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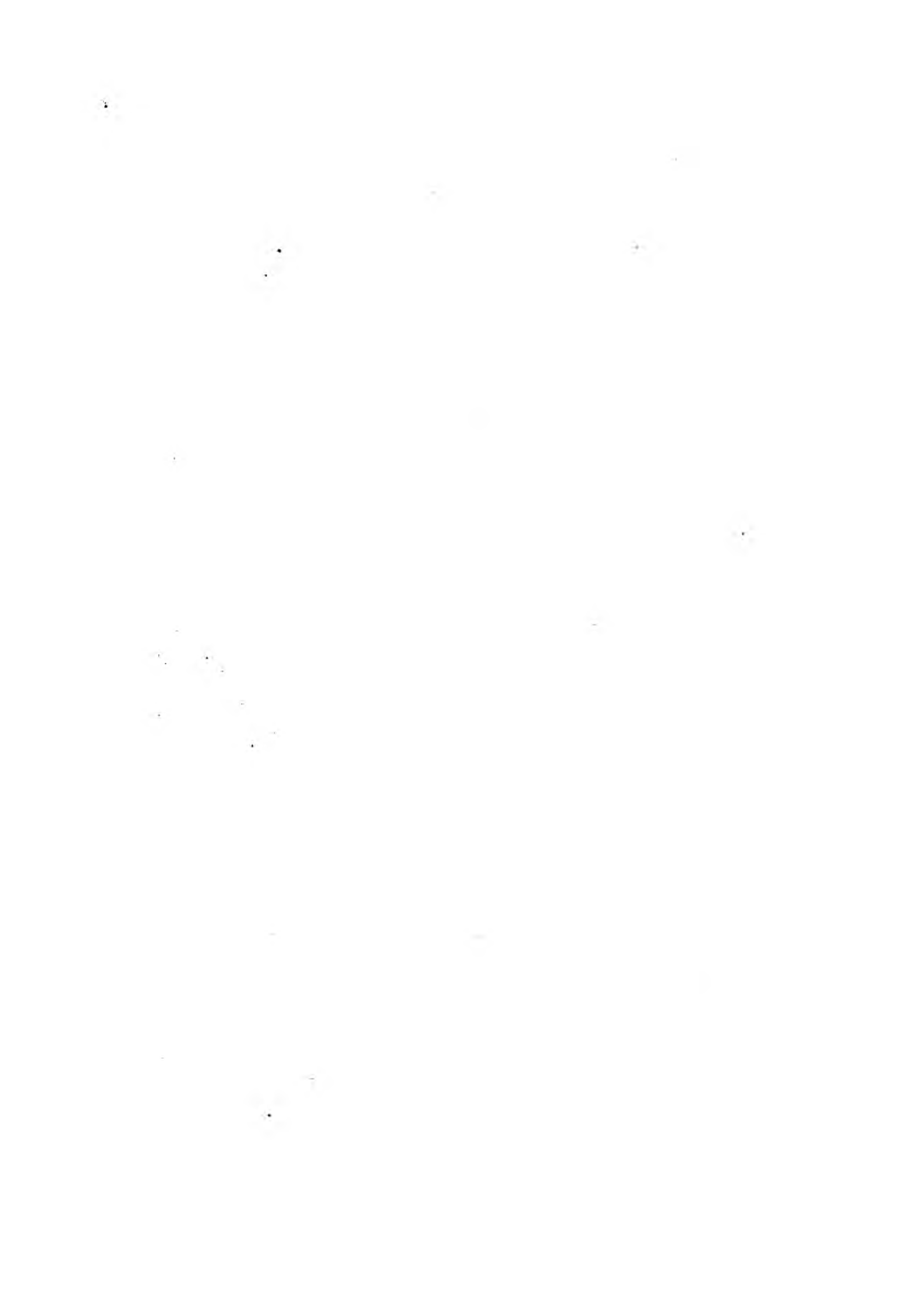


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BIBLICAL
LYRE.







THE BIBLICAL LYRE;

OR,

SONGS OF PRAISE FOR WORSHIPPERS
IN ZION.

ONE FOR EVERY SABBATH IN THE YEAR.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR CHANT MUSIC.

BY THE
REV. JAMES MARTIN.



“Singing with grace in your heart to the Lord.”—Col. iii. 16.

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—
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TO THE

REV. THOMAS BINNEY,

THE FOLLOWING

SONGS OF PRAISE

ARE DEDICATED AS A SMALL TOKEN OF THE
AUTHOR'S GREAT ESTEEM.

P R E F A C E .

THE writer of the following songs of praise is aware that there are now many thousands of persons who are very fond of chaunt music—not only in the Established Church, but also among Dissenters. And many chaunt tunes have been lately composed by some of our first masters of music. There has, however, hitherto, been an objection to singing of chaunts in congregational worship, because no hymns have been found of sufficient length to give time of rest for the minister, &c., during the different parts of the service ; because four or five verses sung to a chaunt do not take above a quarter of the time that would be expended in singing them to a common tune : consequently, a hymn should be from twelve to sixteen verses in length if a chaunt tune be sung.

Such being the case, it occurred to the Author that a book of songs of praise, suitable for chaunts,

might prove acceptable. He is aware that some may say we can chaunt the Psalms. It has, however, been found that a mixed congregation cannot chant Psalms well until they have chanted them several times, in consequence of the different number of words in the verses.

The following songs of praise are all in the common metre, which is the most appropriate for chaunt music. And the Author trusts that they will be found pleasing and instructive, independent of the specific object for which they are intended.

38, The Oval,
Hackney Road.

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THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

1

PRAISE TO GOD.

LET every heart and every voice
Adore Jehovah's name ;
Creation all in him rejoice
From whom their being came.

Praise him, ye angels, strong in might,
Who throng his courts above,
Unhurt by sin, pure, holy, bright,
Rejoicing in his love.

Praise him, ye glorious orbs of light
That run your wondrous rounds,
Creating seasons—day and night—
In space that has no bounds.

Praise him, ye mountains, hills, and plains,
Ye seas and rivers bright ;
Ye clouds and vapours, winds and rains,
To praise your God unite.

Praise him, ye birds, and beasts, and flies,
Ye fruits and flowers fair ;
Praise him who all your need supplies,
And watches you with care.

Praise him, all things beneath, above,
Around, unseen, unknown,
For he is God, a God of love,
And all things are his own.

Praise him, ye men of every name,
For ye his image bear ;
His blessings all your praises claim,
For in them all ye share.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Praise him for life's ethereal flame,
With pure and ardent glow,
And know, that as it from him came,
It back to him must go.

Praise him for health, and strength, and food,
For home, and kindred, friends,
For he's the source of all the good
His lib'ral bounty sends.

Praise him for blessings for the soul—
His house, his day, his Word ;
That throne of grace, where saints can hold
Communion with their Lord.

Praise him for Jesu's precious blood,
His robe of righteousness,—
For hope, beyond death's chilling flood,
Of heaven's eternal bliss.

Praise him for grace, praise him for love,
Praise him with all your soul ;
Praise him, till ye shall praise above
While endless ages roll.

2

CREATION.

PRAISE to our great Creator's name
Let every creature bring ;
His power, his love, his holy fame
Let all our voices sing.

He made our earth, and seas, and sky,
And every shining star,—
The sun, the moon, their light to ply,
And placed them where they are.

He formed the clouds that pass around,
The genial, fruitful shower ;
The lightning's glare, the thunder's sound
Proclaim his mighty power.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

He formed the beast, the bird, the fly,
The flowers that sweetly blow ;
The corn, the fruit his hands supply ;
He made the grass to grow.

He makes the smiling spring appear,
The summer's heatful glow,
And autumn spread her bounteous cheer,
And winter's sparkling snow.

He made his angels bright and fair,
Performing all his will
Who in his radiant glories share,
And heaven with praises fill.

And us he made—pure, happy, wise—
And gave us all below ;
And thus we stood, till Satan's lies
Caused sin, and death, and woe.

But praised for ever be that love
So boundless, wondrous, free !
The Saviour left his throne above,
To bleed for you, for me.

O, let us, then, our Maker bless
For bounteous favours given !
For life, and all things we possess,
Came from the stores of heaven.

And let us learn to imitate
His goodness day by day,
That we may peace and love create,
While here on earth we stay.

Great Father, send thy Spirit's aid,
Through Jesus, thy dear Son,
That we may be obedient made,
United all in one.

So shall we best reveal thy love,
Thy grace and goodness show,
Till we shall reach thy courts above,
Where thy full glories glow.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

3

REDEMPTION.

REDEEMING love ! let all unite,
With holy joy to sing ;
What other theme such pure delight
To sinful souls can bring.

Enslaved and bound in heavy chains
Of sin and death, were we ;
And doomed in everlasting pains,
With Satan's host to be.

Yet willing slaves we were to all,
The bondage we endured ;
Nor made we one imploring call,
That help might be procured.

Though all the wealth from pole to pole,
And all earth's shining gold ;
Could not redeem one fallen soul,
To sin and Satan sold.

But Jesus, our redeeming Lord,
To save us from the curse,
In love divine engaged his word,
That he would die for us.

The cost was mighty in extreme,
As awful was the fall ;
And not one soul could he redeem,
Without the mighty all.

His crown, his robes aside he laid,
And left his glorious throne ;
Assumed the form himself had made :
Dwelt on the earth, his own.

Was ever love so great, so pure ?
So condescending too ?
Well may the ransomed happy be ;
The lost, their folly rue !

THE BIBLICAL LYRE

Had angels changed for us to worms,
The change had wondrous been ;
But greater wonders Christ performs,
When he is, Saviour, seen.

The eternal God assumes our clay,
And in the manger lies !
Well may the prostrate sages pray,
And gaze with wondering eyes.

The source of life, and light, and bliss,
For us feels infant pain !
Sinner, was ever love like this ?
And shall he love in vain ?

He hungered, thirsted, weary was,
Our souls from want to free ;
And hate endured without a cause,
That we might happy be.

He blessed, he healed, the hungry fed,
The dead called from the grave :
He prayed, he wept, he groaned, he bled,
And died, from death to save.

Let praise from every heart and tongue,
To our Redeemer raise ;
His love, his power, his grace be sung,
Throughout eternal days.

4

THE SABBATH'S COME.

THE Sabbath's come, Oh ! Lord, we stand
Within the holy place :
For Jesus' sake thy love command,
And give to all thy grace.

The Sabbath's come, the holy day,
The day of sacred rest ;
The day Christ tore death's sting away,
The day which thou hast blest.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The Sabbath's come, we meet for prayer,
Lord, help us all to pray :
Forgetting all our worldly care,
And driving sin away.

The Sabbath's come, we sing thy praise,
Thy goodness, mercy, love,
Oh ! let the ardour of our lays,
Unite with choirs above.

The Sabbath's come, we read thy Word,
Thy Spirit's aid command,
That when thy gracious truths are heard,
Our hearts may understand.

The Sabbath's come, thy servant stands
Thy gospel to proclaim :
Oh may th'obedience it demands,
Be given by all, the same.

The Sabbath's come, let holy joy,
In every heart abound ;
Nor one unhallowed thought destroy,
Sweet harmony around.

The Sabbath's come, let faith be strong,
Thy promises to hold ;
And as our thoughts around them throng,
May brighter views unfold.

The Sabbath's come, let Jesus be,
More lovely in our sight
Than all that here on earth we see,
Than every fond delight.

The Sabbath's come, give love and zeal,
For souls, to many a heart,
That they may for the wanderer feel,
And kind advice impart.

The Sabbath's come, let it not be
As many that have passed :
Spent with but little care for thee,
But as it were our last.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The Sabbath's come, for all we pray,
Send down thy Spirit, Lord,
That all may love—may keep thy day,
Through all the earth abroad.

The Sabbath's come, fair type of heaven,
Where sweet Sabbatic joy ;
For ever shall to saints be given,
And reign without alloy.

5 THE RAINBOW, THE
EMBLEM OF GOD'S COVENANT WITH NOAH.

How bright, how beautiful, how fair,
Thy works, Almighty Lord :
How firm thy truth, how kind thy care,
Through nature spread abroad.

Through solemn ages past we roam,
By contemplation led,
And view our world—man's guilty home,
With myriads deluged—dead.

Yet then, thy righteous servant found,
Thy word of promise sure :
And o'er the sinners, dead, around,
Rode in the ark secure.

Thy tender mercy could not fail,
Nor shall, while time shall be ;
Though sin o'er millions may prevail,
Thy saints shall live for thee.

That beautiful bow in darkened cloud
Speaks truth and love abroad ;
Yet warns the stubborn and the proud
Who spurn thy gracious Word.

Our earth, again, shall ne'er be drowned,
As sure as shines the bow ;
But all without a Saviour found,
Must sink in floods of woe.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Fair symbol of God's love to man,
The bow we contemplate ;
Encircling earth, in glorious span,
With millions small and great.

Bent upwards—rising to the skies,
A bow unstrung, tis seen ;
No piercing arrow from it flies,
Though thunders intervene.

Though black the hovering clouds may be,
And in them lightening plays :
The blacker they, the more we see,
The rainbow's brilliant rays.

Thus doth God's covenant declare,
His love and justice join :
Thus sinners sink in black despair,
While saints in glory shine.

The sun's bright beams, the bow displays,
Soft, shining through the showers :
The Son of Righteousness conveys,
Sweet light in sorrowing hours.

Hail ! Glorious Rainbow ! may we live
In heaven, where, round the throne
Thy rays to Jesus, beauty give,
Whose blood did once atone.

Till then, whene'er thy beauties shine,
We'll view with grateful heart,
And love thy Maker all divine,
Till we from earth depart.

6

CHRIST OUR FRIEND.

THERE is a friendship pure, divine,
That will with sorrow blend,
In which no selfish motives join,
And Jesus is the Friend.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

With grateful hearts in songs of praise
His friendship loud proclaim ;
The same from everlasting days,
To endless years the same.

How great his pity, power, and love,
To our apostate race !
His friendship doth the curse remove,
And gives redeeming grace.

Though sunk in guilt, pollution, shame,
He'd not his love forego,
But to our earth from heaven he came,
That we to heaven might go.

His glory, riches, praises, crown,
For us he laid aside,
To sorrow, shame, reproach, came down,
And for us freely died.

The bloody sweat, the crown of thorns,
The cross, and piercing nails,
The pangs of direful death he scorns,
And thus o'er death prevails.

Thus pardon, peace, and endless bliss
Were gained for guilty man.
Sinner, was ever Friend like this ?
Despise him, if you can !

How vast the condescension, too,
Of our redeeming Lord !
To break his radiant glory through,
To shed his love abroad !

How constant and unshaken, too,
Through all the vast design !
No chilling change his friendship knew,
No shadow of decline.

The friends of earth may prove untrue,
May cause love bitter woe ;
Hearts really true on earth are few,
But Christ's no change can know.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

And now, though many years have passed
Since earth his friendship blessed,
His love and power are still as vast,
Nor can they e'er be less.

A Friend is Jesus, ever near
In every time and place,
To vanquish foes, to help and cheer,
And strengthen with his grace.

In life, in death, at judgment, too,
A Friend will Jesus prove
To all who seek for mercy through
His righteousness and love.

Then let us, aided by his grace,
In closer friendship live,
Till we shall see him face to face
Where seraphs homage give.

There shall we, with the ransomed throng,
Our holier praises blend,
And sing with them th' eternal song,
With Christ, th' Eternal Friend.

7

THE BURNING BUSH.

WHERE Sinai lifts its awful head,
And holy Horeb stands,
And stillness solemn as the dead
The traveller's awe demands,—

There God to Moses spake in fire,
The emblem of his might,
Condemned the oppressive tyrant's ire,
Commands his people's flight.

Nor shall he ever see oppressed,
Without a watchful eye,
His saints that in his cov'nant rest,
And for his mercy ply.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

“Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,”
His voice to Moses said ;
Let all who attempt their God to meet
Approach with holy dread.

The bush within the flaming fire
Uninjured still was seen ;
The Church, 'mid persecutions dire,
Preserved has ever been.

Though fires have blazed, and martyrs burned,
And passed through flames to heaven,
God has to good the evil turned,
To shame the murderers driven.

Through all the changing scenes around
Still mightier numbers meet
To listen to the gospel's sound,
And bow at Jesu's feet.

Thus shall the mighty work proceed,
In spite of every foe,
Till all the Book of God shall read,
Till all the Lord shall know.

The bush was in the dreary wild,
Where raging tempest roars ;
The soul, with Satan's wiles beguiled,
Its barrenness deploras.

But soon it shall transplanted be
To Canaan's verdant shore,
Where all from sin are ever free,
And Satan tempts no more.

But suff'rings here must heaven precede,
As toil precedes renown.
'Tis conflict speaks the mighty deed,—
The cross precedes the crown.

Fear not! “God is our Help and Shield;”
What foe can do us harm?
His Spirit gives the sword to wield,
His Word sounds the alarm.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Come, all the mightiest foes on earth ;
Come, death and judgment, too ;
The saints to heaven with holy mirth
Shall break the phalanx through.

8

CHRIST OUR KING.

SING praise to Christ, our heavenly King,
Who reigns enthroned above ;
Let all on earth their tribute bring,
And praise with joy and love.

O'er all his mighty sceptre sways,
On earth, in heaven, in hell,
O'er worlds unknown, and suns that blaze,
Whose number none can tell.

The King immortal Jesus is,
His reign no end shall see ;
And souls immortal, all are his,
And ever his shall be.

A righteous King is Jesus, too,
And all his laws are pure ;
And saints, eternal ages through,
Shall find his promise sure.

And Jesus is a gracious King,
And vilest sinners may
To him their saddest sorrows bring,
Nor will he turn away.

'Twas mercy brought him from his throne
For rebels here to die,
And every pang and every groan
Brought sweet redemption nigh.

His mercy gives redeeming grace
To all who grace obtain,
And all who humbly seek his face
Shall never seek in vain.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

A bounteous King is Jesus, too ;
No bounds his kindness knows ;
On all, his vast dominion through,
His goodness he bestows.

Then let us all, who hear his name,
His holy laws obey ;
To all his love and power proclaim,
Nor from his precepts stray.

Bring all your cares, your wanderings own,
And bow before his face,
And plead around his glorious throne,
For it is one of grace.

Anticipate the happy day
When faith shall turn to sight,
When prayer shall all be done away,
And praise be our delight.

And come to Christ, ye sinners, now,
For he rules over you ;
Before him all the knee shall bow,
And ye must, therefore, too.

Oh, stay not ! bow before him now,
That ye his love may know ;
Risk not thy soul, nor chance to bow
In everlasting woe.

9

ISRAEL'S RELEASE,
AND PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

FROM bondage, ancient Israel fled,
Their wondrous way to trace :
From viler bondage saints are led,
By God's redeeming grace.

The tyrant held the conflict long,
Before he'd let them pass :
And sin and Satan's powers are strong,
O'er souls while in their grasp.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The cloud and fire by day and night,
Became their faithful guide :
And God shall lead those souls aright,
Who in his power confide.

Proud Pharoah called his men of might,
Proclaimed his haughty will :
He'd stop the people in their flight,
Or blood their swords should spill.

The tempter vents his raging spleen,
When souls set out for heaven ;
And God's own power must step between,
Or backward they are driven.

The host pursued, and overtook,
Encompassed, Israel stood !
All hope of flight, their hearts forsook—
Before them was the flood.

The way the saints have oft to go,
Like that the father's trod :
Is fraught with trials, cares and woe,
Till they look up to God.

That dreaded sea, at God's command,
By Israel's host is seen :
Its waves to pile on either hand,
And make a road between.

Onward, and onward, Israel goes,
Till all have passed through ;
And onward went their following foes,
The way they never knew.

Then God looked through the hovering cloud,
With just and holy frown ;
And on the host of rebels proud,
The watery hills went down.

The haughty king, the captain's brave,
With terror and surprise ;
Are dashed within the mighty wave,
And sink no more to rise.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Then sang the people loud the song,
Of God's delivering power :
His arm can bring salvation strong,
In the afflictive hour.

So let us loud his praises sing,
With all our most powers ;
So shall he us through sorrows bring,
For Israel's God is ours.

10 CHRIST THE LIGHT OF MEN.

How good, how sweet is glorious light,
To all in earth and heaven :
The source of every pure delight,
In love to creatures given.

Fair emblem is the light of God,
He made it pure and bright,
And spread its beauteous rays abroad,
For he himself is light.

And Christ is, with his Father, One—
His glory, fair and bright ;
Of love's sweet system he's the Sun,
And therefore he is Light.

Throughout creation's vast extent
Light shows all things around ;
And Christ, God's love to creatures sent,
Reveals his mind profound.

The justice, truth, and love of God
Were in himself revealed,
And all with his most precious blood
He ratified and sealed.

The world's dark, lost, and dying state
He came to bring to view,
And with his own salvation great
His people to renew.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

He shewed himself the only way
To realms of joy on high,
Where shines eternal, glorious day,
And saints shall never die.

He brought his light on sin to bear,
Showed all its woeful pain,
And taught, that all who heaven would share,
Must first be born again.

He made his own example shine
In all its glowing rays,
And left it as a gem divine
For all on earth to praise.

He gave his Spirit's shining beams
To all who sought his love,
And still each seeking soul redeems,
Though crowned with light above.

Thus Jesus is the Light of men,
By God the Father given,
The Light to cheer in death's dark glen,
And shew the way to heaven.

11

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Now let our voices praise the Lord,
The great exalted King !
His praises should be spread abroad ;
His saints with joy should sing.

His Spirit fills the wondrous space,
Where worlds unnumbered roll ;
Yet blends in every sacred place,
With every pious soul.

His glory none can see or know,
Till they in heaven appear ;
Yet as our holy ardours glow,
We catch a semblance here.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

All things around in heaven and earth,
Were made by him alone ;
He gave the teeming millions birth,
And we are all his own.

Our God is perfect holiness,
And all our thoughts can see ;
Nor one that's sinful can he bless—
How holy should we be !

He rules o'er all with boundless sway—
Almighty is his power,
And still shall be through endless day,
As through this fleeting hour.

His goodness vast, supreme, divine—
What mind can comprehend ?
He's good to all of every clime,
He's nature's bounteous friend.

And our Almighty God is true,
And ever true shall be ;
All he has promised he will do ;
His word is his decree.

But most we praise him for his love,
So wondrous, boundless, free ;
The Saviour came from realms above,
To die upon the tree.

Amazing love ! to die for us !—
Who all deserved to die—
To bear the shame, the smart, the curse,
Why ? dearest Saviour, why ?

The Father died—the Son obeyed—
The Spirit acquiesced :
The angels adoration paid,
When sinners thus were blessed.

For all, the Great Redeemer died,
For all who trust his grace ;
Come, sinner, then, in him confide,
And you shall see his face.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

All glory, honour, love and praise,
To God, by all, be given;
Till then, our voices we will raise,
With all the saints in heaven.

Loud, and yet louder swell the strain,
Redeeming love to sound;
Till Jesu's love all hearts shall gain,
Throughout creation's bound.

12

GOD OUR PORTION.

How vain and fleeting all on earth,
Ungodly men enjoy
Their gold and honours, pride and mirth,
Their all shall death destroy.

Not so, the men of godly mind,
They've wealth for ever stored;
When all on earth shall be resigned;
Their portion is the Lord.

'Tis through the Saviour's work, that we,
Have for our portion, God:
We gain the right, his sons to be,
By faith in Jesu's blood.

God is our portion, wondrous, great,
From him all good proceeds;
All that conceptive powers create,
His goodness far exceeds.

God as a portion satisfies,
The saint's most strong desires;
And even while the body dies,
The soul with joy inspires.

God is a portion ever sure,
Each sinking soul to bless:
In every trying hour to cheer;
To help in sore distress.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

God is a portion ever sure,
Though others lost may be ;
He still unchanging shall endure,
For he no end can see.

In youth, in age, in sickness, health ;
In every time and place ;
God will bestow eternal wealth,
On all who seek his face.

This portion, then, let all enjoy,
With gratitude and love ;
His light and comfort, peace and joy,
Till we shall meet above.

For life and all things we possess,
God should our praises see ;
But more, that he our souls to bless,
Our portion deigns to be.

Let praise be fervent and sincere,
For every blessing given ;
For we must learn to praise him here,
Before we praise in heaven.

So may we in each grace improve,
Our Father's praise to gain ;
In wisdom, purity and love,
Our station well maintain.

To all, our portion, recommend
With ardent zeal and love ;
That they, with joy, their way may wend
To realms of joy above.

13 SEND DOWN THY SPIRIT, LORD.

SEND down thy Spirit, Lord, we pray,
With all its mighty powers ;
That we our solemn vows may pay,
In sweet Sabbatic hours.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, to show
That we all sinners are,
And that in this sad world of woe,
We've wandered from thee far.

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, and bring
Each wanderer back to thee,
That they with gratitude may sing
The Saviour died for me.

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, to shine
On all we should approve,
And let us see in light divine,
The wonders of thy love.

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, to give
The lessons we should learn ;
Nor let us ever, while we live,
Thy kind instructions spurn.

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, to move
Our sluggish, sinful, souls ;
That we may all our powers improve,
As time still onward rolls.

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, to cheer
In every trying hour ;
We shall endure, if thou art near,
To give enduring power.

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, to guide,
And keep us in thy way ;
Or we shall surely turn aside—
Shall surely go astray.

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, and give
Us pure and holy zeal,
That we may to thy glory live,
And faith in love reveal.

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, impart
Grace equal to our day ;
That we may quench each fiery dart,
Of Satan on our way.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, destroy
The wants of flesh and sin ;
And let its fruits—love, peace and joy
Dwell all our souls within.

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, on all
Our kindred near and dear ;
That when thou shalt to judgment call,
They may with joy appear.

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, and bless
The whole of Adam's race ;
That every tongue may Christ confess,
And all adore his grace.

Send down thy Spirit, Lord, and bring
Us safely unto thee ;
With all the ransomed host to sing
Throughout eternity.

14 THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST, GLORIOUS.

THE works of God all glorious are,
Throughout creation's frame,
Above, beneath, around, afar,
All things his power proclaim.

From all the mighty orbes of light,
To atoms scarcely seen ;
From angels, holy, fair and bright,
To flies in sunny beam.

His glory beams effulgent rays,
Before his creatures sight ;
And calls on all to speak his praise,
With wonder and delight.

But greater glory, far, we trace
The glorious gospel in—
Glad tidings to a ruined race—
Release from every sin.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

And Jesus is the first and last,
Of all the glorious scheme ;
He saved in all the ages past,
And henceforth shall redeem.

The gospel glorious is for all
The blessings it bestows ;
For all the ills that man befall,
Remedial virtue flows.

'Tis freedom for the suffering slave,
And for the starving, bread :
Reprieve to those, who pardon crave,
And life to those who're dead.

'Tis glorious in its changing power,
It renovates the mind ;
And leads the soul on high to soar,
Until it heaven can find.

The gospel, in its power is made
The staff on which we lean ;
The glass through which, with glorious aid,
Eternal things are seen.

The gospel shews the haven fair,
To mariners tempest-tost,
And finds with tender love and care,
A home for wanderers lost.

To warriors it reveals a crown,
And to the labourer rest ;
To those who bear reproach—renoun,
And wealth to those distressed.

The gospel shews the happy way,
To live in peace and love ;
And teaches all the way to pray,
For blessings from above.

The gospel shews the glorious way
In which believers die,
And points to realms of glorious day,
Where they shall dwell on high.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Then let the gospel honoured be,
And every soul believe :
So shall they all its glory see,
Its blessings all receive.

15

CHRIST IMMUTABLE.

THE Saviour's beauty far exceeds
The praise the creature gives ;
For in him every fulness dwells,
That in Jehovah lives.

Sweet mercy, sounding in his name,
Dispels the sinners fears ;
And ever shall he be the same,
Throughout eternal years.

How cheering is the happy thought,
As borne by time away ;
That we in one with Christ are brought,
Who never can decay.

While kingdoms, powers and persons change,
Oft losing wealth and fame ;
There's naught can Jesu's power derange,
For he is still the same.

The same in all the ages past,
To day the very same ;
And through eternal years shall last,
In all things still the same.

The same, as heir of all below,
And all above the sky :
The Lord, who can no changes know :
Whose fame can never die.

The same in glory and renown,
Above all powers that be :
His kingdom, sceptre, throne and crown,
Last through eternity.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The same in power o'er all things made,
For he created all :
And with his power they all are stayed,
And by him rise or fall.

The same in all his boundless love,
To Adam's guilty race :
Which death itself could not remove,
Nor angel's power can trace.

The merit of th' atonement great,
Has ever been the same ;
Nor can its merits e'er abate,
While souls those virtues claim.

And Jesus is the very same,
In sweet compassion too :
As when to this, our earth he came,
And passed its sorrows through.

In sweet and precious promises,
The same is Jesus still :
They must stand sure, for they are his
Whose promise is his will.

Then loud the praise of Jesus sing,
Bid all his glory know :
And let your warmest love to him
No sign of changing know.

And mark the triumphs of his cause,
It shall, it must prevail,
For that he wills, and all his laws,
Can never, never fail.

THE praises of Jehovah's word,
Let every creature sing :
Adore him as their bounteous Lord,
And grateful homage bring.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

His word reveals his holy mind,
His mercy, truth and love :
That seeking souls the path may find,
That leads to realms above.

'Tis like the sun, for as its rays,
The works of nature cheer :
So God's own word, leads men to praise,
His love with hearts sincere.

'Tis like a lamp in darkest night,
To travellers on their way :
Till they shall see the better light,
Of heaven's eternal day.

'Tis like the rain, for as its showers
Makes nature beauty shew :
So where the word displays its powers,
The fruits of virtue grow.

'Tis like the food on which we live :
It makes the spirit thrive :
It shews where we may grace receive,
To keep our faith alive.

'Tis like the dew that falls around ;
In pearly drops distilled :
For souls beneath its influence found,
Are with refreshment filled.

'Tis like the fire that purifies,
And drives the dross away :
'Tis God's own truth and sanctifies ;
And leads the soul to pray.

'Tis like a jewel rich and rare,
Of mighty, wondrous worth—
To those who wish in heaven to share,
More dear than all on earth.

Let all, the word of God approve,
Obey the gospel's call ;
And daily by its light improve,
For 'tis a book for all.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The rich, the poor, the young, the old,
The wise, the foolish too,
The king, the peasant, all are told,
In it what they should do.

It teaches all the way to live ;
The way in which to die :
The way the paths of sin to leave,
And seek for joys on high.

It teaches all that Jesus died,
The soul from sin to save ;
That all, who in his love confide,
Are ransomed from the grave.

Let all extol the sacred word
With thankful heart and voice,
And spread it all the earth abroad,
Till all in it rejoice !

17 THE HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

THE mighty God fills boundless space
With radiant glory bright,
Which men and angels cannot trace
With all conception's might.

Yet in his word, the saints are told,
He has his holiest place ;
In which his glory to unfold,
Where they shall see his face.

There mansions are for all prepared
Who love him here below,
Though they in sin's deserts have shared,
And to the grave must go.

Yet God shall by his power divine
Reanimate our dust,
And soul and body sweetly join
As he made Adam first.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Then shall the heavenly mansions fill
With all the ransomed throng ;
In holy love and joy to dwell,
And sing the eternal song.

O, glorious sight, to mortals shown,
While in this gloomy vale !
And Jesus made the mansions known,
Whose word can never fail.

His death, his spotless righteousness,
And passage through the grave,
Made way for God, the soul to bless,
Who trusts his power to save.

The mansions are in number great ;
The saints shall countless be ;
The heaven they gain a boundless state
Of pure felicity.

The heavenly mansions vary, wide
As stars have glory given ;
The greatest saints on earth reside
In greatest bliss in heaven.

Effulgent light the mansions fair
Eternally surround ;
For there can be no darkness where
The Lord himself is found.

The heavenly mansions all are pure,
No sin can enter there ;
And thus they ever shall endure
In heaven's untainted air.

So shall a holy peace serene
Amid the mansions be ;
No toil, nor sin, can intervene
Where all from sin are free.

Let all who in the Lord believe,
With joy anticipate,
The hour when we this earth shall leave
To gain the heavenly state.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Rejoice in all the Saviour's done,
And all he still shall do,
To join the ransomed host in one,
Eternal ages through.

His dying love with grateful praise
And joyful tongues adore ;
By which from earth to heaven we raise
Those mansions to explore.

18

GOD OUR REFUGE.

God is a refuge great and strong
For all who trust his grace ;
Let heart and voice with grateful song
His power and goodness praise.

God, as the refuge of his saints,
For ever stands secure ;
In all their sorrows and complaints
They find his mercy sure.

God is a refuge ever near,
Where'er his people be ;
The humble suppliant's prayer to hear,
The sufferer's woe to see.

When fierce temptations saints assail,
In dark distressing hour,
God, as a refuge, will not fail
To shield them with his power.

In days of sad adversity,
When goods and friends forsake,
God will himself our refuge be,
And kind provision make.

When sickness lays the body low,
And flesh and spirit fails,
And death stands near to strike the blow,
And nought to heal avails ;

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Then mighty is our refuge—God,
The only refuge near,
While Jesus pleads his precious blood,
And angel spirits cheer.

So when from earth the spirit's fled,
And winged its mystic flight,
And left the prostrate body dead
Before the mourner's sight.

With God a refuge then it finds,
From whom at first it came,
Within the wondrous world of minds
Of pure etherial flame.

There praising with a pure delight,
To spirit's only known ;
It waits to wing its downward flight,
To take the body home.

God is a refuge unto all
Who humbly seek his face ;
Who in the name of Jesus call
For his redeeming grace.

Then trust ye in Jehovah's power—
To him for refuge fly,
In every troubled, trying hour,
For he shall help supply.

Fear not, though you destruction see
Of all things spread abroad—
Though earth itself on fire shall be,
Our refuge is the Lord.

19

O, LORD OF HOSTS.

O, LORD of Hosts, thy courts we love,
The temple for thy praise ;
And blend with heavenly choirs above,
Our grateful, joyful lays.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

- O, Lord of Hosts, we love the day
Which thou thyself hast blessed—
To rest from toil—our vows to pay—
Fair type of heavenly rest.
- O, Lord of Hosts, we love thy word—
Revealing all thy mind—
The bright and shining light conferred,
In which we heaven can find.
- O, Lord of Hosts, we love to hear
The gospel's joyful sound—
O may its gladdening tidings cheer,
Till we with thee are found.
- O, Lord of Hosts, thy servant's true,
Who all thy truth express ;
We love them for the work they do,
And pray that thou would'st bless.
- O, Lord of Hosts, we love thy saints,
Of every clime and name ;
Their love, their joys, their fears, complaints,
With ours are all the same.
- O, Lord of Hosts, we love thy throne—
Thy glorious throne of grace—
In Jesu's name, and his alone,
We come before thy face.
- O, Lord of Hosts, we love to pray,
Because thou hearest prayer ;
O, give us all we need to day,
And faith to trust thy care.
- O, Lord of Hosts, we love to sing
Our songs of praise to thee ;
We would our hearts pure tribute bring,
And in the Spirit be.
- O, Lord of Hosts, thy Spirit send—
We love to feel its power :
We love above the world to ascend,
And dwell with thee an hour.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE

O, Lord of Hosts, we sinners love—
For we are sinners too :
O give thy grace—their guilt remove—
Create their hearts anew.

O, Lord of Hosts—dear Saviour we
Thy mercy most adore ;
And mourn that for thy love so free
We cannot love thee more.

O, Lord of Hosts, our God thou art,
Through all eternity ;
O, give thy grace to every heart—
O guide us all to thee.

20

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

THE trumpet of the Jubilee,
In Israel's camp was blown,
That all the host rejoiced might be
With love and favour shown.

The gospel trumpet's sweeter voice
Proclaims to sinners round,
They may in Jesus now rejoice—
For in him love is found.

The year of happy Jubilee
Was fixed by God's own will ;
The gospel, full of mercy free,
Speaks his commandment still.

The joyful year of Jubilee
Was sweetly ushered in,
While Israel's host drew near to see
The atonement made for sin.

The blood was shed, the wrath t' appease,
And then the trumpet blew ;
Proclaiming love, and joy, and peace,
The tribes of Israel through.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The gospel trumpet ne'er had blown
If Jesus had not died ;
His blood did once for sin atone,
And none can save beside.

With rapturous joy the Jubilee year
Was made to Israel known :
The angel's songs the shepherd's hear
When Christ the Saviour's born.

The year of Jubilee conferred
Abundant blessings round—
The gospel's gracious, powerful word,
Is with rich blessings crowned.

The year of Jubilee bestowed
On all abundance great :
From Christ, to all, shall mercy flow,
Who round his table wait.

The year of Jubilee proclaimed
The slave for ever free,
And prisoners sweet release obtained,
Though great their sins might be.

The gospel brings to slaves of sin
A sweet redemption near ;
While prisoners shut the prison in
Of sweet deliverance hear.

The Jubilee year forgave the poor
Their debts—though great the sum—
And Christ forgiveness has in store
For all who humbly come.

Possessions lost were all restored
When Jubilee came in :
We gain in Christ, our glorious Lord,
More than we lost by sin.

The year of Jubilee was one
Of joy, and peace, and rest :
The saints, when all their labour's done,
With rest in heaven are blessed.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Then loud the gospel trumpet sound,
Nor sin, nor Satan, fear,
Till peace, and love, and joy abound—
Till all the earth shall hear.

21 CHRIST THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

LET all our voices join to praise
Our great Redeemer's name,
And all our powers unite to raise
The honours of his fame.

Not all created objects fair,
However great their worth,
Can with his beauty dare compare,
Or set his glory forth.

He is the beauteous glowing sun
Of righteousness divine,
And while eternal days shall run,
Before the saints shall shine.

The Saviour to the orb of day
A pleasing semblance bears,
Though every beauty fades away
When Christ the saint compares.

In nature's works, around—afar,
Her endless orders run;
Her trees, her flowers, her seas, her stars,
Yet but one smiling sun.

So in the heavenly world is seen
Seraphic legions fair—
Of every order, rank and mien—
Yet but one sun is there.

The glorious sun is great—sublime—
The monarch of the skies;
And all around, though bright they shine,
Before his splendour dies.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The Saviour's greatness, who can know ?
His crown, his throne, his name,
Shall live eternal ages through,
In glory still the same.

The beauteous sun his radiant beams
To all on earth conveys :
On thrones, or cells, impartial gleams—
Fills all with joy and praise.

So Jesus sheds abroad his grace,
Abundant, full and free,
On all from earth's benighted race,
Who crave his saints to be.

The sun reveals the beauties fair
Of every cheering scene,
The smiling wolds, the flowers rare,
And all that intervene.

So Christ reveals all heavenly things
With light and power divine ;
As on the way to heaven he brings
The saint in light to shine.

Without the cheering orb of day
Earth's beauteous charms would die ;
And all around in dark decay
And woeful misery lie.

So man, with all his pride and powers,
Without the Saviour's light
Must dwell where woeful darkness lours
In one eternal night.

Bright sun of righteousness arise,
Our gloomy fears dispel ;
And light us onward to the skies,
In endless light to dwell !

WE BLESS THEE, LORD.

WE bless thee, Lord, for all thou art,
For all things given by thee ;
O, give thy grace to every heart,
That all thy love may see.

We bless thee, Lord, that thou hast made
This wondrous earth for us ;
With splendrous beauty still arrayed,
Though tarnished by the curse.

We bless thee, Lord, for promise given,
Through Christ divinely free,
Of that new home—that glorious heaven—
Where no more curse shall be.

We bless thee, Lord, for life from thee,
In likeness fair of thine :
O, may we here more like thee be,
And be for ever thine.

We bless thee, Lord, for life preserved,
While others die around :
Thy favours all are undeserved :
May we be holier found.

We bless thee, Lord, that we are fed
With food thine hands supply :
O, feed our souls with heavenly bread,
That we may never die.

We bless thee, Lord, for needful dress,
By thine own care supplied :
O, give Christ's robe of righteousness,
Our sin and guilt to hide.

We bless thee, Lord, for home and friends,
Where peace and love abound ;
For all the joys thy goodness sends,
In one perpetual round.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

We bless thee, Lord, for hope that we
Shall gain a heavenly home ;
Where all the ransomed host shall be,
No more from thee to roam.

We bless thee, Lord, for thine own day,
Thy word and gospel light :
For means of grace to sing and pray,
And hear thy truths aright.

We bless thee, Lord, for holy love
And fellowship with thee :
Sweet foretaste of our blest abode,
When we transformed shall be.

We bless thee, Lord, for all the good
The unnumbered blessings given ;
Which daily round our path are strewed
While travelling on to heaven.

We bless thee, Lord, still most for all
Thou hast through Jesus done :
His love has ransomed from the fall ;
His love and thine are one.

We bless thee, Lord, and still will bless,
While in this world we stay ;
Then rise, our blessings to express,
Throughout eternal day.

23

CHRIST, OUR PRIEST.

SING praise to Christ, our great High Priest,
With thankful holy awe :
From every toilsome rite released
Of ceremonial law.

No struggling, bleeding sacrifice
The sinner need to bring ;
His trust, his consolation lies
In Christ, his priest and king.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The priest of old a 'semblance bore
To Christ in all his might ;
And Israel that resemblance saw
In every holy rite.

The priests of old were not impure
By weak infirmity :
And Christ was spotless, holy, pure,
From all defilement free.

The priest devoted wholly was
To every holy rite :
The Saviour, in redemption's cause,
Spent all his holy life.

The priest appointed was by God
His holy work to do :
In all the way the Saviour trod
His Father's will he knew.

The priest was clad in beauteous dress,
Which purity portrayed ;
And Christ, the Lord our righteousness,
With beauty is arrayed.

The breastplate on the priest was seen
With stones of precious worth ;
And near Christ's heart the saints have been
Since time first gave them birth.

The priest for all the people made
The atoning sacrifice ;
But Christ himself our ransom paid,
And bleeds, and groans, and dies.

With blood the priest went once a year
Within the holy place :
But Christ to heaven for us to appear
Before his Father's face.

The people, in God's holy name,
The priest with kindness blessed :
Through Christ our greatest blessings came,
And he gives all the rest.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The priest gave judgment unto all
With fixed determined will :
Christ shall the dead to judgment call,
Their doom for ever seal.

Then come, adore the Saviour's name,
Proclaim his grace and love :
Our Priest, our Offering he became,
And still he pleads above.

No other priest nor offering made
For sinners can atone ;
The debt for sin is fully paid,
And Christ must save alone.

24

GOD'S HOUSE.

Jehovah dwells in glorious space
Of vast infinity ;
Which skill and vision ne'er can trace,
Nor contemplation see.

Yet graciously he condescends
With humble souls to dwell ;
And blessings from his presence sends,
Where they his goodness tell.

The assembling of his saints he loves
More than their dwelling place ;
And every holy work approves
That beams the light of grace.

So saints have ever loved his house,
And ever yet shall love ;
And there resort to pay their vows
Till they shall meet above.

The house of science prized may be
By proud philosophers ;
But they such wisdom cannot see
As that which God confers.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The house where mighty senates meet,
From whence they laws declare ;
Though many crave the honoured seat
Has no such glory there.

The stately house where splendour glows,
In which a king may dwell,
No glory like God's temple shows,
Where saints loud anthems swell.

There God bestows on them around
The treasures of his grace ;
There pardon, peace and joy abounds,
And blessings fill the place.

There sweet resemblance dwells of heaven,
And souls in raptures rise ;
In Jesus see their sins forgiven—
Their mansions in the skies.

Their songs unite with those above
Who sing around the throne :
For all rejoice in Jesu's love,
And in him all are one.

Sing, then, his praises loud and long,
And banish every fear :
Jehovah gave the power of song
And loves our praise to hear.

Till, when we see our Father, God,
Our Saviour, face to face,
We'll sing of all-atoning blood,
And free and sovereign grace.

And come ye, who have never yet
The Lord Jehovah praised,
Bow humbly down at Jesu's feet,
And be in mercy raised.

Your sins confess, his love adore,
Unfold your soul's desires ;
So shall ye fear and weep no more,
And join the heavenly choirs.

To God, Jehovah, praise is due
For all deliverance brought ;
Let all their grateful thanks renew,
For all his wonders wrought.

Look on the mighty flying host
Of Israel's frightened foes,
And learn how vain in power to boast,
If God but interpose.

How vain the sword, the helmet bright,
The glittering spear and shield,
The will, the wish, the strength to fight,
If God his power but wield !

How small, how weak, to mortal eye,
The means by God employed,
To bring his mighty wonders nigh,
And spread his truth abroad !

The spreading armies in array
On either hill appear ;
The vaunting champion, day by day,
To Israel's host draws near.

A shepherd youth, in rustic dress,
Makes, with an ass, his way,
And hears the champion words express
Which all the camp dismay.

The power of God his soul inspires
With fixed, determined throe,
He makes it known that he desires
To kill the boasting foe.

The raging bear, the lion bold,
God gave him strength to kill,
While watching o'er his helpless fold,—
And God will aid him still.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Thus spake the youth before the king,
And on his armour braced ;
But soon 'twas changed for stone and sling,
And then he ran with haste.

The hosts look on with pitying spleen,
To see the stripling go ;
The giant waits with haughty mien,
To strike some fatal blow.

But mark the contrast in the two,—
The one God's host defies ;
The other, all the conflict through,
For strength on God relies.

By idol-gods, material, dead,
The one his curses hurls ;
The other names the God who spread
Around the unnumbered worlds.

The one, in his own strength will do
The deeds his passions crave ;
The other, does, that earth may know
That God has power to save.

The fatal conflict soon is o'er ;
For David slings the stone ;
The champion falls to rise no more,
And heaves the dying groan.

Then all the host with terror roared,
Lamented, cried, and fled,
And David, with the giant's sword,
Smote off the giant's head.

Thus David typifies his Lord,
Who vanquished every foe,
And gave his gospel's gracious word,
For all our race to know.

THE HEAVENLY WAY.

SING praise to God, who gives us grace
To tread the heavenly way ;
Its beauties as we go to trace
In light of gospel day.

The way is old that leads to heaven ;
'Tis that the fathers trod ;
The only way to sinners given
In which they go to God.

'Tis good, supremely good, for all
Of every clime and grade ;
The old, the young, the great, the small ;
Though all from it have strayed.

'Tis good, for Jesus o'er it passed,
And made it all divine ;
And while the world and time shall last,
His light shall on it shine.

The heavenly way is safe, secure ;
Though foes may threaten round,
They cannot harm, nor light obscure
From souls on spiritual ground.

The heavenly way is free for all ;
None dare a barrier place ;
All who with faith on Jesus call
Shall have redeeming grace.

Though e'er so great their sins may be,
Though numerous as the sand,
The power of grace can set them free,
Though Satan dare withstand.

Yet holy is the heavenly way ;
No wilful sinners there ;
No soul can God with guile betray,
Though many vainly dare.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Obedient must the travellers be,
And wisely pass along ;
For by their walk observers see
That they to Christ belong.

The way to heaven, beyond the grave,
And sin, and Satan, leads ;
For Christ has power from dust to save,
And all satanic deeds.

The way to heaven leads on to rest
From every guilty fear,
To thrones, to mansions, where the blessed
Before their Lord appear.

To happy spirits, saved, redeemed,
To angels bright and fair,
To all we once on earth esteemed,
Who loved by Jesus were.

To patriarchs, prophets, fathers, true,
To martyrs who have bled,
Or passed from earth the fierce flames through,
The glorious truth to spread.

Then let us walk the heavenly way ;
On Christ for strength depend ;
His light, his love, his works portray,
And contemplate the end.

27

NAAMAN.

NAAMAN was a man of might,
In every noble cause,
And raised to honor's noblest height,
But he a leper was !

How many like Naaman still,
The esteem of many win ;
For they their station nobly fill,
But they are stained with sin !

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Naaman's captive, Jewish maid,
Though basely seized and sold,
To give her master healing aid,
Of good Elisha told.

Her race are scattered o'er the earth,
And vilely treated too :
And some will treat their woes with mirth,
Yet Christ lived here a Jew.

Naaman sought the Jewish King,
And passed the prophet by :
E're men to Christ their sufferings bring,
What other means they'll try !

Yet no one but Elisha could
The captain, proud, direct ;
Though he at first indignant stood,
The simple means to object.

How many have the gospel news
Rejected with disdain ;
Yet sought at last what they refused
To ease their dying pain.

His servants turned his haughty rage,
He dips in Jordan's flood,
His flesh is healed, his pains assuage,
He praises Israel's God.

How simple were the means employed,
And yet how great the cure !
And thus his pride was all destroyed,
His praises rendered pure.

No pomp, no gaudy show and rites
Are with the gospel given,
It simply, sweetly all invites
To seek the way to heaven.

Back to the prophet, then he turned,
Confessed without reserve,
He had God's wondrous power discerned,
And him alone he'd serve.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The grace of Israel's God, can move
The proudest, hardest heart,
And make the sinner, filled with love,
With all but Jesus part.

The prophet curbed Naaman's wish
For him to take reward :
The Christian, cannot here be rich,
And yet be like the Lord !

Let all adore the power and love,
Which wrought Naaman's care,
And seek those blessings from above,
Which ever shall endure,

No power but that bestowed by God,
Could cleanse the leper's skin,
And nothing but the Saviour's blood,
Can cleanse the soul from sin.

28

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

Jehovah is our sovereign King,
Sing praise with heart and voice ;
Let all on earth their tribute bring,
And every heart rejoice.

Though seated on a throne so bright,
That angels veil the face,
As they approach the glorious sight,
Yet it is one of grace.

'Tis through the atonement Jesus made,
The sinner may draw near,
And in his righteousness arrayed,
Before his God appear.

With humble boldness now we may
With God the Father plead,
And in the name of Jesus, pray
For all things we may need.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

No fear, nor dread, the soul should feel,
For God in mercy waits
His power and glory to reveal,
And grace communicates.

'Tis his own voice that calls us near,
'Tis his own spirit moves ;
He gives his light our way to cheer,
And all because he loves.

Come then, the throne of grace surround,
Speak freely to your King,
For with him plentious grace is found,
For every care you bring.

Come with assurance of success,
With faith that none can move ;
Nor fear, and ask for blessings less,
Because you doubt his love.

Come frequently, you need not fear
And tell the times with care,
Your sovereign loves your voice to hear,
You live with him by prayer.

Just as you are approach the throne,
Nor wait yourself t' attire,
For clad in garments of your own,
Your King cannot admire.

Christ spotless robe of righteousness,
Wrought with his dying pain,
Must form our rich, our heavenly dress.
And that by prayer we gain.

Approach, whatever be your case,
However great your sins,
You shall obtain redeeming grace,
For prayer by grace begins.

Let all approach of every name,
Of every colour, cast ;
For grace through Christ they all may gain,
And shall while time shall last.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Approach then now, for after time
No throne of grace shall be ;
And that of judgment's power, sublime,
All Adam's race shall see.

Then all whov'e sought the throne of grace,
With joy their Lord shall see,
Triumphant reach the promised place,
And with him ever be.

29

THE GOSPEL BANNER.

LET soldiers of the cross appear
Before their glorious Lord,
With reverence all his counsels hear,
With joy obey his Word.

The gospel banner when unfurled,
Displays the Saviour's cross,
Revealing to a sinful world,
Salvation for the cost.

The gospel banner war proclaims,
With every sinful wile ;
With Satan, darkness, death and flames,
And all that souls beguile.

The gospel banner, pure and white,
Unsullied by the cross,
A truce proclaims to all who fight,
With proud, but useless force.

The gospel banner raised on high,
Calls all the scattered round :
'Tis God's own means with men, whereby
Sweet union may abound.

Though some may only systems use,
And such as banners hoist,
God will their doings all refuse,
We must be one in Christ.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The gospel banner set on earth
Directs the way to heaven ;
And who can tell its wondrous worth,
Or count its blessings given ?

Then let the gospel banner high
With love and joy be raised,
To bring the wandering sinner nigh,
That Jesus may be praised.

Fear not, though met by hostile foes ;
Though idle friends object ;
Though selfish teachers truth oppose,
And banners false erect.

Still let the glorious banner wave
Within the heavenly air ;
And shout ye, Triumph o'er the grave !
Release from hell's despair !

Lift up the banner in God's name ;
His faithful servants be ;
His power all ancient foes o'ercame,
And you his power shall see.

Pray for his grace your hands to stay ;
Think of your Captain's love ;
And wait with joy the happy day
To range his courts above.

There all who conquer shall the crown
From his own hands obtain ;
Be hailed with honour and renown
By all the heavenly train.

Then higher, and yet higher still,
The gospel banner raise,
Till all obey God's righteous will,
Till all the Saviour praise.

LET saints their praise to God renew,
For all the blessings given,
He guides us all our journey through,
While on the way to heaven.

Like all the fathers gone before,
As pilgrims here we go :
But God will grace upon us pour,
And all we need bestow.

We need a guide almighty, wise,
For 'tis a wonderous way :
The way by which our spirits rise
To joys that ne'er decay.

We need a guide, for dark and drear
The way is often found ;
But God to keep our souls from fear,
Sheds gracious light around.

We need a Guide, for many ways
Seem good to mortal sight,
And many strive their own to praise,
But one alone is right.

We need a guide, for Satan lays
His wily snares around,
Allures, deceives, and often stays
The saint on holy ground.

We need a Guide, because the soul
Is apt to turn aside,
And did not grace the will control,
Would perish in its pride.

But God, for Jesu's sake, who died
That we to heaven might go,
Becomes our holy, heavenly guide,
In face of every foe.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

He guides with counsels of his word,
Directing all our way ;
Whate'er our state, his voice is heard,
Lest we should go astray.

He guides us by th' examples bright
Drawn in his holy book,
Who by his gracious Spirit's light,
'The way to glory took.

He guides us by his grace divine,
Or we had never been
Where his own light and mercy shine,
Drawn from the path of sin.

God is a Guide, unerring, true,
For all who dwell above,
Were brought by him their conflict through,
And guided by his love.

God is a guide who never tires,
From him our being came ;
He gives us all our need requires,
And ever is the same.

Let all his matchless love adore,
To him their souls confide :
Till they shall need a guide no more.
God will his people guide.

31 CHRISTIAN'S ONE IN CHRIST.

To sing of holy unity
Let all their voices raise,
And every heart united be,
While we its beauty praise.

'Twas sin that seperation made,
Among th' angelic host,
And 'twas in sin our parents strayed
From God, and Eden lost.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

And still 'tis sin that separates
From God our fallen race :
And all that strife and war creates,
Which stains them with disgrace.

But Christ's religion, holy, pure,
In sweetest union blends :
Bids all each other's woes endure,
And changes foes to friends.

The saints of every rank and name,
Are all in Jesus one ;
Their faith, their hope, their joys the same,
While time its course shall run.

One common Father have they all,
And all his beauty share,
And taught by Christ, with love they call
" Our Father " in their prayer.

They have one common nature, too,
For all are born again,
Are made in Jesus creatures new,
By grace which they obtain.

They have one common Saviour, too,
Who shed his precious blood,
Which shall eternal ages through,
Our peace restore with God.

But once for all the Saviour dies
That we redeemed might be,
And there's no sacrifice beside,
Nor intercessor's plea.

One common spirit all possess,
To cheer and sanctify,
In life and death the soul to bless,
And lead to joys on high.

One holy book is given to all,
Revealing God's own mind,
Which all have right their own to call,
For 'tis for all designed.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

One home, one rest in heaven remains,
A house not made with hands,
A building in the eternal plains,
For all for ever stands.

Then let sweet union more abound,
And every grace increase,
And as we're one in Jesus found,
Dwell all in love and peace.

Till when in heaven, to which we go,
In one vast host we meet,
We'll sing one song, one glory know,
And bow at Jesu's feet.

32 SHADRACH, MESHACH, AND ABEDNEGO.

THE Hebrew worthies, praise demand,
For their devoted zeal,
Their triumphs shall applauded stand,
While hearts shall ardour feel.

The history of God's church is given.
In characters of blood ;
But saints he took from earth to heaven,
And brought from evil, good

The holy three, their fathers God,
With praise and love adored,
And in the unerring footsteps trod,
Of those who knew the Lord.

Though captives in a foreign land,
Where idol god's abound ;
Though marked by priestly power they stand,
Still faithful they are found.

And still their race though scattered far,
By God's chastising rod ;
No idols have their rites to mar,
They worship only God.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

(Great Father pierce their darkness through,
With thy bright spirit's beams ;
That they may know Messiah true,
Whose blood from sin redeems.)

The Chaldean king, of shining gold,
A ponderous image reared ;
His subjects, by his heralds told,
Before its face appeared.

They bowed, they danced, they shouted, prayed,
As though the image heard :
And those who most devotion paid,
The monarch most preferred.

Still many make a god of gold,
And set it up on high ;
And all their powers of soul unfold
Before it, till they die.

Then who can tell the bitter woes
In which such souls must be ?
For can God give his heaven to those
Who loved gold more than he ?

The Hebrew worthies disobeyed
The king's imperious call ;
To Dura they no journey made,
Before his god to fall.

In holy things our God alone,
Has right to give command ;
Our conscience, all, is all his own,
By it we fall or stand.

But, make the furnace fiercely burn,
The furious monarch said,
Who dares my will, my god to spurn,
Shall have his ashes spread.

The mighty men, the Hebrews bound,
And cast them in with ire,
But with the three, a fourth is found
All walking in the fire.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The monarch feared, his nobles gaze,
The thing is true they see :
God's servants would not idols praise,
And they released shall be.

Then praise and honour, and renoune,
Themselves and God received ;
And all the nations from the throne
Learned they had been deceived.

Praise then, our great Almighty Lord,
With love and filial fear ;
And tell his wondrous power abroad
Till all the world shall hear.

33 THE HAPPINESS OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

We join sweet happiness to praise,
For all its joys admire,
And seek it in unnumbered ways
With ardent, fixed desire.

In glittering gold, in sounding fame,
In pleasures luring scenes,
How many seek it, but in vain,
For sorrow intervenes.

Religion is the only spring
From whence true pleasures flow ;
The cheering friend, true joys to bring,
The cure for every woe.

Religion is the gift of God,
By faith and prayer attained,
And all the joys it sheds abroad
The Saviour for us gained.

We're happy in God's favour found,
For in it is our life ;
His love, in Christ, exceeds all bound,
With richest blessings rife.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

We're happy, having God's own peace,
Which none can fully know,
Which gives, through Jesus, sweet release
From every spiritual foe.

We're happy, for through Jesu's blood,
'To us the joy is given,
To be the adopted sons of God,
With all in earth and heaven.

We're happy, since we interest gain
In promises divine,
Which are in Christ, "yea and amen,"
And all we need, combine.

We're happy, since God's spirit dwells
In us to sanctify,
Which all our doubt and fear dispels
And brings all blessings nigh.

We're happy, in the prospect fair
Of heavens eternal joy,
Where we in Jesu's love shall share,
And sin no more annoy.

Thus happy are God's people here,
Whate'er their state may be
In joy, or grief, in hope or fear,
God's goodness still they see.

At every time, in every place,
God watches them with care,
And in the blessings of his grace
They every moment share.

Their sun, their shield, their refuge, strength,
'Their exceeding great reward,
Their portion to eternal length,
Is their Almighty Lord.

Then let our hearts with praises glow,
For God's abounding love,
For soon our happiness below,
Shall change for that above.

34 THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

The love of Christ, how great the theme
For sinful man to sing,
All other joys on earth that gleam,
Can no such pleasures bring.

The love of Christ is wondrous, vast,
Its length, and depth, and height,
All power of knowledge has surpast
For it is infinite.

The love of Christ, is found within
The Saviour's precious name ;
'Tis Jesus, saving all from sin
Who interest in him gain.

The love of Christ has magnified
His Father's righteous law,
Removed the curse for sin and pride,
And all our sorrows bore.

The love of Christ dispised the shame,
When he upon the cross,
The power of Satan overcame
With all its subtle force.

The love of Christ has conquered death,
And triumphed o'er the grave,
And thus we see, with love and faith,
His mighty power to save.

The love of Christ, for sinners gains
More than their father lost,
Though suffering sorrow, toil and pains,
And from fair Eden, forced.

The love of Christ, gains pardon, peace,
And joy and righteousness ;
From death's abode, a sweet release,
And then eternal bliss.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The love of Christ was sweetly seen
When earth his presence blessed ;
His every word, and look, and mien ;
His gracious power expressed.

The love of Christ the hungry fed,
The blind restored to sight ;
Healed all the sick, raised up the dead,
And conquered Satan's might.

The love of Christ can never change ;
'Tis constant, fixed, and sure ;
Though time may all things else derange,
It ever must endure.

The love of Christ gives large rewards
To all who serve and love ;
A glorious crown of life awards,
And makes them kings above.

The love of Christ let all adore,
Nor dare such love to spurn ;
With faith and prayer, his grace implore,
And love for love return.

The love of Christ for holy mirth,
A theme to saints is given ;
The love of Christ, our theme on earth,
Shall be our theme in heaven.

35

THE HARVEST HOME.

THE harvest's home, the Lord adore
While in his courts ye stand,
Our every good, our every store
Comes from his liberal hand.

The harvest's home, God's wondrous power
The joyful news declare,
He made the earth, he gave the shower,
The light, the heat, the air.

65

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The harvest's home, God made the grain
Bring forth its sixty fold ;
And every pile our fields contain
Unnumbered mysteries hold.

The harvest's home, God's faithfulness
Is in the bounty seen ;
His word to righteous Noah, expressed,
Again fulfilled has been.

The harvest's home, the Lord is good,
The joyous words declare :
He gives to every creature food,
And makes their wants his care.

The harvest's home, in it is seen
The mercy of the Lord :
He lets not judgement intervene,
Though men despise his word.

The harvest's home in rebel's barns,
In vile blasphemer's, too,
No thunderbolt their plenty harms,
But favours still renew.

The harvest's home, by it we know
That means will bring the end ;
From God alone all blessings flow,
Yet man must labour blend.

The harvest's home ! We ploughed, we sowed,
We reaped, we gathered in ;
The crown, the throne, heaven's bright abode,
How can the idler win ?

The harvest's home ! Be humble all ;
For all unworthy are ;
On God, for grace and pardon call,
For sins our worship mar.

The harvest's home ! Let gratitude
To God for all arise ;
Nor let the pride of self obtrude,
Nor careless thanks suffice.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The harvest's home ! Learn that we do
On God for all depend ;
In life, in death, in judgment, too,
He is our only Friend.

The harvest's time let all desire
To please their bounteous Lord
What shall we do ? let all inquire,
To spread his praise abroad.

The harvest's home the saints shall sing
With Christ in bliss above,
And heaven's resplendant arch shall ring
With praises for his love.

The harvest's home, the lost shall cry,
In dark despair and woe,
Nor see one ray of light whereby
They can to heaven go

The harvest's home with joy, or pain,
All Adam's race must own
Let all, through Christ, salvation gain,
And then, their harvest home.

36. THE TRUMPET OF THE GOSPEL.

The gospel trumpet, sinners hear,
Obey its gladsome voice,
With joy before your God appear,
And in his praise rejoice.

The gospel trumpet, sounds that all
May lend a listening ear ;
With grace and mercy in the call,
For all who humbly hear.

The gospel trumpet, full and free,
Salvation, loud proclaims ;
For all who have desire to be
Released from Satan's chains.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The gospel trumpet war proclaims,
With all the powers of sin ;
And every means and weapon names
That will the battle win.

The gospel trumpet sweetly tells
Of peace with man and God :
The fear of death and hell dispeis,
And sounds Christ's love abroad.

The gospel trumpet brings in one
The soldiers of the Lord ;
They gird the holy armour on,
And take the Spirit's sword.

The gospel trumpet stirs their souls
To holy zeal and love ;
And Sin and Satan's strong built holds
They wrestle to remove.

The gospel trumpet must be heard
Before it is obeyed :
Let all proclaim the gospel's word,
Nor be of sin afraid.

The gospel trumpet loud proclaims
A happy jubilee ;
Relief for all the oppressed obtains,
And sets the prisoner free.

The gospel trumpet louder still
And still yet louder blow,
'Tis Christ's command, 'tis Gods own will
That all, the sound shall know.

Then praise Jehovah's glorious name
For gospel blessings given
Sing every heart and tongue the same
Till we shall praise in heaven.

The gospel trumpet shall be blown
In mightier thrilling sounds,
Till Christ, by every soul is known
To earth's most distant sounds.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The gospel trumpet then shall cease ;
The judgment trumpet call
The mighty power of God release
The dead both great and small

Then, all who heard the gospel's voice
Believed, obeyed, adored,
Shall in the Judge himself rejoice
As their Redeeming Lord.

37 WHO SHALL SEPARATE US FROM THE
LOVE OF CHRIST ?

WHAT power shall ever separate
Our souls from Jesu's love ?
Not all that be, though ere so great,
Around, beneath, above.

Shall tribulation, or distress ?
No ; they can make no breach ;
By them the saint the world loves less,
But through them heaven shall reach.

Shall persecution ? No ; it may
Destroy their carnal peace ;
But grace shall drive their fears away,
And give them sweet release.

Shall famine, want, or nakedness ;
No ; they may sorrow give ;
But saints have robes of righteousness,
And on God's word they live.

Shall peril ? No ; the saints may fear,
And live in daily dread,
But Christ their prayers of faith shall hear,
And angels guard their bed.

Shall sword ? No ; it may brandish near,
Or strike with deadly blow,
But saints will never yield to fear,
For bliss must follow woe.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

In all these things, through Jesu's love
We're more than conquerors found ;
And still shall in our union prove
Our conquests to abound.

Not death, from Christ shall separate,
Come when, or how it may ;
His love has power by far too great,
Though ours may oft decay.

Nor life shall separation make,
Though better it may seem ;
Of every woe on earth partake,
And vanish like a dream.

Nor angels, demons, fallen sprites,
Though they in myriads meet,
And wing their fierce malignant flights,
Christ's purpose to defeat.

Nor principalities, nor powers,
Though they should all combine,
And vengeance hurl from high capped towers,
Should conquer love divine.

Nor present things, nor things to come,
Though dire their power may seem,
Nor other foes, though great their sum,
Should make love not redeem.

The saint a conqueror still shall be
In Christ his victory's sure ;
His love shall consummation see,
His heaven, his crown's secure.

Then let the saints with joy repeat
The holy challenge round,
And pray for grace their foes to meet
Till they're with victory crowned.

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

Of joys in earth let others sing,
To us the grace is given,
Our praises to our God to bring,
And sing of joys in heaven.

By faith in Jesus we are made
The sons and heirs of God ;
Are in his righteousness arrayed,
And claim the bright abode.

We're travelling to the heavenly land,
As all in Jesus are ;
We form the free devoted band,
And sing of joys afar.

But who the glorious land can trace,
And all its beauties show ?
Our songs can ne'er give equal praise,
Till we its joys shall know.

Enthroned in light, Jehovah, their
In brightest glory reigns ;
While angels, holy, bright and fair,
Adore in rapturous strains.

The heavenly land, is holy, pure,
No guilt, nor shame is there ;
No sinful passions to allure,
No sin in which to share.

The heavenly land, with health abounds
Through all its vast domains ;
The sigh of sickness never sounds
To speak the sufferer's pains.

No throbbing heart, no aching head,
No trembling nerves are there ;
Immortal youth and vigour spread
Their beauty ever fair.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The heavenly land, with happiness,
Through endless ages glows ;
No toil, no want, no sore distress,
Nor fear can interpose,

No faithless friends, no secret foes,
No bitter open strife,
No keen, bereaving, piercing vows,
But one eternal life.

The heavenly land shall ever last,
No change it e're can see :
The same through all the ages past
The same, shall ever be.

The saints shall not be pilgrims there
From sphere to sphere to roam ;
They're ever holy, happy, fair ;
'Tis their eternal home.

Then praise the ever happy land ;
Your title, sure, obtain ;
In Christ alone secure your stand ;
In him, your right you gain.

His life, his death, his prayers, his blood,
Have purchased for us heaven ;
O, let our praise ascend to God ;
Our all to Christ be given.

Till when within the happy land,
With all the ransomed throng,
Before our Saviour's throne we stand,
To sing the eternal song.

39

THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

How vain the pleasures of the gay.
Though they on joys presume ;
How wrong the thoughts of those who say
Religion tends to gloom.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Religion is the only source
From whence real pleasures flow ;
And spreads a joy along its course
That softens every woe.

Religion fills the glowing mind
With knowledge pure, divine ;
Not all that men in science find
Is half so great, sublime.

We know our God, his will, his word,
His justice, truth, and love,
His mercy speaking peace abroad
Through Jesus from above.

We know we once in sin were found,
Undone, diseased, distressed :
But Jesus, let his grace abound,
And with his presence blessed.

Religion gives us precious faith,
By which we're sons of God :
We credit all that Jesus saith
By faith in his own blood.

Religion fills with love the soul
For Him who first loved us,
Whose love no power can e'er control ;
Who bore our shame and curse.

Religion gives sweet hope to cheer
Through all the heavenly way ;
A hope which never yields to fear,
Which none can take away.

Religion sweetest pleasure gives
In every holy rite ;
For in them all the Saviour lives
By faith before the sight.

Religion's pleasures real are found ;
They leave no stings behind ;
They're not a dream, a shadow, sound,
Like those that worldlings find.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

They're constant and abiding, too,
Though others all may fail ;
Are ever glowing, fresh and new,
E'en in death's gloomy vale.

Religion's pleasures never tire,
Though ever they'er the same ;
While others cloy and change require,
And meet continual blame.

Religion's pleasures suited are
To Adam's fallen race ;
To every grade, at home, afar,
To all in every place.

Religion's pleasures cannot end
Where once they are begun,
From joy to joy, saints must ascend
While endless ages run.

40

THE GARDEN OF THE LORD.

THE earth with beauty pure was dressed
Before man's sinful fall,
When God's own works his spirit blessed
And good pronounced them all.

But, now the curse is on them seen,
And thorns and briars grow,
And every, still enticing scene
Is mixed with sin and woe

Yet God in mercy condescends
Through Jesus and his love,
To make rebellious sinners, friends
And all their guilt remove.

They form his church within the world
They tell his love abroad,
And by prophetic voice are called,
The garden of the Lord.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The church is like a garden fair
Enclosed by God around,
No prowling beasts of prey are there,
Though near they may be found.

The holy ground shall never be
Defiled with subtile guests,
For God's omniscient eye can see,
And every motive tests.

The garden of the Lord is made
For cultivation's powers,
And by his own Almighty aid
Brings forth its fruit and flowers.

The Church, has brought in every age,
To God abundant fruit
In spite of all the force and rage
Against his love and truth.

The garden of the Lord displays
A rich and precious choice
Of all that merits love and praise,
And makes the heart rejoice.

The lofty cedars, fruitful vine ;
The useful olive's there,
While flowers of grace abundant shine
And spread their fragrance rare.

The garden's loveliness would fade
Without the genial showers ;
The church must have the Spirit's aid
To strengthen all its powers.

So shall its beauties still increase,
Its fruits and flowers abound,
Till all the earth is filled with peace ;
Till all in Christ are found.

Let all who walk the garden in
Adore the Saviour's grace,
Who took them from the ways of sin,
Within the sacred place.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Till, when we shall transplanted be
To paradise above,
And all, the heavenly, verdure see
Of praise, and joy, and love.

41

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

THE solemn stillness of the night
Was over Israel found,
When suddenly the heavenly light
Was shed the shepherds round.

True symbol of the darkened state
In which their nation dwelt,
When Christ, with light and glory great,
His love, and mercy dealt.

The shepherds feared the glorious ray,
But said th' angelic word,
Ye need not fear, for born to day
Is Christ your Saviour Lord.

The joyful news thus kindly given,
More angels joined the throng ;
A host between the earth and heaven
Shout forth the rapturous song :

Glory to God and on earth peace
They sing in sweetest strains,
And as the echos sweetly cease,
They leave the solemn plains.

All dark again and all things stilled,
The shepherds quickly fled,
With holy joy and wonder filled ;
And found as angels said.

The babe wrapped in the swaddling clothes,
And in the manger laid ;
No other signs their powers disclose,
The shepherds' faith to aid.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

What mystery, love, and glory shines
In all that Christ unfolds ;
The mighty, with the mean, combines,
Still true, the picture holds.

In person the Eternal God,
Yet with the creature joined ;
The Lord who spread the heavens abroad,
Yet with our flesh combined—

By Satan tempted in distress,
Yet angels meet around ;
Hung on the cross, bereaved of dress,
Yet shaking nature's ground.

So when within the manger laid,
Yet shines above his head
The glorious star, which did not fade
Till sages found his bed.

So angels shout his love, his birth,
And hail him as their Lord ;
But shepherds, humble sons of earth,
Must make him known abroad.

So shall his final advent be,
With glory, power and grace,
To compensate for that we see
Within the stables' place.

Let all his wondrous, matchless love
With heart and voice adore—
For us, he left his throne above
And infant weakness bore.

For us he wept, he bled, he died,
Was buried rose on high,
That we might in his love confide,
And never, never die.

O, gracious Saviour from above,
Still shed thy love divine
So shall we thee sincerely love
And all to thee resign !

THE CHRISTAIN SOLDIER.

THE trumpet gives the warlike sound,
To arms ! the captains cry,
The mighty foes encamp around
And shew their weapons nigh.

Let soldiers rouse their courage well,
With fixed determined will
We fight with powers of sin and hell
And death, our weapons kill.

Let all be valiant in the fight,
The victory to obtain,
In heart and word and deed unite,
For thrones and crowns we gain.

Our foes will rush with fury round,
And will resist to blood ;
But steadfast with our Leader found
We'll carry field and flood.

Then take holy armour all
Without it, death is sure,
Nor heed, though it your frame may gall,
But brace it till secure.

The holy girdle bind around
Your graceful garments tight ;
Lest in the conflict weak you're found,
And perish in the fight.

Put on the breastplate for the heart
You'll need well to defend
For but one fatal thrust or dart
Will life for ever end.

And let your feet be firmly shod,
O'er rugged ways to tread ;
But crush not for the love of God,
The dying, nor the dead !

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Then take the shield, and hold it well,
For showers of darts will fly ;
And venom'd with the fire of hell,
To pierce to death will try.

Then on your head the helmet place,
It must not be exposed ;
And hope the glorious end must trace,
Though fiercely you're opposed.

Then take the sword, withal to wield,
'Tis sharp and powerful too ;
And, used with skill, your foes must yield,
And you pass safely through.

Let prayer, for blessings from on high,
Incessantly be made :
Your courage, strength and wisdom lie
In God's almighty aid.

Fight, then fight well, the victory's sure—
The glory and renown :
You must unto the end endure ;
The conflict wins the crown.

43 CHRIST AN EXAMPLE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

As our example, Jesus shines
In works, and words, and ways :
His life all loveliness combines
To call forth all our praise.

His wisdom brightly shone in youth
Before the great and wise ;
They pondered o'er his words of truth
With wonder and surprise.

Though poor and mean his parents were,
He obeyed their will and call ;
Content their toils and cares to share,
Though he was Lord of all.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

He bowed to every holy rite
In truth and love ordained :
To do God's will was his delight ;
His life the law explained.

He gained, in sore temptation's hour,
A victory great—complete :
Not Satan's self, with all his power,
His purpose could defeat.

From place to place he freely went,
Performing every good :
In thirst and hunger, yet content,
Though feeding all with food.

Though great and wondrous works he wrought
By his own mighty will :
No proud applause he ever sought ;
His mind was humble still.

Devotion marked his holy way,
His prayers were frequent—long ;
Resigned his Father's will to obey
With faith abounding—strong.

His zeal for God, his house, his word,
With holy ardour glowed :
He sought not smiles, but truth preferred,
And sinner's vileness showed.

He taught his Father's holy will—
His own redeeming love ;
And all the ills that nation's feel
He laboured to remove.

With sweet compassion for our race
His holy mind was fraught ;
He healed, relieved, and gave his grace
To all who mercy sought.

With patience all the ills of life
By him were meekly borne :
He shewed no proud rebellion strife,
No passion, rage, nor scorn.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Reproaches, wrongs and injuries,
His name, his life degrade :
A shameful, cruel death was his,
And yet for all he prayed.

Look on the bright example, all,
Nor look ye but in vain :
For grace to help on Jesus call ;
And grace ye shall obtain.

So shall ye his disciples be
In truth, in deed, in word :
So shall the world your virtues see,
And praise your glorious Lord.

44

THERE IS A HEAVEN.

THERE is a heaven of glory bright,
Ethereal, far away,
Where all is pure, serene, delight,
Where all things ne'er decay.

There is a heaven and God is there,
Within th' effulgent light,
Too mighty, holy, pure and fair
For sinful, mortal sight.

There is a heaven, and Christ is there,
For us to intercede,
That we may in his mercy share,
And from all sin be freed.

There is a heaven, and saints are there,
And ever there shall be,
As angels spirits bright and fair,
From all that's earthly free.

There is a heaven for saints on earth,
For all who love the Lord,
Who, made anew by spiritual birth,
Show forth his love abroad.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE

There is a heaven, nor sin, nor pain,
Nor curse, nor death, nor fear,
Shall ever wound the souls again,
Who there with joy appear.

There is a heaven, the Saviour saith,
He gives it in his right,
Where we shall need no longer faith,
For 'twill be changed to sight,

There is a heaven, where none shall need
The wrestling prayer to raise,
Where Christ himself shall cease to plead,
For prayer shall change to praise.

There is a heaven, where hope shall be
Unneedful joys to rise,
For all the bliss we've hoped for we
Shall truly realize.

There is a heaven, where sorrow's pain
Shall cease the soul t' annoy,
It cannot ever hurt again,
For there 'tis changed to joy.

There is a heaven of perfect peace,
Though here we've much to spurn,
Where all our christian conflict cease,
For they to triumph turn.

There is a heaven—thence may we press
With vigour to be blessed,
For there our earthly weariness
Shall change to heavenly rest.

There is a heaven where crowns and gold,
And palms, and pearls there be,
Bright figures, glory to unfold,
Which there the saints shall see

There is a heaven where kings and priests
To God we shall be made,
When from the dust of death released
And with new life arrayed.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

There is a heaven—Lord, give us grace,
That we transformed may be,
That we may see thee face to face—
Lord, bring us all to thee.

45

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

LET heathen sages praise distress,
There suffering heroes sing ;
No life, no death, can equal his,
To whom our praise we bring.

“The hour is come,” the wondrous hour,
The hour with blessings, rife
The hour of sin and Satan’s power,
When Christ must give his life.

Yet, see omniscient wisdom shines,
He knew who should betray ;
Who should deny his power divines,
And who should flee away.

Yet see the mighty, weighty flood
Of suffering o’er him roll,
When in the garden sweating blood,
Though angels cheer his soul.

Behold him sought, betrayed, and bound,
Within the rabble crowd ;
Though prostrate fell they to ground,
When he his name avowed.

And see him, in the dead of night,
Within the palace lead,
Where ruffians, in his grief delight,
And vilest malice spread.

And when the morning light is seen,
The priests, with haughty will,
Consult with subtle, invidious spleen,
How they his blood may spell.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The governor comes with mighty state,
The suffering Saviour stands ;
They lie, they shout, they impricate,
And make their fierce demands.

In him was found no evil thing,
For spotless was his life,
All accusations which they bring,
Shew but their guilty strife.

And yet, "away with him." they cry,
Their rage their voices strain ;
We'll crucify ! we'll crucify !
And then the power they gain.

And then with thorns they crown his head
They buffet, spit and smite,
And on him kingly garments spread,
And vent in jeers their spite.

And then his back with cords they flay
Till blood profusely flows,
And with his cross drag him away
To crucifying woes.

On calvary's mount 'mid scattered bones
His naked form they raise,
And there the Saviour bleeds and groans
Yet for his murderers prays.

They mock him in the throes of death
With powers of hell unseen ;
Nor cease till he resigns his breath
Their hidious, cruel spleen.

But see, the sun his glory hides !
An earthquake shakes the ground !
The temple's veil in twain divides :
The rocks are rent around ;

Oh ! sinner, see ! 'twas all for thee
That Jesus bled and died ;
That you might ever happy be,
That he might heaven provide.

46 THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

The Lord is risen, let all the earth
Sing praise with heart and voice ;
As sang the angels at his birth,
So let the saints rejoice.

The Lord is risen ; had he not so,
His death and all he wrought
Had not released one soul from woe,
Nor hope of heaven had brought.

The Lord is risen ; in it we see
He really lived and died ;
His life and death prove him to be
The Saviour crucified.

The Lord, is risen ; the types of old
Are all in him revealed ;
And all that prophets long foretold
Is ratified and sealed.

The Lord is risen the truth is clear
He is the Son of God ;
Let all with love and faith sincere
Trust his atoning blood.

The Lord is risen ; God's righteous law
He fully kept for us,
Yet in his spotless body bore
Our sin, our shame, our curse.

The Lord is risen, that he might be
A prince and Saviour true
That we his glorious power might see
And trust his mercy too.

The Lord is risen with power his own,
The first fruits of the grave ;
And thus to all has sweetly shown
His mighty power to save.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

The Lord is risen, the Judge to be
Of all the quick and dead
And every eye his face shall see
When judgment shall be spread.

The Lord is risen, the tomb has burst
Its bars and fetters too,
Our Father forced an entrance first,
But Jesus passed it through.

The Lord is risen, and sin, and hell,
And satan, captain led ;
The saints may every fear dispel
Though travelling to the dead.

The Lord is risen ; the grave is now
A hallowed, sacred place,
Where saints shall rest till called to bow
Before the Saviour's face.

The Lord is risen ; learn where to go,
To hold communion sweet ;
From all inferior things below
Up to his glorious seat.

The Lord is risen ; not on the cross ;
Nor in the show and sound
Of pompous, priestly, pageant course,
Is Christ, the Saviour, found.

The Lord is risen, to intercede
For all the saints below ;
Not all above, for one, can plead,
Nor gleam of mercy show.

The Lord is risen ; his love adore,
Sing his redeeming grace,
Till high to his abode ye soar,
And see him face to face.

THE Saviour's glory brightly glows
In all his love portrays ;
His life, his death, his rising, shows
His wondrous power and grace.

So his ascension much displays
His saints to animate ;
They view his glory while they gaze,
Their own anticipate.

In his ascension we behold,
Him rising to his throne,
As by his prophets long foretold,
God's fair anointed one.

He came from heaven our race to bless,
His love, his works declare ;
And took our form, our mortal dress,
That we his heaven might share.

He rose on high to shew that he
His work on earth had done,
That Intercessor he might be,
And we might his become.

He entered through the gates of heaven,
A conqueror mighty, great,
With praise by saints and angels given,
Who bore him to his state.

The foes of man, and foes of God,
Sin, Satan, death, the grave,
Beneath his holy feet he trod,
That he might sinners save.

He rose on high, to shew the way
In which his saints shall rise,
When they shall leave this mortal clay
For joy that never dies.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

He rose on high that he might send
His Holy Spirit down;
To cheer, to strengthen, and befriend,
And spread his love's renown.

He rose on high that he might plead
Our cause before the throne :
No other power can intercede
But his—and his alone.

He rose on high to exercise
Dominion over all :
All worlds are his that fills the skies
With this terrestrial ball.

He rose on high that he might be
Revered and loved by all :
And all to him must bend the knee—
Before him prostrate fall.

He rose on high to be prepared
Our spirit's to receive,
When we our earthly toils have shared,
And all our sorrows leave.

He rose on high that he might come
With mighty power and love,
To raise our bodies from the tomb,
To dwell with him above.

Rejoice, then, in your glorious Lord ;
Trust in his truth—his love :
He shall fulfil his promised word—
You shall be his above.

48

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
Once favoured, happy land ;
The promised, blessed abode of them
Who trod the desert strand.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Jerusalem ! once typical
Of heavenly peace and rest ;
Where shone thy temples pinnacle,
Which holy joy expressed.

Jerusalem ! once honoured—free,
The chosen of the Lord ;
Where he himself was wont to be
In spirit and in word.

Jerusalem ! from thee once spread
The will of heaven abroad ;
Which has unnumbered millions led
To thy Jehovah, Lord.

Jerusalem ! to thee, once fair,
Thy tribes to worship went ;
With songs of holy praise and prayer
Their offerings to present.

Jerusalem ! thy gates once were
By thine own God beloved ;
He showed his loving favour there,
And all thy praise approved.

Jerusalem ! once mighty—great,
Revered, extolled, renowned ;
The fairest, holiest, happiest state
Among the nations found.

Jerusalem ! once the abode
Of thy Messiah—God ;
Where oft he walked the traversed road,
Or rested on the sod.

Jerusalem ! where Jesus healed
The sick, the lame, the blind :—
His wisdom, truth and love revealed
To cheer, to bless mankind.

Jerusalem ! from him ye turned,
Your Christ you'd not receive ;
His pure and holy words ye spurned,
And said he did deceive.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Jerusalem ! ye buffeted,
Ye spit upon your Lord ;
Ye crowned with cruel thorns is head ;
His back with thongs ye scored.

Jerusalem ! ye crucified,
Your King in dust of death ;
And yet for you he bled, he died,
And prayed with parting breath.

Jerusalem ! for this thy land,
Thy temple, and thy fame,
Were raised, destroyed by ruthless hand,
And made thy sorrow—shame.

Jerusalem ! for this thy crime
Of folly, guilt and pride,
Thy children mourn in every clime ;
Thy foes thy race deride.

Jerusalem ! Oh ! turn to him,
The Lamb thy fathers slew !
His precious blood can all redeem ;
Oh ! let it ransom you !

And ye, who know the Saviour's grace,
To Jews be kind, be true ;
Ye gain salvation through their race—
Your Saviour is a Jew.

49. CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

LET saints unite to glorify
Their great exalted Lord ;
Their powers of heart and voice apply
To spread his praise abroad.

All things to saints that appertain,
In life, in death and heaven,
In Jesu's dying love they gain,
And for his sake they're given.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

In vast creation, Christ is all,
For all by him were made ;
The weak, the strong, the great, the small,
With beauty all arrayed.

In providence, the Saviour's all,
For by him all things move,
He gives to nature's constant call
And all, share in his love.

And Christ is all, within the scheme
A ruined race to save,
He planned, he died, he did redeem,
He ransoms from the grave.

And Christ in God's own book is all—
Of him, we read and learn,
His glories on its pages fall—
Throughout we him discern.

And Christ is all in gospel rites,
'Tis Christ we preach and sing,
His love and glory all invites—
To him our cares we bring

In every christian grace we show
Our all the Saviour is ;
Our faith, our hope, our love must grow
By grace derived from his.

In greatest blessings Christ is all,
In him we're justified ;
In him we, " Abba, Father," call
In him are sanctified.

In him our joy and peace abound ;
For peace he freely gives ;
And happy every saint is found
Who peace from him receive.

In death, to saints, Christ is their all,
His presence only cheers ;
In his embrace to rest they fall,
He stills their anxious fears.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

And when their bodies leave the grave,
Their all is Christ their Lord ;
He still displays his power to save
And calls them by his word.

And still their all is Christ in heaven,
He ransomed with his blood ;
Their mansions, for his sake are given—
He makes them priests to God.

He's all in all the bliss they know
Throughout eternal days ;
Their hearts with heavenly ardour glow,
Because they sing his praise.

Then let the saints adore his love ;
Their all to Jesus give ;
And till they join his saints above,
His bright example live.

50

THE MILLENIUM.

Hail ! happy day, when Christ shall be
On earth the only King ;
When all his power and love shall see ;
And all their tribute bring.

Then deserts wide shall blossom fair
With beauty, as the rose ;
For all shall gospel blessings share,
And sin no more oppose.

Then satan shall, with Christ's own power,
A thousand years be bound ;
No longer seeking to devour,
No longer luring found.

The antichrist shall be dethroned,
Its subtile arts perceived ;
Then states beneath its power that groaned,
No more shall be deceived.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Then all the millions led astray,
With false Mahomet's word,
Shall cease their prophet to obey,
And turn to serve the Lord.

Then pagan rites, and priests shall cease,
Their idols be no more ;
Their people live in love and peace,
And God alone adore.

Then Abraham's sons to their own land,
With songs of joy shall go ;
Led by Jehovah's mighty hand,
And their Messiah know.

Then they before the world shall shine
With glory bright and fair ;
For Christ, with love and power divine,
Shall fix his palace there.

Thus, glory shall to him redound
Where once he suffered, died ;
His grace and love with Jews be found,
Though him they crucified.

Then shall all that God seers have said
Be fully verified ;
Which, but for such events, must spread
Words that may be denied.

Then saints of holiest fame shall rise
With bodies holy, fair,
To reign with Christ without disguise,
And in his blessings share.

Like him, they taught, they suffered, died
With blood the truth they sealed ;
Like his, their honours far and wide,
O're earth shall be revealed.

Then war, oppression, anger, pride !
All sin on earth shall cease ;
Each, in his neighbour shall confide.
And dwell in love and peace.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

No hoards of wealth and starving woe,
Shall then our earth disgrace ;
The love of Christ all men shall show,
For all shall feel his grace.

Then let the saints for that blessed day
With joy and zeal prepare ;
With pure devotion labour, pray,
That they its joys may share.

For all who rise to meet their Lord,
To share his joys below,
When they have spread his love abroad
Eternal bliss shall know.

51

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THAT great, that awful day draws near
When Adam's race must stand
Before the judgment seat to hear
The last, the dread command.

The Judge shall come with great array,
In clouds of dazzling light,
While troops of angels guard his way,
In garments spotless—bright.

The trumpet's mighty blast shall spread
Its thrilling, waking sound ;
The earth and seas give up their dead
Throughout creations bound.

The king who swayed the sceptre bright ;
The beggar from the way ;
The men of base oppressive might ;
The proud, the vain, the gay.

The fool who said, "no God ! no God !"
The scoffing sceptic, bold ;
With those on Jesu's blood who trod,
Must all the audience hold.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Yes, Jesus, shall the judgment seat,
Himself, with splendour fill ;
And his eye, every eye shall meet ;
His voice all others still.

There Judas, and the men who bound,
And led away shall be ;
Those who with thorns his temples crowned,
Smote, spat, or bowed the knee.

There Pilate, once his judge, shall stand ;
And he his back who scourged ;
With all the shouting, cruel band,
Who on to Calvary urged.

The men who nailed him to the tree ;
The priests who mocked him there :
All, all, shall Christ in judgment see,
And to his bar repair.

Oh ! awful, trying, woeful day
For those who are condemned !
O ! glorious, blessed, happy day
For those who are redeemed !

Yet just and true, the Judge shall be
To all the mighty throng ;
His searching eyes all hearts can see,
He knows all right and wrong.

No power can bribe, no chance befall,
Nor shall he ought forget ;
Our words, our thoughts, our actions, all
In his own book are writ.

The teeming millions all shall pass
With final sentence given,
To states, through endless years to last ;
To bitter woes ! or heaven !

For that great day let all prepare,
While life with vigour glows ;
Nor let procrastination dare
To reckless thought dispose.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

To Jesu's blood and righteousness
For love and mercy fly ;
Your sin and guilt to him confess,
And you shall happy die.

Then come the Judgment, when it may,
No sorrow shall accrue ;
No terror then your soul dismay,
The Judge has ransomed you !

52 THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

THE music of a holy song
To saints has ever been
A solace as they passed along,
Through life's perplexing scene.

The holy Patriarchs sung their songs ;
Our pious fathers, too ;
And some amidst the vilest wrongs,
Or as they fire passed through !

But now, with all the mighty throng,
Of happy souls above !
They sing the never ceasing song
Of Jesu's dying love.

To him that loved us, and from sin
Hath cleansed us with his blood,
And brought us safely heaven within,
And made us priests to God.

To him be glory, honour, might,
Eternal days throughout !
And then with raptures of delight
Responsive angels shout !

Yet angels cannot Jesus praise,
Like saints with ardour strong ;
They've not been ransomed by his grace
Though they join in their song.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Nor could the saints redeeming love,
With raptures sing and praise,
Had they no need that love to prove
Had they not found his grace.

Thus, saints, shall through eternal years
God's wonders sing and tell ;
And find that, after all their fears,
He hath done all things well.

They may on earth rebellious be,
And think they love for nought ;
But heavenly songs shall set them free
From every mourning thought.

They sing, for faith to sight is changed ;
And sorrows turned to joy ;
Their love and peace is ne'er deranged,
And sin cannot annoy.

They sing, for prayer is turned to praise,
And weariness to rest ;
And all they view with raptures gaze,
Is beautiful, pure and blessed.

They sing, for every conflict's o'er ;
For scandal they've renown ;
They hunger, thirst and want no more ;
The cross has gained the crown.

They sing, for Jesus they behold,
With all the angels fair ;
And all the ransomed saints of old,
With dearest friends are there.

They sing for joy that they were made
With never-dying soul ;
That heavenly bliss can never fade
While endless ages roll.

Then seek redemption through his blood,
Who died upon the tree ;
In him alone your peace with God,
Your heaven secure can be.

THE BIBLICAL LYRE.

Adore him here with heart and voice,
With gratitude and love ;
So shall you round his throne rejoice,
With the redeemed above.



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