75

*Our Victorious Lord.*

7s.

1 Crowns of glory ever bright,  
Rest upon the Conqueror's head ;  
Crowns of glory are His right,  
His, " Who liveth and was dead."

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 2 He subdued the powers of hell,  
In the fight He stood alone ;  
All His foes before Him fell,  
By His single arm o'erthrown.
- 3 His the battle, His the toil ;  
His the honours of the day ;  
His the glory and the spoil ;  
Jesus bears them all away.
- 4 Now proclaim His deeds afar,  
Fill the world with His renown :  
His alone the Victor's car ;  
His the everlasting crown !

*Thomas Kelly, 1806.*

76

*He cometh.*

8.7.

- 1 Hark! the cry, "Behold, He cometh,"  
Hark! the cry, "The Bridegroom's near,"  
These are accents falling sweetly  
On the ransom'd sinner's ear.
- 2 Man may disbelieve the tidings,  
Or in anger turn away ;  
'Tis foretold there shall be scoffers  
Rising in the latter day :
- 3 But He'll come, the Lord from heaven,  
Not to suffer, or to die ;  
But to take His waiting people  
To their glorious rest on high.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

4 Happy they who stand expecting  
Christ, the Saviour, to appear :  
Sad for those who do not love Him,  
Those who do not wish Him here.

5 But in mercy still He lingers,  
Lengthening out the day of grace ;  
Till He comes, inviting sinners  
To His welcome, fond embrace.

*Albert Midlane, 1864.*

77

*" Thy Kingdom come."*

C.M.

1 Isles of the deep, rejoice ! rejoice !  
Ye ransom'd nations, sing  
The praises of your Lord and God,  
The triumphs of your King.

2 He comes, and at His mighty word,  
The clouds are fleeting past,  
And o'er the land of promise sec,  
The glory breaks at last.

3 There He, upon His ancient throne  
His power and grace displays,  
While Salem with its echoing hills,  
Sends forth the voice of praise.

4 Oh, let His praises fill the earth  
While all the blest above,  
In strains of loftier triumph still,  
Speak only of His love.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

5 Sing, ye redeem'd ! Before the throne,  
Ye white-robed myriads fall ;  
Sing—for the Lord of glory reigns,  
The Christ—the heir of all.

*Edward Denny, 1848.*

78

*Welcome, Son of God.*

8.7.7.

- 1 Welcome sight, the Lord descending,  
Jesus in the clouds appears ;  
Lo ! the Saviour comes intending  
Now to dry His people's tears.  
Lo ! the Saviour comes to reign,  
Welcome to His waiting train.
- 2 Long they mourn'd their absent Master ;  
Long they felt like men forlorn ;  
Bid the seasons fly still faster,  
While they sigh'd for His return :  
Lo ! the period comes at last :  
All their sorrows now are past.
- 3 Now from home no longer banish'd,  
They are going to their rest ;  
Tho' the heaven and earth are vanish'd,  
With their Lord they shall be blest ;  
Blest with Him His saints shall be,  
Blest through all eternity.
- 4 Happy people ! grace unbounded,  
Grace alone exalts you thus ;  
Be ashamed, and be confounded,

PRAISE TO JESUS.

Sing for ever—" Not to us,  
Not to us be glory given,  
Glory to the God of heaven !"

*Thomas Kelly, 1809.*

79

*The latter-day glory.*

C.M.

- 1 Behold! the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
On mountain-tops, above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;  
Up to the hill of God they'll say,  
And to His house we'll go.
- 3 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,  
Or mar those peaceful years ;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 4 No longer hosts encountering hosts,  
Their millions slain deplore ;  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.
- 5 Come then! oh come from every land,  
To worship at His shrine,  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.

*Michael Bruce, 1768.*

PRAISE TO JESUS.

80

*Universal Reign of Christ.*

7s.

- 1 Hark! the song of Jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore;  
Hallelujah! for the Lord  
God omnipotent shall reign;  
Hallelujah! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.
  
- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
A' creation's harmonies:  
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,  
Sheathed His sword: He speaks—'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
  
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,  
With illimitable sway;  
He shall reign when like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:  
'Then the end;—beneath His rod,  
Man's last enemy shall fall;  
Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
God in Christ is all in all.

*James Montgomery, 1819, a.*

PRAISE TO JESUS.

81

*The Jews restored.*

C.M.

- 1 Wake harp of Zion, wake again,  
Up on thine ancient hill,  
On Jordan's long deserted plain,  
By Kedron's lowly rill.
- 2 The hymn shall yet in Zion swell  
That sounds Messiah's praise,  
And Thy loved name, Immanuel !  
As once in ancient days.
- 3 For Israel yet shall own her King,  
For her salvation waits,  
And hill and dale shall sweetly sing  
With praise in all her gates.
- 4 Hasten, O Lord, these promised days,  
When Israel shall rejoice ;  
And Jew and Gentile join in praise,  
With one united voice.

*James Edmeston, 1846.*

82

*Judgment.*

8.7.4.

- 1 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.



PRAISE TO JESUS.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty ;  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced 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 !  
Everlasting God, come down.

*Variation by Martin Madan, 1760 ;  
From John Cennick, 1752 ;  
Charles Wesley, 1758.*

83

*The Lord shall come.*

L.M.

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

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 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 wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway,  
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,  
The Nazarene,—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 !"

*Reginald Heber, 1811 ;  
Thomas Cotterill. 1815.*

84

*A Prayer.*

8.8.6.

- 1 When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come  
To fetch Thy ransom'd people home,  
Shall I among them stand ?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at Thy right hand ?

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,  
Though vilest of them all :  
But can I bear the piercing thought—  
What if my name should be left out,  
When Thou for them shalt call ?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace ;  
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,  
In this the accepted day :  
Thy pardoning voice, oh let me hear !  
To still my unbelieving fear ;  
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among Thy saints be found,  
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see Thy smiling face ;  
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of sovereign grace.

*Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, 1774.*

85

*Christ of God.*

S.M.

- 1 Jesus, the Lamb of God,  
Who us from hell to raise  
Hast shed Thy reconciling blood ;  
We give Thee endless praise.
- 2 God, and yet man, Thou art,  
True God, true man art Thou ;  
Of man, and of man's earth a part,  
One with us Thou art now.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 3 Great sacrifice for sin,  
Giver of life for life,  
Restorer of the peace within,  
True ender of the strife :
- 4 To Thee, the Christ of God,  
Thy saints exulting sing ;  
The bearer of our heavy load,  
Our own anointed King.
- 5 True lover of the lost,  
From heaven Thou camest down,  
To pay for souls the righteous cost,  
And claim them for Thine own.
- 6 Rest of the weary, Thou !  
To Thee, our rest, we come ;  
In Thee to find our dwelling now,  
Our everlasting home.

*Horatius Bonar, 1861.*

86

*Friend.*

8.7.7.7.

- 1 One there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end :  
They who once His kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed their blood ;  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God :  
    This was boundless love indeed !  
    Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When He lived 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.
- 4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften !  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love !  
We, alas ! forget too often  
What a friend we have above :  
    But when home our souls are brought,  
    We shall love Thee as we ought.

*John Newton, 1779.*

87

*Friend.*

L.M.

- 1 O thou, my soul, forget no more  
The friend who all thy misery bore ;  
Let every idol be forgot,  
But, O my soul, forget Him not.
- 2 Jesus for thee a body takes,  
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,  
Discharging all thy dreadful debt :  
And canst thou ere such love forget ?

## PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,  
And fly to this most sure relief:  
Nor Him forget who left His throne,  
And for thy life gave up His own.
- 4 Infinite truth and mercy shine  
In Him, and He Himself is thine;  
And canst thou then, with sin beset,  
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?
- 5 Ah! no! till life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;  
And lisping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.
- 6 Ah! no: when all things else expire,  
And perish in the general fire,  
This name all others shall survive,  
And through eternity shall live.

*Krishnoo Paul;*  
*tr. by Joshua Marshman, 1801.*

88

*Friend.*

C.M.

- 1 A friend there is,—your voices join,  
Ye saints, to praise His name!  
Whose truth and kindness are divine,  
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need His helping hand,  
This friend is always near;  
With heaven and earth at His command,  
He waits to answer prayer.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 3 His love no end or measure knows,  
No change can turn its course ;  
Immutably the same it flows  
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil His face,  
And clouds surround His throne,  
He hides the purpose of His grace,  
To make it better known.
- 5 And, if our dearest comforts fall  
Before His sovereign will;  
He never takes away our all,  
Himself He gives us still !
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale He weighs,  
And measures out our pains ;  
The wildest storm His word obeys,  
His word its rage restrains.

*Joseph Swain, 1792.*

89

*Jesus.*

C.M.

- 1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,  
'Tis music to mine ear ;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust :  
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 3 All my capacious powers can wish  
In Thee doth richly meet ;  
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name  
With my last labouring breath ;  
Then speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.

*Philip Doddridge, 1755.*

90

*Immanuel.*

7s.

- 1 Sweeter sounds than music knows  
Charm me in Immanuel's name :  
All her hopes my spirit owes  
To His birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came, the angels sung  
" Glory be to God on high ;"  
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue ;  
Who should louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become  
That He might the law fulfil,  
Bleed and suffer in my room,  
And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?



PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 4 No ; I must my praises bring,  
Though they worthless are, and weak ;  
For should I refuse to sing,  
Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour ! Shield, and Sun,  
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend—  
Every precious name in One !  
I will love Thee without end.

*John Newton, 1779.*

91

*Jesus.*

C.M.

- 1 Jesus, in Thy transporting name,  
What blissful glories rise !  
Jesus ! the angels' sweetest theme,  
The wonder of the skies !
- 2 Didst Thou forsake Thy radiant crown,  
And boundless realms of day,  
Aside Thy robes of glory thrown,  
To dwell with feeble clay ?
- 3 Victorious love ! can language tell  
The wonders of Thy power,  
Which conquer'd all the force of hell  
In that tremendous hour ?
- 4 Is there a heart that will not bend  
To Thy divine control ?  
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,  
And melt that stubborn soul.

*Anne Steele, 1760.*

PRAISE TO JESUS.

92

*Melchizedek.*

7s.

- 1 King of Salem, bless my soul !  
Make a wounded sinner whole !  
King of righteousness and peace,  
Let not Thy sweet visits cease !
  
- 2 Come, refresh this soul of mine  
With Thy sacred bread and wine !  
All Thy love to me unfold,  
Half of which can not be told.
  
- 3 Hail, Melchizedek, divine ;  
Great High-Priest, Thou shalt be mine ;  
All my powers before Thee fall ;  
Take not tithe, but take them all.

W———,  
*Rippon's Selection, 1787.*

93

*Melchizedek.*

C.M.

- 1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of Thee ;  
No music's like Thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.
  
- 2 Oh may we ever hear Thy voice,  
In mercy to us speak ;  
And in our Priest we will rejoice,  
Thou great Melchizedek.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
While in this world we stay :  
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,  
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
With all His favour'd throng,  
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be our song.

*John Cennick, 1743, a.*

94

*Righteousness.*

L.M.

- 1 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
To take my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
" Jesus hath lived and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
While through Thy blood absolved I am  
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

5 Oh let the dead now hear Thy voice ;  
Bid, Lord, Thy banish'd ones rejoice ;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

*Count Zinzendorf, 1739 :  
tr. by John Wesley, 1740, a.*

95

*Sinners' Friend.*

8.7.

- 1 Friend of sinners ! Lord of glory !  
Lowly, mighty ! Brother, King !  
Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,  
Fain would I Thy praises sing.
- 2 From Thy throne of light celestial,  
Moved with pity, 'Thou didst bend  
To behold our woes terrestrial,  
And become the Sinners' Friend.
- 3 Sinners' Friend ! Oh name most blessed,  
Unto those who mourn for sin ;  
By the devil sore distressed,  
Foes without and fears within !
- 4 Friend to help us, cheer us, save us,  
In whom power and pity blend ;  
Praise we must, the grace which gave us  
Jesus Christ, the Sinners' Friend.

*Newman Hall, 1857.*

TRAISE TO JESUS.

96

*The Way.*

L M.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix'd my hopes upon,  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till Him I view.
- 2 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My grief and burden long have been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 3 The more I strove against its power,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
" Come hither, soul ! I am the Way !"
- 4 Lo ! glad I come and Thou, blest Lamb  
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am :  
Nothing but sin have I to give ;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 5 Now will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,  
And say ; " Behold the way to God !"

*John Cennick, 1743, a.*

97

*The Way, the Truth, and the Life.* C.M.

- 1 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.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

2 Thou art the *Truth*: Thy word alone  
Sound wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the *Life*: the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;  
And those who put their trust in Thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art *the Way, the Truth, the Life*:  
Grant us that Way to know,  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

*George W. Doane, 1826.*

98

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

C.M.

1 To Him that loved the souls of men,  
And wash'd us in His blood,  
To royal honours raised our head,  
And made us priests to God;

2 To Him let every tongue be praise,  
And every heart be love!  
All grateful honours paid on earth,  
And nobler songs above!

3 Behold, on flying clouds He comes!  
His saints shall bless the day;  
While they that pierced Him sadly mourn  
In anguish and dismay.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 4 Thou art the First, and Thou the last ;  
Time centres all in Thee,  
The Almighty God, who was, and is,  
And evermore shall be.

*Isaac Watts, 1709 ;  
Scripture Songs, 1751.*

99

*Worthy the Lamb.*

C.M.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
" To be exalted thus ;"  
" Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
" For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

PRAISE TO JESUS.

100

*Christ's Humiliation and  
Exaltation.*

L.M.

- 1 What equal honour shall we bring  
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
When all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to Thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died ;  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
At His Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are His due  
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar ;  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Though He was charged with madness here.
- 4 Honour immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn :  
While glory shines around His head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men :  
Let angels sound His sacred name,  
And every creature say, Amen.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*



PRAISE TO JESUS.

101

"Worthy is the Lamb." 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 Glory be to God on high !  
Let earth and skies reply,  
Praise ye His name :  
His love and grace adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore ;  
Sing aloud evermore,  
Worthy the Lamb !
- 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,  
Bore sin's tremendous load,  
Praise ye His name :  
Tell what His arm hath done,  
What spoils from death He won ;  
Sing His great name alone ;  
Worthy the Lamb !
- 3 While they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising His name ;  
Those who have felt His blood  
Sealing their peace with God,  
Sound His dear fame abroad ;  
Worthy the Lamb !
- 4 Join all ye ransom'd race,  
Our holy Lord to bless ;  
Praise ye His name :  
In Him we will rejoice,  
And make a joyful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
Worthy the Lamb !

*James Allen, 1761, a.*

PRAISE TO JESUS.

102

*Crown Him.*

C.M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant weak and small,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall ;  
Go—spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall ;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

*Edward Perronet, 1780, a.*

103

*Rejoicing in Jesus.*

C.M.

- 1 Oh for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise !  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace.

## PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
And spread through all the earth abroad  
The honours of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the prisoners free :  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood avail'd for me.

*Charles Wesley, 1740.*

104

*Song of Songs.*

L.M.

- 1 Come, let us sing the song of songs,  
The saints in heaven began the strain,  
The homage which to Christ belongs :  
" Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain !"
- 2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,  
To cleanse from every sinful stain,  
And make us kings and priests to God :  
" Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain !"
- 3 To Him who suffer'd on the tree,  
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,  
Blessing, and praise, and glory be :  
" Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain !"

PRAISE TO JESUS.

- 4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,  
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,  
Honour, and majesty, and might :  
" Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain !"
- 5 Long as we live, and when we die,  
And while in heaven with Him we reign ;  
This song our song of songs shall be :  
" Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain !"

*James Montgomery, 1853.*

105

*" He is our Peace."*

C.M.

- 1 Dearest of all the names above,  
My Jesus, and my God,  
Who can resist Thy heavenly love,  
Or trifle with Thy blood !
- 2 'Tis by the merits of Thy death  
The Father smiles again ;  
'Tis by Thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find ;  
The holy, just, and sacred Three  
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins ;  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.

PRAISE TO JESUS.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,  
And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
I love th' incarnate mystery,  
And there I fix my trust.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

**106**      *I will sing of my Beloved.*      8.8.6.

- 1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,  
Oh, could I sound the glories forth  
Which in my Saviour shine!  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin, and wrath divine;  
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,  
In which all perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the character He bears,  
And all the forms of love He wears,  
Exalted on His throne;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all His glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see His face;  
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in His grace.

*Samuel Medley, 1789.*

PRAISE TO JESUS.

107

*Redeeming Love.*

7s.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!  
Ye, who His Salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.
  
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
  
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
  
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves to death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove;  
Stop and taste redeeming love.
  
- 5 Welcome all by sin opprest,  
Welcome to His sacred rest,  
Nothing brought Him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.

*William Langford, 1760.*

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

108      *The Promised Comforter.*      C.M.

- 1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd  
With us on earth to dwell.
- 2 He comes, the mystic heavenly Dove,  
With sheltering wings outspread,  
The holy balm of peace and love  
On chosen hearts to shed.
- 3 He comes, sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
Where He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to make His rest.
- 4 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see :  
Oh make our hearts Thy dwelling-place  
Yea make them meet for Thee.

*Harriett Auber, 1829, a.*

109      *The Comforter.*      7s.

- 1 Jesus is gone' up on high ;  
But His promise still is here,  
" I will all your wants supply ;  
I will send the Comforter."

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- M.
- 2 Let us now His promise plead,  
Let us to His throne draw nigh;  
Jesus knows His people's need,  
Jesus hears His people's cry.
  - 3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter,  
Pledge and witness of Thy love;  
Dwelling with Thy people here,  
Leading them to joys above.
  - 4 Till we reach the promised rest,  
Till Thy face unveil'd we see,  
Of this blessed hope possess'd,  
Teach us, Lord, to live to Thee.

Thomas Kelly, 1809.

110

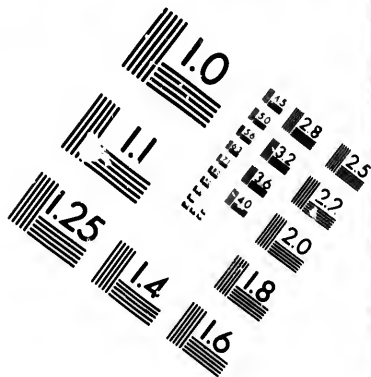
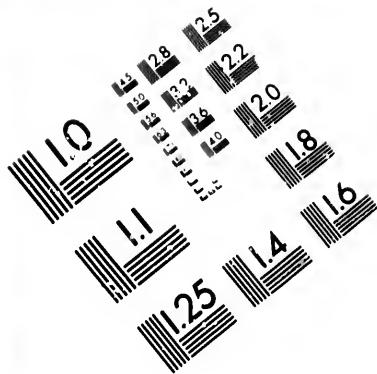
*Waiting for the Promise of  
the Father.*

S.M.

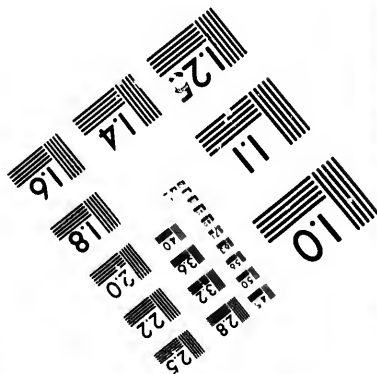
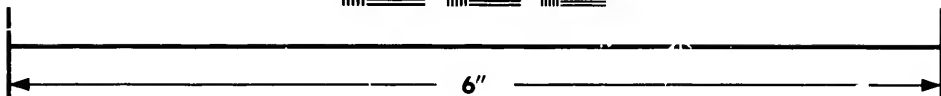
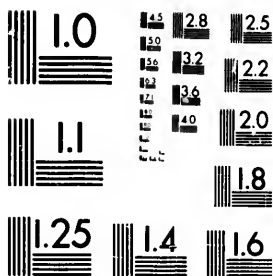
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s.
- 1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost,  
In this accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
Descend in all Thy power.
  - 2 We meet with one accord  
In one appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The Spirit of all grace.
  - 3 Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the leaves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind;  
One soul, one feeling breathe.







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## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Spirit of Truth, be Thou  
In life and death our Guide :  
O Spirit of Adoption, now  
May we be sanctified !

*James Montgomery, 1819.*

### 111      *The Holy Ghost is here.*      S.M.

- 1 The Holy Ghost is here,  
Where saints in prayer agree,  
As Jesu's parting gift He's near  
Each pleading company.
- 2 Not far away is He,  
To be by prayer brought nigh,  
But here in present majesty,  
As in His courts on high.
- 3 He dwells within our soul,  
An ever welcome Guest ;  
He reigns with absolute control,  
As Monarch in the breast.
- 4 Our bodies are His shrine,  
And He th' indwelling Lord ;  
All hail, thou Comforter divine,  
Be evermore adored.
- 5 Obedient to Thy will,  
We wait to feel Thy power,  
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfil,  
And bless this hallow'd hour !

*Charles II. Spurgeon, 1866.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

112

*The Holy Spirit invoked.*

S.M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come!  
With energy divine;  
And on this poor benighted soul  
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills,  
Life, light, and joy dispense;  
And may I daily, hourly feel  
Thy quickening influence.

3 Melt, melt this frozen heart;  
This stubborn will subdue;  
Each evil passion overcome,  
And form me all anew.

4 Mine will the profit be,  
But Thine shall be the praise;  
And unto Thee I will devote  
The remnant of my days.

*Benjamin Beddome, 1818.*

113

*The Holy Spirit.*

C.M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

**114**      *Spiritual Power desired.*      L.M.

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

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

115

*His Operations invited.*

7s.

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

*Andrew Reed, 1842.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

116

*The Holy Spirit invoked.*

C.M.

- 1 Spirit divine! attend our prayers,  
And make this house Thy home ;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
Oh come, Great Spirit, come !
- 2 Come as the *light*—to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe ;  
And lead us in those paths of life  
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the *fire*—and purge our hearts,  
Like sacrificial flame ;  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the *dew*—and sweetly bless  
This consecrated hour ;  
May barrenness rejoice to own  
Thy fertilising power.
- 5 Come as the *dove*—and spread Thy wings,  
The wings of peaceful love ;  
And let Thy church on earth become  
Blest as the church above.
- 6 Come as the *wind*—with rushing sound  
And Pentecostal grace ;  
That all of woman born may see  
The glory of Thy face.

*Andrew Reed, 1842.*





## THE GOSPEL.

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

*Anne Steele, 1760.*

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## THE GOSPEL.

**119**      *Blessedness of Gospel Times.*      S.M.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill !  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !  
How sweet the tidings are !  
" Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;  
He reigns and triumphs here."

THE GOSPEL.

- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light !  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in song,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad ;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

120

*The Jubilee Trumpet.*

148th.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive ;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live :  
The year, &c.

THE GOSPEL.

- 3 Ye bankrupt debtors know  
The sovereign grace of heaven ;  
Though sums immense ye owe,  
A free discharge is given :  
The year, &c.
- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace ;  
And, saved from earth appear  
Before your Saviour's face :  
The year, &c.
- 5 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made ;  
Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad !  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

*Charles Wesley, 1750.*

121

*Mercy's Invitation.*

C.M.

- 1 Let every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice ;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind ;

THE GOSPEL.

- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Great God, the treasures of Thy love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless miseries are,  
And boundless as our sins.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day,  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away. †

*Isaac Watts, 1706.*

**122**      "*I am Alpha and Omega.*"      C.M.

- 1 Oh what amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found!  
Suited to every sinner's case  
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,  
Your every burden bring;  
Here love, eternal love abounds,  
A deep celestial spring.
- 3 "*Whoever wills,*"—oh gracious word!—  
"Shall of this stream partake;"  
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
And drink for Jesus' sake.

*Samuel Medley, 1789.*

THE GOSPEL.

123

*Come and welcome.*

8.7.4.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, join'd with power ;  
He is able,  
He is willing : doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify ;  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
All the *fitness* He requireth,  
Is to feel your need of Him :  
This He gives you ;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall ;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all :  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 View Him prostrate in the garden ;  
On the ground your Maker lies !  
On the bloody tree behold Him ·  
Hear Him cry before He dies,  
" *It is finish'd !*"  
Sinner, will not this suffice ?

THE GOSPEL.

6 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.

*Joseph Hart, 1759, a.*

124

"Come to the Ark."

C.M.

- 1 Come to the ark, come to the ark ;  
To Jesus come away :  
The pestilence walks forth by night,  
The arrow flies by day.
- 2 Come to the ark : the waters rise,  
The seas their billows rear ;  
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,  
Behold a refuge near.
- 3 Come to the ark, all, all that weep  
Beneath the sense of sin :  
Without, deep calleth unto deep ;  
But all is peace within.
- 4 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood,  
Your lingering steps oppose ;  
Come, for the door which open stood  
Is now about to close.

*John Coleman's Coll., 1846.*

THE GOSPEL.

125

*"All Things are ready."*

S.M.

- 1 "All things are ready," Come,  
Come to the supper spread ;  
Come rich and poor, come old and young,  
Come, and be richly fed.
- 2 "All things are ready," Come,  
The invitation's given,  
Through Him who now in glory sits  
At God's right hand in heaven.
- 3 "All things are ready," Come,  
The door is open wide ;  
Oh feast upon the love of God,  
For Christ, His Son, has died.
- 4 "All things are ready," Come,  
All hindrance is removed ;  
And God, in Christ, His precious love,  
'To fallen man has proved.
- 5 "All things are ready," Come,  
To-morrow may not be ;  
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits,  
This hour to welcome thee !

*Albert Midlane, 1862.*

126

*None that come cast out.*

L.M.

- 1 Hark! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,  
Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear ;  
He saith, and who His word can doubt ?  
He will in no wise cast you out.



## THE GOSPEL.

- 2 Doth Satan fill you with dismay,  
And tell you Christ will cast away ;  
It is a truth, why should you doubt ?  
He will in no wise cast you out.
- 3 Approach your God, make no delay,  
He waits to welcome you to-day ;  
His mercy try, no longer doubt,  
He will in no wise cast you out.
- 4 Lord, at Thy call, behold ! I come,  
A guilty soul, lost and undone :  
On Thy rich blood I now rely,  
Oh, pass my vile transgressions by.

*Samuel F. Smith, 1850.*

### **127** *Take the Peace the Gospel brings.* 7s.

- 1 Ye that in His courts are found,  
List'ning to the joyful sound,  
Lost and helpless as ye are,  
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care ;  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,  
View His bloody sacrifice :  
See in Him your sins forgiven ;  
Pardon, holiness, and heaven ;  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.

*Rowland Hill, 1774.*

THE GOSPEL.

128

*The Stranger at the Door.*

L.M.

- 1 Behold! a stranger's at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;  
Has waited long; is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will He prove a friend indeed?  
He will; the very friend you need:  
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed at Calvary.
- 3 Oh lovely attitude! He stands  
With melting heart and laden hands;  
Oh matchless kindness! and He shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes!
- 4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,  
His feet depart, and ne'er return:  
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand  
When at His door, denied you'll stand.

*Joseph Grigg, 1765.*

129

*Despising the Riches of  
Goodness.*

S.M

- 1 And canst thou, sinner, slight  
The call of love divine?  
Shall God with tenderness invite,  
And gain no thought of thine?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve  
The Spirit from thy breast,  
Till He thy wretched soul shall leave,  
With all thy sins oppress'd?

THE GOSPEL.

- 3 To-day, a pardoning God  
Will hear the suppliant pray ;  
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood  
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But, grace so dearly bought  
If yet thou wilt despise,  
Thy fearful doom with vengeance fraught,  
Will fill thee with surprise.

*Mrs. A. B. Hyde, 1825.*

**130**                      *The Day of Grace.*                      S.M.

- 1 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,  
While yet 'tis called to-day ;  
Soon will the awful voice of death  
Command your souls away.
- 2 Soon will the harvest close,  
The summer soon be o'er ;  
Oh sinners, then your injured God  
Will heed your cries no more.
- 3 Then while 'tis called to-day,  
Oh hear the gospel sound ;  
Come sinner, haste, oh haste away,  
While pardon may be found.

*Timothy Dwight, 1800, a.*

**131**                      *Against Self-destruction.*                      L.M.

- 1 Sinner, oh why so thoughtless grown ?  
Why in such dreadful haste to die ?  
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,  
Heedless against thy God to fly.

## THE GOSPEL.

- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,  
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams?  
Madly attempt the infernal gate,  
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner! on the gospel plains,  
Behold the God of love unfold  
The glories of His dying pains,  
For ever telling, yet untold.

*Isaac Watts, 1706, a.*

### 132 *Himself He could not save.* 6.6.8.8.

- 1 Himself He could not save,  
He on the cross must die,  
Or mercy cannot come  
To ruin'd sinners nigh;  
Yes, Christ, the Son of God, must bleed,  
That sinners might from sin be freed.
- 2 Himself He could not save,  
For justice must be done;  
And sin's full weight must fall  
Upon a sinless one;  
For nothing less can God accept,  
In payment for the fearful debt.
- 3 Himself He could not save,  
For He the surety stood  
For all who now rely  
Upon His precious blood;  
He bore the penalty of guilt,  
When on the cross His blood was spilt.

## THE GOSPEL.

- 4 Himself He could not save,  
Yet now a Saviour He :  
Come, sinner, to Him, come,  
He waits to welcome thee ;  
Believe in Him, and thou shalt prove,  
His saving power, His deathless love.

*Albert Midlane, 1865.*

**133**

*The Work is done.*

7s.

- 1 Christ has done the mighty work ;  
Nothing left for us to do,  
But to enter on His toil,  
Enter on His triumph too.
- 2 He has sow'd the precious seed,  
Nothing left for us unsown ;  
Ours it is to reap the fields,  
Make the harvest joy our own.
- 3 His the pardon, ours the sin,—  
Great the sin, the pardon great ;  
His the good and ours the ill,  
His the love and ours she hate.
- 4 Ours the darkness and the gloom,  
His the shade-dispelling light :  
Ours the cloud and His the sun,  
His the day-spring, ours the night.
- 5 His the labour, ours the rest,  
His the death and ours the life :  
Ours the fruits of victory,  
His the agony and strife.

*Horatius Bonar, 1856.*

THE GOSPEL.

134

*The Life-Look.*

P.M.

- 1 There is life for a look at the Crucified One ;  
There is life at this moment for thee ;  
Then look, sinner—look unto Him, and be  
saved—  
Unto Him who was nail'd to the tree.
- 2 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,  
But the blood that atones for the soul :  
On Him, then, who shed it believing at once  
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
- 3 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen ?  
His cry of distress hast thou heard ?  
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured ?  
Should pardon to thee be deferr'd ?
- 4 We are heal'd by His stripes ;—wouldst thou  
add to the word ?  
And He is our righteousness made :  
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on :  
Oh ! couldst thou be better array'd ?
- 5 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has  
declared,  
There remaineth no more to be done ;  
That once in the end of the world He appear'd ;  
And completed the work He begun.
- 6 But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once  
The life everlasting He gives :  
And know, with assurance, thou never canst  
die,  
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

THE GOSPEL.

7 There is life for a look at the Crucified One ;  
There is life at this moment for thee ;  
Then look, sinner—look unto Him and be  
saved,  
And know thyself spotless as He.

*Amelia Matilda Hull, 1860.*

135

*“What must I do to be  
saved?”*

P.M.

- 1 Nothing, either great or small,  
Nothing, sinner, no ;  
Jesus did it, did it *all*,  
Long, long ago.
- 2 When *He* from His lofty throne  
Stoop'd to do and die,  
Everything was fully done :  
Hearken to *His* cry :—
- 3 *“It is finish'd !”* Yes, indeed,  
Finish'd every jot :  
Sinner, this is all you need,  
Tell me, is it not ?
- 4 Weary, working, plodding one,  
Why toil you so ?  
Cease your doing ; all was done  
Long, long ago.
- 5 Till to Jesus' work you cling  
By a simple faith,  
*“Doing”* is a deadly thing,  
*“Doing”* ends in death.

THE GOSPEL.

6 Cast your deadly "doing" down,  
Down at Jesus' feet,  
Stand in *Him*, in *Him alone*,  
Gloriously complete!

*James Procter, 1853.*

136

*Just as I am.* 8.8.8.6. or L.M.

- 1 Just as I am—without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—though toss'd about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.



THE GOSPEL,

- 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down,  
Now to be 'Thine, yea, 'Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 7 Just as I am—of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to  
prove,  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

*Charlotte Elliott, 1836.*

137

*The Solid Rock.*

112th.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame ;  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name :  
On Christ the solid rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace ;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil :  
On Christ, &c.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, and His blood,  
Support me in the sinking flood ;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay :  
On Christ, &c.

THE GOSPEL.

4 When the last awful trump shall sound,  
Oh may I then in Him be found,  
Dress'd in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne :  
On Christ, &c.

*Edward Mote, 1836, a.*

138

*" Be not afraid, only believe."* 6.6.4.6.6.4.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine :  
Now hear me while I pray ;  
Take all my guilt away ;  
Oh let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire ;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide ;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tear away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

THE GOSPEL.

- d,  
a.  
3.4.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
    Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
Oh bear me safe above,  
    A ransom'd soul.

*Ray Palmer, 1834.*

139

*Christ in all.*

7s.

- 1 Jesu, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high !  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee !  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me !  
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,  
All my help from Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in Thee I find :  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :

THE GOSPEL.

Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness,  
False and full of sin I am ;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover 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 !

*Charles Wesley, 1740.*

140

*Rock of Ages.*

7s., 6 lines.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee !  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone :  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring :  
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress :

THE GOSPEL.

Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eye-strings break in death,  
When I soar through tracks unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee !

*Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.*

**141**

*Jesus died for me.*

C.M.

- 1 Great God, when I approach Thy throne,  
And all Thy glory see ;  
This is my stay, and this alone,  
That Jesus died for me.
- 2 How can a soul condemn'd to die  
Escape the just decree ?  
A vile, unworthy wretch am I,  
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Burden'd with sin's oppressive chain,  
Oh, how can I get free ?  
No peace can all my efforts gain,  
But Jesus died for me.
- 4 And, Lord, when I behold Thy face,  
Thou must be all my plea ;  
Save me by Thy almighty grace,  
For Jesus died for me.

*William Hilcy Bathurst, 1831.*

THE GOSPEL.

142

*The true Scapegoat.*

S.M.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing His bleeding love.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

143

*Divine indwelling desired.*

8.7.4.

- 1 Welcome, welcome, great Redeemer,  
Welcome to this heart of mine ;  
Lord, I make a full surrender,  
Every power and thought be thine,  
Thine entirely,  
Through eternal ages Thine.

THE GOSPEL.

- 2 Known to all to be Thy mansion,  
Earth and hell will disappear ;  
Or in vain attempt possession,  
When they find the Lord is near :  
Shout, O Zion !  
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here !

*Thomas Hastings, 1642.*

144

*The Burden-bearer.*

7.6.

- 1 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 healeth my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares ;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's Holy Child ;

THE GOSPEL.

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

*Horatius Bonar, 1857.*

145

*The voice of Jesus.*

C.M.

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

*Horatius Bonar, 1857.*



MAN FALLEN.

146

*Jesus pleads for me.*

L.M.

- 1 Before the throne of God above  
I have a strong, a perfect plea ;  
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,  
Who ever lives and pleads for me.
- 2 My name is graven on His hands,  
My name is written on His heart ;  
I know that, while in heaven He stands,  
No tongue can bid me thence depart.
- 3 When Satan tempts me to despair,  
And tells me of the guilt within,  
Upward I look, and see him there,  
Who made an end of all my sin.
- 4 Behold Him there ! the bleeding Lamb !  
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,  
The great unchangeable, " I AM,"  
The King of glory and of grace.

*Cherrie Smith, 1863.*

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MAN FALLEN.

147

*Need of the Atonement.*

C M.

- 1 In vain we seek for peace with God  
By methods of our own ;  
Jesus, there's nothing but Thy blood  
Can bring us near the throne.

MAN FALLEN.

- 2 The threatenings of Thy broken law  
Impress our souls with dread ;  
If God His sword of vengeance draw,  
It strikes our spirits dead.
- 3 But Thine illustrious sacrifice  
Hath answer'd these demands ;  
And peace and pardon from the skies  
Come down by Jesus' hands.
- 4 'Tis by Thy death, we live, O Lord,  
'Tis on Thy cross we rest :  
For ever be Thy love adored,  
Thy name for ever blest.

*Isaac Watts, 1721.*

148 *Mourning over Transgressors.* L M.

- 1 Arise, my tenderest thoughts, arise,  
To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;  
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;  
The Father wounded through the Son ;  
The world abused, and souls undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight  
Closing in everlasting night !  
In flames that no abatement knew,  
Though briny tears for ever flow.

MAN FALLEN.

4 But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves ;  
Thy own all-saving arm employ,  
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

*Philip Doddridge, 1755.*

149 *Jesus delivering the lost Ones.* L.M.

- 1 Buried in shadows of the night  
We lie, till Christ restores the light ;  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears  
Till His atoning blood appears ;  
Then we awake from deep distress,  
And sing, "The Lord our Righteousness."
- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,  
His Spirit makes our natures clean ;  
Such virtues from His sufferings flow,  
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, power and righteousness ;  
Thou art our Mighty All, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

## THE INQUIRER.

150 "Lord, to whom shall we go?" S.M.

- 1 Ah! whither should I go,  
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?  
To whom should I my troubles show,  
And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come :  
Ah! why do I delay ?  
He calls the weary sinner home!  
And yet from Him I stay.
- 3 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I cannot part,  
Which will not let my Saviour take  
Possession of my heart?
- 4 Jesus, the hindrance show,  
Which I have fear'd to see:  
Yet let me now consent to know  
What keeps me out from Thee.
- 5 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display ;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take the veil away.

*Charles Wesley, 1741.*

THE INQUIRER.

151

*The Stony Heart.*

L.M.

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

*Joseph Hart, 1762.*

152

*I need Thee, Jesus.*

7.6.

- 1 I need Thee, precious Jesus !  
For I am full of sin ;  
My soul is dark and guilty,  
My heart is dead within ;

## THE INQUIRER.

I need the cleansing fountain,  
Where I can always flee,  
The blood of Christ most precious,  
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus !  
For I am very poor ;  
A stranger and a pilgrim,  
I have no earthly store ;  
I need the love of Jesus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps,  
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus !  
I need a friend like Thee ;  
A friend to soothe and sympathize,  
A friend to care for me.  
I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every-want to,  
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, blessed Jesus !  
And hope to see Thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow,  
And seated on Thy throne :  
There, with Thy blood-bought children,  
My joy shall ever be,  
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,  
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

*Frederick Whitfield, 1861.*

THE INQUIRER.

153

"*Jesus, Master, have mercy  
on us.*"

C.M.

- 1 Lord, at 'Thy feet we sinners lie,  
And knock at mercy's door :  
With heavy heart and downcast eye,  
Thy favour we implore.
- 2 On us, the vast extent display  
Of Thy forgiving love ;  
Take all our heinous guilt away ;  
This heavy load remove.
- 3 'Tis mercy—mercy we implore ;  
We would Thy pity move ;  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And Thou thyself art Love.
- 4 Oh ! for 'Thine own, for Jesus' sake,  
Our numerous sins forgive ;  
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,  
Our breaking hearts relieve.
- 5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,  
And Thy dominion own ;  
Nor let a rival dare pretend  
To repossess Thy throne.

*Simon Browne, 1720.*

154

*At Jesus' Feet.*

7s., 6 lines.

- 1 Lord, we lie before Thy feet ;  
Look on all our deep distress ;  
Thy rich mercy may we meet ;  
Clothe us with Thy righteousness ;  
Stretch forth Thy almighty hand ;  
Hold us up, and we shall stand.

## THE INQUIRER.

2 O that closer we could cleave  
To Thy bleeding, dying breast!  
Give us firmly to believe,  
And to enter into rest.  
Lord, increase, increase our faith!  
Make us faithful unto death.

3 Let us trust Thee evermore ;  
Every moment on Thee call  
For new life, new will, new power :  
Let us trust Thee, Lord, for all !  
May we nothing know beside  
Jesus, and Him crucified !

*Joseph Hart, 1759.*

155

*Desiring to submit.*

L.M.

- 1 Oh that my load of sin were gone !  
Oh that I could at last submit  
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,  
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet !
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :  
Saviour, divine, if mine Thou art,  
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp Thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free :  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.



THE INQUIRER.

4 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
Nor let Thy chariot-wheels delay ;  
Appear, in my poor heart appear !  
My God, my Saviour, come away !

*Charles Wesley, 1742, a.*

156

*"Come to Me."*

L.M.

1 With tearful eyes I look around,  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;  
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."  
2 It tells me of a place of rest ;  
It tells me where my soul may flee ;  
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppress'd,  
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me !"  
3 "Come, for all else must fail and die,  
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;  
'To heaven direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy portion ; come to Me."  
4 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above !  
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

*Charlotte Elliott, 1834.*

157

*Be merciful to me.*

L.M.

1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry ;  
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free ;  
O God ! be merciful to me.

## THE INQUIRER.

- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppress'd :  
Christ and His cross my only plea ;  
O God ! be merciful to me.
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;  
But Thou dost all my anguish see ;  
O God ! be merciful to me.
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone ;  
To Calvary alone I flee ;  
O God ! be merciful to me.
- 5 And when, redeem'd from sin and hell,  
With all the ransom'd throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God has been merciful to me.

*Cornelius Elven, 1852.*

158

*Deliver me.*

8.7.

- 1 Mercy, mercy, God the Father !  
God the Son, be Thou my plea !  
God the Holy Spirit, comfort !  
Triune God, deliver me !
- 2 Not my sins, O Lord, remember,  
Not Thine own avenger be ;  
But, for Thy great tender mercies,  
Saviour God, deliver me !

## THE INQUIRER.

- 3 By Thy cross, and by Thy passion,  
    Bloody sweat and agony,  
By Thy precious death and burial,  
    Saviour God, deliver me !
- 4 By Thy glorious resurrection,  
    Thine ascent in heaven to be,  
By the Holy Spirit's coming,  
    Saviour God, deliver me !
- 5 In all time of tribulation,  
    In all time of wealth, in the  
Hour of death, and day of judgment,  
    Saviour God, deliver me !

*John S. B. Monsell, 1863.*

159

*Pity me, O Lord.*

8.7.4.

- 1 Pity, Lord, a wretched creature,  
    One whose sins for vengeance cry,  
Groaning 'neath his heavy burden,  
    Throbbing breast and heavy sigh.  
    O my Saviour,  
    Canst Thou let a sinner die ?
- 2 Oh, how swift Divine compassion  
    Runs to meet the mourning soul ;  
And, by words of consolation  
    Makes the wounded spirit whole !  
    I'm thy Saviour,  
    Let this truth thy mind console,



THE INQUIRER.

161

*Pleading for Mercy.*

7s.

- 1 Jesus, full of every grace,  
Now reveal Thy smiling face ;  
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,  
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
- 2 All my guilt to Thee is known ;  
Thou art righteous, Thou alone,  
All my help is from Thy cross ;  
All beside I count but loss.
- 3 Lord, in Thee I now believe,  
Wilt Thou, wilt Thou not forgive ?  
Helpless at Thy feet I lie ;  
Saviour, leave me not to die.

*Thomas Hastings, 1846.*

162

*"Jesus! Master!"*

7s.

- 1 Jesus! Master! hear my cry ;  
Save me, heal me with a word ;  
Fainting at Thy feet I lie,  
Thou my whisper'd plaint hast heard.
- 2 Jesus! Master! mercy show ;  
Thou art passing near my soul,  
Thou my inward grief dost know,  
Thou alone canst make me whole.
- 3 Jesus! Master! as of yore  
Thou didst bid the blind man see,  
Light upon my soul restore ;  
Jesus! Master! heal Thou me.

*Anna Shipton, 1865.*

THE INQUIRER.

163

*Substitution pleaded.*

C.M.

- 1 The spotless Saviour lived for me,  
And died upon the mount :  
The obedience of His life and death  
Is placed to my account.
- 2 Canst Thou forget that awful hour,  
That ~~one~~ tremendous scene,  
When Thy dear blood on Calvary  
Flow'd out at every vein ?
- 3 No, Saviour, no ! Thy wounds are fresh,  
E'en now they intercede ;  
Still, in effect, for guilty man  
Incessantly they bleed.
- 4 Thine ears of mercy still attend  
A contrite sinner's cries,  
A broken heart that groans for God,  
Thou never wilt despise.
- 5 Oh love incomprehensible,  
That made Thee bleed for me !  
The Judge of all hath suffer'd death  
To set His prisoner free !

*Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.*

164

*" We would see Jesus."*

7s.

- 1 Jesus, God of love, attend,  
From Thy glorious throne descend ;  
Answer now some waiting heart,  
Now some harden'd soul convert :

## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

To our Advocate we fly,  
Let us feel Immanuel nigh ;  
Manifest Thy love abroad,  
Make us now the sons of God.

- 2 Prostrate at Thy mercy-seat  
Let us our Beloved meet,  
Give us in Thyself a part  
Deep engraven on Thine heart :  
Let us hear thy pardoning voice,  
Bid the broken bones rejoice ;  
Condemnation do away,  
Oh make this the perfect day !

*Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.*

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## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

**165**      *Nearness to God desired.*      6.4.10.

- 1      Nearer my God, to Thee,  
        Nearer to Thee ;  
        E'en though it be a cross  
        That raiseth me :  
        Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.
- 2      Though like a wanderer,  
        The sun gone down,  
        Darkness comes over me,  
        My rest a stone ;  
        Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Here let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven,  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise ;  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise,—  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.
- 5 And when on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly—  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

166

*Walking with God.*

C.M.

- 1 Oh for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word ?



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But now I find an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.
- 6 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear;  
He calls thee to His throne of grace  
To spread thy sorrows there.

*Isaac Watts, 1720.*

167      "*Not as I will, but  
as Thou wilt.*"      8.8.8.4., or L.M.

- 1 My God and Father! while I stray,  
Far from my home, in life's rough way,  
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will be done!"
- 2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what was Thine:  
"Thy will be done!"

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God to Thee I leave the rest ;  
    " Thy will be done !"
- 4 Renew my will from day to day :  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
    " Thy will be done !"
- 5 Then when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
    " Thy will be done !"

*Charlotte Elliott, 1834.*

168

*The Penitent.*

C.M.

- 1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at Thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies ;  
And upwards to Thy mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh let not justice frown me hence ;  
Stay, stay the vengeful storm :  
Forbid it that Omnipotence  
Should crush a feeble worm !
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my guilt ;  
No tears but those which Thou hast shed !  
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,  
And all my sins forgive :  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

*Samuel Stennett, 1787.*

169

*Invitation accepted.*

7s.

- 1 Am I call'd? and can it be !  
Has my Saviour chosen me ?  
Guilty, wretched as I am,  
Has He named my worthless name ?  
Vilest of the vile am I,  
Dare I raise my hopes so high ?
- 2 Am I call'd? I dare not stay,  
May not, must not disobey ;  
Here I lay me at Thy feet,  
Clinging to the mercy-seat :  
Thine I am, and Thine alone ;  
Lord, with me Thy will be done.
- 3 Am I call'd? what shall I bring,  
As an offering to my King ?  
Poor, and blind, and naked I,  
Trembling at Thy footstool lie ;  
Nought but sin I call my own,  
Nor for sin can sin atone.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Am I call'd ? an heir of God !  
Wash'd, redeem'd, by precious blood !  
Father, lead me in Thy hand,  
Guide me to that better land,  
Where my soul shall be at rest,  
Pillow'd on my Saviour's breast.

*Presbyterian Psalms and Hymns, 1843.*

170

*"Remember me."*

C.M.

- 1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows !  
I lift my soul to Thee ;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Good Lord ! remember me.
- 2 When, on my groaning, burden'd heart,  
My sins lie heavily ;  
My pardon speak, new peace impart ;  
In love remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
Oh give me strength, Lord, as my day :  
For good remember me.
- 4 Distress'd with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble body see ;  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :  
Hear and remember me.
- 5 If on my face for Thy dear name,  
Shame and reproaches be,  
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If Thou remember me.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

6 The hour is near, consign'd to death,  
I own the just decree,  
Saviour, with my last parting breath  
I'll cry, Remember me!

*Thomas Haweis, 1792.*

171

*Hoping in God.*

8.7.4.

- 1 O my soul, what means this sadness?  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?  
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,  
Bid thy restless fears be gone:  
Look to Jesus,  
And rejoice in His dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations  
Vex and tease thee day by day?  
And thy sinful inclinations  
Often fill thee with dismay?  
Thou shalt conquer,  
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,  
From without and from within;  
Jesus saith, He'll ne'er forget thee,  
But will save from hell and sin;  
He is faithful  
To perform His gracious word.
- 4 Though distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road;  
His right hand shall still defend thee,  
Soon He'll bring thee home to God:  
Therefore praise Him,  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 Oh that I could now adore Him,  
Like the heavenly host above,  
Who for ever bow before Him,  
And unceasing sing His love !  
Happy songsters :  
When shall I your chorus join ?

*John Fawcett, 1782.*

172

*The almost Christian.*

L.M.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

173 *Longing for a pure Heart.* C.M.

- 1 Oh for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels Thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone:
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within:
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

*Charles Wesley, 1742.*

174 *Even Me.* C.M.

- 1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scatt'ring full and free;  
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me—*Even me.*

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Pass me not, O God my Father!  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me!—Even *me*.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!  
Let me live and cling to Thee;  
Oh, I'm longing for Thy favour:  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me—Even *me*.
- 4 Love of God—so pure and changeless;  
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free!  
Grace of God—so strong and boundless—  
Magnify it all in me!—Even *me*.
- 5 Pass me not—Thy lost one bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee,  
Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even *me*.

175

*Holiness and Grace.*

L.M.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honours of our Saviour God,  
When His salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;  
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,  
Our inward piety approve.

4 The gospel bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord ;  
And faith stands leaning on His word.

*Isaac Watts, 1709, a.*

176

*Conformity to Christ.*

8.7.

1 Love divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of heaven, 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 every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy grace receive ;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more, Thy temples leave ;  
Thee we would be always blessing ;  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;  
Pray, and Praise Thee, without ceasing ;  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be ;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee :  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

*Charles Wesley, 1747.*

**177**      *The Heart given to God.*      L.M.

- 1 Oh happy day, that fix'd my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God ;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 'Tis done! the great transaction's done ;  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine :  
He drew me, and I follow'd on,  
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;  
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest :  
With ashes who would grudge to part,  
When call'd on angels' bread to feast ?
- 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear :  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

*Philip Doddridge, 1755.*

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

178

*"We have left all, and have  
followed Thee."*

8.7.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow Thee ;  
Destitute, despised, forsaken ;  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :  
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.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me !  
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee !

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find in every station,  
Something still to do or bear.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1833.*

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

179

*Jesus, I am Thine!*

7s.

- 1 Jesus, spotless Lamb of God,  
Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,  
I would value nought beside  
Jesus—Jesus crucified.
- 2 I am Thine, and Thine alone,  
This I gladly, fully own ;  
And, in all my works and ways,  
Only now would seek Thy praise.
- 3 Help me to confess Thy name,  
Bear with joy Thy cross and shame,  
Only seek to follow Thee,  
Though reproach my portion be.
- 4 When Thou shalt in glory come,  
And I reach my heavenly home,  
Louder still my lips shall own  
I am Thine, and Thine alone.

*James George Deck, 1845.*

180

*Let us not fall.*

L.M.

- 1 Lord, through the desert drear and wide,  
Our erring footsteps need a guide ;  
Keep us, oh keep us near Thy side.  
Let us not fall. Let us not fall.
- 2 We have no fear that Thou shouldst lose  
One whom eternal love could choose ;  
But we would ne'er this grace abuse.  
Let us not fall. Let us not fall.

## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Lord, we are blind, and halt, and lame,  
We have no strong-hold but Thy name :  
Great is our fear to bring it shame.  
Let us not fall. Let us not fall.
- 4 Lord, evermore Thy face we seek :  
Tempted we are, and poor, and weak ;  
Keep us with lowly hearts, and meek.  
Let us not fall. Let us not fall.
- 5 All Thy good work in us complete,  
And seat us daily at Thy feet ;  
Thy love, Thy words, Thy name, how sweet !  
Let us not fall. Let us not fall.

*Hymns for the Children of God, 1851.*

### 181 *Not ashamed of the Gospel.* C.M.

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend His cause ;  
Maintain the honour of His word,  
The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God ! I know His name,  
His name is all my trust ;  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,  
And He can well secure  
What I've committed to His hands,  
Till the decisive hour.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 Then will He own my worthless name  
Before His Father's face ;  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

**182**

*Holy Fortitude.*

C.M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb ?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease ;  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;  
Increase my courage, Lord !  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

*Isaac Watts, 1721.*

**183**

*"A good Soldier of Jesus Christ."*

7s.

- 1 Oft in sorrow, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go ;  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

09.  
M.
- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;  
March in heavenly armour clad :  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Soon shall victory tune your song.
  - 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry ;  
Let not fears your course impede,  
Great your strength if great your need.
  - 4 Onward, then, to glory move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;  
Though oppressed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

*Henry Kirke White, 1806.  
Fanny Fuller Maitland, 1827.*

184

*Stand up for Jesus.*

7.6.

21.  
7s.
- 1 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross!  
Lift high His royal banner ;  
It must not suffer loss :  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquish'd,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.
  - 2 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet-call obey ;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day ;

## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

Ye that are men, now serve Him,  
Against unnumber'd foes ;  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in H's strength alone :  
The arm of flesh will fail you ;  
Ye dare not trust your own :  
Put on the gospel armour,  
And watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long ;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.  
To him that overcometh  
A crown of life shall be ;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.

*George Duffield, 1858.*

185

*God is all-sufficient.*

L.M.

- 1 Awake our souls, away our fears,  
Let every trembling thought begone,  
Awake, and run the heavenly 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.



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Thee, mighty God, whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,  
While such as trust their native strength,  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

186

*Christ our Strength.*

L.M.

- 1 Let me but hear my Saviour say,  
Strength shall be equal to thy day !  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own power may rest on me :  
When I am weak, then am I strong,  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear  
All sufferings, if my Lord be there :  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While His left hand my head sustains.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone,  
When new temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our weakness is.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

187

*Be of good Courage.*

S.M.

- 1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take :  
Loud to the praise of love divine,  
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home ;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on Thee !  
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall Thy salvation see.

*Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.*

188

*The Christian encouraged.*

S.M.

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears ;  
Hope, and be undismay'd ;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears :  
God shall lift up thy head.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou His time ; so shall the night  
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 When He makes bare His arm,  
What shall His work withstand ?  
When He His people's cause defends,  
Who, who shall stay His hand ?
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
Our hearts are known to Thee :  
Oh lift Thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee !

*Paul Gerhardt, 1659 ;  
tr. by John Wesley, 1739, a.*

189

*Confidence in God.*

L.M.

- 1 My spirit looks to God alone ;  
My rock and refuge is His throne ;  
In all my fears, in all my straits,  
My soul on His salvation waits.
- 2 Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways,  
Pour out your hearts before His face ;  
When helpers fail, and foes invade,  
God is our all-sufficient aid.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

190 *Running the Christian race.* C.M.

- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on ;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey ;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have we our race begun ;  
And crown'd with victory, at Thy feet  
We'll lay our honours down.

*Philip Doddridge, 1755.*

191 *The Request.* C.M.

- 1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise .
- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 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."

*Anne Steele, 1760.*

192

" Give us Day by Day our  
daily Bread."

7s.

- 1 Day by day the manna fell ;  
Oh ! to learn this lesson well :  
Still by constant mercy fed,  
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 " Day by day," the promise reads ;  
Daily strength for daily needs :  
Cast foreboding fears away ;  
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand ;  
All my sanguine hopes have plann'd  
To Thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make Thy purpose mine.
- 4 Oh to live exempt from care,  
By the energy of prayer ;  
Strong in faith, with mind subdued :  
Yet elate with gratitude.

*Josiah Conder, 1837.*



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

4 I cannot serve Him as I ought ;  
No works have I to boast ;  
Yet would I glory in the thought,  
That I should owe Him most.

*John Newton, 1779.*

195

*Sing, ye Saints.*

8.7.

- 1 Sing, ye saints, admire and wonder,  
Jesu's matchless love adore :  
Sing, for Sinai's awful thunder  
Shall upon you burst no more.
- 2 Sing, in spite of Satan's lying ;  
Sing, though sins are black and large :  
Sing, for Jesus, by His dying,  
Set you free from every charge.
- 3 Sing, though sense and carnal reason  
Fain would stop the joyful song :  
Sing, and count it highest treason  
For a saint to hold his tongue.
- 4 Sing ye loud, whose holy calling  
Your election plainly shows ;  
Sing, nor fear a final falling,  
Jesu's love no changes knows.
- 5 Sing, for you shall heaven inherit,  
Sing, and ne'er the song have done :  
Sing to Father, Son, and Spirit,  
One in Three, and Three in One.

*John Ryland, 1775.*

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

196 *The Ransomed of the Lord.* C.M.

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

*Philip Doddridge, 1755.*

197 *Rejoicing in Hope.* 7s.

- 1 Children of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Oh ye banish'd seed, be glad !  
Christ our Advocate is made ;  
Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.

*John Cennick, 1742.*

198 *Heavenly Joys on Earth.* S.M.

- 1 Come, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from the place :  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God ;  
But favourites of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The hill of Sion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

200

*Pleasures of Religion.*

7s.

1 'Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity.  
Be the living God my friend,  
Then my bliss shall never end.

*Mary Masters, 1755, a.*

201

*Adoption.*

S.M.

- 1 Behold what wondrous grace  
The Father hath bestow'd  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God!
- 2 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure,  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 3 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.
- 4 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne ;  
My faith shall Abba Father cry,  
And Thou the kindred own.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

202

*The firm Foundation.*

11s.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word !  
What more can He say than to you He hath  
said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?
  
- 2 In every condition,—in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
" As thy days may demand shall thy strength  
ever be.
  
- 3 " E'en down to old age, all my people shall  
prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples  
adorn.  
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be  
borne.
  
- 4 " The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for  
repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour  
to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake !"

*Kirkham or Kennedy, 1787.*

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

203

*Begone, Unbelief.* 10.10.11.11.

- 1 Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear ;  
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform.  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm!
- 2 Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide ; [fail,  
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all  
The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,  
Which He drank quite up, that sinners might live !  
His way was much rougher and darker than mine ;  
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine ?
- 4 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food ;  
Though painful at present 'twill cease before long,  
And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song !

*John Newton, 1779.*

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

204

*Preserved in Jesus.*

C.M.

- 1 Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause his own ;  
The hope that's built upon His word  
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint ;  
Or, fainting, shall not die ;  
Jesus, the strength of every saint,  
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,  
Faith sees Him always near,  
A guide, a glory, a defence ;  
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,  
And triumph'd once for you :  
So surely you that love His name  
Shall triumph in him too.

*John Newton, 1779.*

205

*" My words shall not pass  
away."*

L.M.

- 1 The moon and stars shall lose their light,  
The sun shall sink in endless night ;  
Both heaven and earth shall pass away ;  
The works of nature all decay.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 But they that in the Lord confide,  
And shelter in His wounded side,  
Shall see the danger overpast,  
Stand every storm, and live at last.
- 3 What Christ has said must be fulfill'd,  
On this firm rock believers build ;  
His word shall stand, His truth prevail,  
And not one jot or tittle fail,

*Joseph Hart, 1759.*

206

*The refiner sitting by the  
Fire.*

C.M.

- 1 God's furnace doth in Zion stand ;  
But Zion's God sits by,  
As the refiner views his gold  
With an observant eye.
- 2 His thoughts are high, His love is wise,  
His wounds a cure intend ;  
And, though He does not always smile,  
He loves unto the end.
- 3 Thy love is constant to its line,  
Though clouds oft come between ;  
Oh could my faith but pierce these clouds,  
It might be always seen.
- 4 But I am weak, and forced to cry,  
Take up my soul to Thee :  
Then, as Thou art ever the same,  
So shall I ever be.

## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 5 Then shall I ever, ever sing,  
    Whilst Thou dost ever shine ;  
I have Thine own dear pledge for this ;  
    Lord, Thou art ever mine.

*John Mason, 1683.*

207      "*As thy Day, thy Strength  
                  shall be.*"      L.M.

- 1 Afflicted soul, to Jesus dear,  
    Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;  
His faithful word declares to thee  
    That, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,  
    How shall I stand the trying day ?  
He has engaged, by firm decree,  
    That, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 3 Should persecution rage and flame,  
    Still trust in Thy Redeemer's name ;  
In fiery trials thou shalt see  
    That, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 4 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,  
    Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,  
Or deep distress, or poverty,  
    Still, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 5 When ghastly death appears in view,  
    Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;  
He comes to set thy spirit free,  
    And, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

*John Fawcett, 1782.*



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

208

*Sweetness of Gracious  
Meditations.*

C.M.

- 1 When langour and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,  
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward and attend  
The whispers of His love ;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back and see my name  
In life's fair book set down ;  
Sweet to look forward and behold  
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid ;  
Sweet to remember that His blood  
My debt of sufferings paid.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from Thee!

*Augustus M. Toplady, 1780.*

209

*"As thy Day, thy Strength  
shall be."*

7s.

- 1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,  
To His gracious promise flee,  
Laying hold upon His word,  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 If the sorrows of thy case  
Seem peculiar still to thee,  
God has promised needful grace,  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,  
In succession thou may'st see ;  
This is still thy sweet relief,  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure  
With Thy promise full and free,  
Faithful, positive and sure :  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

*Hasting's Spiritual Songs, 1833.*

210

*Joy under Losses.*

C.M.

- 1 What though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,  
Though vines their fruit deny,  
The labour of the olive fail,  
And fields no meat supply :
- 2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,  
My flock cut off I see ;  
Though famine pine in empty stalls,  
Where herds were wont to be :
- 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,  
And glory in His love ;  
In Him I'll joy, who will the God  
Of my salvation prove.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 4 God is the treasure of my soul ;  
The source of lasting joy ;  
A joy which want shall not impair,  
Nor death itself destroy.

*William Cameron, 1781.*

211

*Abide with us.*

10s.

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

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

212

*Welcoming the Cross.*

7s.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss :  
Trials must and will befall ;  
But, with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all—  
This is happiness to me.
- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;  
These spring up and choke the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil :  
Trials make the promise sweet ;  
Trials give new life to prayer ;  
Trials bring me to His feet,  
Lay me low and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
No chastisement by the way,  
Might I not, with reason, fear  
I should prove a cast-away ?  
Bastards may escape the rod,  
Sunk in earthly vain delight ;  
But the true-born child of God  
Must not, would not, if he might.

*William Cowper, 1779.*

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

7s.

213

*The grateful Review.*

L.M.

- 1 Thus far my God hath led me on,  
And made His truth and mercy known ;  
My hopes and fears alternate rise,  
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,  
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,  
Sees every day new straits attend,  
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 3 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road  
Which leads us to the mount of God ?  
Are these the toils Thy people know,  
While in the wilderness below ?
- 4 'Tis even so, Thy faithful love  
Doth thus Thy children's graces prove ;  
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
That Jesus may be all in all.

*John Fawcett, 1782.*

214

*None shall pluck me from  
Thy Hand.*

8.7.7.7.

- 1 Clouds and darkness round about Thee  
For a season veil Thy face,  
Still I trust, and cannot doubt Thee,  
Jesus full of truth and grace ;  
Resting on Thy words I stand,  
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

eds  
soil :

t.  
er, 1779.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

2 Oh, rebuke me not in anger !  
Suffer not my faith to fail !  
Let not pain, temptation, langour,  
O'er my struggling heart prevail !  
Holding fast Thy word I stand,  
None shall pluck me from Thy hand

3 In my heart Thy words I cherish,  
Though unseen Thou still art near ;  
Since Thy sheep shall never perish,  
What have I to do with fear ?  
Trusting in Thy word I stand,  
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

*Charlotte Elliott, 1834.*

215

*The favoured Saint.*

8.7.4.

1 Gracious Lord, my heart is fixed,  
Sing I will, and sing of Thee,  
Since the cup that justice mixed,  
Thou hast drank, and drank for me :  
Great Deliverer !  
Thou hast set the prisoner free.

2 Many were the chains that bound me,  
But the Lord has loosed them all ;  
Arms of mercy now surround me,  
Favours these, nor few nor small ;  
Saviour, keep me !  
Keep Thy servant lest he fall.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 When the world would bid me leave Thee,  
Telling me of shame and loss,  
Saviour, guard me, lest I grieve Thee,  
Lest I cease to love Thy cross :  
This is treasure !  
All the rest I count but dross.

*Thomas Kelly, 1806.*

216

*Union to Christ.*

S.M.

- 1 Dear Saviour, I am Thine  
By everlasting bands ;  
My name, my heart, I would resign ;  
My soul is in Thy hands.
- 2 To Thee I still would cleave  
With ever-growing zeal :  
If millions tempt me Christ to leave,  
They never shall prevail.
- 3 His Spirit shall unite  
My soul to Him my Head ;  
Shall form me to His image bright,  
And teach His path to tread.
- 4 Death may my soul divide  
From this abode of clay ;  
But love shall keep me near Thy side  
Through all the gloomy way.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

5 Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt or fear ?  
If He in heaven hath fix'd His throne,  
He'll fix His members there.

*Philip Doddridge, 1755.*

217

*Sweet Communion.*

C.M.

1 I would commune with Thee, my God ;  
E'en to Thy seat I come :  
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,  
And seek in Thee my home.

2 I stand upon the mount of God,  
With sunlight in my soul ;  
I hear the storms in vales beneath ;  
I hear the thunders roll :

3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,  
Beneath these glorious skies ;  
And to the heights on which I stand,  
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

4 Oh, this is life ! Oh, this is joy,  
My God, to find Thee so ;  
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,  
And all Thy love to know.

*George Burden Bubier, 1856.*



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

218 *Retirement and Meditation.* L.M.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and Thee ;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

219 *When wilt Thou come ?* C.M.

- 1 When wilt Thou come unto me, Lord ?  
Oh come, my Lord, most dear !  
Come near, come nearer, nearer still,  
I'm blest when Thou art near.
- 2 When wilt Thou come unto me, Lord ?  
I languish for the sight ;  
Ten thousand suns when Thou art hid,  
Are shades instead of light.
- 3 When wilt Thou come unto me, Lord ?  
Until Thou dost appear,  
I count each moment for a day,  
Each minute for a year.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

4 There's no such thing as pleasure here ;  
My Jesus is my all,  
As Thou dost shine or disappear,  
My pleasures rise or fall.

*Thomas Shepherd, 1692.*

**220**

*None but Jesus.*

C.M.

1 Oh might this worthless heart of mine  
The Saviour's temple be !  
Emptied of every love but Thine,  
And shut to all but Thee !

2 I long to find Thy presence there,  
I long to see Thy face ;  
Almighty Lord, my heart prepare  
The Saviour to embrace.

*Augustus M. Toplady, 1759.*

**221**

*Take my heart.*

8.7.4.

1 Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,  
Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine ;  
Thou hast sought me, Thou has bought me,  
Only Thee to know I pine.  
Let me find Thee !  
Take my heart, and own me Thine !

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

ere ;  
1692.  
C.M.  
ine  
2 Nought I ask for, nought I strive for,  
But Thy grace so rich and free ;  
That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,  
And who truly cleave to Thee.  
Let me find Thee,  
He hath all things who hath Thee.

*Joachim Neander, 1673 ;  
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1858, a.*

222 "My Spirit hath rejoiced in  
God my Saviour." 7.6.

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

1759.  
8,7.4.  
t me,  
2 Though all the world deceive me,  
I know that I am Thine,  
And Thou wilt never leave me,  
O blessed Saviour, mine.

3 O Thou whose mercy found me,  
From bondage set me free,  
And then for ever bound me,  
With threefold cords to Thee.

4 O for a heart to love Thee  
More truly as I ought,  
And nothing place above Thee,  
In deed, or word, or thought.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

5 Oh for that choicest blessing  
Of living in Thy love,  
And thus on earth possessing  
The peace of heaven above.

*John S. B. Monsell, 1863.*

**223** “*They saw no Man, save Jesus.*” S.M.

- 1 O patient, spotless One!  
Our hearts in meekness train,  
To bear Thy yoke, and learn of Thee,  
That we may rest obtain.
- 2 Jesus! Thou art enough  
The mind and heart to fill;  
Thy life to calm the anxious soul,  
Thy love its fear dispel.
- 3 Oh fix our earnest gaze,  
So wholly, Lord, on Thee,  
That with Thy beauty occupied,  
We elsewhere none may see.

*Hymns for the Children of God, 1851.*

**224** “*Thy Name is as Ointment  
poured forth.*” C.M.

- 1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find,  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
O Saviour of mankind!

3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart!  
Oh, joy of all the meek!  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus—what it is,  
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our crown wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

*Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153;  
tr. by Edward Caswall, 1849.*

225

*We love Him for Himself.*

S.M.

1 Blest be Thy love, dear Lord,  
That taught us this sweet way,  
Only to love Thee for Thyself,  
And for that love obey.

2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope!  
We to Thy mercy fly;  
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,  
Whate'er we need, supply.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 Whether we sleep or wake,  
To Thee we both resign ;  
By night we see, as well as day,  
If Thy light on us shine.
- 4 Whether we live or die,  
Both we submit to Thee ;  
In death we live, as well as life,  
If Thine in death we be.

*John Austin, 1668.*

226

*“ Who loved me, and gave  
Himself for me.”*

8.8.6.

- 1 O Love divine, how sweet Thou art !  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by Thee ?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me !
- 2 God only knows the love of God :  
Oh that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart :  
For love I sigh, for love I pine :  
This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
Be mine this better part.
- 3 Oh that I could for ever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet ;  
Be this my happy choice ;  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

*Charles Wesley, 1746.*

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

227

*He will keep us.*

8.7.4.

- 1 Saviour! through the desert lead us;  
Without Thee we cannot go:  
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,  
Thou hast laid the tyrant low:  
Let Thy presence  
Cheer us all our journey through.
- 2 With a price Thy love has bought us;  
Saviour! what a love is Thine!  
Hitherto Thy power has brought us;  
Power and love in Thee combine!  
Lord of glory!  
Ever on Thy household shine!

*Thomas Kelly, 1800.*

228

*"To live is Christ, and  
to die is Gain."*

7s.

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

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

4 When I touch the blessed shore,  
Back the closing waves shall roll ;  
Death's dark stream shall never more  
Part from Thee my ravish'd soul.

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

*Ralph Wardlaw, 1817.*

229

*Christ dwells in Heaven, but  
visits His Saints on Earth.*

L.M.

- 1 My best-beloved keeps His throne  
On hills of light, in worlds unknown ;  
But He descends and shows His face  
In the young gardens of His grace.
- 2 He has engross'd my warmest love ;  
No earthly charms my soul can move :  
I have a mansion in His heart,  
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.
- 3 He takes my soul ere I'm aware,  
And shows me where His glories are ;  
No chariot of Aminadab  
The heavenly rapture can describe.
- 4 Oh, may my spirit daily rise  
On wings of faith above the skies,  
Till death shall make my last remove,  
To dwell for ever with my love.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

230

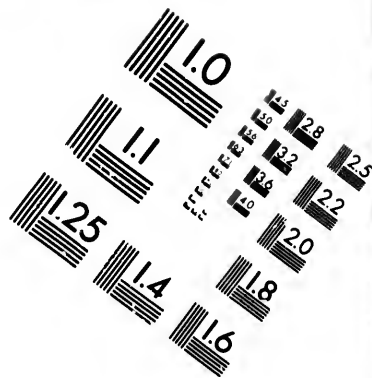
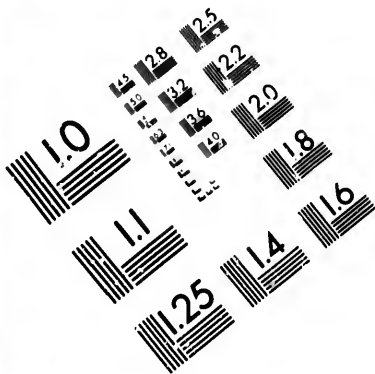
*Not ashamed of Jesus.*

L.M.

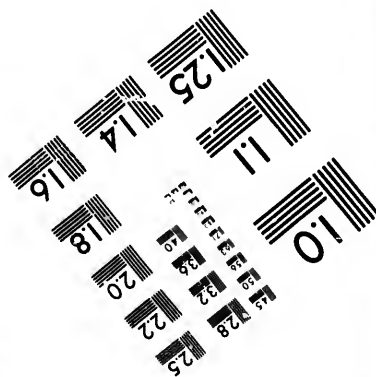
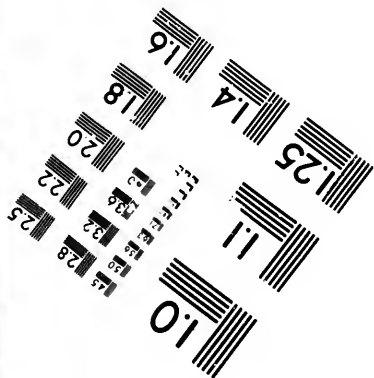
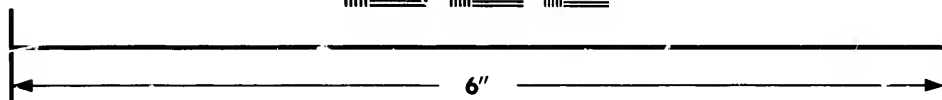
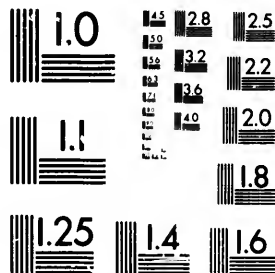
- 1 Jesus! and shall it ever be?  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of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

*Joseph Grigg, 1765;  
Benjamin Francis, 1787.*





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## THE CHURCH.

231 *Glorious Things spoken of Zion.* 8.7.

- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, City of our God!  
He whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for His own abode:  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?  
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear!  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near:  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which He gives them when they pray.

*John Newton, 1779.*

THE CHURCH.

232

*God's Faithfulness to His  
Church.*

8.7.4.

- 3.7.
- 1 Zion stands by hills surrounded,  
Zion kept by power divine ;  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
Though the world in arms combine :  
Happy Zion !  
What a favour'd lot is thine !
- 2 Every human tie may perish ;  
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;  
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;  
Heaven and earth at last remove ;  
But no changes  
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 Zion's Friend in nothing alters,  
Though all others may and do ;  
His is love that never falters,  
Always to its object true.  
Happy Zion !  
Crown'd with mercies ever new.
- 4 If thy God should show displeasure,  
'Tis to save, and not destroy ;  
If He punish, 'tis in measure ;  
'Tis to rid thee of alloy.  
Be thou patient ;  
Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.
- y.  
9.

THE CHURCH.

5 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
Thence to bring thee forth more bright ;  
But can never cease to love thee ;  
Thou art precious in His sight :  
God is with thee,  
God thine everlasting light.

*Thomas Kelly, 1809.*

233

*Fellow Citizens with the  
Saints.*

C.M.

- 1 Happy the souls to Jesus join'd,  
And saved by grace alone :  
Walking in all His ways, they find  
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in Thy love,  
Their mighty joys we know :  
*They* sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And *we* in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm, they praise,  
And bow before Thy throne ;  
We in the kingdom of Thy grace ;  
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads ;  
From thence our spirits rise ;  
And he that in Thy statutes treads,  
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

*Charles Wesley, 1745.*

THE CHURCH.

234

*Saints on Earth and in  
Heaven.*

C.M.

- 1 In one fraternal bond of love,  
One fellowship of mind,  
The saints below and saints above  
Their bliss and glory find.
- 2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,  
Thy statutes are their song ;  
There, through one bright, eternal age,  
Thy praises they prolong.
- 3 Lord, may our union form a part  
Of that thrice happy whole,  
Derive its pulse from Thee, the heart,  
Its life from Thee, the soul.

*James Montgomery, 1825.*

235

*Christians one Family.*

7s.

- 1 Lord, we all look up to Thee,  
As one flock, one family :  
May all strife between us cease,  
As we love Thee, Prince of Peace.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Gentle, meek, forgiving, kind,  
Lowly both in thought and word,  
Like Thyself, beloved Lord.



. THE CHURCH.

3 Let us for each other care ;  
Each the other's burden bear ;  
Each to each by love endear ;  
One in faith, and hope, and fear.

4 Free from all that hearts divide,  
Let us thus in Thee abide ;  
All the depths of love express,  
All the heights of holiness.

*Charles Wesley, 1749 ;  
Thomas Davis, 1864.*

236

*Church Order.*

S.M.

- 1 Far as Thy name is known,  
The world declares Thy praise ;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne  
Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy Thy people stand  
On Zion's chosen hill,  
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,  
And counsels of Thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell,  
Survey with care Thine holy ground,  
And mark the building well.
- 4 The order of Thy house,  
The worship of Thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,  
And make a fair report.

## WORSHIP.

- 5 How decent, and how wise !  
How glorious to behold !  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorned with gold.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

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## WORSHIP.

237

*Public Worship.*

8.7.4.

- 1 Hail, ye days of solemn meeting !  
Hail, ye days of praise and prayer !  
Far from earthly scenes retreating,  
In your blessings we would share :  
Sacred seasons,  
In your blessings we would share.
- 2 Be Thou near us, blessed Saviour,  
Still at morn and eve the same ;  
Give us faith that cannot waver,  
Kindle in us heaven's own flame :  
Blessed Saviour,  
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.
- 3 When the fervent prayer is glowing,  
Sacred Spirit, hear that prayer ;  
When the joyous song is flowing,  
Let that song Thine impress bear :  
Sacred Spirit,  
Let that song Thine impress bear.

WORSHIP.

4 Angel-bands ! these scenes frequenting,  
Often may your praises wake ;  
Oft may joy o'er souls repenting,  
From your harps melodious break :  
Oft may anthems  
From your harps melodious break.

*American Hymn, 1840.*

238

*Divine Worship.*

8.7.4.

- 1 In Thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We Thy people, now draw near ;  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,  
Speak and let Thy servants hear ;  
Hear with meekness ;  
Hear Thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,  
May we give them, Lord, to Thee ;  
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,  
May we run, nor weary be ;  
Till Thy glory,  
Without clouds in heaven we see.
- 3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,  
All Thy people shall adore ;  
Tasting of enjoyment greater,  
Than they could conceive before ;  
Full enjoyment ;  
Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

*Thomas Kelly, 1815.*

## BAPTISM.

### 239 *The Place where Jesus lay.* L.M.

- 1 Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb,  
Who loved our race ere time began,  
Who veil'd His Godhead in our clay,  
And in the humble manger lay.
- 2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,  
To mark the path His saints should tread,  
With joy they trace the sacred way,  
To see the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,  
The Saviour left His watery grave ;  
Heaven own'd the deed, approved the way,  
And bless'd the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 Come, all who love His precious name ;  
Come, tread His steps and learn of Him ;  
Happy beyond expression they  
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

*Thomas Baldwin, 1843*

### 240 *The Believer constrained by the Love of Christ to follow Him.* C.M.

- 1 Dear Lord, and will Thy pardoning love  
Embrace a wretch so vile ?  
Wilt Thou my load of guilt remove,  
And bless me with Thy smile ?

BAPTISM.

- 2 Hast Thou for me the cross endured,  
And all the shame despised?  
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,  
With Thee to be baptized?
- 3 Didst Thou the great example lead,  
In Jordan's swelling flood?  
And shall my pride disdain the deed  
That's worthy of my God?
- 4 Dear Lord, the ardour of Thy love  
Reproves my cold delays;  
And now my willing footsteps move  
In Thy delightful ways.

*John Fellows, 1773, a.*

241

*"Hinder me not."*

C.M.

- 1 In all my Lord's appointed ways,  
My journey I'll pursue;  
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,  
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where He goes;  
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty, and through trials too  
I'll go at His command;  
"Hinder me not," for I am bound  
To my Immanuel's land.

## BAPTISM.

- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home  
Still this my cry shall be,  
"Hinder me not," come, welcome death,  
I'll gladly go with Thee.

*John Ryland, 1773, a.*

### 242 *Buried with Christ in Baptism.* 8.7.

- 1 Jesus, mighty King in Zion!  
Thou alone our guide shall be;  
Thy commission we rely on,  
We would follow none but Thee.

- 2 As an emblem of Thy passion  
And Thy victory o'er the grave,  
We who know Thy great salvation,  
Are baptized beneath the wave.

- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,  
We the ancient path pursue;  
Buried with our Lord, arising  
To a life divinely new.

*John Fellows, 1773, a.*

### 243 *Taking up the Cross.* 8.7.4.

- 1 Hast Thou said, exalted Jesus,  
Take Thy cross and follow Me?  
Shall the word with terror seize us,  
Shall we from the burden flee?  
Lord, I'll take it,  
And rejoicing, follow Thee.

## BAPTISM.

- 2 While the liquid tomb surveying  
Emblem of my Saviour's grave;  
Shall I shun its brink, betraying  
Feelings worthy of a slave;  
No! I'll enter,  
Jesus enter'd Jordan's wave.
- 3 Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,  
Saviour, of Thy love to me;  
Sweeter still the love that binds me  
In its deathless bond to Thee.  
Oh, what pleasure  
Buried with my Lord to be!
- 4 Should it rend some fond connexion,  
Should I suffer shame or loss,  
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,  
I have been where Jesus was,  
Will revive me  
When I faint beneath the cross.
- 5 Fellowship with Him possessing,  
Let me die to all around,  
So I rise t' enjoy the blessing  
Kept for those in Jesus found,  
When th' archangel  
Wakes the sleeper under ground.

*J. E. Giles, 1844.*

## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

### 244 *Heavenly Bread and Wine.* 7s.

- 1 Bread of heaven ! on Thee I feed,  
For Thy flesh is meat indeed ;  
Ever may my soul be fed  
With this true and living bread ;  
Day by day with strength supplied,  
Through the life of Him who died.
- 2 Vine of Heaven ! Thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice ;  
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give ;  
To Thy cross I look and live.  
Thou my life ! Oh, let me be  
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

*Josiah Conder, 1824.*

### 245 *Enjoyment of Christ.* L.M.

- 1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone,  
Let my religious hours alone ;  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;  
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire ;  
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !  
How sweet Thy entertainments are !  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace, and dying love.



## REVIVALS.

- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !  
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine ;  
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,  
That eyes have seen, or angels known

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

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## REVIVALS.

**246** *The Presence of God desired.* L.M.

- 1 O Thou the hope of Israel's host,  
Their strength, their helper, and their boast ;  
How oft their Saviour Thou hast been,  
In times of trouble and of sin !
- 2 And have not we beheld Thy face ?  
Thy visits crown'd the means of grace ;  
Oh come *again*, indulgent Lord,  
With all the joy Thy smiles afford.
- 3 Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest,  
Enter, thou ever-honour'd Guest ;  
Enter, and make our hearts Thine own,  
Thy house, Thy temple, and Thy throne.
- 4 And stay, not only for a night,  
To bless us with a transient sight ;  
But with us  *dwell*, through time,—and then  
In heaven for *evermore*.—Amen.

*Rippon's Selection, 1829.*

REVIVALS.

247

*"There shall be Showers  
of Blessing."*

8.7.4.

- 1 "Showers of blessing," gracious promise,  
From the God who rules on high ;  
From the everlasting Father,  
He who will not, cannot lie.  
Showers of blessing,  
He has promised from the sky.
- 2 "Showers of blessing," joyful showers,  
Making every heart rejoice ;  
Come, ye saints, and plead the promise,  
Raise in faith the suppliant voice ;  
Showers of blessing,  
Oh, let nothing less suffice !

*Albert Midlane, 1865.*

248

*Revival sought.*

S.M.

- 1 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Thy mighty arm make bare ;  
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
And make Thy people hear.
- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Disturb this sleep of death,  
Quicken the smouldering embers now,  
By Thine almighty breath.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Create soul-thirst for Thee,  
And hungering for the bread of life,  
Oh may our spirits be !

REVIVALS.

- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Exalt Thy precious name ;  
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For Thee and Thine inflame.

249

*Prayer for a Revival.*

8.7.4.

- 1 Saviour, visit Thy plantation ;  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless Thou return again :  
Lord, revive us,  
All our Help must come from Thee !
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.  
Lord, &c.
- 3 Surely, once Thy garden flourish'd,  
Every part look'd gay and green ;  
Then Thy word our spirit nourish'd,  
Happy seasons we have seen !  
Lord, &c.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see ;  
Lord, Thy help is greatly needed,  
Help can only come from Thee.  
Lord, &c.

REVIVALS.

5 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,  
Thou canst make them bloom again ;  
Oh permit them not to wither,  
Let not all our hopes be vain.

Lord, &c.

6 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayers ;  
Let each one esteem'd Thy servant  
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

Lord, &c.

7 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;  
And begin, from this good hour  
To revive Thy work afresh.

Lord, revive us,  
All our help must come from Thee.

*John Newton, 1779 ;  
John Ryland, jun., 1787.*

250

*Praise for a Revival.*

7s.

1 Fount of everlasting love !  
Rich Thy streams of mercy are—  
Flowing purely from above,  
Beauty marks their course afar.

2 Lo, Thy church, Thy garden now  
Blooms beneath the heavenly shower !  
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow :  
Mild, yet mighty, is Thy power.

## MISSIONS.

- 3 God of grace, before Thy throne  
Here our warmest thanks we bring;  
Thine the glory—Thine alone :  
Loudest praise to Thee we sing.
- 4 Hear, O hear, our grateful song ;  
Let Thy Spirit still descend ;  
Roll the tide of grace along,  
Widening, deepening, to the end.

*R. Palmer.*

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## MISSIONS.

251

*“Awake, O Arm of the  
Lord !”*

L.M.

- 1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !  
Thy power unconquerable take ;  
Thy strength put on, assert Thy might,  
And triumph in the dreadful fight.
- 2 Why dost Thou tarry, mighty Lord ?  
Why slumbers in its sheath Thy sword ?  
Oh, rouse Thee, for Thine honour's sake ;  
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !
- 3 Behold, what numbers still withstand  
Thy sovereign rule and just command,  
Reject Thy grace, Thy threats despise,  
And hurl defiance at the skies.

## MISSIONS.

- 4 Haste then, but come not to destroy ;  
Mercy is Thine, Thy crown, Thy joy ;  
Their hatred quell, their pride remove,  
But melt with grace, subdue with love.
- 5 Why dost Thou from the conquest stay ?  
Why do Thy chariot wheels delay ?  
Lift up Thyself ; hell's kingdom shake ;  
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !

*Henry March, 1839.*

### 252 *Consecration to the Work.* 8's & 7's.

- 1 While the heralds of salvation  
God's abounding grace proclaim,  
Let His friends of every station  
Gladly join to spread His name.
- 2 May His kingdom be promoted ;  
May the world the Saviour know ;  
Be my all to Him devoted ;  
To my Lord my all I owe.
- 3 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations ;  
Praise Him, all ye hosts above ;  
Shout, with joyful acclamations,  
His divine, victorious love.

*Select Hymns.*

### 253 *Awake, O arm of the Lord.* L.M.

- 1 Arm of the Lord ! awake ! awake !  
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake :  
And let the world, adoring, see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

## MISSIONS.

- 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 wondering eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
- 4 Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim  
In every clime of every name ;  
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

*William Shrubsole.*

254

*The Church awakened.*

C.M.

- 1 Daughter of Zion, from the dust  
Exalt thy fallen head ;  
Again in thy Redeemer trust,  
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Arise, O Lord! send forth Thy word,  
Thy faithful heralds call ;  
And while the gospel trump is heard,  
Let Satan's bulwarks fall.
- 3 Breathe forth, O wind, and to new birth  
Quicken the bones of death ;  
Regenerate this wither'd earth,  
Give to the dying breath.

*Josiah Conder, 1856.*

MISSIONS.

255 *The Call of the Heathen for Help.* 7.6.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile :  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn ;  
The heathen in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation, oh salvation,  
The joyful sound proclaim ;  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story !  
And you, ye waters roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;

th



MISSIONS.

Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

*Reginald Heber, 1823.*

256

*Arise, O God!*

S.M.

- 1 O Lord our God, arise ;  
The cause of truth maintain,  
And wide o'er all the peopled world  
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,  
Nor let thy glory cease ;  
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,  
And bless the earth with peace !
- 3 Thou, Holy Ghost, arise,  
Expnad Thy quickening wing,  
And o'er a dark and ruin'd world  
Let light and order spring.
- 4 All on the earth arise,  
To God the Saviour sing !  
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,  
Let ochoing anthems ring !

*Ralph Wardlaw, 1817.*

MISSIONS.

257

*Longing for the Spread of  
the Gospel.*

8.7.4.

- 1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;  
All the promises de 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 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease ;  
May thy lasting, wide dominions,  
Multiply, and still increase,  
Sway Thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around.

*William Williams, 1772, a.*

## PRAYER.

258

*Evening Prayer Meeting.*

S.M.

- 1 Now from the world withdrawn,  
For intercourse with Thee,  
May each, O Lord, before Thy throne,  
From earthly cares be free.
- 2 Possess our every thought,  
And teach our minds to pray :  
Help us to worship as we ought,  
And thus conclude the day.
- 3 Our strength may we renew,  
And lift our hearts above,  
That, while life's journey we pursue;  
We still may walk in love.
- 4 Then, in our latter end,  
When death shall close our eyes,  
Thy mercy will our souls attend,  
And bear them to the skies.

*John Bulmer, 1835.*

259

*Prayer described.*

C.M.

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast,

## PRAYER.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air ;  
His watchword at the gates of death :  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, " Behold he prays !"
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth, the way !  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :  
Lord ! teach us how to pray.

*James Montgomery, 1819.*

260

*The Throne of Grace.*

S.M.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace !  
The promise calls me near,  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.

P R A Y E R .

- 2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
Thou canst not be too bold ;  
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,  
What else can He withhold ?
- 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.

*John Newton, 1779.*

**261**    *" Ask what I shall give thee."*    78.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring ;  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,  
Lord, remove this load of sin ;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

PRAYER.

- 4 Lord ! I come to Thee for rest,  
'Take possession of my breast:  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

*John Newton, 1779.*

262

*A Blessing requested.*

7s.

- 1 Lord, we come before Thee now,  
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;  
Oh, do not our suit disdain ;  
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 In Thy 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 those who seek may find  
Thee a God supremely kind ;  
Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

*William Hammond, 1745, a.*

PRAYER.

263 "There am I in the midst of you." 7s.

- 1 Met again in Jesus' name,  
At His feet we humbly bow :  
He is evermore the same,  
Lo, He waits to meet us now !
- 2 In His name, if two or three  
Meet, and for His mercy call,  
There, the Saviour says, I'll be  
In the midst to bless you all.
- 3 You shall never ask in vain,  
Though your number be but few ;  
Firm the promise doth remain,  
Lo, I always am with you.
- 4 Saviour, we believe Thy word,  
Calmly wait the promised grace :  
Spirit of our risen Lord,  
Holy Spirit, fill the place.

*John Pyer, 1857.*

264 *I will pray.* L.M.

- 1 I will approach Thee—I will force  
My way through obstacles to Thee ;  
To Thee for strength will have recourse,  
To Thee for consolation flee !
- 2 Oh cast me, cast me not away,  
From Thy dear presence, gracious Lord !  
My burden at Thy feet I lay :  
My soul reposes on Thy word.

*Charlotte Elliott, 1834.*

PRAYER.

265

*Jesus present with Two  
or Three.*

L.M.

- 1 "Where two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount His acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise :
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,  
Amid this little company ;  
To them unveil my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on Thy faithful word :  
Now send Thy Spirit from above,  
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

*Samuel Stennett, 1787.*

266

*Pleading for Prayer.*

7s.

- 1 Lord, our waiting spirits bow,  
In Thy blessed presence now :  
May the Holy Spirit be  
Now our power to wait on Thee.
- 2 Power, O Lord, for power we cry !  
Grant us each a rich supply,  
That our longing souls may be  
Fully satisfied by Thee.
- 3 Sweet the solemn hour of prayer,  
Sweet to feed on heavenly fare,  
Now let such our portion be,  
Saviour, waiting upon Thee.

*Albert Midlane, 1866.*



PRAYER.

267

*"I said not, seek ye Me  
in vain.*

C.M.

- 1 We come, blest Jesus, to Thy throne,  
To open all our grief;  
Now send Thy promised mercy down,  
And grant us quick relief.
- 2 Ne'er didst Thou say to Jacob's seed,  
"Seek ye My face in vain;"  
And canst Thou now deny Thine aid,  
When burden'd souls complain?
- 3 The same Thy power, Thy love the same;  
Unmoved the promise shines;  
Eternal truth surrounds Thy name,  
And guards the precious lines.
- 4 Though Satan rage, and flesh rebel,  
And unbelief arise,  
We'll wait around His footstool still,  
For Jesus hears our cries.

*James Boden, 1777.*

268

*Sweet Hour of Prayer.*

L.M.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known;  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief;  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

PRAYER.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear,  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness,  
Engage the waiting soul to bless;  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
May I thy consolation share;  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight:  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

*Sacred Songs.*

269

*Let us Pray.*

8.7.

1 Let us pray! the Lord is willing  
Ever waiting, prayer to hear;  
Ready, His kind words fulfilling,  
Loving hearts to help and cheer.

2 Let us pray! our God with blessing  
Satisfies the praying soul;  
Bends to hear the heart's confessing,  
Moulding it to His control.

PRAYER.

3 Let us pray! though foes surrounding,  
Vex, and trouble, and dismay;  
Precious grace through Christ abounding  
Still shall cheer us on our way.

4 Let us pray! our life is praying;  
Prayer with time alone may cease  
Then in heaven, God's will obeying,  
Life is praise and perfect peace.

*Henry Bateman, 1862.*

270

*Divine aid in Prayer.*

H.M.

1 O Thou that hearest prayer,  
And teachest how to pray,  
Our grovelling hearts prepare  
To wing their heavenward way;  
High as thy mercy-seat to rise,  
And there pour out their earnest cries.

2 Too oft, when faith is weak,  
We fear our prayers are vain;  
The blessings which we seek,  
We scarcely hope to gain;  
Our wants appear to mount too high;  
Our hopes, o'erborne with sorrow, die.

*Anon.*

PRAYER.

271

*Peace at the Mercy-seat.*

L.M.

- 1 From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm a safe retreat ;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness o'er our heads !  
A place, than all beside more sweet,  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet  
Around our common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

*Hugh Stowell, 1832.*

272

*Sweetness of Fellowship.*

7s., 6 lines.

- 1 If 'tis sweet to mingle where  
Christians meet for social prayer—  
If 'tis sweet with them to raise  
Songs of holy joy and praise—  
Passing sweet that state must be  
Where they meet eternally.

PRAYER.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove  
Preparations for above;  
While we worship in this place,  
May we go from grace to grace,  
Till we, each in his degree,  
Meet for endless glory be.

*Ingram Cobbin, 1828.*

273 *Joy in Heaven over a Repenting Sinner.* L.M.

1 Who can describe the joys that rise,  
Through all the courts of Paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born ?  
2 With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of His eternal love;  
The Son with joy looks down, and sees  
The purchase of his agonies.  
3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul He form'd anew :  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

274 *For a Blessing.* 8.7.

1 As the dew, from heaven distilling,  
Gently on the grass descends,  
Richly unto all fulfilling  
What Thy providence intends ;

PRAYER.

So may truth, divine and gracious,  
To our waiting spirits prove ;  
Bless and make it efficacious  
In the children of Thy love !

- 2 Lord, behold this congregation ;  
All Thy promises fulfil ;  
From Thy holy habitation,  
Let the dew of life distil :  
Let our cry come up before Thee,  
Sweetest influence shed around ;  
So Thy people shall adore Thee,  
And confess the joyful sound.

*W. S. Du Sautoy's Selection, 1818 ;  
John Bulmer, 1835.*

**275**      *Save our Children.*      C.M.

- 1 God of mercy, hear our prayer  
For the children Thou hast given ;  
Let them all Thy blessings share,  
Grace on earth, and bliss in heaven !
- 2 In the morning of their days  
May their hearts be drawn to Thee ;  
Let them learn to lisp Thy praise  
In their earliest infancy.

**276**      *Parent's Pleading.*      L.M.

- 1 Father of all, before Thy throne,  
Grateful but anxious parents bow :  
Look in paternal mercy down,  
And yield the boon we ask Thee now.

## NEW YEAR.

2 'Tis not for wealth, or joys of earth,  
Or life prolong'd we seek Thy face ;  
'Tis for a new and heavenly birth,  
'Tis for the treasures of Thy grace.

3 'Tis for their souls' eternal joy,  
For rescue from the coming woe ;  
Do not our earnest suit deny,  
We cannot, cannot let Thee go.

*Rippon's Selection, 1844.*

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## THE NEW YEAR.

277

*Grateful Recollections.*

8.7.

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above ;  
Praise the mount—oh fix me on it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;  
Hither by Thine help U'm come ;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.

NEW YEAR.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

- 3 Oh to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace, now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee,  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, oh take and seal it,  
Seal it from Thy courts above.

*Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, 1760.*

278

*Another Year.*

L.M.

- 1 Father of mercies! God of love!  
Whose kind compassion still we prove,  
Our praise accept, and bless us here,  
As brought to this—another year.
- 2 We sing Thy goodness all divine,  
Whose radiant beams around us shine;  
'Tis through Thy goodness we appear  
Preserved to this—another year.
- 3 Our souls, our all we here resign;  
Make us, and keep us ever Thine;  
And grant that in Thy love and fear  
We may begin—another year.



NEW YEAR.

- 4 Be this our sweet experience still,  
To know and do Thine holy will ;  
Then, shall our souls with joy sincere  
Bless Thee for this—another year.
- 5 Still, Lord, through life Thy love display,  
And then in death's approaching day,  
We'll joyful part with all that's here,  
Nor wish on earth—another year.

*Samuel Medley, 1789.*

279

*Goodness sought.*

L.M.

- 1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand :  
The opening year Thy mercy shows ;  
Let mercy crown it, till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still are we guarded by our God :  
By His incessant bounty fed,  
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to Thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,  
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest ;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.

NEW YEAR.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

*Philip Doddridge, 1755.*

280

*God's help received.*

L.M.

1 My helper God! I bless His name :  
The same His power, His grace the same ;  
The tokens of His friendly care  
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I, 'midst ten thousand dangers, stand,  
Supported by His guardian hand ;  
And see, when I survey my ways,  
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far His arm hath led me on ;  
Thus far I make His mercy known ;  
And, while I tread this desert land,  
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,  
Shall raise one sacred pillar more :  
Then bear, in His bright courts above,  
Inscriptions of immortal love.

*Philip Doddridge, 1755.*

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

*John Fawcett, 1782.*

NEW YEAR.

282

*Shortness and Uncertainty  
of Life.*

7s.

- 1 While with ceaseless course the sun  
Rolls along the passing year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here.
  
- 2 Fix'd in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below ;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little—none can know.
  
- 3 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream !  
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
All below is but a dream.
  
- 4 Bless Thy word to young and old ;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with Thee above.

*John Newton, 1779.*

## DEATH.

283

*Guide me, O Thou Great  
Jehovah.*

8.7.4.

- 1 Guide me, O Thou grëat Jehovah,  
Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand ;  
Bread of heaven !  
Feed me now and evermore.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through :  
Strong Deliv'rer !  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

*William Williams, 1773.*

284

*Victory over Death.*

C.M.

- 1 O for an overcoming faith  
To cheer my dying hours ;  
To triumph o'er the monster Death,  
And all his frightful powers !

DEATH.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
My quivering lips should sing,  
Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?  
And where's the monster's sting?

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;  
Death hath no sting beside:  
The law gives sin its damning power;  
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid,  
Who makes us conquerors while we die,  
Through Christ our living head.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

285

*Victory over Death.*

P.M.

1 Vital spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying.  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away,  
What is this absorbs me quite—  
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—  
Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

## DEATH.

- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears !  
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring :  
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
O grave, where is thy victory ?  
O death, where is thy sting ?

*Alexander Page, 1720.*

286

*Burial of a Saint.*

C.M.

- 1 Why do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should We tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb ?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all His saints He bless'd,  
And soften'd every bed :  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying Head ?
- 4 Thence He arose, ascending high,  
And show'd our feet the way ;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising day.
- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise ;  
Awake, ye nations, under ground ;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

## RESURRECTION.

287

*"Blessed are the Dead that  
die in the Lord."*

C.M.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

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## RESURRECTION.

288

*"Behold, He cometh."*

L.M.

- 1 The time draws nigh when from the clouds  
Christ shall with shouts descend,  
And the last trumpet's awful voice  
The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 2 Then they who live, shall changed be,  
And they who sleep shall wake ;  
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,  
And earth's foundations shake.



## RESURRECTION.

- 3 The saints of God, from death set free;  
With joy shall mount on high;  
The heavenly hosts with praises loud  
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 4 Together in their Father's house  
With joyful hearts they go,  
And dwell for ever with the Lord,  
Beyond the reach of woe.

*Michael Bruce, 1768.*

289

*The Final Victory.*

C.M.

- 1 When the last trumpet's awful voice  
This rending earth shall shake,—  
When opening graves shall yield their charge,  
And dust to life awake.—
- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell  
Shall incorrupted rise,  
And mortal forms shall spring to life  
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung  
Is now at last fulfilled—  
That death should yield his ancient reign,  
And vanquished, quit the field.
- 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,  
And thus begin to sing :  
“ O Grave, where is thy triumph now ?  
And where, O Death, thy sting ? ”

*Scotch Col.*

RESURRECTION.

290

*I shall arise.*

148th.

1 My life's a shade, my days  
Apace to death decline ;  
My Lord is Life, He'll raise  
My dust again, even mine.  
Sweet truth to me !  
I shall arise,  
And with these eyes  
My Saviour see.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep  
My bones till that sweet day ;  
I wake from my long sleep  
And leave my bed of clay.  
Sweet truth to me !  
I shall arise,  
And with these eyes  
My Saviour see.

3 My Saviour's angels shall  
Their golden trumpets sound,  
At whose most welcome call  
My grave shall be unbound.  
Sweet truth to me !  
I shall arise,  
And with these eyes  
My Saviour see.

*Samuel Crossman, 1664.*

## HEAVEN.

291

*"For ever with the Lord."*

S.M.

- 1 "For ever with the Lord!"  
Amen! so let it be!  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality!
- 2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul! how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above!
- 5 "For ever with the Lord!"  
Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word,  
Even here to me fulfil.
- 6 That resurrection word,  
That shout of victory,  
Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"  
Amen—so let it be!

*James Montgomery, 1835.*

HEAVEN.

292

*"This is not your Rest."*

8.7.

- 1 This is not my place of resting,  
Mine's a city yet to come ;  
Onward to it I am hasting—  
On to my eternal home.
- 2 In it all is light and glory ;  
O'er it shines a nightless day :  
Every trace of sin's sad story,  
All the curse, hath pass'd away.
- 3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd leads us,  
By the streams of life along,  
On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
Turns our sighing into song.
- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain :  
Never more are sad or weary,  
Never, never sin again !

*Horatius Bonar, 1856.*

293

*The Church Triumphant.*

C.M.

- 1 Give me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears ;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

S.M.

d l"

, 1835.

## HEAVEN.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

**294**

*The sight of God and  
Christ in Heaven.*

L.M.

- 1 Descend from heaven, Immortal Dove,  
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings,  
And mount and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things !
- 2 Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our Almighty Father's throne !  
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 3 Adoring saints around Him stand,  
And thrones and powers before Him fall ;  
The God shines gracious through the Man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

## HEAVEN.

- 4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow amongst them there,  
And view Thy face, and sing, and love?

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

### 295 *Hopes of Heaven our Support.* C.M

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

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

HEAVEN.

296

*"The whole Family in  
Heaven and Earth."*

C.M.

- 1 Come, let us join our friends above  
Who have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
With those to glory gone ;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in Him,  
One church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow ;  
Part of His host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

*Charles Wesley, 1759.*

297

*Jerusalem, the Golden.*

7.6.

- 1 Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation,  
Sink heart and voice oppress'd :  
I know not, oh I know not  
What joys await us there :  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare !

HEAVEN.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,  
Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng :  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene ;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast ;  
And they, who with their Leader  
Have conquer'd in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white !

*John Mason Neale, 1851.*

298

*The heavenly Jerusalem.*

C.M.

- 1 Jerusalem ! my happy home !  
Name ever dear to me ;  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold ?  
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold ?



HEAVEN.

- 3 Oh when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbaths have no end ?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.
- 5 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.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there  
Around my Saviour stand ;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home !  
My soul still pants for thee ;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

*Eckington Collection, 1790.*

299

*Jerusalem.*

C.M.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee ?  
When shall my sorrows have an end,  
Thy joys when shall I see ?

## HEAVEN.

- 2 O happy harbour of the saints !  
O sweet and pleasant soil !  
In thee no sorrows may be found,  
No grief, no care, no toil.
- 3 Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
Thy bulwarks diamond square ;  
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,  
Exceeding rich and rare.
- 4 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles do shine ;  
The very streets are paved with gold,  
Surpassing clear and fine.
- 5 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,  
Would God I were in thee !  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see !

*Francis Baker, 1616.*

300

*The Contrast.*

S.M.

- 1 The people of the Lord  
Are on their way to heaven ;  
They there obtain their great reward,  
The prize will there be given.
- 2 'Tis conflict here below ;  
'Tis triumph there, and peace :  
On earth we wrestle with the foe,  
In heaven our conflicts cease.

## HEAVEN.

- 3 'Tis gloom and darkness here ;  
'Tis light and joy above :  
There all is pure and all is clear ;  
There all is peace and love.
- 4 There rest shall follow toil,  
And ease succeed to care ;  
The victors there divide the spoil ;  
They sing and triumph there.
- 5 Then let us joyful sing ;  
The conflict is not long :  
We hope in heaven to praise our King  
In one eternal song.

*Thomas Kelly, 1820.*

**301**

*Sweet Fields.*

C.M.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign :  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.

## HEAVEN.

- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbeckled eyes!
- 6 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!

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*

302

*Jesus adored in Heaven.*

7s.

- 1 Palms of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the saints in light,  
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the Lamb amidst the throne,  
And proclaim in joyful psalms  
Victory through His cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
Crying, as they strike the chords,  
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,  
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

## HEAVEN.

- 4 Round the altar priests confess,  
If their robes are white as snow,  
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,  
And His blood that made them so.
- 5 Who were these? on earth they dwelt;  
Sinners once of Adam's race;  
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt;  
But were saved by sovereign grace.
- 6 They were mortal, too, like us:  
Ah! when we, like them, must die,  
May our souls, translated thus,  
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

*James Montgomery, 1853.*

**303**

*The Realms of the Blest.*

8s.

- 1 We speak of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confess'd;  
But what must it be to be there!
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,  
Its wonders and pleasures untold;  
But what must it be to be there!
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within;  
But what must it be to be there!

HEAVEN.

4. We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The church of the first-born above;  
But what must it be to be there!
- 5 Do Thou, Lord, midst gladness or woe,  
For heaven our spirits prepare,  
And shortly we also shall know,  
And feel what it is to be there!

*Mrs. Wilson, 1837, a.*

304

*Heaven anticipated.*

C.M.

- 1 Too long, alas, I vainly sought  
For happiness below,  
But earthly comforts, dearly bought,  
No solid good bestow.
- 2 At length, through Jesu's grace, I found,  
The good and promised land,  
Where milk and honey much abound  
And grapes in clusters stand.
- 3 My soul has tasted of the grapes,  
And now it longs to go  
Where my dear Lord His vineyard keeps,  
And all the clusters grow.
- 4 Upon the true and living vine  
My famish'd soul would feast,  
And banquet on the fruit divine,  
An everlasting guest.

*John Berridge, 1785, a.*

HEAVEN.

305

*Heaven my Home.*

Gs. 4s.

1 I am a stranger here,  
    Heaven is my home ;  
Earth is a desert drear,  
    Heaven is my home ;  
Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on every hand ;  
Heaven is my fatherland,  
    Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,  
    Heaven is my home ;  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
    Heaven is my home ;  
And Time's wild wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast :  
I shall reach home at last,  
    Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not,  
    Heaven is my home ;  
Whate'er my earthly lot,  
    Heaven is my home ;  
For I shall surely stand  
Then at my Lord's right hand ;  
Heaven is my fatherland,  
    Heaven is my home.

*Henry Bateman.*

"OMITTED."

4s. **306** *Christ the Chiefest among Ten  
Thousand.* P.M.

- 1 O Jesus! the glory, the wonder, and love,  
Of angels and glorified spirits above,  
And saints, who behold Thee not, yet dearly love,  
Rejoicing in hope of Thy glory :  
Thou only, and wholly, art lovely and fair,  
Who robb'st not Jehovah, with Him to compare.  
Jehovah's own image glows in Thee, shines there  
In visible bodily glory.  
Worth divine dwells in Thee ;  
Excellent dignity,  
Beauty and majesty,  
Glory environs Thee ;  
Power, honour, dominion, and life rest on Thee,  
O Thou chiefest among the ten thousand !
- 2 Wherever we view Thee, new glories arise ;  
The Man who's God's fellow, who rides on the  
skies,  
Made flesh, dwelt among us, brought God to  
our eyes ;  
In grace and truth showing His glory.  
Thou spak'st to existence the heav'ns and their  
hosts,  
The earth and its fulness, the seas and their  
coasts ;  
Time hangs on Thy word, and eternity boasts  
To crown and adorn Thee with glory.  
Worth, &c.
- 2.



“ OMITTED.”

3 But how lovely dost Thou appear in our eyes,  
When we view Thee Incarnate, in childhood's  
disguise!

Thy love's past all knowledge, with raptures  
surprise,

And ravish our hearts with Thy glory.

Thou in Thine own body, on the cursed tree,  
Did'st bear all our sins, while Thy God frown'd  
on Thee ;

Expiring in blood in our stead, and now we  
Exult in Thy merit and glory.

Worth, &c.

4 Thy blood all divine, from the grave back again,  
Brought Thee, King of Glory, Thou Lamb who  
wast slain !

First-born of the dead, crown'd with honour  
supreme,

Thy throne is established in glory.

There reign in Thy glory, O Thou great Adored !  
Till Thy foes, crush'd under Thy feet, be no more ;  
Thy throne shall triumph o'er all things restored,  
And eternity blaze with Thy glory.

Worth, &c.

*Boyd's.*

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

307

PSALM 3.

L.M.

- 1 Thy promise, Lord, is perfect peace,  
And yet my trials still increase ;  
Till fears at times my soul assail,  
That Satan's rage must yet prevail.
- 2 Then, Saviour, then I fly to Thee,  
And in Thy grace my refuge see ;  
Thou heard'st me from Thy holy hill,  
And Thou wilt hear and help me still.
- 3 Beneath Thy wings secure I sleep ;  
What foe can harm while Thou dost keep ?  
I wake, and find Thee at my side,  
My omnipresent Guard and Guide !
- 4 Oh why should earth or hell distress,  
With God so strong, so nigh to bless ?  
From Him alone salvation flows ;  
On Him alone, my soul, repose.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

308

PSALM 4.

C.M.

- 1 Lord of my life, my hope, my joy,  
My never-failing Friend,  
Thou hast been all my help till now,  
Oh! help me to the end !

SPIRIT OF

- 2 While worldly minds impatient grow  
More prosperous times to see,  
Oh ! let the glories of Thy face,  
Shine brighter, Lord, on me !
- 3 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy  
More lasting and more true  
Than their's, possess'd of all that they  
So eagerly pursue.
- 4 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,  
And take my needful rest :  
No other guard I ask or need,  
Of Thee, O Lord, possess'd.

*Tate and Brady, 1696.*

309

PSALM 10.

C.M.

*(Verses 17 and 18.)*

- 1 O God, the help of all Thy saints,  
Our hope in time of ill ;  
We'll trust Thee, though Thy face be hid,  
And seek Thy presence still.
- 2 All our desires to Thee are known ;  
Thy help is ever near ;  
Oh first prepare our hearts to pray,  
And then accept our prayer.

*Edward Osler, 1836.*

THE PSALMS.

310

PSALM 13.

C.M.

- 1 How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord ?  
Must I for ever mourn ?  
How long wilt Thou withdraw from me,  
Oh ! never to return ?
- 2 Oh, hear, and to my longing eyes  
Restore Thy wonted light ;  
Revive my soul, nor let me sleep  
In everlasting night.
- 3 Since I have always placed 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 inspired,  
To Thee, my God, ascend,  
Who to Thy servant in distress,  
Such bounty didst extend.

*Tate and Brady, 1696.*

311

PSALM 14.

7.6.

(Verse 7.)

- 1 Oh that the Lord's salvation  
Were out of Zion come,  
To heal His ancient nation,  
To lead His outcasts home.

SPIRIT OF

- 2 How long the holy city  
Shall heathen feet profane ?  
Return, O Lord, in pity,  
Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,  
Thy saving grace impart ;  
Roll back the veil of error,  
Release the fetter'd heart.
- 4 Let Israel home returning,  
Her lost Messiah see ;  
Give oil of joy for mourning,  
And bind Thy church to Thee.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

**312**

PSALM 19.

L.M.

- 1 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord ;  
In ev'ry star Thy wisdom shines ;  
But when our eyes behold Thy word,  
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;  
So when Thy truth began its race,  
It touch'd and glanced on ev'ry land.
- 3 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world Thy truth has run ;  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

THE PSALMS.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;  
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven:  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

334. **313**

PSALM 23.

L.M.

(Verse 4.)

.M.  
1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guide me with a watchful eye:  
My noonday walks He will attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

;  
n;  
2 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For Thou, O Lord! art near me still:  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

*Joseph Addison, 1712.*

## SPIRIT OF

314

PSALM 24.

L.M.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead ;  
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
The powers of hell are captive led—  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay,—  
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.”
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;  
He claims those mansions as His right :—  
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 “Who is the King of Glory, who ?”  
The Lord, that all His foes o'ercame ;  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
“Lift up your head, ye heavenly gates !  
Ye everlasting doors, give way !”
- 6 “Who is the King of Glory, who ?”  
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd,  
The King of saints and angels too :  
God over all, for ever bless'd !

*Charles Wesley, 1741.*

THE PSALMS.

315

PSALM 30.

C.M.

- 1 I will exalt Thee, Lord of hosts,  
For Thou'st exalted me ;  
Since Thou hast silenced Satan's boasts,  
I'll therefore boast in Thee.
- 2 My sins had brought me near the grave,  
The grave of black despair ;  
I look'd, but there was none to save  
Till I look'd up in prayer.
- 3 In answer to my piteous cries,  
From hell's dark brink I'm brought :  
My Jesus saw me from the skies,  
And swift salvation wrought.
- 4 Sing with me then, ye favoured men,  
Who long have known His grace ;  
With thanks recall the seasons when  
Ye also sought His face.

*Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.*

316

PSALM 34.

C.M.

- 1 Through all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,  
Till all that are distress'd,  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.



SPIRIT OF

3 Come magnify the Lord with me ;  
With me exalt His name ;  
When in distress to Him I call'd,  
He to my rescue came.

4 Oh make but trial of His love ;  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide !

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
Make you His service your delight,  
He'll make your wants His care.

*Tate and Brady, 1696.*

**317**

PSALM 35.

C.M.

- 1 Oh! plead my cause, my Saviour, plead,  
I trust it all to Thee ;  
O Thou who didst for sinners bleed,  
A sinner save in me.
- 2 Assure my weak, desponding heart,  
My threatening foes restrain ;  
Oh! tell me Thou my helper art,  
And all their rage is vain.
- 3 When round Thy cross they rush'd to kill,  
How was their fury foil'd :  
Their madness only wrought Thy will,  
And on themselves recoil'd.

THE PSALMS.

4 The great salvation there achieved  
My hope shall ever be ;  
My sou' has in her Lord believed,  
And He will rescue me.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

318

PSALM 37.

C.M.

- 1 Set Thou thy trust upon the Lord,  
Do good and know no care,  
For so thou in the land shalt dwell,  
And God thy food prepare.
- 2 Delight thyself in God, He'll give  
Thine heart's desire to thee ;  
Commit thy way to God alone,  
It brought to pass shall be.
- 3 And like unto the light he shall  
Thy righteousness display ;  
And He thy judgment shall bring forth,  
Like noontide of the day.

*Scotch Version, 1641, a.*

319

PSALM 41.

7s.

- 1 Jesus, poorest of the poor !  
Man of sorrows ! Child of grief !  
Happy they whose bounteous store  
Minister'd to Thy relief.

## SPIRIT OF

- 2 Jesus, though Thy head is crown'd,  
Crown'd with loftiest majesty,  
In Thy members Thou art found,  
Plunged in deepest poverty.
- 3 Happy they who wash Thy feet,  
Visit Thee in Thy distress !  
Honour great, and labour sweet,  
For Thy sake the saints to bless !
- 4 They who feed Thy sick and faint  
For Thyself a banquet find ;  
They who clothe the naked saint  
Round *Thy* loins the raiment bind.
- 5 Thou wilt keep their soul alive ;  
From their foes protect their head ;  
Languishing their strength revive,  
And in sickness make their bed.
- 6 Thou wilt deeds of love repay ;  
Grace shall gen'rous hearts reward  
Here on earth, and in the day  
When they meet their reigning Lord.

*Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.*

320

PSALM 42.

C.M.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase,  
So pants my soul, O God, for Thee,  
And Thy refreshing grace.

## THE PSALMS.

- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine :  
Oh when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine ?
- 3 I sigh to think of happier days,  
When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh :  
When every heart was tuned to praise,  
And none more blest than I.
- 4 Oh why art thou cast down, my soul ?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him who is Thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

*Tate and Brady, 1696.*

321

PSALM 45.

7.6.

- 1 With hearts in love abounding,  
Prepare we now to sing  
A lofty theme, resounding  
Thy praise, Almighty King ;  
Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,  
Redeem'd the human race ;  
Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,  
Breathe words of truth and grace.
- 2 In majesty transcendent,  
Gird on Thy conquering sword ;  
In righteousness resplendent,  
Ride on, Incarnate Word :  
Ride on, O King Messiah !  
To glory and renown ;  
Pierced by Thy darts of fire,  
Be every foe o'erthrown.

· SPIRIT OF

3 And let each Gentile nation  
Come gladly in Thy train,  
To share our great salvation,  
And join our grateful strain :  
Then ne'er shall note of sadness  
Awake the trembling string ;  
One song of joy and gladness  
The ransom'd world shall sing.

*Harriett Auber, 1829.*

**322**

PSALM 46.

L.M.

- 1 God is the refuge of His saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold Him present with His aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep, and buried there :  
Convulsion shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
In sacred peace our souls abide ;  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God ;  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
And wat'ring our divine abode.

THE PSALMS.

5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,  
That all our raging fears controls :  
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on His truth, and arm'd with power.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

323

PSALM 51.

L.M.

1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from Thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin .  
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford ;  
And let a wretch come near Thy throne ;  
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

4 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.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

SPIRIT OF

324

PSALM 63.

C.M.

- 1 Early, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without Thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power,  
Through all Thy temple shine ;  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast  
Can please my soul so well,  
As when Thy richer grace I taste,  
And in Thy presence dwell.
- 5 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King ;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

325

PSALM 67.

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 God of mercy, God of grace,  
Show the brightness of Thy face ;  
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,  
Fill Thy church with light divine ;  
And Thy saving health extend  
Unto earth's remotest end.

THE PSALMS.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;  
Be by all that live adored ;  
Let the nations shout and sing  
Glory to their Saviour King ;  
At Thy feet their tribute pay,  
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,  
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;  
God to man His blessing give ;  
Man to God devoted live ;  
All below, and all above,  
One in joy and light and love.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

**326**

PSALM 68.

L.M.

1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong,  
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song :  
His wondrous names and powers rehearse ;  
His honours shall enrich your verse.  
2 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him bless'd ;  
He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;  
When terrors rise and nations faint,  
God is the strength of every saint.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

**327**

PSALM 72.

7s.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,  
When, beneath Messiah's sway,  
Every nation, every clime,  
Shall the gospel's call obey.



SPIRIT OF

- 2 As when soft and gentle showers  
Fall upon the thirsty plain,  
Springing grass and blooming flowers  
Clothe the wilderness again ;
- 3 So Thy Spirit shall descend,  
Soft'ning every stony heart,  
And its sweetest influence lend,  
All that's lovely to impart.
- 4 Time shall sun and moon obscure,  
Seas be dried and rocks be riven,  
But His reign shall still endure,  
Endless as the days of Heaven.

*Harriett Auber, 1829.*

**328**

PSALM 72.

L.M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.
- 3 Where He displays His healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more ;  
In Him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.

THE PSALMS.

- 4 Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud AMEN.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

329

PSALM 74.

O.M.

- 1 Of every earthly stay bereft,  
Beset by many an ill,  
One hope, one precious hope is left,  
The Lord is faithful still.

- 2 His church through every past alarm  
In Him has found a Friend ;  
And, Lord, on Thine almighty arm  
We now for all depend.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

330

PSALM 76.

S.M.

- 1 God in His church is known,  
His name is glorious there ;  
He there sets up his earthly throne,  
And hears His people's prayer.

- 2 The powers of death and hell  
In vain her peace oppose ;  
A word of His the storm can quell,  
And scatter all her foes.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

SPIRIT OF

331

PSALM 84.

L.M.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

332

PSALM 89.

C.M.

- 1 O greatly bless'd the people are  
The joyful sound that know ;  
In brightness of Thy face, O Lord,  
They ever on shall go.

THE PSALMS.

- 2 They in Thy name shall all the day  
Rejoice exceedingly ;  
And in Thy righteousness shall they  
Exalted be on high.
- 3 Because the glory of their strength  
Doth only stand in Thee ;  
And in Thy favour shall our horn  
And power exalted be.
- 4 For God is our defence ; and He  
To us doth safety bring :  
The Holy One of Israel  
Is our almighty King.

*Scotch Version, 1641.*

**333**

PSALM 90.

C.M.

- 1 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come ;  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home !
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

**334**

PSALM 91.

C.M.

- 1 There is a safe and secret place  
Beneath the wings divine,  
Reserved for all the heirs of grace,  
Oh ! be that refuge mine !

## SPIRIT OF

- 2 The least, the feeblest there may hide  
Uninjured and unawed ;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
He rests secure in God.
- 3 The angels watch him on his way,  
And aid with friendly arm ;  
And Satan, roaring for his prey,  
May hate, but cannot harm.
- 4 He feeds in pastures large and fair,  
Of love and truth divine,  
O child of God, O Glory's heir,  
How rich a lot is thine !
- 5 A hand almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call,  
An honour'd life, a peaceful end,  
And heaven to crown it all !

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

**335**

PSALM 93.

L.M.

- 1 Jehovah reigns ; He dwells in light,  
Girded with majesty and might ;  
The world created by His hands,  
Still on its first foundations stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,  
Or had its first foundation laid,  
Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Thyself the ever-living God.

## THE PSALMS.

- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,  
And aim their rage against the skies;  
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!  
At Thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall Thy throne endure;  
The promise stands for ever sure;  
And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwellings of Thy grace.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

**336**

PSALM 95.

S.M.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

**337**

PSALM 100.

L.M.

- 1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sovereign King,  
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,  
With all your tongues His glories sing.

## SPIRIT OF

2 The Lord is God; 'tis He alone  
Doth Life, and breath, and being give:  
We are His work, and not our own,  
The sheep that on His pastures live.

3 Enter His gates with songs of joy,  
With praises to His courts repair;  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;  
Great is His grace; His mercy sure;  
And the whole race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

**338**

PSALM 100.

L.M.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;  
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make:  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 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.

THE PSALMS.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

*John Hopkins, 1562.*

339

PSALM 103.

S.M.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul!  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless His name,  
Whose favours are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,  
Nor let His mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,  
'Tis He relieves thy pain;  
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransom'd from the grave;  
He that redeem'd my soul from hell  
Hath sovereign power to save.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*



SPIRIT OF

340

PSALM 104.

10s. 11s.

- 1 Oh worship the King,  
All glorious above ;  
Oh gratefully sing  
His power and His love ;  
Our Shield and Defender,  
The Ancient of Days,  
Pavilion'd in splendour,  
And girded with praise.
  
- 2 Oh tell of His might,  
Oh sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light,  
Whose canopy, space ;  
Whose chariots of wrath  
Deep thunder-clouds form ;  
And dark is His path  
On the wings of the storm.
  
- 3 Frail children of dust,  
And feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust,  
Nor find Thee to fail ;  
Thy mercies how tender,  
How firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender,  
Redeemer, and Friend !

*Sir Robert Grant, 1839.*

THE PSALMS.

341

PSALM 103.

8.7.4.

- 1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven ;  
To His feet thy tribute bring !  
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me His praise should sing ?  
Praise Him ! praise him,  
Praise the everlasting King !
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress !  
Praise Him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide and swift to bless !  
Praise Him ! praise Him,  
Glorious in His faithfulness !
- 3 Angels, help us to adore Him ;  
Ye behold Him face to face ;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,  
Dwellers all in time and space.  
Praise Him ! praise Him,  
Praise with us the God of grace !

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1844.*

342

PSALM 105.

C.M.

- 1 Oh, 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.

SPIRIT OF

3 Rejoice in His almighty name,  
Alone to be adored ;  
And let their hearts 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.

*Tate and Brady, 1696.*

343

PSALM 108.

C.M.

1 O God, my heart is fully bent  
To magnify Thy name ;  
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise  
Shall celebrate Thy fame.

2 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,  
Thy wonders I will tell ;  
And to those nations sing Thy praise  
That round about us dwell.

3 Because Thy mercy's boundless height  
The highest heaven transcends ;  
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds  
Thy faithful truth extends.

4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high  
Above the starry frame !  
And let the world, with one consent,  
Confess Thy glorious name.

*Tate and Brady, 1696.*

THE PSALMS.

344

PSALM 109.

L.M.

- 1 Stranger and pilgrim here below,  
I turn for refuge, Lord, to Thee ;  
Thou know'st my every want and woe ;  
Oh, smite my foes, and rescue me !
- 2 Thy name is love ; for that name's sake  
Sustain and cheer my sinking soul ;  
Low as I am, and poor, and weak,  
One word of Thine can make me whole.
- 3 Help, Lord ! let all my foes perceive,  
'Tis Thine to comfort or condemn ;  
With Thee to bless me and relieve,  
I little heed reproach from them.
- 4 Arise then, on my soul arise ;  
Thy sheltering wings around me cast ;  
And all that now afflicts or tries  
Shall work my peace, O Lord, at last.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

345

PSALM 113.

7s.

- 1 Hallelujah ! Raise, oh raise  
To our God the song of praise !  
All His servants join to sing  
God our Saviour and our King.
- 2 Blessed be for evermore  
That dread name which we adore ;  
Round the world His praise be sung,  
Through all lands, in every tongue.

SPIRIT OF

3 He can raise the poor to stand  
With the princes of the land ;  
Wealth upon the needy shower ;  
Set the meanest high in power.

4 He the broken spirit cheers ;  
'Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;  
Such the wonders of His ways :  
Praise His name—for ever praise.

*Josiah Conder, 1837.*

346

PSALM 116.

C.M.

- 1 I love the Lord : He heard my cries,  
And pitied every groan :  
Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to His throne.
- 2 I love the Lord ; He bow'd His ear,  
And chased my griefs away ;  
Oh let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray.
- 3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,  
And I drew near the dead ;  
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,  
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 " My God," I cried, " Thy servant save,  
Thou ever good and just ;  
Thy power can rescue from the grave,  
Thy power is all my trust."

THE PSALMS.

- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,  
He bid my pains remove :  
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,  
For thou hast known His love.
- 6 My God hath saved my soul from death,  
And dried my falling tears ;  
Now to His praise I'll spend my breath,  
And my remaining years.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

347

PSALM 117.

7s.

- 1 All ye nations, praise the Lord,  
All ye lands, your voices raise ;  
Heaven and earth with loud accord,  
Praise the Lord, for ever praise :
- 2 For His truth and mercy stand,  
Past, and present, and to be ;  
Like the years of His right hand,  
Like His own eternity.
- 3 Praise Him, ye who know His love ;  
Praise Him, from the depths beneath ;  
Praise Him in the heights above ;  
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

*James Montgomery, 1822.*

348

PSALM 117.

L.M.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

SPIRIT OF

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.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

**349** PSALM 117. S.M.

1 Thy name, Almighty Lord !  
Shall sound through distant lands ;  
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word,  
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be Thine honour spread,  
And long Thy praise endure,  
Till morning light and evening shade  
Shall be exchanged no more.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

**350** PSALM 119. C.M.

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

2 Oh send Thy Spirit down, to write  
Thy law upon my heart !  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by Thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.

THE PSALMS.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

351

PSALM 122.

C.M.

1 Pray that Jerusalem may have  
Peace and felicity :  
Let them that love thee and thy peace  
Have still prosperity.

2 Therefore I wish that peace may still  
Within thy walls remain,  
And ever may thy palaces  
Prosperity retain.

3 Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,  
Peace be in thee, I'll say ;  
And for the house of God our Lord,  
I'll seek thy good alway.

*Scotch Version, 1641.*

352

PSALM 128.

L.M.

1 How blest the man who fears the Lord,  
Who walks by His unerring word ;  
His labours find a full increase,  
His days are crown'd with health and peace



## SPIRIT OF

- 2 Domestic comfort builds her nest,  
Beneath his roof, within his breast ;  
And earth's best blessings hourly rise  
To cheer his pathway to the skies.
- 3 But earth's best gifts are poor to those  
The Spirit on his soul bestows ;  
The earnest here of joys above,  
The foretaste of eternal love.
- 4 Onward he goes, from strength to strength,  
Till heaven's bright morning breaks at length  
And calls him to his full reward :—  
How blest the man who fears the Lord !

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

**353**

PSALM 131. 7s., 6 lines.

- 1 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,  
Pleased 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 ?

THE PSALMS.

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.

4 Thus, preserved from Satan's wiles.  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon Thy smiles  
Till the promised hour appears,  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love!

*John Newton, 1779.*

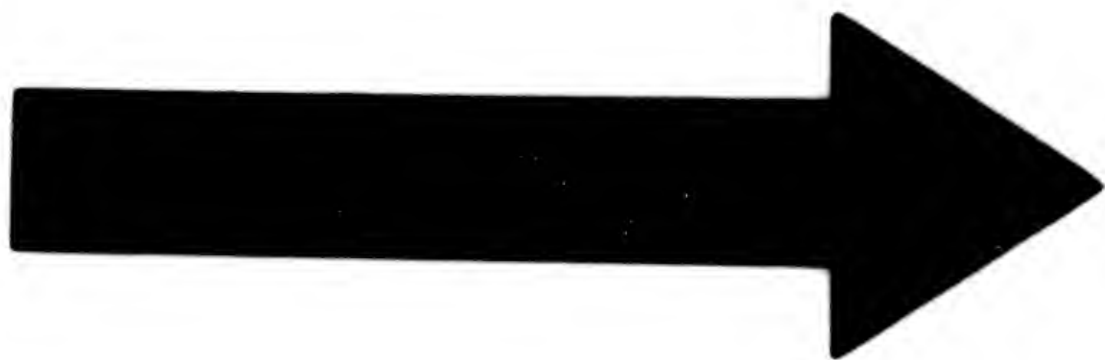
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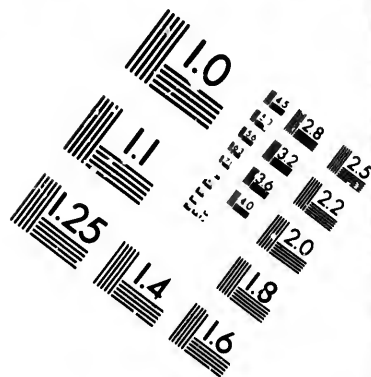
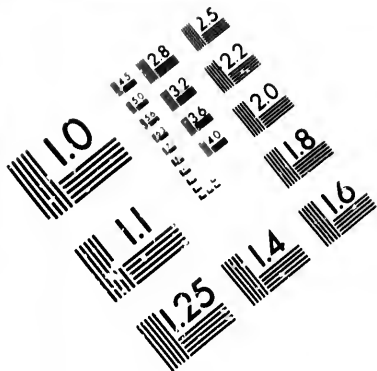
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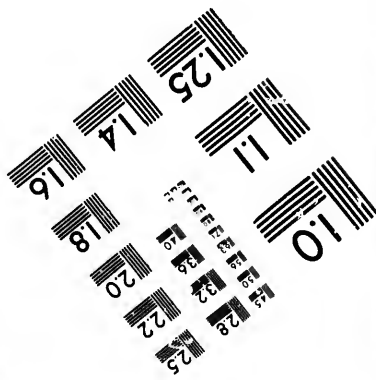
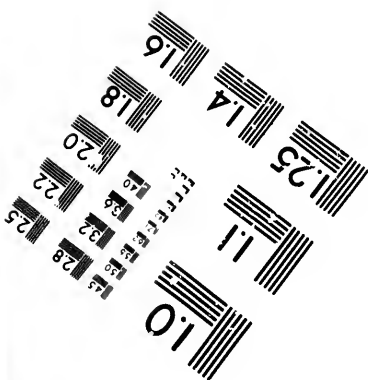
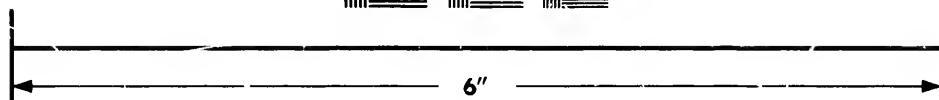
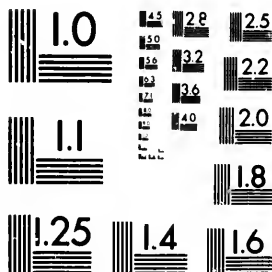
- 1 Behold how good a thing it is,  
And how becoming well,  
Together such as brethren are  
In unity to dwell!
- 2 Like precious ointment on the head,  
That down the beard did flow,  
E'en Aaron's beard, and to the skirts  
Did of his garments go.
- 3 As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth  
On Sion's hill descend ;  
For there the blessing God commands,  
Life that shall never end.

*Scotch Version, 1641.*





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SPIRIT OF

355

PSALM 134. 7s., 6 lines.

- 1 Praise to God on high be given,  
Praise from all in earth and heaven  
Ye that in His presence stand,  
Ye that walk by His command,  
Saints below, and hosts above,  
Praise, oh praise, the God of love!
- 2 Praise Him at the dawn of light,  
Praise Him at returning night!  
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,  
In His praises bear your parts;  
Thou that madest earth and sky,  
Bless us in return from high!

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

356

PSALM 136. 7s.

- 1 Let us, with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound His name abroad,  
For of gods He is the God:  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 He His chosen race did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness:  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

THE PSALMS.

4 He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Look'd upon our misery :  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*John Milton, 1645.*

**357**

PSALM 136.

L.M.

- 1 Give to our God immortal praise ;  
Mercy and truth are all His ways :  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown ;  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high :  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

**358**

PSALM 138.

L.M.

- 1 With all my powers of heart and tongue,  
I'll praise my Maker in my song :  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song, and join the praise.

SPIRIT OF

- 2 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord,  
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word ;  
Not all Thy works and names below,  
So much Thy power and glory show.
- 3 To God I cried when troubles rose ;  
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;  
He did my rising fears control,  
And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by Thine hand :  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

359

PSALM 151.

7s.

- 1 Lord, I daily call on Thee,  
Hear my voice and answer me ;  
Save me, for in faith I pray,  
Take, oh take my sins away.
- 2 Let my prayer as incense rise,  
Pure accepted sacrifice ;  
Let my life with virtue shine,  
Fill my soul with love divine.
- 3 Keep, oh keep my lips and heart,  
Let me ne'er from Thee depart ;  
Holy, happy, may I be  
Perfect, O my God, like Thee.

*John Beaumont, 1834.*



THE PSALMS.

360

PSALM 147.

L.M.

- 1 Oh praise the Lord, 'tis sweet to raise  
The grateful heart to God in praise ;  
When fallen raised, when lost restored,  
Oh ! it is sweet to praise the Lord !
- 2 Great is His power, divine His skill,  
His love diviner, greater still ;  
The sinner's Friend, the mourner's stay,  
He sends no suppliant sad away.
- 3 The lions roar to Him for bread,  
The ravens by His hand are fed ;  
And shall his chosen flock despair ?  
Shall they mistrust their shepherd's care ?
- 4 His church is precious in His sight ;  
He makes her glory His delight,  
His treasures on her head are pour'd ;  
O Zion's children, praise the Lord.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

361

PSALM 149.

10.10.11.11.

- 1 Oh praise ye the Lord  
With heart and with voice ;  
His mercies record,  
And round Him rejoice.  
Ye children of Zion,  
Your Saviour adore !  
And learn to rely on  
His grace evermore.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

2 Repose on His arm,  
Ye sheep of His fold;  
What terror can harm  
With Him to uphold?  
His saints are His treasure,  
Their peace will He seek;  
And pour without measure  
His gifts on the meek.

3 Go on in His might,  
Ye men of the Lord:  
His word be your light,  
His promise your sword.  
The King of salvation  
Your foes will subdue;  
And their degradation  
Bring glory to you.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

**362**

PSALM 150.

L.M.

- 1 O praise the Lord in that blest place,  
From whence his goodness largely flows!  
Praise Him in heaven, 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 all that vital breath enjoy:  
The breath He does to them afford  
In just returns of praise employ:  
Let every creature praise the Lord!

*Tate and Brady, 1696.*

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