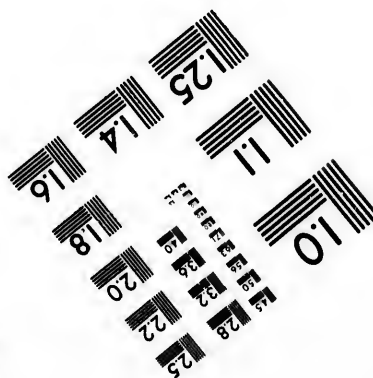
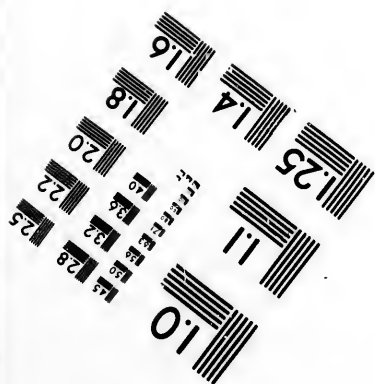
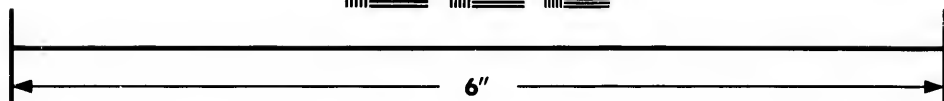
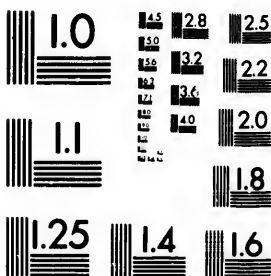


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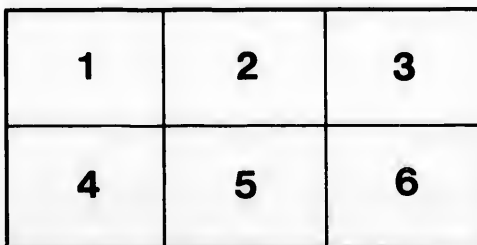
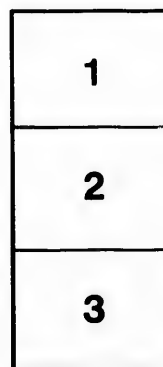
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CHURCH PSALMODY;

OR,

HYMNS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP,

SELECTED FROM

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS,

AND THE

CONGREGATIONAL HYMN BOOK.

BY DIRECTION OF

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF EASTERN

CANADA:

QUEBEC:

PRINTED BY G. STANLEY, ANN STREET.

1845.

PREFACE.

THIS selection of Church Psalmody has been prepared in accordance with a resolution passed at the annual meeting of the Congregational Union of Eastern Canada, held in July, 1844.

The desire for such a publication had become general, in consequence of the difficulty of procuring the volumes now in use;—the great inconvenience of having *two books*, one of which is divided into four, and sometimes five parts;—and the number of psalms and hymns not adapted to Public Worship, and which are seldom or never used in our assemblies.

It was found that by the omission of these, a book sufficiently comprehensive might be produced; which, being more economical, portable, and simple in its arrangement, would contribute greatly to the convenience of the churches, and especially of strangers worshipping with us. Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns have therefore been made the basis of this collection; the remainder being taken almost exclusively from the Hymn Book published by the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

It will be found that some excellent compositions in the Congregational Hymn Book are not inserted in this volume;—the reason must be found in the principle upon which this selection has been made, viz: the desirableness of having ONE BOOK FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP,—A

Preface.

VOLUME FOR THE CHURCH;—and it will be seen that those only are omitted, which, on account of their subject, or style, or metre, are unsuitable for congregational singing. But some of these are so admirably adapted to devotional purposes in the parlour and the closet, that if those who possess that volume will use it in their social circles and private retirement, they may derive from it more pleasure and spiritual improvement, than if their books remained in the sanctuary, where not a few of these valuable pieces would have continued useless and unnoticed.

Although this volume will be found to contain a larger number of hymns of praise, and on a greater variety of subjects than any book of Church Psalmody, it may still be regretted by some that other sources were not more freely resorted to, and a yet greater variety secured. But it was found that to extend the selection, by increasing the size and price of the volume, would render it less generally acceptable and useful, and greatly interfere with its adoption, by compelling the immediate change of books; whereas by a little care in the announcement of the hymn, those who are unable or unwilling to furnish themselves with this volume, may continue to use the books they have, until the greater convenience of *one book* shall have induced all to adopt it.

The same consideration has led to the admission of fewer alterations than might otherwise have been deemed desirable. These have in general been confined to a few words where the sentiment was incorrect, or the phraseology decidedly objectionable. Such a course seemed far preferable to the omission of a suitable and valuable

Preface.

hymn ; or to the retention of inaccuracies or improprieties, which have given pain to the devout worshipper, and have not unfrequently been used by the enemies of the gospel to the prejudice of some of its most important and glorious truths.

Much attention has been bestowed on the arrangement of the Hymns in reference to subjects and occasions ; by which, it is hoped, great facility of selection has been secured. This will be in some measure also promoted by the passages of scripture which have been prefixed to Watts's Psalms and Hymns, in accordance with the plan adopted in the Congregational Hymn Book.

The labour which this compilation has involved, though very considerable, will be well rewarded, should it contribute in any measure to the more general and pleasurable engagement in that part of Divine Worship which has been not improperly denominated—"THE WORK OF ANGELS AND SERAPHS."

T. ATKINSON.

MOUNT PLEASANT,

QUEBEC,

April, 1845.

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FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

“IN PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,
SINGING WITH GRACE IN YOUR HEARTS TO THE
LORD.”—Col. iii. 16.

1. “*Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.*” Ps. i. 1. (C. M.)

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 [He, like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

4 Green as the leaf and ever fair
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust ;
 What vain designs they form !
 Their hopes are blown away like dust,
 Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
 Among the sons of grace,
 When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
 Appoints his saints a place.

2. “ *He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water.*” Ps. i. 3. (s. M.)

1 THE man is ever blest
 Who shuns the sinners’ ways,
 Among their counsels never stands,
 Nor takes the scorner’s place ;

2 But makes the law of God
 His study and delight,
 Amidst the labours of the day,
 And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
 With waters near the root ;
 Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
 His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th’ ungodly race,
 They no such blessings find ;
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
 Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
 Before that judgment-seat,
 Where all the saints at Christ’s right-hand
 In full assembly meet ?

6 [He knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go ;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.]

3. "*His leaf also shall not wither :—the ungodly
are not so.*" Ps. i. 3, 4. (L. M.)

1 HAPPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord ;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green ;
And heaven will shine with kindest beams
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crost ;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 [In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race ;
The dreadful Judge with stern command
Divides him to a different place.]

4. "*Why do the heathen rage.*" Ps. ii. 1. (S. M.)

1 [MAKER and Sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

- 2 The things so long foretold
By David are fulfill'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join'd to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.]
- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews, with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' anointed of the Lord?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design ;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne :
He that hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.
- 6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth ;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.
- 7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance ;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.
- 8 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod ;
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.
- 9 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne ;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

5. "Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness." Ps. iv. 1. (L. M.)

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend, when I complain ;
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress ;
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame ;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name !

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside ;
He hears the cry of penitents
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let th' unthinking many say,
'Who will bestow some earthly good ?'
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray,
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

6. "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning."
Ps. v. 3. (C. M.)

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye ;

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right-hand.

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

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness ?
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.

7. "*O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth.*" Ps. viii. 1. (C. M.)

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
 Is thine exalted name !
 The glories of thy heavenly state
 Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
 The moon that rules the night,
 And stars that well adorn the sky,
 Those moving worlds of light ;---

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
 Who dwells so far below,
 That thou should'st visit him with grace,
 And love his nature so ?

4 That thy beloved Son should bear
 To take a mortal form,
 Made lower than his angels are,
 To save a dying worm !

5 Let him be crowned with majesty,
 Who bow'd his head to death ;
 And be his honours sounded high,
 By all things that have breath.

6 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
 Is thine exalted name !
 The glories of thy heavenly state
 Let the whole earth proclaim.

8. “ *What is man, that thou art mindful of him.*”
 Ps. viii. 4. (L. M.)

1 LORD, what was man, when made at first,
 Adam, the offspring of the dust,
 That thou should'st set him and his race
 But just below an angel's place ?

2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
 And make him lord of all below ;
 Make every earthly thing submit,
 And pay their homage at his feet ?

3 But O ! what brighter glories wait,
 To crown the second Adam's state !
 What honours shall thy Son adorn,
 Who condescended to be born !

4 See him below his angels made,
 See him entombed among the dead,
 To save a ruined world from sin !
 But he shall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
 The miseries that attend the fall,
 New made and glorious, shall submit
 At our exalted Saviour's feet.

9. "*I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart.*" Ps. ix. 1. (C. M.)

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou Sovereign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his justice known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor opprest,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou didst ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly sought thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

10. "*Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?*"
Ps. xv. 1. (L. M.)

1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
—The man who loves religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slander dwells upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 He loves his enemies, and prays
 For those who curse him to his face;
 And doth to all men still the same
 That he would hope or wish from them.

4 Yet when his holiest works are done,
 His soul depends on grace alone;---
 This is the man thy face shall see,
 And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

11. "*I will behold thy face in righteousness.*"
 Ps. xvii. 15. (L. M.)

1 [LORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
 My faith, my patience, and my love ;
 When men of spite against me join,
 They are the sword, the hand is thine.]

2 What sinners value, I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.

3 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
 But the bright world to which I go---
 Hath joys substantial and sincere,
 When shall I wake, and find me there ?

4 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my God !
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

12. "The Lord is my Rock." Ps. xviii. 1. (L.M.)

- 1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode ;
Who is a God, beside the Lord ?
Or where's a refuge like our God ?
- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield ;
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives (and blessed be my Rock !)
The God of my salvation lives,
The dark designs of hell are broke ;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

13. "The heavens declare thy glory." Ps. xix. 1.
(S. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God ;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every diff'rent land,
Their gen'ral voice is known ;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 But *we* may well rejoice,
To *us* he gives his word,
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

(L.M.)

1,

- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- 7 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

14. "*The law of the Lord is perfect.*" Ps. xix. 7.
(S. M.)

xix. 1.

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given
O ! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven !

- 5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me lest I stray.
- 6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.
- 7 Warn me of every sin ;
Forgive my secret faults ;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- 8 While with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

15 “ *Day unto day uttereth speech.*” Ps. xix. 2.
(L. M.)

- 1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 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 glanc'd on every land.

- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

16. "*The Lord is my shepherd.*" Ps. xxiii. 1.
(L. M.)

- 1 MY shepherd is the living Lord ;
Now shall my wants be well supplied ;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest :
There living water gently flows,
And heavenly food divinely blest.
- 3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake ;
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd 's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his children all their days ;
Within his courts I'll hear his word,
And seek his face, and sing his praise.

17. "*I will fear no evil.*" Ps. xxiii. 4. (c. m.)

1 My shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways ;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days ;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise !

6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

18 " *He restoreth my soul.*" Ps. xxiii. 3. (S.M.)

- 1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd ;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear ;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

19. " *He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness.*" Ps. xxiii. 3. (6—8's.)

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

(C. M.)

eath,

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With verdant green and herbage crowned ;
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord ! art with me still.
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

20. "*Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.*"
Ps. xxiii. 4. (H. M.)

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep.
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep.
Away with every anxious fear:
I cannot want while he is near.
- 2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed:
Where the still waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet ; and, when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

3 He leads, himself, the way
 His faithful flock should take.
 Those who his voice obey,
 His love will ne'er forsake ;
 For he has pledged his holy name ;---
 He who for ever is the same.

4 Let me but feel him near,
 Death's gloomy pass in view,
 I'll walk without a fear
 The shadowy valley through.
 With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
 Will guide my steps, and guard me there.

5 Still is my table spread ;
 My foes stand silent by.
 I feed on living bread ;
 My cruse is never dry ;
 And surely love and mercy will
 Attend me on my journey still.

6 Still hope and grateful praise
 Shall form my constant song ;
 Shall cheer my gloomiest days,
 And tune my dying tongue :
 Until my ransomed soul shall rise,
 To praise him better in the skies.

21. "*Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ?*"

Ps. xxiv. 3. (C. M.)

1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
 With Adam's numerous race ;
 He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
 And built it on the seas.

2 But who among the sons of men
 May visit thine abode ?
 He that has hands from mischief clean,
 Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace ;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our soul's immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of glory's near.

5 The King of glory ! Who can tell
The wonders of his might ?
He rules the nations : but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

22. " *Who shall stand in his holy place ?*"
Ps. xxiv. 3. (L. M.)

1 THE spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men, and worms, and beasts and birds :
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky :
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker God ?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race
That seek the God of Jacob's face ;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

23. " *Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.*"
Ps. xxv. 1. (s. m.)

- 1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name ;
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin and the powers of hell
Persuade me to despair ;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.
- 3 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever longing eyes.
- 4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth ;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The riches of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame ;
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

24. " *The meek will he teach his way.*"
Ps. xxv. 9-13. (s. m.)

- 1 Where shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod ?

birds :

clean,

- 2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart ;
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his cov'nant stand,
And love to do his will.
- 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face,
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

25. "*Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house.*" Ps. xxvi. 8. (L. M.)

- 1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart ;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.
- 2 [I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies ;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.]
- 3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,
With hands well washed in innocence ;
But, when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.
- 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell ;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints and near my God.

26. "One thing have I desired of the Lord."
Ps. xxvii. 4. (C. M.)

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires ;---
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God !
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there enquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide :
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around ;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

27. "Seek ye my face." Ps. xxvii. 8. (C. M.)

- 1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
'Ye children, seek my grace ;'
My heart replied without delay,
'I'll seek my Father's face.'
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away ;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

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

28. "*Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven.*"
 Ps. xxxii. 1. (S. M.)

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er !
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more !
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care ;
 Their lips and lives without deceit,
 Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
 I felt the fest'ring wound,
 Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
 And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne ;
 Our help in times of deep distress,
 Is found in God alone.

29. "*Whose sin is covered.*" Ps. xxxii. 1. (C.M.)

- 1 HAPPY the man to whom his God
 No more imputes his sin,
 But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
 Hath made his garments clean !
- 2 Happy, beyond expression, he
 Whose debts are thus discharg'd ;
 And, from the guilty bondage free,
 He feels his soul enlarg'd.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
 His words are all sincere ;
 He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
 To keep his conscience clear.
- 4 While I my inward guilt suppress,
 No quiet could I find ;
 Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
 And rack'd my tortur'd mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
 My secret sins reveal'd ;
 Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
 Thy grace my pardon seal'd.
- 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray ;
 When, like a raging flood,
 Temptations rise, our strength and stay
 Is a forgiving God.

30. "*Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.*" Ps. xxxii. 2. (L. M.)

- 1 BLEST is the man, for ever bless'd,
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
 And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities,
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance will agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins !
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

31. *“ Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous.”*
 Ps. xxxiii. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you :
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true !
- 2 His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name :
His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread ;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep ;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand !
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs ;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

32. " *Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens.*"
Ps. xxxvi. 5. (L. M.)

- 1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God ! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

33. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." Ps. xxxvii. 23. (c. m.)

- 1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will ;
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves ;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home ;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 Mark, then, the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend ;
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

34. "In thy majesty ride prosperously."
Ps. xlv. 4. (s. m.)

- 1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine ;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.
- 2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy powerful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.
- 3 Subdue thy stubborn foes,
Incline their hearts t' obey,
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth
Attend thy glorious way.

- 4 Thy laws, O God, are right ;
Thy throne shall ever stand ;
And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.

35. "*Thou art fairer than the children of men.*"
Ps. xlv. 2. (C. M.)

- 1 I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair ;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.
- 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed ;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway ;
Subdue and melt thy stubborn foes,
And make the world obey.
- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

36. "*God is our refuge and strength.*"
Ps. xlvi. 1. (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 ;
Convulsions 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 watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls,
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.
37. *"The God of Jacob is our refuge."*
 Ps. xlv. 11. (C. M.)
- 1 GOD is our refuge, tried and proved,
Amid a stormy world:
We will not fear though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.
- 2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake;
Our comforts shall not cease.
The Lord his saints will not forsake:
The Lord will give us peace.
- 3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow:
It issues from his throne above;
It cheers his church below.
- 4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quelled their power:
The Lord of Hosts is still the same:
The God of grace is ours.

38. "*Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.*"
Ps. xlvii. 1. (c. m.)

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy,
To God, the Sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high,
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honour sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

39. "*Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.*"
Ps. xlviii. 1. (s. m.)

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

- 3 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold
 Where his own sheep have been.
- 4 In every new distress
 We'll to his house repair,
 We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
 And seek deliv'rance there.
40. "*This God is our God for ever and ever.*"
 Ps. xlviii. 14. (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 let Judah 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,
 Compass and view thine holy ground,
 And mark the building well;—
- 4 The order of thy house,
 The worship of thy court,
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;—
 And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise!
 How glorious to behold!
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
 Will guide us till we die,
 Will be our God while here below,
 And ours above the sky.

41. "Our God shall come." Ps. l. 3. (C. M.)

1 [THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
 Bids the whole earth draw nigh,—
 The nations near the rising sun,
 And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
 'Judgment will ne'er begin,'
 No more abuse his long delay
 To impudence and sin.]

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
 Bright flames prepare his way,
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
 Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
 Attending angels come,
 And earth and hell shall know and fear,
 His justice and their doom.

5 'But gather all my saints,' he cries,
 'That made their peace with God,
 'By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
 'And seal'd it with his blood.

6 'Their faith and works, brought forth to light
 'Shall make the world confess,
 'My sentence of reward is right;—
 'And heaven adore my grace.'

42. "Have mercy upon me, O God." Ps. li. 1. (L. M.)

1 SHEW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live:
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?

- 2 My crimes tho' great, do not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound ;
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean !
Here, òn my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.
43. " *Cleanse me from my sin.*" Ps. li. 2. (L.M.)
- 1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin ;
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true :
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]

- 4 Behold I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace :
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 [While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.]

44. *“ Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation.”*
Ps. li. 12. (L. M.)

- 1 O THOU that hearest when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 [I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 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.

- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.]
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.
45. "My tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness." Ps. li. 14. (c. m.)
- 1 O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove,
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul opprest with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

46. "As for me, I will call upon God."
Ps. lv. 16. [s. m.]

- 1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light ;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I with all my cares
Will lean upon the Lord,
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

47. "Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens."
Ps. lvii. 5-11. (L. M.)

- 1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
'Till the dark cloud be overblown.

- 2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
- 3 [Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.]
- 4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to his name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
48. *“Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.”*
Ps. lxi. 2. (S. M.)
- 1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

49. " *In God is my salvation and my glory.*"
Ps. lxii. 7. (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.

3 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
' All power is his eternal due ;
' He must be fear'd and trusted too.'

4 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne :
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

50. " *O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee.*" Ps. lxiii. 1. (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 heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

51. "My soul followeth hard after thee."
Ps. lxiii. 8. (L. M.)

1 O GOD, thou art my God alone:
Early to thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 Oh that it were as it hath been,
When praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace.

3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God:
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways:
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

- 5 Better than life itself thy love,
 Dearer than all beside to me ;
 For whom have I in heaven above,
 Or what on earth, compared with thee ?
- 6 Praise, with my heart, my mind, my voice,
 For all thy mercy I will give.
 My soul shall still in God rejoice :
 My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

52. *“ To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have
 seen thee in the sanctuary.”* Ps. lxxiii. 2. (L.M.)

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 The glories that compose thy name
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God ;
 And I am thine by sacred ties ;
 Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
 For thee I long, to thee I look,
 As travellers in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear
 Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;
 Oft have I seen thy glory there,
 And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray, or praise ;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And spend the remnant of my days.

53. "Thou hast been my help." Ps. lxxiii. 7.
(S. M.)

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine,
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore ;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.
- 4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compar'd to this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads
And he supports my steps.

54. "Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion."
Ps. lxxv. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God ; and praise becomes thy house ;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the boundless sea.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain ;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee,
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

55. *“ Blessed is the man whom thou choosest.”*
Ps. lxxv. 4. (c. m.)

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;
There shall our vows be paid :
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill,
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house
To feast upon thy grace.

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

5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
 The Lord is good and just;
 And distant islands fly to thee,
 And make thy name their trust.

56. "*O bless our God, ye people.*" Ps. lxvi. 8.
 (C. M.)

1 SING all ye nations to the Lord,
 Sing with a joyful noise;
 With melody of sound record
 His honours and your joys.

2 Say to the power that rules the sky,
 'How terrible art thou!
 'Sinners before thy presence fly,
 'Or at thy footstool bow.'

3 He rules by his resistless might:
 Will rebel mortals dare
 Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
 And tempt that dreadful war?

4 O bless our God, and never cease;
 Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
 And guides our doubtful ways.

57. "*O let the nations be glad and sing for joy.*"
 Ps. lxxvii. 4. (C. M.)

1 SHINE, mighty God, in glory shine
 With beams of heavenly grace;
 Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
 And shew thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
 Sound all the earth abroad,
 And distant nations know, and love
 Their Saviour and their God?

- 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice ;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.
- 4 He the great Lord, the Sovereign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.
- 5 Earth shall confess her Maker's hand,
And yield a full increase ;
Our God will crown each chosen land,
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 6 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
Let the creation's utmost bound
Behold, adore, and fear.

58. "*Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits.*" Ps. lxxviii. 19. (L. M.)

- 1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food ;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death :
Safety and health to God belong ;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love ;
But the wide diff'rence that remains
Is endless joy or endless pains.
- 5 His own right-hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas ;
And bring them to his courts above,
There to enjoy his perfect love.

59. *"I will praise the name of God with a song."*
Ps. lxi. 30. (c. m.)

- 1 FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name,
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress hath rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law, which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest ;
They, by his death, draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.
- 4 [Zion is thine, most holy God ;
Thy Son shall bless her gates ;
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.]
- 5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.

60. *"I will make mention of thy righteousness."*
Ps. lxxi. 16. (C. M.)

- 1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

61. *"He shall judge thy people with righteousness."* Ps. lxxii. 2. (L. M.)

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

- 3 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down ;
His grace, on fainting souls, distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 4 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light ;
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 5 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.
62. *“ He shall have dominion also from sea to sea.”*
Ps. lxxii. 8. (L. M.)
- 1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love, with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 [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.]

6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

63. *“It is good for me to draw near to God.”*
Ps. lxxiii. 28. (C. M.)

1 GOD, my Supporter, and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's dark wilderness ;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
T'would be no joy to me ;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint !
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence—die ;
Not all the idol-gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ.
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

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64. "*Shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord.*" Ps. lxxviii. 4. (C. M.)

1 LET children hear thy mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

65. "*For all this they sinned still.*" Ps. lxxviii.
32. (L. M.)

1 GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove
By turns thine anger and thy love !
There, in a glass, our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought !
Then they provok'd him to his face,
Nor fear'd his power, nor sought his grace.

3 Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive
The men deserving not to live ;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

- 4 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail ;
Yet boundless mercy spared them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

66. *"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel."* Ps. lxxx.
1. (L. M.)

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep :

- 2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high, and guide us through ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,—
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

67. *"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts."* Ps. lxxxiv. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit fains
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God ;
My God ! my King ! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee ?

- 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

- 4 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace :
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise !

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength, and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

68. "My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the
courts of the Lord." Ps. lxxxiv. 2. (L. M.)

1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs ;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within 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 withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, thy sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
While rebels at thy presence flee ;
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

69. "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house."
Ps. lxxxiv. 4. (c. m.)

- 1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.
- 5 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.
- 6 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right-hand
I'd give them both away.

70. "O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee." Ps. lxxxiv. 12. (H. M.)

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires, to see my God.
- 2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in heav'n appears :
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet !
- 4 [To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :
Where God resorts, I love it more
'To keep the door than shine in courts.]
- 5 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our light and our defence,
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence.
He shall bestow on Jacob's race,
Peculiar grace, and glory too.

6 The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls ;
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee.

71. "*Wilt thou not revive us again ?*" Ps. lxxxv.
6. (L. M.)

1 REVIVE our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice ;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
And to thy praise attune our voice.

2 We wait to hear what God will say ;
He'll speak, and give his people peace ;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

72. "*Mercy and truth are met together.*" Ps.
lxxxv. 10. (L. M.)

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord ;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n ;
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before
To give us free access to God ;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

73. " *The Lord loveth the gates of Zion.*" Ps.
lxxxvii. 2. (L. M.)

1 GOD in his earthly temple, lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise :
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old !
What wonders are of Zion told !
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew :
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
 Of natives in his holy mount,
 'Twill be an honour to appear
 As one new-born or nourish'd there !

74 "*Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.*" Ps. lxxxvii. 3. (8's & 7's.)

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode.
 On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.
 'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings ;
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am ;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name.
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show :
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

75. "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever." Ps. lxxxix. 1. (c. m.)

- 1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.
- 4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

76. "God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints." Ps. lxxxix. 7. (c. m.)

- 1 WITH rev'rence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd to thine?

- 3 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand ;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 [Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea, are thine,
And the dark world of hell ;
How did thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel !]
- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace ;
While truth and mercy join in one,
Invite us near thy face.

77. " *Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.*" Ps. lxxxix. 15. (c. m.)

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope ;
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

78. "From everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." Ps. xc. 2. (c. m.)

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 [Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
'Return, ye sons of men :'
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.]

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

79. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Ps. xc. 12. (s. m.)

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life—how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name.

- 2 Alas ! the brittle clay
That built our body first !
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay ;
Swift as a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea :
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

80. " *The Lord—my refuge.*" Ps. xci. 9. (C.M.)

- 1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And trust his gracious care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell ;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways ;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

- 4 ' Because on me they set their love,
 ' I'll save them,' saith the Lord ;
 ' I'll bear their joyful souls above
 ' Destruction and the sword.
- 5 ' My grace shall answer when they call ;
 ' In trouble I'll be nigh ;
 ' My power shall help them when they fall,
 ' And raise them when they die.
- 6 ' Those that on earth my name have known,
 ' I'll honour them in heaven ;
 ' There my salvation shall be shown,
 ' And endless life be given.

81. " *It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.*" Ps. xcii. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
 To show thy love by morning-light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
 No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
 O may my heart in tune be found
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word ;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Then shall I share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

- 5 [Sin, (my worst enemy before)
Shall never vex my spirit more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.]
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

82. *“ Those that be planted in the house of the Lord,
shall flourish in the courts of our God.”*

Ps. xcii. 13. (L. M.)

- 1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand ;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above :
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just, and true ;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

83. *“ The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with ma-
jesty.”* Ps. xciii. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might :
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation 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.
- 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 ;
Thy promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

84. *“ O come, let us worship and bow down, let us
kneel before the Lord, our Maker.”* Ps. xciv. 6.
(C. M.)

- 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
- 3 [Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compared with him.
- 4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.]

5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
 Come, kneel before his face ;
 O may the creatures of his power
 Be children of his grace !

6 Now is the time : he bends his ear,
 And waits for your request ;
 Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear
 ' Ye shall not see my rest.'

85. " *To day if ye will hear his voice harden not
 your heart !*" Ps. xciv. 7, 8. (s. m.)

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
 The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

3 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.

4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

86. " *Let us therefore fear.*" Heb. iv. 1. (L.M.)

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
 A sacred song of solemn praise ;
 God is the sov'reign King ; rehearse
 His honours in exalted verse.

- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word ;
He is our Shepherd ; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to day,
The counsels of his love obey ;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 4 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead ;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 5 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates ;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest ;
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

87. "*Say among the heathen,—the Lord reigneth.*"
Ps. xcvi. 10. (c. n.)

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea :
Ye mountains, sink,—ye valleys, rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear.

88. “ *The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.*”
Ps. xcvi. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 HE reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour reigns ;
Praise him in pure exalted strains ;
Let all the earth in songs rejoice,
And raise on high their cheerful voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown ;
But grace and truth support his throne ;
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo ! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shut the day ;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

89. " *Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous.*"
Ps. xcvi. 12. (L. M.)

- 1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

90. " *The Lord hath made known his salvation.*"
Ps. xcvi. 2. (C. M.)

- 1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.
- 2 He spake the word to Abra'm first,
His truth fulfils the grace:
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her different tongues;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

91. "Make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King." Ps. xcvi. 6. (c. m.)

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

92. "The Lord is great in Zion." Ps. xcix. 2.
(s. m.)

- 1 THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear,
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns !
Let earth adore its Lord ;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine ;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

- 4 How holy is his name !
 How terrible his praise !
 Justice, and truth, and judgment join
 In all his works of grace.

93. "*Exalt ye the Lord our God.*" Ps. xcix. 5.
 (S. M.)

- 1 EXALT the Lord our God,
 And worship at his feet ;
 His nature is all holiness,
 And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,
 When Aaron was his priest,
 When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
 He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
 Nor would destroy their race ;
 And oft he made his vengeance known,
 When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God !
 His grace is still the same ;
 Still he's a God of holiness,
 And jealous for his name.

94. "*Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye
 lands.*" Ps. c. 1. (L. M.)

- 7 YE nations of the earth, rejoice
 Before the Lord, your sov'reign King ;
 Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
 With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God ;—'tis he alone
 Doth life, and breath, and being give :
 We are his work, and not our own,
 The sheep that on his pastures live.

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

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

95. "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving."
Ps. c. 4. (L. M.)

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy !
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

96. "*Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion.*"
Ps. cii. 13. (C. M.)

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour ;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes ;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there ;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a Sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes ;
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And, when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, 'That praying breath
' Was ever spent in vain.'

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,—
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

97. "*Bless the Lord, O my soul.*" Ps. ciii. 1. (L. M.)

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot ?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

98. *“ Bless the Lord. O my soul, and forget not all
his benefits. Ps. ciii. 2. (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 O 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 soveign power to save.

- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the suff'ers rest ;
The Lord hath judgements for the proud,
And justice for th' opprest.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.
99. " *The Lord is merciful and gracious.*"
Ps. ciii. 8. (L. M.)

- 1 THE Lord,—how wonderful are his ways !
How firm his truth ! how large his grace !
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,—
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.
- 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise !
On swifter wings salvation flies ;
And if he let his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn !
- 5 His loving kindness still is sure ;
To all his saints it shall endure
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

100. "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting." Ps. ciii. 17. (s. m.)

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

101. "*Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts.*" Ps. ciii.
21. (S. M.)

1 THE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high ;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts, who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wond'rous works
Through his vast kingdom shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

102. "*O give thanks unto the Lord.*" Ps. cv. 1.
(C. M.)

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace ;
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessings sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 ' Thy seed shall make all nations blest,
(Said the Almighty voice)
' And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
' The type of heavenly joys.'

5 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

103. "*Seek the Lord, and his strength: seek his
face evermore.*" Ps. cv. 4. (7's.)

1 O GIVE thanks unto the Lord:
All his wondrous deeds proclaim.
Every tongue his praise record:
Every heart adore his name.

2 Seek the Lord, his grace implore;
On his love your trust repose.
Seek his presence evermore:
There lay down your cares and woes.

3 Ye that make the Lord your choice,
Call to mind his works of love;
Tell his wonders, and rejoice
In your King who reigns above.

4 Thou, O Lord, art true and just;
Thou wilt crown with sure success
All the waiting souls that trust
In thy love and faithfulness.

Ps. ciii.

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Ps. cv. 1.

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104. "Praise ye the Lord,—for his mercy endureth
for ever. Ps. cvi. 1. (L. M.)

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

105. "He led them forth by the right way." Ps.
cvii. 7. (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 ;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes:
- 3 In their distress, to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their Guide ;
He led their march far wand'ring round,
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

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- 4 So when *our* first release we gain
 From bondage worse than Egypt's chain,
We have a wilderness to pass:—
 This world 's a dang'rous, desert place.
- 5 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
 He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
 He guards us with a powerful hand,
 And brings us to the heav'nly land.
- 6 O let the saints with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord!
 How great his works! how kind his ways!
 Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

106. “ *The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength
 out of Zion.*” Ps. cx. 2. (L. M.)

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

107. "Thou art a priest for ever, after the order of Melchizedek." Ps. cx. 4. Heb. vii. 17. (c.m.)

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near the Father sit ;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.
- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do !
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sov'reign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore ;
'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
'While Aaron's is no more.
- 4 'Melchisedek, that wond'rous priest,
'That king of high degree,
'That holy man who Ab'ram blest,
'Was but a type of thee."
- 5 Jesus, our priest, for ever lives
To plead for us above ;
Jesus, our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.
- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the powers and princes dead
Who dare oppose his reign.

108. "His work is honourable and glorious."
Ps. cxi. 3. (c. m.)

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God ;
He hath my heart, and he my tongue
To spread his namē abroad.

- 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought?
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How fair and glorious nature's frame!
How wise th' Eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
His thoughts at first design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?
- 6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
He is the wisest of our race
Who best obeys thy will.

109. "*He will ever be mindful of his covenant.*"
Ps. cxi. 5. (c. m.)

- 1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord;
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure :
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 [They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin ;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.]

5 Great is the Lord ; his works of might
Demand our highest praise ;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And justice marks his ways.

110. " *Praise him, O ye servants of the Lord.*"
Ps. cxiii. 1. (L. M.)

1 YE servants of th' Almighty King,
In every age his praises sing ;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth,—beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty :
Nor time, nor place, his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare ?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light !

4 Behold his love ! he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do ;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor ;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

6 Ye servants of the Lord, proclaim
Immortal honours to his name ;
Your vows and off'rings, grateful bring,
And in the church his praises sing.

111. *“ I love the Lord, because he hath heard my
voice and my supplications.”* Ps. cxvi. (c.m.)

1 I LOVE the Lord ! he lent an ear,
When I for help implored :
He rescued me from all my fear ;
Therefore I love the Lord.

2 Return, my soul, unto thy rest :
From God no longer roam.
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness called thee home.

3 What shall I render unto thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless ?

4 This will I do, for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim :
The sacramental cup I take,
And call upon thy name.

5 Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thine altar bow :—

6 Henceforth to thee myself I give,
 With single heart and eye,
 To walk before thee while I live,
 And bless thee when I die.

112. "What shall I render unto the Lord, for all
 his benefits towards me?" Ps. cxvi. 12. (C.M.)

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
 My offerings shall be paid;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever-blessed God!
 How dear thy servants in thy sight!
 How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
 How great thy grace to me!
 My life which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine,—for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move;
 Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.

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

113. "*I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.*" Ps. cxvi. 13. (C.M.)

1 FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give ?

2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring him forth ?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin ;
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgement I'll make
For all he has bestowed ;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

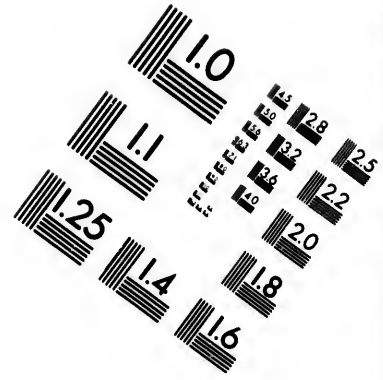
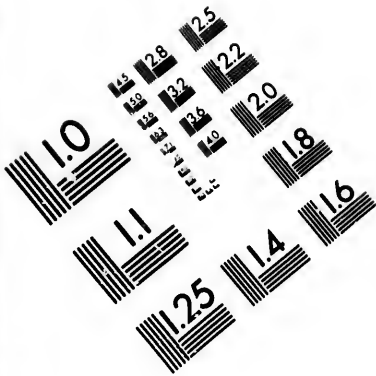
5 I cannot serve him as I ought ;
No works have I to boast ;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe him most.

114. "*O praise the Lord, all ye nations.*" Ps.
cxvii. 1. (S. M.)

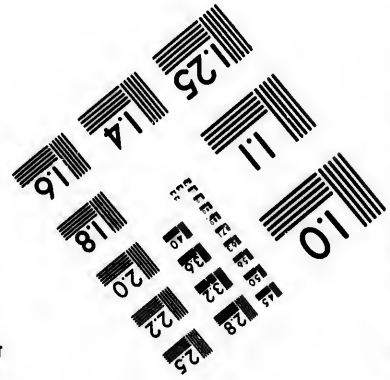
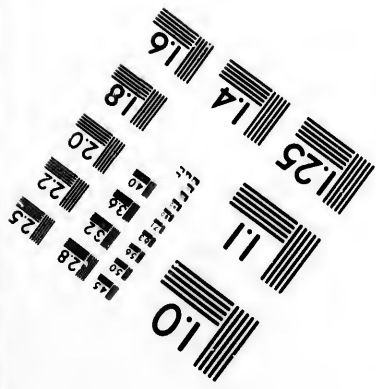
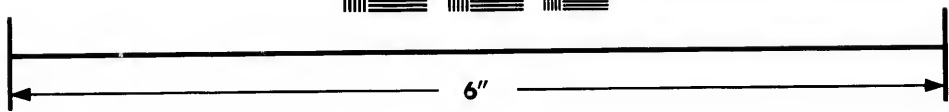
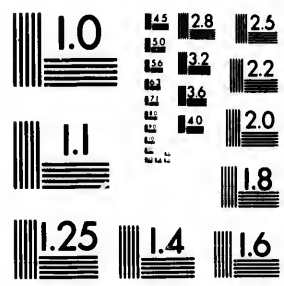
1 **THY** name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands,
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.





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115. "Praise him all ye people." Ps. cxvii. 1.
(C. M.)

- 1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue ;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns through every land ;
Proclaim his grace abroad ;
For ever firm his truth shall stand,—
Praise ye the faithful God.

116. "For his merciful kindness is great towards
us." Ps. cxvii. 2. (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.
- 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.

117. "The stone which the builders refused, is be-
come the head of the corner." Ps. cxviii. 22.
(C. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone
Which God in Zion lays
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise :
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

118.

THE SAME.

(S. M.)

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse ;
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son ;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood :
Bless him, ye saints ; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

- 6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

119. THE SAME. (L. M.)

- 1 LO ! what a glorious corner stone
The Jewish builders did refuse ;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy, and the Jews.
- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes :
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad :
Hosanna, let his name be blest :
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory, rest.
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race :
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise,

120. " *This is the day which the Lord hath made.*"
Ps. cxviii. 24. (C. M.)

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son :
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

121. "*Blessed are they that keep his testimonies.*"
Ps. cxix. 2. (C. M.)

1 BLEST are th' undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean ;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands ;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;
How firm their souls abide !
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

5 Vile as the dross the wicked are ;
 And those that leave thy ways
 Shall see salvation from afar,
 But never taste thy grace.

122. "*Thou art my portion, O Lord.*" Ps. cxix.
 57. (C. M.)

1 THOU art my portion, O my God ;
 Soon as I know thy way,
 My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
 And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
 And glory in my choice :
 Not all the riches of the earth
 Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
 I set before my eyes ;
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
 I think upon my ways,
 Then turn my feet to thy commands,
 And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 O save thy servant, Lord ;
 Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
 My hope is in thy word.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
 Thy statutes to fulfil ;
 And thus till mortal life shall end
 Would I perform thy will.

123. "*The entrance of thy words giveth light.*"
Ps. cxix. 139. (c. m.)

- 1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.
- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

124. "*Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage
for ever.*" Ps. cxix. 3. (c. m.)

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land—of wealth unknown
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

125. “ *Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes.*” Ps. cxix. 33, 34. (C. M.)

- 1 **THY** mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear !
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.
- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due :
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.
- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid,
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.
- 4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heardst my soul complain ;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

5 If God to me his statutes shew,
 And heav'nly truth impart,
 His work for ever I'll pursue,
 His law shall rule my heart.

126. "Order my steps in thy word." Ps. cxix.
 133. (C. M.)

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still !

O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will !

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart !

Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires, arise
 Within this soul of mine.

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

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip ;
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
 Offend against my God.

127. "*I will run the way of thy commandments.*"
Ps. cxix. 32. (C. M.)

1 O THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind !
Thence I derive a quick'ning power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large !

4 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill ;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

128. "*Quicken thou me according to thy word.*"
Ps. cxix. 25. (C. M.)

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
Lord, give me life divine ;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still ?
And thou a faithful God ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road ?

4 Doth not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?

And yet how slow my spirit moves
Without enliv'ning grace!

5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning power,
'To draw me near the Lord.

129. "The Lord is thy keeper." Ps. cxxi. 5.
(C. M.)

1 TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends their humble call,
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His watchful eye, his boundless power,
Are thine eternal guard.

5 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

130. "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil."
Ps. cxxi. 7. (H. M.)

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high thou call me home.

131. "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go
into the house of the Lord." Ps. cxxii. 1.
(C. M.)

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
'And keep the solemn day!'

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God
To shew his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest !

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

132. "*Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.*" Ps. cxxi. 2. (8's & 6's.)

1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore :
My feet the summons shall attend ;
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

2 What joy while thus I view the day
That warns my thirsting soul away !
What transports fill my breast !
For, lo ! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest !

- 3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise:
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
The angelic forms, an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.
- 4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring:
Here crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the Immortal King.

133. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." Ps.
cxxii. 6. (s. M.)

- 1 GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day.
- 2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door:
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.
- 3 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.
- 4 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God.
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode!

5 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

6 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease,
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

134. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as
Mount Zion, which cannot be removed."
Ps. cxxv. 1. (S. M.)

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, by the hand of tenderness,
Its terrors shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall afflictions rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there
Where bolders sinner dwell.

135. "As the mountains are round about Jerusa-
lem, so the Lord is round about his people."
Ps. cxxv. 2. (8. 7. 4. 7.)

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded ;
Zion, kept by power divine.
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine :
Happy Zion!
What a favoured lot is thine.

2 Every human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last remove ;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 If thy God should shew 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.

4 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.

136. "With the Lord there is mercy, and with him
there is plenteous redemption." Ps cxxx. 7.

(D. M.)

- 1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes,
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long, and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;—
When will my God his face display?
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

137. "Lord, my heart is not haughty." Ps.

cxxxii. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
 Shall have a large reward :
 Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

138. "My soul is even as a weaned child." Ps.
 cxxxi. 2. (7's.)

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 ?

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.

139. "Arise, O Lord, into thy rest." Ps. cxxxii.
8. (C. M.)

- 1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest !
Lo ! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest,
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine ;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.
- 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne ;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

140. "The Lord hath chosen Zion." Ps. cxxxii.
13. (L. M.)

- 1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God,—
A dwelling for th' Eternal mind
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood ?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest ;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

- 3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord :
Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread ;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.
- 5 Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
My ministers shall rise and shine :
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Appear'd with blessings so divine.
- 6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing ;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.
- 7 Jesus shall see a num'rous seed
Born here, t' uphold his glorious name !
Heaven's brightest glories crown his head,
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame !

141. "*Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for
brethren to dwell together in unity.*" Ps.
cxxxiii. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 LO ! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety !
- 2 When streams of love from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul,
And heav'nly peace, with balmly wing,
Shades and bedews the whole ;

3 ['Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.]

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his milder glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

142.

THE SAME.

(S. M.)

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
'They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning-dew distils,
And all the air is love.

143. "*Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and
bless the Lord.*" Ps. cxxxv. 2. (C. M.)

1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place,
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wond'rous grace ;

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high ;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace ;
The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

144. *" Praise ye the Lord,—in the courts of the
house of our God."* Ps. cxxxv. 1. 2.
 (L. M.)

1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord ; the Lord is good ;
To praise his name is sweet employ :
Israel he chose of old ; and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints ;
He treats his servants as his friends ;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod ;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known, 'Th' Almighty God.'

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
And learn the wonders of his name :
Amongst his saints he ever dwells ;
His church is his Jerusalem.

145. "Ye that fear the Lord, bless the Lord." Ps.
cxxxv. 20. (C. M.)

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints ; to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord ; and works unknown
Are his divine employ ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heav'n, earth, and sea, confess his hand ;
He bids the vapours rise ;
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep through the sounding skies,
- 4 Ye saints, adore the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear ;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

146. "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good :
for his mercy endureth for ever." Ps.
cxxxvi. 1. (H. M.)

- I GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord ;
The Sov'reign King of kings ;
And be his name ador'd.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure ;
And ever sure abide thy word.
- 2 How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.
His power and grace are still the same ;
And let his name have endless praise.

- 3 He saw the nations lie
 All perishing in sin,
 And pity'd the sad state
 The ruin'd world was in.
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
 And ever sure abides thy word.
- 4 He sent his only
 To save us from our woe,
 From Satan, sin, and death,
 And every hurtful foe.
 His power and grace are still the same;
 And let his name have endless praise.
- 5 Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heav'nly King;
 And let the spacious earth
 His works and glories sing.
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure;
 And ever sure abides thy word.

147. "O give thanks unto the God of heaven : for
 his mercy endureth for ever." Ps. cxxxvi.
 26. (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.
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.
- 7 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

148. "We wept, when we remembered Zion." Ps.
cxxxvii. 1. (L. C. 1.)

- 1 O ZION, when I think on thee,
I wish for pinions like the dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.
- 2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh:
Thither the ransomed nations come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.

3 While here, I walk on hostile ground;
The few that I can call my friends,
Are, like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

4 But we shall yet behold the day,
When Zion's children shall return:
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

5 The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet.
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon shall we all meet.

149. *"I will praise thee with my whole heart."*
Ps. cxxxviii. 1. (L. M.)

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

2 Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotions there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.

3 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.

4 To God I cry'd when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes,
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

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

150. " *O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.*" Ps. cxxxix. 1. (L. M.)

1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro' ;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

151. " *Thou understandest my thought afar off.*"
Ps. cxxxix. 2. (C. M.)

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
 Before they're form'd within :
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high !
 Where can a creature hide ?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Enclos'd on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

152. " *Search me, O Lord, and know my heart.*"
 Ps. cxxxix. 23. (L. M.)

- 1 LORD, search my soul, try every thought;
 Though my own heart accuse me not
 Of walking in a false disguise,
 I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 2 Doth secret mischief lurk within ?
 Do I indulge some unknown sin ?
 O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
 And lead me in thy perfect way.

153. " *Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense.*" Ps. cxli. 2. (L. M.)

- 1 MY God accept my early vows,
 Like morning incense in thine house,
 And let my nightly worship rise
 Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite, and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

154. "*Blessed be the Lord, my strength.*" Ps.
cxliv. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A Friend and Helper, so divine,
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

155. "*I will extol thee, my God, O King, and I
will bless thy name for ever and ever.*"
Ps. cxlv. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great :
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known ;
Thine arm of power, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendour shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love ;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.
156. *“ Every day will I bless thee, and I will praise
thy name for ever and ever.”* Ps. cxlv. 2.
(L. M.)
- 1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream,
Thy mercy swift ; thine anger slow,—
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The honours of thy holy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds !
Vast and unsearchable thy ways !
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

157. “ *They shall abundantly utter the memory of
thy great goodness.*” Ps. cxlv. 7. (c. m.)

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
 How slow thine anger moves.
 But soon he sends his pardoning word
 To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy power and praise proclaim ;
 But saints, who taste thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless thy name.

158. "*While I live, will I praise the Lord.*" Ps.
 cxlvi. 2. (L. M.)

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; my heart shall join,
 In work so pleasant, so divine ;
 Now while the flesh is mine abode,
 And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
 While immortality endures ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust ;
 Princes must die, and turn to dust ;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and power
 And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God : He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

6 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But sends the wicked down to hell ;
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains,

159. *“ I will sing praises unto my God, while I
 have any being. Ps. cxlvi. 2. (L. P. M.)*

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
 Princes must die, and turn to dust ;
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood :
 Their breath departs, their pomp and power
 And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
 Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God : he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
 His truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace :
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints ; he knows them well,
 But sends the wicked down to hell ;
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :
 Let every tongue, let every age,
 In this exalted work engage ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

160. “ *Praise ye the Lord ; for it is good to sing
 praises unto our God.*” Ps. cxlvii. 1.
 (L. M.)

1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise ;
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
 And gathers nations to his name :
 His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
 And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names :
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might ;
 And all his glories infinite :
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
 And treads the wicked to the dust.

5 But saints are lovely in his sight :
 He views his children with delight ;
 He sees their hope ; he knows their fear,
 And looks and loves his image there.

161. "*He hath not dealt so with any nation.*" Ps.
 cxlvii. 20. (L. M.)

1 PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear
 Propitious to his people's prayer ;
 And, though deliverance long delay,
 Answers in his well-chosen day.

2 Lord let thy goodness lead our land,
 Preserved by thine Almighty hand,
 The tribute of its love to bring
 To thee, our Saviour and our King.

3 So shall each public temple raise
 A song of triumph to thy praise ;
 And every peaceful private home
 To thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight,
 To walk as in thine awful sight :
 And in thy précepts and thy fear,
 Till life's last hour, to persevere.

162. "*Praise the name of the Lord :— his glory is
 above the earth and heaven.*" Ps. cxlviii.
 1-13. (H. M.)

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise :
 Ye holy throng of angels bright,
 In worlds of light begin the song.

- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
 And moon that rules the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light :
 His power declare, ye floods on high,
 And clouds that fly in empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move
 By his supreme command :
 He spake the word, and all their frame
 From nothing came to praise the Lord.
- 4 He moy'd their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past,
 And each his word fulfils
 While time and nature last :
 In different ways his works proclaim
 His wond'rous name, and speak his praise.
- 5 Let all the nations fear
 The God that rules above ;
 He brings his people near,
 And makes them taste his love :
 While earth and sky attempt his praise,
 His saints shall raise his honours high.
163. "*Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.*" Ps. cxlix. 2. (C. M.)
- 1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
 And let your songs be new ;
 Amidst the church, with cheerful voice,
 His later wonders shew.

- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing ;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn ;
The meek that lie despis'd in dust
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed ;
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

164. " *Praise God in his sanctuary :—let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord.*"
Ps. cl. 1-6. (C.M.)

- 1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals ;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest ;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

EXHORTATION TO PRAISE AND GENERAL
THANKSGIVING.

165. "*Let the heaven and earth praise him.*" Ps.
lxix. 34. (7's.)

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

166. "Stand up and bless the Lord your God."
Neh. ix. 5. (S. M.)

- 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice :
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify ?
- 3 Oh for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear :
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.
- 5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransom'd powers.
- 6 Stand up and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore :
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

167. "The ransomed shall come to Zion with
songs." Isa. xxxv. 10. (7's.)

- 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 we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Foes are round us, but we stand
On the borders of our land :
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Onward, then, we gladly press
Through this earthly wilderness :
Only, Lord, our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

168. "*Hallowed be thy name.*" Matt. vi. 9. (7's.)

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame ;
Father, hallowed be thy name.

2 Though estranged from thee in heart,
Doubtless thou our Father art :
From thy hand our spirits came :
Father, hallowed be thy name.

3 Nor by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our Father known :
Nearer now, in Christ, our claim :
Father, hallowed be thy name.

4 Born anew, Oh, may we feel
Filial love, the Spirit's seal ;
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame :
Father, hallowed be thy name.

5 Whether, then, in want or wealth,
 Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
 Still our prayer shall be the same :
 Father, hallowed be thy name.

169. "*O bless our God, ye people.*" Ps. lxxvi. 8.
 (C. M.)

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose breath our souls inspired ;
 Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
 With grateful ardour fired !

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose tender care sustains
 Our feeble frame, encompassed round
 With death's unnumbered pains !

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose goodness, passing thought,
 Loads ev'ry minute, as it flies,
 With benefits unsought !

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 From whom salvation flows ;
 Who sent his Son our souls to save
 From everlasting woes !

5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 For hope's transporting ray,
 That lights through darkest shades of death
 To realms of endless day !

170. "*All thy works praise thee.*" Ps. cxlv. 10.
 (L. M.)

1 YE sons of men, with joy record
 The various wonders of the Lord ;
 And let his power and goodness sound
 Through all your tribes the earth around.

- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade.
View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns.
- 4 But Oh ! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns Incarnate Love !
God's only Son in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made !
- 5 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar ;
There in the land of praise adore :
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undeclining day.

171. "*Thy saints bless thee.*" Ps. cxlv. 10. (L. M.)

- 1 WE praise, we worship thee, O God !
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad.
All nations bow before thy throne,
And thee the great Jehovah own.
- 2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim :
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to thee is given.
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord !
Thou God of Hosts, by all adored !
Earth and the heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy power, thy majesty !

- 4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song:
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.
- 5 Glory to thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise thy majesty!
The Son, the Spirit, we adore;
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

172. "Let such as love thy salvation say, The Lord
be magnified." Ps. xl. 16. (L. M.)

- 1 GOD of salvation! we adore
Thy saving love, thy saving power;
And, to our utmost stretch of thought,
Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.
- 2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,
The sword by which our sins are slain:
And while abased in dust we bow,
We sing the grace that lays us low.
- 3 Perish each thought of human pride:
Let God alone be magnified.
His glory let the heavens resound,
Echoed from earth's remotest bound.
- 4 Saints, who his full salvation know,
Saints, who but taste it here below,
Join every angel's voice to raise
Continued, never-ending praise.

173. "Remember all the way the Lord thy God
hath led thee." Deut. viii. 2. (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 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed ;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
- 8 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise :
For Oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

174. "*How excellent is thy name!*" Ps. viii.
(C. M.)

- 1 O LORD, our King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament,
How wonderfully shown!
- 2 Yet are the humble dear to Thee!
Thy praises are confest
By infants lisping on the knee,
And sucklings at the breast.
- 3 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand,
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land:
- 4 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above?
- 5 O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity, thy praise.

175. "*I will bless the Lord at all times.*" Ps.
xxxiv. (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 distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.

- 3 Oh magnify the Lord with me :
 With me exalt his name.
 When in distress to him I called,
 He to my rescue came.
- 4 Oh make but trial of his love ;
 Experience will decide,
 How blest they are, 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.

176. "*I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever.*" Ps. lxxxix. (C. M.)

- 1 THE mercies of my God and King
 My tongue shall still pursue :
 Oh happy they who, while they sing
 Those mercies, share them too !
- 2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
 As lofty as the sky,
 From age to age thy word shall run,
 And chance and change defy.
- 3 The covenant of the King of kings
 Shall stand for ever sure ;
 And 'neath the shadow of thy wings
 Thy saints repose secure.
- 4 Thine is the earth, and thine the skies,
 Created at thy will :
 The waves at thy command arise,
 At thy command, are still.

5 In earth below, in heaven above,
 Who, who is Lord like thee?
 Oh spread the gospel of thy love
 Till all thy glories see.

177. "*Sing to the Lord a new song.*" Ps. xcvi.
 (S. M.)

1 NOW let your songs arise,
 In new exalted strains ;
 Let earth repeat it to the skies ;
 The Lord, the Saviour reigns !

2 Sing to the Lord our God,
 And bless his sacred Name :
 His great salvation, all abroad,
 From day to day proclaim,

3 Midst heathen nations place
 The glories of his throne ;
 And let the wonders of his grace
 Through all the earth be known.

4 Great is the eternal Lord,
 And great must be his praise :
 O'er all the gods, on high adored,
 His mightier arm he'll raise.

5 The gods the heathen boasts,
 Nor hear, nor see, nor move :
 Jehovah is the Lord of Hosts,
 Who spread the heavens above !

6 Through earth, let every tribe,
 Let every nation, sing :
 Glory, and grace, and might, ascribe
 To our eternal King !

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178. "*Praise the name of the Lord.*" Ps. cxiii.

1. (L. M.)

- 1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise :
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.
- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest.
Above the heavens his power is known ;
Through all the earth his goodness shown.
- 3 Who is like God !—so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky :
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.
- 4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone ;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in Him that trust.
- 5 Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise :
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

179. "*He raiseth the poor out of the dust.*" Ps.
cxiii. (7's.)

- 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.

- 3 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens his throne,
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?
- 4 Yet to view the heavens he bends;
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.
- 5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower;
Set the meanest high in power.
- 6 He the broken spirit cheers;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears:
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name;—for ever praise.

180. "*His mercy endureth for ever.*" Ps. cxxxvi.
(7's.)

- 1 TO our God loud praises give,
Source of good to all who live.
Praise his name, whose mercy sure
Shall eternally endure.
- 2 To the Lord your homage bring,
God of gods, of kings the King.
For his mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.
- 3 Praise him for his deeds of might,
For his greatness infinite,
For his mercy free and sure,
Which doth evermore endure.

Ps. cxiii.

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- 4 He by wisdom built the skies,
And bade earth from ocean rise:
Fill'd the sun with glorious light;
Gave the moon to rule the night.
- 5 He beheld us when brought low,
And redeemed us from the foe.
He doth every blessing give:
By his bounty all things live.
- 6 Oh, give thanks ; your voices raise
To the God of heaven in praise ;
For his mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.

181. "*Praise the Lord from the heavens.*" Ps.
cxlviii. (8. 7.)

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him !
Praise him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light ;
- 2 Praise the Lord ! for he hath spoken ;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed.
Laws 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.

182. "Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever." Neh. ix. 5. (O. M.) double.

- 1 O GOD, at thy command we rise,
Thy gracious name to bless :
Thee, the great Lord of earth and skies,
We joyfully confess.
Our joy is now to sing of thee,
To triumph in thy love ;
And this, transporting thought ! shall be
Our endless work above.
- 2 Thou, even thou, art God alone.
Those countless worlds of thine,
Those heavens and heavenly spirits own,
Our Maker is divine.
The earth thou hast thy footstool made,
Great universal Lord ;
And all things are in being staid
By thy preserving word.

183. "Alleluia ! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Rev. xix. 6 (L. M.)

- 1 THE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heaven, rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring :
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 2 The Lord is King ! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises ?
- 3 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.

- 4 He reigns ! ye saints, exalt your strains :
Your God is King, your Father reigns ;
And *He* is at the Father's side,
The Son of man, the Crucified.
- 5 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.
- 6 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King
- 7 Alike pervaded by his eye,
All parts of his dominion lie ;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.
- 8 One Lord, one empire, all secures :
He reigns,—and life and death are yours.
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

184. "*Praise the Lord from the earth.*" Ps.
cxlviii. 7. (c. m.)

- 1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing ;
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.
- 2 'Twas his right-hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame ;
But from his own immediate breath,
Our nobler spirits came.

- 3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues :
We claim some kindred with the skies
And join th' angelic songs.
- 4 Let grov'ling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.
- 5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll ;
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.
- 6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide Creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

185. " *From everlasting to everlasting, thou art
God.*" Ps. xc. 2. (C. M.)

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And render praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity with all its years
Stands present in thy view ;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling cares ;
 But one eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturb'd affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou !
 What worthless worms are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow
 And render praise to thee.

186. "*Thou art the same, and thy years shall have
 no end.*" Ps. cii. 27. (L. M.)

1 GREAT Former of this wond'rous frame,
 Our souls adore thine awful name,
 And bow and tremble while they praise
 The ancient of eternal days.

2 Before thine infinite survey,
 Creation rose as yesterday ;
 And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
 See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond the highest angel's sight,
 Thou dwellest in eternal light.
 Which shines with undiminished ray,
 While suns and systems waste away.

4 Our days a transient period run,
 And change with every circling sun ;
 And while to lengthened years we trust,
 Before the moth we sink to dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around ;
 Let death consign us to the ground ;
 Let the last general flame arise,
 And melt the arches of the skies :—

6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see ;
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

187. " *I will praise thy name, for thy loving-kindness, and for thy truth.*" Ps.
cxxxviii. 2. (L. M.)

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To him that earth's foundations laid ;
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees,
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word ;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 Whence then should doubts and fears arise ?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?
Slowly, alas ! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.
- 4 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith !
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.
- 5 Then should the earth's old pillars shake ;
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

188. “ *The Lord is good—and his truth endureth to all generations.*” Ps. c. 5. (C. M.)

- 1 **THY** ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
Thou dost with sinners bear :
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound :
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are
A rock that cannot move :
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

189. “ *Thus saith the Lord—The heaven is my throne :—but I will look to the poor and contrite spirit.*” Is. lxvi. 1. 2. (L. M.)

- 1 **THY** favours, Lord, surprise our souls ;
Will the **ETERNAL** dwell with us ?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus ?

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2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;
But th' heav'nly majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

3 Great God, what poor returns we pay,
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

190. "Your Father knoweth what things ye have
need of, before ye ask him." Matt. vi. 8. (L. M.)

1 UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls, the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God,
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

4 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

191. "The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with ma-
jesty." Ps. xciii. 1. (L. M.)

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright
No mortal can sustain the sight.

- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His power is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend !
Then let my songs with angels join ;
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.
192. " *Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly.*" Ps. cxxxviii. 6.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty ;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs ;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, his sov'reign will.

- 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
'My Father and my Friend?'
I love his name, I love his word;
Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord.

193. "*Canst thou by searching find out God?*"—
Job. xi. 7. (c. m. double.)

- 1 SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man
Beyond archangels go,
The great Almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know?
His attributes divinely soar
Above the creature's sight;
And prostrate seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.
- 2 Jehovah's everlasting days,
They cannot numbered be;
Incomprehensible the space
Of thine immensity:
Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line
In vain we strive to sound,
Or stretch our labouring thought to assign
Omnipotence a bound.
- 3 The brightness of thy glories leaves
Description far below:
Nor man, nor angel's heart conceives
How deep thy mercies flow.
Thy love is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above:
They gaze, but cannot count or tell
The treasures of thy love!

194. "*The heavens are thine; the earth also is thine.*" Ps. lxxxix. 11. (L. M.)

- 1 **FATHER** of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same!
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine.
Prostrate before thy feet we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee, sovereign Lord of all.
- 2 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
That move in earth, or air, or sky;
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye.
All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ.
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.
- 3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three!
In earth below, and heaven above,
By all thy works be paid to thee.
Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is;
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy glories shall for ever shine.

195. "*The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.*"
Ps. xxix. (L. M.)

- 1 **ETERNAL** God, eternal King!
Ruler of heaven and earth beneath!
From thee our hopes, our comforts spring:
In thee we live, and move, and breathe.

- 2 Thy word brought forth the flaming sun,
The changeful moon, the starry host :
In thine appointed course they run,
Till in the final ruin lost.
- 3 At thy command the storm is dumb ;
And to the sea thy power hath said,
" No further shalt thou dare to come,
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed."
- 4 Thy sway is known below, above,
And full of majesty thy voice !
And, as it speaks in wrath or love,
The nations tremble or rejoice.
- 5 The final, awful hour is near,
Time paces on with ceaseless tread,
When opening graves that voice shall hear,
And render up the sleeping dead.
- 6 Oh, in that great decisive day,
May we be found in Christ, and stand,
While flaming worlds shall melt away,
Accepted, owned at thy right hand.

196. " *Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity ?*" Micah vii. 18. (L. P. M.)

- 1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways
Are worthy of thyself,—divine :
But the bright glories of thy grace,
Beyond thine other wonders shine.
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

2. Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share.
Is there a pardoning God like thee?
Or is there grace so rich and free?
3. Pardon—from an offended God!
Pardon—for sins of deepest die!
Pardon—bestowed through Jesus' blood;
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh.
Where is the pardoning God like thee?
Or where the grace so rich and free?
4. Oh, may this glorious, matchless love,
This godlike miracle of grace,
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

197. "The God of Abraham." Gen. xxx. 42.
(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 confessed:
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blessed.

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
 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 Jesu's blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend:
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of grace
 For evermore.

PART SECOND.

5 Though nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At God's command:
 The watery deep I pass;
 With Jesus in my view;
 And through the howling wilderness,
 My way pursue.

- 6 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty bless'd ;
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest ;
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound ;
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With mercy crown'd.
- 7 There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace :
 On Zion's sacred height
 His Kingdom still maintains :
 And glorious, with his saints in light,
 For ever reigns.
- 8 He keeps his own secure,
 He guards them by his side,
 Arrays in garments white and pure,
 His spotless bride ;
 With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
 With all the fruits of paradise,
 He still supplies.
- 9 Before the Three in One,
 They all exulting stand ;
 And tell the wonders He hath done,
 Through all their land.
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame,
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wond'rous Name.

PART THIRD.

- 10 The God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah—Father—Great I AM!
We worship Thee."
- 11 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the world above,
"The slaughtered Lamb."
- 12 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and mine—
I join the heavenly lays,
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

198. "*Hosanna.*" John xii. 13. (L. M.)

- 1 HOSANNA to the Living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

- 2 Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply :
Above, beneath us, all around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
- 3 O Saviour ! with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer.
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Here we thy parting promise claim !
- 4 But chief, in every cleansed breast,
Eternal ! bid thy Spirit rest ;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee !
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

199. " *That at the name of Jesus, every knee should bow.*" Phil. ii. 10. (7's.)

- 1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ, our Peace and Righteousness :
Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right-hand in heaven !
- 2 Son of God, to thee we bow ;
Thou art Lord, and only thou.
Thou, the woman's promised seed,
Thou, who didst for sinners bleed !
- 3 Thee, the angels ceaseless sing :
Thee we praise, our Priest and King.
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace !

- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought,
Of salvation by thee wrought ;
Wrought to set thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.
- 5 Thee, our Lord, whom we adore,
- May we follow more and more.
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join thy saints above.

200. "*He is Lord of all.*" Acts x. 36. (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 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call :
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall ;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
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.
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

201. "*The Desire of all nations.*" Hag. ii. 7.
(C. M.)

- 1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Almighty King of Grace!
Thy uncreated glories shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend;
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store:
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.
- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee.
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

202. "*Who, being in the form of God, made himself
of no reputation.*" Phil. ii. 6, 7. (L. M.)

- 1 THOU Son of God and Son of Man,
Beloved, adored Immanuel,
Who didst, before all time began,
In glory with thy Father dwell.
- 2 We sing thy love, who didst in time
For us humanity assume;
To answer for the sinner's crime,
To suffer in the sinner's room.
- 3 The ransomed church thy glory sings;
The hosts of heaven thy will obey;
And Lord of lords, and King of kings,
We celebrate thy blessed sway.

- 4 A servant's form didst thou sustain,
And with delight the law obey ;
And then endure amazing pain,
While all our sorrows on thee lay.
- 5 Blest Saviour ! we are wholly thine,
So freely loved, so dearly bought ;
Our souls to thee would we resign,
To thee subject our every thought.

203. "*The consolation of Israel.*" Luke ii. 25.
(8-7.)

- 1 COME thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free !
From our fears and sins release us :
Let us find our rest in thee !
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art !
Blest desire of every nation,
Joy of every faithful heart !

- 2 Born thy people to deliver ;
Born a child, and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever ;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone :
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne !

204. "*And the life was the light of men.*" John
i. 4. (8-7.)

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death !
Come, and, sin's deep gloom dispelling,
Shine upon the realms beneath.

The new heaven and earth's Creator,
 On our deepest darkness rise;
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
 Every poor, benighted heart.
 Come, and manifest the favour
 God hath to our ransomed race.
 Come, thou Advocate and Saviour!
 Manifest thy wondrous grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
 O thou Prince of Peace and love!
 Give the knowledge of salvation;
 Raise our hearts to things above.
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burdened soul release:
 By the shining of thy Spirit,
 Guide us into perfect peace.

205. "The love of Christ which passeth know-
 ledge." Eph. iii. 19. (8. 7.)

1 LOVE divine, all love 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 longing 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 precious love.

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

206. “ *Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us.*”
 1 Cor. v. 7. (8. 7.)

1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed !
 All our sins on thee were laid :
 By Almighty Love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood :
 Opened is the gate of heaven :
 Peace is made for man with God.

2 Jesus, hail ! abashed before thee,
 Seraphs bright their faces hide :
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side :

There for sinners thou art pleading ;
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

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

207. " *Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself.*" Heb. xii. 3. (8. 7.)

- 1 WHEN I read the contradiction,
 Christ endured my soul to gain,—
 Gaze upon the crucifixion,
 Shall I of the cross complain ?
 Let not, Lord, thy sore affliction
 Have been borne for me in vain !
- 2 Lo ! upon the tree extended,
 Jesus bows his dying head :
 Bears the wrath of God offended,
 Suffers in the sinner's stead.
 Now thy days of woe are ended :
 'Twas for thee, my soul, he bled !
- 3 After earth's deceitful pleasure
 Never more my heart shall rove.
 Farewell, every worldly treasure !
 Now my treasure is above.
 I shall drink in plenteous measure
 From the fountain-head of love !

- 4 Praise, henceforth, and adoration
 To the throne of grace I'll bring.
 Hail, O Israel's consolation!
 (Let each ransomed sinner sing.)
 Hail, thou God of our salvation!
 Hail, O Prophet, Priest, and King!

208. "*Unto him that loved us.*" Rev. i. 5. (7's.)

- 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme:
 Sing aloud the Saviour's name!
 Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
 Sing of his 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! refrain your tears.
 Trembling hearts! dismiss your fears.
 See the guilt and curse remove,
 Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye who long, alas! have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin,
 Now from bliss no longer rove;
 Listen to redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppressed:
 He alone can give you rest,
 Who descended from above,
 Prompted by redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your tribute bring:
 Strike aloud each joyful string.
 Saints below, and saints above,
 Join to praise redeeming love.

7 When his Spirit leads us home,
 When we to his glory come,
 We shall all the fulness prove
 Of our Lord's redeeming love.

209. "And washed us from our sins in his own
 blood." Rev. i. 5. (P. M.)

1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder ;
 Let us praise the Saviour's name !
 He has hushed the law's loud thunder ;
 He has quenched mount Sinai's flame.
 He has washed us with his blood :
 He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
 Dying for our rebel race ;
 Called us by his word, and taught us
 By the Spirit of his grace.
 He has washed us with his blood :
 He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
 Threaten hard to bear us down ;
 For the Lord, our strong salvation,
 Holds in view the conqueror's crown.
 He who washed us with his blood,
 Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us praise, and join the chorus
 Of his saints enthroned on high.
 Here, they trusted him before us ;
 Now their praises fill the sky :—
 "Thou hast washed us with thy blood ;
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !"

210. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King." Ps. cxlix. 2. (H. M.)

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King:
Your Lord and King adore.
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice.
Rejoice; he bids his saints rejoice.
- 2 The mighty Saviour reigns
The God of truth and love.
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; he bids his saints rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom must prevail:
He rules o'er earth and heaven.
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; he bids his saints rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; he bids his saints rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; he bids his saints rejoice.

211. " *And the Spirit and the Bride say, come.*"
Rev. xxii. 17. (7's.)

1 SEE the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand ;—
This before the throne their strain :
Hell is vanquished : Death is slain.
Blessing, honour, glory, might,
Are the conqueror's native right ;
Thrones and Powers before him fall,
Lamb of God, and Lord of all.

2 Hasten, Lord, the promised hour !
Come, in glory and in power !
Still thy foes are unsubdued :
Nature sighs to be renewed.
Time has nearly reached its sum,
All things, with Thy bride, say, Come
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign for evermore.

212. " *I am the Root and Offspring of David, and
the bright and Morning Star.*" Rev..
xxii. 16. (s. M.)

1 ALL-HAIL, mysterious King !
Hail, David's ancient Root !
Thou righteous Branch, which thence didst
To give the nations fruit. [spring,

2 Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath thy grateful shade ;
Our thirsting lips salvation taste ;
Our fainting hearts are glad.

3 Fair Morning-star ! arise,
With living glories bright,
And pour on these awakened eyes
A flood of sacred light.

, come."

David, and
Rev..nce didst
[spring,

- 4 The horrid gloom is fled,
Pierced by thy beauteous ray.
Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead
To everlasting day.

213. "*And they sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb.*" Rev. xv. 3. (S. M.)

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

- 2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

- 3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, the eternal King!

- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

- 5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sing in sweeter notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

214. "*The glory as of the only begotten of the Father.*" John i. 14. (L. M.)

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' Eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Creation's glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star:
But in His looks such glories rise
As far outshine the lofty skies.

4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My soul exults in Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

5 O, may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

215. "The manifold wisdom of God." Ephes.
iii. 10. (C. M.)

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near,
While power, and truth, and boundless love
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4. The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God :
And thine avenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmest thought employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

216. " *That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.*" Eph. iii. 16. 20. (L. M.)

- 1 COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be 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.
- 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.

217. " *The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.*" John i. 14. Col. i. 16. (L. M.)

- 1 ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad
From everlasting was the Word ;
With God he was ; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

- 2 By his own power were all things made ;
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 But lo ! he leaves those heav'nly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.
- 4 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son ;
How full of truth ! how full of grace !
When veil'd in flesh, the Godhead shone !
- 5 Angels would leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

218. " *And his name shall be called Wonderful.*"
Is. ix. 2. 6. 7. (L.M.)

- 1 THE lands that long in darkness lay
Now have beheld a heav'nly light ;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade
Are blest with beams divinely bright.
- 2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born,
Behold the expected child appear ;
What shall his names, or titles be ;
The " Wonderful," the " Counsellor."
- 3 The Son of David, and his Lord,
Shall be the Saviour of our race ;
He shall be called—" the mighty God ;"
" The Eternal Father,"—" Prince of Peace."
- 4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid ;
His wide dominion still increase,
And worship to his name be paid.

- 5 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
 High on his Father David's throne,
 Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
 And reign to ages yet unknown.

219. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
 peace." Luke ii. 14. (7's.)

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing;
 "Glory to the new-born King!
 Glory in the highest heaven,
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise:
 Join the triumph of the skies:
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord;
 Late in time, behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb!
- 4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
 Hail the Incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as man with men to dwell,
 Jesus our Immanuel.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
- 6 Lo! he lays his glory by:
 Born, that man no more may die;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth;
 Born, to give them second birth.
- 7 Sing we then, with angels sing:
 "Glory to the new-born King!
 Glory in the highest heaven.
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven."

220. " *To preach deliverance to the Captives.*"
 Luke iv. 18, 19. (c. M.)

- 1 THE Saviour of mankind is come ;
 The Saviour promised long !
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the prisoners to unbind,
 Who Satan's captives lay ;
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial day.
- 3 He comes to bind the broken heart,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And heavenly treasures to impart
 To all the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 Nor shall thy ransomed church e'er cease
 To glory in thy name.

221. " *And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding.*" Luke ii. 47. (c. M.)

- 1 ABASHED be all the boast of age :
 Be hoary learning dumb.
 Expounder of the mystic page,
 Behold an Infant come !
- 2 O wisdom ! whose unfading power
 Beside the Eternal stood,
 To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
 The land, the sky, the flood ;
- 3 Yet didst thou not disdain awhile
 An infant form to wear,
 To bless thy mother with a smile,
 And lisp thy filial prayer.

- 4 But in thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.
- 5 So may our youth adore thy name !
And, Saviour ! deign to bless,
With fostering grace, the timid flame
Of early holiness.

222. "Hosanna to the Son of David !" Matt.
xxi. 9. (L. M.)

- 1 WHAT are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains ?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
Sweetly resound from Zion's hill ?
- 2 Lo ! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosanna to the King of kings.
The Saviour comes ! and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.
- 3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise.
Still Israel's children forward press,
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.
- 4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart.
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing Hosanna too.
- 5 Proclaim Hosannas loud and clear :
See David's Son and Lord appear !
Glory and praise on earth be given ;
Hosanna in the highest heaven !

223. "He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them." Mark x. 16. (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN Jesus left the throne of God,
He chose an humble birth;
A man of grief, like us he trod
A lonely path on earth.
- 2 Like him, may we be found below,
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words and kind his look,
When mothers round him pressed;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blessed.
- 4 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strowed
Their garments on the ground.
- 5 Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King.
Could we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

224. "And thou shalt call his name Jesus." Mat. i. 21. (C. M.)

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

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- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast:
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.
- 3 Blest name! the rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend!
My Prophet, Priest, and King!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

225. "Head over all things to the Church."
Eph. i. 22. (c. m.)

- 1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King,
 How pure are his commands !
 He guards our souls from hell and sin
 By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name !
 How kind are all his ways !
 His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
 To our immortal praise.

226. "*The Captain of our salvation.*"— "*A merciful and faithful High Priest.*" Heb. ii.
 10. 17. (H. M.)

1 JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore :
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 [Array'd in mortal flesh
 He like an angel stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands :
 Commission'd from his Father's throne
 To make his grace to mortals known.]

3 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless thy name ;
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

4 Be thou my Counsellor,
 My pattern and my guide ;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side :
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

5 I love my Shepherd's voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wand'ring soul among
 The thousands of his sheep :
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

6 Jesus my great High Priest
 Offer'd his blood and died ;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside :
 His powerful blood did once atone ;
 And now it pleads before the throne.

7 My Advocate appears
 For my defence on high,
 The Father bows his ear,
 And lays his anger by ;
 Not all that earth or hell can say,
 Shall turn his heart, his love away.

8 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown.
 A feeble saint shall win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.

9 Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on,
 I shall be safe; for Christ displays
 Superior power, and guardian grace.

227. "*The song of Moses, the servant of God, and
 the song of the Lamb.*" Rev. xv. 3. (c.m.)

- 1 HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God,
 Who would not fear thy name!
 Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
 Who would not love the Lamb!
- 2 He hath done more than Moses did,
 Our prophet and our king;
 From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
 And taught our lips to sing.
- 3 In the Red Sea by Moses' hand
 Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;
 But his own blood hides all our sins,
 And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,
 With manna they were fed;
 Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
 And calls it living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
 Yet never reach'd the place;
 But Christ shall bring his followers home
 To see his Father's face.
- 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
 And feel a warmer flame,
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

228. "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." John i. 17.
Heb. iii. 5. 6. (S. M.)

- 1 THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done ;
Moses, a faithful servant stood,
Christ, a beloved Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sov'reign and the Head.
- 4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold ! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.
- 5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hear not when the Saviour calls,
And dare resist his grace.

229. "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." Rev. i. 1-5.
(L. M.)

- 1 NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

- 2 'Twas he, that cleans'd our foulest sins,
 And wash'd us in his richest blood ;
 'Tis he, that makes us priests and kings,
 And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning priest,
 To Jesus, our superior King,
 Be everlasting power confess'd,
 And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
 And every eye shall see him move :
 Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
 Now he displays his pardoning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail
 While we rejoice to see the day :
 Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
 Nor let thy chariots long delay.

230. " *God was in Christ, reconciling the world
 unto himself.*" 2 Cor. v. 19. (C. M.)

- 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus, and my God,
 Who can resist thy heav'nly 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 Christ the incarnate God I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find ;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three
 Bring terror to my mind.

- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

231. " *We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.* Heb. iv. 15. 16.—v. 7. (C. M.)

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His soul is filled with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within
He knows our feeble frame :
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]

6 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power,
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In every trying hour.

232. "He humbled himself, and became obedient
 unto death." Phil. ii. 8. (C. M.)

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless grief,
 He saw, and—O amazing love!
 He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

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

5 Angels, assist our lofty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold;
 But when you raise your highest notes
 His love can ne'er be told.

233. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."
 Rev. iii. 20. (L. M.)

1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks, has knocked before;
 Has waited long; is waiting still:
 You use 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 open hands.
 Oh matchless kindness ! and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine ;
 Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
 And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 [If thou art poor,—and poor thou art,—
 Lo ! he hath riches to impart :
 Not wealth in which mean avarice rolls ;
 Oh, nobler far, the wealth of souls.]
- 6 [Thou'rt blind : he'll take the scales away,
 And let in everlasting day.
 Naked thou art, but he shall dress
 Thy blushing soul in righteousness.]
- 7 [Art thou a mourner ? grief shall fly :
 For who can weep with Jesus by ?
 No terror shall thy soul annoy ;
 No tear, except the tear of joy.]
- 8 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
 Lest he depart, and ne'er return ;
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
 When, at his door denied, you'll stand.

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9 Admit him, for the human breast
 Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest:
 No mortal tongue their joye can tell,
 With whom he condescends to dwell.

10 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
 Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign:
 To reign, and with no partial sway:
 Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

11 Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of Peace!
 Oh may thy gentle reign increase!
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
 And be his empire all mankind.

234. "*Leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps.*" 1 Peter ii. 21. (L. M.)

1 MY great 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 def'rence 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 fervor of thy prayer:
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

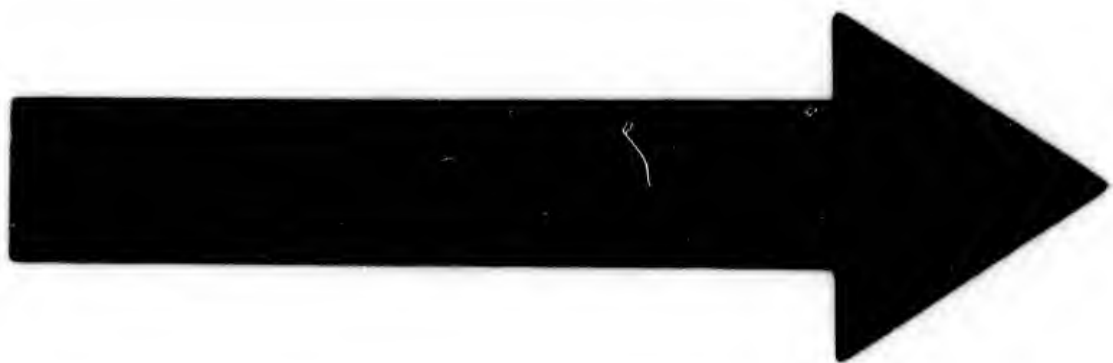
4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here;
 Then God the judge shall own my name,
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

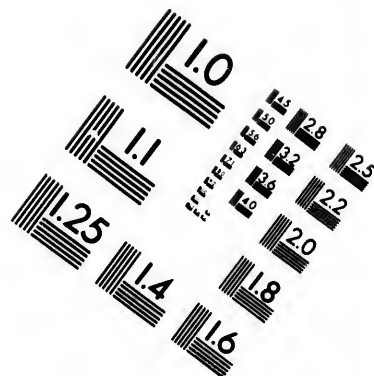
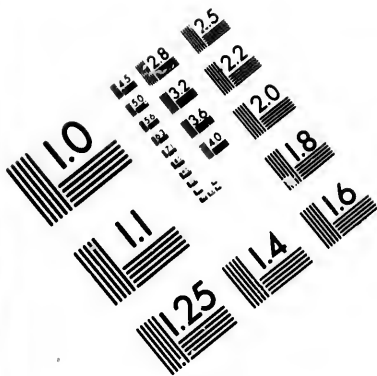
235. "*Learn of me.*" Matt. xi. 29. (C. M.)

- 1 BELOLD ! where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine !
The virtues, all in Jesus meet,—
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light ;
To give the mourner joy.
To preach glad tidings to the poor :—
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found :
He washed their feet : he wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.
- 4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life :—
He laboured for their good !
- 5 In the last hour of deep distress,—
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
" Thy will, not mine, be done !"
- 6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide !
His image may we bear !
Oh may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

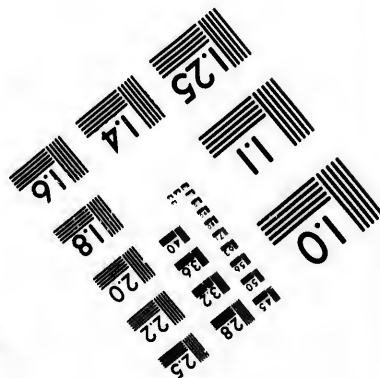
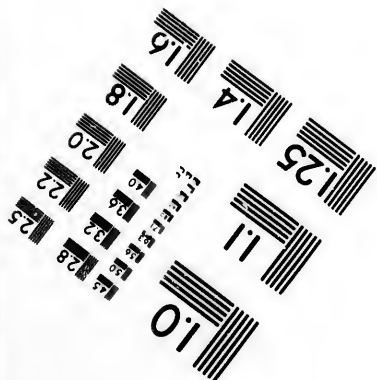
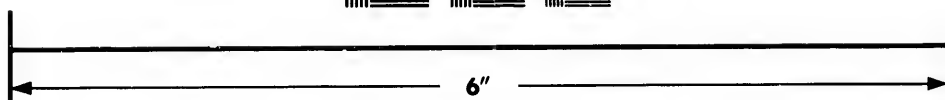
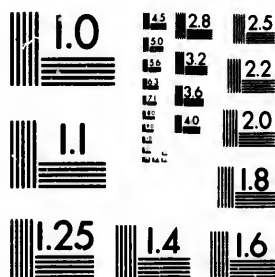
236. "*Who went about doing good.*" Acts x. 38.
(L. M.)

- 1 When from the glorious realms of day,
On wings of love the Saviour flew ;
He walked through mercy's heavenly way,
And bade the world his steps pursue.





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- 2 The blind, the lame, his power confess'd ;
The dumb broke forth in grateful strains ;
He gave the wearied spirit rest,
And loosed the prisoner from his chains.
- 3 And shall not they whose lips resound
The matchless deeds the Saviour wrought ;
Like him in charity abound,
And practice what his goodness taught ?
- 4 Ye who his grace so freely share !
Your willing aid as freely give ;
Your lively faith and love declare,
And in his sacred precepts live.
- 5 Honour your Saviour, speak his praise ;
By acts of love his grace proclaim !
Sweet anthems to his glory raise,
And in hosannas sound his praise.

237. "*It is finished.*" John xix. 30. (8. 7. 4.)

- 1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary !
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
"It is finished !"
Hear the dying Saviour cry !
- 2 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law !
Finished all that God had promised ;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished !"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
 Join to sing the glorious theme.
 All in earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name !
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

238. " *That through death he might destroy him
 that hath the power of death.*" Heb. ii.
 14. (L M.)

1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around.
 A solemn darkness veils the skies :
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
 Ye saints, with contrite hearts review,
 How he beneath your burdens groaned.
 Not tears, but blood, he wept for you,
 And for a guilty world atoned.

2 Mysterious love beyond degree !
 The Lord of glory dies for men.
 But, lo, what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus, the dead, revives again.
 The Prince of life forsakes his tomb ;
 Up to his Father's court he flies :
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns :
 Sing, how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the tyrant Death in chains.
 Say, Live for ever, wondrous King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !
 Then ask of Death, Where is thy sting ?
 Where is thy victory, boasting Grave ?

239. "He is not here: for he is risen." Matt.
xxviii. 6. (7's.)

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb:
Jesus dissipates its gloom.
Day of triumph through the skies!
See the glorious Saviour rise!
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade:
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

240. "But now is Christ risen from the dead."
1 Cor. xv. 20. (7's.)

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day.
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
- 2 Lo! he rises, mighty King!
Where, O Death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave, where is thy victory?
- 3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God for ever made.
With your risen Saviour rise:
Claim your mansions in the skies.
- 4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day.
Loud the song of victory raise:
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

241. "The first-fruits of them that slept."

1 Cor. xv. 20. (7's.)

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say!
Raise your songs and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo! he sets in blood no more!
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell.
Death in vain forbids his rise:
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O Grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!
- 6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail! the Resurrection, thou!

242. "The Lord is risen indeed." Luke xxiv.

34. (S. M.)

- 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed:"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed."
Then Justice asks no more ;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed :"
Then is his work performed ;
The Captive Surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed :"
Then hell hath lost its prey :
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

5 "The Lord is risen indeed :"
Attending angels hear,
And to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

6 While on their golden lyres,
They strike each cheerful chord,
We join the bright celestial choir,
To sing our risen Lord.

243. "A vision of angels, which said that he was
alive." Luke xxiv. 23. (H. M.)

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 sank 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 such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
 And the glad tidings bear.
 Hark! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air!
 Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
 Hath left the dead; he rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeemed 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."

5 All hail! triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood!
 Wide be thy name adored,
 Thou rising, reigning God!
 With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
 And empires gain beyond the skies.

244. "Thou hast ascended on high." Psalm
 lxxviii. 18. (7's.)

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise
 Glorious to his native skies
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Enters now the gates of heaven.

- 2 There the glorious triumph waits.
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Christ hath vanquished death and sin :
Take the King of Glory in.
- 3 See, the heaven its Lord receives !
Yet he loves the earth he leaves.
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 Still for us he intercedes :
His prevailing death he pleads ;
Near himself prepares our place,
Great precursor of our race.
- 5 What though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height ;
May our warm affections rise,
Following him beyond the skies.

245. "Who is the King of glory, The Lord
strong and mighty." Ps. xxiv. 8. (L. M.)

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Jesus is gone up on high,
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene :
He claims these mansions as his right :
Receive the King of glory in.

- 4 Who is the King of glory, who ?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew :
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 6 Who is the King of glory, who ?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed ;
The King of saints and angels too ;
God over all, for ever blessed.

246. "*Seen of angels.*" 1 Tim. iii. 16. (c. m.)

- 1 BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
Yon heaven of heavens, with living light,
Our great Redeemer fills.
- 2 Legions of angels strong and fair,
His countless armies, shine,
And swell his praise with golden harps,
Attuned to songs divine.
- 3 "Hail, Prince !" they cry, "for ever hail !
Whose unexampled love
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above."
- 4 While he did condescend on earth
To suffer scorn and pain,
They cast their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.

- 5 Through all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend ;
Oft wondering how and where at last
The mystic scene would end.
- 6 They saw his heart, transfixed with wounds,
With love and grief run o'er :
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er brake before.
- 7 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne ;
Spread their triumphant wings, and sang,
" The glorious work is done ?"

247. " *He came unto his own, and his own received him not.*" John i. 11. (s. m.)

- 1 TO his own world he came,
To earth's most favoured spot,
Jesus, Immanuel, his name :
Yet Israel knew him not.
- 2 Son of the Father's love,
Efulgence of his light,
He left his glorious court above,
To suffer man's despise.
- 3 He came to suffer death,
And, bleeding for his foes,
Spoke pardon with his dying breath,
And peace when he arose.
- 4 His latest moments here
In benediction passed.
To those who saw him disappear,
That action was his last.

5. But, having reached his throne,
He sent down from above
His promised Spirit, to make known
The riches of his love.

6. Ye who have felt that flame,
On whom that grace is poured,
Go, in his Spirit to proclaim
Salvation in the Lord.

248. “ *And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire.*” Acts ii. 3. (L. M.)

1 BLEST season, when our risen Lord
Fulfilled his own prophetic word ;
Sent down his Spirit to inspire
His saints baptized with holy fire.

2 While by his power these signs were wrought ;
And divers tongues his wisdom taught,
His love one only subject gave ;
That Jesus died the world to save.

3 Sure peace with God !—the joyful sound
Pours wide its sacred influence round,
Relenting foes the grace receive,
And humbled myriads hear and live !

249. “ *I am the first and the last . . . he that liveth and was dead.*” Rev. i. 17, 18. (L. M.)

1 WHAT mysteries in our Lord combine !
Jesus, once mortal, yet Divine ;
The first, the last ; the end, the head ;
The source of life among the dead.

2 Oh love beyond the stretch of thought !
What matchless wonders hath it wrought !
The Lord of life gave up his breath !
The Ever-living bowed to death !

3 Hail, royal Conqueror o'er the grave,
Tender to pity, strong to save.
The keys of death with thee remain,
Worthy o'er life and death to reign!

250. "For Christ is entered into heaven itself."
Heb. ix. 24. (H. M.)

1 THE atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed;
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.

2 No temple made with hands,
His place of service is:
In heaven itself he stands,—
A heavenly priesthood his:
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

3 And though a while he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

251. "To appear in the presence of God for us."
Heb. ix. 24. (C. M.)

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-priest above;
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honours crowned;

3 The names of all his saints he bears
 Deep graven on his heart ;
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
 That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
 Our everlasting trust,
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
 Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
 May thy dear name be worn,
 A sacred ornament and guard,
 To endless ages borne.

252. "*We have a great High-Priest, that is passed
 into the heavens.*" Heb. iv. 14. (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 guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,
 And poured 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, his agonies, and cries.

itself."

Priest,
 st.

or us."

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part :
He sympathizes with 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 heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

253. " *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.*"
Rev. v. 12. (L. M.)

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name ?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn :
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men :
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

254. " *Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power
be unto him that sitteth upon the throne
and unto the Lamb.*" Rev. v. 13. (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 who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

255. " *They cast their crowns before the throne of
 God and of the Lamb.*" Rev. iv. 10.
 xxii. 3. (c. m.)

1 DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,—
 And mount, and bear us far above
 The reach of these inferior things :

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
 Up where eternal ages roll,—
 Where solid pleasures never die,
 And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
 Of our Almighty Father's throne ;
 There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
 Cloth'd in a body like our own.

- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
 Angels and powers before him fall;
 The Godhead shines through Christ the Son,
 And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel
 While to their golden harps they sing,
 And sit on every heav'nly hill,
 And spread the triumphs of their King!
- 6 When shall the day, O Lord, appear
 That I shall mount to dwell above,
 And stand and bow amongst them there,
 And view thy face, and sing, and love.

256. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne." Rev. vii. 17. (C. M.)

- 1 O THE delights, the heav'nly joys,
 The glories of the place
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
 Of his o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
 Sit smiling on his brow,
 And all the glorious ranks above
 At humble distance bow.
- 3 This is the Lord, th' exalted Lord,
 Whom we unseen adore;
 And when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.
- 4 Here, while we wait with strong desire
 To see thy high abode,
 Let heavenly love our souls inspire,
 With praises of our God.

257. " *And he shall reign for ever and ever.*"
Rev. xi. 15. (8. 7. 4.)

1 LOOK, ye saints ! the sight is glorious :
See the man of sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious :
Every knee to him shall bow.
Crown him, crown him :
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels ! crown him.
Rich the trophies Jesus brings.
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown him, crown him :
Crown the Saviour, King of kings !

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim.
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.
Crown him, crown him :
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
Hark, those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station :
Oh, what joy the sight affords !
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

258. " *If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.*"
2 Tim. ii. 12. (C. M.)

1 THE head that once was crowned with
Is crowned with glory now : [thorns,
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sovereign right ;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below ;
They reign with him above ;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of his love.
- 6 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him ;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

HOLY SPIRIT.

259. " *The Spirit of God.*" Gen. i. 2.
(L. M.)

- 1 CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

- 2 Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power doth heaven and earth command !
Thrice Holy Fount ! Thrice Holy Fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire.
Come, and thy sacred Unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich is thy seven-fold energy.
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee :
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name.
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died !
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee !

260. " Behold, I make all things new ! " Rev.
xxi. 5. (C. M.)

- 1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed !
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.
- 2 Give thou the word :—that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife ;
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.
- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew !

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
 To hear a Saviour's name,
 How will the ransomed raise their voice,
 To whom that Saviour came!

5 Lo, every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
 Assembling round the throne,
 Thy new creation shall ascribe
 To sovereign love alone.

261. "And they were all filled with the Holy
 Ghost." Acts ii. 1-4. (s. m.)

1 DESCEND, O Holy Ghost!
 In this accepted hour;—
 As on the day of Pentecost:—
 Descend in all thy power!
 We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse every mind;
 One soul, one feeling breathe;
 The young, the old inspire
 With wisdom from above;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
 To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day!
 Spirit of truth, be thou,
 In life and death, our guide!
 O Spirit of adoption, *now*
 May we be sanctified!

262. "*Even the Spirit of Truth.*" John xv. 26.
(C. M.)

- 1 SPIRIT of Truth ! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality !
- 2 We ask not, Lord ! the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more :
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control ;
But thou, in dark temptation's hour,
Shalt chase them from the soul.
- 5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.
- 6 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

263. "*The promise of the Father.*" Acts. i. 4.
(C. M.)

- 1 ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down !
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give !
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ, that we may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace ;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad
Life's ever springing well !
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

264. "*He hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear.*" Acts ii. 33. (c. m.)

- 1 LET songs of praises fill the sky !
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.
- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within :
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals ;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
 With thy celestial fire;
 Come, and with flames of zeal and love
 Our hearts and tongues inspire!

265. "He will guide you into all truth." John
 xvi. 13. (L. M.)

- 1 SPIRIT of life, thine influence shed,
 To wake the careless and the dead;
 Light, strength, and comfort to bestow
 On every child of sin and woe
- 2 Behold our frail and feeble state;
 Our foes are strong, our dangers great;
 The force of hostile rage withstand,
 And guard us with thy mighty hand.
- 3 Give us an understanding mind;
 The chains of ignorance unbind;
 Instruct, enlighten, and prepare
 Our hearts the joys of heaven to share.
- 4 Christ's precious truths to us proclaim;
 Expound his word, exalt his name;
 Make known his power, his love reveal,
 And with his blood our conscience heal.
- 5 Lord, in our hearts vouchsafe to dwell;
 There every sinful motion quell;
 Complete thy blessed work of grace,
 And fit us for a happier place.

266. "Ye have not received the spirit of bondage
 again to fear." Rom. viii. 15. (C. M.)

- 1 SPIRIT of holiness, look down,
 Our fainting hearts to cheer;
 And when we tremble at thy frown,
 Oh, bring thy comforts near.

- 2 The terror thy convictions wrought,
Oh, let thy grace remove ;
And may the souls which thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.
- 3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before :
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.
- 4 Complete the work thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light ;
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.
- 5 Then, as our wondering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

267. " *He will reprove the world of sin.*" John
xvi. 8. (C. M.)

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit ! by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts thy blessings shower ;
Revive them with thy breath.
- 2 'Tis thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And with a warm, enlivening ray
To melt the icy soul.
- 3 'Tis thine to cheer us when distressed,
To raise us when we fall ;
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.

4 'Tis thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it on our heart ;
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.

5 Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways ;
Pour down thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

268. " *The Spirit of wisdom and revelation.*"
Eph. i. 17. (s. m.)

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come !
Let thy bright beams arise.
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith ;
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life through every part,
And new create the whole.

269. "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." 1 Cor. xii. 3. (s.m.)

1 SPIRIT of truth, come down!
 Reveal the things of God;
 And make to us the Saviour known:
 Apply his precious blood.
 His merits glorify,
 That each may clearly see,
 Jesus, who did for sinners die,
 Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say,
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word:
 Then, only then, we feel
 Our interest in his blood,
 And cry with joy unspeakable,
 Thou art my Lord, my God.

270. "Much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." Luke xi. 13. (c. m.)

1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys;
 Our souls can neither fly nor go
 To reach eternal joys.

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

ord, but
(S.M.)

- 4 O 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, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

271. "*He shall teach you all things.*" John xiv
26. (L. M.)

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

272. "*And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.*"
Acts. ii. 4. (L. M.)

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the beloved disciples met ;
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

Father
ask him."

- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !
 And power to kill, and power to save !
 Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words
 Instead of shields, and spears and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth
 From east to west, from south to north ;
 ' Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
 ' Go, spread the mystery of his cross.
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low !
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd ;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue,
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the victories of his word.

273. " *Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets !*" Numb. xi. 29. (c. m.)

- 1 SHALL we the Spirit's course restrain,
 Or quench the heavenly fire ?
 Let God his messengers ordain,
 And whom he will inspire.
- 2 Blow as he list, the Spirit's choice
 Of instruments we bless ;
 And will, if Christ be preached, rejoice,
 And wish the word success.

- 3 Oh that the church might all receive
The Spirit from on high;
And all in Christ accepted live,
In him accepted die!

274. "*Ye are the temple of God.*" 1 Cor. iii. 16.
(8-7.)

- 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of Nature's night.
Come, thou source of joy and gladness!
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

- 2 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

275. "*As they were moved by the Holy Ghost.*"
2 Peter i. 21. (c. m.)

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire!
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

- 2 Open the hearts of all who hear,
To make the Saviour room:
Now let us find redemption near:
Let faith by hearing come.

276. "*In the name of the Father, and of the Son,
and of the Holy Ghost.*" Matt. xxviii.
19. (s. m.)

- 1 WHILE all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high;
Let earth repeat the joyful song,
And echo to the sky.

- 2 Father, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move!
The glory, power and praise receive
Of thine eternal love.
- 3 Incarnate Deity!
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.
- 4 Spirit of holiness!
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.
- 5 Eternal, glorious Lord!
Let all the saints above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And celebrate thy love.

277.

(C. M.)

- 1 MAKER Upholder, Ruler! Thee
Let all that live adore,
Who art, and wast, and art to be,
God blessed evermore.
- 2 Redeemer, Prophet, Priest, and King!
Appointed Judge of all!
Let ransomed souls thy triumphs sing.
Thy foes before thee fall.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light and love,
Thy glorious gifts impart:
From heaven descending like a dove,
Dwell thou in every heart.
- 4 Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit! Thee
Let heaven and earth adore.
Thou art, Thou wast, and Thou shalt be
God blessed evermore.

278.

(8. 7.)

- 1 To the Source of every blessing
Grateful anthems let us raise.
Holy joy, our souls possessing,
Swells the tribute of our praise.
- 2 Glory to the almighty Father,
Fountain of eternal love,
Who, his wandering sheep to gather,
Sent a Saviour from above.
- 3 To the Son all praise be given,
Who, with love unknown before,
Left the bright abode of heaven,
And our sins and sorrows bore.
- 4 Equal strains of warm devotion
Let the Spirit's praise employ:
Author of each holy motion;
Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.
- 5 Thus while our glad hearts ascending
Glorify Jehovah's name,
Heavenly songs with ours are blending;
There the theme is still the same.

279.

(H. M.)

- 1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins, that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too;
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the Mysterious One :
Where reason fails with all her powers,—
There faith prevails, and love adores.

280.

(H. M.)

- 1 TO Him who chose us first
Before the world began,
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man,
To him that form'd our hearts anew,
Is endless praise and glory due.
- 2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs,
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues ;
Our lips address the Spirit's name
With equal praise, and zeal the same.
- 3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One :
Thus heav'n shall raise his honours high
When earth and time grow old and die.

281.

(L. M.)

ETERNAL Father! throned above,
 Thou fountain of redeeming love!—
 Eternal Word! who left thy throne,
 For man's rebellion to atone!—
 Eternal Spirit! who dost give
 That grace by which our spirits live!—
 Thou God of our salvation! be
 Eternal praises paid to thee!

282.

(C. M.)

- 1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by his redeeming word,
 And new-creating breath,
 2 To praise the Father, and the Son
 And Spirit all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One.
 Let saints and angels join.

283.

(S. M.)

- 1 LET God the Maker's name
 Have honour, love, and fear,
 To God the Saviour pay the same,
 And God the Comforter.
 2 Father of lights above,
 Thy mercy we adore,
 The Son of thy eternal love,
 And Spirit of thy power.

284.

(S. M.)

- 1 HOSANNA to the Son
 Of David and of God,
 Who brought the news of pardon down,
 And bought it with his blood.

- 2 To Christ the anointed King
 Be endless blessings given,
 Let the whole earth his glory sing
 Who made our peace with heav'n.

285. _____ (L. M.)

- 1 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.

286. _____ (L. M.)

- 1 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 heav'n.

287. _____ (C. M.)

- 1 LET God the Father and the Son
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

288. _____ (C. M.)

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

289. _____ (C. M.)

- 1 IN hope to join the angelic host
 And all the ransomed throng,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 We raise the grateful song.

290. "Bless the Lord, ye his angels." Ps. ciii.
20. (s. m.)

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

291. "Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Jer. xv. 16. (c. m.)

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever pure delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word
And view my Saviour there.

292. "This is my comfort in my affliction."
Ps. cxix. 50. (C. M.)

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a gleam of hope appears
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Doth all my griefs assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 [This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown,
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.]

4 [Here consecrated water flows;
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.]

5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
And keep me in the happy road
That leads to thy right-hand.

293. "Thou hast the words of eternal life."
John vi. 68. (L. M.)

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;
With deep despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy thy command !
Thy promises, how large and free !
How firm our hope and comfort stand !

4 Should all the schemes that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd count them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

294. "*Holy men of God spoke as they were moved
by the Holy Ghost.*" 2 Peter i. 21. (L.M.)

1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought ;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
Upon the treasures of thy book ;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind ;
Here I can fix my hope secure,
The word is THINE, and must endure.

295. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet." Ps.
cxix. 105. (c. m.)

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

296. "The entrance of thy word giveth light." Ps. cxix. 130. (c. m.)

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight:
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat.
His truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

297. "The cloud covered the tabernacle by day, and the appearance of fire by night." Numb. ix. 16. (s. m.)

1 WHERE is the Hebrews' God,
Who kept them night and day?
Where is the heavenly fire and cloud,
Which shewed thy church their way?
No symbol visible
We of thy presence find;
Yet all who would obey thy will,
Shall know their Father's mind.

2 Father! thou still dost lead
The children of thy grace,
The chosen and believing seed,
Throughout this wilderness:
Our chart thy written word,
Thy spirit is our guide;
And Christ, the glory of the Lord,
Doth in our hearts reside.

298. "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear." Matt. xiii. 16, 17. (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.'

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 heav'nly light !
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

299. " Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the
jubilee to sound." Lev. xxv. 9. (H. M.)

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow !
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb :
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive :
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And bless'd in Jesus live.
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace.
 Ye happy souls, draw near.
 Behold your Saviour's face.
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made.
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mourning souls, be glad !
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !

300. " *He shall serve thee unto the year of Jubilee,
 and then shall he depart from thee.*"
 Levit. xxv. 40. 41. (L. M.)

1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
 And spread the joyful tidings round.
 Let every soul with transport hear,
 And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
 That you ten thousand talents owe,
 When humbled at his feet ye fall,
 Your gracious Lord forgives them all.

3 Slaves, who have borne the heavy chain
 Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
 To liberty assert your claim,
 And urge the great Redeemer's name.

- 4 Oh happy souls that know the sound !
 God's light shall all their steps surround ;
 And shew that Jubilee begun,
 Which through eternal years shall run.

301. " *God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world.*" John iii. 17. (C. M.)

- 1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
 With new melodious songs ;
 Come, render to almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was his love
 To guilty, dying men,
 The Father sent his equal Son
 To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, O Jesus, were not arm'd
 With an avenging rod,
 Some dread commission to perform
 From an offended God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.
- 5 Now sinners, come and heal your wounds,
 And let your tears be dry ;
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
 And you shall never die.
- 6 We come, O Lord, with willing souls
 T' accept thine offer'd grace ;
 We bless the great Redeemer's love,
 And give the Father praise.

302. "*We have peace with God through our Lord
Jesus Christ.*" Rom. v. 1. (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 bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

303. "*And call the Sabbath a delight.*" Is. lviii.
13. (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 within the place,
Where God and saints have been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Amid the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
'Till call'd to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

304. "*He is risen, as he said.*" Matt. xxviii. 6.
(C. M.)

1 BLESS'D morning, whose first 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 great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold the Lord, 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 heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.]

305. "*Thou hast made me glad through thy work.*"
Psalm xcii. (Double 7's.)

1 THOU who art enthroned above !
Thou by whom we live and move !
Oh how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song !
When the morning paints the skies,
When the evening stars arise,
All thy favours to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows ;
When to heaven our voice we raise,
Fill thy courts with joyful praise ;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.

3 From thy works our joys arise,
O thou only good and wise !
Who thy wonders can declare ?
How profound thy counsels are !
Warm our hearts with sacred fire ;
Grateful fervours still inspire ;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

306. "I have loved the habitation of thy house."

Psalm xxvi. 8. (C. M.)

- 1 BLEST is the work, O God and King,
To praise thy glorious name.
By day thy wondrous grace we sing,
By night thy truth proclaim.
- 2 We hail thy day of rest, O Lord!
And seek thy house of prayer,
To meet thy saints, to hear thy word,
And all thy works declare.
- 3 Though sensual hearts, unchanged by grace,
Such heavenly joys despise,
Teach us to love thy dwelling-place,
Thy day of rest to prize:
- 4 Till, fixed within thy courts above,
Far nobler songs we raise;
Where every heart is filled with love,
And every mouth with praise.

307. "Praise waiteth for thee in Zion." Psalm

lxxv. (L. M.)

- 1 PRAISE for thee, Lord, in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.
- 2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.
O thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.
- 3 How blest thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept, how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in thee!

- 4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills ;
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills ;
Evening and morning hymn thy praise,
And earth thy bounty wide displays.
- 5 The year is with thy goodness crowned ;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around ;
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.
- 6 Lord, on our souls thy influence pour ;
The moral waste within restore.
Oh let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

308. "*My house shall be called a house of prayer
for all people.*" Isa. lvi. 7. (H. M.)

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place.
How kind the care our God displays,
For us to raise a house of prayer !
- 2 Though once estranged far,
We now approach the throne ;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own :
Strangers no more, to thee we come,
And find our home, and rest secure.
- 3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name ;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim :
Our Father-king ! thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace ;—thy titles sing:

house."

ng,

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Psalm

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- 4 May all the nations throng
 To worship in thy house ;
 And thou attend the song,
 And smile upon their vows ;
 Indulgent still, till earth conspire
 To join the choir on Zion's hill.

309. "*The first day of the week.*" Mark xvi. 9.
 (L. M.)

- 1 HAIL ! morning, known among the blest !
 Morning of hope, and joy, and love ;
 Of heavenly peace, and holy rest :
 Pledge of the endless rest above !
- 2 Bless'd be the Father of our Lord,
 Who from the dead hath brought his Son ?
 Hope to the lost was then restored,
 And everlasting glory won.
- 3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
 To chase the shades of night away,
 When Christ arose—unsetting Sun !
 The dawn of joy's eternal day !
- 4 Mercy looked down with smiling eye,
 When our Immanuel left the dead ;
 Faith marked his bright ascent on high,
 And hope with gladness raised her head.
- 5 God's goodness let us bear in mind,
 Who to his saints this day hath given,
 For rest and serious joy designed,
 To fit the soul for death and heaven.
- 6 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord !
 Thy fire to every bosom bring :
 Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
 And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

310. " *This is the day which the Lord hath made.*"
Psalm cxviii. 24. (c. m.)

- 1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest ;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and happy grow ;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who his church hath bought
With grief and pain extreme.
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem !

311. " *O Lord, I will praise thee !*" Isa. xii. 1. (7's.)

- 1 I WILL praise thee every day,
Now thine anger's turned away !
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Here, amid the gospel field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength ;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

- 4 Praise ye, then, his glorious name ;
 Publish his exalted fame !
 Still his worth your praise exceeds :
 Excellent are all his deeds.
- 5 Raise again the joyful sound :
 Let the nations roll it round.
 Zion, shout, for this is He :
 God the Saviour dwells in thee.

312. "*Call the Sabbath a delight.*" Isa. lviii. 13.

(H. M.)

- 1 **AWAKE**, ye saints, awake,
 And hail this sacred day :
 In loftiest songs of praise
 Your joyful homage pay :
 Come, bless the day that God hath bless'd,
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose,
 And burst the bars of death,
 And vanquished all our foes :
 And now he pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruit of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
 Heaven with hosannahs rings ;
 And earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings ;
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Great King ! gird on thy sword ;
 Ascend thy conquering car ;
 While justice, power, and love
 Maintain the glorious war :
 This day let sinners own thy sway,
 And rebels cast their arms away.

313. "*And rested the Sabbath Day.*" Luke xxiii.
56. (L. M.)

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done ;
Another Sabbath is begun.
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest :
Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away.
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

314. "*There remaineth a rest to the people of
God.*" Heb. iv. 9. (L. M.)

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath ! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house :
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord ! we love :
But there's a nobler rest above.
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
 No guilt the conscience to oppress ;
 No sighs there mingle with the songs
 Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No clouded sun, no changeful moon,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin !
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin.
 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
 But wait the nobler rest above.

315. "Let us exalt his name together."
 Psalm xxxiv. 3. (7's.)

- 1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet !
 Christian fellowship, how sweet,
 When, their theme of praise the same,
 They exalt Jehovah's name !
- 2 Sing we then eternal love ;
 Such as did the Father move.
 He beheld the world undone ;
 Loved the world, and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's unbounded love ;
 How he left the realms above :
 Took our nature and our place ;
 Lived and died to save our race.
- Sing we too the Spirit's love :
 With our stubborn hearts he strove ;
 Chased the mists of sin away ;
 Turned our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
 When the saints in glory meet:
 Where the theme is still the same,
 Where they praise Jehovah's name.

316. "*The Lord hath done great things for us.*"
 Psalm cxxvi. 3. (c. m.)

1 YE servants of the living God,
 Let praise your hearts employ;
 And as you tread the heavenly road,
 Lift up the voice of joy.

2 Have they not reason to rejoice,
 Whose sins have been forgiven;
 Called by a gracious Father's voice
 To be the heirs of heaven?

3 How do the captive's transports flow,
 When rescued from his chains!
 And how must sinners joy to know
 Their great Deliverer reigns!

4 Oh grant us, Lord, to feel and own
 The power of love divine;
 The blood which doth for sin atone,
 The grace which makes us thine.

5 The spirit of adoption give:
 Teach us, with every breath,
 To sing thy praises while we live,
 And bless thy name in death.

317. "*The rest of the holy Sabbath.*"
 Exod. xvi. 23. (7's.)

1 WELCOME, sacred day of rest!
 Sweet repose from worldly care;
 Day above all days the best,
 When our souls for heaven prepare;

Day when our Redeemer rose,
Victor o'er the hosts of hell.
Thus he vanquished all our foes :
Let our lips his glory tell.

- 2 Gracious Lord, we love this day,
When we hear thy holy word ;
When we sing thy praise and pray :
Earth can no such joys afford.
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly sabbaths, happier days :
Rest from sin, and rest from pains ;
Endless joys, and endless praise.

318. "Arise, O Lord, into thy rest." Psalm
cxxxii. 8. (L. M.)

- 1 GOD in His temple let us meet ;
Low on our knees before Him bend ;
Here hath He fixed His mercy-seat ;
Here on His Sabbath we attend.
- 2 Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord !
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face ;
Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.
- 3 With righteousness thy saints array ;
Joyful thy chosen people be ;
Let those who teach and those who pray,
Let all—be holiness to Thee.

319. "There I will meet with thee, and I will
commune with thee." Exod. xxv. 22. 7's.

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

2 While thy glorious Name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue :
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord, our Righteousness.

3 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend.
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads :
Hear! for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
And we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

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

6 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn ;
That, at evening, we may say,
" We have walked with God to day."

320. " *Then will I command my blessing upon
you.*" Levit. xxv. 21. (L. M.)

1 **COMMAND** thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here :
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 **Command** thy blessing, Jesus, Lord !
May we thy true disciples be.
Speak to each heart the mighty word ;
Say to the weakest, follow me.

- 3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
 Spirit of truth ! and fill the place
 With wounding and with healing power,
 With quickening and confirming grace.
- 4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
 May all the souls who here unite,
 With harps and songs thy throne surround,
 Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

321. "*The Lord's Day.*" Rev. i. 10. (L. M.)

- 1 THIS day the Lord hath called his own ;
 Oh, let us then his praise declare ;
 Fix our desires on him alone,
 And seek his face with fervent prayer.
- 2 Lord ! in thy love we would rejoice,
 Which bids the burdened soul be free ;
 And, with united heart and voice,
 Devote these sacred hours to thee.
- 3 Now let the world's delusive things
 No more our grovelling thoughts employ,
 But faith be taught to stretch her wings
 In search of heaven's unfailing joy.
- 4 Oh, let these earthly sabbaths, Lord,
 Be to our lasting welfare blest ;
 The purest comfort now afford,
 And fit us for eternal rest.

322. "*Accepted in the beloved.*" Eph. i. 6. (C. M.)

- 1 FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
 Those who through Christ draw near,
 To pay their living sacrifice,
 And worship in thy fear.

- 2 Well-pleased, in him, thyself declare ;
 Thy pardoning love reveal :
 The peaceful answer of our prayer,
 To every conscience seal.
- 3 On each, on all, some gift bestow ;
 Some blessing now impart.
 The seed of life eternal sow
 In every waiting heart.
- 4 O Father, glorify thy Son,
 And grant what we require :
 For Jesus' sake, the gift send down,
 And answer us by fire :
- 5 Kindle the flame of love within,
 Which may to heaven ascend ;
 And now the work of grace begin,
 Which shall in glory end.

323. "According to the foreknowledge of God
 the Father, through sanctification of the
 Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of
 the blood of Christ." 1 Pet. i. 2. (L. M.)

- 1 FATHER of heaven ! whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found !
 Before thy throne we sinners bend :
 To us thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word !
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
 Before thy throne we sinners bend :
 To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
 The soul is raised from sin and death !
 Before thy throne we sinners bend :
 To us thy quickening power extend.

4. **Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !**
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend :
Grace, pardon, life to us extend !

324. *“ And ye shall seek me and find me.”*
 Jer. xxix. 13. (7's.)

- 1 **LORD, we come before Thee now :**
At thy feet we humbly bow.
Oh ! do not our suit disdain :
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain !
- 2 **Lord ! on Thee our souls depend :**
In compassion now descend.
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace :
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 **In thine own appointed way,**
Now we seek thee: here we stay,
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 **Send some message from thy word,**
That may joy and peace afford.
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 **Comfort those who weep and mourn :**
Let the time of joy return.
Those that are cast down lift up :
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 **Grant that all may seek and find**
Thee a God supremely kind.
Heal the sick ; the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in Thee !

325. "All things were made by Him."
John i. 3. (s. M.)

- 1 O THOU who art the Light
Of all thy saints below,
That we may worship thee aright,
Thy sovereign grace bestow.
- 2 Our rising world obeyed
Thy Godhead's high command:
And all the heavenly host are swayed
By thy creating hand.
- 3 Yet all things made anew
To wondering mortals seem,
When the Eternal Word we view,
Descending to redeem.
- 4 Oh, be thou present now,
And make thy mercy known.
Lord, at thy footstool we would bow,
And our Deliverer own!
- 5 Then shall we live to thee,
And honour this thy day;
Thine own devoted servants be,
And never from thee stray.

326. "Followers of them who through faith and
patience inherit the promises." Heb. vi.
12. (s. M.)

- 1 TO Thee in ages past,
Our pious fathers came:
On thee, O Lord, their cares they cast,
Nor were they put to shame.
- 2 Thy holy day they loved;
They loved the means of grace:
And oft thy faithfulness they proved,
When they had sought thy face.

- 3 Their faith in thee was strong ;
 Their godliness was pure ;
 And while thou wast their strength and song,
 They all things could endure.
- 4 Their steps may we pursue,
 As they obeyed their Lord :
 So may our hearts and lives be new,
 And with thy will accord !
- 5 Oh ! be thou with us here,
 And thy rich grace display.
 For our salvation, Lord, appear,
 On this thy hallowed day.

327. " *There am I in the midst of them.*"
 Matt. xviii. 20. (7's.)

- 1 MET again in Jesus' name,
 At his throne 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 saith, 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 the word ;
 Calmly wait the promised grace.
 Spirit of our risen Lord,
 Holy Spirit, fill the place !

328. "Our Father who art in heaven."

Matt. vi. 9. (S. M.)

- 1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow!
- 3 Thy kingdom come! Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above!
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live.
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend.
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine:
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.
- 6 —Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy Beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
All for his sake be done!

329. "There am I in the midst of them."

Matt. xviii. 20. (L. M.)

- 1 NOT here, as to the prophet's eye,
The Lord upon his throne appears;
Nor seraph-tongues responsive cry,
"Holy! thrice holy!" in our ears.

- 2 Yet God is present in this place,
Veiled in serener majesty ;
So full of glory, truth, and grace,
That faith alone such light can see.
- 3 Nor, as he in the temple taught,
Is Christ within these walls revealed,
When blind, and deaf, and dumb were brought,
Lepers and lame,—and all were healed.
- 4 Yet here, when two or three shall meet,
Or thronging multitudes are found,
All may sit down at Jesus' feet,
And hear from him the joyful sound.

330. " *And call the Sabbath a delight.*"
Isa. lviii. 13. (L. M.)

- 1 HOW welcome to the saints, when pressed
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile.
- 2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a different air.
Composed and softened by the day,
All things another aspect wear.
- 3 With joy they hasten to the place
Where they their Saviour oft have met ;
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 4 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord !
Here we thy promised presence seek :
Open thy hand with blessings stored,
And give us manna for the week.

331. "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand." Psalm lxxiv. 10. (C. M.)

1 **HERE** cares and angry passions cease,
For saints together meet,
To spend an hour of prayer and peace,
At their Redeemer's feet.

2 And here are comrades in the war
With Satan and with sin,
Who now in God's own favour share,
And soon their heaven will win.

3 Glory to God, who deigns to bless
This consecrated day;
Unfolds his wondrous promises,
And makes it sweet to pray.

4 Glory to God, who deigns to hear
The humblest sigh we raise,
And answers every heartfelt prayer,
And hears our hymn of praise.

332. "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound." Psalm lxxxix. 15. (8. 7. 4.)

1 **O HOW** blest the congregation
Who the gospel know and prize;
Joyful tidings of salvation
Brought by Jesus from the skies!
He is near them,
Knows their wants, and hears their cries.

2 In his name rejoicing ever,
Walking in his light and love,
And foretasting in his favour
Something here of bliss above;
Happy people!
Who shall harm them? what shall move?

- 3 In his righteousness exalted,
 On from strength to strength they go ;
 By ten thousand ills assaulted,
 Yet preserved from every foe :
 On to glory,
 Safe they speed through all below.
- 4 God will keep his own anointed ;
 Nought shall harm them, none condemn.
 All their trials are appointed ;
 All must work for good to them.
 All shall help them
 To their heavenly diadem.

333. "*Blessed is the man whom thou choosest.*"
 Psalm lxxv. 4. (c. m.)

- 1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
 With whom he deigns to dwell :
 He feeds and cheers them by his word :
 His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,
 His throne of grace is near ;
 And when they plead his love and power,
 He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 He helped his saints in ancient days,
 Who trusted in his name ;
 And we can witness to his praise :
 His love is still the same.
- 4 Wandering in sin, our souls he found,
 And bade us seek his face ;
 Gave us to hear the gospel-sound,
 And taste the gospel-grace.

- 5 Oft in his house his glory shines,
 Before our wondering eyes :
 We wish not then for golden mines,
 Or aught beneath the skies.
- 6 His presence sweetens all our cares,
 And makes our burdens light.
 A word from him dispels our fears,
 And gilds the gloom of night.
- 7 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
 Nor would we dare repine ;
 But give us still to find thee near,
 And own us still for thine.

334. “ *Speak, for thy servant heareth.*” 1 Sam.
 iii. 10. (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 lengthened,
 May we give them, Lord, to thee ;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 May we run, nor weary be ;
 Till thy glory
 Without cloud 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, unmixed, for evermore.

335. "Therefore are we all here present before
God." Acts x. 33. (L. P. M.)

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford.
Prepare us to receive thy word.
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.
[Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success.]
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above :
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
[Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success.]
- 3 To each thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy :
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
[Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success.]
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal.
Teach us to know and do thy will,
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.
[Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success.]

336. "Not in word only, but also in power."

1 Thess. i. 5. (L. M.)

- 1 NOW may the gospel's conquering power
Be felt by all assembled here !
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of strength appear.

- 2 Lord! let thy mighty voice be heard:
 Speak in thy word, and speak with power:
 So shall thy glorious name be feared,
 By those who never feared before.
- 3 Oh! pity those who live in sin,
 And save them from the sinner's doom.
 Open the ark, and take them in,
 And save them from the wrath to come!
- 4 So shall thy people joyful be;
 The angels, too, with joy will sing:
 And all ascribe the praise to thee;
 To thee, the Everlasting King.

337. *"In demonstration of the Spirit and of power."* 1 Cor. ii. 4. (C. M.)

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! Eternal Lord!
 Thy gracious power make known.
 Touch, by the virtue of thy word,
 And melt the heart of stone.
- 2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper rise;
 And let his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.
- 3 Let us receive the word we hear,
 Each in an honest heart;
 Lay up the precious treasure there,
 And never with it part.
- 4 Now let our darkness comprehend
 The light that shines so clear:
 Now the revealing Spirit send,
 And give us ears to hear.

338. "The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing." Rom. xv. 13. (c. m.)

1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
Thy waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love !

2 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word ;
And bid us all devoutly keep
Attention to the Lord.

339. "God giveth the increase." 1 Cor. iii. 7.
(8. 7. 4.)

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit !
Bless the sower and the seed.
Let each heart thy grace inherit :
Raise the weak, the hungry feed :
From the gospel—
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Help us all to seek the blessing
Which thou waitest now to give :
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive ;
And for ever—
To thy praise and glory live.

340. "I will satisfy her poor with bread."
Psal. cxxxii. 15. (l. m.)

1 CONFIRM the hope thy word allows.
Behold us waiting to be fed.
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And satisfy thy poor with bread.

2 Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,
Thirsty and hungry we are come.
Now, from the fulness of thy word
Replenished, send us thankful home.

341. "*Dull of hearing.*" Heb. v. 11. 12. (C. M.)

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place
And hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain !

3 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How faint my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !

4 Great God, thy sov'reign power impart
To give thy word success :
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

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

342. , "*And blessed them.*" Luke xxiv. 50
(8. 7. 4.)

1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing :
Fill our hearts with joy and peace.
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace !

Oh refresh us—
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound.
 Let the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound.
 May thy presence—
 With us evermore be found.

3 [So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wing to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever—
 Reign with Christ in endless day !]

343. “Go in peace.” 1 Sam. i. 17. (L. M.)

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;
 Help us to feed upon thy word.
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good :
 Sprinkle our works with Jesus' blood.
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

344. “Such as hear the word, and bring forth
 fruit.” Mark iv. 20. (C. M.)

1 ALMIGHTY God ! thy word is cast
 Like seed into the ground :
 Now let the dew of heaven descend,
 And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
 This holy seed remove ;
 But give it root in every heart,
 To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy ;
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow ;
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

345. "*The God of peace.*" Heb. xiii. 20. (c. m.)

1 NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who, from the imprisoning grave,
Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save ;

2 Through the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make the eternal covenant sure,
On which our hopes are built ;

3 Perfect our souls in every grace,
To accomplish all his will ;
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil !

4 For the great Mediator's sake,
We every blessing pray.
With glory let his name be crowned
Through heaven's eternal day !

346. "*That great Shepherd of the sheep.*"
Heb. xiii. 20. (7's.)

1 NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

(L. M.)

forth

- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in his sight :
 Perfect us in all his will,
 And preserve us day and night !
- 3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
 Who the covenant sealed with blood,
 Let our hearts and voices raise
 Loud thanksgivings to our God.

347. *The peace of God which passeth all understanding."* Phil. iv. 7. (L. M.)

- 1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
 And by his word of grace imparts,
 Which only the believer feels,
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.
- 2 And may the holy Three in One,
 The Father, Word, and Comforter,
 Pour an abundant blessing down
 On every soul assembled here !

348. *"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit."* 2 Cor. xiii. 14. (8-7)

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above !
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess in sweet communion
 Joys which earth cannot afford ;

349. "Of thine own have we given thee."

1 Chron. xxix. 14. (C. M.)

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

2 The earth with all its wealth is thine,
The heavens with all their host;
Why should we then in want repine,
Or in abundance boast?

3 The power and willingness to give
Alike proceed from thee.
We still are debtors, since we live
Only by thy decree.

4 Ourselves, our all, to thee we owe;
And if we come behind
What others of their wealth bestow,
Accept our willing mind.

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

350. "I will be a God unto thee, and to thy seed
after thee." Gen. xvii. 7. (C. M.)

1 HOW large the promise! how divine!
To Abr'am and his seed!
'I'll be a God to thee and thine,
'Supplying all their need.'

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
 To our great father given ;
 He takes young children to his arms,
 And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !
 His love endures the same,
 Nor from the promise of his grace
 Blots out the children's name.

351. "*If the root be holy, so are the branches.*"
 Rom. xi. 16. (c. m.)

- 1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
 To the wild-olive-wood ;
 Grace took us from the barren tree,
 And grafts us in th e good.
- 2 With the same blessings grace endows
 The Gentile and the Jew ;
 If pure and holy be the root,
 Such are the branches too.
- 3 Then let the children of the saints
 Be dedicate to God ;
 Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
 And wash them in thy blood.
- 4 Thus to the parents and their seed
 Shall thy salvation come,
 And num'rous households meet at last
 In one eternal home.

352. "*Baptized into his death.*" Rom. vi. 3. (c.m.)

- 1 JESUS, we lift our souls to thee :
 Thy powerful Spirit breathe ;
 And lett his little infant be
 Baptized into thy death.

- 2 Oh let thine unction on [him] rest ;
 Thy grace [his] soul renew ;
 And write within [his] tender breast
 Thy name and nature too.
- 3 If thou shouldst quickly end [his] days,
 [His] place with thee prepare ;
 Or, if thou lengthen out [his] race,
 Continue still thy care.
- 4 Thy faithful servant may [he] prove,
 Girded with truth divine ;
 A sharer in thy dying love,
 A follower of thine.
- 5 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
 That we thy life may prove ;
 Partakers of thy cross beneath,
 And of thy crown above.

353. "*His righteousness is unto children's children,
 to such as keep his covenant.*" Ps. ciii.
 17, 18. (c. m. double.)

- O THOU whose covenant is sure
 To all who fear thy name ;
 Whose mercies age on age endure,
 Eternally the same :
 Thou art our fathers' God ; we plead
 That title : we are thine.
 Pour down thy Spirit on our seed,
 And sanctify our line.
- 2 In thee our fathers put their trust ;
 Thy ways they humbly trod :
 Honoured and sacred is their dust,
 And still they live to God.
 Heirs to their faith, their hope, their prayers,
 We the same path pursue.
 Entail the blessing to *our* heirs.
 Lord ! shew thy promise true.

354. "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." 3 John 4. (s. m.)

1 GREAT God! now condescend
To bless our rising race:
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh, what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine:
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children^a thine.

^a Or, *this infant.*

355. "The children which God hath graciously given thy servant." Gen. xxxiii. 5. (l. m.)

1 UNITED prayers ascend to thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind.
Smile on this waiting family:
Thy blessing let thy servants find.

2 Let the dear pledges of their love,
Like tender plants around them grow.
Thy present grace, and joys above,
Upon their little ones bestow.

3 Receive at their believing hand,
The charge which they devote as Thine,
Obedient to their Lord's command;
And seal with power the rite divine.

- 4 To every member of their house,
Thy grace impart, thy love extend.
Grant every good that time allows,
With heavenly joys that never end.

356. "The angel which redeemed me from all evil,
bless the lads." Gen. xviii. 16. (c. m.)

- 1 THE great redeeming Angel, thee,
O Jesus, we confess.
Do thou our great Deliverer be,
And all our offspring bless.
- 2 Early discipled to the Lord,
May they be taught of thee:
And, made to know and trust thy word,
Wise to salvation be.
- 3 Thou who hast borne our sins away,
Our children's sins remove;
And bring them through their evil day,
To sing thy praise above.
- 4 Partakers of our nature, make
Partakers of thy grace;
And then the heirs of glory take
To dwell before thy face.

357. "Suffer the little children to come unto me."
Mark x. 14. (c. m.)

- 1 See! Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms,
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach, (he cries),
"Nor scorn their humble name:
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
"The Lord of angels came.

3 Invited by the voice divine,
 We bring them, Lord, to thee,
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine;
 Thine shall our offspring be.

4 Millions of infant spirits throng
 The courts of heaven above.
 Lord! seal and number these among
 The children of thy love.

358. "I will come again, and receive you unto
 myself." John xiv. 3. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
 Where our weak senses reach him not;
 And carnal objects court our eyes,
 To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
 Apt to forget his lovely face;
 And to refresh our minds, he gave
 These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life, this table spread
 With his own flesh and dying blood;
 We on the rich provision feed,
 And praise the bounty of our God.
- 4 Let sinful joys be all forgot,
 And earth grow less in our esteem;
 Christ and his love fill every thought,
 And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
 That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
 And live for ever near his face.

359. "We being many are one bread, and one body." 1 Cor. x. 16. 17. (c. m.)

- 1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
We the dear children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 3 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread ;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.
- 4 Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious name to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

360. "The new covenant." 1 Cor. xi. 25. (c. m.)

- 1 'THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good ;
He said ;—and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this sure covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name ;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath ;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

4 Thy light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
 And righteousness are mine;
 My life, and soul, and heart, and flesh,
 And all my powers are thine.

361. "Christ Jesus gave himself a ransom for
 all." 1 Tim. ii. 5. 6. (C. M.)

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

2 [When justice by our sins provok'd
 Drew forth its dreadful sword,
 He gave his soul up to the stroke
 Without a murmur'ing word.]

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

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great:
 Well he remembers Calvary,
 Nor lets his saints forget.

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

362. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the
 cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. vi.
 14. (L. M.)

1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did ere such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were an off'ring, far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

363. "Come ; for all things are now ready."
Luke xiv. 17-23. (C. M.)

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

- 5 Pity the nations, O our God,
 Constrain the earth to come ;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.
- 6 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May with one voice and heart and soul
 Sing thy redeeming grace.

364. " *This do in remembrance of me.*"
 Luke xxii. 19. (c. M.)

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord ;
 I *will* remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
 I *must* remember thee.
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me ;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Then, Lord, remember me.

365. "Whom having not seen, ye love."
 † Pet. i. 8. (L. M.)

- 1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
 Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest ;
 Love, the best blessing here below,—
 The highest rapture of the blest.
- 2 While we are held in thine embrace,
 There's not a thought attempts to rove ;
 Each smile that's seen upon thy face,
 Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 When of thine absence we complain,
 And long, and weep, and humbly pray ;
 There's a strange pleasure in the pain,—
 Those tears are sweet which mourn thy stay.
- 4 When round thy courts by day we rove ;
 Or ask the watchmen of the night,
 For some kind tidings from above,
 Thy very name creates delight.
- 5 Jesus, our God, descend and come ;
 Our eyes would dwell upon thy face ;
 'Tis heaven to see our Lord at home,
 And feel the presence of his grace.

366. "A fountain shall come forth of the house
 of the Lord." Joel iii. 18. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, how heavenly is the place,
 Where thine own servants wait for thee !
 Where the rich fountain of thy grace
 Stands ever open, full, and free.

- 2 Hungry, and poor, and lame, and blind,
Hither thy ransomed people fly ;
In thy deep wounds a balsam find,
And live, while they behold thee die.
- 3 Here they forget their doubts and fears,
While thy sharp sorrows meet their eyes ;
And bless the hand which dries their tears,
And each returning want supplies.
- 4 How vast the mysteries of thy love !
How high, how wide, how deep it rolls !
Its fountain springs in heaven above ;
Its streams revive our drooping souls.

367. " *A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.*" Zech. xiii. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin !
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
Wash me, and mine thou art :
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

368. " *This do in remembrance of me.*"
 Luke xxii. 19. (c. m.)

- 1 IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie ;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh ;
- 2 Oh ! shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To him who died, our fears to quell,
 Our more than orphan's wo !
- 3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
 Those pangs he would not flee ;
 What love his latest words displayed,
 " Meet, and remember me ! "
- 4 Remember thee ! thy death, thy shame,
 Our sinful hearts to share !
 O memory ! leave no other name
 Than his recorded there.

369. " *I will not leave you comfortless.*"
 John xiv. 18. (s. m. double.)

- 1 LEAVE us not comfortless,
 O thou our risen Lord ;
 But send thy Spirit down, to bless
 And guide us with thy word !
 By him thy gifts impart,
 Light, peace and joy, and love ;
 Seal of adoption in our heart,
 Earnest of heaven above !

370. " *It is the Spirit that beareth witness.*"
 1 John v. 6. (8—7.)

- 1 COME, thou everlasting Spirit !
 Bring to every thankful mind,
 All the Saviour's dying merit,
 All his sufferings for mankind.

True recorder of his passion,
 Now the living faith impart :
 Now reveal his great salvation ;
 Preach his gospel to our heart.

2 Come, thou witness of his dying !
 Come, remembrancer divine !
 Let us feel thy power applying
 Christ to every soul, and mine.
 Plead in us with inward groaning :
 While for him we pierced, we grieve,
 May we each the grace atoning
 Of the sprinkled blood receive.

371. "Behold, I send an angel before thee, to
 keep thee in the way." Exod. xxiii. 20.
 (s. m. double.)

1 THOU very paschal Lamb,
 Whose blood for us was shed,
 Through whom we out of Egypt came ;
 Thy ransom'd people lead.
 Angel of gospel-grace,
 Fulfil thy character ;
 To guard and feed the chosen race,
 In Israel's camp appear.

2 Throughout the desert-way
 Conduct us by thy light :
 Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
 A cheering fire by night.
 Our fainting souls sustain
 With blessings from above ;
 And ever on thy people rain
 The manna of thy love.

372. "The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." Eph. iii. 19. (c. m.)

- 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
Oh may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth, to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?
- 4 O Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.
- 5 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers learn thy glorious name,
And join the sacred song.

373. "By whose stripes ye were healed."
1. Pet. ii. 24. (8-7.)

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend:
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here we sit, with transport viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood:
Precious drops! our souls bedewing,
Plead and claim our peace with God.

- 3 Love and grief each heart dividing,
 With our tears his feet we'll bathe ;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
- 4 May we still enjoy this feeling ;
 In all need to Jesus go ;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And Himself more fully know.

374. " *A fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness.*" Zech. xiii. 1. (c. m.)

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 O Lamb of God ! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the streams
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave,
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save.

375. "We have a strong city," *Iz. xxvi. 1-4.*
(C. M.)

- 1 HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand ;
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land !
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell ;
The walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling,
Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our king.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace ;
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears ;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

376. "And the gates of hell shall not prevail
against it." *Matt. xvi. 18.* (L. M.)

- 1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Redeemer's grace ;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits ;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
 Against his throne in vain they rage,
 Like rising waves, with angry roar,
 That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
 Nor fear the wrath of earth or hell :
 His arms embrace this happy ground,
 Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun ;
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,
 On us he sheds new beams of grace,
 And we reflect his brightest praise.

377. " *Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.*" Jer .xxxii. 3. (L. M.)

- 1 THE God of truth his church hath blessed,
 And loved with an eternal love :
 Hence we are drawn to Christ, our rest,
 And from his grace shall ne'er remove.
- 2 This love, in every trying hour,
 Saviour, shall cheer the trembling saint.
 Oh, draw us with increasing power,
 That we may run, and never faint.
- 3 Here would we dwell while others rove ;
 Here we are safe from all alarms.
 Our hope is everlasting love :
 Our rest the everlasting arms.

378. " *Happy art thou, O Israel : who is like unto thee, O people !*" Deut. xxxiii. 29. (L. M.)

- 1 O ISRAEL, blessed beyond compare !
 Unrivalled all thy glories are.
 Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
 And calls thine interest his own.

- 2 He is thy Saviour, he thy Lord:
His shield is thine, and thine his sword:
Review in extacy of thought
The grand redemption he has wrought.
- 3 From Satan's yoke he sets thee free;
Opens thy passage through the sea;
He through the desert is thy guide,
And heaven for Canaan will provide.
- 4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
Such favours to their chosen host:
Their glories, which through ages shine,
Are but dim shades and types of thine.
- 5 Celestial Spirit, teach our tongue
Sublimier strains than Moses sung,
Proportioned to the sweeter name
Of God the Saviour and the Lamb.

379. "The unity of the Spirit in the bond of
peace." Eph. iv. 3. (c. M.)

- 1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might;
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

Lusting

blessed,

See unto

(I. M.)

- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
 One fellowship of mind,
 The saints below and saints above
 Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
 Thy statutes are their song:
 There, through one bright eternal age,
 Thy praises they prolong.
- 6 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.

380. "That he might gather together in one all things in Christ." Eph. i. 10. (c. m.)

- 1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
 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.

381. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law Christ." Gal. vi. 2. (s. m.)

- 1 BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love :
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers :
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

382. "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew
but Christ is all and in all." Col. iii. 11.
(s. m.)

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread :
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let envy and ill-will,
Be banished far away ;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.

- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above ;
 Where no discordant sounds are heard,
 But all is peace and love.

383. "*So we thy people, and sheep of thy pasture,
 will give thee thanks for ever.*" Ps. lxxix.
 13. (C. M.)

- 1 LET us the sheep by Jesus named,
 Our Shepherd's mercy bless.
 Let us, whom Jesus hath redeemed.
 Shew forth our thankfulness.
- 2 Not unto us, but thee alone,
 Be praise and glory given.
 Here shall thy praises be begun,
 But carried on in heaven.
- 3 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
 Eternal anthems sing :
 To imitate them here, lo ! we
 Our hallelujahs bring.
- 4 Had we our tongues, like them, inspired,
 Like theirs our song should rise :
 Like them, we never should be tired,
 But love the sacrifice.
- 5 Till we this veil of flesh lay down,
 Accept our weaker lays ;
 And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
 We'll join in nobler praise.

384. "*Being taken from you for a short time
 in presence, not in heart.*" 1 Thess. ii.
 17. (C. M.)

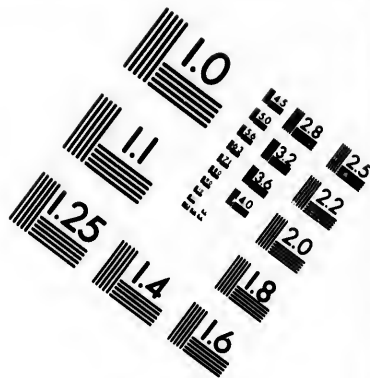
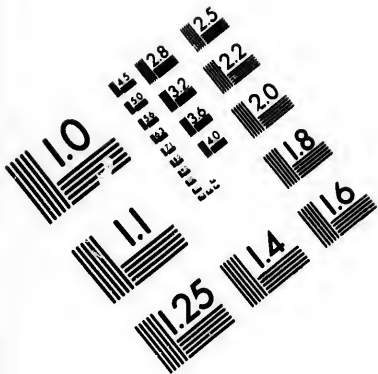
- 1 BLESS'D be the dear uniting love
 That will not let us part :
 Our bodies may far off remove
 We still are one in heart.

- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
Still in our Saviour's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 Partakers of his heavenly grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 4 Thus let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

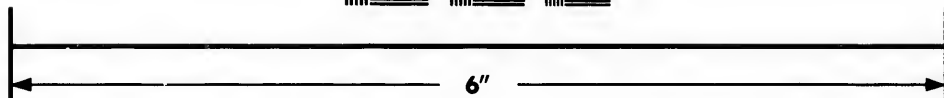
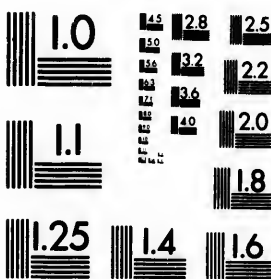
385. "Unto you which believe he is precious."
1 Pet. ii. 7. (L. M.)

- 1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive.
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May He by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.





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- 5 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered for us here below ;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

386. " *And the Lord added to the church daily
such as should be saved.*" Acts. ii. 47.
(L. M.)

(On the admission of members.)

- 1 JESUS, thy sovereign grace we bless,
That crowns thy gospel with success :
Subjecting rebels to thy throne,
And gathering to thy fold thine own.
- 2 Those who have now thy truth confessed,
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
We, in thy name, with joy embrace,
As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.
- 3 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear ;
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.
- 4 From all temptations them defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end ;
Ever abiding in thy love,
Until they join the church above.

387. "I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now in the presence of all his people." Psalm cxvi. 14. (C. M.)

- 1 WITNESS, ye men and angels now!
Before the Lord we speak.
To him we make our solemn vow.—
A vow we dare not break ;—
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely ;
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Oh guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

388. "And all Judah rejoiced at the oath ; for they had sworn with all their heart." 2 Chron. xv. 15. (L. M.)

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done ; the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine.
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest.
 With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When called on angel's bread to feast !

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear :
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

389. " *One body and one spirit.*" Eph. iv. 4.
 (L. M.) double.

1 LORD ! cause thy face on us to shine :
 Give us thy peace, and seal us thine.
 Teach us to prize the means of grace,
 And love thy earthly dwelling-place.
 May we in truth our sins confess,
 Worship the Lord in holiness ;
 And all thy power and glory see
 Within thy hallowed sanctuary.

2 O King of Salem, Prince of Peace
 Bid strife among thy subjects cease.
 One is our faith, and one our Lord :
 One body, spirit, hope, reward ;
 One God and Father of us all,
 On whom thy Church and people call :
 Oh, may we one communion be,
 One with each other, one in thee !

3 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
 Who minister in holy things.
 Our Bishops and our Deacons bless ;
 Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
 Let many, in the judgment-day,
 Turned from the error of their way,
 Their hope, their joy, their crown appear.
 Save those who preach, and those who hear.

390. " *They shall prosper that love thee.*"
Psalm. cxxii. 6. (L. M.)

- 1 NOT for a favourite form or name,
But for immortal souls we care.
Bless, Saviour, our Jerusalem,
That millions may her blessings share.
Prosper our church; our souls renew;
Our languid, fainting spirits raise.
Revive surrounding churches too,
And spread throughout the earth thy praise.

391. " *The Head from which all the body having
nourishment ministered, increaseth with the
increase of God.*" Col. ii. 19. (L. M.)

- 1 HEAD of the church, our risen Lord,
Who by thy Spirit dost preside
O'er the whole body; by whose word
They all are ruled and sanctified.
- 2 Our prayers and intercessions hear
For all thy family at large,
That each, in his appointed sphere,
His proper service may discharge.
- 3 So, through the grace derived from thee,
In whom all fulness dwells above,
May thy whole church united be,
And edify itself in love.

392. " *Let them use the office of a deacon, being
found blameless.*" 1 Tim. iii. 10. (L. M.)

- 1 GREAT King of saints, enthroned on high,
Under thy care thy churches live:
Thou dost their various wants supply,
And well-appointed elders give.

- 2 For pastors may thy name be blessed,
Who teach the doctrines of the Lord,
On deacons may thy favour rest,
Chosen according to thy word.
- 3 While they their works assigned fulfil,
Oh, may their souls with grace be crowned ;
And patience, sympathy, and zeal,
With meekness, in their lives abound.
- 4 Sound in the faith, in conscience clear,
Ever may they themselves approve,
Sober and just, devout, sincere,
Guided by wisdom from above.
- 5 And when their service here is done,
Their labours and their conflicts o'er,
Then may they wait before thy throne,
In heaven to praise thee evermore.

393. "By the word of truth, by the power of
God." 2 Cor. vi. 7. (L. M.)

- 1 FATHER of mercies, how thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer.
We plead for those who plead for thee :
Successful pleaders may they be !
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge !
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge.
Their best acquirements are our gain :
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine.
To them thy sacred truth reveal ;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
A blest reward for all their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
Thy new-creating power adore.
- 6 Let sinners break their heavy chains;
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

394. "The ways of Zion do mourn." Lam. i. 4.
(L. M.)

- 1 O GOD of Zion! from thy throne,
Look with an eye of pity down.
Thy church now humbly makes her prayer;
Thy church, the object of thy care.
- 2 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of prayer and praise,
When holy services gave birth
To joys resembling heaven on earth.
- 3 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
Her gates neglected and forlorn:
Our life and energy are fled,
And many numbered with the dead.
- 4 We need defence from all our foes;
We need relief from all our woes:
If earth and hell should yet assail.
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

5 Near to each other and to thee,
 Lord, bring us all in unity.
 Oh, pour thy Spirit from on high,
 And all our numerous wants supply.

395. " *There shall be showers of blessing.*"
 Ezek. xxxiv. 26. (P. M.)

4 WE are, Lord, a vineyard planted
 By thy sovereign power and love.
 Let thy people's prayer be granted,—
 Showers of blessing from above ;
 Hear, Oh hear us when we pray :
 Keep thy vineyard night and day.

2 Drooping plants revive and nourish ;
 Let them thrive beneath thy hand :
 Let the weak grow strong and flourish,
 Blooming fair at thy command :
 Let the fruitful yield thee more,
 Laden with a richer store.

3 Further, Lord, be thou entreated ;
 Plant the barren waste around ;
 Let thy work be thus completed,
 And no fruitless spot be found :
 Let the earth a vineyard be,
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

396. *Grant you to be like-minded one towards
 another."* Rom. xv. 5. (7's.)

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee :
 Let us in thy name agree.
 Shew thyself the Prince of peace ;
 Bid all strife for ever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each another's burden bear ;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

4 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
And with faith and comfort high,
Prove how true believers die.

397. " *Wherefore come out from among them and
be ye separate, saith the Lord.*" 2 Cor.
vi. 17. (7's.)

1 LORD, behold us few and weak :
Humbly at thy feet we fall.
See, we come thy face to seek ;
Deign, oh deign to hear our call.

2 When we lay in sin and death,
Thou didst pass and bid us live.
Thou didst give thy people faith ;
Thou didst all our sin forgive.

3 Jesus, thou didst shed thy blood :
On this rock our hope we raise.
Thou hast brought us near to God :
Thine the work, and thine the praise.

4 'Tis thy will that we should be
Separate from all around.
Let our will with thine agree :
Let thy people thus be found.

- 5 Teach us, Lord to walk with thee :
Teach us to adorn thy cause.
Let us live in unity,
Hating pride and self-applause.
- 6 Let us bear each other's load ;
Faithful to each other prove ;
Till we gain the saints' abode ;
Till we take our place above :
- 7 There to see without a cloud ;
There with zeal untired to sing ;
Mix with heaven's triumphant crowd,
And for ever praise our King.

398. " *Wise as serpents, harmless as doves.*"
Matt. x. 16. (L. P. M.)

- 1 WATCHED by the world's malignant eye,
That loads us with reproach and shame :
As servants of the Lord Most High,
As zealous for his glorious Name,—
How ought we in his paths to move,
With holy fear and humble love !
- 2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart ;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And shew them how the Christians live.

399. " *That with well doing ye may put to silence
the ignorance of foolish men.*" 1 Pet. ii.
15. (C. M.)

- 1 SINCE we must here with sinners dwell,
Who dare thy truth oppose,
Help us, O God, by doing well,
To silence all our foes.

2 Within our minds inscribe thy law :

Direct us in thy way :

Our souls to swift obedience draw,

And guard us lest we stray.

3 Let prudence, tenderness, and love,

Through all our actions shine :

Thus shall our conversation prove

Our faith and hope divine.

4 And thus shall they be put to shame

Who dare reproach thy cause :

Sinners shall learn to fear thy name,

And love thy holy laws.

400. " *A vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet
for the Master's use.*" 2 Tim. ii. 21. (c. m.)

1 [O, HOW should those be clean who bear

The vessels of the Lord !

How should those give themselves to prayer

Who minister his word !]

2 Cleanse me, O Lord !—my head, my feet,

And a pure heart induce,

That I may be a vessel meet

For thy most holy use.

3 Oh, may the beamings of thy grace,

Reflected on my mien,

When called a sinful world to face,

Shew where my soul has been.

4 Then shall I not be greatly moved

By envy or applause,

Content to be by thee approved,

And glorying in thy cause.

401. " *He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.*" Matt. iii. 11. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, our best-beloved friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire !
Jesus, in love to us descend :
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.
- 2 On thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be :
Pardon and sanctify us all :
Let each thy full salvation see.
- 3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands.
Oh, take our hearts—our hearts are thine :
Accept the service of our hands.
- 4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we thy blessed will obey ;
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.
- 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare :
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

402. " *Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.*" Heb. iv. 16. (S. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls us near !
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea,

- 3 Beyond our utmost wants,
His love and power can bless :
To those who seek his face, he grants
More than they can express.
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love :
We ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 5 Abiding in thy faith,
Our will conformed to thine.
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.
- 6 If thou thy blessing give,
And wilt our portion be,
Cheerful the world's poor toys we leave
To them who know not thee.

403. "What is thy petition ; and it shall be
granted thee." Esth. vii. 2. (7's)

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

- 4 Lord ! I come to thee for rest :
Take possession of my breast.
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Shew me what I have to do ;
Every hour my strength renew.
Let me live a life of faith :
Let me die thy people's death.

404. " *The preparations of the heart in man, and
the answer of the tongue, are from the Lord.*"
Prov. xvi. 1. (c. m.)

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear.
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer.
Oh, grant us power to pray :
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.
- 3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and wo,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?
- 4 God of all grace ! we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts.
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

- 5 Give deep humility ;—the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;—
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live.—
- 6 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone ;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone ;—
- 7 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;—
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay,
- 8 Give these,—and then thy will be done.
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit, through thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

405. “ *They that worship him must worship him
in spirit and in truth.*” John iv. 24.
(C. M.) double.

- 1 LORD ! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
Our broken spirits pitying see ;
True penitence impart :
Then let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.
- 2 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign :
Let not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly thine.
Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies.

406. " *There am I in the midst of them.*" Matt.
xviii. 20. (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 that little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face ;
And shed my glories round the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word :
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

407. " *No good thing will he withhold from them
that walk uprightly.*" Ps. lxxxiv. 11. (C.M.)

- 1 ETERNAL God ! we look to thee ;
To thee for help we fly :
Thine eye alone our wants can see ;
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Lord ! let thy fear within us dwell ;
Thy love our footsteps guide :
That love will all vain love expel ;
That fear, all fear beside.
- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh ! let thy grace supply.
The good, unasked, in mercy, grant :
The ill, though asked, deny.

408. "Thou leddest thy people like a flock, by the hand of Moses and Aaron." Ps. lxxvii. 20.

(L. P. M.)

- 1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and guide
Of all who seek the land above ;
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love ;
Our strength, thy grace ; our rule, thy word ;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray ;
Our table by thy bounty spread,
Our wants supplied from day to day ;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

409. "He will be our guide even unto death."
Ps. xlviii. 14.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this desert land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heaven !
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong Deliverer !
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Bear me o'er the raging billows,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

410. "Our Father, which art in heaven."
Matt. vi. 9—13. (L. M.)

- 1 FATHER, adored in worlds above !
Thy glorious name be hallowed still.
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.
- 2 Lord ! make our daily wants thy care.
Forgive the sins that we forsake.
Oh, let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us every hour :
Thy kind protection we implore,
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power :
Be thine the glory evermore.

411. "I am the God of Bethel." Gen. xxxi. 13.
(C. M.)

- 1 O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace.
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide :
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
 Our humble prayers implore ;
 And thou shalt be our chosen God
 And portion evermore.

412. "Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart." 1 Kings iii. 9. (c. m.)

1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
 To thee our souls we lift,
 Do thou our waiting minds prepare
 For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
 Along our path to flow :
 We ask not undecaying health,
 Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honours, which an hour
 May bring and take away :
 We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
 Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom :—Lord ! impart
 The knowledge how to live :
 A wise and understanding heart
 To all before thee give.

5 The young remember thee in youth,
 Before the evil days !
 The old be guided by thy truth
 In wisdom's pleasant ways !

413. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" Isaiah lv. 2. (C. M.)

1 [WHY buy we that which is not bread?
Why hoard what is not gain?
Why seek for life among the dead,
For joy where sorrows reign!]

2 O Saviour, grant that we may find
In thee substantial food;
Leave the world's empty joys behind,
And aim at real good.

3 Be thou our wealth; for, having thee,
What can we want besides?
Be thou our joy! for pain must flee
Where'er our Lord abides.

4 Be thou our life; for thou canst save
From sin's appointed doom;
And bear us through the gloomy grave,
Safe to a peaceful home.

414. "Pray without ceasing." 1 Thess. v. 17.
(C. M.)

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed:
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

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

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays ! "

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

8 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.

415. " *Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts :
look down from heaven, and behold, and
visit this vine.*" Ps. lxxx. 14. (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 !
Human help is all in vain.

- 2 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
 Every part was fresh and pure :
 All its plants by thee were nourish'd :
 How delightful was the scene !
 Lord, revive us !
 On thy mighty power we lean,
- 3 Keep no longer at a distance.
 Smile upon us from on high ;
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die :
 Lord, revive us !
 Hear in heaven our earnest cry.
- 4 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
 Break the bonds of earthly care :
 Let our mutual love be fervent ;
 Help us to prevail in prayer :
 Lord, revive us !
 Let us now the blessing share.

416. "O Lord, revive thy work." Hab. iii. 2,
 (c. m.)

- 1 O LORD, thy work revive
 In Zion's gloomy hour,
 And let our dying graces live
 By thy restoring power.
- 2 O let thy chosen few
 Awake to earnest prayer ;
 Their covenant again renew
 And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
 Through lips of humble clay,
 Till hearts of adamant shall break,
 Till rebels shall obey.

- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear ·
 Now listen to our cry :
 Oh ! come and bring salvation near ;
 Our souls on thee rely.

417. " *Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and
 the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.*"
 Is. lx. 1. (H. M.)

- 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
 And lift thy hands on high,
 Tell all the world thy joys,
 And shout salvation nigh :
 Cheerful in God, arise and shine :
 While rays divine stream all abroad.
- 2 He gilds thy mourning face,
 With beams that cannot fade ;
 His all-resplendent grace
 He pours around thy head,
 The nations round—thy form shall view,
 With lustre new—divinely crown'd.
- 3 In honor to his name
 Reflect that sacred light,
 And loud that grace proclaim,
 Which makes thy darkness bright ;
 Pursue his praise, 'till sovereign love
 In worlds above—thy glory raise.
- 4 There on his holy hill
 A brighter Sun shall rise,
 And with his radiance fill
 Those fairer, purer skies,
 While round his throne—ten thousand stars
 In nobler spheres—his influence own.

418. "God be merciful unto us and bless us."
Psalm lxxvii. (L. M.)

- 1 BE merciful, O God of grace !
Shew us the brightness of thy face ;
That thy redeemed church may shine,
In this dark world, with light divine.
- 2 That light divine, oh, let it spread,
Till all the darkness shall have fled ;
And the false crescent's fading ray
Be lost in the full noon of day.
- 3 Reveal, O Lord, thy saving plan
To all the families of man :
Let distant nations hear thy word :
Let all the nations praise the Lord.
- 4 Let them with joy thy praises sing,
Earth's righteous Judge and sovereign King :
Illumined by thy holy word,
Let all the nations praise the Lord.
- 5 Then shall this barren world assume
New beauty, and the desert bloom :
Our God shall richly bless us then,
And all men fear his name. Amen.

419. "Cause his face to shine upon us."
Psalm lxxvii. (H. P. M.)

- 1 RISE, gracious God ! and shine
In all thy saving might ;
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light :
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

- 2 Oh, bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise ;
Let all the people hear,
And learn thy holy ways.
Reign, mighty God ! assert thy cause,
And govern by thy righteous laws.
- 3 Put forth thy glorious power :
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born of thee :
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall teem with fruitfulness,

420. " *That thy way may be known on earth.*"
Psalm lxxvii. (s. m.)

- 1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.
- 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known :
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join,
Their Saviour to proclaim ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth ;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

- 5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings showers ;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.

421. " *Let all the people praise thee.*"
Psalm lxxvii. (c. m.)

- 1 BE merciful to us, O God !
Upon thy people shine ;
And spread thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live are thine.
- 2 Give light and comfort to thine own,
And let that light extend,
Till thy prevailing name is known
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Let all the people praise thee, Lord ;
Let all their homage bring.
From sea to sea be thou adored,
Redeemer, Judge, and King.
- 4 Let all the people praise thee, Lord ;
Then earth her fruits shall give :
Thy blessing shall on all be poured,
And all to thee shall live.

422. " *God shall bless us ; and all the ends of the
earth shall fear him.*" Ps. lxxvii. (7's.)

- 1 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Shew 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.

3 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,

423. " *He shall have dominion . . . unto the ends of the earth.*" Ps. lxxii. 5—8. (L. M.)

1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
 Vast as the blessings he conveys,
 Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
 And permanent as his control ;

2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come ;
 Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
 Shall at its brightness flee away,
 The dawn of an eternal day.

3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
 Learn the blest knowledge of thy law,
 And antichrists on every shore
 Fall from their thrones to rise no more,

4 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
 In pure devotion at thy feet ;
 And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
 Her fulness and her glory too.

the
 (s.)

5 Oh, that from Zion now might shine
This heavenly light, this truth divine !
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

424. "*I beheld the transgressors, and was
grieved.*" Psalm cxix 158. (L. M.)

1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise ;
Dissolve in grief, 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 poured on Jesus' name ;
The Father wounded through the Son ;
The world abused ; the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night ;
In flames that no abatement know,
Though floods of tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
And my heart bleeds for dying men ;
While fain my pity would reclaim
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

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

425. "*Where there is no vision the people perish.*"
Prov. xxix. 18. (L. M.)

1 THE heathen perish ; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away !
O Christians ! to their rescue fly :
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

1 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live.
What hath your Saviour done for you?
And what for Him will ye not do?

3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth;
Call in the south, wake up the north;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

426. "*An ensign of the people; to it shall the
Gentiles seek.*" Isa. xi. 10. (L. M.)

1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high;
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a numerous army nigh.

2 A solemn jubilee proclaim;
Proclaim the great sabbatic day:
Assert the glories of thy name;
Spoil Satan of his wished-for prey.

3 O bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign:
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The mystery to the heart explain.

427. "*Awake, awake; put on strength, O arm
of the Lord.*" Isa. li. 9. (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.

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

- 3 No more let human blood be split,
 Vain sacrifice for human guilt !
 But to each conscience be applied
 The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.
- 4 Arm of the Lord, thy power extend :
 Let Mahomet's imposture end :
 Break Superstition's papal chain,
 And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.
- 5 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 !
- 6 Almighty God ! thy grace proclaim,
 In every clime of every name !
 Let adverse powers before thee fall.
 And crown the Saviour, Lord of all,

428. "Awake, as in the ancient days." Isa. li. 9.
 (L. M.)

- 1 NCW may the Mighty Arm awake,
 Which wonders wrought in ancient days !
 That Babylon's proud walls may shake,
 And God his own fair temple raise.
- 2 Art thou not still the same, O God !
 The same to hear, the same to save,
 As when thy servant moved his rod
 At thy command, and cleft the wave ?
- 3 Thy power still sets the prisoner free ;
 Still wipes the mourner's tears away :
 Thy power still makes the blind to see,
 And turns the darkest night to day.

4 Shine, Lord upon the world around :
To sinners let thy grace be given.
So shall thy people's songs abound,
And angels feel new joy in heaven.

429. " *Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence.*" Isa. lxii. 6. (L. M.)

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear !
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear !

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise ;
Till thy own power shall stand confessed,
And make Jerusalem a praise ?

3 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round :
Where still wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

4 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
Till every tribe of man shall hear :
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

430. " *Can these bones live ?*" Ezek. xxxvii. 3.
(L. M.)

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye :
See Adam's race in ruin lie.
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live ?
And can these perished bones revive ?
That—mighty God, to thee is known.
That wondrous work is all thy own !

- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain :
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death.
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice—
They move—they waken—they rejoice !
- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

431. "Thy kingdom come." Matt. vi. 10.
(s. m. double.)

- 1 FATHER of boundless grace !
Thou hast in part fulfilled
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate sealed.
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.
- 2 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord :
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word.
Thy promise deeper lies,
In unexhausted grace ;
And new-discovered worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

3 Belov'd for Jesus' sake,
 By him redeemed of old,
 All nations must come in, and make
 One undivided fold:
 While gathered in by thee,
 And perfected in one,
 They all at once thy glory see,
 In thy beloved Son.

432. "*I beheld Satan as lightning fall from
 heaven.*" Luke x. 18. (L. P. M.)

1 O 'TIS a sound should fill the world,
 That sound of mercy through the Lamb!
 Lo, Satan, from his seat is hurled,
 Unable to withstand His name!
 From heaven, like lightning see him fall,
 Struck with that Arm which conquers all!

2 Lord, give the word, and, waked by thee,
 Let many tongues thy victory tell;
 That hopeless sinners now may see
 That thou hast vanquished Death and Hell.
 Sound, sound the joyful truth abroad:
 Let sinners now draw nigh to God.

433. "*Send forth labourers.*" Matt. ix. 38.
 (L. P. M.)

LORD of the gospel harvest! send
 More labourers forth into thy field;
 More pastors teach thy flock to tend;
 More workmen raise, thy house to build:
 His work and place to each assign,
 And clothe their word with power divine.

434. "He shall glorify me : for he shall receive of mine." John xvi. 14. (L. M.)

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God !
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word :
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the wide earth her God to meet.
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record :
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.
- 6 God from eternity hath willed,
All flesh shall his salvation see :
So be the father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned thro' thee.

435. "Surely I come quickly. Rev. xxii. 20.
(L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, thy church with longing eyes
For thine expected coming waits :
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates !

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky ;
Thy words with pleasure we recal,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress ;
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown thy gospel with success.

4 Oh, come, and reign o'er every land ;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled ;
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

5 Yes ; thou wilt speedily appear :
The smitten earth already reels,
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of thy chariot-wheels.

6 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour ;
And fit us by thy grace to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

436. " Say among the heathen, that the Lord
reigneth." Psalm xcvi. 10. (c. m.)

1. GREAT God ! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine ;
And in thy works, from nature's birth,
Thy power and glory shine.

2 But, Lord ! thy greater love hath sent
Thy gospel to our race ;
Unveiling thy divine intent
Of rich redeeming grace.

- 3 Soon may these gracious tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound !
- 4 When, to her sable sons conveyed,
Shall Afric learn thy word,
And vassals, long enslaved, be made
The freemen of the Lord ?
- 5 When shall the scattered wanderers meet,
That now in darkness rove,
And, gathered round Immanuel's feet,
Sing of his saving love !
- 6 O Lord ! each faithful effort own,
To spread the gospel-rays ;
And rear on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

437. " *The time to favour her ; yea, the set time is come.*" Psalm cii. 13. (L. M.)

- 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds ! display thy power !
Be this thy Zion's favoured hour :
Bid the bright Morning-Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown ;
And make the universe thine own.
- 3 Speak ! and the world shall hear thy voice ;
Speak ! and the desert shall rejoice.
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

4 Go, messengers of Christ, proclaim
 Salvation through Immanuel's name :
 To India's clime the tidings bear,
 And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

438. "His name shall endure for ever . . . all
 nations shall call him blessed." Ps. lxxii.
 17. (7's & 6's.)

1/ HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !
 To David's Royal Son !
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And joy and hope, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth.
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert-ranger
 To him shall bow the knee ;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see :
 With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at his feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before him,
 And gold and incense bring :
 All nations shall adore him,
 His praise all people sing :
 For he shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,—
 A kingdom without end.
 The mountain-dew shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest ;
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove :
 His name shall stand for ever ;
 His great, best name of love.

439. *"Lift up your eyes and look on the field,
 for they are white already to harvest."*
 John iv. 35. (L. M.)

1 BEHOLD the expected time draw near,
 The shades disperse, the dawn appear !
 Behold the wilderness assume
 The beautiful tints of Eden's bloom !

- 2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire.
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part ;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 5 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.
- 6 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise ;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.
440. *" Freely ye have receive, freely give."*
Matt. x. 8. (L. P. M.)
- 1 CHRISTIANS ! the glorious hope ye know,
Which soothes the heart in every wo,
While heathens helpless, hopeless, lie :
No ray of glory meets their eye.
Oh give to their desiring sight,
The hope that Jesus brought to light.

2 Christians ! ye taste the heavenly grace,
Which cheers believers in their race.
Uncheered by grace through heathen gloom,
See millions hastening to the tomb.
To heathen lands that grace convey,
Which trains the soul for endless day.

3 Christians ! ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God.
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleansed from sin, exposed to hell !
Oh, strive that heathens soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you !

441. "How shall they hear without a preacher."
Rom. x. 14. (L. M.)

1 CHRISTIAN ! diffuse the blessings round,
Which God has multiplied to thee :
Send to the earth's remotest bound,
The precious balm of Calvary.

2 How shall his banished ones believe
On him of whom they never heard !
Or how the truth of God receive,
Until they hear his written word ?

3 How shall the gloomy veil be rent,
Till preachers point to Jesus' blood ?
How shall they preach unless they're sent,
And armed with power by Israel's God ?

4 Look to the fields already white :
The harvest scene will surely come,
When we shall welcome with delight,
Full sheaves of heathen converts home.

5 The swarthy nations, here unknown,
 Shall the white robes of glory wear,
 And join our songs around the throne,
 To him who loved and brought us there.

442. "Come over . . . and help us." Acts. xvi. 9.
 8. 7.

1 HARK! what mean those lamentations,
 Rolling sadly through the sky?
 'Tis the cry of heathen nations:
 "Come and help us, or we die."

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining;
 Christians, hear their dying cry:
 And, the love of Christ constraining,
 Join to help them ere they die.

443. "All nations shall flow unto it." Isa. ii. 2.
 (P. M.)

1 HARK! a cry among the nations:—
 "Come, and let us seek the Lord.
 Vain our former expectations;
 Vain the idols we adore:
 Zion's King is God alone:
 Let us bow before his throne."

2 See, from every quarter flowing,
 Joyful crowds assemble round!
 Love in every heart is glowing
 Praise is heard in every sound.
 While Jehovah shows his face,
 Glory fills the sacred place.

3 Weapons meant for mutual slaughter,
 Now are instruments of peace.
 They who taste the living water,
 Learn from war and strife to cease.
 Jesus reigns: the earth is still.
 All the nations do his will.

444. "And we know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness." 1 John v. 19. (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 on Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! Oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story ;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

445. "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in
the eyes of all the nations." Isa. lii. 10.
(8. 7. 4.)

1 YES! we trust the day is breaking:
Joyful times are near at hand.
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land.
When he chooses,
Darkness flees at his command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season:
Let us hail the rising ray.
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day:
At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

[3 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad.
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.]

4 Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear each day
Joyful news from far arriving,—
How the gospel wins its way;
Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay.

5 God of Jacob, high and glorious!
Let thy people see thy hand.
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world, in every land:
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

446. "Awake, awake ; put on thy strength, O Zion." Isa. lii. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 ZION, awake ! thy strength renew :
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue ;
And let the admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.
- 2 Church of our God ! arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine :
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.
- 3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view :
All shall admire and love thee too ;
Shall come like clouds across the sky,
Or doves that to their windows fly.

447. "Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem." Isa. lii. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion ! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head.
Again in thy Redeemer trust :
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake ; put on thy strength ;
Thy beautiful array :
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth :
Say to the South,—“Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North !”
- 4 They come, they come—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
 And God his works destroy,
 With songs the ransomed shall return,
 And everlasting joy.

448. "To give light to them that sit in darkness."
 Luke i. 79. (8. 7. 4.)

1 O'ER the night of pagan darkness,
 Cheer'd by no celestial ray,
 Sun of Righteousness, arising,
 Bring the bright, the glorious day!
 Send the gospel
 Through the realms of earth and sea.

2 Kingdoms long by sin beclouded,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 Now from eastern coast to western
 Bid the morning chase the night,
 Bid redemption
 Pour its beams divinely bright.

3 Bid the everlasting gospel
 Win and conquer, and increase,
 Bid the Saviour's wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase,
 Till his sceptre
 Fill the world with life and peace.

449. "The people that walked in darkness, have
 seen a great light." Is. ix. 2. (8. 7. 4.)

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
 All the promises do travail
 With the 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 obtained on Calvary ;
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
 From eternal darkness dawn ;
 And the everlasting gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy name ;
 All the borders
 Of the great Immanuel's land.
- 5 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.

450. "Remember from whence thou art fallen."
 Rev. ii. 5. (L. M.)

(For the revival of the Eastern Churches.)

- 1 O LORD, thine ancient churches spare,
 Which still thy name, though fallen, bear ;
 Where once thy bold apostles stood,
 And sealed thy truth with martyrs' blood.

- 2 Where now the Turk his power extends,
And vainly to his prophet bends,
There let again thy gospel shine,
With beams all bright and power divine.
- 3 Where Jesus rose and left the grave,
There let the cross its banner wave ;
While Syria sees her churches rise,
And hymns to Christ ascend the skies.
- 4 Let Nubia's desert hear once more
The Saviour's voice, his love implore ;
Egypt thy sacred word unroll,
And find that grace which saves the soul.

451. " *Wilt thou be angry for ever ?*" Ps. lxxix.
5. (L. M.)

(For the Conversion of the Jews.)

- 1 ARISE, great God ! and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race.
Restore the long lost, scattered band ;
Recal them to their native land.
- 2 Their misery let thy mercy heal ;
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal :
O God of Israel ! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.
- 3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love ?
Say, shall thy wrath for ever burn ?
And wilt thou ne'er, appeased, return ?
- 4 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart ;
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

452. "God is able to graff them in again."

Rom. xi. 23. (L. M.)

- 1 OH, why should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground ?
- 2 O God of Israel, view their race !
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring :
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace ;
To hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light.
The severed olive-branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.
- 4 While Judah views his birthright gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour he denied—to own,
The Lord he crucified—to love.
- 5 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.

453. "And they shall bring all your brethren for
an offering of the Lord out of all nations."

Isa. lxvi. 20. (S. M.)

- 1 LORD, send thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home :
From east, and west, and south, and north,
Let all the wanderers come.
- 2 Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

3 An offering to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
Sprinkled with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.

4 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet:
And shew the mystery fulfilled,
Thy family complete.

454. "O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk
in the light of the Land." Isaiah ii. 5.

(H. M.)

1 O HOUSE of Jacob! come,
And walk with us in light:
No more bewildered roam,
Like wanderers in the night.
The Hope of Israel calls you near,
And Abraham's Shield, and Isaac's Fear.

2 O thou by tempests tossed,
Reviled, oppressed, trod down,
In every region crossed,
With grief familiar grown;
Scattered and abject, peeled, forlorn,
Thy name a taunt, thyself a scorn!

3 Though thou art filled, alas!
And drunk with misery,
That cup begins to pass
To them that hated thee.

But know, we honour Israel's name:
Our God and Abraham's is the same.

4 Rise, Jacob, from thy woes!
Thy own Messiah see!
He who thy fathers chose,
Waiteth to pardon thee.
At His command we bid thee come.
Lost Israel, Zion welcomes home.

455. "Their sound went into all the earth."
Rom. x. 18. (L. M.)

- 1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Here, in thy presence, Lord, we stand.
The voice that marshalled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunders of thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise:
Our hopes revive: our courage raise:
Our counsels aid: to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious world around.

456. "Pray for us." 2 Thes. iii. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes;
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And, warm with faith, each bosom glow.
- 2 E'en now the hallowed scenes appear:
E'en now unfolds the promised year.
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord, mark their steps, their fears subdued,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.

- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
 Bid them the glorious future hail;
 Bid them the crown of life survey,
 And onward urge their conquering way.

457. "Cry aloud, spare not." Isa. lviii. 1.
 (8. 7. 4.)

- 1 MEN of God! go take your stations:
 Darkness reigns throughout the earth:
 Go, proclaim among the nations,
 Joyful news of heavenly birth.
 Bear the tidings
 Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

- 2 Of his gospel not ashamed,
 As the power of God to save,
 Go where Christ was never named;
 Publish freedom to the slave:
 Blessed freedom!
 Such as Zion's children have.

- 3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
 Jesus will his own defend.
 Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
 Jesus will appear your friend;
 And his presence
 Shall be with you to the end.

458. "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy
 peace; for I am with thee." Acts xviii.
 9, 10. (c. m.)

- 1 GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
 Ye favoured men of God!
 Go, publish through Immanuel's name,
 Salvation bought with blood.

2 What though your arduous track may lie
Through regions dark as death ;—
What though, your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path :—

3 Yet with determined courage go,
And armed with power divine :
Your God will needful strength bestow,
And on your labours shine.

4 He who has called you to the war,
Will recompense your pains.
Before Messiah's conquering car
Shall mountains sink to plains.

5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose
But plead your Master's cause ;
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes
Shall bow before his cross.

459. " *And I will give you pastors according to my heart.*" Jer. iii. 15. (L. M.)

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep
With constant care thy humble sheep :
By thee inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Pastors according to thy heart ;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Here hast thou listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on thy house ;
Thy saints are succoured, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

- 4 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock :
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

460. "*Being ensamples to the flock.*" 1 Pet. v. 3.
(C. M.)

- 1 CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee !
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
To execute thy will ;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.
- 3 In flame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach ;—
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.

461. "*And he gave some apostles . . . and some
pastors and teachers.*" Eph. iv. 11. (L. M.)

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house,
Smile on our homage and our vows ;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose ;
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below ;
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprang the Apostles' honoured name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame :
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live:
While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair,
- 6 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

462. "As they that must give account. Heb. xiii.
17. (L. M.)

- 1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple where we stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by thee,
Saviour! like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thy dost love:—
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
 In humble hope our charge resign.
 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
 O God! may they and we be thine!

463. "For they watch for your souls." Heb.
 xiii. 17. (C. M.)

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
 And take the alarm they give;
 Now let them, from the mouth of God,
 Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
 The pastor's care demands;
 But what might fill an angel's heart,
 And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
 Did heavenly bliss forego;
 For souls, which must for ever live
 In raptures or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
 The account to render there;
 And shouldst thou strickly mark our faults,
 Lord, how should we appear?
- 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see;
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for Thee.

464. "Who is for you a faithful minister of
 Christ." Col. i. 7. (L. M.)

- 1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
 Him whom we now to Thee commend;
 His person bless, his soul secure,
 And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;
Direct his feet in paths of peace ;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send :
O love him, save him to the end !
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart,
In him thy mighty power exert ;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace,

465. "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*" Rev. ii. 10. (c. m.)

1 **FATHER** of mercies ! condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother we commend
To thy paternal care.

2 Before him set an open door ;
His various efforts bless ;
On him thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.

3 Endow him with a heavenly mind ;
Supply his every need ;
Make him in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him by thy grace :
And guard him by thy mighty power,
Till he shall end his race.

- 5 [Then followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may he obtain
From his Redeemer's hands.]

466. "Receive him . . . in the Lord with all glad-
ness; and hold such in reputation." Phil.
ii. 29. (L. M.)

- 1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head.
Come as a Servant: so He came;
And we receive thee in his stead.
- 2 Come as a Shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a Watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 4 Come as an Angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.
- 5 Come as a Teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 6 Come as a Messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love:
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

467. "Will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth?" 2 Chron. vi. 18. (L. M.)

- 1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay :
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee!
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live ;
Hear Thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And, when Thou hearest, oh forgive !
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna ! to their Heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna ! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 That glory never hence depart !
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone :
Thy kingdom come to every heart :
In every bosom fix thy throne.

468. "My house shall be called the house of prayer."
Isa. lvi. 7. (7's.)

- 1 LORD of Hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise :
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

- 2 Let the living here be fed
 With thy word, the heavenly bread :
 Here, in hope of glory blest,
 May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
 While the sea shall gird the land :
 Here reveal thy mercy sure,
 While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky
 To the joyful sound reply ;
 Hallelujah !—hence ascend
 Prayer and praise till time shall end.

469. "*The place where thine honour dwelleth.*"
 Psal. xxvi. 8. (H. P. M.)

- 1 O KING of Glory ! come,
 And with thy favour crown
 This temple as thy dome,—
 This people as thine own :
 Beneath this roof, O deign to shew
 How God can dwell with men below !
- 2 Here may thine ear attend
 Thy people's humble cries ;
 And grateful praise ascend,
 All fragrant, to the skies :
 Here may thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around !
- 3 Here may the listening throng
 Receive thy truth with love,
 And converts join the song
 Of ransomed ones above ;
 While willing crowds surround thy board,
 With sacred joy, and sweet accord.

470. "Lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes." Isa. liv. 2. (L. M.)

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat.
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind.
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew.
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care :
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord :
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

6 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear :
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

471. "And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her." Psalm lxxxvii. 5.
(L. M.)

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode !
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples for his own !

- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, sinful mortals, near.
- 3 These walls we to thine honour raise :
Long may they echo with thy praise !
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train ;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born to glory here !

472. " *Peace be within thy walls.*" Psalm cxii. 7,

(C. M.)

- 1 O SHEPHERD of thy people, hear !
Thy presence now display.
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease ;
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

- 4 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

473. "*And his train filled the temple.*" Isa. vi. 1.
(L. M.)

- 1 O THOU, who didst the temple fill
With thy resplendent, awful train,
The glory of thine Israel still,
Appear in those bright robes again.
- 2 In us, and round about us, shine;
Here cause us to behold thy face.
Oh, make this tabernacle thine!
Oh, sanctify this lowly place!
- 3 Now send the promised unction down,
And all our waiting hearts inspire:
Lord Jesus, make thy goings known,
Thy ministers a flame of fire.
- 4 Work with them, and confirm thy word
To all who worship in this place.
Oh! pour upon us, holy Lord,
Unceasing showers of saving grace.
- 5 So shall thy servants' hopes be crowned,
And glory to thy name be given;
While this Bethesda shall be found
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
474. "*Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me,
My Father?"* Jer. iii. 4. (L. M.)
- 1 DOTH God, the sovereign Lord of all,
The sons of men his children call;
And, with a Father's tender heart,
Offer his blessings to impart?

- 2 Doth he invite them to his throne,
To make their fathers' God their own,
To seek his aid, and share his love,
While here and in the world above ?
- 3 From this time wilt thou not, my son,
Haste to thy heavenly Father's throne,
And there, in every fear and strait,
For his support and counsel wait ?
- 4 Yes, Lord, our inmost souls rejoice
To hear our Father's gracious voice ;
And to thy care our all commend,
To be our guide till life shall end.
- 5 While young or old, through life or death,
Thy praises shall employ our breath ;
And we for ever shall proclaim
Our Father's and our Saviour's name.

475. " *Thou art the guide of my youth.*" Jer. iii.

4. (L. M.)

- 1 GREAT Saviour ! who didst condescend
Young children in thine arms to take,
Still prove thyself the children's friend,
And save us for thy mercy's sake.
- 2 Lord, by the guidance of thy hand,
We now within thy house appear ;
And in thine awful presence stand,
To hear thy word, and join in prayer.
- 3 Like precious seed in fruitful ground,
Let the instruction we receive
With fruits of righteousness abound :
Oh, let us to thy glory live !

- 4 While in the slippery paths of youth,
 Be thou our guardian and our guide;
 That we, directed by thy truth,
 May never from thy precepts slide.
- 5 To read thy word our hearts incline;
 To understand it, light impart.
 O Saviour! let us all be thine!
 Take full possession of each heart.

476. "*Train up a child in the way he should go.*"
 Prov. xxii. 6. (c. m.)

- 1 BLEST work! the youthful mind to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim;
 And God will well approve,
 When infants learn to lisp his name,
 And their Redeemer love.
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
 To guide untutor'd youth;
 And shew the mind which went astray,
 The way, the life, the truth!
- 4 Thy Spirit, Father! on us shed,
 And bless this good design:
 The honours of thy name be spread,
 And all the glory thine.

477. "*To him that soweth righteousness, shall be
 a sure reward.*" Prov. xi. 18. (c. m.)

- 1 O LORD, who dost thy boundless power
 In acts of goodness show:
 Thy mercy let the world adore.
 Whence all our blessings flow.

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- 2 This still shall be our grateful theme ;
 Thy praise we'll ever sing ;
 Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
 But thou the unfailing spring.
- 3 Each hand and heart that lend us aid,
 Thou dost inspire and guide ;
 Nor shall their love be unrepaid
 Who for the poor provide.
- 4 May all the pleasing pains they share
 Be crowned with large success ;
 The present age applaud their care,
 And future ages bless.

478. "*How short my time is.*" Ps. lxxxix, 47.
 (L. M.)

- 1 FROM year to year in love we meet,
 From year to year in peace we part ;
 The tongues of children uttering sweet
 The bosom-joy of every heart.
- 2 But time rolls on ; and, year by year,
 We change, grow up, or pass away :
 Not twice the same assembly here
 Have hailed the children's festal day.
- 3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
 Some in our number, marked to fall,
 Be young and old prepared alike :
 The warning is to each, to all.
- 4 This sole occasion then is ours.
 This day we ne'er again shall see.
 Lord God, awaken all our powers
 To spend it for eternity.

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- 5 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand ;
 On thee for all things we rely ;
 Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
 To live is Christ, and gain to die.
- 6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew :
 Send children, teachers in our place,
 More humble, docile, faithful, true,
 More like thy Son,—from race to race.

479. "*The Lord's mercies are new every morning.*"
 Lam. iii. 22. 23. (L. M.)

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love ;
 Thy gifts are every evening new,
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours !
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
 To thee I consecrate my days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

480. "*Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of
 God.*" I Cor. x. 31. (L. M.)

- 1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go.
 My daily labour to pursue ;
 Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
 In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task thy wisdom has assigned,
 Oh let me cheerfully fulfil ;
 In all thy works thy presence find,
 And prove thine acceptable will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

5 For thee delightfully employ,
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given ;
And run my even course with joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

481. " *Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.*" Prov. xxiii. 17. (c. n.)

1 THRIE happy souls who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear !

2 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne ;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought ;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings
And in thy strength confide.

5 As different scenes of life arise,
 Our grateful hearts would be
 With thee, amidst the social band,
 In solitude with thee.

6 In solid, pure delights like these,
 Let all my days be passed ;
 Nor shall I then impatient wish,
 Nor shall I fear the last.

482. " *I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep ;
 for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in
 safety.*" Ps. iv. 8. (L. M.)

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 He gives me strength for days to come.

3 Faith in his name forbids my fear :
 O may thy presence ne'er depart !
 And in the morning make me hear
 The love and kindness of thy heart.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rend the tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

483. " *Thou makest the outgoings of the morning
 and evening to rejoice.*" Ps. lxx. 8. (C. M.)

1 DREAD Sov'reign ! let my evening song
 Like holy incense rise :
 Assist the offerings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.

- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll !
- 5 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.

484. " *I will both lay me down . . . and sleep.*"
Psalm iv. 8. (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 thy own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may,
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 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.

485. " *The sheep of his hand.*" Ps. xciv. 7. (C. M.)

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
 And we, a feeble band,
 Are met once more before thy throne,
 To bless thy fostering hand.

2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart ;
 All evil far remove ;
 And shed abroad in every heart,
 Thine everlasting love.

3 Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
 In christian bonds unite ;
 Let peace and love conclude the day,
 And hail the morning light.

4 Thus, cleansed from sin, and wholly thine,
 A flock by Jesus led,
 The Sun of Righteousness shall shine
 In glory on our head.

5 Oh still restore our wandering feet,
 And still direct our way ;
 Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of endless day.

486. " *Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense.*" Psalm cxli. 2. (C. M.)

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
 Let incense-fumes arise.
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.

low:

(G. M.)

- 2 Awake, our love ; awake, our joy ;
Awake, our heart and tongue.
Sleep not when mercies loudly call ;
Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes were swift, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favour, and new joys
Do a new song require.
'Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

487. " *And that day was the preparation.*"
Luke xxiii. 54. (7's.)
(For Saturday Evening.)

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- 1 SAFELY through another week.
God hath brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath-day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord ! our praise demand ;
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Nourished by thy bounteous hand.
Now from worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee.
- 3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near.
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear ;
And may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above.

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488. " *And the sabbath draw on.*" Luke xxiii. 54.

(c. m. double.)

1 THE hours of evening close :
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the sabbath-dawn.
So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care ;
Nor thought for "many things" assail
The still retreat of prayer.

2 Our guardian Shepherd near,
His watchful eye will keep ;
And, safe from violence or fear,
Will fold His flock to sleep.
So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by His might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

489. " *Sanctify ye a fast.*" Joel i. 14. (c. m.)

1 BEHOLD, O Lord ! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend :
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray :

3 Great God ! and why are we yet spared,
Ungrateful as we are ?
Oh ! make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, " Forbear ! "

ii. 54.

- 4 Turn us, oh turn us, blessed Lord !
 By thine almighty grace ;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Hear thou our prayers, and grant us aid ;
 Bid war and discord cease :
 Heal the sad breach that sin hath made,
 And bless our land with peace !

490. " *For kings, and all in authority.*" 1 Tim. ii. 2.
 (8's. & 6's.)

- 1 LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
 For all that bear the sovereign sway,
 And as thy servants reign,—
 Rulers, and governors, and powers ;
 Behold ! in faith, we pray for ours:
 Nor let us pray in vain.

- 2 Our Sovereign with thy favour bless ;
 Stablish the throne in righteousness ;
 Let wisdom hold the helm ;
 The counsels of our senate guide ;
 Let justice in our courts preside.
 Rule thou, and guard the realm.

c. m.)

491. " *And Abraham drew near, and said, wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked ?*" Gen. xviii. 23. (c. m.)

- 2 WHEN Abra'am, full of sacred awe,
 Before Jehovah stood
 And with a humble fervent prayer
 For guilty Sodom sued ;
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
 Was his petition crown'd !
 The Lord would spare, if in the place
 Ten righteous men were found.

- 3 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now as in ancient times?
Or does our sinful land exceed
Gomorrhah in her crimes!
- 4 Oh! make us thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence blessed the land;
Forsake us not, O God!
- 5 May we, O Lord, our sovereign King,
They wanted blessings share,
And know thee by that gracious name
'The God who heareth prayer.'

492. "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."
Psalm lxx. 11. (L. M.)

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.
- 3 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes:
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board, and round our own.
- 4 Oh, may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown renew their songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

493. "Having obtained help of God." Acts xvi.

- 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,
Content with what thou deemest fit.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest.
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored throughout our changing day.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seat in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

494. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

I Sam. vii. 12. (L. M.)

- 1 OUR helper, God, we bless his name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

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

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
 Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;
 Then bear in his bright courts above,
 Inscriptions of immortal love.

495. " *He appointed the moon for seasons.*"
 Psalm civ. 19. (L. M.)

1 GREAT God ! let all our tuneful powers
 Awake and sing thy mighty name.
 Thy hand revolves our circling hours ;
 Thy hand, from which our being came.

2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
 In beauteous order, speak thy praise :
 And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
 To thee successive honours raise.

3 To thee we raise the annual song ;
 To thee the grateful tribute give.
 Our God doth still our days prolong,
 And, midst unnumbered deaths, we live.

4 Our life, our health, our friends, we owe
 All to thy vast, unbounded love ;
 Ten thousand precious gifts below,
 And hopes of nobler joys above.

5 Thus will we sing, till nature cease,
 Till sense and language are no more ;
 And, after death, thy boundless grace
 Through everlasting years adore.

496. "Let it alone this year also." Luke xiii. 6—9.

(H. M.)

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise ;
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days ;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year ?

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground :
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found :
Yet mercy stayed our doom severe :
"Oh, spare them yet another year."

3 Jesus ! thy speaking blood
For us obtained the grace.
Oh, since there is bestowed
On us this longer space,
Let our spared lives thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear !

497. "To see thy power and thy glory." 1

Psalm lxiii. 2. (C. M.)

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal
And make thy glory known :
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone !

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead our Saviour's name ;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free ;
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.
- 4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more ;
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never loved before.
- 5 And when before thee we appear
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

498. " *We spend our years as a tale that is told.*"
 Psalm xc. 9. (G. M.)

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
 Of the revolving year :
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds,
 How short the months appear.
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life has done,
 God's Judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale we spend
 The swift-advancing year,
 And study artful ways to mend
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
 Its great concern to see ;
 That I may act a faithful part,
 And give the year to thee.

- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my happy soul
 To joy that never dies.

499. *“ Thou carriest them away as with a flood.”*
 Psalm xc. 5. (7's.)

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here.
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below.
 We a little longer wait ;
 But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream.
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream,

3 Thanks for mercies past receive.
 Pardon of our sins renew.
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view.
 Bless thy word to young and old.
 Fill us with a Saviour's love,
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

500. "Which holdeth soul our in life."
Psalm lxvi. 9. (L. M.)

1 O GOD, my helper ever near!
Crown with thy smile the present year.
Preserve me by thy favour still,
And fit me for thy sacred will.

2 My safety, each succeeding hour,
Depends on thy supporting power.
Accept my thanks for mercies past,
And be my guard while life shall last.

3 Let me not murmur nor complain
At what thy wisdom shall ordain.
Sickness or health may blessings prove,
As ordered by thy sovereign love.

4 My moments move with winged haste,
Nor know I which shall be the last:
Danger and death are ever nigh,
And I this year, perhaps, may die.

5 Prepare me for the trying day;
Then call my willing soul away,
I'll quit the world at thy command,
And trust my spirit to thy hand.

501. "By one man sin entered into the world, and
death by sin." Rom. v. 12. (L. M.)

1 DEEP in the dust before thy throne
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God, we own th' unhappy name
Whence sprang our nature and our shame;

- 2 But while our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.
- 3 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own ;
Adam the second from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 4 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life :—there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.

502. “ *Not by works of righteousness which we
have done.*” Tit. iii. 3—7. (c. m.)

- 1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been !
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But O, my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace
Abounding through his Son.
- 4 '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.

5 '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.

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

503. *“ Who hath saved us—according to his own
 purpose and grace.”* 2 Tim. i. 9. 10.
 (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 heav'n.

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.

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 heav'n to light,
 And took possession of the joy.

504. "Ye are bought with a price." 1 Cor. vi. 20.

(C. M.)

1 WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood,—

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of God's beloved Son,
Descending from the heav'nly court
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power, and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, O Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign,
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days,
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

505. "Look unto me, and ye saved. Is. xlv. 22.

(C. M.)

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace,
 Sounds from the sacred word,
 'Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
 'And trust upon the Lord.'
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
 And runs to this relief,
 I would believe thy promise, Lord,
 Oh ! help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly,
 Here let me wash my guilty soul
 From sins of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 Into thine arms I fall :
 Be thou my strength, my righteousness,
 My Saviour, and my all.

506. "Christ the power of God, and the wisdom
 of God." 1 Cor i. 24. (L. M.)

- 1 **WHAT** shall the dying sinner do
 That seeks relief from all his woe ?
 Where shall the guilty conscience find
 Ease for the torment of the mind ?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven ?
 Or form our natures fit for heaven ?
 Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin
 Make their own powers and passions clean ?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
 Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh ;
 'Tis there that power and glory dwell
 Which saves rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

507. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Is. liii. 6—9. 12. (s. m.)

- 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a different way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His vital blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous seed
To recompense his pain.
- 5 'I'll give him (saith the Lord)
'A portion with the strong;
'He shall possess a large reward,
'And hold his honours long.'

508. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John i. 29. (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 heav'nly 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.

509. " *The gospel of Christ is the power of God
unto salvation.*" Rom. i. 16. (L. M.)

1 THIS is the word of truth and love
Sent to the nations from above ;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did Wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live ;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

- 4 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too ;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

510. "*God giveth the increase.*" 1 Cor. iii. 7.
2 Cor. ii. 16 (c. m.)

- 1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme ;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word ;
They see what wisdom, power, and love
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath ;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 'Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

511. "*By grace ye are saved.*" Ephes. ii. 5.
(c. m.)

- 1 SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd 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.

512. "*By grace are ye saved.*" Eph. ii. 8. (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 a way
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
 To tread the heavenly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

513. "*Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*"
 1 Sam. vii. 12. (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 the melodious measures
 Sung by seraph choirs above ;
 While I tell the boundless treasures
 Of my Lord's unchanging love.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
 Hither, by thy help I'm come :
 And I hope, through thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 And, 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 break every fetter
 That withholds my heart from thee.
 Prone to wander ; yes, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love.
 Saviour ! take my heart, and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

414. " *Ho ! every one that thirsteth, come ye to
 the waters.*" Is. lv. 1. (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 the immortal mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom hath prepar'd
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.

- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join ;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 O God, the treasures of thy love
 Are everlasting mines ;
 Deep as our helpless miseries are,
 And boundless as our sins.
- 7 [The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day,
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.]

515. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are
 heavy laden." Matt. xi. 28. 30. (E. M.)

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

516. "By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified." Gal. ii. 16. (L. M.)

- 1 THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe ;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been ;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once !
But in the gospel Christ appears
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law,
Fly to the hope the gospel gives ;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

517. "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." 1 Cor. i. 24. (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow ;
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share ;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native powers ;
But to his sov'reign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

518. "*I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*" Matt. ix. 13.
(8. 7. 4.)

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

2 Ho ! ye needy, come, and welcome !
God's free bounty glorify .
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

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,
Lost and ruin'd 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 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies.
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finished!"
 Finished, the great sacrifice!

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood.
 Venture on him, venture wholly:
 Let no other trust intrude.
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name.
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may sing the same.

519. "*If any man thirst, let him come unto me,
 and drink.*" John vii. 37. (c. m.)

1 THE Saviour calls; let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound.
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear:
 Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow;
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
 The gracious call obey.
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
 And can you yet delay?

- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink, and never die.

520. "Come ; for all things are now ready."
 Luke xiv. 17. (7's)

- 1 **WELCOME**, welcome ! Sinner, hear !
 Hang not back through shame or fear.
 Doubt not, nor distrust the call :
 Mercy is proclaimed to all.
- 2 Welcome to the offered peace :
 Welcome, prisoner, to release.
 Burst thy bonds ; be saved ; be free.
 Rise and come ; He calleth thee.
- 3 Welcome, weeping penitent !
 Grace hath made thy heart relent.
 Welcome, long-estranged child !
 God in Christ is reconciled.
- 4 Welcome to the cleansing fount,
 Springing from the sacred mount ;
 Welcome to the feast divine,
 Bread of life, and living wine.
- 5 All ye weary and distressed !
 Welcome to relief and rest.
 All is ready : hear the call.
 There is ample room for all.
- 6 None can come that shall not find,
 Mercy called whom grace inclined ;
 Nor shall any willing heart
 Hear the bitter word, Depart.

7 Oh the virtue of that price,
That redeeming sacrifice !
Come, ye bought, but not with gold :
Welcome to the sacred fold !

521. “ *Christ died for the ungodly.*”
 Rom. v. 6. (c. m.)

1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign 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 !

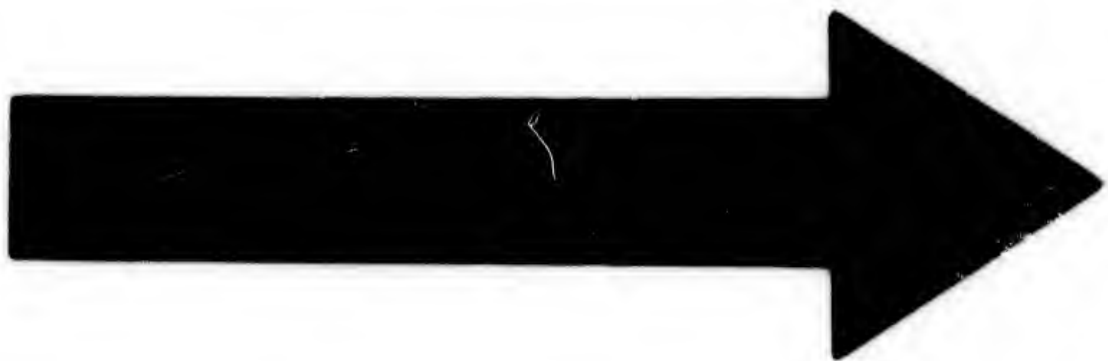
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the blessed Saviour died,
For man the creature's sin.

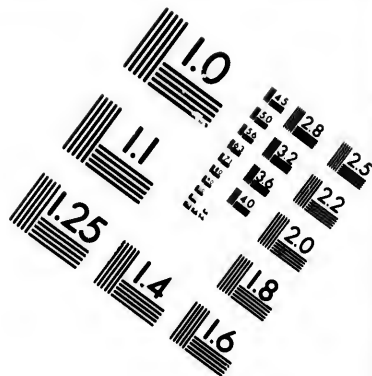
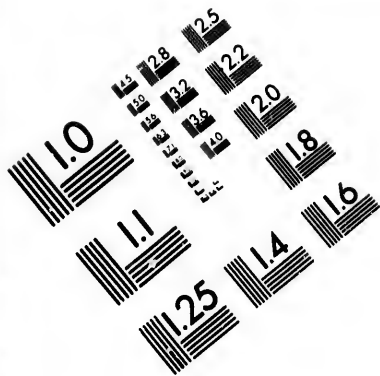
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

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.

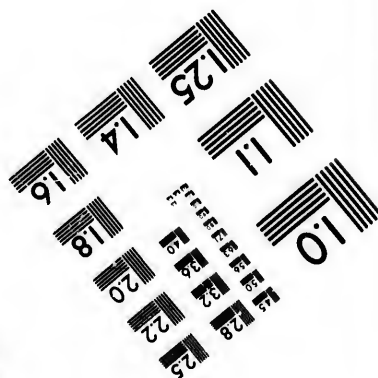
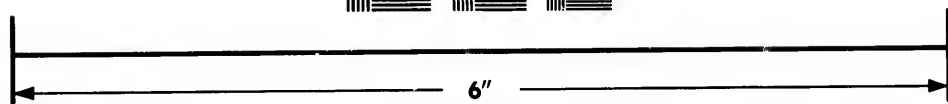
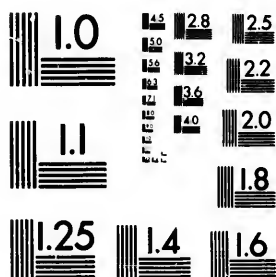
522. “ *Turn to the Lord.*” Hosea xiv. 2. (s. m.)

1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe ?
Thus to abuse eternal love
Whence all our blessings flow :





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- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind !
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind !
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh,
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise.

523. " *There is joy in the presence of the angels
of God over one sinner that repenteth.*"
Luke xv. 10. (L. M.)

- 1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Thro' 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.

524. " *Righteousness, sanctification, and redemp-
tion.*" 1 Cor. i. 30. (C. M.)

- 1 SINNERS, of Adam's fallen race,
Sinners by practice too,
In prayer, O God ! we seek thy face,
In prayer for mercy sue.

2 No trembling penitent to thee
E'er turned and was denied,
Accept, O Lord! our only plea,—
For us thy Son hath died.

3 For him, thy gift, thy name we bless.
To us for whom he died,
Through faith impute his righteousness,
And we are justified.

4 Nor rest we here, thou God of love!
May we, for whom he died,
Receive thy Spirit from above,
And thus be sanctified.

5 At length, made holy, just, forgiven,
Through Christ who for us died,
May we, exchanging earth for heaven,
With him be glorified.

525. “*Shew us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us
thy salvation.*” Psalm. lxxxv. 7. (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;
Let thy compassion move.
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

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- 4 Oh ! for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our numerous sins forgive !
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking, quick relieve.
- 5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own ;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

526. " Uphold me with thy free Spirit."
Psalm li. 12. (L. M.)

- 1 GREAT God ! before thy throne I bow,
And raise my hands in fervent prayer ;
For thou canst every good bestow,
And thou canst banish every care.
- 2 Timorous and sad, I durst not plead,
Did not thy word this hope impart,
That Christ himself will intercede,
And crown the wishes of my heart.
- 3 Encouraged thus, I humbly crave
Pardon for sins and errors past ;
And trust in sovereign grace to save,
And to uphold me to the last.
- 4 When pain and sorrow bring me low,
And nought on earth delight can give,
Thy sweetest comforts then bestow :
Bid hope and faith in vigour live.
- 5 Till I shall wing my joyous flight
To regions all unknown before,
And dwell in thine unclouded light,
And praise and love thee evermore.

527. "Created in Christ Jesus unto good works."
Ephes. ii. 10. (C. M.)

- 1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God hath given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.
- 2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace ;
Born in the image of his Son
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

528. "With men it is impossible, but not with
God." Mark x. 27. (C. M.)

- 1 O HOW shall feeble flesh and blood
Burst through the bonds of sin ?
The holy kingdom of our God,
What man shall enter in ?
- 2 Despising all that worldlings love,
By which the soul's enslaved,
Forsaking all for things above,—
Oh, who can thus be saved ?
- 3 He who made all things, He who said,
"Let there be light," can give
This saving strength, can raise the dead,
And bid the sinner live.

- 4 And will not he who ransomed man,
A Saviour's work fulfil?
Almighty is his power: he can.
Boundless his love: he will.
- 5 His word, his Spirit, all ensures
To them who trust his love.
Here, saints, shall victory be yours,
And crowns of joy above.

529. "*Strive to enter in at the strait gate.*"
Luke xiii. 34. (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 this heav'nly 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.

530. "*That he might deliver us from this present
evil world.*" Gal. i. 4. (L. M.)

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of deep despair,
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
They had almost convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes ;
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies.
- 5 There, from the presence of my God
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And satisfy my longing soul.

531. " *The fashion of this world passeth away.*"
1 Cor. vii. 29—31. (c. m.)

- 1 HOW vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God !

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense !
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.

5 My Saviour, let thy beauties be,
 My soul's eternal food ;
 And grace command my heart away,
 From all created good.

532. *" For here have we no continuing city."*
 Heb. xiii. 14. (L. M.)

1 " WE'VE no abiding city here ;"
 This may distress the worldly mind ;
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 " We've no abiding city here ;"
 Sad truth, were this our home :
 But let this truth our spirits cheer,
 " We seek a city yet to come."

3 " We've no abiding city here ;"
 Then let us live as pilgrims do :
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.

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

5 Oh, sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

6

533.

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6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine :
 The time my God appoints is best.
 While here, to do his will be mine ;
 And his to fix my time of rest.

533. “ *By whom the world is crucified unto me.*”
 Gal. vi. 14. (C. M.)

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue ;
 What are its charms to me ?
 Once I admired its trifles too ;
 But grace hath set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
 No more content afford :
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
 The stars are all concealed ;
 So earthly pleasures fade away,
 When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures ! no more divide my choice :
 I bid you all depart.
 His name, and love, and gracious voice,
 Have fixed my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord ; I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee :—
 But may I hope that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me ?
- 6 Yes, though of sinners e'en the worst,
 I cannot doubt thy will ;
 For, if thou hadst not loved me first,
 I had refused thee still.

534. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice."

Rom. xii. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 BEING of beings, God of love !
To thee our hearts we raise ;
Thine all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we want to be ;
Our sacrifice receive.
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost ! the Saviour's love,
Shed in our hearts abroad :
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be with Christ in God.

535. "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me . . . of him
also shall the Son of man be ashamed."

Mark viii. 38. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of thee !
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
- 2 Asham'd 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 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning-Star ! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

- 5 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
'Till then, I boast a Saviour slain !
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me !

536. "*I am not ashamed.*" 2 Tim. i. 12. (C. M.)

- 1 I'M not asham'd 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.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

537. "*Yield yourselves unto God.*" Rom. vi. 13.
(S. M.)

- 1 LORD ! in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thy own ;
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

2

3

538. " *Present your bodies a living sacrifice.*"
Rom. xii. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 HOW can I sink with such support,
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's foundations up,
And spreads the heav'ns abroad ?

540

1

- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead ?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.

2

- 3 All that I am, and all I have
Shall be for ever thine,
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

3

- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give him all.

4

539. " *God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world.*" John iii. 16—18. (L.M.)

541

- 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear ;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

1

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

540. " *The righteousness which is of God by
faith.*" Phil. iii. 7—9. (L. M.)

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord hath done.

541. " *By the law is the knowledge of sin.*"
Rom. iii. 19—22. (C. M.)

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
Without a murmuring word.
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!—
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

542. "*There the weary be at rest.*" Job iii. 17.
(C. M.)

- 1 COURAGE, my soul! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides;
Eternal life beyond the skies
For all whom here he guides.
- 2 The wicked cease from troubling there;
The weary are at rest;
Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care,
No more approach the blest.
- 3 A wicked world and wicked heart
With Satan are combined:
Each acts a too successful part,
In harassing my mind.
- 4 But, fighting in my Saviour's strength,
Though mighty are my foes,
I shall a conqueror be at length
O'er all that can oppose.

- 5 Then why, my soul, complain or fear?
 The crown of glory see.
 The more I toil and suffer here,
 The sweeter rest will be.

543. *“Your life is hid with Christ in God.”*
 Col. iii. 3. (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,
 While aid you from on high.
- 4 Though unperceived by mortal 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 triumphed once for you;
 So surely you that love his name,
 Shall through him triumph too.

544. *“As thy days, so shall thy strength be.”*
 Deut. xxxiii. 25. (l. m.)

- 1 AFFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near:
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear:
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For as thy days, 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 days, thy strength shall be.

4 When called by him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5 When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fear subdue.
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

545. "*Because I live, ye shall live also.*" John
xiv. 19. (L. M.)

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort, die,
Fixed on thine everlasting word,
The word that built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure.
His word a firm foundation gives:
Here let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell.
 Immoveable the promise stands:
 Nor all the powers of earth or hell
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose.
 If Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.

546. "*Blessed are all they that wait for him.*"
 Isaiah xxx. 18. (S. M.)

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take:
 Loud to the praise of love divine
 Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home;
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine:
 Nor present things, nor things to come
 Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heavenly flame,
 Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at his control:
 His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on thee :
 Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall thy salvation see.

547. *“Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance.”* Deut. xii. 9. (C. M.)

1 OH, say not, think not in thy heart,
 I here will take my rest.
 Remember, thou a pilgrim art
 A sojourner confessed.

2 Think of thy dwelling as a tent.
 Thy business is—advance.
 But foes on robbing thee are bent,
 Of thine inheritance.

3 Remember, then, thy heavenly birth :
 Despise the worldling’s frown ;
 Nor let this false deceitful earth
 Beguile thee of thy crown.

4 Yield not to dull and slumbrous ease,
 The prize, thy life, at stake.
 Repose is danger ; sleep, disease ;
 And few that slumber wake.

5 ’Tis immortality we seek,—
 A free, yet rich reward.
 But sin is strong, and flesh is weak :
 Increase our faith, O Lord !

548. *“Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 and when thou hearest, forgive.”* 1 Kings
 viii. 30. (C. M.)

1 FATHER of all our mercies, thou
 In whom we move and live !
 Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
 And answer, and forgive.

2. When, bound with sins and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee,
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captives free.

3 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
Oh give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 When dire temptations gather round,
Or threaten, or allure,
By storm or calm, may we be found
In thee our refuge sure.

5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love ;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

6. When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and sorrow cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart :
In thee may we have peace.

7 When flames the elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at thy right hand.

549. " *Lord, to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life.*" John vi. 68 (L. M.)

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend !
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?

- 2 Whither, ah ! whither should I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart :
On these my fainting spirit lives.
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than the whole round of nature gives.
- 4 Thy name my inmost powers adore :
Thou art my life, my joy, my care.
Depart from thee !—'tis death —'tis more :
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.
- 5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie :
Here safety dwells, and peace divine,
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

550. "*We must through much tribulation enter
into the kingdom of God.*" Acts xiv. 22.
(S. M.)

- 1 AS strangers here below,
With various woes oppressed,
We must through tribulation go
To our eternal rest.
- 2 Thus Christ, our glorious Head,
Ascended to his throne.
Why should his saints refuse to tread
The way their Lord has gone ?
- 3 The path to glory lies
Through conflict and distress :
But joyful we at length shall rise,
The kingdom to possess.

551. "Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." 2 Tim. ii. 3. (L. M.)

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fear,
And gird the gospel-armour on,
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes,
Thy Saviour nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.
- 4 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
- 5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

552. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Is. xl. 27—31. (C. M.)

- 1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Have restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
 In our Jehovah dwell ;
 He gives the conquest to the weak,
 And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
 And youthful vigour cease ;
 But they that wait upon the Lord
 Shall feel their strength increase.
- 5 They shall mount up, on eagles' wings,
 Celestial bliss to taste ;
 Till their unwearied feet arrive
 At heaven's eternal rest.

553. " *They shall run and not be weary.*"
 Is. xl. 31. (L. M.)

- 1 AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
 Let every trembling thought be gone ;
 Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
 But they forget the mighty God
 Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose glorious power
 For ever shines in nature's frame
 Whose wisdom is unsearchable ;
 Whose word is changeless as his name.
- 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 amid the heav'nly road.

554. "*Fight the good fight of faith.*" 1 Tim.
 vi. 12. (c. M.)

1 DO I believe what Jesus saith,
 And think the gospel true?
 Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
 And practice virtue too.

2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
 Arm me with heav'nly zeal,
 That I may make thy power appear,
 And works of praise fulfil.

3 If men shall see my virtue shine,
 And spread my name abroad,
 Thine is the power, the praise is thine,
 My Saviour and my God.

4 Thus when the saints in glory meet,
 Their lips proclaim thy grace;
 They cast their honours at thy feet,
 And own their borrow'd rays.

5 Are we the soldiers of the cross?
 The followers of the Lamb?
 And shall we fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?

6 Now we must fight if we would reign;
 Increase our courage, Lord!
 We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

7 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they're slain ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

8 When that illustrious day shall shine,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

555. " *God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able.*" 1 Cor. x. 13. (L. M.)

1 NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song :
His shield is spread o'er every saint ;
And thus supported, who shall faint ?

2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage ?
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportioned to our day:
And when united trials meet,
Will shew a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood :
Still is he gracious, wise, and just,
And still in him let Israel trust.

556. " *Therefore let us not sleep, as do others ; but let us watch and be sober.*" 1 Thess. v. 6. (L. M.)

1 O ISRAEL ! to thy tents repair :
Why thus secure on hostile ground ?
Thy Lord commands thee to beware ;
For many foes thy camp surround.

- 2 The trumpet gives a martial strain ;
O Israel ! gird thee for the fight.
Arise, the combat to maintain ;
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.
- 3 Oh sleep not thou as others do :
Awake, be vigilant, be brave.
The coward, and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.
- 4 A nobler lot is cast for thee :
A crown awaits thee in the skies,
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
And yield, through weariness, the prize ?
- 5 No ! though a careless world repose
In fatal slumbers through life's day,
Israel, prepared for victory, goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

557. " *Commit thy way unto the Lord, .. and he shall bring it to pass.*" Psalm xxvi. 5.
(s. M. double.)

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed.
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears :
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way.
Wait thou his time ; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 He every where hath sway,
And all things serve his might.
His every act pure blessing is ;
His path unsullied light.
When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand ?
When he his people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay his hand ?

3 Leave to his sovereign will,
 To choose, and to command ;
 With wonder filled, thou then shalt own,
 How wise, how strong his hand.
 Thou comprehend'st him not ;
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
 God sits as sov'reign on the throne ;
 He ruleth all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
 Our hearts are known to thee.
 Oh, lift thou up the sinking hand ;
 Confirm the feeble knee.
 Let us, in life and death,
 Boldly thy truth declare ;
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

558. “ *And the ransomed of the Lord shall return,
 and come to Zion with songs.*” Isaiah
 xxxv. 10. (C. M.)

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord ;
 Your great Deliv'rer sing.
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath made,
 How peaceful and how plain :
 The simplest trav'ler shall not err,
 Nor seek the road in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
 Nor lurking serpent wound :
 Safety, support, and heavenly joy,
 Through all the way are found.

- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
 Along the blissful road :
 Till to the sacred mount ye rise,
 And city of your God.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head ;
 While pain, and sorrow, and distress,
 Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 Proceed in your Redeemer's strength ;
 Pursue his footsteps still ;
 And let the prospect cheer your eyes,
 While you ascend the hill.

559. " *We wrestle not against flesh and blood,
 but . . . against the rulers of the darkness
 of this world.*" Eph. vi. 12. (L. M.)

- 1 THE Christian warrior,—see him stand
 In the whole armour of his God :
 The Spirit's sword is in his hand ;
 His feet are with the gospel shod.
- 2 In panoply of truth complete,
 Salvation's helmet on his head,
 With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
 And faith's broad shield before him spread,
- 3 He wrestles not with flesh and blood,
 But principalities and powers,
 Rulers of darkness, like a flood,
 Nigh, and assailing at all hours.
- 4 Nor Satan's fiery darts alone,
 Quenched on his shield, at him are hurled ;
 The traitor in his heart is known,
 And the dire friendship of the world.

5 Undaunted to the field he goes ;
 Yet vain were skill and valour there,
 Unless, to foil his legion-foes,
 The trustiest weapon were "all-prayer."

6 With this, Omnipotence he moves ;
 From this, the alien armies flee ;
 Till more than conqueror he proves,
 Through Christ, who gives him victory.

7 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
 Sin, death, and hell he tramples down ;
 Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
 Through mercy, an immortal crown.

560. " *Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling.*" Jude xxiv. 25. (s. m.)

1 TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King.
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel, and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
 Unblemish'd and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.

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5 To our Redeemer God
 Wisdom and power belongs,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

561. "*I press toward the mark.*" Phil. iii.
 12—14. (C. M.)

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigour on :
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey :
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high ;
 His hand presents th' immortal prize
 To thine aspiring eye :—
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,—
 Which shall new lustre boast,
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
 Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by Thee,
 Have I my race begun ;
 And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
 I'll lay my honours down.

562. "*My grace is sufficient for thee.*" 2 Cor.
 xii. 7—10. (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 can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his own hand my head sustains.
- 3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song,

563. "*It is God that justifieth.*" Rom. viii. 33.
(L. M.)

- 1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead,
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.
- 3 He lives, he lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such support.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below;
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or separate us from his love.

564. "*And that Rock was Christ.*" 1 Cor. x. 4.
(7's.)

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

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,
This for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 In my hand no price I bring:
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Leprous, to the Fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,—
When my eyes shall close in death,—
When I soar to worlds unknown,—
See Thee on thy judgment-throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

565. "Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon
the hope set before us." Heb. vi. 18. (7's.)

- 1 Jesus ! Refuge 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 :
Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me,
All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ ! art all I want :
More than all in thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name :
I am all unrighteousness.
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.

566. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the
soul." Heb. vi. 19. (H. M.)

- 1 JESUS ! at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep :
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise ;
My compass is thy word.
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord.
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye :
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest.
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast !
Oh may I reach the heavenly shore
Where winds and waves distress no more !
- 5 Where'er becalmed I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, my Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss :
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

- 6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace,
 To waft from all below
 To heaven, my destined place!
 Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

567. "*There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.*" 2 Tim. iv. 8. (C. M.)

- 1 GOD hath laid up in heaven, for me,
 A crown which cannot fade;
 The righteous Judge, at that great day,
 Shall place it on my head.
- 2 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
 This prize for me alone;
 But all that love and long to see
 Th' appearance of his Son.
- 3 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
 From every ill design;
 And to his heav'nly kingdom keep
 This feeble soul of mine.
- 4 God is my everlasting aid,
 And hell shall rage in vain;
 To him be highest glory paid,
 And endless praise—Amen.

568. "*In my Father's house are many mansions.*"
 John xiv. 2. (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 heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

569. *“And his servants shall serve him, and they shall see his face.”* Rev. xxii. 3, 4. (P. M.)

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace.
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Fire ascending seeks the sun:
Both speed them to their source.
So, a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn :
 Press onward to the prize.
 Soon your Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and we know,
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven !

570. “ *For we know—that we have a building of God.*” 2 Cor. v. 1. 5—8. (c. m.)

- 1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal and on high :
 And here my spirit waiting stands
 Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolved and fall ;
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heav’nly Father’s call.
- 3 ’Tis he, by his almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heav’n,
 And as an earnest of the place
 Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
 Faith lives upon his word ;
 But while the body is our home
 We’re absent from the Lord.
- 5 ’Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
 But we had rather see ;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

571. "We walk by faith, not by sight."

2 Cor. v. 7. (L. M.)

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heav'n, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread t'ae desert through,
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'm by divine command
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

572. "Clouds and darkness are round about
him." Ps. xcvi. 2. (L. M.)

- 1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence !
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,—
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile ;
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briars and the night.

- 4 Father ! if yet thy lifted rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below ;
 Still we must lean upon our God,
 Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

573. " *My son, give me thy heart.*" Prov.
 xxiii. 26. (c. m.)

- 1 OH for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free ;
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
 So freely shed for me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak :
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither death nor life can part
 From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And filled with love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good ;
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above :
 Write thy new name upon my heart
 Thy new best name of love.

574. " *Enoch walked with God.*" Gen. v. 24.
 (c. m.)

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame !
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !

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

575. *"Before I was afflicted I went astray."*
Psalm cxix. 67. (L. M.)

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way:
I think upon it all the day.
2. What are the mines of shining wealth;
The strength of youth, the bloom of health!
What are all joys, compared with those
Thine everlasting word bestows!

- 3 Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed:
Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,
And then I turn'd to Thee, my God.
- 4 What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I bless thy hand that caused the smart:
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.
- 5 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precept I had still despised;
And still the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betrayed.
- 6 I love thee, therefore, O my God!
And long t' ascend thy bright abode;
Where, in thy presence fully blessed,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

576. "*Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.*" Heb. xii. 14. (L. M.)

- 1 HOLY Lord God! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight:
Yet, pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But, though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.
- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell;
One sin unslain within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

- 4 The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,
And blessed with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemned to wear
One link of all his former chain.
- 5 But oh ! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head.
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

577. " *We should live soberly, righteously, and
godly, in this present world.*" Titus ii.
10—12. (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 the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Out inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord,—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

578. " *Desire the sincere milk of the word, that
ye may grow thereby.*" 1 Pet. ii. 2. (C. M.)

- 1 AS new-born babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive ;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

- 2 Grace like an uncorrupting seed
Abides and reigns within ;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.
- 3 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil.
- 4 They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil :
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
And joys that never fail.
- 5 O happy souls ! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace !
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his glorious face.
- 6 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne ;
Call me a child of thine,
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.
- 7 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong :
Then shall I say, ' My Father God,'
With an unway'ring tongue.
579. " *Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth
the Spirit of his Son into your hearts.*"
Gal. iv. 6. (s. m.)
- 1 BEHOLD what wond'rous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown ;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's well beloved Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

6 I would no longer lie
A slave beneath the throne ;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

580. *“ Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth
the Spirit of his Son into your hearts
crying, Abba, Father.” Gal. iv. 6.*

(C. M.)

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, “ My Father, God ! ”
Lord ! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise.
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

- 3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 "My Father!"—Oh permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart
In my Redeemer's name.

581. "*The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God.*"
Rom. viii. 16. (C. M.)

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

582. "*Let the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord.*" Ps. xix. 14.
(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 heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

583. "But ye are come unto Mount Zion."
Heb. xii. 18—24. (c. m. double.)

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;
But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 2 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!
Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n;
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their many sins forgiv'n.

- 3 The saints on earth and heaven combine,
 And one communion make ;
 In Christ, the living head, they join,
 And of his grace partake.
 In such society as this,
 My weary soul would rest ;
 The man that dwells where Jesus is,
 Must be for ever blest.

584. *“ Your life is hid with Christ in God.”*
 Col. iii. 3. (c. m.)

- 1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high ;
 While men lie grov'ling here !
 His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
 And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
 While peace and joy combine
 To form a life whose holy springs
 Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God ;
 His God in secret sees :
 Let earth be all in arms abroad ;
 He dwells in heav'nly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
 Beyond this world and time,
 Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
 Nor thoughts of sinners climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
 To raise his figure here ;
 Content and pleas'd to live unknown
 Till Christ his life appear.

- 6 He looks to heav'n's eternal hill
To meet that glorious day :
But patient waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

585. "*All things are yours.*" 1 Cor. iii. 21. (L.M.)

- 1 HOW vast the treasure we possess !
How rich thy bounty, King of grace !
This world is ours, and worlds to come :
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.
- 2 All things are ours, the gifts of God ;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood :
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use and to improve them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise :
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.
- 4 I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great :
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, I wait thy daily will ;
Thou shalt divide my portion still :
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

586. "*Yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant.*" 2. Sam. xxiii. 5. (C. M.)

- 1 My God ! the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home :—
- 3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

587. “ *Let this mind be in you which was also in
Christ Jesus.*” Phil. ii. 5. (7's.)

- 1 **FATHER** of eternal grace !
Glorify thyself in me,
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown ;
Fix my thoughts on things above ;
Stay my heart on thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will,—thy will be done !
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod ;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God.

588. "God, my exceeding joy." Ps. xliiii. 4.
(C. M.)

- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Saviour's brow :
His head with radiant glories crown'd
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have,
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
- 3 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet ;
Shews me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

589. "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord."
Is. lxi. 10. (C. M.)

- 1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice,
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.
- 2 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

- 4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds,
 What earthly princes wear !
 These ornaments how bright they shine !
 How white the garments are !
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
 And hope, and every grace ;
 But Jesus spent his life, to work
 The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
 By the great Sacred Three :
 In sweetest harmony of praise
 Let all thy powers agree.

590. " *Your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.*" John xvi. 22.
 (S. M.)

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your 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 children of the heav'nly King
 Should speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God that rules on high,
 And thunders when he please,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And manages the seas ;

- 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heav'nly powers
To carry us above.
- 6 * There, we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 9 The hill of Zion yields,
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.
- * This hymn may begin here:—thus, ' Soon we shall see. &c.'

591. " Whom having not seen, ye love."
1 Pet. i. 8. (S. N.)

- 1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above;
And heav'n begins below.

592. "I give unto my sheep eternal life."
John x. 28. 29. (C. M.)

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 My Shepherd hath engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep,
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
The chosen from his breast,
Safe in the bosom of his love
They shall for ever rest.

593. "On these two commandments hang all the law
and the prophets." Matt. xxii. 37—40.
(L. M.)

1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
' Let all thy inward powers unite
' To love thy Maker and thy God,
' With utmost vigour and delight.

2 ' Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
' Share thine affection and esteem,
' And let thy kindness to thyself
' Measure and rule thy love to him.'

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove,
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

4 But oh ! how base our passions are !
How cold our charity and zeal !
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

594. " *Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*" Matt. vii. 12.

(L. M.)

1 BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,
' To do to all men just the same
' As we expect or wish from them.'

2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor mem'ry pain ;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3 How blest would every nation be,
Thus rul'd by love and equity !
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

4 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep ;
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
But thy blest maxims be our guide.

595. *The characteristic of the blessed.*
Matt. v. 3—12. (L. M.)

1 BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

- 2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war :
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness,
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Bless'd are the men whose hearts can move
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin,
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife,
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Bless'd are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

596. "It is high time to awake out of sleep."
Rom. xiii. 11. (c. m.)

- 1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul !
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 We for whose sake all nature stands
And stars their courses move ;
We for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above ;
- 3 We for whom God the Son came down,
To labour for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood !
- 4 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Spirit Divine ! O come, and fill,
And purify our hearts.
- 5 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise :
With hands of faith and wings of love
We'll fly and take the prize.

597. "With my whole heart have I sought thee :
O let me not wander from thy command-
ments." Psalm cxix. 10. (c. m.)

- 1 O LORD ! accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.
- 2 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love ;
But ah ! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move !

- 3 Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood ;
 Transform me by thy power ;
 And make me thy beloved abode,
 And let me rove no more.

598. "*Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.*"
 Eph. iv. 30. (L. M.)

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit ! stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite ;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
 And still shook off my guilty fears ;
 And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
 For many long rebellious years ;—
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
 Of all who e'er thy grace received ;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;—
- 4 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of my great High Priest ;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 To exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only wo I deprecate ;
 This only plague I pray remove ;
 Nor leave me in my lost estate,
 Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release ;
 Upraise me with thy gracious hand ;
 And guide me to thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

599. " *Thy way is in the sea, and thy footsteps are not known.*" Psalm lxxvii. 19. (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 hand.
- 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.

600. " *Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on thee.*" Isaiah xxvi. 3.
(s. M. double.)

- 1 THOU very present aid
In suff'ring and distress ;
The soul which still on thee is staid,
Is kept in perfect peace.

The soul by faith reclined
 On the Redeemer's breast,
 'Mid raging storms exults to find
 An everlasting rest.

2 Sorrow and fear are gone
 Whene'er thy face appears:
 It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
 And dries the widow's tears.
 It hallows every cross;
 It sweetly comforts me;
 Makes me forget my every loss,
 And find my all in thee.

3 Jesus, to whom I fly,
 Doth all my wishes fill.
 What though created streams are dry;
 I have the fountain still.
 Stripped of my earthly friends,
 I find them all in *one*;
 And peace and joy that never ends,
 And heaven in Christ begun.

601. "God is the strength of my heart, and my
 portion for ever." Psalm lxxiii. 26.

(C. M.)

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend;
 To thee in every trouble flee,
 My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same.
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee.

I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord ! I cast my care on thee :
I triumph and adore.

Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and praise thee more.

602. “ *They that know thy name, will put their trust in thee.*” Psalm ix. 10. (c. m.)

1 THOU Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal.
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine :
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?

- 6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer.
Oh may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there !
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still :
There let my soul retreat :
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

603. " *The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken
away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.*"
Job. i. 21. (c. m.)

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave ;
He gives, and (blessed be his name !)
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

604. "*What is your life ?*" James iv. 14. (c. m.)

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame !
What dying worms are we !
- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.
- 4 Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings !
- 5 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath !
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence
May they be found with God !

605. "*It is even a vapour.*" Jas. iv. 14. (c. m.)

- 1 TIME ! what an empty vapour 'tis !
And days how swift they are !
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

- 2 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 3 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love ;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.
- 4 His goodness runs an endless round ;
All glory to the Lord :
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be his name ador'd.

606. " *Therefore let us not sleep as do others.*"
1 Thes. v. 6. (C. M.)

- 1 AND is this life prolong'd to me ?
Are days and seasons given ?
O let me then prepare to be
A fitter heir of heav'n.
- 2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone :
Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.
- 3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin,
By my Redeemer's blood :
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honours of my God.
- 4 Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys :
Let cheerful hope increasing still
Approach to heav'nly joys.

5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savour of thy name
Where'er I spend my days.

6 On earth let my example shine,
And when I leave this state,
May heav'n receive this soul of mine
To bliss supremely great.

607. "*The night cometh, when no man can work.*"

John ix. 4. (L. M.)

1 AWAKE, my zeal, awake, my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above
And holy angels cannot do.

2 Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor:
In heav'n are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.

3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.

4 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes t' encounter there:
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

5 Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown;
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promis'd crown.

608. "Whereas ye know not what shall be on the
morrow." James iv. 14. (S. M.)

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away :
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
Oh, be it still pursued !
Lost, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

609. "Like unto men that wait for their Lord."
Luke xii. 36. (S. M.)

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame.
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch :—'tis your Lord's command :
And while we speak, he'n near.
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture sound !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own Royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

610. "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*" *Ecc. ix. 4. 6. 10. (L. N.)*

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
Ye sinners, hasten to return.

2 Life is the time that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heav'n,
The hours of grace soon pass away :
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie,
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon past
 In the cold grave to which we haste,
 But darkness, death, and long despair
 Reign in eternal silence there.

611. "*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.*"
 Rev. xiv. 3. (c. m.)

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n 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 sin releas'd ;
 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.

612. "*Willing to be absent from the body.*"
 2 Cor. v. 8. (c. m.)

- 1 MY soul, come meditate the day,
 And think how near it stands,
 When thou must quit this house of clay,
 And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 O could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead,
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead.
- 3 Then should we see the saints above
 In their own glorious forms,
 And wonder why our souls should love
 To dwell with mortal worms.

- 4 We should almost forsake our clay,
 Before the summons come,
 And wish the imprison'd soul away
 To its eternal home.

613. " *And Moses went up—unto the mountain
 and the Lord showed him all the land.*"
 Deut. xxxiv. 1. Rev. xxi. 10. (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 heav'nly 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.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.]
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

Lord."
 claims,

"

614. "Your fathers, where are they?"
Zech. i. 5. (S. M.)

- 1 OUR fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs have passed away,
Their wealth and honour gone.
- 2 There, where the fathers sleep,
Must all their children dwell;
Nor other heritage can keep
Than such a narrow cell.
- 3 God of our fathers!—he
Our everlasting Friend!
Lord of the dead and living! we
Our souls to thee commend.
- 4 Of all the pious dead,
May we the footsteps trace,
Till, gathered round our glorious Head,
We dwell before thy face.

615. "The end of that man is peace."
Psalm xxxvii. 37. (L. M.)

- 1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys:
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright the unchanging morn appears ?
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

5 Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies !

616. " *Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.*" Psalm xc. 1. (L. M.)

1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
Through every age, eternal God,
Thy presence their secure abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest ;
In thee our fathers still are blest.
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.

3 So, when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our ransomed souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.

4 To thee our infant race we leave ;
Them may their fathers' God receive ;
That voices yet unformed may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

617. " *Absent from the body . . . present with the Lord.*" 2 Cor. v. 8. (C. M.)

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death ;
The glories that surround the saint,
When he resigns his breath.

2 Faith strives, but all her efforts fail,
 To trace the spirit's flight:
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides that world of light.

3 Thus much, and this is all we know;
 They are completely blest;
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.

618. "*Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth
 is named.*" Eph. iii. 15. (c. m. double.)

1 COME, let us join our friends above
 That have obtained the prize;
 And, on the eagle wings of love,
 To joys celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family, we dwell in him;
 One church, above, beneath;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow:
 Part of his host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die:
 His militant, embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast
 And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in distress,
 We haste again to see,
 And eager long for our release
 And full felicity.
 Even now by faith we join our hands
 With those that went before ;
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
 Like theirs with glory crowned,
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear his trumpet sound.
 Oh that we now might grasp our Guide !
 Oh that the word were given !
 Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven !

619. " *He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.*" Job. xiv. 2. (c. m.)

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 Oh, may this truth, imprest
 With awful power,—I too must die,
 Sink deep in every breast !

3 Let this vain world delude no more :
 Behold the gaping tomb !
 It bids us seize the present hour :
 To-morrow death may come.

- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
 May every heart obey ;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Oh let us now to Jesus fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save :
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing power :
 This only can prepare the heart
 For death's surprising hour.

620. " *That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope.*" 1 Thess. iv. 13. (C. M.)

- 1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
 When God recalls his own ;
 And bids them leave a world of woe
 For an immortal crown.
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
 Whose life to God was given ?
 Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
 To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past : their work is done ;
 And they are fully blest :
 They fought the fight, the victory won,
 And entered into rest.
- 4 [The flock must feel the Shepherd's loss,
 And miss his tender care ;
 But they who bear with joy the cross,
 The crown shall soonest wear.

5 And is not he who called them home,
Still to his church most nigh;
To bid yet other labourers come,
And all her need supply ?]

6 Then let our sorrow cease to flow,
God has recalled his own:
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

621. "They rest from their labours, and their
works do follow them." Rev. xiv. 13. (s.m.)

(On the death of a Pastor.)

1 [REST from thy labour, rest,
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.

2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love, prompt to act and quick to feel,
Marked thee till life's last hour.

3 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place:
But go as each hath gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.]

4 O Lord! into thy hands
Our pastor we resign.
And now we wait thy own commands,
We were not *his*, but *thine*.

5 Thou art thy Church's Head,
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead:
To thee we lift our eye;

- 6 On thee our hopes depend ;
 We gather round our Rock :
 Send whom thou wilt ; but condescend
 Thyself to feed thy flock.

622. "*As I was with Moses, so will I be with thee.*"
 Joshua i. 5. (C. M.)

- 1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
 And all our tears be dry ;
 Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
 Which view a Saviour nigh ?

- 2 Though earthly pastors dwell in dust,
 The aged and the young,
 The watchful eye in darkness closed,
 And mute the instructive tongue ;

- 3 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
 New comfort to impart :
 His eye still guides us, and his voice
 Still animates our heart.

- 4 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
 "My church shall safe abide ;
 For I will ne'er forsake my own,
 Whose souls in me confide."

- 5 Through every scene of life and death,
 This promise is our trust ;
 And this shall be our children's song,
 When we are cold in dust.

623. "*An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled,
 and that fadeth not away.*" 1 Pet. i. 3—5.
 (C. M.)

- 1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord,
 Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
 His majesty ador'd.

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

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

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

5 Saints, by the power of God, are kept
 Till his salvation come;
 We walk by faith, as strangers here,
 Till Christ shall call us home.

624. *"Who shall change our vile body?"*
 Phil. iii. 21. (s. m.)

1 AND must this body die?
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 God my Redeemer lives,
 And from the lofty skies
 He watches o'er the sleeping dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Array'd in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And every shape and every face
 Look heav'nly and divine.

4. These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love ;
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his power above.
5. Accept, O Lord, the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

625. " *To this end Christ both died and rose and revived.*" Rom. xiv. 9. (L. P. M.)

- 1 WE sing his love, who once was slain,
 Who soon o'er death revived again,
 That all his saints through him might have
 Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.
- 2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
 His own almighty power shall keep,
 Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
 When death itself shall die away.
 Soon, &c.
- 3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
 When Christ his risen saints shall bring,
 From beds of dust and silent clay,
 To realms of everlasting day !
 Soon, &c.
- 4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
 Our utmost joys shall be complete :
 When landed on that heavenly shore,
 Death and the curse shall be no more.
 Soon, &c.

626. "When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels." 2 Thes. i. 7. (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.

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 word's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked 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 !"

627. "Behold, he cometh with clouds." Rev. i. 7.
(S. 7. 4.)

1 LO ! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain !
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah !
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

- 2 Every eye shall then behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty !
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away.
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the summons of that day ;
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away.
- 4 Yes, Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory ;
 Make thy righteous sentence known !
 Oh come quickly,
 Claim the Kingdom for thine own !
628. *“ And I saw a great white throne, and him
 that sat on it.”* Rev. xx. 11. (P. M.)
- 1 GREAT God ! what do I see and hear ?
 The end of things created !
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
 The dead which they contain before !
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding ;
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding ;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet him.

3 Great God ! what do I see and hear ?
 The end of things created !
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 Low at his cross, I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

629. " *At midnight there was a cry made, Behold,
 the Bridgroom cometh.*" Matt. xxv. 6.

(H. M.)

1 YE waiting souls, arise !
 With all the dead, awake !
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take :
 Up-starting at the midnight cry,
 Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who meet for glory are.
 Make ready for your full reward :
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend :
 Your Head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend.
 The pure in heart obtain the grace,
 To see without a veil his face.

4 Rejoice, in glorious hope
 Of that great day unknown,
 When you shall be caught up
 To stand before his throne ;
 Called to partake the marriage feast,
 And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

- 5 Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound :
 To see our Lord appear,
 May we be watching found ;
 Enrobed in righteousness divine,
 In which the bride shall ever shine !

630. " *And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth.*" 1 Cor. ii. 9. 10. Rev. xxi. 27. (C. M.)

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor sense nor reason known,
 What joys the Father hath prepar'd
 For those who love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
 Reveals a heav'n to come :
 The beams of glory in his word
 Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace ;
 No wanton lips, nor envious eye
 Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
 Pollution, sin, and shame ;
 None shall obtain admittance there
 But followers of the Lamb.

631. " *These are they that came out of great tribulation.*" Rev. vii. 13. (C. M.)

1 THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine !
 ' Whence all their white array ?
 ' How came they to the happy seats
 ' Of everlasting day ?

- 2 From torturing pains to endless joys
 On fiery wheels they rode,
 And strangely wash'd their raiment white
 In Jesus' dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach th' eternal God,
 And bow before his throne;
 With golden harps and sacred songs
 Adore the Holy One.
- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face
 Fill all the blest abode,
 While the rich treasures of his grace
 Are their celestial food.
- 5 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
 Where living fountains rise,
 And love divine shall wipe the tears
 Of sorrow from their eyes.

632. "They seek a better country." Heb. xiii. 14.

(L. P. M.)

- 1 LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
 Of all who travel to the sky,
 Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
 Who would on thee alone rely:
 On thee alone our spirits stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth, we know, is not our place;
 But hasten through this vale of woe,
 And, restless to behold thy face,
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight :
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light ;
 Jerusalem, the saint's abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind ;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The New Jerusalem to find ;
 Our labour this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heaven :
 That palace of our glorious King,
 We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
 We tread the way the saints have trod :
 The church of the first-born to join,
 We travel to the mount of God ;
 With joy upon our heads arise,
 And meet our Captain in the skies.

633. " *For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.*"

Heb. xi. 14. (S. P. M.)

1 FROM Egypt lately come,
 Where death and darkness reign.
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
 We haste with songs of joy :
 Where peace and liberty are found
 And sweets that never cloy.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
 And every conflict's o'er ;
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.

4 There, in celestial strains,
 Enraptured myriads sing ;
 There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God himself is King.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.

5 We soon shall join the throng ;
 Their pleasures we shall share ;
 And sing the everlasting song,
 With all the ransomed there.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.

6 How sweet the prospect is !
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast.
 We're journeying through the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our rest.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.

634. "And confessed that they were strangers
and pilgrims on the earth." Heb. xi. 13.
(8, 8, 6.)

- 1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot:
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell:
He only sojourns here.
- 2 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
- 3 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their good despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

635. "These are they which came out of great
tribulation, and have washed their robes."
Rev. vii. 14. (7's double.)

- 1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod :
 These from great affliction came.
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead :
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels all fears ;
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.

636. "*Whose faith follow.*" Heb. xiii. 7. (C. M.)

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

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

3 I ask them whence their victory came,
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
 (His zeal inspir'd their breast ;)
 And following their incarnate God
 Possess the promis'd rest,

- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern given,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Shew the same path to heaven.

637. "The holy city, New Jerusalem."
 Rev. xxi. 2. (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?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know.
 Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and wo,
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below,
 Will join the glorious band,
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
 My soul still pants for thee.
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

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TABLE OF THE FIRST LINES.

The names of some of the authors most frequently re-
curring are signified by the following initials :

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>C. Cowper.</i> | <i>M. Montgomery.</i> |
| <i>Cn. Conder.</i> | <i>N. Newton.</i> |
| <i>D. Doddridge.</i> | <i>W. Watts.</i> |
| <i>K. Kelly.</i> | <i>J. W. John Wesley.</i> |
| <i>C. W. Charles Wesley.</i> | |

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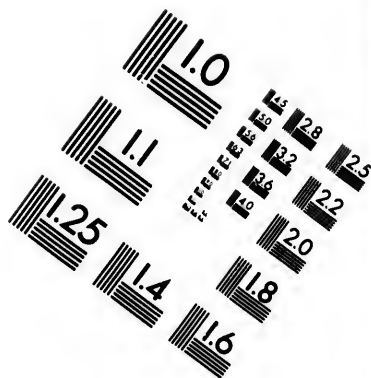
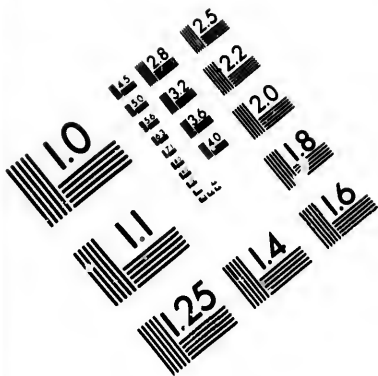
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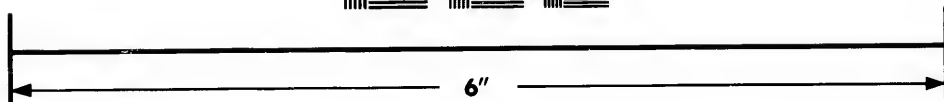
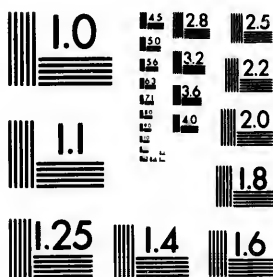
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THE END.

