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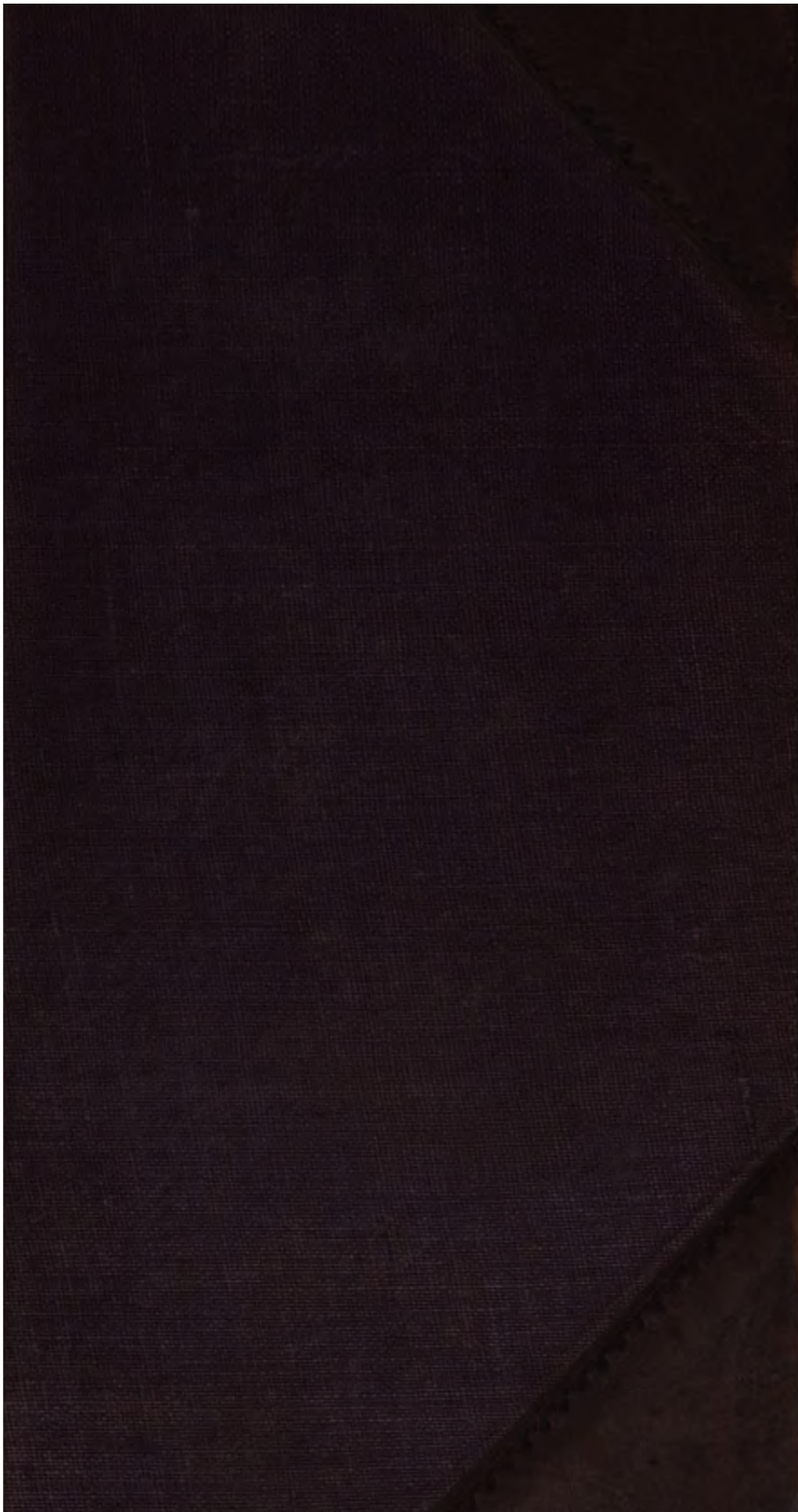
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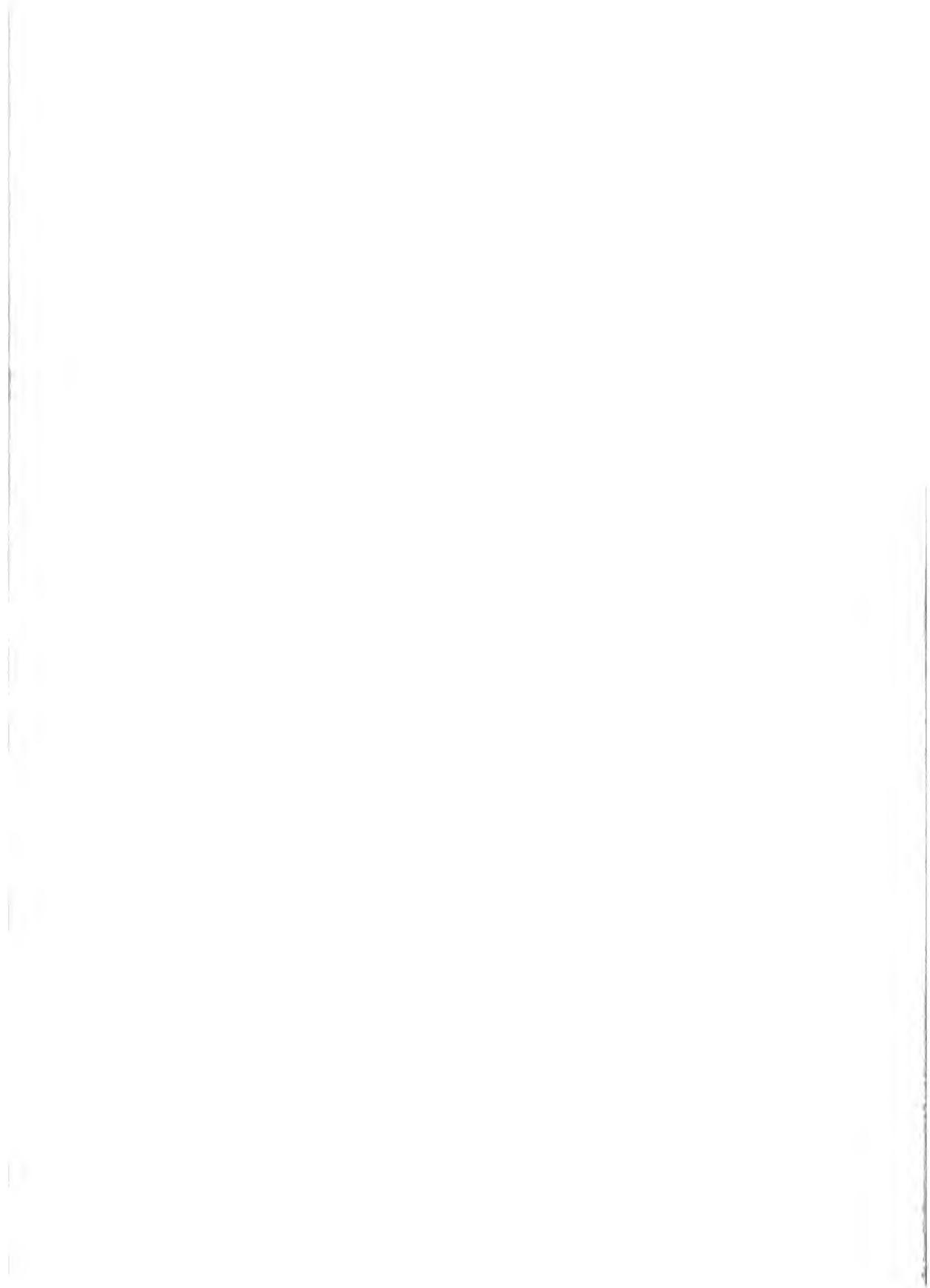




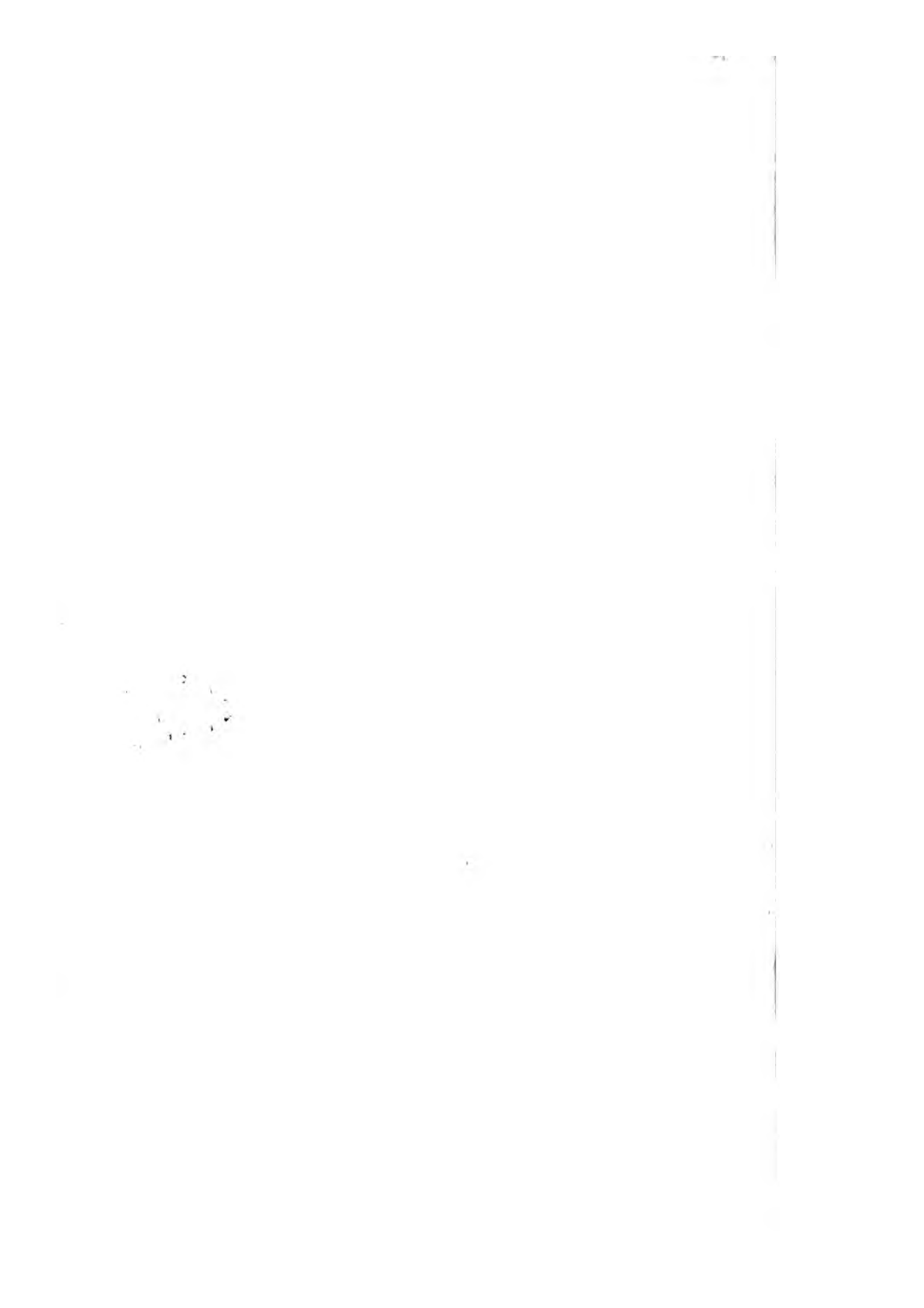








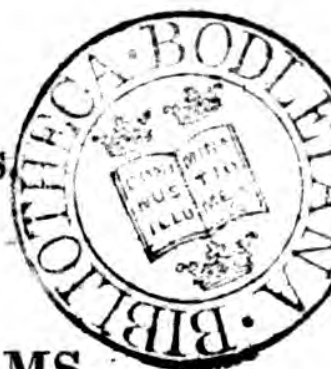




A  
**SELECTION**  
OF  
**HYMNS,**  
*FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,*

INCLUDING

A NUMBER OF ORIGINALS



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**BY WILLIAM WILLIAMS,**

*Minister of the Gospel, Grafton Street, Soho Square, London.*

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## PREFACE.

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*My dear Brethren, among whom I labour.*

**T**HIS Selection was undertaken at your request, and for the purpose of comprising in a small compass, in one volume, the Hymns which are considered most Evangelical in the various Collections already published; and I doubt not they will be esteemed by you, and those congregations where the lost condition of sinners is declared; the Lord Jesus Christ exhibited as “mighty to save;” and a particular regard maintained by ministers and people to the doctrines, ordinances, and laws of Christ.

To please all is impossible, while men’s ideas of propriety and utility are so various; to attempt it therefore would be a fruitless toil, the offspring of folly, and the parent of disappointment. Suffice it to say, that in the present undertaking I have proposed the greatest and most general good to those among whom I am called to minister; and with dependence upon the Head of all gifts and graces—the adorable Person whose glory in the salvation



of his people, is the sublime and delightful subject of this volume of Hymns—I have pursued that end according to the best of my judgment: and I cannot help indulging a pleasing hope, that the cause of truth,—the profitable knowledge of God our Saviour,—the edification of believers,—and the increase of fervent love among brethren, will be promoted by the present attempt.

I am convinced that nothing short of a just, consistent, and comprehensive acquaintance with the gospel—a disinterested and earnest regard to the glory of God—a fervent love to the Redeemer, and the souls of men for his sake—the continual teaching and influences of the Spirit of all grace—a most steady faith in the divine promises—deep humility, and diligent attention in learning the whole revealed will of God—the spirit of prayer and sublime devotion—an experimental foretaste of heavenly bliss and glory—with a delightful mixture of patient hope, submissive longing after the end of faith, and an unwearied prosecution of that end in the appointed means—nothing but those delightful blessings (which are indeed the fruit of the Spirit wrought on the soul) appear necessary to keep pace with this volume before you, as well as with the precious word of God. And these Hymns open many of the everlasting springs of life, love, and peace, contained in that word, which is the rule of our conversation

while we live, and the hope of our glorification when we die. These are some of the blessings that I have sought of my covenant God and Father for the Church of Christ in general—but more peculiarly for those among whom I labour—for myself, and all his sent ministers of every denomination.

In the arrangement, great care has been taken to class such Hymns together as belong to the same subject. In each class also a regular method has been aimed at, that a proper connection might be maintained in the dependence of one branch of the subject upon another. This, it is hoped, will prove a great convenience to clerks, and others, in finding almost any hymn without a reference, except the general order; and in tracing the top of the page, you may find a hymn on any doctrine of the gospel. The subjects are so numerous, and various, that few circumstances can occur where a suitable hymn may not be found.

It has frequently been observed, “that praise is the noblest employ of the Church of God, and that it bears the nearest affinity to the employ of Heaven. To this subject, the inspired Psalmist tuned his lyre, and observed, that “whoso offereth praise, glorifieth God,” *Psa. l. 23.* In singing the praises of God, Paul and Silas found their happiness in a dungeon, *Acts xvi. 25.* The Incarnate Saviour composed his mind, in the

immediate prospect of his agony, by singing a hymn with his disciples, *Matth. xxvi. 30.*

How sweet and sacred the harmony, when all shall form one assembly, and unite their hearts and voices in hymns of never-ending praise ! I have endeavoured by these hymns to express those sentiments which God has taught me, and I now leave them to his blessing.

St. Paul made this request,—“ Brethren, pray for us.” Reader, if thou art a brother, remember a poor brother, cast down, but not destroyed ; persecuted, but not forsaken. I remain thine to serve in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

W. WILLIAMS.

*May 15, 1819.*

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# HYMNS.



## PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

### 1. *The Greatness of God.* L. M.

MY God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
Till death and glory raise the song.

The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;  
And ev'ry setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;  
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;  
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,  
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Thy works with sov'reign glory shine:  
And speak thy majesty divine;  
Let Britain round her shores proclaim  
The sound and honour of thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise:  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labour of their tongue.

But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!  
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

## 2 PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

### 2. *The True God our Refuge; or, Idolatry reproved.* L. M.

NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,  
Not to ourselves is glory due;  
Eternal God, thou only just,  
Thou only gracious, wise and true.

Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;  
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue  
Insult us, and to raise our shame, [long?"  
Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so

The God we serve maintains his throne  
Above the clouds, beyond the skies;  
Thro' all the earth his will is done,  
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

But the vain idols they adore,  
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;  
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,  
A silver saint, or golden god.

With eyes and ears they carve their head;  
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;  
In vain are costly off'rings made,  
And vows are scatter'd on the wind.

Their feet were never made to move,  
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;  
Mortals that pay them fear and love,  
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.

O Isr'el, make the Lord thy hope,  
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;  
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,  
And bless the people and the priest.



PERFECTIONS OF GOD. 3

The dead no more can speak thy praise;  
They dwell in silence and the grave;  
But we shall live to sing thy grace,  
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

3. *The Perfections of God.* C. M.

**G**REAT is the Lord, his works of might  
Demand our noblest songs:  
Let his assembled saints unite  
Their harmony of tongues.

Great is the mercy of the Lord,  
He gives his children food;  
And ever mindful of his word,  
He makes his promise good.

His Son, the great Redeemer came  
To seal his cov'nant sure;  
Holy and rev'rend is his name,  
His ways are just and pure.

They that would grow divinely wise,  
Must with his fear begin;  
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies  
In hating ev'ry sin.

4. *God's Dominion over the Sea.* L. M.  
Ps. cvii. 23, &c.

**G**OD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice  
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!  
And one soft word of thy command,  
Can sink them silent in the sand.

#### 4      PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

If but a Moses wave thy rod,  
The sea divides, and owns its God;  
The stormy floods their Maker knew,  
And let his chosen armies through.

The scaly flocks amidst the sea,  
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;  
The meanest fish that swims the flood,  
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

The larger monsters of the deep,  
On thy commands attendance keep;  
By thy permission sport and play,  
And cleave along their foaming way.

If God his voice of tempest rears,  
Leviathan lies still, and fears;  
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,  
And spouts the ocean to the sky.

How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd,  
Amidst those wat'ry nations, Lord!  
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,  
Bold men! refuse their Maker's praise.

What scenes of miracles they see,  
And never tune a song to thee!  
While on the flood they safely ride,  
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,  
And some drink death among the waves;  
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,  
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD. 5

O, for some signal of thy hand!  
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land;  
Great Judge descend, lest men deny  
That there's a God that rules the sky.

5. *Praise to God from all Creatures.* C. M.

THE glories of my Maker, God,  
My joyful voice shall sing,  
And call the nations to adore  
Their Former and their King.

'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,  
And wrought this human frame;  
But from his own immediate breath  
Our nobler spirits came.

We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,  
And worship with our tongues;  
We claim some kindred with the skies,  
And join th' angelic songs.

Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,  
And fowls of ev'ry wing,  
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,  
Their various tribute bring.

Ye planets, to his honour shine,  
And wheels of nature roll;  
Praise him in your unwearied course  
Around the steady pole.

The brightness of our Maker's name,  
The wide creation fills,  
And his unbounded grandeur flies  
Beyond the heav'nly hills.



## 6 CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

### 6. *Praise to our Creator.* L. M.

SING to the Lord with joyful voice,  
Let ev'ry land his name adore;  
The British isles shall send the noise  
Across the ocean to the shore.

Nations attend before his throne  
With solemn fear and sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create and he destroy.

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

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

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

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

### 7. *Our frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.*

C. M.

LET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death nor danger fear;  
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,  
What feeble things we are.

## CREATION AND PROVIDENCE. 7

Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay;  
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grass away.

Our life contains a thousand springs,  
And dies if one be gone:  
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.

But 'tis our God supports our frame,  
The God that built us first;  
Salvation to th' almighty name,  
That rear'd us from the dust.

He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains  
In all their motions rose;  
"Let blood (said he) flow round the veins,"  
And round the veins it flows.

While we have breath to use our tongues,  
Our Maker we'll adore;  
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
Or they would breathe no more.

*S. Jehovah Jireh. The Lord will provide.*

C. M.

THE saints should never be dismay'd,  
Nor sink in hopeless fear;  
For when they least expect his aid,  
The Saviour will appear.

This Abraham found, he rais'd the knife,  
God saw, and said, "Forbear!  
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;  
Behold the victim there."

## THE TRINITY.

Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;  
 But hark! the foe's at hand;  
 Saul turns his arms another way,  
 To save th' invaded land.

When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,  
 He thought to rise no more;  
 But God prepar'd a fish to save,  
 And bear him to the shore.

Blest proofs of power and grace divine,  
 That meet us in his word!  
 May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine  
 Be trusted with the Lord.

Wait for his seasonable aid,  
 And though it tarry, wait:  
 The promise may be long delay'd,  
 But cannot come too late.

## THE TRINITY.

9. *Self Dedication.* 7<sup>s</sup>.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
 One in three, and three in one;  
 As by the celestial host,  
 Let thy will on earth be done;  
 Praise by all to thee be given,  
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

If so poor a worm as I  
 May to thy great glory live,  
 All mine actions sanctify,  
 All my thoughts and words receive;  
 Claim me for thy service, claim  
 All I have and all I am.

'Take my soul and body's powers,  
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,  
All my goods, and all my hours,  
All I know, and all I feel;  
All I think, and speak, and do,  
Take mine heart, and make it new,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in three, and three in one;  
As by the celestial host,  
Let thy will on earth be done;  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and Heaven.

**10. *To the Trinity.* 6. 4.**

**C**OME thou almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise,  
Father, all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days.

**J**esus our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall.  
Let thine Almighty aid  
Our sure defence be made,  
Our souls on thee be stay'd;  
Lord, hear our call,

**C**ome, thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our prayers attend;

## THE TRINITY.

Come, and thy people bless,  
 And give thy word success;  
 Spirit of holiness,  
 On us descend.

Come, holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear  
 In this glad hour;  
 Thou, who Almighty art,  
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power.

To the great One in Three  
 Eternal praises be,  
 Hence evermore;  
 His sov'reign Majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore.

11. *Trinity Sunday.* L. M.

**B**LEST be the Father and his love,  
 To whose celestial source we owe  
 Rivers of endless joy above,  
 And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to thee, great Son of God,  
 Forth from thy wounded body rolls  
 A precious stream of vital blood,  
 Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give the sacred Spirit praise,  
 Who in our hearts of sin and woe  
 Makes living streams of grace arise,  
 And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit we adore;  
 That sea of life and love unknown,  
 Without a bottom or a shore.

12. *On the Trinity.* 8. 7. d<sup>ble</sup>.

**G**OD in Three appears all glorious,  
 In the everlasting One,  
 Shines the fulness of the Godhead,  
 In the person of the Son;  
 Reigns in Three the great Jehovah,  
 Reigns in all-victorious grace,  
 Shews his all-transporting beauties,  
 Through the bleeding Prince of Peace.

Sing we all the Lord of Glory,  
 Sing the mercy pure and free,  
 Mercy flowing from the fountain,  
 Of the everlasting Three;  
 Equal all, and all united,  
 In the One eternal God,  
 Shining all with equal splendor,  
 Through the rich atoning blood.

May we all with admiration,  
 Roll the cheering truth along,  
 Three in One be all the chorus,  
 Three in One be all the song.  
 Come thou triune God and Saviour,  
 Now descend in purest love,  
 Sing we then with holy ardor,  
 Sing our way to realms above.



13. *The Covenant of Peace.* 104<sup>th</sup>.

A COV'NANT of peace  
 With Jesus was made,  
 His bride to release;  
 He stood as her Head;  
 In Him as her Surety,  
 Who bled on the tree,  
 From all condemnation  
 She's more than set free.

Jehovah her sins  
 On Jesus hath laid;  
 Her sorrows he bore,  
 Her debts he hath paid:  
 In Him, lacking nothing,  
 Without or within,  
 The blood of this cov'nant  
 Hath cancell'd her sin.

Sent forth from the curse,  
 How favour'd are we;  
 Our Surety we bless,  
 As captives set free;  
 Law, Justice, nor Satan,  
 No charges can bring,  
 While thus of the blood of  
 The cov'nant we sing.

With blood o'er the door,  
 Thine Israel of old,  
 From wrath were secure,  
 As sheep in thy fold;

From terrors at midnight,  
 Hid under thy wing,  
 Whose blood is the blood of  
 The cov'nant we sing.  
 Surrounding the throne,  
 The glorify'd throng  
 Make Jesus the First and  
 The Last in the song;  
 And when, on Mount Zion,  
 We join their employ,  
 We'll aid the sweet chorus,  
 And drink of their joy.

14. *God's Covenant.* C. M.

**M**Y God, the covenant of thy love  
 Abides for ever sure,  
 And in its matchless grace I feel  
 My happiness secure.

What though my house be not with thee  
 As nature could desire:  
 To nobler joys than nature gives  
 Thy servant shall aspire.

My cares, I cast them all on thee:  
 Take them, dear Lord thou must:  
 Well may I leave my all with him  
 With whom my soul I trust.

I welcome all thy sov'reign will,  
 For all that will is love;  
 And when I know not what thou dost,  
 I wait the light above.



14            **LOVE OF GOD.**

Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom  
Shall heav'nly rays impart,  
Which, when my eye-lids close in death,  
Shall warm my chilling heart.

15. *Stability of the Covenant.*    L. M.

**R**EJOICE, ye saints, in ev'ry state,  
Divine decrees remain unmoy'd,  
No turns of providence abate  
God's care for those he once hath lov'd.  
Firmer than heav'n his cov'nant stands;  
Though earth should shake and skies depart  
You're safe in your Redeemer's hands,  
Who bears your names upon his heart.  
Our surety knows for whom he stood,  
And gave himself a sacrifice;  
The souls once sprinkled with his blood,  
Possess a life that never dies.  
Though darkness spread around our tent,  
Though fear prevail, and joy decline,  
God will not of his oath repent:  
Dear Lord, thy people still are thine.

**LOVE OF GOD.**

16. *He shall rest in his Love, &c.*    104<sup>th</sup>.

**S**ALVATION by grace,  
How charming the song;  
With Seraphims join,  
The theme to prolong:

'Twas plann'd by Jehovah,  
 In council above,  
 Who to everlasting  
 Shall rest in his love.

This cov'nant of grace  
 All blessings secures;  
 Believers, rejoice,  
 For all things are yours;  
 And God from his purpose,  
 Shall never remove,  
 But love thee and bless thee,  
 And rest in his love.

But when, like a sheep  
 That strays from the fold,  
 To Jesus thy Lord  
 Thy love shall grow cold,  
 Think not he'll reject thee,  
 But rather reprove;  
 Yet, tho' he correct thee,  
 He'll rest in his love.

When sold under sin,  
 A slave to thy lust,  
 Deep sunk in the fall  
 Of Adam the first,  
 And oft in rebellion  
 With God thou hast strove,  
 Yet wonder, O heavens,  
 He rests in his love,

In Jesus the Lamb,  
 The Father's delight,  
 The saints without blame,  
 Appear in his sight;

And while he in Jesus  
 Their souls shall approve,  
 So long shall Jehovah  
 Abide in his love.

17. *Everlasting Love.* C. M.

**B**ENEATH the sacred throne of God  
 I saw a river rise,  
 The streams were peace and pard'ning blood  
 Descending from the skies.  
 Angelic minds cannot explore  
 This deep, unfathom'd sea;  
 'Tis void of bottom, brim, or shore,  
 And lost in Deity.  
 I stood amaz'd, and wonder'd when,  
 Or why, this ocean rose,  
 That wafts salvation down to men,  
 His traitors and his foes.  
 That sacred flood, from Jesu's veins,  
 Was free to take away  
 A Mary's or Manasseh's stains,  
 Or sins more vile than they.  
 Free to the sinner, dead to God,  
 Who sought the road to hell;  
 That trampled on a Saviour's blood,  
 And on his buckler fell.  
 Triumphant grace, and man's free will,  
 Shall not divide the throne;  
 For man's a fallen sinner still,  
 And Christ shall reign alone.

man's as  
 And Christ

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18. *The Stability of the Covenant; or,  
God's Love to Zion unalterable.* L. M.

WHEN at th' Almighty's dread command,  
The wat'ry deluge left the land,  
Then from the ark the Prophet came,  
And built an altar to his name.

Sav'd from the vast tremendous flood,  
He offer'd sacrifice to God;  
Jehovah lik'd th' oblation well,  
And did of rest a savour smell.

Then, with a solemn oath he spoke,  
"Tho' once, for sin, my wrath awoke,  
"Yet now I rest, my fury's o'er,  
"I will destroy the world no more."

Thus to his Church in Christ, he said,  
"Since justice smote thy Saviour's head,  
"And in the cloud my bow I see,  
"I never can be wroth with thee.

"Sooner the massy hills shall prove  
"Like chaff, that's with a whirlwind drove,  
"Than I forsake my firm decree,  
"Or let my love grow cold to thee.

"The pond'rous mountains sooner may  
"Desert their seats, and flee away,  
"Than I forget, or disapprove,  
"The chosen objects of my love.

"As by my name of old I swore,  
"To drown a guilty world no more;  
"So have I sworn, I'll never be  
"Incens'd with wrath to deluge thee."

19. *The Church's Safety; or, Zion's Bulwarks the everlasting Love of Jehovah.* S. M.

ZION's a city fair,  
Whose fame of old was known;  
Jehovah dwells for ever there,  
He claims her for his own.

Here his affections rest,  
Nor shall from hence remove;  
'Tis his delight to make her blest,  
And live upon his love.

Her worthless name is found,  
Deep 'graven on his hand,  
In characters of grace profound,  
That shall for ever stand.

Tho' oft with tempest tost,  
Ne'er from her anchor drove,  
This chosen vessel can't be lost,  
Secur'd by cov'nant love.

Her bulwarks and her walls  
Are all the promises,  
Founded in potent *wills* and *shalls*,  
In oaths and firm decrees.

Her food the Saviour's blood,  
She feeds by faith divine;  
With Jesus one, th' eternal God,  
In ties of love divine.

Tho' she's at war with hell,  
Yet she's at peace with heav'n;  
Triumphant grace her foes shall quell;  
Her sins are all forgiv'n.



20. *The Overflowing of Divine Love from  
God to his Church.* L. M.

OH! the mysterious depths of grace,  
Who shall thy wand'ring mazes trace?  
Surpassing human thought, to know  
Where this abyss of love shall flow,

'Twas hid in God's eternal breast,  
For all his sons in Jesus blest,  
Whose mystic members, from of old,  
Were in the book of life enroll'd.

Shall one, as now in thine embrace,  
Before to-morrow fall from grace;  
Be doom'd to Tophet's endless flame,  
Where hope or mercy never came?

No! glory to his name, we say,  
He'll love to-morrow as to-day;  
No wrath shall e'er his bosom move  
Towards an object of his love.

No heights of guilt, or depths of sin,  
Where his redeem'd have ever been,  
But sov'reign grace was underneath,  
And love eternal, strong as death.

Come then, ye saints, in strains divine,  
Rehearse the same in ev'ry line,  
Nor fear to sing the charming lay;  
You'll sing the same another day.

No other song will be th' employ  
Of saints, in worlds of endless joy;  
But loud hosannahs round the throne,  
To the Great sacred Three in One.

21. *Salvation flowing from Eternal Love.*

C. M.

Now, in a sweet exalted song,  
 Let ransom'd mortals join  
 To celebrate, both old and young,  
 Jehovah's love divine.

'Twas on this deep, unfathom'd sea,  
 That life by Jesus came;  
 He bore his people's sins away,  
 All glory to his name.

'Twas sin that nail'd him to the tree,  
 That thrust the fatal spear;  
 But love, that made him sin to be;—  
 Salvation centers there.

When he beheld the chosen race  
 All welt'ring in their gore,  
 Terrific frowns ne'er cloth'd his face,  
 Nor did his vengeance roar.

He turn'd his eyes to Jesus then,  
 And in his bosom saw  
 His dear delights, the sons of men,  
 Complete without a flaw.

To Zion's Great Eternal King,  
 Who bled for worms below,  
 Let bright immortal spirits sing,  
 And praise unmeasur'd flow.

22. *Knowing the Love of Christ.* 8. 8. 6.

To comprehend and fully prove  
 The depths of everlasting love,



A seraph's pow'rs must fail ;  
How then shall sinful worms below  
The great dimensions ever know,  
Or give the full detail?

'Twas Paul's desire, that saints with him  
Might know the breadth and length extreme,  
And wonder and adore ;  
But, ah ! how weak are finite minds,  
To fathom Wisdom's great designs,  
That sea without a shore,

When dead in sin the sinner lay,  
Love found a new and living way  
To bring him near to God ;  
'Twas thro' that sacred bloody sweat,  
Which made the Saviour's garment wet,  
When he the wine-press trod,

O love, beyond conception great,  
Earth, hell, nor sin, shall ne'er defeat  
The council of thy will ;  
For whom he stretch'd his bleeding hands,  
In heav'n a vacant mansion stands,  
That they must surely fill,

The resurrection morn shall prove  
The objects of eternal love,  
A royal blood-bought throng ;  
Then in the riches of thy grace,  
They shall eternal wonders trace,  
While ages roll along,

23. *Having loved his own, which were in the World, he loved them unto the End. 7.*

**J**ESUS, full of truth and grace,  
 Having lov'd his chosen race,  
 Bears their sins and sorrows too,  
 Ne'er neglects his chosen few.

Long before creation's dawn,  
 He embrac'd them as his own;  
 Still, with unabating glow,  
 Burns his love toward them now.

Love, mysterious, free, and great,  
 Nothing shall the same defeat;  
 Flowing from the Great I AM,  
 Sin its course shall never damn.

'Tis a deep unfathom'd sea,  
 Rising in the Deity;  
 From eternity it came,  
 To eternity the same.

Time revolting ne'er shall prove  
 When his saints shall cease to love;  
 'Tis the same from age to age,  
 To this chosen heritage.

Glory to his sacred name,  
 Jesu's love's a constant flame;  
 Hell may rage, and sin conspire,  
 All to quench this heav'nly fire.

Still the flame vehement grows,  
 Jesu's love no measure knows;  
 Hills of guilt like smoke retire,  
 Touch'd by this eternal fire.

He hath lov'd them, dead in sin,  
 Gave them quick'ning life within;  
 To the end he loves them now,  
 Round his throne they'll surely bow.

24. *I spread my Skirt over Thee.* L. M.

EMBLEM of sinners, dead to God,  
 Behold the infant in its blood,  
 Cast in an open field to die,  
 Without a kind deliv'rer nigh.

When Jesus came to take her sin,  
 This was the state his bride was in;  
 He said, " My love, thy shame I see,  
 " But with my skirt I'll cover thee.

" I heal'd thy wounds, I wash'd thy stains,  
 " I grac'd thy neck with golden chains,  
 " Then I engag'd thy God to be,  
 " And with my skirt did cover thee.

" 'Twas not in Sinai to forgive,  
 " I spake the word, and bade thee live:  
 " From Sinai's law I made thee free,  
 " For 'tis no skirt to cover thee.

" Welt'ring in blood, I saw thee lie;  
 " Oh! hail the day that I pass'd by;  
 " 'Twas sov'reign love, divinely free,  
 " This was the skirt that cover'd thee.

" This spotless vesture thou shalt wear,  
 " Nor God's vindictive justice fear;  
 " Nor hell, nor sin, the same shall foul;  
 " 'Tis girt, by God, around thy soul."

25. *The Same.* L. M.

'T WAS to redeem his bride from hell,  
 Who, in the fall of Adam, fell,  
 That Jesus left his throne on high,  
 And did for her transgressions die.

Pinion'd with love, from heav'n he fled,  
 Intent to woo, and thus he said,

“ Arise, my love, from earth and sin,

“ I come thy roving heart to win.

“ In the great council of the sky,

“ I pass'd thy vile transgressions by ;

“ For thou wast mine by firm decree,

“ And with my skirt I cover'd thee.

“ 'Twas I adorn'd thy hands, my dove,

“ With bracelets of eternal love,

“ And all was thine, without a fee,

“ When, with my skirt, I cover'd thee.

“ I deck thy temples with a crown,

“ And far and wide spread thy renown ;

“ Yea, made thy soul from blemish free,

“ When, with my skirt, I cover'd thee.”

This seamless vesture, once put on,  
 Shall make thy soul outshine the sun ;

'Twas wove by Jesus, on the tree,

Sin-burden'd soul, to cover thee.

Jesus the church hath bought with blood,  
 She stands accepted now by God ;

Angels may trace, but never prove,

Th' amazing heights and depths of love.

26. *Union with Jesus.* L. M.

**B**ETROTH'D in love, ere time began,  
 His blood-bought bride with Jesus see ;  
 Made by eternal union One,  
 Who was, and is, and is to be,  
 Thus He became her Cov'nant Head ;  
 Charg'd with her sin the Saviour stands,  
 To do and suffer, in her stead,  
 All that the righteous law demands.  
 Here justice and the highest grace  
 Met, in the Sinner's Only Friend ;  
 He freely took our lowest place ;  
 Oh ! love that all our thoughts transcend.  
 When sunk in sin, He'll not disown  
 Those sacred ties that made her His,  
 But claim this partner of His throne,  
 Thro' floods of wrath, and deep distress.  
 Nor flood, nor flame, nor hell combin'd,  
 Shall, from His love, her soul divide ;  
 His blood the marriage nuptials sign'd,  
 And for her sins in love He died.  
 Thus, in His eyes, she ever stood,  
 From wrinkle and from blemish free ;  
 Lov'd with the dateless love of God,  
 And bless'd by the Great Sacred Three.

27. *Redeeming Love.* 7<sup>s</sup>.

**N**ow begin the heav'nly theme.  
 Sing aloud in Jesu's name,  
 Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,  
**Triumph in Redeeming Love.**



Ye who see the Father's grace,  
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
 As to Canaan on ye move,  
 Praise and bless Redeeming Love.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
 Banish all your guilty fears,  
 See your guilt and curse remove,  
 Cancell'd by Redeeming Love.

Ye, alas, who long have been  
 Willing slaves of death and sin,  
 Now from bliss no longer rove,  
 Stop—and taste Redeeming Love.

Welcome all by sin oppress'd  
 Welcome to your Saviour's breast;  
 Nothing brought him from above,  
 Nothing but Redeeming Love.

He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,  
 His tremendous foes and ours,  
 From their cursed empire drove,  
 Mighty in Redeeming Love.

Hither then your music bring,  
 Strike aloud each joyful string;  
 Mortals join the hosts above,  
 Join to praise Redeeming Love.

28. *Reflections on Christ's Love.* 8. 7.

O MY Lord, I've often mused  
 On thy wond'rous love to me,  
 How I have the same abused,  
 Slighted, disregarded thee!

To thy church and thee a stranger,  
 Pleas'd with what displeas'd thee;  
 Lost, yet could perceive no danger,  
 Wounded, yet no wound could see.

But unwearied thou pursu'dst me:  
 Still thy calls repeated came,  
 Till on Calv'ry's mount I view'd thee,  
 Bearing my reproach and blame.

Then o'erwhelm'd with shame and sorrow,  
 Whilst I view each pierced limb,  
 Tears bedew the scourge's furrow,  
 Mingling with the purple stream,

I no more at Mary wonder  
 Dropping tears upon the grave,  
 Earnest asking all around her,  
 Where is he who dy'd to save?

Dying love her heart attracted,  
 Soon she felt its rising pow'r;  
 He who Mary thus affected  
 Bids his mourners weep no more.

29. *Unchangeable Love.* C. M.

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,  
 E'en when he hides his face,  
 He trusts in our Redeemer's hands  
 His glory and his grace.

Beneath his smiles my heart hath liv'd,  
 And part of heav'n possess'd,  
 I thank him for the grace receiv'd,  
 And trust him for the rest.

Jesus, my God, I know his name,  
 His name is all my trust;  
 He will not put my soul to shame,  
 Nor let my hope be lost.

Thus will he own my worthless name  
 Before his Father's face;  
 And in the New Jerusalem  
 Assign my soul a place.

30. *Unchangeable Love.* L. M.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,  
 And smiling day once more appears,  
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find  
 The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,  
 And blush that I should ever be  
 So prone to act so base a part,  
 And harbour one hard thought of thee.

O let me then at length be taught  
 What still I am so slow to learn,  
 That God is love, and changes not,  
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn,

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;  
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,  
 I find myself a learner yet,  
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But oh! my Lord, one look from thee  
 Subdues the disobedient will,  
 Drives doubt and discontent away,  
 And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as willing to forgive  
 As I am ready to repine;  
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,  
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

31. *Amazing Love.* C. M.

ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed!  
 And did my Sov'reign die!  
 Would he devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done  
 He groan'd upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
 And love beyond degree?

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

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

But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 That debt of love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
 O help me so to do.

32. *Unchangeable Love.* 104th.

IF Jesus is ours  
 We have a true Friend,  
 Whose goodness endures  
 The same to the end;

## LOVE OF GOD,

Our comforts may vary,  
Our frames may decline;  
We cannot miscarry,  
Our aid is divine.

Though God may delay  
To shew us his light,  
And heaviness may  
Endure for a night;  
Yet joy in the morning  
Shall surely abound,  
No shadow of turning  
In Jesus is found.

The hills may depart,  
And mountains remove,  
But faithful thou art,  
O Fountain of love!  
The Father hath graven  
Our names on thy hands;  
Our building in heaven  
Eternally stands.

A moment he hid  
The light of his face,  
Yet firmly decreed  
To save us by grace;  
And though he reprov'd us,  
And still may reprove,  
For ever he lov'd us,  
And ever will love.

Then tune every string  
To Jesus's name,  
With Angel's we'll sing



The song of the Lamb;  
Thee ev'ry believer  
Shall joyfully praise,  
Thou bountiful giver  
Of glory and grace.

33. *The same.* 6. 8.

O MY distrustful heart,  
How small thy faith appears!  
But greater, Lord, thou art  
Than all my doubts and fears;  
Did Jesus once upon me shine?  
Then Jesus is for ever mine.  
Unchangeable his will  
Whatever be my frame,  
His loving heart is still  
Eternally the same;  
My soul through many changes goes,  
His love no variation knows.  
Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,  
And perfectly perform  
The work thou hast begun  
In me a sinful worm;  
'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,  
Thy Spirit will not let me go.  
The bowels of thy grace  
At first did freely move,  
I still shall see thy face,  
And feel that God is love;  
My soul into thy arms I cast,  
I know I shall be sav'd at last,

34. *God is Love.* 8. 7. 7.

LORD, thine image thou hast lent me,  
 In thy never fading love,  
 When I fell, yet thou hast sent me  
 Full redemption from above:  
 Sacred love, I long to be  
 Thine to all Eternity.

Love to bliss thou hast ordained  
 Me, ere I began to be:  
 God of love, thou'st not disdained  
 To become a man like me:  
 Love, almighty and divine,  
 I would be for ever thine.

Love, who hast for me endured  
 All the pains of death and hell;  
 Love, whose suff'rings have procured  
 More for me than tongue can tell:  
 Sacred love, I long to be  
 Thine to all eternity.

Love, my life and my salvation,  
 Light and truth, eternal word,  
 Thou alone dost consolation  
 To my sinking soul afford:  
 Love, almighty and divine,  
 I would be for ever thine.

To thy blessed yoke thou'rt tying  
 Me with cords of grace and love,  
 While my heart is ever crying,  
 May I true and faithful prove:  
 Sacred love, I long to be  
 Thine to all eternity.

Love, who wilt for ever love me,  
 Intercessor for my soul,  
 Who sustain'd me, light or heavy,  
 On the priestly breast and roll:  
 Love, almighty and divine,  
 I would be for ever thine.

Love, who wilt hereafter raise me,  
 From the grave a bed of dust;  
 Love, whose final zeal arrays me  
 With a garment 'mong the just:  
 Sacred love, I long to be  
 Thine to all eternity.

35. *Comfort of God's Love.* C. M.

THE world can neither give nor take,  
 Nor can they comprehend  
 That peace of God, which Christ hath bought,  
 That peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consum'd  
 Whilst God remained there;  
 The three, when Jesus made the fourth,  
 Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand;  
 But Zion's God sits by,  
 As the refiner views his gold,  
 With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, his love is wise,  
 His wounds a cure intend;  
 And though he doth not always smile,  
 He loves unto the end.

His love is constant as the sun,  
 Though clouds come oft between,  
 And could my faith but pierce these clouds,  
 It might be always seen.

Yet I shall ever, ever sing,  
 And thou for ever shine,  
 I have thine own dear pledge for this ;  
 Lord, thou art ever mine.

36. *The Sovereignty of Christ.* 8. 7. d<sup>ble</sup>.

JESUS, whose almighty sceptre  
 Rules creation all around,  
 In whose bowels love and mercy,  
 Grace and pity, full are found ;  
 In my spirit rule and conquer,  
 There set up thy endless throne ;  
 Win my heart from every creature,  
 Thee to love, and thee alone.

In thy strength I'd only conquer,  
 In thy righteousness confide,  
 Wise and simple in thy wisdom,  
 Strong and dauntless by thy side ;  
 In thy bleeding wounds most happy,  
 Nought will do for wretched me  
 But a Saviour full of mercy,  
 Dying, innocent, and free.

Climb, my soul, unto the mountain,  
 Ever blessed Calvary,  
 See the wounded victim bleeding,  
 Nail'd to the accursed tree ;

Love to miserable sinners,  
 Love unfathom'd, love to death,  
 Was the only end and motive  
 To resign his gracious breath.

37. *The Eternity of God's Love.* L. M.

YE, who the highest joys would prove,  
 O think on everlasting love ;  
 Before all worlds it did exist,  
 In great Jehovah's glorious breast.

Then, O how ancient is the date,  
 How free, and how supremely great ;  
 So great, that mortals here below,  
 Ne'er can express, or fully know !

Eternal love join'd Abram's seed,  
 To Jesus their eternal head,  
 Stor'd his rich fulness with all good,  
 Eternal life, immortal food.

All the vast blessings time can bring,  
 From this eternal fountain spring ;  
 The sacred streams yield heav'nly peace,  
 Celestial joy, and growing bliss.

This love abundantly confirms,  
 The wav'ring faith of feeble worms ;  
 O, 'tis an everlasting rock,  
 For all the dear Redeemer's flock.

Now, Lord, this precious love impart,  
 To every broken, contrite heart ;  
 May each repenting sinner prove,  
 The joys of everlasting love.



38. *The Unchangeableness of God's Love.*  
8. 7.

**G**REAT Jehovah's love endureth,  
Then away with all complaints;  
His unchanging love secureth,  
Crowns of glory for the saints.

May we all be ever learning,  
How it shines in Christ the Lamb,  
Never knows a shade of turning,  
But in him abides the same.

This great truth yields heav'nly pleasure,  
To the feeble and the faint,  
Ever proves a solid treasure,  
To the weak and weary saint.

What a spring of consolation  
Is the Lord's abounding grace,  
And what blissful contemplation,  
This affords the chosen race!

When surrounded with temptation,  
They a faithful friend have got,  
For the rock of their salvation,  
Is a God that changeth not.

Now, dear Father, help us ponder,  
On this never-ceasing love,  
Fill us with transporting wonder,  
While its boundless joy we prove.

**39. *The Nature and Influence of God's Love.***

C. M.

**H**ow truly glorious is the love,  
Of all the glorious Three,  
Eternal, boundless, sov'reign, pure,  
Unchangeable, and free.

Flaming with love the Saviour flies  
Down from his bright abode,  
Smiles on the earth, redeems a world,  
And brings a world to God.

Drawn by his love we sweetly rise,  
And breathe for things above,  
More swift than eagles mount and fly,  
To see eternal love.

Favour'd with such a pleasing view,  
We triumph in our God,  
And run with wonder and delight,  
Fair Zion's happy road.

We pray, repent, believe, obey,  
And joy with those above,  
Admire, adore, and shout, and sing,  
Of everlasting love.

Soon may we soar to worlds of light,  
On hills of glory shine,  
And sing of pure eternal love,  
In raptures all divine.

40. *The Love of God to Christ, and his  
Members.* C. M.

CHRIST and his members ever stood  
A glorious mystic man,  
Lov'd with the highest love of God  
Before the world began.

The chosen people were of old,  
Pure in Jehovah's sight,  
And never did he them behold  
But with a vast delight.

O with what pleasure he survey'd  
The highly favour'd train,  
Saw Jesus, and his honour'd Bride  
In perfect splendour shine.

In the pure arms of sov'reign grace  
He clasp'd the chosen seed,  
Determin'd evermore to bless  
The members, with the head.

Although the Lord of earth and sky  
Knew what we all should prove,  
He on the Saviour kept his eye,  
And rested in his love.

O Lord, this wond'rous love reveal,  
Take us within its arms,  
And may we all for ever feel  
Its soul-transporting charms.

41. *The Love of God in Christ the Source  
of all Blessedness.* C. M.

RIVERS of pure and boundless Love,  
From God in Christ arise,  
Rolls from this ever-flowing source  
Streams of eternal joys.

Lord, may we see the springs of love,  
Thy loving heart contains,  
Transported—sing the joyful song,  
*The love of Jesus reigns.*

O thou all glorious Prince of Peace,  
Smile from thy radiant throne,  
And in the sweetest forms of love,  
Come down, dear Lord, come down.

Down with all sin and slavish fear,  
And let us richly prove,  
The life divine, the life of God,  
The happy life of love.

Come, sacred love, with all thy charms,  
And closer still unite,  
Heart to each heart, and soul to soul,  
And fill us with delight.

Soon may we all in glory meet,  
Where great Immanuel reigns;  
There shall we sing the songs of love  
In pure eternal strains.

40                    **LOVE OF GOD.**

42. *The Provisions of Covenant Love.* C. M.

**B**EFORE the starry skies were spread,  
Or wasting time began,  
God, with an everlasting love,  
Deign'd to remember man.

The boundless treasures of his grace  
He stor'd in Christ alone,  
Pure rivers of eternal bliss,  
He opens in the Son.

May we on this vast fulness gaze,  
And growing raptures prove ;  
O may we see with flowing eyes,  
The great abyss of love.

Salvation, life, and endless peace,  
And all the joys we know,  
Issue in streams of antient grace—  
From antient love they flow.

Lord, the rich favour now we crave,  
Is thy pure love to see,  
Pray to love all thy grace shall save,  
All who belong to thee.

Extensive as the gracious throng,  
May our affections spread ;  
Ever love all with heart and tongue,  
For whom the Saviour bled.

43. *Admiration of Divine Love.* 148.

**L**OVE will I ever sing,  
Sing of its antient date,  
Love is the flowing spring  
Of blessings truly great ;



Love is the pure immortal food,  
Love is the height and depth of God.

Love is my comely dress,  
My glory, and my crown,  
My life, my joy, my peace,  
My heaven, and my throne ;  
Love is the pure immortal food,  
Love is the height and depth of God.

Celestial love descend,  
Embrace me in thy arms,  
And ravish all my mind,  
With thy eternal charms ;  
Be to my soul immortal food,  
And all the height and depth of God.

Lord, may I soon be caught  
Up to the realms above,  
And there be better taught,  
The glories of thy love,  
And feast on this immortal food,  
And triumph in the love of God.

44. *Dependance on Christ alone.* 112.

IF ever it could come to pass  
That sheep of Christ might fall away,  
My fickle, feeble soul, alas !  
Would fall a thousand times a day :  
Were not thy love as firm as free,  
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me.  
I on thy promises depend,  
At least, I to depend desire  
That thou wilt love me to the end,  
Be with me in temptation's fire ;

Will for me work, and in me too,  
 And guide me right, and bring me thro'.  
 No other stay have I beside ;  
 If these can alter, I must fall ;  
 I look to thee to be supplied,  
 With life, with will, with power, with all.  
 Rich souls may glory in their store ;  
 But Jesus will relieve the poor.

45. *Professor, lovest thou Christ? 7.*

**H**ARK! my soul, it is the Lord,  
 'Tis thy Saviour, heard his word,  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?  
 I deliver'd thee when bound,  
 And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound,  
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.  
 Can a woman's tender care  
 Cease towards the child she bare?  
 Yes, she may forgetful be,  
 Yet will I remember thee.  
 Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above,  
 Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 Free and faithful, strong as death.  
 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
 When the work of grace is done,  
 Partner of my throne shall be ;  
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint,  
Yet I love thee and adore,  
O for grace to love thee more!

46. *Glory and Grace in the Person of  
Christ.* L. M.

Now to the Lord a noble song!  
Awake, my soul; awake my tongue:  
Hosanna to th' eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.

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

The spacious earth, and spreading flood,  
Proclaim the wise and pow'ful God;  
And thy rich glories from afar,  
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

But in his looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labour of thine hands:  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

Oh, may I live to reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face!  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold!



47. *Electing Grace: or, Saints Beloved in Christ.* L. M.

**J**ESUS, we bless thy Father's name;  
 Thy God and ours are both the same;  
 What heav'nly blessings from his throne,  
 Flow down to sinners thro' his Son.

“Christ be my first elect,” he said;  
 Then chose our souls in Christ our head!  
 Before he gave the mountains birth,  
 Or laid foundations for the earth.

Thus did eternal love begin  
 To raise us up from death and sin;  
 Our characters were then decreed,  
 “Blameless in love, a holy seed.”

Predestinated to be sons,  
 Born by degrees, but chose at once;  
 A new regenerated race,  
 To praise the glory of his grace.

With Christ our Lord we share a part  
 In the affections of his heart;  
 Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,  
 Till he forget his first-belov'd.

48. *The Joy of Faith.* 5. 6.

**H**ow happy are we,  
 Our election who see,  
 And can venture our souls on thy gracious  
 decree!

In Jesus approv'd,  
 From eternity lov'd,  
 And held in his hand, whence we cannot be  
 mov'd!

'Tis sweet to recline  
 On thy bosom divine,  
 And experience the comforts peculiar to thine ;  
 While born from above,  
 And upheld by thy love,  
 We with singing and triumph to Zion remove.

As doves we have prest  
 To the ark of thy breast,  
 That harbour of safety, that centre of rest ;  
 Thou hast taken us in,  
 Thou hast cancell'd our sin,  
 And sown the sure seed of salvation within.

Our seeking thy face  
 Was the fruit of thy grace ;  
 Thy goodness deserves, and shall have all  
 the praise :  
 No sinner can be  
 Beforehand with thee :  
 Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free  
 Effectually drawn,  
 We come to thy Son,  
 And thoul't perfect the work, for the work  
 was thy own :  
 Thy breath from above,  
 The spark shall improve ;  
 No floods can extinguish our dawning of love.

49. *Part Second.* 5. 6.

OUR Saviour and friend  
 His love shall extend ;  
 It knew no beginning, and never shall end ;

Whom once he receives  
 His Spirit ne'er leaves ;  
 Nor revokes, nor repents, of the grace that  
 he gives.

Through mercy we taste  
 Th' invisible feast,  
 The bread of the kingdom, the wine of the  
 blest :

Who grants us to know  
 His drawings below,  
 Will endless salvation and glory bestow.

This proof we can give,  
 That thee we receive,  
 Thou art precious alone to the souls that  
 believe :

Thou art precious to us,  
 All beside is as dross,  
 When compar'd with thy love, and the blood  
 of thy cross.

## THE FALL.

50. *The Evil Consequence of Sin.* 112.

WHEN Adam by transgression fell,  
 And conscious fled his Maker's face,  
 Link'd in clandestine league with hell,  
 He ruin'd all his future race ;  
 The seeds of evil once brought in,  
 Increas'd, and fill'd the world with sin.  
 This lurking leav'n ferments the mass ;  
 All nature's sick : creation's spoil'd ;



Each sin-infected sire, alas !

Begets a sin-infected child :

Thus propagation spreads the curse ;  
And man born bad, grows worse and worse.

But lo! the second Adam came,

The serpent's subtle head to bruise ;  
He cancels his malicious claim,

And disappoints his dev'lish views ;  
Ransoms poor pris'ners with his blood,  
And brings the sinner back to God,

To understand these terms aright,

This grand distinction should be known ;  
Tho' all are sinners in God's sight,

There are but few so in their own.  
To such as these the Lord was sent ;  
They're only sinners who repent.

What comfort can a Saviour bring

To those who never felt their wo?  
A sinner is a sacred thing ;

The Holy Ghost has made him so :  
New life from him we must receive  
Before for sin we rightly grieve.

Let the self-righteous hence beware,  
Lest he this great salvation scorn ;

Let ev'ry careless soul take care ;

For they that laugh shall one day mourn.

High flying lights, learn hence to stoop ;  
Dry knowledge only puffs men up.

This faithful saying, let us own ;

Well worthy 'tis to be believ'd  
That Christ into the world came down,

That sinners might by him be sav'd;  
Sinners are high in his esteem,  
And sinners highly value him.

51. *Justification.* C. M.

OF all the creatures God has made,  
There is but man alone  
That stands in need to be array'd  
In cov'rings not his own.

By nature, bears, and bulls, and swine,  
With fowls of every wing,  
Are much more warm, more safe, more fine,  
Than man, their fallen king.

Naked and weak, we want a screen;  
But, when with clothes we're deckt,  
Not only lies our shape unseen,  
But we command respect.

Can sinful souls, that stand unclad  
Before God's burning throne,  
All bare; or, (what is quite as bad)  
In cov'rings of their own?

Rich garments must be worn to grace  
The marriage of the Lamb;  
No nasty rags, to stink the place,  
Nor nakedness to shame.

Robes of imputed righteousness  
Will gain us God's esteem;  
No naked pride, no fig-leaf dress,  
How fair so'er it seem.

'Tis call'd a robe, perhaps to mean  
Man has by nature none;

## INCARNATION OF CHRIST. 49

It grows not native, like our skin,  
But is by faith put on.

A sinner cloth'd in this rich vest,  
And garments wash'd in blood,  
Is render'd fit with Christ to feast,  
And be the guest of God.

## INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

### 52. *Christmas.* 7<sup>s</sup>.

**H**ARK ! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new born King !  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumphs of the skies ;  
With th' angelic host proclaim,  
" Christ is born in Bethlehem !"

Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,  
Christ the everlasting Lord ;  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity ;  
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,  
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die ;  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

## 50 INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

Come, desire of nations, come,  
Fix in us thy humble home;  
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

53. *Another.* 8. 5. 8.

LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,  
Salute the happy morn;  
Each heavenly power  
Proclaims the glad hour,  
Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born!  
All glory be to God on high,  
To him all praise is due;  
The promise is seal'd,  
The Saviour's reveal'd,  
And proves that the record is true.  
Let joy around like rivers flow,  
Flow on and still increase,  
Spread o'er the glad earth  
At Jesus's birth,  
For heaven and earth are at peace.  
Now the good will of heaven is shewn  
Tow'rds Adam's helpless race;  
Messiah is come  
To ransom his own,  
To save them by infinite grace.  
Then let us join the heavens above,  
Where hymning seraphs sing;  
Join all the glad powers,  
For their Lord is ours,  
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

## INCARNATION OF CHRIST. 51

### 54. *The Nativity.* C. M.

**H**ARK, the glad sound, Messiah comes!  
The Saviour promis'd long,  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.  
He comes the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held,  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.  
He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with his righteousness and blood  
T' enrich the humble poor.  
Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arch shall ring  
With thy beloved name.

### 55. *Christmas.* L. M.

**J**ESUS, all praise is due to thee,  
That thou wast pleas'd a man to be;  
A virgin's womb thou didst not scorn,  
And angels shout to see thee born.  
Hallelujah.

The blessed Father's only Son  
Chuseth a manger for his throne;  
And though the high and mighty God,  
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood.  
Hallelujah.

## 52 INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

Whom earth could not contain, nor skies,  
In low estate the Saviour lies ;  
And who the world's foundation laid,  
Is now a little infant made.

**Hallelujah.**

The Father's brightness comes in sight,  
Gives to the world its saving light,  
And drives the clouds of sin away,  
To make us children of the day.

**Hallelujah.**

The Son, th' almighty God confess'd,  
In his own world became a guest,  
And open'd through himself the way,  
A passage to eternal day.

**Hallelujah.**

And therefore poor on earth he came,  
That we might all his riches claim,  
To make us heirs of endless bliss,  
With all those chosen saints of his.

**Hallelujah.**

For us these wonders he hath wrought,  
To shew his love surpassing thought,  
Then let us all unite to sing  
Praise to our loving God and King.

**Hallelujah.**

### 56. *Another.* L. M.

**Y**E simple men of heart sincere,  
Shepherds who watch your flocks by night,  
Start not to see an angel near,  
Nor tremble at this glorious light.



## INCARNATION OF CHRIST. 53

An herald from the heav'nly King  
I come, your every fear to chase,  
Good tidings of great joy I bring,  
Great joy unto the fallen race.

For you is born on this glad day,  
A Saviour by our host ador'd;  
Our God in Bethlehem survey,  
Make haste to worship Christ the Lord.

By this the Saviour of mankind,  
Th' incarnate God shall be display'd,  
In swathes the infant ye shall find,  
And humbly in a manger laid.

57. *Great is the Mystery of Godliness,  
God manifest in the Flesh.* L. M.

WITHOUT dispute, 'twixt bond or free,  
Great is the gospel mystery;  
How God in Christ was reconcil'd  
To guilty man, by sin defil'd,  
Shall seraphs try the same to prove?  
'Tis buried in eternal love:  
'Tis lost in this unfathom'd sea,  
And swallow'd up, great God, in thee,  
Here the divine perfections meet,  
Mercy and truth each other greet;  
Justice and peace, in Jesus, see,  
Unite in sacred harmony.

Great was the myst'ry of that grace,  
That chose, from Adam's fallen race,  
Ten thousand thousand sons to praise  
Its glories thro' eternal days.

## 54 INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

By man came death, sin, hell, and shame;  
By man the resurrection came;  
He bruis'd the subtile serpent's head,  
And captive all his legions led.

Great was the myst'ry, truly great,  
That hell's designs should hell defeat;  
But here eternal wisdom shin'd,  
For Satan wrought what God design'd.

Great was the myst'ry of that love,  
When Jesus left his throne above,  
Expos'd his life, and precious blood,  
To bring rebellious man to God.

Oh! deep abyss of love profound,  
Too vast for angel-minds to sound;  
To scan the same our thoughts are lost;  
Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

## 58. *The Ministry of Angels.* L. M.

**H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light,  
The King of Glory spreads his seat,  
And troops of angels stretch'd for flight,  
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

“ Go, saith the Lord, my Gabriel, go,  
“ Salute the virgin's fruitful womb;  
“ Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,  
“ Sing and proclaim the Saviour come.”

Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,  
And thick around Elisha stands;  
Anon a heav'nly soldier flies,  
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,  
 Wait on thy wand'ring church below;  
 Here we are sailing to thy coasts,  
 Let angels be our convoy too.

Are they not all thy servants, Lord?  
 At thy command they go and come;  
 With cheerful haste obey thy word,  
 And guard thy children to their home.

## REDEMPTION.

59. *Redemption and Protection from  
 Spiritual Enemies.* C. M.

ARISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,  
 And triumph in my God;  
 Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
 His glorious grace abroad.

He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,  
 The gates of gaping hell,  
 And fix'd my standing more secure  
 Than 'twas before I fell.

The arms of everlasting love  
 Beneath my soul he plac'd,  
 And on the rock of ages set  
 My slippery footsteps fast.

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

Satan may vent his sharpest spite,  
 And all his legions roar;  
 Almighty mercy guards my life,  
 And bounds his raging pow'r.

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

60. *Christ magnifying the Law, and bringing in an everlasting Righteousness.* C. M.

WHEN Daniel's sev'nty weeks expir'd,  
 The Great Messiah dy'd;  
 He answer'd all the law requir'd,  
 And justice satisfy'd.

He cancell'd ev'ry crimson sin,  
 When his fair hands were torn;  
 And robes of righteousness brought in,  
 The naked to adorn.

Reflect, my soul, and stand amaz'd,  
 At love beyond compare;  
 He on the cross thy debts eras'd,  
 He nail'd the curses there.

He suffer'd once, let this suffice,  
 Keep this within thy view;  
 Not all that mortals e'er devis'd,  
 Can add a mite thereto.

Thus by the merit of his blood,  
 And labours of his hand,  
 Salvation finish'd flows from God,  
 And shall for ever stand.

61. *The Lamb and his Virgin company.* C. M.

**O**N Zion's sacred mount I saw  
The Lamb, for sinners slain;  
His church, redeem'd from endless woe,  
Compos'd his glorious train.

This virgin throng, belov'd of God,  
All stood around him there,  
With garments, wash'd in his own blood,  
Divinely bright and fair.

I strove this blood-bought host to count,  
Thus to my sight reveal'd;  
And found, at last, their full amount,  
'Twas all that God had seal'd,

They sung a song, for ever new;  
And none could learn the same,  
But ransom'd slaves, and sinners who  
From tribulation came.

They hymn'd the Great, the Dread I AM,  
Whose sacred name they wore,  
With endless honours to the Lamb,  
Till time shall be no more.

Blameless, before his throne they stand;  
They make a joyful noise;  
A call'd, a faithful, chosen band,  
And vent their swelling joys,  
Thus shall their bliss coeval run,  
With vast eternity;  
Or till the sacred Three in One,  
At once shall cease to be.



62. *Jesus, the Believer's Surety, having made Peace by the Blood of his Cross. 7.*

CHRIST, exalted, is our song,  
Hymn'd by all the blood-bought throng;  
To his throne our shouts shall rise;  
God with us by sacred ties.

Shout, believer, to thy God,  
He hath once the wine-press trod;  
Peace procur'd by blood divine,  
Cancell'd all thy sins, and mine.

Here thy bleeding wounds are heal'd,  
Sin condemn'd, and pardon seal'd;  
Grace her empire still maintains;  
Christ without a rival reigns.

Through corruption, felt within,  
Darkness, deadness, guilt, and sin;  
Still to Jesus turn thine eyes,  
Israel's hope and sacrifice.

In thy Surety, thou art free,  
His dear hands were pierc'd for thee;  
With his spotless vesture on,  
Holy as the Holy One.

Oh! the heights, the depths of grace,  
Shining with meridian blaze;  
Here the sacred records shew,  
Sinners black, but comely too.

Saints dejected, cease to mourn,  
Faith shall soon to vision turn;  
Ye the kingdom shall obtain,  
And with Christ exalted reign.



63. *Christ entering the Holy of Holies by his Blood.* 148.

**B**EHOLD the holy place,  
 With Aaron entering in,  
 To make for Israel's race  
 A sacrifice for sin;  
 In him the type  
 Of Jesus see,  
 Who trod the holy  
 Place for thee.

Without a victim slain,  
 As constant as the day,  
 None could remission gain,  
 No sins were done away;  
 Herein the gospel  
 Mystery see,  
 That Christ should set  
 The guilty free.

Jesus, thy blood I need;  
 This fountain, rich and free,  
 Shall wash my hands and head,  
 Yea, every part of me;  
 Defil'd without,  
 Defil'd within,  
 Wash thou my duties  
 As my sin.

Ere on the bloody tree  
 The sinner's debts he paid,  
 Slain in the great degree,  
 He stood the cov'nant head;

## REDEMPTION.

Till that divine  
 Illustrious day,  
 When sin by him  
 Was put away.

While he expiring hung,  
 The blood-bought throng on high,  
 His finish'd work they sung,  
 Redemption now brought nigh;  
 They went to heav'n  
 To rest with God  
 Upon the credit  
 Of his blood.

His sacrifice to God  
 Hath pleas'd the Father well;  
 The odours of his blood  
 Afford a fragrant smell;  
 Perfum'd with this,  
 His saints shall rise  
 To realms of bliss,  
 Beyond the skies.

64. *Christ exalted.* C. M.

**C**HILDREN of light, assist my song,  
 Come swell the sacred tone;  
 A sweeter note the blood-bought throng  
 Ne'er sung before the throne.

'Tis to the Lamb, for ever dear,  
 By God, made sin to be,  
 Whose sacred side receiv'd the spear,  
 Whose hands were pierc'd for me.

On love like this, reflect my soul,  
 Here's heights and depths to view;  
 And lengths that stretch from pole to pole,  
 The gospel myst'ry through.

He pass'd the rebel angels by,  
 Creatures of nobler pow'rs;  
 While rebel worms are rais'd on high,  
 This sinful flesh of ours.

The sins of all the ransom'd race,  
 That's found throughout the world,  
 By this one act of sov'reign grace,  
 Were in oblivion hurl'd.

When thine elect on Zion meet,  
 We'll lift thy name on high,  
 And ev'ry act of grace repeat,  
 And shout with holy joy.

65. *The Atonement.* 8. 7.

**H**AIL, thou once despised Jesus?  
 Hail, thou Galilean King,  
 Who didst suffer to release us,  
 Who didst free salvation bring.

Hail, thou precious, precious Saviour,  
 Who hast borne our sin and shame,  
 By whose merit we find favour;  
 Life is given through thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins were on thee laid;  
 By almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made.

Ev'ry sin may be forgiven  
 Through the virtue of thy blood;  
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,  
 There for ever to abide,  
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side.

There for sinners thou art pleading,  
 " Spare them yet another year;"  
 Thou for saints art interceding,  
 Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,  
 Christ is worthy to receive,  
 Loudest praises without ceasing  
 Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
 Help to sing your Jesu's merits,  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

66. *Christ's Merits.* 8. 7.

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,  
 Can relieve us from our smart,  
 Nothing else from guilt release us,  
 Nothing else can melt the heart.

Law and terrors do but harden,  
 All the while they work alone,  
 But a sense of blood-bought pardon  
 Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

Jesus, all our consolations

Flow from thee, the sov'reign good:  
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,  
All are purchas'd by thy blood.

From thy fulness we receive them,  
We have nothing of our own;  
Freely thou delight'st to give them,  
To the needy who have none.

Teach us by thy patient Spirit,  
How to mourn, and not despair,  
Let us, leaning on thy merit,  
Wrestle hard with God in prayer.

Whatsoe'er afflictions seize us,  
They shall profit, if not please;  
But defend, defend us, Jesus,  
From security and ease.

67. *Easter.* L. M.

**H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!  
Lo Salem's daughters weep around;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
For him who groan'd beneath your load,  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But lo, what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus the dead, revives again!

## 64. REDEMPTION.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise)  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.  
Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns:  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster death in chains;  
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!  
"Born to redeem! and strong to save;"  
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?  
"And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

### 68. *Redemption.* L. M.

HE dies, the great Redeemer dies,  
All nature feels the piercing groans,  
An awful darkness shades the skies,  
The rending earth the Saviour owns.  
Come all ye saints,—ye sons of God,  
View the dear Lamb in dreadful pains;  
But see a fountain stream with blood,  
And learn where endless pity reigns.  
Here is compassion all divine,  
The King immortal freely dies;  
But, O! behold his glory shine,  
And see him all triumphant rise.  
See him ascend the dazzling throne,  
With all the grandeur of a God;  
There the dear Saviour reigns alone,  
And shows the wonders of his blood,



Cease from your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 The great redemption of the Son;  
 Who nobly conquers death and hell,  
 And leads to mansions round the throne.

Say, reign for ever, glorious King,  
 Thee, will we praise for endless grace,  
 Help us to triumph, shout, and sing,  
 To all the highest realms of peace.

69. *Redemption.* 104.

**T**HE fountain of Christ  
 Assist me to sing,  
 The blood of our Priest,  
 Our crucified King;  
 Which perfectly cleanses  
 From sin and from filth,  
 And richly dispenses  
 Salvation and health.

This fountain so dear  
 He'll freely impart,  
 Unlock'd by the spear,  
 It gush'd from his heart.  
 With blood, and with water,  
 The first to atone,  
**T**o cleanse us the latter;  
 The fountain's but one.

This fountain is such,  
 (As thousands can tell)  
 The moment we touch  
 Its streams, we are well.

## REDEMPTION,

All waters beside them  
 Are full of the curse ;  
 For all that have tried them  
 Swell, rot, and grow worse,

This fountain, sick soul,  
 Recovers thee quite ;  
 Bathe here and be whole ;  
 Wash here and be white,  
 Whatever diseases  
 Or dangers befall,  
 The fountain of Jesus  
 Will rid thee of all.

This fountain from guilt  
 Not only makes pure,  
 And gives soon as felt,  
 Infallible cure ;  
 But, if guilt removed,  
 Return and remain,  
 Its power may be proved  
 Again and again,

This fountain, unseal'd,  
 Stands open for all  
 That long to be heal'd,  
 The great and the small,  
 Here's strength for the weakly,  
 That hither are led ;  
 Here's health for the sickly ;  
 Here's life for the dead.

This fountain, though rich,  
 From charge is quite clear ;  
 The poorer the wretch,  
 The welcomer here,

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Come needy, come guilty,  
 Come loathsome and bare:  
 You can't come too filthy---  
 Come just as you are.

This fountain in vain  
 Has never been tried;  
 It takes out all stain  
 Whenever applied;  
 The water flows sweetly  
 With virtue divine,  
 To cleanse souls completely,  
 Tho' leprous as mine.

70. *Admiration of Sovereign Grace.* S. M.

GRACE mov'd the triune God,  
 Lost sinners to redeem;  
 Grace is the source of ev'ry good,  
 And grace shall be my theme.  
 Grace, what a pleasing sound,  
 How it delights my ear,  
 How it revives my languid hope,  
 And drowns my ev'ry fear.  
 Thro' grace, I conquer hell,  
 And break infernal chains;  
 Thro' grace, my soul aspires to heav'n,  
 Where the Redeemer reigns.  
 Grace the good work begins,  
 And grace completes the same;  
 Grace shall constrain my soul to raise,  
 Hosannas to the Lamb.

## 68 SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

From his abounding grace,  
Daily I draw supplies ;  
Grace is the never-ceasing spring,  
Of all my sacred joys.

And when I meet my Lord,  
And join the gracious throng,  
Grace shall inspire my soul to sing,  
And grace be all the song.

## SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

### 71. *Calvary.* S. M.

Go forth in spirit, go  
To Calvary's holy mount ;  
See there thy friend between two thieves,  
Suffering on thy account.

Fall at his cross's foot,  
And say, my God and Lord,  
Here let me dwell and view those wounds  
Which life for me procur'd.

Fix on that face thine eye :  
Why dost thou backward shrink ?  
What a base rebel thou hast been  
To Christ thou now dost think.

Fear not, for this is he  
Who always loves us first,  
And with white robes of righteousness  
Delights to deck the worst.

Or art thou at a loss  
What thou to him shall say ?  
Be but sincere, and all thy case  
Just as it is display.

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. 69

That heart our Saviour lov'd  
Which does not strive to weave  
Pretences fair, to sooth itself,  
And his sharp eyes deceive.

72. *Christ Crucified.* L. M.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, and feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

73. *Christ's Humiliation.* C. M.

WHAT object's this that meets my eyes  
From out Jerusalem's gate,  
Which fills my mind with such surprise  
As wonders to create?



## 70 SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

Who can it be that groans beneath  
A pond'rous cross of wood,  
Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,  
And body's bath'd in blood?

Is this the man, can this be He  
The prophets have foretold  
Should with transgressors number'd be,  
And for their crimes be sold?

Yes, now I know, 'tis He, 'tis He,  
E'en Jesus, God's dear Son,  
Wrapt in mortality, to die  
For crimes that I had done.

O blessed sight, O lovely form!  
To sinful souls like me:  
I'll creep beside him as a worm,  
And see him die for me.

I'll hear his groans, and view his wounds,  
Until with happy John,  
I on his breast a place have found  
Sweetly to lean upon.

### 74. *Christ the Great Melchisedek.* C. M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of thee:  
No music like thy lovely name  
Does sound so sweet to me.  
O may we ever hear thy voice  
In mercy to us speak,  
And in our Priest will we rejoice,  
Thou great Melchisedek!

Hallelujah.

## SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. 71

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

Hallelujah.

### 75. *On the Passion.* L. M.

COME, all ye chosen saints of God,  
That long to feel the cleansing blood,  
In pensive sorrow join with me,  
To sing of sad Gethsemane.

Gethsemane, the olive press!  
(And why so call'd, let christians guess)  
Fit name! fit place! where vengeance strove,  
And grip'd and grappled hard with love.

'Twas here the Lord of life appear'd,  
And sigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd, and  
fear'd;

Bore all incarnate God could bear,  
With strength enough---and none to spare.

The powers of hell united press'd,  
And squeez'd his heart, and bruis'd his breast,  
What dreadful conflicts rag'd within,  
When sweat and blood forc'd thro' the skin.

Dispatch'd from heaven an angel stood,  
Amaz'd to find him bath'd in blood,  
Ador'd by angels, and obey'd;  
But lower now than angels made.

## 72 SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

He stood to strengthen, not to fight,  
Justice exacts its utmost might;  
This victim, vengeance will pursue:  
He undertook; and must go thro'.

Three favour'd servants, left not far,  
Were bid to wait and watch the war;  
But Christ withdrawn, what watch they keep!  
To shun the sight they sunk in sleep.

Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,  
As if he sought some help from man;  
Or wish'd at least they would condole  
('Twas all they could) his tortur'd soul.

Whate'er he sought for, there was none;  
Our Captain fought the field alone;  
Soon as the Chief to battle led,  
That moment ev'ry soldier fled.

Mysterious conflict! Dark disguise!  
Hid from all creature's peering eyes.  
Angels astonish'd view'd the scene;  
And wonder yet, what all could mean.

O Mount of Olives, sacred grove!  
O garden, scene of tragic love!  
What bitter herbs thy beds produce!  
How rank their scent! how harsh their juice!

Rare virtues now these herbs contain:  
The Saviour suck'd out all their bane.  
My mouth with these if conscience cram,  
I'll eat them with the Paschal Lamb.

## SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. 73

O Kedron, gloomy brook, how foul  
Thy black polluted waters roll !  
No tongue can tell (but some can taste)  
The filth that into it was cast.

In Eden's garden there was food  
Of ev'ry kind for man, while good ;  
But banish'd thence, we fly to thee,  
O garden of Gethsemane.

### 76. *Christ in the Garden.* L. M.

COME hither, ye that fain would know  
Th' exceeding sinfulness of sin ;  
Come see a scene of matchless wo,  
And tell me what it all can mean.

Behold the darling Son of God  
Bow'd down with horror to the ground,  
Wrung at the heart, and sweating blood,  
His eyes in tears of sorrow drown'd ;

See how the victim panting lies,  
His soul with bitter anguish prest !  
He sighs, he faints, he groans, he cries,  
Dismay'd, dejected, shock'd, distress !

What pangs are these that tear his heart ?  
What burden's this that's on him laid ?  
What means this agony and smart ?  
What makes our Maker hang his head ?

'Tis Justice, with its iron rod,  
Inflicting strokes of wrath divine ;  
'Tis the vindictive hand of God,  
Incens'd at all your sins and mine.

## 74 SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

Deep in his breast our names are cut;  
He undertook our desperate debt.  
Such loads of guilt, were on him put,  
He could but just sustain the weight.

Then let us not ourselves deceive;  
For, while of sin we lightly deem,  
Whatever notions we may have,  
Indeed we are not much like him.

## 77. *The Crucifixion.* L. M.

Now from the garden to the cross  
Let us attend the Lamb of God;  
Be all things else accounted dross,  
Compar'd with sin-atoning blood.

See how the patient Jesus stands,  
Insulted in his lowest case:  
Sinners have bound th' Almighty's hands,  
And spit in their Creator's face.

With thorns his temples gor'd and gash'd,  
Send streams of blood from ev'ry part:  
His back with knotty scourges lash'd,  
But sharper scourges tear his heart.

Nail'd naked to th' accursed wood,  
Expos'd to earth and heaven above,  
A spectacle of wounds and blood,  
A prodigy of injur'd love!

Hark! how his doleful cries affright  
Affected angels, while they view;  
His friends forsook him in the night,  
And now his God forsakes him too!



## SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. 75.

O! what a field of battle's here!

Vengeance and love their powers oppose;  
Never was such a mighty pair;  
Never were two such desperate foes.

Behold that pale, that languid face,  
That drooping head, those cold dead eyes;  
Behold in sorrow and disgrace,  
Our conqu'ring Hero hangs and dies!

Ye that assume his sacred name,  
Now tell me what can all this mean?  
What was it bruise'd God's harmless Lamb—  
What was it pierc'd his soul—but sin?

Blush, christian, blush; let shame abound;  
If sin affects thee not with wo,  
Whatever spir't be in thee found,  
The spir't of Christ thou dost not know.

### 78. *The Sufferings of Christ for his People.*

L. M.

AND why, dear Saviour, tell me why,  
That thou would'st suffer, bleed and die?  
What mighty motive could thee move?  
The motive's plain;—'twas all for love.  
For love of whom? Of sinners base,  
A harden'd herd, a rebel race;  
That mock'd and trampled on thy blood,  
And wanton'd with the wounds of God.  
When rocks and mountains rent with dread,  
And gaping graves gave up their dead;  
When the fair sun withdrew his light,  
And hid his head, to shun the sight.

## 76 SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

Then stood the wretch of human race,  
And rais'd his head, and shew'd his face,  
Gaz'd unconcern'd when nature fail'd ;  
And scoff'd, and sneer'd, and curs'd, and rail'd.

Harder than rocks and mountains are,  
More dull than dirt and earth by far,  
Man view'd unmov'd thy blood's rich stream;  
Nor ever dream'd it flow'd for him.

Such was that race of sinful men,  
That gain'd that great salvation then.  
Such, and such only, still we see,  
Such then were all: and such are we.

The Jews with thorns his temples crown'd,  
And lash'd him when his hands were bound ;  
But thorns, and knotted whips, and bands,  
By us were furnish'd to their hands.

They nail'd him to th' accursed tree,  
They did, my brethren: so did we.  
The soldier pierc'd his side. 'Tis true ;  
But we have pierc'd him thro' and thro'.

O love of unexampled kind !  
That leaves all thoughts so far behind ;  
Where length, and breadth, and depth, and  
    height,  
Are lost to my astonish'd sight.

For love of me the Son of God  
Drain'd every drop of vital blood.  
Long time I after idols ran ;  
But now my God's a martyr'd man,

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. 77

79. *Good Friday.* C. M.

OH! what a sad and doleful night  
Preceded that day's morn,  
When darkness seiz'd the Lord of light,  
And sin by Christ was borne!

When our intolerable load  
Upon his soul was laid,  
And the vindictive wrath of God  
Flam'd furious on his head;

We in our Conqu'ror well may boast;  
For none but God alone,  
Can know how dear the victory cost,  
How hardly it was won.

Forth from the garden, fully tried,  
Our bruised champion came,  
To suffer what remain'd beside  
Of pain, and grief, and shame.

Mock'd, spit upon, and crown'd with thorns,  
A spectacle he stood;  
His back with scourges lash'd and torn,  
A victim bath'd in blood!

Nail'd to the cross through hands and feet,  
He hung in open view;  
To make his sorrows quite complete,  
By God deserted too!

Thro' Nature's works the woes he felt  
With soft infection ran:  
The hardest things could break or melt,  
Except the heart of man.

## 78 SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

This day before thee, Lord, we come;  
Oh! melt our hearts, or break;  
For, should we now continue dumb,  
The very stones would speak.

True; thou hast paid the heavy debt,  
And made believers clean:  
But he knows nothing of it yet,  
Who is not griev'd at sin.

A faithful friend, of grief partakes;  
But union can be none  
Betwixt a heart like melting wax,  
And hearts as hard as stone;

Betwixt a head diffusing blood  
And members sound and whole;  
Betwixt an agonizing God  
And an unfeeling soul.

Lord, my long'd happiness is full,  
When I can go with thee  
To Golgotha: the place of skull,  
Is heav'n on earth to me.

### 80. *Sufferings of Christ.* 7.6.8.

COME, poor sinners, come away  
In meditation sweet,  
Let us go to Golgotha,  
And kiss our Saviour's feet.  
Let us in his wounded side  
Wash till we ev'ry whit are clean:  
That's the fountain open'd wide  
For filthiness and sin.

## SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. 79

Zion's mourners, cease your fear ;  
For lo! the dying Lamb  
Utterly forbids despair  
To all who love his name.  
Him your fellow-suff' rer see ;  
He was in all things like to you,  
Are you tempted? So was he.  
Deserted? He was too.

Jesus, our Redeemer, shed  
For us, his vital blood ;  
We, thro' our victorious Head,  
Can now come near to God.  
Sin and sorrow may distress ;  
But neither shall us quite controul ;  
Christ has purchas'd holiness  
For ev'ry sin-sick soul.

### 81. *Sufferings of Christ.* 7<sup>able</sup>.

MUCH we talk of Jesu's blood ;  
But how little's understood :  
Of his suff' rings so intense,  
Angels have no perfect sense.  
Who can rightly comprehend  
Their beginning, or their end ?  
'Tis to God, and God alone,  
That their weight is fully known.  
O thou hideous monster, Sin,  
What a curse hast thou brought in !  
All creation groans thro' thee,  
Pregnant cause of misery !



## 80 SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

Thou hast ruin'd wretched man,  
Ever since the world began ;  
Thou hast God afflicted too ;  
Nothing less than that would do.  
Would we then rejoice indeed ?  
Be it that from thee we're freed ;  
And our justest cause to grieve  
Is, that thou wilt to us cleave.  
Faith relieves us from thy guilt ;  
But we think whose blood was spilt ;  
All we hear, or feel, or see,  
Serves to raise our hate to thee.  
Dearly we are bought ; for God  
Bought us with his own heart's blood.  
Boundless depths of love divine !  
Jesus, what a love was thine !  
Tho' the wonders thou hast done  
Are as yet so little known ;  
Here we fix, and comfort take,  
Jesus died for sinners' sake.

### 82. *That Rock was Christ.* L. M.

WHEN Israel's tribes were parch'd with  
thirst,  
Forth from the rock the waters burst ;  
And all their future journey through  
Yielded them drink and gospel too !  
In Moses' rod a type they saw  
Of his severe and fiery law ;  
The smitten rock prefigur'd him  
From whose pierc'd side all blessings stream.

But ah! the types were all too faint,  
His sorrows or his worth to paint;  
Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,  
But he endur'd the wrath of God.

Their outward rock could feel no pain,  
But ours was wounded, torn, and slain;  
The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,  
But Jesus pour'd forth streams of blood.

The earth is like their wilderness,  
A land of drought and sore distress,  
Without one stream from pole to pole,  
To satisfy a thirsty soul.

But let the Saviour's praise resound;  
In him refreshing streams are found;  
Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,  
And thirsty sinners drink and live.

## SALVATION.

83. *Christ the Sinner's Ransom.* 148<sup>th</sup>,

**S**ALVATION! precious sound!

To sinners vile and lost:

God has the ransom found—

My soul, make him thy trust.

Let Jesus wear the crown of crowns,

For he it is that heals thy wounds.

Once in the horrid pit,

In bonds and fetters too;

Nor shall I e'er forget

The soul-transporting view—

He shew'd to me his pierced side,

And said, "thou art my chosen bride,

Salvation's still my theme!  
 Salvation full and free!  
 Jesus, thy precious name  
 Is paradise to me;  
 My last, my best, true friend thou art,  
 Thy precious words revive my heart.  
 I daily feel my sin,  
 And groan beneath its weight;  
 Its filth, and dross, and tin,  
 Almost obscure my sight;  
 I wonder that a soul so vile!  
 Should ever see the Saviour smile.

Were I to hold my peace:  
 O lift the creature high,  
 My tongue its praises cease,  
 And not to Jesus cry,  
 The worst of mortals I should prove,  
 Nor could I hope to dwell above.

84. *Salvation.* C. M.

**T**HE name of Jesus, O how sweet!  
 How it removes my pain,  
 Calms the great tumults of my soul,  
 And makes it all serene.  
 When of his glorious name I hear,  
 My rising joys abound;  
 Salvation from my ev'ry sin,  
 Flows from the blissful sound.  
 Sav'd from the devil, death, and hell,  
 Sav'd from the curse of God;  
 Sav'd from my ev'ry gloomy fear,  
 Through the Redeemer's blood.

Sins against heav'nly light and love,  
 Sins of a crimson die,  
 Lose their deep stains in Calv'ry's flood,  
 And there are wash'd away.

Now, O ye saints, arise and sing,  
 Sing the dear Saviour's worth;  
 Let his salvation be your theme,  
 And sound it through the earth.

Help us, O Lord, to raise our notes,  
 And swell the joyful song;  
 Sing like the saved sons of God,  
 Sing like the heav'nly throng.

85. *Salvation by Grace.* L. M.

**G**REAT source of all th' eternal grace,  
 That saints shall know, or seraphs trace,  
 Thee we'll attempt in songs of praise,  
 For acts of grace in ancient days.

Long ere the day that Adam fell,  
 The cov'nant stood in all things well;  
 Grace had secur'd in Jesus then,  
 Millions untold of chosen men.

By grace their names were all enroll'd,  
 As chosen sheep within its fold;  
 'Tis grace secures their standing there,  
 In lines of love divinely fair.

By grace their crimes were all remov'd,  
 When Jesus bled for those he lov'd:  
 That awful, black, infernal score,  
 Sunk in the deep to rise no more.

'Twas all of grace, from first to last,  
 The deed was done, the pardon past;  
 Secure in Christ were all its heirs,  
 The curse was his, and pardon theirs.  
 Great God of Grace, forgive the lays,  
 That fall so far beneath thy praise;  
 By grace, we hope to sing, ere long,  
 Eternal love in sweeter song.

86. *Salvation by Grace.* C. M.

LOVE was the great self-moving cause,  
 From whence salvation came;  
 Free grace, the channel where it flows,  
 Eternally the same.

Free grace, thy peerless glories beam'd  
 Before the Day-Star rose!  
 Angels elect, and men redeem'd,  
 Thy fame can ne'er disclose.

Free grace, the Christian's charter is,  
 The royal grant of heav'n;  
 In this he finds his righteousness,  
 And sees his sins forgiv'n.

Free grace hath heights and depths unknown,  
 Beyond what seraphs know;  
 'Tis high as heav'n's eternal throne,  
 And deep as hell below.

Free grace can 'rase the foulest stains  
 That red like crimson prove;  
 It trickled from the Saviour's veins,  
 In drops of endless love.



Free grace they sing before the throne,  
 Without a jarring sound;  
 The Lamb's redeeming blood they own,  
 Wherein their sins were drown'd.

Free grace, we'll count thy wonders o'er,  
 And lift thy glories high;  
 We hope, at last, on Jordan's shore,  
 In thine embrace to die.

87. *The Gospel glad tidings to Sinners.* 8.7.

'Tis the Gospel's joyful tidings,  
 Full salvation sweetly sounds;  
 Grace, to heal thy foul backslidings,  
 Sinner, flows from Jesu's wounds.

Are thy sins beyond recounting,  
 Like the sand the ocean leaves?  
 Jesus is of life the fountain,  
 He unto the utmost saves.

Love's abyss there's no exploring,  
 'Tis beyond the seraph's ken;  
 Prostrate at thy feet, adoring,  
 We revere thy love to men.

Hail the Lamb who came to save us,  
 Hail the love that made him die;  
 'Tis the gift that God hath giv'n us,  
 We'll proclaim his honours high.

When we join the gen'ral chorus  
 Of the royal blood-bought throng,  
 Who to glory went before us,  
 Sav'd from ev'ry tribe and tongue;

Then we'll make the blissful regions  
 Echo to our Saviour's praise;  
 While the bright angelic legions  
 Listen to the charming lays.

88. *The Saints more than Conquerors  
 through Christ.* S. M.

THE conquest Jesus won  
 O'er Satan, sin, and hell,  
 With all the wonders he hath done,  
 His saints shall sing and tell.

On him shall Zion place  
 Her only hope for heav'n;  
 And see, in his dear, sacred face,  
 Ten thousand sins forgiv'n.

'Twas at her Surety's hands,  
 That Justice had its due;  
 Large as the righteous law's demands,  
 We his obedience view.

He pass'd within the veil,  
 Did on his bosom bear  
 The worthless names, that did prevail,  
 With him to enter there.

Our Advocate with God,  
 For favour'd sinners slain,  
 Demands the purchase of his blood,  
 With him to live and reign.

Worthy the slaughter'd Lamb,  
 Let ransom'd mortals say;  
 For who shall sing his lovely name  
 In higher notes than they?

89. *Looking to the Rock from whence ye  
were hewn. C. M.*

**Y**E slaves of sin, redeem'd by blood,  
Salvation's theme pursue;  
Exalt the sov'reign grace of God,  
For such were some of you.

From head to foot defil'd by sin,  
Deep in rebellion too;  
This awful state mankind are in,  
And such were some of you.

'Tis all of sov'reign grace, that ye  
Do not as others do,  
Who seek the road to misery;  
For such were some of you.

Death, in the error of his ways,  
The sinner will pursue,  
Till God his roving heart shall seize;  
And such were some of you.

Whilst they are sinners dead to God,  
Ye, highly favour'd few,  
Are wash'd from sin in Jesu's blood;  
But such were some of you.

As ye are chosen from the rest,  
To grace the praise is due:  
Be sov'reign love for ever blest;  
For such were some of you.

90. *Jesus the Sum and Substance of the  
Gospel. C. M.*

**J**ESUS the sum and substance is  
Of all the gospel scheme;

In him salvation, all of grace,  
Shines with refulgent beam.

Jehovah's councils and decrees,  
Before the world begun,  
With all the gospel promises,  
Respect his only Son.

Prophetic love declar'd his birth,  
His mission, and his name,  
Ages before, to this our earth,  
The friend of sinners came.

Favour'd Isaiah heard him groan,  
Saw Justice smite his head,  
Oppress'd with sins, but not his own,  
And to the slaughter led.

His one great sacrifice complete,  
Hath made his Israel free;  
The Paschal Lamb by faith they eat,  
And this deliv'rance see.

His church he purchas'd with his blood,  
And who shall dare condemn?  
But ne'er remov'd the wrath of God,  
For God was love to them.

91. *Stand still, and see the Salvation of  
God. C. M.*

**W**HEN Israel, for the promis'd land,  
Forsook the tyrant's sway,  
Then with an high, and outstretch'd hand,  
Did God his power display.

Did Pharoah's host, inflam'd with rage,  
Pursue with sword and spear?  
With God himself they must engage,  
He fought for Israel there.

Down to the ocean's deepest bed  
The host of Pharoah goes;  
The rattling chariots sunk like lead,  
With all that God oppose.

Sing, O believer, ransom'd now  
With Jesu's precious blood;  
Recount thy num'rous sins, and how  
They sunk beneath that flood.

No human might or pow'r of thine  
Can thee deliv'rance bring;  
Yet thou shalt on his arm recline,  
And his salvation sing.

Stand still, and see the mighty feats  
That God's own arm shall do;  
He'll hurl the mighty from their seats,  
And his salvation show.

On ev'ry side, from ev'ry foe,  
He'll shield and succour thee;  
Shall Satan, sin, and hell o'erthrow,  
And thou stand still and see.

92. *Salvation by Grace.* L. M.

God, in the riches of his grace,  
Did from eternity ordain  
A seed elect, of Adam's race,  
Eternal glory should obtain.



God, in the riches of his grace,  
 Hath Christ exalted over all;  
 His goings forth, of old, we trace,  
 The sinner's Surety in the fall.

God, in the riches of his grace,  
 Hath Abra'm's seed exalted high,  
 While sinning angels, from his face,  
 Reserv'd to wrath, in fetters lie.

God, in the riches of his grace,  
 Hath to the charge of Jesus laid  
 The sin of all that chosen race,  
 Whose debt of suff'ring Jesus paid.

God, in the riches of his grace,  
 Hath, in the gospel, Christ display'd;  
 Whose blood hath seal'd the sinner's peace,  
 And bruis'd th' envenom'd serpent's head.

God in the riches of his grace,  
 We'll to eternity adore;  
 And wonders still on wonders trace,  
 But ne'er his depth of love explore.

93. *Righteousness and Peace kissing each other.* L. M.

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

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

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

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

## JUSTIFICATION.

94. *Justification by Grace.* L. M.

**S**INNERS are justify'd by grace,  
 Thro' the Redeemer's righteousness;  
 This is a glorious robe indeed,  
 And wrought for Abra'm's chosen seed,

Jehovah in his wise decree,  
 Did all his chosen people see,  
 As justify'd in his dear Son,  
 Long e'er old time his race begun.

When thro' the Spirit they believe,  
 The pleasing witness they receive;  
 And they are freely justify'd,  
 Thro' the dear Man that groan'd and dy'd.

Ravish'd with Jesu's conq'ring charms,  
 They sweetly rest in his kind arms;  
 With joyful wonder they confess,  
 "Christ is the Lord, our righteousness."

Yes,---they rejoice in pard'ning blood,  
 And triumph in the Son of God;  
 See the bright glories of his face,  
 Fill'd with pure joy and sacred peace.  
 Now, Lord, our ev'ry heart enlarge,  
 May we all see our great discharge;  
 Sing freely of forgiving love,  
 At last surround the throne above.

96. *Election excludes Boasting.* C. M.

**B**UT few among the carnal wise,  
 But few of noble race,  
 Obtain the favour of thine eyes,  
 Almighty King of Grace!

He takes the men of meanest name  
 For sons and heirs of God;  
 And thus he pours abundant shame  
 On honourable blood.

He calls the fool, and makes him know  
 The myst'ries of his grace,  
 To bring aspiring wisdom low,  
 And all its pride abase.

Nature hath all its glories lost,  
 When brought before his throne;  
 No flesh shall in his presence boast,  
 But in the Lord alone.

## RESURRECTION.

96. *Easter.* 8. 8. 7.

**U**PRISING from the darksome tomb,  
 See the victorious Jesus come!

Th' almighty prisoner quits the prison,  
 And angels tell the Lord has risen.  
 Angels, angels, angels, angels, angels tell the  
 Lord is risen.

Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,  
 Hear the glad tidings, hear and live;  
 God's righteous law is satisfy'd,  
 And justice now is on your side.  
 Justice, justice, &c.

Your surety thus releas'd by God,  
 Pleads the rich ransom of his blood;  
 No new demand, no bar remains,  
 But mercy now triumphant reigns.  
 Mercy, mercy, &c.

Believers, hail your rising head,  
 The first-begotten from the dead,  
 Your resurrection's sure through his,  
 To endless life, and boundless bliss.  
 Endless, endless, &c.

97. *Another.* 8. 8. 6.

SEE Jesus, our Deliverer great,  
 Rising, his vict'ry to complete,  
 In vain's the seal and stone.  
 "O grave, where is thy victory?"  
 Here, here, thy mighty Conqueror see,  
 Rising he leaves the tomb.  
 Awhile he with his favourites stay'd,  
 Strength to their feeble faith convey'd,  
 Then mounts the starry sky;

The heavens with acclamations ring,  
 To welcome their triumphant King,  
 And shout his victory.

Mindful of all thy favours now  
 In gratitude we prostrate bow  
 Before thy loving face :

Give all assembled in this hour  
 To feel thy resurrection's power,  
 And sing redeeming grace.

Clearly to every heart display  
 The virtues of thy cross, this day  
 Each drooping heart inflame ;  
 Refresh'd we'll then unwearied go  
 Along this wilderness below,  
 And spread thy glorious fame.

Jesus, when will the hour appear,  
 That we thy powerful call shall hear,  
 And round thy throne attend ?  
 When shall we see thee face to face,  
 And join above to sing thy praise,  
 Eternity to spend !

98. *The Resurrection and Ascension of  
 Christ. C. M.*

**H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,  
 That cloth'd himself in clay ;  
 Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
 And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,  
 Since our Immanuel rose ;  
 He took the tyrant's sting away,  
 And spoil'd our hellish foes.



See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,  
 And to his Father flies,  
 With scars of honour in his flesh,  
 And triumph in his eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
 And scatters blessings down;  
 Our Jesus fills the middle seat  
 Of the celestial throne.

[Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
 To reach his bless'd abode;  
 Sweet be the accents of your songs  
 To our incarnate God.]

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
 Your sweetest voices raise;  
 Let heav'n, and all created things,  
 Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

99. *The Lord's Day, or the Resurrection  
 of Christ. C. M.*

**B**LESS'D morning, whose young dawning rays  
 Beheld our rising God;  
 That saw him triumph o'er the dust,  
 And leave his last abode!

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

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

## 96 TRIUMPH AND ASCENSION.

To thy great name, Almighty Lord,  
These sacred hours we pay,  
And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
The triumph of the day.

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

## TRIUMPH AND ASCENSION.

100. *Ascension.* L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high,  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,  
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene,  
He claims these mansions as his right,  
Receive the King of Glory in.

Who is the King of Glory, who?  
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew.  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

## TRIUMPH AND ASCENSION. 97

Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,  
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
“Ye everlasting doors give way!”

Who is the King of Glory, who?  
The Lord, of glorious power possest,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, for ever blest!

### 101. *The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.*

C. M.

THUS saith the Ruler of the skies,  
“Awake my dreadful sword;  
“Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,  
“My fellow,” saith the Lord.

Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,  
And armed, down she flies;  
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,  
And bows his head and dies.

But O! the wisdom and the grace  
That join with vengeance now;  
He dies to save our guilty race,  
And yet he rises too.

A person so divine was he,  
Who yielded to be slain,  
That he could give his soul away,  
And take his life again.

Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high;  
Let ev'ry nation sing,  
And angels sound with endless joy  
The Saviour and the King.

## 98 TRIUMPH AND ASCENSION.

### 102. *The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.*

S. M.

COME, all harmonious tongues,  
Your noblest music bring,  
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
And Christ the man, we sing.  
Tell how he took our flesh,  
To take away our guilt;  
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood  
That hellish monsters spilt.

[Alas! the cruel spear  
Went deep into his side,  
And the rich flood of purple gore  
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]

[The waves of swelling grief  
Did o'er his bosom roll,  
And mountains of almighty wrath  
Lay heavy on his soul.]

Down to the shades of death  
He bow'd his awful head;  
Yet he arose to live and reign  
When death itself is dead.

No more the bloody spear,  
The cross and nails no more;  
For hell itself shakes at his name;  
And all the heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer sits  
High on the Father's throne;  
The Father lays his vengeance by,  
And smiles upon his Son.

There his full glories shine  
 With uncreated rays,  
 And bless his saints and angels' eyes  
 To everlasting days.

INTERCESSION.

103. *Father, forgive them.* C. M.

“**F**ATHER forgive (the Saviour said),  
 They know not what they do:”

His heart was mov'd when thus he pray'd  
 For me, my friends, and you.

He saw that as the Jews abus'd  
 And crucify'd his flesh,  
 So he by us would be refus'd,  
 And crucify'd afresh.

Through love of sin, we long were prone  
 To act as Satan bid;  
 But now with grief and shame we own,  
 We knew not what we did.

We knew not the desert of sin,  
 Nor whom we thus defy'd;  
 Nor where our guilty souls had been,  
 If Jesus had not died.

We knew not what a law we broke,  
 How holy, just, and pure!  
 Nor what a God we durst provoke,  
 But thought ourselves secure.

But Jesus all our guilt foresaw,  
 And shed his precious blood,  
 To satisfy the holy law,  
 And make our peace with God.



**100**            **INTERCESSION.**

My sin, dear Saviour, made thee bleed,  
Yet didst thou pray for me!  
I knew not what I did, indeed,  
When ignorant of thee.

**104.** *Christ is the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.* C. M.

**T**HE true Messiah now appears,  
The types are all withdrawn;  
So fly the shadows and the stars  
Before the rising dawn.

No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lamb,  
No kid, nor bullock slain,  
Incense and spice of costly names,  
Would be all burnt in vain.

Aaron must lay his robes away,  
His mitre and his vest,  
When God himself comes down to be  
The off'ring and the priest.

He took our mortal flesh to show  
The wonders of his love:  
For us he paid his life below,  
And prays for us above.

“ Father, (he cries) forgive their sins,  
“ For I myself have dy'd;”  
And then he shows his open'd veins,  
And pleads his wounded side.

**105.** *Christ's Intercession for his People.* C. M.

**L**IFT up your eyes to th' heavenly seats  
Where your Redeemer stays:

Kind Intercessor, there he sits,  
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,  
And shed his vital blood,  
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,  
And then arose to God.

Petitions now, and praise may rise,  
And saints their off'rings bring,  
The Priest with his own sacrifice  
Presents them to the King.

[Let papists trust what names they please,  
Their saints and angels boast;  
We've no such advocates as these,  
Nor pray to th' heavenly host.]

Jesus alone shall bear my cries  
Up to his Father's throne:  
He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,  
And sweetens ev'ry groan.

[Ten thousand praises to the King,  
"Hosanna in the high'st!"  
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring  
To God and to his Christ.]

## FAITH.

106. *Faith in exercise.* C. M.

TRUE faith believes the word divine,  
And with swift wings she flies  
To Jesu's cross, and doth recline  
On his rich sacrifice.

Faith looks to Calv'ry's lofty tree,  
Discerns the Saviour's face;  
And with delight she doth survey,  
The wonders of his grace.

This precious faith, which comes from God,  
Leads always to the Lamb;  
And is much pleas'd with pard'ning blood,  
And drinks the healing balm.

Faith says, " my Jesus still is mine,"  
Tho' gloomy clouds arise;  
Fastens on promises divine,  
And soars above the skies.

Delights in great Jehovah's voice,  
Dwells on the Saviour's blood;  
In truth eternal doth rejoice,  
And ventures all with God.

Jesus, subdue my ev'ry foe,  
My little faith increase;  
Soon from this dreary waste below  
Take me to realms of bliss.

107. *Assurance.* 8. 7. 4.

**G**OD himself is my salvation,  
This my happy soul can say;  
Free from ev'ry condemnation,  
Christ hath bore my sins away;  
Living waters  
From this sacred well I draw.  
From this sacred font proceeding,  
Flow the streams of peace and joy,

All the depth of sin exceeding,  
 Spreading wide, and rising high;  
 Abba Father,  
 Oh! how sweet the sacred sound.

Thousands in the fold of Jesus  
 This attainment ne'er could boast;  
 To his name eternal praises,  
 None of these shall e'er be lost;  
 Deeply 'graven  
 On his hands their names are found.

In this mirror let me view thee,  
 Jesu's righteousness and blood;  
 And in all approaches to thee,  
 Let me touch this sacred flood;  
 Then my off'ring  
 Shall like sweet perfume arise.

108. *Assurance of Faith.* 11.

YE favor'd in Zion,  
 Enabled to say,  
 " My sins, by my Saviour,  
 " Were all done away,"  
 This blessing of blessings,  
 Bequeath'd unto you,  
 Is sought for by many,  
 But found by as few.

While you are exulting  
 In God, as your own,  
 And see your salvation  
 As firm as his throne,

The weakling in Zion,  
 Still sinking with fear,  
 Is stumbling and halting,  
 'Twixt doubt and despair.

Yet, glory to Jesus,  
 Our Shepherd and Friend,  
 The sheep of his pasture  
 His arm shall defend;  
 Their hope it may waver,  
 Their faith become dim;  
 Yet hell shall ne'er sever  
 His people from him.

109. *For a Living Faith.* C. M.

IN thee, O Christ, is all my hope,  
 My comfort all in thee;  
 Whilst here I feel thy mercy nigh  
 I know thou guardest me.

Me, nor the saints of earth can help,  
 Nor angels near thy throne;  
 To thee I run thy help to find,  
 And trust in thee alone.

I feel the load of sin so vast,  
 It sinks me to the grave;  
 But let thy blood wash out my sins,  
 Mine whom thou cam'st to save.

On me, thy helpless worm, O Lord,  
 A living faith bestow,  
 That I thy nature's hidden sweets  
 May taste, and see, and know.



Triumphant let me live, by love  
 Shed in my heart abroad,  
 And faithfully to Jesus give  
 The life which he bestow'd.

110. *The Triumph of Faith.* 11s.

**T**HE God of Salvation, Jehovah by name,  
 Who yesterday, now, and for ever's the same,  
 From guilt and from hell, me a sinner hath  
 sav'd,  
 And death of its sting hath my Jesus bereav'd.  
 Thy name and thy conquests no longer I fear,  
 Thy might and pale aspect e'en lovely appear;  
 Depriv'd of thy power, with all thy sad train,  
 My Jesus is King, and for ever must reign.  
 His blood is my ransom, the captive is his,  
 Redeem'd from my bondage to enter on bliss,  
 A son through my birth, by adoption an heir,  
 The kingdom of glory with Jesus to share.  
 His Spirit, as witness, as earnest, and seal  
 Of all these rich blessings I inwardly feel;  
 His whispers divine do my freedom proclaim,  
 And open an union with God and the Lamb.  
 An union whose bonds are both stedfast and  
 sure,  
 In which, I thro' grace can live happy and  
 poor,  
 The bridegroom's embraces with rapture I  
 know,  
 And all thro' the blood which from Jesus did  
 flow.

What though I'm so helpless, I know he'll  
 supply  
 My weakness with grace, and I on him rely,  
 And I shall be happy the Lord to adore,  
 To praise him now, henceforth, and for ever-  
 more.

111. *Faith is the Victory.* S. M.

WHO'E'R believes aright  
 In Christ's atoning blood,  
 Of all his guilt's acquitted quite,  
 And may draw near to God.

But sin will still remain,  
 Corruptions rise up thick;  
 And Satan says the med'cine's vain,  
 Because we yet are sick.

But all this will not do;  
 Our hope's on Jesus cast:  
 Let all be liars, and him be true,  
 We shall be well at last.

PRAYER.

112. *Refuge in Christ.* 8. 7. d<sup>ble</sup>.

O THOU gracious, loving Jesus,  
 Now thy saving grace impart;  
 From the world and Satan save us,  
 Save us from our evil heart?  
 Throw thine arms, in mercy, open,  
 Bid, O bid us, Jesu, come;  
 Let our flinty hearts be broken,  
 Falling on the Corner-stone!

Here for ever let us center,  
 Steady, though assail'd by sin;  
 Forward may we boldly venture,  
 Till eternal life we win:  
 Banish ev'ry reas'ning scruple,  
 Scatter ev'ry gath'ring cloud;  
 Our poor hearts, O Jesu, sprinkle  
 With thy precious, precious blood.

When our cheering feelings sicken,  
 And a veil our souls o'erspread;  
 Then with grace our spirits quicken  
 To raise up our drooping heads:  
 Would our foolish hearts e'er wander  
 From the source of real joy?  
 Call us back, but not in anger,  
 Lest thy frowns should us destroy!

Arm us from thy heav'nly storehouse,  
 Still display thy banner high!  
 March victorious on before us,  
 Make the world and Satan fly:  
 When the angel drawing near us  
 Seals in peace the pilgrim's eyes;  
 In that trying moment bear us  
 Safe into thy paradise!

113. *For a Prayer Meeting.* 8. 7.

DEAREST Lord, thou hast commanded  
 All thy family to pray;  
 Promis'd good thou hast appointed,  
 'Thro' this medium to convey.

Yes, to all thy praying people,  
 Thou hast promis'd to appear;  
 And thy wond'rous condescension  
 Honours much the path of pray'r.

Jesus, thou exalted Saviour,  
 On thy promise we rely;  
 Comfort ev'ry mourning spirit,  
 Answer ev'ry feeble cry.

From thy glorious throne of mercy,  
 Heav'nly cordials now impart;  
 Exercise thy tender pity,  
 O'er the sinner's broken heart.

May we all who love the Saviour,  
 Often to his throne repair;  
 Feel the sweets of his compassion,  
 While engag'd in solemn pray'r.

Lord, attend our supplications,  
 Let thy mercies on us roll;  
 Come, O come, thou kind Redeemer,  
 Smile on ev'ry praying soul.

114. *The same.* S. M.

COME, all who love to pray,  
 On Jesus cast your care;  
 And ev'ry praying soul shall find,  
 He loves to answer pray'r.  
 See, how he looks, and smiles,  
 From yonder shining throne,  
 Pleas'd, he attends your ev'ry pray'r,  
 And sends rich blessings down!

Ye hung'ring, thirsting souls,  
 O pray, and never faint;  
 Fresh scenes of love our Lord displays,  
 To ev'ry praying saint.

And whither should we fly,  
 But to a throne of grace?  
 For there we prove celestial joys,  
 And find substantial peace.

Lord, from thy throne behold  
 Thy saints assembled here,  
 Whose hearts ascend with warm desire  
 To feel thy presence near.

Thro' all the glooms of sin,  
 May thy rich mercy blaze;  
 And make it known, thou hearest pray'r,  
 And worthy art of praise.

115. *Confession and Prayer.* C. M.

DEAR Lord, what awful darkness fills  
 My poor desponding heart;  
 Kind Saviour, sweetly shine within,  
 And thy pure light impart.

Stupid and senseless oft I feel,  
 Ready to faint, and die,  
 Quicken me, Lord, with reigning grace,  
 And raise my soul on high.

What small degrees of faith and hope,  
 Dwell in the feeble worm;  
 Lord, give the pure, believing heart,  
 And all my hopes confirm.



I mourn my want of love and zeal,  
 My want of warm desire ;  
 Lord, my affections now inflame,  
 And set my soul on fire.

I mourn my want of joy and peace,  
 For sorrows oft prevail ;  
 Shine with thy presence, dearest Lord,  
 Nor let thy comforts fail.

In all affliction, grief, and pain,  
 Supporting grace convey ;  
 Take me at last to realms of light,  
 To reign in endless day.

116. *Christ a Resting Place.* 148<sup>th</sup>.

LORD, to thy arms we fly,  
 And lean upon thy breast,  
 Do not thy grace deny,  
 But give the gospel rest ;  
 Shew the sweet smiles of thy dear face,  
 And prove to us a resting place.

Weary and wounded sore,  
 We eye our bleeding Friend ;  
 Mercy we now implore,  
 May mercy now descend ;  
 Still may we pray and never cease,  
 Till we enjoy a resting place.

Bid us thy truth receive,  
 And calm the throbbing breast :  
 Say to the soul, " Believe,  
 " And enter into rest.

“ Behold my freely flowing grace,  
 “ And find in me a resting place.”

Jesus, we hear thy voice,  
 Thy kindness now adore,  
 Now shall our souls rejoice,  
 And praise thee evermore;  
 Shout thro' the earth the healing grace,  
 And sing the glorious resting place.

**117.** *First Part of Jabez's Prayer.* 7.6.8.

COME, thou dear Almighty King,  
 Help us to love thy name;  
 All thy honours may we sing,  
 And all thy praise proclaim;  
 Favours all supremely great,  
 Pour from the everlasting throne;  
 Richer blessings all replete  
 With grace, pure grace, alone.

Saviour, let a clearer light  
 Shine on the praying soul,  
 Glories all divinely bright  
 In free abundance roll;  
 Pardon, life, and fervent love,  
 And ever-flowing streams of peace,  
 Purest joys from realms above,  
 And seas of sacred bliss.

Lord, salute each gracious heart,  
 Shew us thy smiling face,  
 Nobler blessings yet impart,  
 Yea, all thy reigning grace;

Jesus, bless us now indeed,  
 With all thy tender heart can give,  
 All thy dying groans can plead,  
 Or waiting souls receive.

118. *Second Part of Jabez's Prayer.* 7. 6. 8.

**L**ORD, on thee we now depend,  
 And long to see thy face,  
 From thy glorious fulness send  
 The heart-expanding grace;  
 Send, O send, the Holy Ghost,  
 In honour to atoning blood;  
 Now enlarge our narrow coast  
 With all the love of God.

Keep us still in full pursuit  
 Of all the gospel grace,  
 Bring forth pure immortal fruit  
 With all its vast increase;  
 Jesus, brighten all our views,  
 Dwell in every contrite heart,  
 Unction all divine infuse,  
 And all thy love impart.

Then how swiftly shall we run  
 Along the blissful road,  
 Eyeing still the gracious throne,  
 And freely talk with God;  
 Gladly we the world would leave  
 To see the lovely Prince of Peace,  
 Crowns immortal to receive,  
 And sing abounding grace.

**119.** *Third Part of Jabez's Prayer.* C. M.

Now let thy hand be with me, Lord,  
 While here I dwell below,  
 Skilfully guide me by thy word,  
 In all the paths I go.

May the almighty hand of God  
 My daring foes suppress,  
 And draw me on the shining road  
 That leads to worlds of bliss.

May thy eternal hand be known  
 To vanquish all within,  
 Still to bear down the rising groan,  
 And keep me all serene.

Thus aid me in the trying day,  
 And bring salvation nigh,  
 Thy utmost strength, O Lord, display,  
 Till all my sorrows die.

Help me to swell the noble song  
 Of mighty grace alone,  
 To triumph all my way along  
 To yonder glorious throne.

And when in glory I appear,  
 This chorus will I raise,  
 The hand of God hath brought me here,  
 To Him be all the praise.

**120.** *Fourth Part of Jabez's Prayer.* S. M.

LORD, may we view the cross  
 As onward still we move,  
 See the dear hand that writes in blood  
 And shows forgiving love.

Sin would we now detest,  
 Its first appearance flee,  
 Each rising ill would now abhor,  
 And only pant for thee.

More may we never grieve  
 The Spirit of our God,  
 Nor for a moment turn aside  
 From the celestial road.

Keep us, thou God of Truth,  
 From paths of error free,  
 And keep us leaning on thine arm,  
 O keep us right with thee.

Dear Jesus, keep each heart  
 Warm with redeeming love,  
 Keep us sincerely pressing on  
 To nobler joys above.

Kept by a hand divine,  
 Soon shall we all ascend,  
 To see thy face, and sing thy love,  
 Where praises never end.

121. *Whole of Jabez's Prayer.* C. M.

THUS Jabez pray'd to God alone,  
 Bless me indeed with grace;  
 Let show'rs of blessings now come down,  
 And fill my soul with peace.

O that thou would'st enlarge my coast,  
 My narrow heart expand;  
 And make my soul for ever boast,  
 In thy supporting hand.



Keep me, dear Lord, from ev'ry ill,  
 By thine unerring word,  
 Lest pungent grief in me prevail,  
 As having griev'd my Lord.

Thus Jabez call'd on God most high,  
 To be in all things bless'd ;  
 The God of Israel heard his cry,  
 And granted his request.

Now, Lord, we all approach thy throne,  
 Prostrate before thee fall,  
 In great compassion now come down,  
 O come and bless us all.

Blessings abundant now impart,  
 Rich blessings from above ;  
 Open, enlarge, and fire each heart  
 With everlasting love.

122. *Prayer for the Life of God in the Soul.*  
 112<sup>th</sup>.

JESUS, the church's glorious head,  
 Behold we wait for living bread ;  
 O feed our souls with grace divine,  
 While on thy bosom we recline ;  
 Cleans'd in the fountain of thy blood,  
 We pray to feel the life of God.

Lord, ev'ry barren soul revive,  
 And keep thy children all alive ;  
 Gazing on Calv'ry's wond'rous tree,  
 There the atoning Saviour see ;  
 Cleans'd in the fountain of thy blood,  
 We pray to feel the life of God,

Jesus, thy quick'ning grace impart,  
 And sweetly soften ev'ry heart;  
 To feel the gospel's joyful sound,  
 And find forgiving love abound;  
 Cleans'd in the fountain of thy blood,  
 We pray to feel the life of God.

Saviour, for life, for life we pray,  
 More of thy life, and more convey;  
 Abounding life, O Lord, bestow,  
 A heav'nly life we pant to know;  
 Cleans'd in the fountain of thy blood,  
 We pray for all the life of God.

123. *The Wish.* L. M.

**O** HOW I wish I could but feel  
 The joys which pard'ning grace impart!  
 Wish that my Jesus would reveal,  
 Redeeming love within my heart!  
 Wish that in mind I oft could walk,  
 Gethsemane's dear garden o'er!  
 And hear the suff'ring Saviour talk,  
 And all his agonies explore.  
 Then to the cross I'd take my course,  
 And there employ each thinking pow'r;  
 And then most solemnly converse,  
 With Jesus in his dying hour.  
**O** that his bleeding form would rise,  
 His dying love most clearly shine;  
 And break my heart, and burst mine eyes,  
 With joys and sorrows all divine!

O that the sight of all his pains,  
 Might raise devotion's purest flame ;  
 Work vast abhorrence to my sins,  
 And purest love to his dear name !

O that at last I might but die,  
 In my dear Saviour's bleeding arms ;  
 Then sweetly mount to worlds on high,  
 Amidst his all refulgent charms !

124. *For a faithful and upright Ministry.*

L. M.

LORD, may thy watchmen all stand fast  
 Zealous and faithful to the last ;  
 O may they live a life of pray'r,  
 And all the truths of God declare.

May they oppose the monster, sin,  
 Show the great danger all are in ;  
 Then may the messengers of God,  
 Direct them to a Saviour's blood.

May numbers hear the Shepherd's voice,  
 And in his pard'ning love rejoice ;  
 Be thankful for the gospel word,  
 That brings them to their glorious Lord.

125. *For a Blessing on the Word preached.*

L. M.

O BLESS thy servant, dearest Lord,  
 While he shall preach the gospel word ;  
 May he declare delightful things,  
 Touching the glorious King of kings.

O grant him bright celestial views,  
 While he proclaims the gospel news ;  
 With fiery zeal his soul inflame,  
 While he exalts the bleeding Lamb.  
 Give him clear light, and burning love,  
 And show'r down blessings from above ;  
 May we all hear the Saviour's voice,  
 And all believe, and all rejoice.

126. *Prayer for Confidence.* 8<sup>s</sup>.

O Jesus, thou fountain of grace,  
 Enlighten, enliven my heart ;  
 And show the sweet smiles of thy face,  
 And from me bid evil depart.

Pronounce, O pronounce, I am thine,  
 A sinner once purchas'd by blood ;  
 And may I for ever recline,  
 On thee, O my Lord, and my God.

Thou great and compassionate king,  
 Drive all my sad doubtings away ;  
 And let me with confidence sing,  
 " The Saviour expired for me."

The witness, that I am thy child,  
 O Jesus, to me now impart ;  
 The pleasing sensation will yield  
 Unspeakable joy to my heart.

Bestow this rich blessing on me,  
 And heaven below I shall prove ;  
 I'll then go exulting in thee,  
 And tell of thy wonderful love.

Thy cause I will ever maintain,  
 To thee for support I will fly;  
 And fight, till the conquest I gain:  
 Resolv'd for thy glory to die.

127. *Conversion.* 112<sup>th</sup>.

**G**REAT God, convert our souls to thee,  
 And ev'ry evil may we flee;  
 Bow ev'ry heart before thy throne,  
 And let us cleave to thee alone:

O turn us, turn us, by thy grace,  
 Turn us to seek thy glorious face.

Turn us from Satan, sin, and hell,  
 And to our souls thyself reveal;  
 Turn us from darkness unto light,  
 From earthly joys to pure delight:

O turn us, turn us, by thy grace,  
 Turn us to seek thy glorious face.

Dear Lord, how careless have we been,  
 O turn us more from self and sin;  
 'Tis only thou canst turn the heart,  
 And bid our evils all depart:

O turn us, turn us, by thy grace,  
 Turn us to seek thy glorious face.

More may we know our nature's loss,  
 And find our all in Jesu's cross,  
 There see our ev'ry sin forgiv'n,  
 And prove the way to God and heav'n:

Thus turn us all, thou God of grace,  
 To seek and see thy glorious face.



128. *Opening of Public Worship.* C. M.

Now in the sacred house of God,  
 We all once more appear,  
 To sing his praises,—hear his word,  
 And worship him in pray'r.

O Lord, our spirits solemnize,  
 While in thy courts we stand;  
 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,  
 And bow to thy command.

When we approach the throne of grace,  
 O may we sweetly find,  
 The beauties of Immanuel's face,  
 Break forth on ev'ry mind.

While the Redeemer's praise we sing,  
 And chant his sov'reign grace,  
 May the bright glories of our king,  
 Shine all around the place.

Lord, when we hear thy sacred word,  
 Apply it by thy pow'r;  
 Then ev'ry truth shall we regard,  
 And thy great name adore.

May the bright beams of sov'reign love,  
 With heav'nly splendour shine,  
 And may this place a Bethel prove,  
 To ev'ry child of thine.

129. *Pray without ceasing.* L. M.

PRAYER was appointed to convey  
 The blessings God designs to give,  
 Long as they live should Christians pray,  
 For only while they pray they live.

The Christian's heart his prayer indites,  
 He speaks as prompted from within;  
 The Spirit his petition writes,  
 And Christ receives and gives it in.

And wilt thou in dead silence lie,  
 When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?  
 My soul, thou hast a friend on high:  
 Arise, and try thy interest there.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;  
 If cares distract, or fears dismay;  
 If guilt deject; if sins distress;  
 The remedy's before thee—Pray.

'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;  
 Tho' thought be broken, language lame,  
 Pray, if thou canst, or canst not, speak;  
 But pray with faith in Jesu's name.

Depend on him, thou canst not fail:  
 Make all thy wants and wishes known:  
 Fear not; his merits must prevail;  
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

130. *More with us than with them.* L. M.

ALAS! Elisha's servant cry'd,  
 When he the Syrian army spy'd;  
 But he was soon releas'd from care,  
 In answer to the prophet's pray'r.

Straightway he saw, with other eyes,  
 A greater army from the skies,  
 A fiery guard around the hill;  
 Thus are the saints preserved still.

When Satan and his host appear,  
 Like him of old, I faint and fear;  
 Like him, by faith, with joy I see,  
 A greater host engag'd for me.

The saints espouse my cause by pray'r,  
 The angels make my soul their care;  
 Mine is the promise seal'd with blood,  
 And Jesus lives to make it good.

131. *The importunate Widow.* S. M.

OUR Lord, who knows full well  
 The heart of ev'ry saint,  
 Invites us by a parable,  
 To pray and never faint.

He bows his gracious ear,  
 We never plead in vain;  
 Yet we must wait till he appear,  
 And pray, and pray again.

Though unbelief suggest,  
 Why should we longer wait?  
 He bids us never give him rest,  
 But be importunate.

'Twas thus a widow poor,  
 Without support or friend,  
 Beset the unjust judge's door,  
 And gain'd, at last, her end.  
 For her he little car'd,  
 As little for the laws;  
 Nor God, nor man, did he regard,  
 Yet he espous'd her cause.

She urg'd him day and night,  
 Would no denial take;  
 At length, he said, " I'll do her right,  
 For my own quiet's sake."  
 And shall not Jesus hear  
 His chosen when they cry?  
 Yes, though he may awhile forbear,  
 He'll help them from on high,  
 His nature, truth, and love,  
 Engage him on their side;  
 When they are griev'd, his bowels move,  
 And can they be deny'd?  
 Then let us earnest be,  
 And never faint in pray'r;  
 He loves our importunity,  
 And makes our cause his care.

**132.** *Prayer for mercies on the Church.* C. M.

**J**ESUS, who bought us with his blood,  
 And makes our souls his care,  
 Was known of old as Israel's God,  
 And answer'd Jabez' pray'r.  
 Jabez, a child of grief! the name  
 Befits poor sinners well;  
 For Jesus bore the cross and shame,  
 To save our souls from hell,  
 Teach us, O Lord, like him to plead  
 For mercies from above:  
 O come, and bless our souls indeed,  
 With light, and joy, and love.

The gospel's Promis'd Land is wide,  
 We fain would enter in:  
 But we are press'd on ev'ry side  
 With unbelief and sin.

Arise, O Lord, enlarge our coast,  
 Let us possess the whole,  
 That Satan may no longer boast  
 He can thy work control.

Oh! may thy hand be with us still,  
 Our guide and guardian be,  
 To keep us safe from ev'ry ill,  
 Till death shall set us free.

Help us on thee to cast our care,  
 And on thy word to rest;  
 That Israel's God, who heareth pray'r,  
 Will grant us our request.

133. *Pleading with God.* S. M.

FATHER, we seek thy grace,  
 In thine appointed way;  
 Wilt thou conceal thy lovely face,  
 And not regard our plea?

The promise makes us bold,  
 When at thy throne we bow;  
 In humble faith, we hold thee, Lord,  
 To thine engagements now.

We plead thy promise made;  
 'Tis from conditions free;  
 "In bonds of everlasting love,  
 "I'll be a God to thee."



Here we depose our trust,  
 'Tis here our hopes recline;  
 Eternal truth and righteousness  
 Appear in every line,  
 'Tis like a living spring  
 Of waters sweet and clear:  
 There's not an if, to foul the stream,  
 Or peradventure here.  
 Free in the fountain head,  
 The source from whence it came;  
 In *wills* and *shalls* of gospel grace,  
 Eternally the same.  
 Himself he'll not deny,  
 By oath and promise bound;  
 Here rise your expectations high;  
 'Tis sure and solid ground.

**134.** *God present in the Assembly of his  
 Saints. 8. 6.*

“ **W**HERE two or three together meet  
 “ My love and mercy to repeat,  
 “ And tell what I have done,  
 “ There will I be,” saith God, “ to bless,  
 “ And ev’ry burden’d soul redress,  
 “ Who worships at my throne.”

Make one in this assembly, Lord,  
 Speak to each heart some healing word,  
 To set the spirit free;  
 Impart a kind celestial show’r,  
 And grant that we may spend an hour  
 In fellowship with Thee.

Tho' few in number, yet we claim  
 The promise made in Jesu's name;  
 It stands divinely free:  
 Thou art our Father and our Friend,  
 Thy tender mercies can extend  
 To sinners such as we.

Guilt from the troubled soul remove,  
 Constrain the soul, by love, to love,  
 Release from slavish fear;  
 Then, tho' in tents of sin we groan,  
 We'll sing like those around thy throne,  
 Till thou shalt bring us there.

135. *On opening a Place for social Prayer.*

L. M.

**G**REAT Source of Light, without a shade,  
 Who hast in love this promise made,  
 "Where'er I find a praying few,  
 "With them I'll meet, and bless them too."

Thy presence, Lord, made Salem blest,  
 'Twas call'd Thy sacred place of rest;  
 And when Thy glory here we see,  
 As Salem was this house shall be.

Here let our pray'rs, like incense, rise  
 Of sweet perfume towards the skies;  
 Our converse bless, from care set free,  
 While we, in spirit, worship Thee.

Here, to each other, we'll reveal  
 The sorrows, and the joys we feel;  
 And walk in love in wisdom's way,  
 As children of the light and day.

Let not the wolf thy fold surprise,  
Nor fruitless, vain contentions rise;  
The guardian wings around us spread,  
And feed us with thy children's bread.

Where Thou shalt deign to shew Thy face,  
Amidst the subjects of Thy grace,  
The meanest house at once shall be  
A temple sanctify'd by Thee.

Trim Thou our lamps, or else they die,  
The languid flame with oil supply;  
Then, at the midnight summons, we  
Shall enter in, and sup with Thee.

Our Kinsman, Thou, in 'ties of blood  
Our Peace, our Rest, our Heav'n, our God;  
In whom we stand, from sin made free,  
Accepted, bless'd, and lov'd in Thee.

**136.** *Prayer for Heart Religion.* C. M.

**J**ESUS, my Lord, melt down my heart,  
And open clear mine eyes;  
The purest knowledge now impart,  
And make me truly wise.

Dear Saviour, surely now I feel,  
Heart-breathings after Thee:  
O that my Lord would now reveal,  
*His* tender heart to me.

In me, dear Jesus, now increase,  
Heart-faith, that's pure and true;  
Heart-knowledge of thy pard'ning grace,  
And heart-experience too.

O, for a heart that rises up,  
 In all-prevailing pray'r;  
 A heart that e'er abounds in hope,  
 Till Jesus shall appear.

A heart that's merciful and kind,  
 That glows with warmest love;  
 That e'er abhors the rising sin,  
 Nor would from Jesus move.

A heart that ever freely swells,  
 In songs to Calv'ry's blood;  
 That sweetly moves, and ever dwells,  
 In all the love of God.

137. *Grace experienced.* C. M.

OFT hast thou, Lord, in tender love,  
 Prevented my request,  
 And sent thy Spirit from above,  
 An unexpected guest.

Oft when my prayer was scarce begun,  
 Thou didst thy fire impart,  
 And make thy pard'ning mercy known,  
 And seal it on my heart.

Why this profusion of thy grace  
 To such a worm as me?  
 Father, I ask in fix'd amaze,  
 Explain the mystery.

Why dost thou to a sinner's cry  
 Incline thy pitying ear?  
 Thou hear'st my advocate on high,  
 And wilt for ever hear.

138. *Prayer. 7s.*

**J**ESUS, my Redeemer, God,  
 Keep me still in Zion's road;  
 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall,  
 Now to thee for help I call.

Grant the Spirit's glorious pow'r,  
 To my soul, in this dread hour,  
 Then, while thousands turn away,  
 I shall fight and win the day.

Kind instruction thou dost give,  
 And constrain me to believe;  
 To whom, therefore, shall I go?  
 But to thee, and thee to know.

Thou the living fountain art;  
 Sweetest streams thou dost impart:  
 Light and life, from thee proceed,  
 To my soul in deepest need.

Turn, O turn! mine eyes away,  
 All on earth is vanity;  
 Nothing on this earthly ball,  
 Can compare with thee, my ALL.

139. *Wrestling Jacob. 7s.*

**N**AY, I cannot let thee go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow;  
 Do not turn away thy face,  
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

Dost thou ask me who I am?  
 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name;  
 Yet the question gives a plea  
 To support my suit with thee.



Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
 In rebellion blindly bold,  
 Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,—  
 That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

Once a sinner near despair  
 Sought thy mercy seat by prayer;  
 Mercy heard, and set him free,  
 Lord thy mercy came to me.

Many years have pass'd since then,  
 Many changes I have seen,  
 Yet have been upheld till now;  
 Who could hold me up but thou?

Thou hast help'd in every need,  
 This emboldens me to plead;  
 After so much mercy past,  
 Canst thou let me sink at last?

No, I must maintain my hold,  
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;  
 I can no denial take,  
 When I plead for Jesu's sake.

140. *For Christ's Guidance.* 8. 7.

**J**ESUS, lead me by thy power  
 Safe into thy promis'd rest;  
 Hide my soul within thy bosom,  
 Let me lean upon thy breast;  
 Feed me with thy heavenly manna,  
 Bread that angels eat above:  
 Let me drink from thee, the fountain,  
 Draughts of everlasting love.

Through the desert wild conduct me,  
 With a glorious pillar bright,  
 In the day a cooling comfort,  
 And a cheering fire by night;  
 Be my guide in every peril,  
 Watch me hourly night and day,  
 Else my foolish heart will wander  
 From my spirit far away.

Nothing can preserve my going,  
 But salvation full and free;  
 Nothing can my soul dishearten,  
 But my absence, Lord, from thee;  
 Nothing can delay my progress,  
 Nothing can disturb my rest,  
 If I can, whate'er the danger,  
 Lean my spirit on thy breast.

In thy presence I am happy,  
 In thy presence I'm secure,  
 In thy presence all afflictions  
 I can easily endure:  
 In thy presence I can conquer,  
 I can suffer, I can die;  
 Far from thee, I faint and languish,  
 O my Saviour, keep me nigh.

141. *Another.* 8. 7.

**G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
 Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,  
 Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do flow,  
 Let thy fiery cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through;  
 Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
 Songs of praises, songs of praises,  
 I will ever give to thee.

Musing on my habitation,  
 Musing on my heavenly home,  
 Fills my soul with holy longing,  
 Come, my Jesus, quickly come:  
 Vanity is all I see,  
 Lord, I long to be with thee.

142. *The waiting Soul.* C. M.

I WAIT the visits of thy grace,  
 My Saviour, and my God,  
 O come and shew thy smiling face,  
 And wash me in thy blood.

O whither can I go to get  
 A pardon for my sin,  
 But only to my Saviour's feet,  
 And wait and call on him?

O that I could but once by faith  
 Behold him on the tree,  
 And see him languish there to death,  
 And shed his blood for me.

O that I might but once be found  
 In that blest wedding dress,  
 Which in my ears doth often sound,  
 His blood and righteousness.

'Tis this alone can give me ease,  
 And heal my wounded heart,  
 My Saviour's blood and righteousness,  
 His sufferings and smart.

143. *Surrender of Heart.* C. M.

TAKE my poor heart just as it is,  
 Set up therein thy throne;  
 So shall I love thee above all,  
 And live to thee alone.

Complete thy work, and crown thy grace,  
 That I may faithful prove;  
 And listen to that small still voice  
 Which only whispers love;

Which teaches me what is thy will,  
 And tells me what to do;  
 Which covers me with shame when I  
 Do not thy will pursue.

This unction may I ever feel,  
 This teaching from my Lord,  
 And learn obedience to thy voice,  
 Thy soul-reviving word.

144. *Happiness only in Christ.* C. M.

O DEAREST Lord, take thou my heart;  
 Where can such sweetness be,

As I have tasted in thy love,  
As I have found in thee?

If zeal with knowledge in my heart  
Thy loving grace does give,  
Safe in the bush unhurt the whole,  
Will unconsumed live.

If love, that mildest flame, can rest  
In hearts so cold as mine,  
Come, blessed Saviour, to my breast,  
And all its love be thine.

My Lord hath seiz'd me with sweet force,  
His prize and purchase just ;  
This soul of mine was never made  
For vanity and dust.

O! 'tis in vain to seek for bliss,  
For bliss can ne'er be found  
Till we arrive where Jesus is,  
And tread on grace's ground.

'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,  
To feel his quick'ning grace ;  
And the blest heaven I hope above,  
Is there to see his face.

145. *For Christ's Presence.* 7s.

DEAREST Jesus, come to me,  
And abide eternally ;  
Worthy friend of sinners come,  
Fill and make my heart thy home.



Oftentimes for thee I sigh,  
 Nothing else can give me joy;  
 This is still my cry to thee,  
 Dearest Jesus, come to me.

Could I clearly see above  
 What thy saints possess in love;  
 All would be but misery,  
 Except Jesus was with me.

Son of God, my dearest Lord,  
 All my crown and my reward:  
 Thou who freely diedst for me,  
 Shalt alone my bridegroom be,

146. *The Lord is my Shepherd.* C. M.

COMPANIONS of thy little flock,  
 Dear Lord, we fain would be,  
 Our helpless hearts to thee look up,  
 To thee, our Shepherd flee.

O might we lean upon that breast  
 Which love and pity fill,  
 And now become those lambs caress'd  
 That in thy bosom dwell.

How sweet that voice, how sweet that hand,  
 Which leads to pastures fair,  
 Shews Canaan's milk and honey land,  
 Lot of thy flock so dear.

As one in heart we all rejoice.  
 The sinner's friend to praise;  
 The Shepherd died, O, 'tis his voice!  
 He'll us to glory raise,

147. *For a Blessing on Ordinances.* L. M.

**B**ELOVED Saviour, faithful friend,  
 The joy of all thy cross's train,  
 In mercy to our aid descend,  
 Or else we worship thee in vain.

In vain we meet to sing and pray,  
 If Christ his influence with-hold,  
 Our hearts remain as cold as clay,  
 Till we our God by faith behold.

Then let us feel thy healing beams,  
 And view thy reconciled face,  
 Yea, prove thy presence in these means  
 To bless a vile and helpless race.

Here manifest thyself in peace,  
 Thy faithful mercies now make known,  
 O breathe on us a gale of grace,  
 And send thy cheering blessing down.

We gladly for thy coming wait,  
 Seeking to know thee as thou art,  
 We bow as sinners at thy feet,  
 And bid thee welcome to our heart.

148. *Public Humiliation.* C. M.

**W**E all the sinners paths have trod,  
 Like sheep we all have stray'd,  
 In sackcloth let us seek to God,  
 With dust upon our head.

Let shame our guilty souls bow down,  
 And let us tell our sin;  
 Who knows while we our folly own,  
 But Christ may make us clean.

Behold, O Lamb of God, a race  
 Of wretched sinners come,  
 Naked and vile; O let thy grace  
 Afford thy children room,

Think on thy gracious covenant,  
 And then, though we have sinn'd,  
 Kindly forgive us; this we want,  
 O Lord, our only friend.

149. *For a Blessing on the Gospel.* 7s.

SOURCE of light and power divine,  
 Deign upon thy truth to shine,  
 Lord, behold thy servant stands,  
 Lo, to thee he lifts his hands;  
 Satisfy his soul's desire,  
 Touch his lip with holy fire.

Softly fall the healing sound,  
 Like the dew-drop on the ground;  
 Drooping plants shall soon revive,  
 Faith in bud, begin to live,  
 And enlarg'd shall soon disclose  
 Beauties of the full-blown rose,

In thy pure and holy way,  
 Heights, and greater heights display,  
 So that whilst our race we run,  
 We may think it but begun,  
 Nor the past contemplate more,  
 Urgent still on what's before.

Ope thy treasures, so shall fall  
 Unction sweet on him, on all,  
 'Till by odours scatter'd round,  
 Christ himself be trac'd and found;

Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart,  
Rich in peace and joy depart.

150. *The hidden Life.* C. M.

To tell the Saviour all my wants,  
How pleasing is the task;  
Nor less to praise him when he grants  
Beyond what I can ask.

My lab'ring spirit vainly seeks  
To tell but half the joy,  
With how much tenderness he speaks,  
And helps me to reply.

Nor were it wise, nor should I choose  
Such secrets to declare,  
Like precious wines their taste they lose  
Expos'd to open air.

But this with boldness I proclaim,  
Nor care if thousands hear,  
Sweet is the ointment of his name,  
Not life is half so dear.

And can you frown, my former friends,  
Who knew what once I was,  
And blame the song that thus commends  
The man that bore the cross,

Trust me, I draw the likeness true,  
And not as fancy paints:  
Such honour may he give to you,  
For such have all his saints,

151. *The Mourner's Plea.* L. M. -

**G**OD of my life, to thee I call,  
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall,  
 When the great water-floods prevail,  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.  
 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
 Where but with thee, whose open door  
 Invites the helpless and the poor.  
 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,  
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?  
 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,  
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
 And he is safe and must succeed,  
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

152. *Under Temptations.* 7s.

**J**ESU, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the billows near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last.  
 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
 Leave, O leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me:



All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All mine help from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head,  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
 Boundless love in thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within:  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee,  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

153. *Encouragement to Prayer.* 7.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer,  
 He himself has bid thee pray,  
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,  
 Large petitions with thee bring,  
 For his grace and power are such,  
 None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin,  
 Lord, remove my load of sin,  
 Let thy blood for sinners spilt,  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to thee for rest,  
 Take possession of my breast,  
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,  
 Let thy love my spirit cheer ;  
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
 Lead me to my journey's end.

Shew me what I have to do,  
 Every hour my strength renew  
 Let me live a life of faith,  
 Let me die thy people's death.

154. *The Efficacy of Christ's Blood.* 7s.

**J**ESU, Jesu, King of Saints,  
 Known to thee are all my wants ;  
 Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,  
 I approach thee, dearest Lord.

Known to thee, whose eyes are flame,  
 I thy love and pity claim ;  
 With an eye of love look down,  
 Help me, Lord, and help me soon.

Break, O break this heart of stone,  
 Form it for thy use alone,  
 Bid each vanity depart,  
 Build thy temple in my heart.

This be my support in need,  
That thou didst so freely bleed,  
All my hopes and joys arise,  
From thy bloody sacrifice.

This confirms me when I'm weak,  
Comforts me when I am sick,  
Gives me courage when I faint,  
Well supplies my every want.

Saviour, to my heart be near,  
Exercise the shepherd's care,  
Guard my weakness by thy grace,  
Let me feel a constant peace.

155. *The Throne of Grace.* S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!  
The promise calls me near;  
There Jesus shews a smiling face,  
And waits to answer pray'r.  
That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides for those who come to God,  
An all-prevailing plea.

My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
Thou can'st not be too bold;  
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,  
What else can he with-hold?

Thy image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence, and thy love;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above,

Teach me to live by faith,  
 Conform my will to thine;  
 Let me victorious be in death,  
 And then in glory shine.

156. *Affliction.* 8<sup>able</sup>.

ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,  
 Just ready all hope to resign,  
 I pant for the light of thy face,  
 And fear it will never be mine;  
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,  
 I sink at thy feet with my load,  
 All plaintive I pour out my song,  
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.

Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,  
 The blood of atonement apply,  
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,  
 The rock that is higher than I.  
 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice,  
 Thy presence is fair to behold:  
 I thirst for thy Spirit with cries  
 And groanings that cannot be told.

If sometimes I strive as I mourn,  
 My hold of thy promise to keep,  
 The billows more fiercely return,  
 And plunge me again in the deep:  
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,  
 The tempter suggests with a roar,  
 "The Lord hath forsaken thee quite;  
 "Thy God will be gracious no more."

Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd

No covenant blessing for me,

Ah, tell me, how is it I find

Some sweetness in waiting for thee?

Almighty to rescue thou art;

Thy grace is my only resource;

If e'er thou art Lord of my heart,

Thy Spirit must take it by force.

157. *Christ the only Refuge.* 8<sup>s</sup>.

To whom should I fly for relief?

To him that hath lov'd me so well;

And who, when I sink into grief,

Doth all my infirmities feel.

O lover of sinners, on thee

My burden of trouble I cast;

Whose care and compassion for me

For ever and ever shall last.

Thine anger for what I have done,

O Father, I mournfully bear!

But look to thy innocent Son,

Who ever intreats thee to spare.

Be mindful of Jesus and me!

He suffer'd my pardon to buy;

And what he procur'd on the tree,

Demands for his people on high.

158. *Public Worship.* 7<sup>able</sup>.

LORD, we come before thee now,

At thy feet we humbly bow:

Oh do not our suit disdain!

Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?



Lord, on thee our souls depend,  
 In compassion now descend;  
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way  
 Now we seek thee, here we stay;  
 Lord, from hence we would not go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow;  
 Send some message from thy word,  
 That may joy and peace afford;  
 Let thy Spirit now impart  
 Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those that weep and mourn;  
 Let the time of joy return:  
 Those who are cast down, lift up,  
 Make them strong in faith and hope.  
 Grant that those who seek, may find  
 Thee a God divinely kind;  
 Heal the sick, the captive free;  
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

159. *Christ bore our Griefs.* 8. 8. 6.

THINK, now dear Jesus, on the pain,  
 The toil, the smart, thou didst sustain  
 To ransom my poor heart;  
 Kindly, dear Lamb, return and come,  
 And make my heart thy constant home,  
 Nor evermore depart.

No more let sable clouds of night  
 Arise to intercept my light,  
 Or earth my heart detain;

By thy dear cross still let me stay,  
 Here let me sing each happy day,  
 And die to live again.

160. *Before Sermon.* 8. 8. 6.

**O** JESUS, now we humbly pray,  
 Be gracious to thy church to day,  
 Thy saving health impart;  
 The dew of heaven on us distil,  
 With love each empty vessel fill,  
 And cheer the drooping heart.

Cut every cord that binds us here,  
 Us from our every hind'rance tear,  
 Give each a single heart;  
 Give grace to tread down self and sin,  
 Give grace eternal life to win,  
 Ere we from hence depart.

161. *Aspiring after Christ.* S. M.

**O** PATIENT spotless Lamb,  
 My heart in patience keep,  
 To bear the cross so easy made,  
 By wounding thee so deep.  
 Bring me, my Shepherd, where  
 Thy choicest flocks abide,  
 From wand'ring save my foolish heart,  
 And keep it near thy side.  
 My Friend, thou hast enough  
 My misery to relieve;  
 Though sin and guilt oppress me sore,  
 The balm is thine to give.

Do thou, my Lord, unite  
 My heart so firm to thee,  
 That every where, and at all times,  
 Thy love my all may be.

162. *Mercy.* C. M.

MERCY, good Lord, mercy I ask,  
 This is the total sum;  
 For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,  
 Lord, let thy mercy come.

163. *Remember me.* C. M.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,  
 I lift my heart to thee;  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 Dear Lord, remember me.

When groaning on my burden'd heart  
 My sins lie heavily,  
 My pardon speak, new grace impart,  
 In love remember me.

Temptations sore obstruct my way,  
 And ills I cannot flee;  
 O give me strength, Lord, as my day,  
 For good remember me.

Distrest with pain, disease, and grief,  
 This feeble body see,  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,  
 Hear and remember me.

If on my face, for thy dear name,  
 Shame and reproaches be,  
 I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
 If thou remember me.

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

164. *Prayer for the Redeemer's Mindfulness.* C. M.

JESUS, my kind and gracious friend,  
 Simply I look to thee,  
 Now in the bowels of thy love,  
 Dear Lord, remember me.

Remember thy pure word of grace,  
 Remember Calv'ry's tree;  
 Remember all thy dying groans,  
 And then remember me.

Thou wond'rous advocate with God,  
 I yield my soul to thee;  
 While thou art pleading on the throne,  
 Dear Lord, remember me.

I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
 Yet thy salvation's free;  
 Then, in thy all-abounding grace,  
 Dear Lord, remember me.

Howe'er forsaken, or despis'd,  
 Howe'er oppress'd I be,  
 Howe'er forgotten here on earth,  
 Do thou remember me.

And when I close my eyes in death,  
 And human help shall flee;  
 Then, then, my dear redeeming God,  
 O then remember me.

165. *A Minister's Prayer before Preaching.* 7.

**G**OD of wisdom, love, and pow'r,  
 Copious blessings on me show'r;  
 Teach me first to pray aright;  
 Grant the Holy Spirit's might.

Help, O Lord! thy waiting saints,  
 Now to pour out our complaints;  
 May our pray'rs, like incense, rise,  
 Still receiving new supplies.

Help me fully to proclaim  
 All the sweetness of thy name;  
 Till, enamour'd with thy love,  
 Zion's mourners soar above.

Lord, unfold thy sacred word;  
 Teach me how to wield the sword:  
 Hearts of stone do thou subdue,  
 Make them feel thy words are true.

All our errors, Lord, detect!  
 Shine upon thine own elect:  
 Let thy grace, like manna, fall,  
 Then we'll crown thee Lord of all.

### CHARACTERS AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

166. *Offices of Christ.* 148.

**A**RRAY'D in mortal flesh,  
 Lo the great Angel stands!  
 He holds the promises  
 And pardons in his hands.

Commission'd from his Father's throne  
 To make his grace to mortals known.



150      **CHARACTERS AND**

Be thou our counsellor,  
Our pattern, and our guide;  
And through this desert land,  
Still keep us near thy side!  
O let our feet ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove nor seek the crooked way.

We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,  
Whose watchful eye doth keep,  
Poor wand'ring souls, among  
The thousands of his sheep;  
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

To this dear surety's hands,  
My soul commend thy cause;  
He answers, and fulfils,  
His father's broken laws:  
Believing souls now free are set,  
For Christ hath paid their dreadful debt.

Then let our souls arise,  
And tread the tempter down;  
Our Captain leads us forth,  
To conquest and a crown:  
March on, nor fear to win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

167. *The Offices of Christ. From several  
Scriptures. L. M.*

JOIN all the names of love and pow'r  
That ever men or angels bore,  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

But O what condescending ways,  
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace !  
My eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love he bears to me.

The "Angel of the cov'nant" stands,  
With his commission in his hands,  
Sent from his Father's milder throne,  
To make his great salvation known.

Great Prophet, let me bless thy name ;  
By thee the joyful tidings came  
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

My bright Example and my Guide,  
I would be walking near thy side ;  
O let me never run astray,  
Nor follow the forbidden way !

I love my Shepherd, he shall keep  
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep ;  
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

My Surety undertakes my cause,  
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws ;  
Behold my soul at freedom set,  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

Jesus my great High Priest, has dy'd,  
I seek no sacrifice beside ;  
His blood did once for all atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

My Advocate appears on high,  
The Father lays his thunder by ;

152      CHARACTERS AND

Not all that earth and hell can say,  
Shall turn my Father's heart away.

My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;  
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit  
A joyful subject at thy feet.

Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,  
The "Captain of Salvation," leads:  
March on, nor fear to win the day,  
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown,  
Put all their forms of mischief on,  
I shall be safe; for Christ displays,  
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

168. *My Soul hath desired thee in the Night.*

C. M.

'T WAS in the night, when troubles came,  
I sought, my God, for thee;  
But found no refuge in that name,  
That once supported me.

I sought thee, but I found thee not,  
For all was dark within;  
Thy tender mercy I forgot,  
To me, when dead in sin.

I saw no day-star in the skies,  
Wrapp'd in perpetual gloom;  
I said, "When will that Sun arise  
"That shall my soul illumine?"

With cords of his eternal love,  
 'Twas thus my soul he drew,  
 And taught my faithless heart to prove,  
 His oath and promise true.

The path was rugged to my feet,  
 Yet still I follow'd thee ;  
 Went often to thy mercy seat,  
 With " God remember me."

At length my Sun's refulgent beam,  
 Thro' the dark cloud appear'd ;  
 My night of woe was like a dream,  
 My soul was blest and cheer'd.

My God, I felt thy goodness then,  
 Was sweetly led to see  
 That thou dost rule the fates of men,  
 And all things are of thee.

169. *The Angel of the Covenant.* S. M.

THOU very paschal Lamb,  
 Whose blood for us was shed ;  
 Through whom we out of Egypt came,  
 Thy ransom'd people lead.

Angel of gospel grace,  
 Fulfil thy character ;  
 To guard and feed thy chosen race,  
 In Israel's camp appear.

Throughout the desert way,  
 Conduct us by thy light ;  
 Be thou a cooling cloud by day,  
 A cheering fire by night.

154      **CHARACTERS AND**

Our fainting souls sustain,  
    With blessings from above;  
And ever on thy people rain  
    The manna of thy love.

170.    *Christ Lord of All.*    C. M.

**A**LL hail the power of Jesu's name!  
    Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
    And crown Him Lord of All.  
Let high born seraphs tune the lyre,  
    And, as they tune it, fall  
Before his face who tunes their choir,  
    And crown Him Lord of All.  
Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
    Who fix'd this floating ball,  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
    And crown Him Lord of All.  
Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,  
    Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
    And crown Him Lord of All.  
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
    Ye ransom'd of the fall,  
Hail Him, who saves you by his grace,  
    And crown Him Lord of All.  
Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
    Whom David Lord did call,  
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,  
    And crown Him Lord of All.



## ADDRESSES TO CHRIST. 155

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown Him Lord of All.

Let every tribe and every tongue,  
That bound creation's ball,  
Now shout in universal song,  
The crowned Lord of All.

## ADDRESSES TO CHRIST.

171. *For Increase in Grace.* C. M.

O GIVE me, Saviour, give me still  
My poverty to know:  
Increase my faith, each day in grace  
And knowledge may I grow.

Open still more the mystery  
Of thy dear bleeding cross;  
And for this precious pearl, let me  
Count all things else but dross.

O how transcendent is that grace,  
Which thou dost then bestow,  
When nothing in myself I feel  
But misery and woe!

'Tis then indeed, my gracious Lord,  
Thy suffering state I see,  
And through that veil with joy behold  
Thy tend'rest love to me.

156 ADDRESSES TO CHRIST.

172. *Come, Lord Jesus.* 8. 7.

**C**OME, thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free;  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth thou art;  
Dear desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,  
Born a child, and yet a King;  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!

By thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious throne!

173. *Longing for Christ.* L. M.

**O** COME, thou wounded Lamb of God!  
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood!  
Give us to know thy love, then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee;  
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,  
That thou should'st man to glory bring,

## ADDRESSES TO CHRIST. 157

Make slaves the partners of thy throne !  
Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?

O Lord, enlarge our scanty thought  
To know the wonders thou hast wrought,  
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable !

First-born of many brethren thou,  
To thee both earth and heaven must bow,  
Help us to thee our all to give,  
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

### 174. *Reconciliation.* C. M.

**D**EAREST of all the names above,  
My Jesus and my God,  
Who can resist thy heavenly love,  
Or trifle with thy blood ?

'Tis by the merits of thy death  
The Father smiles again ;  
'Tis by thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.

Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find,  
The holy, just, and sacred Three,  
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins ;  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.

## 158 ADDRESSES TO CHRIST.

While some on their own works rely,  
And some of wisdom boast,  
I love the incarnate mystery,  
And there I fix my trust.

### 175. *The Good Shepherd.* 8.

THOU Shepherd of Israel divine,  
The joy of the contrite in heart,  
For closer communion they pine,  
Still, still to reside where thou art.

The pasture, O when shall we find,  
Where all who their Shepherd obey,  
Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd,  
Are screen'd from the heat of the day?

Ah! shew us that happiest place,  
The place of thy people's abode,  
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucify'd God!

Thy love for lost sinners declare,  
Thy passion and death on the tree,  
Our spirits to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with thee.

'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,  
There only we'd covet to rest,  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in thy breast.

'Tis there we would always abide,  
And never a moment depart,  
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,  
Eternally held in thy heart.

ADDRESSES TO CHRIST. 159

176. *Morning or Evening.* C. M.

**J**ESUS, the Saviour of my soul,  
Be thou my heart's delight ;  
Ever to me the same remain,  
My joy by day and night.

**H**ungry and thirsty after thee  
May I be found each hour,  
Humble in heart, and happy kept,  
By thine almighty power.

**O** may I never once forget,  
What a poor worm I am,  
From death and hell redeem'd by blood,  
The blood of God's dear Lamb!

**M**ay thy blest Spirit in my heart,  
Most sweetly shed abroad,  
The love of my incarnate God,  
Who bought me with his blood.

**T**he mystery of redeeming love,  
Be ever dear to me ;  
And may the flesh and blood of Christ  
My daily manna be.

177. *Jesus our High Priest.* C. M.

**J**ESUS, our High-Priest and our Head,  
Who bears our flesh and blood,  
And always interced'st for us  
Before the throne of God.

**W**e know thou never canst forget  
Thy poor weak members here,  
But when we suffer in the least,  
A part with us thoul't bear.



## 160 ADDRESSES TO CHRIST.

Thou with great tenderness art touch'd  
At what thy children feel,  
When by temptations we are press'd  
Thou know'st well what we ail.

Thou hast a tender sympathy  
With every smart and pain,  
For when thou wast a man on earth  
Thou didst the same sustain.

And though thou art exalted now,  
Yet to us thou art near;  
Thou know'st our weaknesses and wants,  
And listen'st to our prayer.

Thou art to us so very nigh,  
That with us thou art one,  
In spirit, soul, and heart, and flesh,  
Yea, bone of our own bone.

What shall we say for this thy love,  
But before thee prostrate lie,  
And thank thee that thou wast a man,  
To all eternity.

### 178. *Happiness only in Christ.* C. M.

THOU say'st, dear Jesus, all thy saints,  
Who love thy face to see,  
Shall have, while in this vale of tears,  
Kind visits oft from thee.  
Then let my soul with thee converse,  
Who art my chief delight;  
For sure the world can't ease my heart,  
If banish'd from thy sight.

ADDRESSES TO CHRIST. 161

179. *Fellowship.* C. M.

**J**ESUS, knit all our hearts to thee,  
And join us all in one;  
And in our meetings ev'ry where  
Be thou our aim alone.

Reign thou sole monarch of our hearts,  
Without a rival reign;  
Till we with angels join above,  
To praise the Lamb once slain.

180. *For Spiritual Mindedness.* 148.

**L**ORD, let my Spirit dwell  
(Whilst I reside below)  
Above this wretched world  
Of misery and woe:  
So that its griefs may ne'er dismay,  
Nor charms delude my heart away.

I take my happy rest  
In thee, my God, alone,  
And all my misery  
I spread before thy throne;  
I groan, and sigh, and long to see  
My happy morn of liberty.

O mercy! mercy! Lord,  
Whilst yet the light is near  
My weary soul, involv'd  
In deep confusion, cheer;  
And raise me up, I long to be  
Within a blessed view of thee.

162 ADDRESSES TO CHRIST.

My Lord, thyself alone  
Can take me by the hand,  
And lead me safely on  
Into the promis'd land.  
Thy power can subdue my foes,  
Allay and sweeten all my woes.  
Conduct me safely home,  
My Saviour and my God;  
Mercy is all I crave,  
The merits of thy blood;  
Redemption full I only see,  
Out of myself alone in thee.

181. *The Enjoyment of Christ: or, Delight  
in Worship.* L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world be gone,  
Let my religious hours alone;  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see:  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.  
My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire;  
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
And feed my soul with heav'nly love,  
[The trees of life immortal stand  
In fragrant rows at thy right-hand,  
And in sweet murmurs by their side  
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.  
Haste then, but with a smiling face,  
And spread a table of thy grace;  
Bring down a taste of truth divine,  
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!  
 How sweet thy entertainments are?  
 Never did angels taste above  
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.  
 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!  
 In thee thy Father's glories shine;  
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,  
 That eyes have seen, or angels known.

182. *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair  
 We wretched sinners lay,  
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.  
 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
 Beheld our helpless grief;  
 He saw, and (O amazing love!)  
 He ran to our relief.  
 Down from the shining seats above  
 With joyful haste he fled,  
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
 And dwelt among the dead.  
 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,  
 And broke our iron chains:  
 Jesus hath freed our captive souls  
 From everlasting pains.  
 [In vain the baffled prince of hell  
 His cursed projects tries;  
 We that were doom'd his endless slaves,  
 Are rais'd above the skies.]

164 ADDRESSES TO CHRIST.

O! for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

[Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord!  
Our souls are all on flame;  
Hosanna round the spacious earth  
To thine adored name.

Angels! assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.]

183. *Longing to Praise Christ better.* L, M.

LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll  
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,  
And read my Maker's broken laws,  
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;  
When I behold death, hell, and sin,  
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine:  
And see the man that groan'd and dy'd,  
Sit glorious by his Father's side;

My passions rise and soar above,  
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;  
Fain would I reach eternal things,  
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

But my heart fails, my tongue complains,  
For want of their immortal strains;  
And in such humble notes as these  
Must fall below thy victories.



## ADDRESSES TO CHRIST. 165

Well, the kind minute must appear  
When we shall leave these bodies here,  
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,  
To join the songs above the sky.

184. *Jesus—precious to them that believe.*

C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul!  
My transport and my trust:  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish,  
In thee doth richly meet;  
Nor to my eyes is life so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of thy name  
With my last lab'ring breath;  
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms—  
The antidote of death.

## 166 INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

185. *A living and a dead Faith.* C. M.

**M**ISTAKEN souls that dream of heav'n,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,  
While they are slaves to lust.

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead ;  
None but a living faith unites  
To Christ the living head.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;  
'Tis faith that works by love ;  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.

'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell  
By a celestial pow'r ;  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.

[Faith must obey her Father's will,  
As well as trust his grace ;  
A pard'ning God is jealous still  
For his own holiness.]

When from the curse he sets us free,  
He makes our natures clean ;  
Nor would he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.

[His Spirit purifies our frame,  
And seals our peace with God ;  
Jesus, and his salvation, came  
By water and by blood.

## INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT. 167

186. *Submission and Deliverance; or, Abraham offering up his Son.* L. M.

**S**AINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word,  
Give up your comforts to the Lord;  
He shall restore what you resign,  
Or grant you blessings more divine,  
So Abra'm with obedient hand  
Led forth his son at God's command;  
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,  
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

“ Abra'm forbear (the angel cried);  
“ Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;  
“ Thy son shall live, and in thy seed  
“ Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed.”

Just in the last distressing hour,  
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r;  
The mount of danger is the place  
Where we shall see surprising grace.

187. *Doubts scattered; or, Spiritual Joys restored.* C. M.

**H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts be gone,  
And leave me to my joys;  
My tongue shall triumph in my God,  
And make a joyful noise.

Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,  
And drown'd my head in tears,  
Till sov'reign grace with shining rays  
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

## 168 INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

O, what immortal joys I felt,  
And raptures all divine,  
When Jesus told me, I was his,  
And my Beloved, mine!  
In vain the tempter frights my soul,  
And breaks my peace in vain;  
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face  
Revives my joys again.

## 188. *Christ's Intercession for his People.* C. M.

LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats,  
Where your Redeemer stays:  
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,  
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,  
And shed his vital blood,  
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,  
And then arose to God.

Petitions now, and praise may rise,  
And saints their off'rings bring,  
The Priest with his own sacrifice  
Presents them to the King.

[Let papists trust what names they please,  
Their saints and angels boast;  
We've no such advocates as these,  
Nor pray to th' heav'nly host.]

Jesus alone shall bear my cries  
Up to his Father's throne:  
He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,  
And sweetens ev'ry groan.

## INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT. 169

[Ten thousand praises to the King,  
‘ Hosanna in the High’st !  
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring  
To God and to his Christ.]

### 189. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.* S. M.

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

The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish’d from this place:  
Religion never was design’d  
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God,  
But fav’rites of the heav’nly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

[The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas ;]

This awful God is our’s,  
Our Father and our love ;  
He shall send down his heav’nly pow’rs  
To carry us above.

There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.



## 170 INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

[The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below:  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.]

[The hill of Sion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry;  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.]

## 190. *Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.* S. M.

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

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

My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

## ADDRESSES TO THE SPIRIT. 171

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

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

## ADDRESSES TO THE SPIRIT.

### 191. *To the Blessed Spirit. 7<sup>s</sup>.*

GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine,  
Let thy light within me shine,  
All my guilty fears remove,  
Fill me full of heaven and love.

Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,  
Set the burden'd sinner free,  
Lead me to the Lamb of God,  
Wash me in his precious blood.

Life and peace to me impart,  
Seal salvation on my heart,  
Breathe thyself into my breast,  
Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from thee stray,  
Keep me in the narrow way,  
Fill my soul with joy divine,  
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

## 172 ADDRESSES TO THE SPIRIT.

192. *To the Holy Ghost.* S. M.

**C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise,  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.

Cheer our desponding hearts  
With visitation sweet;  
Give us to lie with humble hope  
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove;  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesu's blood;  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.

Shew us the Sinner's Friend  
That rules the courts of bliss;  
The Lord of Hosts, the mighty God,  
Th' eternal Prince of Peace.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
T' illuminate the soul;  
To pour fresh life on every part,  
And new create the whole.

## ADDRESSES TO THE SPIRIT. 173

193. *Before Sermon.* 7. 6. 8.

**H**OLY Comforter, descend,  
Unfold the things of God,  
Bid our fears and sorrows end  
Through faith in Jesu's blood.  
Thine it is the blood t' apply,  
Thine to make us feel and see;  
He who did for sinners die  
Hath surely died for me.

God of God, and Light of Light,  
Jesus in us reveal,  
Justify us in his right,  
And stamp us with thy seal;  
Fill our souls with joy and peace,  
Wisdom, grace, and utt'rance give,  
Make us through his righteousness  
To life eternal live.

194. *The witnessing and sealing Spirit.*  
C. M.

**W**HY should the children of a king  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great comforter! descend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,  
And seal them heirs of heav'n?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And shew my sins forgiv'n!

## 174 ADDRESSES TO THE SPIRIT.

Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

### 195. *Before Sermon.* 8. 7.

**H**OLY Ghost, inspire our praises,  
Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues;  
Laud we now thy name, O Jesus,  
Heaven shall echo with our songs.

Every state, howe'er distressing,  
Shall be profit in the end,  
Every ordinance a blessing,  
Every providence a friend.

Blessed Lord, be thou our teacher,  
Helper, counsellor, and guide,  
Speak the promise through the preacher,  
And the hearing ear provide.

Vain is learning, parts, or merit,  
Vain the native powers of man;  
Jesus! send thy Holy Spirit,  
To display the gospel plan.



## ADDRESSES TO THE SPIRIT. 175

### 196. *The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.* L. M.

**D**ESCEND from heav'n, Immortal Dove,  
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,  
And mount and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things:

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll,  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

O for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,  
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;  
The God shines gracious thro' the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

O what amazing joys they feel,  
While to their golden harps they sing,  
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King!

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

197. *Sovereign Grace.* Eph. ii. 8. L. M.

**H**AIL! blest Immanuel, God with us,  
 My ever-living hiding place;  
 All praise to thee who teachest us,  
 To magnify thy richest grace.

Grace is an ocean deep and wide,  
 And mercy is a flowing stream:  
 I've seen it flowing from his side,  
 A guilty rebel to redeem.

I saw by faith the ransom paid,  
 And heard my Saviour deeply groan;  
 " 'Twas all for thee, my love," he said,  
 " And soon I'll raise thee to my throne."

Here's a display of richest grace!  
 Tell it, O Zion, far and wide!  
 That Jesus for his chosen race  
 Appear'd and wrought, and groan'd and died.

198. *Invitation to Praise.* L. M.

**C**OME, let us join a cheerful strain,  
 And chaunt the great Redeemer's name,  
 And let our notes now mount so high,  
 To reach beyond the starry sky.

None but the contrite humble heart,  
 Can in this anthem join a part,  
 Th' theme's redemption by his blood,  
 And pardon through a dying Lord.

Redemption! what a blessed sound,  
 It cheers the ransom'd church around,  
 And as the lark, so hails the light,  
 We would in Jesus' praise delight.

We'll praise him for his love, his power,  
 To save us in our dying hour,  
 And when we meet in realms of bliss,  
 We'll praise him in his holiness.

There loud hosannas shall we raise,  
 In hymns and anthems, songs of praise,  
 To glorify the Three in One,  
 The Father, Spirit, and the Son.

199. *Invitation to Praise.* S. M.

**A**WAKE, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb,  
 Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.

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

Sing till we feel our hearts  
 Ascending with our tongues,  
 Sing till the love of sin departs,  
 And grace inspires our songs.

Sing on your heav'nly way,  
 Ye ransom'd sinners sing,  
 Sing on rejoicing every day  
 In Christ th' eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear him say,  
*Ye blessed children come;*  
 Soon will he call you hence away,  
 To take his wanderers home.

200. *The Church's Head.* 7. 8.

**H**EAD of the church triumphant,  
 We joyfully adore thee ;  
 Till thou appear thy members here  
 Shall sing like those in glory.

We lift our hearts and voices,  
 With blest anticipation,  
 And cry aloud, and give to God,  
 The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace,  
 And passing through the fire,  
 Thy love we praise, which tries our ways,  
 Which ever brings us nigher.

We clap our hands exulting  
 In thine almighty favour ;  
 The love divine which made us thine,  
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy people  
 Through torrents of temptation ;  
 Nor will we fear, whilst thou art near,  
 The fire of tribulation.

The world with sin and satan,  
 In vain our march opposes ;  
 By thee we shall break through them all,  
 And sing the song of Moses.

By faith we see the glory,  
 To which thou shalt restore us ;  
 The world despise for that high prize  
 Which thou hast set before us.

And if thou count us worthy,  
 We each, as dying Stephen,  
 Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,  
 And take us up to heaven.

201. *Lord's Day Morning.* L. M.

THANKS to thy name, O Lord, that we  
 One glorious sabbath more behold!  
 Dear Shepherd, let us meet with thee  
 Among thy sheep in this thy fold.

Now, Lord, among thy tribes appear,  
 And let thy presence fill the throng:  
 Thy awful voice let sinners hear,  
 And bid the feeble heart be strong.

Gather the lambs into thine arms,  
 And satisfy their ev'ry want;  
 And those with young defend from harms,  
 And gently lead them, lest they faint.

Put forth thy shepherd's crook and stay  
 Thy wand'ring sheep, and bring them back;  
 O bring the wand'ring home to-day,  
 And save them for thy mercy's sake!

Let ev'ry soul before thee here,  
 Through thee, the door, now enter in,  
 Find pasture with our Saviour dear,  
 Sav'd from the guilt and power of sin.

Dear tender-hearted Shepherd, look,  
 And let our wants thy bowels move;  
 And kindly lead thy little flock,  
 To the sweet pastures of thy love.



There sweetly feed our hungry souls  
 In flow'ry fields, near the sweet stream,  
 Where living water gently rolls  
 Towards the New Jerusalem.

202. *Restoring and Preserving Grace.* L. M.

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

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

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
 Upheld and guarded by his hand ;  
 His words my fainting soul revive,  
 And keep my dying faith alive.

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

203. *Thanksgiving.* 104<sup>th</sup>.

WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise ;  
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,  
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem  
 The weakest believer that hangs upon him !  
 How happy the man whose heart is set free,  
 The people that can be joyful in thee ;

Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face ;  
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

Their daily delight shall be in thy name,  
They shall, as their right, thy righteousness  
claim :

Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by  
thy blood,

Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

For thou art their boast, their glory and power,  
And I also trust to see the glad hour,

My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,  
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,  
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known ;  
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,  
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

**204.** *Praise to Jesus Christ.* C. M.

**C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne,  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus :

Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us.

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

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

205. *Resting under the Cross.* C. M.

CHILDREN of Israel, see what shade  
 The cross does us afford!  
 It was for weary sinners made;  
 We thank thee for it, Lord.

Gethsemane can witness still  
 How meekly there he cried:  
 So can the brow of Calv'ry's hill,  
 Where our great Master died.

We sing thy righteousness and blood,  
 And agonizing pain:  
 Of the dear suff'ring Son of God,  
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain.

We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd;  
 To thee we bow the knee:  
 Hail, very God! the promis'd child!  
 The prophets sang of thee.

We are thy living witnesses,  
 And testify that thou  
 Art all our righteousness and peace,  
 For we have prov'd thee so.

While others sing the unknown God,  
 We each will sing of thee;  
 Jesus hath wash'd me in his blood,  
 And lov'd and died for me.

206. *After Sermon.* 5. 6.

**O** JESUS, our Lord,  
Thy name be ador'd  
For all the rich blessings convey'd through  
thy word !

In spirit we trace  
Thy wonders of grace,  
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

The Ancient of days  
His glory displays,  
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.

The trumpet of God,  
Is sounding abroad  
The language of mercy—Salvation through  
blood,

Thrice happy are they,  
Who hear and obey,  
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

The people who know  
The Saviour below,  
With burning affection to worship him glow.

The people are blest  
Who lean on his breast,  
And have a rich foretaste of his promis'd rest.

This blessing be mine  
Through favour divine ;  
But, **O** my Redeemer, the glory be thine !

The work is of grace,  
Thine, thine be the praise !  
And mine to adore thee and tell of thy ways.

207. *Invitation to praise God.* 7. 6.

**P**RAISE the Lord who reigns above,  
 And keeps his courts below;  
**P**raise the holy God of love,  
 And all his greatness shew :  
**P**raise him for his noble deeds,  
 Praise him for his matchless pow'r :  
**H**im from whom all good proceeds,  
 Let earth and heav'n adore.

**P**ublish, spread to all around,  
 The great Immanuel's name :  
 Let the trumpet's martial sound  
 Him Lord of Hosts proclaim :  
**P**raise him ev'ry tuneful string.  
 All the reach of heav'nly art ;  
 All the pow'rs of music bring,  
 The music of the heart.

**H**im in whom they move and live,  
 Let ev'ry creature sing ;  
 Glory to their Maker give,  
 And homage to their King.  
**H**allow'd be his name beneath :  
 As is in heav'n on earth ador'd !  
**P**raise the Lord in ev'ry breath !  
 Let all things praise the Lord,

208. *The Name of Jesus precious.* 148.

**L**ET earth and heav'n agree,  
 Angels and men be join'd,  
 To celebrate with me  
 The Saviour of mankind !



To adore the great atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

Jesus! transporting sound!

The joy of earth and heav'n:  
No other help is found,  
No other name is giv'n,  
By which we can salvation have;  
But Jesus came the world to save.

Jesus! harmonious name!

It charms the host above,  
They evermore proclaim,  
And wonder at his love:  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,  
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesu's face.

His name the sinner hears,  
And is from guilt set free:

'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory:  
New songs do now his lips employ,  
And dances his glad heart for joy.

209. *Safety in Christ.* 148.

JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That mortals ever knew,  
That angels ever bore:

All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

What kind endearing words,  
What condescending ways,  
Doth our Redeemer use,  
To teach his heav'nly grace!

My soul, with joy and wonder see  
 What forms of love he bears to thee.

Great Prophet of our God,  
 Our tongues would bless thy name!  
 By thee the joyful news  
 Of our salvation came;

The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,  
 Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 Offer'd his blood and died;

Thou guilty sinner, seek  
 No sacrifice beside:

His powerful blood did once atone,  
 And now it pleads before the throne.

My dear Almighty Lord!

My Conqu'ror and my King!

Thy matchless pow'r and love,

Thy saving grace we sing:

Thine is the pow'r; oh may we sit

In willing bonds beneath thy feet!

210. *Grateful Recollection of God's Mercy.*

8. 7.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,

Tune my heart to sing thy grace;

Streams of mercy never ceasing,

Call for songs of loudest praise:

Teach me some melodious sonnet,

Sung by flaming tongues above;

Praise the mount—Oh fix us on it,

Mount of God's unchanging love!

Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
 Hither by thine help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
 He to rescue me from danger,  
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

Oh! to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
 Seal it from thy courts above.

211. *Redemption.* 8. 8. 6.

**B**RIDE of the Lamb, up to the skies  
 Let daily praise like incense rise,  
 To join with theirs above;  
 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
 A race of rebels to regain,  
 To have our choicest love.

Into this ark, with great amaze,  
 The winged seraphs wond'ring gaze,  
 Redeeming love to trace:  
 Should mortals, who in part have found  
 Redemption through the Saviour's wounds,  
 Refuse to shout free grace?

Cry then to our Redeemer dear,  
 He loves his people's voice to hear,  
 They are his joy and crown;  
 Ere long we him in clouds shall see,  
 Cloth'd in pomp and majesty,  
 His ransom'd flock to own.

Shower down thy grace, O Jesus, now,  
 Through every vessel let it flow,  
 Each sick'ning plant to cheer;  
 Rooted in thee, O may we stand  
 Unshaken, waiting thy command,  
 And love thy voice to hear.

Freedom to ev'ry soul proclaim,  
 In ev'ry heart, O Jesus, reign,  
 And set the prisoners free;  
 Now, Lord, relieve each burden'd mind,  
 And give us all with joy to find  
 Eternal life in thee.

212. *Thankfulness for Redeeming Love,*  
 104<sup>th</sup>.

OUR Shepherd alone,  
 The Lord, let us bless,  
 Who reigns on the throne  
 The prince of our peace;  
 Who ever more saves us  
 By shedding his blood;  
 All hail, holy Jesus,  
 Our Lord and our God!

We daily will sing  
 Thy glory, thy praise,  
 Thou merciful spring  
 Of pity and grace,

Thy kindness for ever  
To men we will tell,  
And say, our dear Saviour  
Redeems us from hell!

Preserve us in love  
While here we abide,  
Nor ever remove,  
Nor cover, nor hide  
Thy glorious salvation,  
Till joyful we see  
The beautiful vision  
Completed in thee.

213. *Morning.* 8. 6. 6.

**R**ISE, my soul, adore thy Maker!  
Angels praise,  
Join thy lays,  
With them be partaker.

Father, Lord of ev'ry spirit,  
In thy light  
Lead me right,  
Through my Saviour's merit.

O my Jesus, God Almighty,  
Pray for me,  
Till I see,  
Thee in Salem's city.

Holy Ghost, divine instructor,  
Guide me still,  
Let thy will  
Be my soul's conductor.



Thou this night wast my protector;  
     With me stay  
     All the day,  
 Ever my director.  
 Holy, holy, holy giver  
     Of all good,  
     Life and food,  
 Reign ador'd for ever,  
 Glory, honour, thanks, and blessing,  
     One in Three,  
     Give we thee,  
 Never, never ceasing.

214. *Evening Hymn.* 8. 6. 6.

**E**RE I sleep, for ev'ry favour  
     This day shew'd  
     By my God,  
 I will bless my Saviour,  
 O, my Lord, what shall I render  
     To thy name,  
     Still the same,  
     Gracious, good, and tender,  
 Leave me not, but ever love me;  
     Let thy peace  
     Be my bliss  
 Till thou hence remove me.  
 Visit me with thy salvation,  
     Let thy care  
     Still be near,  
 Round my habitation.

Be my rock, my guard, my tower,  
 Safely keep,  
 While I sleep,  
 Me with all thy power.

Save, O save me from the hidings  
 Of thy face,  
 Let thy grace  
 Cancel my backslidings.

So whene'er in death I slumber,  
 I shall rise  
 With the wise,  
 Counted in their number.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
 Let me know,  
 Thee below,  
 Thee above inherit.

**215.** *Praise to Christ Jesus.* L. M.

**B**LESSINGS for ever on the Lamb  
 Who bore the curse for wretched man,  
 Let angels sound his sacred name,  
 And ev'ry creature say, Amen.

**216.** *Praise for God's Mercies.* L. M.

**G**IVE to our God immortal praise,  
 Mercy and truth are all his ways;  
 Wonders of grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his mercies in your song.  
 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
 The King of kings with glory crown;  
 His mercies ever shall endure,  
 When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
 And fix'd the starry lights on high:  
 Wonders of grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,  
 He bids the moon direct the night;  
 His mercies ever shall endure,  
 When sun and moon shall shine no more.

He sent his Son with power to save  
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:  
 Wonders of grace to God belong,  
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

Through this vain world he guides our feet,  
 And leads us to his heavenly seat;  
 His mercies ever shall endure,  
 When this vain world shall be no more.

217. *The Loving Kindness of the Lord.*

L. M.

**A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise,  
 He justly claims a song from me,  
 His loving kindness, O how free!

He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
 Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all,  
 He sav'd me from my lost estate;  
 His loving kindness, O how great!

Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
 He safely leads my soul along:  
 His loving kindness, O how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood;  
 His loving kindness, O how good!

Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
 But though I have him oft forgot,  
 His loving kindness changes not.

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
 O may my last expiring breath  
 His loving kindness sing in death.

218. *Adoration.* 8<sup>s</sup>.

**T**HIS God is the God we adore,  
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend,  
 Whose love is as large as his power,  
 And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
 Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;  
 We'll praise him for all that is past,  
 And trust him for all that's to come.

219. *On the Lord's Day.* L. M.

**S**WEET is the work, O God our King,  
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,  
 To shew thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all thy truth by night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
 No mortal care shall seize our breast;

our breast

## 194 GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

O may our hearts in tune be found  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.  
Our hearts shall triumph in the, Lord.  
And bless thy work, and bless thy word;  
Thy works of grace how bright they shine,  
How deep thy counsels, how divine.  
O may we see, and hear, and know,  
What mortals cannot reach below;  
May all our powers find sweet employ  
In Christ's eternal world and joy.

### GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

#### 220. *The Invitation.* 148.

**Y**E dying sons of men,  
Immerg'd in sin and woe,  
The gospel's voice attend,  
While Jesus sends to you:  
Ye perishing and guilty, come,  
In Jesu's arms there yet is room.  
No longer now delay,  
Nor vain excuses frame,  
He bids you come to day,  
Though poor, and blind, and lame;  
All things are ready, sinner, come,  
For every trembling soul there's room.  
Believe the heav'nly word,  
His messengers proclaim,  
He is a gracious Lord,  
And Faithful is his name;  
Backsliding souls, return and come,  
Cast off despair, there yet is room.



Compell'd by bleeding love,  
 Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near,  
 Christ calls you from above,  
 His charming accents hear :—  
 Let whosoever will, now come,  
 In mercy's breast there yet is room.

221.. *Looking to Jesus Crucified.* L. M.

LADEN with guilt, sinners arise,  
 And view the bleeding sacrifice ;  
 Each purple drop proclaims there's room,  
 And bids the poor and needy come.

Beneath his people's crimes he stood,  
 Sign'd their acquittances in blood :  
 Herein God's justice is appeas'd ;  
 Sinners, look up, and be releas'd.

Mercy, truth, peace, and righteousness,  
 Beam from the Reconciler's face ;  
 Here look till love dissolve your heart,  
 And bid your slavish fears depart.

O quit the world's delusive charms,  
 And quickly fly to Jesu's arms !  
 Wrestle until your God is known,  
 Till you can call the Lord your own.

222. *Invitation to Christ.* L. M.

Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,  
 'Tis God invites the fallen race :  
 Mercy and free salvation buy ;  
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace,

## 196 GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

Come to the living waters, come!  
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice;  
Return ye weary wanderers home,  
And in redeeming love rejoice.

See from the rock a fountain rise,  
For you in healing streams it rolls;  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

Nothing ye in exchange shall give,  
Leave all you have and are behind,  
Frankly the gift of God receive,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

### 223. *Invitation to Christ.* 112<sup>th</sup>.

SWEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed,  
From Sion's mount I heard the sound,  
Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,  
And gladden'd nature smil'd around.  
The voice of peace salutes mine ear,  
Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air.

Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan  
Hath taught these rocks the note of woe;  
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
And let thy tears forget to flow.  
Behold, the precious balm is found,  
Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.

Come, freely come, by sin opprest,  
Unburden here the weighty load,  
Here find thy refuge, and thy rest,  
Safe on the bosom of thy God.  
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word!  
That sheaths th' avenger's glittering sword.

## GOSPEL INVITATIONS. 197

As spring the winter, day the night,  
Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away ;  
And smiling joy, a seraph bright,  
Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay,  
Whilst glory waves th' immortal crown,  
And waits to claim thee for her own.

### 224. *Gospel Invitation.* C. M.

**O** WHAT amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found,  
Suited to every sinner's case  
Who knows the joyful sound.

Poor sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,  
Are freely welcome here,  
Salvation like a river rolls  
Abundant, free, and clear.

Come then, with all your wants and wounds,  
Your ev'ry burden bring.  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep celestial spring.

“Whoever will,” (O gracious word!)  
Shall of this stream partake :  
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
And drink for Jesu's sake.

This spring with living water flows,  
And living joy imparts ;  
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,  
And drink with thankful hearts.

Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace ;  
Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

## 198 GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

To him who gives our souls to feel  
The drawings of his love,  
Be constant praise while here we dwell,  
And nobler songs above.

### 225. *Grace.* C. M.

**R**ICH grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,  
Directly come who will,  
Just as you are, for Christ receives  
Poor helpless sinners still.

'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,  
Grace keeps us inly poor;  
And O that nothing else but grace  
May rule for evermore.

### 226. *Invitations to Backsliders.* 8. 6. 8.

**C**OME, ye backsliding sons of God,  
(For many such there are)  
Who long the paths of sin have trod,  
Come, cast away despair.  
Return to Jesus Christ, and see  
There's mercy still for such as we.

True, we cannot pretend to much  
Of usefulness or fruit;  
But yet, the love of Christ is such,  
We still retain the root.  
Returning prodigals shall find,  
Tho' they are base, their Father's kind.

**They** who have never gone astray,  
 Since first the Lord they knew,  
**Walk** in a much more pleasant way,  
 While we our folly rue:  
**But** tho' we seem to differ thus,  
**They** can't be perfect without us.  
**The** indignation of the Lord  
 Awhile we will endure,  
**For** we have sinn'd against his word,  
 But still his grace is sure.  
**'Tis** all a gift; let no man boast;  
**For** Jesus came to save the *lost*.

227. *Invitations to Backsliders.* L. M.

**B**ACKSLIDING souls, return to God;  
 Your faithful God is gracious still:  
**Leave** the false ways ye long have trod,  
 And he will all backslidings heal.  
**Your** first espousals call to mind;  
**'Tis** time you should be now reclaim'd,  
**What** fruit could ever christians find  
 In things whereof they're now asham'd?  
**The** indignation of the Lord  
 Awhile endure, for 'tis your due:  
**But** firm and stedfast stands his word;  
**Tho'** you are faithless, he is true.  
**Poor,** famish'd prodigal, come home:  
**Thy** Father's house is open yet:  
**Much** greater mercy bids thee come,  
**Than** all thy sins, tho' these are great.



## 200 GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

The blood of Christ (a precious blood!)  
Cleanses from all sin (doubt it not,)  
And reconciles the soul to God,  
And ev'ry folly, ev'ry fault.

### 228. *The Jubilee.* 148.

**B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound!  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.  
Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atonement Lamb;  
Redemption by his blood  
Thro' all the lands proclaim:  
The year of Jubilee is come; **Return, &c.**  
[Ye who have sold for nought  
The heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love:  
The year of Jubilee is come; **Return, &c.**]  
Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live:  
The year of Jubilee is come; **Return, &c.**  
Ye bankrupt debtors know  
The sov'reign grace of heaven;  
Though sums immense ye owe,  
A free discharge is given:  
The year of Jubilee is come; **Return, &c.**

## GOSPEL INVITATIONS. 201

The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of pard'ning grace;  
Ye happy souls draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face:  
The year of Jubilee is come; Return, &c.  
Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad!  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

### 229. *Christ the Door of the Sheepfold.*

C. M.

“ To gospel grace, a boundless store,  
“ Salvation full and free,  
“ I am,” saith Christ, “ the only door,  
“ Come enter in by me.  
“ Come ye who feel the guilt of sin,  
“ Here's healing balm for you,  
“ A living way, to enter in  
“ By blood divine, I shew.  
“ Why will ye toil at Sinai now,  
“ When I was curs'd for thee?  
“ Come learn at sov'reign grace to bow,  
“ And enter in by me.  
“ Thousands have try'd, by holy deeds,  
“ In vain to enter in;  
“ And struggled hard, by forms and creeds,  
“ Eternal life to win.

## 202 GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

- “ The pastures of eternal love  
“ Your dwelling place shall be ;  
“ There shall ye feed, and ne'er remove,  
“ Who enter in by me.
- “ Divine forgiveness on his heart,  
“ I'll seal without a fee ;  
“ And to him heav'n itself impart,  
“ Who enters in by me.”

### 230. *Christ's Invitation to the Weary.*

L. M.

- “ COME hither, all ye weary souls,  
“ Ye heavy laden sinners, come ;  
“ I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
“ And raise you to my heav'nly home.
- “ They shall find rest that learn of me ;  
“ I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;  
“ But passion rages like a sea,  
“ And pride is restless as the wind.
- “ Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take  
“ My yoke, and bear it with delight ;  
“ My yoke is easy to his neck,  
“ My grace shall make his burden light.”

Jesus, we come at thy command ;  
With faith and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

231. *Touching the Hem of Christ's Garment.* C. M.

YE sin-sick souls, dismiss your fears,  
 The halt, the blind, the lame,  
 Come touch the garment Jesus wears,  
 There's healing in the same.

Till sick of ev'ry other way,  
 You'll ne'er to Jesus go ;  
 Whose words eternal life convey,  
 Whose wounds with pardon flow.

Surrounded with ten thousand cares,  
 And sad beyond degree ;  
 Yet in this garment Jesus wears,  
 There's healing still for thee.

Come stretch the wither'd hand to-day,  
 For Christ is passing by ;  
 Thy case admits of no delay,  
 Unless ye touch, ye die.

Could Jordan's streams at once remove  
 Naaman's sore disease ;  
 Far greater virtue sinners prove  
 In Christ the Prince of Peace.

One touch of this celestial robe  
 Speaks pardon to the soul ;  
 When sins more pond'rous than the globe,  
 Across the conscience roll.

Thro' ev'ry crowd to Jesus press  
 When sin torments thy mind ;  
 Peace, pard'ning blood, and righteousness  
 In his dear name you'll find.

## 204 GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

### 232. *The Gospel joyful Tidings to a Sinner.* S. M.

THE gospel herald cries,  
“ Ye lep’rous souls unclean,  
“ Behold I set before your eyes  
“ A sacrifice for sin.  
“ The merit of his blood  
“ Shall be exalted high,  
“ It seal’d the sinner’s peace with God,  
“ And brought his Isr’el nigh.  
“ Sinners of ev’ry cast,  
“ Whose souls are drown’d in woe,  
“ Are welcome to the best repast,  
“ That gospel grace can shew.  
“ Let pride no more beguile ;  
“ Here in the fountain lave ;  
“ ’Twas not the righteous, but the vile,  
“ Whom Jesus came to save.”  
The Spirit’s voice says, “ Come,  
“ All things in Jesus view ;”  
There’s nothing can be taken from,  
Or added thereunto.

### 233. *Come and welcome to Jesus.* 8. 7. 4

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



GOSPEL INVITATIONS. 205

Ho ! ye needy, come, and welcome ;  
God's free bounty glorify ;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money, without money, without  
money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream :  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him :  
This he gives you, this he gives you, this he  
gives you ;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous, not the righteous, not the  
righteous :  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

View him grov'ling in the garden ;  
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies.  
On the bloody tree behold him :  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
*It is finish'd—It is finish'd—It is finish'd !*  
Sinner, will not this suffice ?

Lo ! th' incarnate God ascended,  
Pleads the merits of his blood,  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude,

## 206 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

None but **Jesus**, none but **Jesus**, none but  
**Jesus**,

Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and Angels join'd in concert,

Sing the praises of the **Lamb** ;

While the blissful seats of heaven

Sweetly echo with his name.

**Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!**

Sinners here may sing the same.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

### 234. *Breathing after the Influence of Grace.*

C. M.

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

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

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

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

**From** vanity turn off my eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design,

**Nor** covetous desires arise  
Within this soul of mine.

**Order** my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;

**Let** sin have no dominion, **Lord**,  
But keep my conscience clear.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 207

My soul hath gone too far astray ;  
My feet too often slip ;  
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.  
Make me to walk in thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against my God.

235. *Hope in the Covenant.* L. M.

How oft has sin and Satan strove  
To rend my soul from thee, my God?  
But everlasting is thy love,  
And Jesus seals it with his blood.  
The oath and promise of the Lord,  
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace ;  
Eternal pow'r performs the word,  
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.  
Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;  
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,  
While tempests blow, and billows rise.  
The gospel bears my spirits up ;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope,  
In-oaths, and promises, and blood.

236. *Salvation by Grace in Christ.* L. M.

Now to the pow'r of God supreme  
Be everlasting honours giv'n,

## 208 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

He saves from hell, (we bless his name)  
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

Not for our duties or deserts,  
But of his own abounding grace,  
He works salvation in our hearts,  
And forms a people for his praise.

'Twas his own purpose that begun  
To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;  
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,  
Before he spread the starry sky.

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

He dies ; and in that dreadful night  
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy ;  
Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,  
And took possession of the joy.

### 237. *Invitation.* 8. 7.

**F**LY ye sinners, to yon mountain,  
There a purple stream doth flow ;  
There you'll find an open fountain,  
That will wash you white as snow.

Never ponder o'er your meanness,  
But to Calv'ry all repair ;  
'There's the fountain for uncleanness,  
And the worst is welcome there.

Come ye souls, by sin distressed,  
Plunge by faith beneath this flood ;

**SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 209**

Then you'll surely be released,  
From the painful pond'rous load.

Richly flow'd the crimson river,  
Down Immanuel's lovely side,  
And that blood will you deliver.  
Whensoever 'tis apply'd.

Christ is ready to receive you,  
See his bloody cross appear!  
From your sins he will relieve you,  
And dissolve your ev'ry fear.

O behold the Lord expiring,  
See the suff'ring Lamb of God!  
And that love be much admiring,  
Which appears in streams of blood.

**238.** *Salvation completed by Christ.* C. M.

**J**ESUS, an unexampled friend,  
One of exalted fame,  
A great salvation undertakes,  
And finishes the same.

Hell trembled at the grand design,  
Oppos'd the glorious Son,  
But he pursu'd the mighty work,  
'Till the great *All* was done.

Justice was *fully* satisfy'd;  
Atonement, *fully* made;  
The law was *fully* magnify'd,  
And wond'rous love display'd.



## 210 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

Salvation, thro' the finish'd work,  
Strikes my attentive ear ;  
While I believe the record true,  
I lose each guilty fear.

'Tis *finish'd*—What a sweet report !  
What pleasure it affords !  
O what a cordial to my heart,  
Are Jesu's dying words !

'Tis *finish'd*—he again repeats,  
And at the blissful sound,  
Ten thousand evils die away,  
And heav'nly joys abound.

### 239. *Christ the Foundation of his Church.*

C. M.

**B**EHOLD the sure Foundation-stone  
Which God in Zion lays  
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.

Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
And saints adore the name ;  
They trust their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.

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

What tho' the gates of hell withstood ?  
Yet must this building rise :  
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,  
And wond'rous in our eyes.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 211

240. *Salvation by Grace.* S. M.

**G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear :  
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a way  
To save rebellious man ;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan,  
'Twas grace that wrote my name  
In thy eternal book ;  
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace forc'd my wand'ring feet  
To tread the heav'nly road ;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And made my eyes o'erflow ;  
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days ;  
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

O let thy grace inspire  
My soul with strength divine !  
May all my pow'rs to thee aspire,  
And all my days be thine.

## 212 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

### 241. *Boasting Excluded.* C. M.

**I**N all the acts of sov'reign grace  
Jehovah can display ;  
Free grace alone exalted is,  
And boasting done away.

Since creature-deeds can't gain the crown,  
Nor purchase heav'n for men ;  
Merit must sink for ever down,  
And where is boasting then ?

'Tis by the cross of Jesus laid,  
Where sinners ought to lie ;  
No more to lift its hateful head,  
The grace of God to buy.

From sin to God could sinners turn,  
And make their natures clean ;  
Then incense to their shrine shall burn,  
And Christ hath died in vain.

But where the sov'reign grace of God  
Shall set the guilty free ;  
His only hope is Jesu's blood,  
The worst of sinners he.

Thus grace triumphant keeps the throne,  
Without a rival there ;  
While mercy shines in Christ alone,  
In rays divinely clear.

### 242. *The Returned Prodigal.* C. M.

**W**HEN to the Father's fond embrace  
The Prodigal return'd,  
The tears bedew'd his aged face,  
With love his bosom burn'd.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 213

He kiss'd him with a Father's love,  
For all that he had done ;  
Reprov'd the sin that made him rove,  
Yet own'd him for his son.

For him the fatted calf they slew,  
The Father's grace to prove ;  
While on the rebel's hand we view  
The tokens of his love.

“ In royal robes my son array,  
“ For 'tis his Father's will ;  
“ Make no excuse, without delay,  
“ For he's a fav'rite still.”

His shame, his folly, and his sin,  
The Father saw no more ;  
His thoughts, his ways, his acts unclean,  
This garment cover'd o'er.

The guests surround the sumptuous board,  
Nor feast without a song ;  
Yet he sat nearest to his Lord,  
Who did his Father wrong.

Thus shall the Father's sov'reign grace,  
Thro' Jesu's blood alone,  
Bring all th' apostate ransom'd race  
With weeping to his throne.

And when from Satan's vile employ  
The sinner hastes away,  
The saints shall sing their hymns of joy,  
And keep a holy day.

## 214 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

243. *Ye are all one in Christ.* S. M.

**I**N union with the Lamb,  
From condemnation free,  
The saints from everlasting were ;  
And shall for ever be.

In cov'nant, from of old,  
The sons of God they were ;  
The feeblest lamb in Jesu's fold  
Was blest in Jesu there.

Its bonds shall never break  
Tho' earth's old columns bow ;  
The strong, the tempted, and the weak,  
Are one in Jesus now.

With joy lift up your heads,  
Ye highly favour'd few,  
When thro' the earth destruction spreads,  
For what shall injure you ?

When storms or tempests rise,  
Or sins our peace assail,  
Your hope in Jesus never dies,  
'Tis cast within the vail.

Here let the weary rest,  
Who love the Saviour's name ;  
Tho' with no sweet enjoyment blest,  
This cov'nant stands the same.

244. *The Freeness and Fulness of God's  
Grace no Cloak to Licentiousness.* S. M.

**S**HALL Israel's ransom'd race,  
By Jesu's blood made clean,



## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 215

Abuse Jehovah's sov'reign grace,  
And live in acts obscene?

What! shall the heirs of heav'n  
Presume in sin to live;  
Because eternal life is given,  
As free as God can give?

To hell, from whence it came,  
Let such a thought be drove;  
While those who love the Saviour's name,  
Their indignation prove.

Whene'er by sin distress'd,  
To Jesu's blood we go;  
The safest refuge, and the best,  
Where ample pardons flow.

We mourn the plague within,  
And heave the painful sigh,  
When to this sacrifice for sin,  
By faith we cast an eye.

If such on earth are found,  
Who thus thy grace contemn;  
Damnation! 'tis an awful sound,  
But not unjust to them.

### 245. *The Building of Mercy completed. 8. 8. 6.*

WHEN, mercy's building to complete,  
Which hell nor sin could ne'er defeat,  
The topmost stone shall rise;  
Then shouting grace, the blood-wash'd throng,  
Of ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

## 216 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

Then shall the Church, while seraphs gaze,  
Outshine the sun's meridian blaze,

In her divine array:

While grace, eternity along,  
Shall sound, in high immortal song,  
That sweet harmonious lay.

Founded in grace, for ever sure,  
This glorious fabric shall endure  
When time his race has run;  
Cemented with a Saviour's blood,  
Who, for his saints, the wine-press trod,  
In mystic union one.

In God's great will, the scheme was laid,  
Before his hands the mountains weigh'd,

Or spread the unknown seas;

Then did his arms of love embrace  
A seed, elect, of Adam's race.

His glorious name to praise.

Transporting thought! awake my soul,  
And bid the lagging moments roll,

That keep thee from the skies;

Soon thou shalt bid the world adieu,  
With sorrows, sins, and suff'rings too:

Lift up, with joy, thine eyes.

### 246. *Jesus the Tree of Life.* L. M.

**J**ESUS the Plant, of old renown'd,  
Whose sacred leaves are healing found;  
Throughout the world, we'll tell of thee,  
For thou art Life's fair Healing Tree.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 217

Ye sin-sick souls, to Jesus go,  
With all your weight of sin and woe ;  
Tho' cover'd o'er with lep'rous sores,  
'Tis but to touch, and life is your's.

The curse that Adam once entail'd,  
Is by its sov'reign virtue heal'd ;  
Sin's rankling venom, black as hell,  
The blood of Jesus can expel.

The stripes that his dear body bore,  
That bath'd his flesh in sacred gore,  
Becomes a source, whence healing's found,  
For sin's most deep and deadly wound.

Alas ! what thousands vainly strive  
Life from the precept to derive ;  
Whose eyes were never led to see  
The worth of this fair Healing Tree.

Jesus, a name to sinners dear,  
Thy fruit how rich, thy leaves how fair ;  
I'll make my only boast of thee,  
For thou art Life's fair Healing Tree.

### 247. *The carnal Mind, Enmity against God.* C. M.

TILL God the Spirit's rising beam,  
Breaks on the sinner's eyes,  
He hates the glorious gospel scheme,  
And Jesus will despise.

Self is the god that he adores,  
And sin his only food ;  
He seeks no healing for his sores  
In Jesu's precious blood.

## 218 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

While such at sov'reign mercy spurn,  
And boast how good they are,  
We'll to the cross of Jesus turn,  
And seek salvation there.

Jesus, as thou hast made us free,  
We boast not in our shame;  
Yet ev'ry song shall tell of thee,  
And speak thy lovely name.

Nothing we plead before our God,  
By nature all depriv'd;  
Yet in the Lamb's redeeming blood,  
We boast a sinner sav'd.

Sinner, 'tis only in the Lamb,  
Jehovah smiles on thee;  
Beneath the skies, no other name  
Can set the guilty free.

### 248. *Christ the Healer of his People.* L. M.

JESUS, in thy dear name we trace  
Healing for man's infected race;  
Whose lep'rous soul and body too,  
Defil'd throughout by sin, we view.

Hail, Plant renown'd, thy leaves how fair!  
Thought can't conceive, nor words declare,  
What healing virtue from thee flows,  
To heal a guilty mortal's woes.

Thy fame was great in ancient days,  
Judea's region spoke thy praise;  
And we, thro' grace, in this our day,  
Can sing of healing great as they.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 219

The hardest hearts, when thou wilt heal,  
Are soft as wax before the seal,  
Receiving, then, thine image fair,  
Stamp on the soul for ever there.

Hatred to God, a foul disease,  
Shall turn to love, when thou shalt please ;  
And burn with a celestial glow,  
Which none but pardon'd rebels know.

To thee let Israel oft repair,  
When sin defiles their garments here ;  
For thou alone hast power to heal  
The sting of death, that sinners feel.

Count thou my soul, no healing good,  
But what proceeds from Jesu's blood ;  
For rest in this, 't'atone for sin,  
Without a feeling sense within.

### 49. *Predestination to Eternal Life made known by Calling.* L. M.

THERE is a period known to God,  
When all his sheep redeem'd by blood,  
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,  
Turn to the fold, and enter in.

At peace with hell, with God at war,  
In sin's dark maze they wander far,  
Indulge their lust, and still go on ;  
As far from God as sheep can run.

But see how heav'n's indulgent care  
Attends their wand'rings here and there ;  
Till hard at heel, where'er they stray,  
With pricking thorns to hedge their way.



## 220 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

When wisdom calls, they stop their ear,  
And headlong urge the mad career;  
Judgments nor mercies ne'er can sway  
Their roving feet to wisdom's way.

Glory to God, they ne'er shall rove  
Beyond the limits of his love;  
Fenc'd with Jehovah's *shalls* and *wills*,  
Firm as the everlasting hills.

Th' appointed time rolls on apace,  
Not to *propose*, but *call* by grace;  
To change the heart, renew the will,  
And turn the feet to Zion's hill.

### 250. *Christ vanquishing Satan.* C. M.

WHEN Jesus, by the Spirit led,  
The gloomy desert trod,  
Thither the prince of darkness fled,  
To tempt the Son of God.

But how unequal to the fight  
Were Satan and his crew,  
When Christ by his eternal might,  
The host of hell o'erthrew.

“Satan, 'tis written,” Jesus said,  
“That thou shalt worship me;”  
With this he broke the serpent's head,  
And forc'd the fiend to flee.

With sword and shield of sov'reign grace,  
The conflict we maintain;  
And tell the tempter to his face,  
'Tis written, “Grace shall reign.”

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 221

When toss'd, as on affliction's wave,  
Or fill'd with sacred joy,  
'Tis written, "Jesus came to save,"  
Nor hell shall this destroy.

Now let the Lord's adopted sons  
Their Father's grace display,  
Because 'tis written, "Jesus once  
Bore all their sins away."

When call'd to pass old Jordan's flood,  
We'll triumph in the view;  
Because 'tis written Israel's God  
"Shall bear his Israel through."

### 251. *The Midnight Cry, behold the Bridegroom cometh.* L. M.

**H**ARK! 'tis the solemn midnight cry,  
Virgins arise, your lamps prepare;  
The Heav'nly Bridegroom, from the sky,  
Doth in the clouds of heav'n appear.

Go ye, who for his coming wait,  
Whose lamps are bright with heav'nly flame;  
He comes to make your bliss complete,  
And shew the glories of his name.

Not as the bare professing race,  
Whose lamp in total darkness lies,  
But furnish'd with the oil of grace;  
Arise, ye virgin souls, arise.

Your sacred unction ne'er decays,  
But kindled once, remains the same;  
Burning to everlasting days,  
For God himself maintains the flame.

## 222 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

Without the Spirit's work within,  
Profession's but unhallow'd fire :  
A name to live while dead in sin,  
That shall in endless night expire.

The church of Jesus, great and small,  
Are slumb'ring, yet not dead in sin ;  
For they shall hear the Master's call,  
And with the Bridegroom enter in.

252. *Return unto thy Rest, O my Soul.*

L. M.

WHY, O my soul, art thou dismay'd,  
Why in those tents of sorrow groan,  
On what have thy fond hopes been stay'd  
Still seeking rest, but finding none ?

Rest in the promise God hath spoke,  
In all things order'd well for thee ;  
Whose sacred words he'll ne'er revoke,  
Nor alter his profound decree.

Rest in the oath that he hath swore,  
Firm as his throne the same shall prove ;  
'Twill stand when time shall be no more,  
And run co-eval with his love.

Rest in the Spirit's work within,  
When thou canst read thy int'rest there,  
In true contrition wrought for sin,  
Or fervent love, or filial fear.

Yet still should sorrow tear thy breast,  
Thy mind still sinking in despair,  
Then in that promise strive to rest  
That stands from all conditions clear.

'Tis good to cast an anchor here,  
 And patient wait, till thou shalt see  
 Thy hopes for heav'n, more bright and clear,  
 Blest with a surer prophecy.

Still thou hast sought, but sought in vain,  
 No rest nor ease thy soul can see ;  
 Yet endless bliss and joys remain,  
 And everlasting rest for thee.

253. *The Lord our Righteousness.* L. M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
 Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of earth I rise,  
 To claim my mansion in the skies,  
 Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,  
 " Jesus hath liv'd, hath died, for me."

Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
 Fully through thee absolv'd I am  
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
 Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,  
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This spotless robe the same appears,  
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;  
 No age can change its glorious hue,  
 The grace of Christ is ever new.

## 224 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

O let the dead now hear thy voice,  
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus the Lord our righteousness.

### 254. *Imputed Righteousness.* C. M.

FAIR as the moon my robes appear,  
While graces are my dress;  
Clear as the sun, while found to wear  
My Saviour's righteousness.

My moon-like graces, changing much,  
Are soil'd with many a spot;  
My sun-like glory is not such;  
My Saviour changes not.

In him array'd, my robes of light  
The morning rays outshine;  
The stars of heav'n are not so bright,  
Nor angels half so fine.

Though hellish smoke my duties stain,  
And sin deform me quite;  
The blood of Jesus makes me clean,  
And his obedience, white.

Then let the law in rigour stand,  
And for perfection call;  
My Lord discharg'd the whole demand,  
My surety paid it all.

Let ev'ry high self-righteous thought  
Be utterly cast down;  
Free-grace alone the work hath wrought,  
And grace shall wear the crown.



## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 225

O may I practically shew  
My int'rest in that grace!  
Be all I am, and have, and do,  
Devoted to thy praise!

### 255. *For Grace.* C. M.

GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those  
Who feel they sinners are!  
Sunk and distrest, they taste and know  
Their heav'n is only there.

Thus grace, free grace, most sweetly calls  
Directly come, who will,  
Just as you are, for Christ receives  
Poor helpless sinners still.

All we who now are his, were first  
Deeply convinc'd of sin;  
Each felt the plague of his own heart;  
The leprosy within:

Then life and righteousness divine,  
Through faith were to us giv'n;  
Thus we a happy people are,  
Co-heirs with Christ of heav'n.

Now, dearest Lord, we inly pray,  
That in thy service we  
May active, holy, faithful prove,  
Deriving strength from thee!

O let us still in thee abide,  
For babes we are most weak;  
Poor sinners still, who without thee,  
Can nought think, act, or speak.

## 226 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

We thirst, O Lord ; give us this day  
To taste more of this grace ;  
More of that stream which from the rock  
Flow'd in the wilderness.

'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,  
Grace keeps us inly poor ;  
And, oh ! that nothing else but grace  
May rule us evermore !

### 256. *This Man shall be the Peace.* L. M.

PEACE, by his cross, hath Jesus made,  
The church's everlasting Head ;  
O'er hell and sin hath vict'ry won,  
And, with a shout, to glory gone.

Then why, dejected saint, dost thou  
Thy sorrows nurse, thy head thus bow ?  
Eternal truth declares to thee,  
This glorious Man thy Peace shall be.

When o'er thy head the billows roll,  
And shades of sin obscure thy soul ;  
When thou canst no deliv'rance see,  
Yet still this Man thy Peace shall be.

In tribulation's thorny maze,  
Or on the mount of sov'reign grace,  
Or in the fire, or through the sea,  
This glorious Man thy Peace shall be.

Yea, when thine eye of faith is dim,  
Rest thou on Jesus, sink or swim ;  
And at his footstool bow the knee,  
And Israel's God thy Peace shall be.

257. *All Things are yours.* 7.

**C**ALL'D by grace, the sinner see,  
 Rich, though sunk in poverty;  
 Rich in faith that God has giv'n,  
 He's a legal heir of heav'n.

All the searchless riches stor'd,  
 In the person of our Lord;  
 Wisdom, truth, and glorious grace,  
 Everlasting love and peace.

All things that the cross procur'd,  
 Stand eternally secur'd;  
 All are your's, ye heirs of bliss,  
 Cancell'd sins, and righteousness.

All the promises we trace  
 In the records of his grace;  
 Richer far than mines of gold,  
 Half their wealth was never told.

Vict'ry o'er the King of Dread,  
 Strength the gloomy vale to tread;  
 Faith within the vail to see,  
 Jesus enter'd there for thee.

All the bliss that seraphs know,  
 All the love that God can show,  
 All are your's, ye favour'd few,  
 Mansions, thrones, and kingdoms too.

258. *Jesus the Healer of his People.* 8. 7<sup>dblc</sup>.

**J**ESUS heals the broken-hearted,  
 Oh! how sweet that sound to me!  
 Once beneath my sin he smarted,  
 Groan'd, and bled, to set me free;

## 228 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

By his suff'rings, death and merits,  
By his Godhead, blood, and pain,  
Broken hearts, or wounded spirits,  
Are at once made whole again.

Broken by the law's loud thunder,  
To the cross for refuge flee,  
O'er his pungent sorrows ponder,  
'Tis his stripes that healeth thee;  
Oil and wine, to heal and cherish,  
Jesus still to Israel gives;  
Nor shall e'er a sinner perish,  
Who in his dear name believes.

In his righteousness confiding,  
Shelter'd safe beneath his wing,  
Here they find a sure abiding,  
And of cov'nant mercy sing,  
Seek my soul no other healing,  
But in Jesu's balmy blood,  
He, beneath the Spirit's sealing,  
Stands thy great High Priest with God.

### 259. *The Cross of Christ Foolishness to them that perish.* L. M.

THE cross of Jesus was, and is,  
To them that perish foolishness;  
But to the saint redeem'd by blood,  
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.  
No other way will God approve  
The curse of Sinai to remove,  
Or shew a smiling face on thee,  
But the dear cross of Calvary.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 229

While others on a sandy base,  
For heav'n their expectation place ;  
The structure form'd of wood and hay,  
The storms of wrath shall sweep away.

Yet while in Sinai's fetters bound,  
Self-righteous mortals will be found,  
Striving, alas ! to enter in  
That gate, for ever bar'd by sin.

Not so, the soul who feels within  
A heart replete with ev'ry sin ;  
He to the blood of sprinkling goes,  
Where pardon, love, and mercy flows.

We deem salvation's scheme compleat,  
Where love supreme, and mercy meet ;  
The highest act that God could show,  
Of grace to guilty worms below.

260. *The lawful Captive delivered.* 8. 8. 6.

LED captive once at Satan's will,  
We strove his mandates to fulfil,  
And lov'd his service well ;  
But now subdu'd, we sing the grace,  
That God reveals to rebels base,  
Who sought the road to hell.

Be sov'reign love for ever blest,  
That kindled, in Jehovah's breast,  
A most vehement flame ;  
Let praise ascend to Jesus too,  
Eternal honours are his due ;  
By him salvation came.



## 230 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

Sing, ransom'd sinners, lift your voice,  
And in this covenant rejoice,  
That God had made with thee ;  
Yet not with thee, but with thy Head,  
Jesus the First-fruits of the dead,  
The Resurrection he.

In him it stands, and ever stood,  
Order'd in all things for thy good,  
Ere time began to roll ;  
Here stands forgiveness for thy sin,  
And righteousness that's white and clean  
To clothe the naked soul.

### 261 *Peter's Fall and Recovery.* L. M

SEE, at the footstool of his Lord,  
A fallen saint by grace restor'd ;  
That, from the saints, design'd to show,  
Eternal love shall ne'er withdraw.

Here self-condemn'd, behold he lies,  
Nor dares to heav'n lift up his eyes ;  
While down his cheeks in torrents, roll  
The deep contrition of his soul.

Once on the mount with Christ he stood,  
And found that season sweet and good ;  
Yet now from thence he must retire,  
To wade through tribulation's fire.

Here Peter found himself to be  
Weak as the infant on the knee ;  
And deeply humbled at his throne,  
Confess'd he stood by grace alone.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 231

Glory to God, whilst in the flame,  
Tho' he deny'd a Saviour's name,  
That oaths nor curses could prevail  
To make eternal mercy fail.

"Go feed my lambs," saith Jesus, "now  
I've thee restor'd, and tell them how,  
By fire, I purge their dross and tin,  
And love their *souls*, but not their *sin*."

262. *The Brazen Serpent.* 8. 7. 4.

MOSES once, as God directed,  
Rais'd the brazen serpent high,  
Lest the tribes that he elected,  
Stung by fiery serpents, die ;  
So let Jesus

On the gospel pole be rais'd.

As the Prophet bade the wounded  
Look and live without a fee ;  
Let the gospel be resounded,  
'Tis salvation full and free ;  
No co-working  
With the Lamb for sinners slain.

While the venom'd snake was hov'ring,  
Israel round the serpent stood ;  
Oh! the cure, how great and sov'reign,  
'Twas the gift of Israel's God :  
Look believer,  
To the Sacrifice for sin.

Here, when sin your feet entangle,  
Let your eyes directed be ;

## 232 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

With the tempter never wrangle,  
Flee, ye saints, to Jesus flee;  
    Read your pardon,  
Seal'd with blood, and kiss the Son.

All-sufficient is our Jesus,  
    Tho' our sins are black as hell;  
From pollution he can raise us,  
    Or from nature's deepest cell;  
    He on Calv'ry  
Cancell'd all his people's sin.

Weeping saint, forget thy mourning:  
    Why cast down, or troubled so;  
To the cross thine eyes be turning,  
    See what healing virtues flow;  
    Christ exalted,  
Is the hope of Israel now.

**263.** *As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him. 8'*

As Jesus the Lord he receives,  
    So walks the believer in him,  
Convinc'd that the blessings he gives  
    Deserve his most cordial esteem;  
He loves him for what he hath done,  
    And grieves that he loves him no more,  
Yet still in the Lord he goes on,  
    His mercy and love to adore.

He's deeply convinc'd of his sin,  
    And taught, by the Spirit, to see,  
He stands, in himself, all unclean,  
    A leper, in ev'ry degree:

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 233

He feels himself thankful to God  
For all that the gospel declares,  
While Christ and his peace-speaking blood  
The Chief of ten thousand appears.

No longer he toils at the law,  
Deluded with "Do this and live;"  
He wants all that God can bestow,  
As free as Jehovah can give;  
There once was a time he could boast,  
And thought that his failings were few,  
Yet now, of all beings the worst,  
Unable to will or to do.

Thus walking in Jesus the way,  
He's taught to be harmless and wise,  
And tho' he delights to obey,  
Salvation by works he denies;  
No merit he claims of his own,  
But shame and confusion of face,  
And low in the dust, at his throne  
Receives a salvation of grace.

264. *I am He that healeth Thee.* 8. 7. 4.

OFt as sins, my soul, assail thee,  
Turn thine eyes to Jesu's blood,  
Nothing short of this can heal thee,  
Seal thy peace, or do thee good;  
Seek no healing,  
But from Gilead's sov'reign balm:

Should the tears of deep contrition,  
Like a torrent, down thine eyes;

## 234 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

Yet for sin there's no remission,  
But in this great Sacrifice;  
True repentance  
Christ to Israel freely gives.

### 265. *Elijah's Flight to Horeb.* L. M.

FROM persecution's fiery rage,  
A saint, renown'd in sacred page,  
Who ne'er to Baal bow'd the knee,  
To Horeb's Mount was known to flee.

Whilst here in this recluse abode,  
Pouring his woes before his God,  
He hears a whirlwind, horrid din,  
But God, the whirlwind, ne'er was in.

Then Horeb shook, the Prophet fear'd,  
The yawning earth convuls'd appear'd,  
The solid rocks to pieces fly,  
For now Elijah's God was nigh.

Held in suspense and rev'rend awe,  
Straight he a flaming meteor saw;  
Yet in the earthquake, wind, or flame,  
God to the prophet never came.

Such was the state my soul was in,  
When first I felt the guilt of sin;  
Revealing wrath the precept stood,  
And not a Saviour's balmy blood.

At length, to quell his rising fears,  
A sacred small still voice he hears,  
Sweet as the gospel tidings prove  
To sinners, drawn with cords of lo



## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 235

Oh! sacred sound, with love replete :  
Now he prepares his God to meet,  
Who speaks without a frowning brow,  
“ What dost thou here, Elijah, now?  
“ Think not that I my saints neglect,  
“ Still near my heart are mine elect ;  
“ From idol gods I make them flee,  
“ A chosen race, reserv'd to ME.”

Thus, till the Spirit Christ reveals,  
Whose small still voice our pardon seals,  
Earthquakes may rage, and whirlwinds fly,  
But to our God we ne'er draw nigh.

### 266. *No Justification by the Works of the Law.* C. M.

SINCE man was out of Eden drove,  
His deeds, the most sincere,  
Can ne'er procure Jehovah's love,  
Or re-admittance there.

Alas, his feeble pow'rs are such,  
He strives, but all in vain ;  
The tree of life he ne'er can touch,  
Or Paradise regain.

To guard the gate from whence he came,  
A flaming cherub stands ;  
The law's a wrath-revealing flame,  
Of infinite demands.

No fig-leaf dress, by him put on,  
His guilty soul can screen ;  
His innocence, alas! 'tis gone,  
His heart's a sink of sin.

## 236 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

Yet there's a new and living way,  
Mark'd out with lines of blood,  
Wherein apostate rebels may  
Again return to God.

For Eden, lost by Adam's sin,  
Thro' Jesu's blood and pain,  
His seed eternal life shall win,  
And Paradise regain.

Till round the throne the blood-bought race  
Electing love shall bring,  
Let sinners sav'd proclaim free grace,  
And Christ exalted sing.

267. *To them that believe He is precious,*  
C. M.

WHEN love divine our hearts inflame,  
Our raptur'd souls shall sing  
The sweets that centre in the name  
Of Israel's God and King.

His Church's Everlasting Head,  
Set up in God's decree,  
Before the heav'ns his hands had spread,  
Or made the earth and sea.

He's precious, as the promis'd Seed,  
To bruise the Serpent's head;  
Who with his flesh his flock shall feed;  
'Twas for their sins he bled.

He's precious, as a Fountain pure,  
With living water fill'd;  
And as a Rock, for ever sure,  
Whereon his church shall build.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 237

He's precious, as the God of grace,  
Dispens'd to sinners, free;  
And, as the Lord our Righteousness,  
Jehovah's Fellow he.

He's precious in his bloody hue,  
In all his suff'ring form,  
To give the holy law its due,  
And save a guilty worm.

He's precious as a King to rule;  
We own his sov'reign sway;  
As Wisdom, to instruct the fool  
That's found in Zion's way.

When law and terrors round me press,  
He's precious then to me;  
My Law-fulfilling Righteousness  
Of God, made sin to be.

He's precious in his pow'ful blood,  
A Priest of great renown,  
To claim forgiveness with our God,  
And send his Spirit down.

268. *No Admission of Works, nor Rejection of Sinners.* 104<sup>th</sup>.

**F**REE grace is my theme,  
And Jesus my Lord,  
By glorify'd saints  
And seraphs ador'd;  
My soul's Great Salvation,  
Who bled to redeem;  
Throughout the creation,  
There's nothing like Him.

## 238 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

As sheep from the fold,  
I wander'd from God,  
Was under sin sold,  
A stranger to blood:  
Could God, and his threat'nings,  
With boldness defy;  
Yet now, by the blood of  
The cov'nant, brought nigh.

I've nothing to boast,  
Without or within,  
A worm of the dust,  
Polluted by sin;  
Yet glory to Jesus,  
My sin-bearing Lamb,  
For 'tis of his goodness  
I am what I am.

Transgressor's my name,  
My sins I'll confess,  
With sorrow and shame;  
Yet him will I bless,  
Who once for transgressors  
Expir'd on the tree,  
Made Wisdom and Righteousness,  
Ev'n unto me.

In deed, word, or thought,  
I always offend,  
And therefore have nought  
Whereon to depend;  
Yet, wrapp'd in that vesture  
Which Jesus hath wove,  
My soul, without blame,  
Stands before him in love.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 239

No longer my own  
I count myself now,  
But low at his throne,  
A sinner, I bow:  
My sins and my sorrows,  
Before him I'll spread,  
And place, with rejoicing,  
The crown on his head.

269. *The Testimony of Jesus, the Spirit  
of Prophecy. 7<sup>s</sup>.*

**J**ESUS, Heav'n's supreme delight,  
Now enthron'd in glory bright;  
Fount of light, and love supreme,  
Ev'ry prophet's darling theme.

Adam, offspring of the dust,  
Saw him in the promise first;  
Saw the tempter, routed, spoil'd,  
Ruin'd, and for ever foil'd.

Abel, thro' his blood and pain,  
Did with God acceptance gain:  
While from off, the victims cry,  
Faith to Jesus turn'd his eye.

'Twas with him, as we are told,  
Enoch walk'd in days of old,  
Saw him in the flaming skies,  
With his saints to judgments rise.

Moses in the bush on flame,  
Saw him, blessings on his name!  
Good old Jacob did as well  
Of our Jesus long foretell.



## 240 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

In his death, Isaiah saw  
Honours plac'd upon the law,  
Jots and tittles all obey'd,  
Ev'ry utmost farthing paid.

Daniel, ere his weeks pass'd by,  
Saw the great Messiah die;  
Justice, Mercy, Truth, and Grace,  
Kiss with joy each other's face.

David heard the chorus loud,  
Sung by all th' angelic crowd;  
Lift up, lift! he heard them cry,  
O ye gates, your heads on high.

One beheld a fountain wide,  
Open'd in his sacred side;  
Israel's sin to wash away,  
Deeper than th' unfathom'd sea.

Paul proclaim'd his bleeding cross,  
Counted all besides as dross;  
John beheld his glory too,  
Sinners, full of grace for you.

Thus on each prophetic tongue,  
Jesus was the sweetest song;  
Saints, your loud hosannas raise,  
Sing his everlasting praise.

### 270. *A Caution to Professors.* L. M.

NOT words alone it cost the Lord  
To purchase pardon for his own,  
Nor will a soul by grace restor'd  
Return the Saviour words alone.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 241

With golden belts the priestly vest,  
And rich pomegranates border'd round,  
The need of holiness express'd,  
And call'd for fruit as well as sound.

Easy indeed it were to reach  
A mansion in the courts above,  
If swelling words, and fluent speech,  
Might serve instead of faith and love.

But none shall gain the blissful place,  
Or God's unclouded glory see,  
Who talks of free and sov'reign grace,  
Unless that grace has made him free.

### 271. *Light shining out of Darkness.* C. M.

**G**OD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace,  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

## 242 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

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

### 272. *The Good Fight.* 104<sup>th</sup>.

**O**UR God is above  
Men, devils, and sin,  
My Jesus's love  
The battle shall win ;  
So terribly glorious  
His coming shall be,  
His love all victorious,  
Shall conquer for me.

He all shall break through :  
His truth, and his grace  
Shall bring me into  
The plentiful place ;  
Through much tribulation,  
Through water and fire,  
Through floods of temptation,  
And flames of desire.

On Jesus, my pow'r,  
For strength I rely,  
All evil before  
His presence shall fly ;

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 243

If I have a Saviour,  
He will not depart,  
But Jesus for ever  
Shall hold fast my heart.

### 273: *Thankfulness for Grace.* 148<sup>th</sup>.

WHAT voice is this I hear,  
A kind salute of grace,  
Which whispers in my ear  
The grateful words of peace?  
Hail, blessed Lord, 'tis thy sweet voice  
Which bids me in thy word rejoice.

Thou art my chief delight,  
A lovely friend indeed,  
Most precious in my sight,  
My help in ev'ry need;  
Hereby I'm strengthen'd in the way,  
And thank thee for this gospel day.

Unworthy as I am,  
And base in my own eyes,  
On my account the Lamb  
Ascends the upper skies;  
Assumes at God's right hand a seat,  
And lets me sit beneath his feet.

My great high priest is gone  
Into the holy place,  
The curtain is withdrawn  
Which veil'd his lovely face;  
The passage now is clear and free,  
The veil is rent for happy me.

## 244 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

### 274. *Appropriation.* C. M.

A FORM of words, though e'er so sound,  
Can never save a soul,  
The Holy Ghost must give the wound,  
And make the wounded whole.

Election is a precious truth,  
But, Lord, I wish to be  
Assur'd by thy own Spirit's mouth,  
That thou hast chosen me.

Sinners, I read, are justify'd  
By faith in Jesu's blood;  
But when to me that blood's apply'd,  
'Tis then I've peace with God.

Imputed righteousness I own  
A doctrine most divine;  
Dear Saviour, to my heart make known  
That all thy merit's mine.

To perseverance I agree,  
No sun-beam is so clear,  
Because my Lord has promis'd me  
That I shall persevere.

Thus Christians glorify the Lord,  
His Spirit joins with ours  
In bearing witness to the word,  
With all its saving powers.

### 275. *Believers Blessedness.* L. M.

How blest are they whose feet have found  
The way unto Immanuel's ground,  
And steadfast walk the blissful road,  
Far from the path by sinners trod.



## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 245

Their weary spirits sweetly rest  
Contentedly on Jesu's breast,  
They so much of his mercy prove  
As wins their grateful souls to love.  
His Spirit shews their sins forgiven,  
And seals them for the heirs of heaven,  
And gives them patience here to wait  
Till Jesus them to bliss translate.  
He arms them for the evil day,  
That they in heart with him may stay ;  
He girds them with his mighty power,  
And brings them through the trying hour.  
Then rest, my soul, upon the Lord,  
Ev'n Jesus Christ, the living word,  
And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,  
Till it break out in endless day.

### 276. *Looking to Christ our Sacrifice.* 5. 6.

LOVE mov'd him to die,  
And on this we rely,  
Our Jesus hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why.  
But this we can tell—  
He hath lov'd us so well,  
To lay down his life to redeem us from hell.  
For you and for me  
He pray'd on the tree,  
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.  
That sinner am I,  
Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

## 246 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

My pardon I claim,  
For a sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.  
He purchas'd the grace  
Which now I embrace;  
O Father, thou know'st he hath died in my  
place.

His death is my plea,  
My advocate see,  
And hear the blood speak which hath an-  
swer'd for me.  
My ransom and peace,  
My surety he is;  
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

### 277. *Christ, a Priest.* 8.

THE great and adorable Christ,  
Was chose and appointed of God,  
To be an atoning High Priest,  
To do away sin by his blood.  
Yes, 'twas the Messiah alone,  
Who once did expire on the tree;  
Who did for rebellion atone,  
To save such vile wretches as we.  
The beasts, in old time which were slain,  
And offer'd by any high priest,  
Could ne'er make atonement for sin,  
But all of them pointed to Christ.  
And he who so freely did bleed,  
And die, as a wonderful Lamb,  
For ALL those will e'er intercede,  
Who come unto God, thro' his name.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 247

Lord, scatter our every fear,  
O bury them all in thy blood;  
And may we with boldness draw near,  
The throne of a reconcil'd God.

Of Jesus our Priest will we sing,  
For he by his blood hath made peace;  
To him all our praises we bring,  
For we are all sav'd by his grace.

**278.** *Final Perseverance of the Saints.*  
Job. xvii. 9. 11. 8.

**Y**E pilgrims of Zion, and chosen of God,  
Whose spirits are fill'd with dismay,  
Since ye have eternal redemption, through  
blood,

Ye cannot but hold on your way.

As Jesus in covenant love did engage  
A fulness of grace to display,  
The powers of darkness in malice may rage,  
The righteous shall hold on their way.

This truth, like its author, eternal shall stand,  
Though all things in nature decay:  
Upheld by Jehovah's omnipotent hand,  
The righteous shall hold on their way.

They may on the main of temptation be toss'd,  
Their sorrows may swell as the sea;  
But none of the ransom'd shall ever be lost,  
The righteous shall hold on their way.

Surrounded with sorrows, temptations, and  
cares,

This truth with delight we survey;

## 248 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

And sing as we pass through the valley of  
tears,

The righteous shall hold on his way.

And when we depart from this militant state,  
Exchange this dark night for the day,  
His conduct and covenant love we'll relate,  
By which we were brought on our way.

### 279. *The safe arrival of God's Elect.* C. M.

**I**N yon bright world there now appears  
A chosen blood-wash'd throng;  
Jesus hath wip'd away their tears;  
And free-grace is their song.

No sorrow, sickness, death, nor pain,  
Shall e'er their peace annoy;  
But in immortal glory reign,  
Fill'd with eternal joy.

God the Eternal Three in One,  
In rapture now they praise,  
And bow before his radiant throne,  
O'ercome with his bright rays.

O! blissful hour! transporting thought!  
I shall behold him near;  
My wand'ring soul Immanuel sought,  
And he'll convey me there.

The Lord hath sworn, his oath is past,  
The saints shall persevere;  
On Zion's summit all, at last,  
Shall with their Lord appear.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 249

Their sorrows o'er, their joys complete,  
New wonders they explore,  
They cast their crowns beneath his feet,  
And, God in Christ, adore.

**280.** *All the Paths of the Lord are Mercy  
and Truth. 8<sup>s</sup>.*

**T**HE dealings of God with his own,  
To such as his covenant keep,  
Are mercy; and mercy alone  
Preserves them, awake or asleep.  
There's mercy in bodily pain;  
There's mercy in mental distress;  
There's mercy when toss'd on the main,  
And when they're becalm'd nothing less.

There's mercy when call'd to endure  
Reproaches, for Jesu's dear name:  
Sweet mercy preserves them secure,  
And wipes away sorrow and shame.  
There's mercy in every loss,  
And mercy in every rod:  
There's mercy in every cross,  
And all from a covenant God!

**281.** *Comfort for Bruised Reeds. 8. 7.*

**B**RUISED reeds shall ne'er be broken,  
Let their faith be e'er so small,  
They shall have a peaceful token,  
And shall rise, tho' oft they fall.

Guilt and wrath their souls pursuing,  
Make them sorely sigh and groan;  
Till by faith their Saviour viewing,  
They are brought to grace's throne.



## 250 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

Then by faith the Lord adoring,  
In his arms their souls they cast;  
Loving, praising, still exploring  
Sov'reign love, that binds them fast.

Mark the Saviour's sweet compassion,  
To his dear and chosen bride:  
While she makes the blest confession,  
'Twas for me that Jesus died.

What shall break the bond asunder?  
Who from Jesus shall divide?  
Jesus, with a voice like thunder,  
Will at last his foes deride.

Saviour, give me to behold thee,  
As my Advocate with God!  
By the Spirit coming boldly,  
Resting on thy gracious blood.

282. *Ye must be born again.* 8. 8. 6.

AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,  
And knew not where to go:  
O'erwhelm'd with grief, with anguish slain,  
The sinner must be *born again*,  
Or sink to endless woe.

Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell,  
Which way to shun the gates of hell,  
For death and hell drew near;  
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
Still sounded in mine ear.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 251

When to the law I trembling fled,  
It pour'd its curses on my head,  
I no relief could find ;  
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
O'erwhelmed my tortur'd mind.

Again did Sinai's thunders roll,  
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,  
A vast unwilling load ;  
Alas ! I read, and saw 'tis plain  
The sinner must be *born again*,  
Or drink the wrath of God.

The saints I heard with rapture tell,  
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,  
And broke the fowler's snare ;  
Yet, when I found this truth remain,  
The sinner must be born again,  
I sunk in deep despair.

But while I thus in anguish lay,  
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,  
And felt his pity move ;  
The sinner, by his justice slain,  
Now, by his grace, is born again,  
And sings redeeming love.

To heaven the joyful tidings flew,  
The angels tun'd their harps anew,  
And loftier notes did raise ;  
All hail the Lamb who once was slain,  
Unnumber'd millions born again,  
Will shout their endless praise.

252 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

283. *The Christian Hope.* C. M.

AMIDST the various scenes on earth,  
Which in succession rise,  
My soul survey thy nobler birth,  
And press to win the prize.

In ev'ry thing the eye surveys,  
Mark'd on earth's dusty ball,  
Mortality and change, betrays  
The ruins of the fall.

But there's a cov'nant, fix'd and sure,  
Made by the Great Three One;  
'Tis fix'd, and firm it shall endure  
To rest the weary on.

Then when my flesh and heart shall fail,  
When my last change shall come,  
Grant me, my God, a prosp'rous gale,  
To waft me to my home.

284. *Good News for Sensible Sinners.* C. M.

WHAT welcome news to sinners lost,  
Is this melodious sound;  
Tho' sin-distress'd, and tempest toss'd,  
Their sins cannot be found.

Their sins, more num'rous than the stars,  
In Jesu's blood were drown'd;  
And Zion's God in love declares,  
Their sins cannot be found.

Yes, Jesu's blood completely cures  
The sinner's ev'ry wound;  
And sov'reign pow'r the soul assures  
Her sins cannot be found.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 253

Eternal love, sufficient grace,  
Shall guard the church around;  
No condemnation shall take place,  
Her sins cannot be found.

Eternal grace, divinely free,  
Does more than sin abound;  
As soon shall Jesus cease to be,  
As their transgression found.

Let Zion's heralds tell the news,  
To all the church around;  
Conscience and Satan may accuse,  
Their sins cannot be found.

285. *The Man is near of kin unto us—one  
of our next Kinsmen. 148.*

POOR sinner, dry thy tears,  
Thy kinsman reigns above;  
To him commit thy cares,  
His name is full of love:  
He hears the mourner's sad complaints,  
And will relieve his mourning saints.

Of kinsmen he's the best,  
Unchanging is his love;  
He gives the weary rest,  
And such his kindness prove:  
He opens wide his tender heart,  
And thus he does the kinsman's part.

When on the cursed tree,  
He bore thy pond'rous load,  
To set thy spirit free,  
He thus the wine-press trod;

## 254 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

And while eternal ages run  
He'll ne'er forsake a blood-bought son.

Dear Saviour, am I thine,  
In love's immortal ties?  
And shall I with thee shine,  
Yea, in thy image rise?  
O spread o'er me thy skirt divine!  
And then by faith I'll call thee mine.

Dear Saviour, I am thine  
In love's immortal ties,  
And with thee I shall shine,  
Yea, in thy image rise;  
Then crowned with thy righteousness,  
With all the tribes I'll sing free-grace.

### 286. *Final Perseverance of the Saints.* 11. 8.

YE pilgrims of Zion, and chosen of God,  
Whose spirits are fill'd with dismay,  
Since ye have eternal redemption through  
blood,

Ye cannot but hold on your way.

As Jesus in covenant love did engage,  
A fulness of grace to display,  
The powers of darkness in malice may rage,  
The righteous shall hold on his way.

This truth, like its author, eternal shall stand,  
Though all things in nature decay;  
Upheld by Jehovah's omnipotent hand,  
The righteous shall hold on his way.



## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 255

They may on the main of temptation be toss'd,  
Their sorrows may swell as the sea;  
But none of the ransom'd shall ever be lost,  
The righteous shall hold on his way.

Surrounded with sorrows, temptations, and  
cares,

This truth with delight we survey;  
And sing, as we pass through this valley of  
tears,

The righteous shall hold on his way.

And when we depart from this militant state,  
Exchange the dark night for the day,  
His conduct and covenant love we'll relate  
By which we were brought on our way.

287. *The Tree of Life, for the Healing of  
the Nations. 8. 8. 6.*

THE Tree of Life is Christ, my Lord,  
For ever be his name ador'd,

By all the chosen race;

Beneath his shade I sat, and felt  
A full release from all my guilt;  
How rich and free the grace!

Planted by God the Father's hand,  
The Tree of Life shall ever stand,  
The same in Heav'n and earth:

In paradise he gives his fruit,  
And here below his mercies suit,  
The child of heav'nly birth.

His leaves contain such virtues rare,  
Healing the nations far and near,  
Who know their plague and sore:

## 256 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

His gracious words, his promises,  
His precious blood and righteousness,  
Sweet tidings to the poor!

His fruit was peace, and pardon free;  
His matchless love made known to me,  
Made all my pow'rs rejoice;  
Like Mary, at his feet I lay,  
And found it sweet to praise and pray,  
Content with Mary's choice.

288. *The Love of God made manifest by  
Regeneration.* C. M.

LOVE is a sacred heavenly theme,  
Not by the world possest;  
But those that trust in Jesu's name,  
Are with it sweetly blest.

The great and mighty love that mov'd  
The Son of God to die,  
Devils with trembling all behold,  
And angels wish to pry.

Behold what glorious heavenly love,  
The Saviour hath unfurl'd,  
To manifest his love to us,  
And not unto the world.

O! how he show'd his love to us,  
When we were sore distress'd;  
He took our filthy rags away,  
And cloth'd us in his vest.

O! with what great and gracious love,  
The Father lov'd us first,  
That we should be the sons of God,  
Tho' we are of the dust.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 257

For this great love let saints below,  
Their grateful tributes bring ;  
And in the most melodious lays,  
Their sweetest praises sing.  
O all ye chosen saints of his,  
That are gone up above,  
O raise your tuneful voices high,  
And sing redeeming love.  
O for this mighty matchless love,  
Let all creation sing ;  
And the bright realms of heaven above,  
With sweet hosanna's ring.

289. *Lot's Preservation in Sodom.* C. M.

A RIGHTEOUS Lot in Sodom dwelt,  
Preserv'd from Sodom's sin ;  
The pow'r of sov'reign grace he felt,  
And God remember'd him.  
" Haste," said the angel, " haste away,  
" Up to the mountain go,  
" In all the plain make no delay,  
" Escape from Sodom's woe."  
Sodom's a type of this vile world,  
But God's elect are here ;  
Ere long the bloody flag, unfurl'd,  
Will shew destruction near.  
Until the wheat is gather'd in,  
The fire cannot be made ;  
Zion's preserv'd from death and sin,  
In Christ their living head.

## 258. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

'Tis sov'reign love in ev'ry age  
That brings salvation forth ;  
Much I admire the sacred page,  
But more the Saviour's worth.

### 290. *Perseverance of the Saints.* L. M.

COME hither, ye by sin distress'd,  
And hear the Saviour's faithful word,  
Soon ye shall enter into rest,  
And know that he's your conqu'ring Lord.  
Come hither, ye whose rising fears  
Forbid you to exult and sing,  
Whose moments pass in sighs and tears,  
Feeling your guilt a dreadful sting!  
Does Satan tempt you to give up,  
And call no more on Jesu's name?  
Cast not away thy little hope,  
Come hither, and behold the Lamb!  
Come hither, to the Saviour come,  
Vile as thou art, in ev'ry view :  
In Jesu's house there still is room  
For needy sinners, such as you,  
Power and love in Christ combine,  
An able, willing, Saviour too :  
Is he a sun? on thee he'll shine ;  
Is he thy God? he'll bring thee through,  
Great is his name! rich is his grace!  
Strong is his arm, and free his love!  
Boundless his mercy to embrace,  
And lift his chosen sons above!

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES, 259

291. *Glorious things are spoken of the  
Church of God. 8. 7,*

**F**ROM the great Redeemer's fulness  
Zion's sons derive their bliss;  
Peace abounding, never ending,  
What on earth can equal this?  
One with Jesus, without blemish,  
Now before the throne of God:  
Jesus, their eternal lover,  
Bought them with his precious blood,  
Thus they stand in God's compleatness,  
And their faith shall never fail;  
Sin and Satan may molest them,  
But o'er them shall ne'er prevail.  
God, whose word cannot be broken,  
Stands engag'd their foes to quell;  
In the bonds of love unchanging  
They shall ever, ever dwell.  
He that rules the vast creation,  
Guides the meanest of his flock;  
Call'd a chosen generation,  
Shelter'd in th' eternal rock.  
Soon the world shall be dissolved,  
"Heav'n and earth shall pass away,"  
Then the Saints, of God beloved,  
He'll to realms of bliss convey.

292. *Thanks be unto God for a glorious vic-  
tory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 8. 8. 6.*

**S**TAND up, my soul, dismiss thy fears,  
Thy conq'ring Saviour now appears,  
Thine advocate on high;



**260** SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

He bruis'd the subtle serpent's head,  
When he on Calv'ry's summit bled,  
And lives no more to die.

At God's right-hand he took his place,  
And pleads for all his chosen race,  
Who in his name believe;  
Who, with th' anointing Spirit blest,  
Have truly enter'd into rest;  
And still from him receive.

And thou, my soul, through sov'reign love,  
Dost oft Immanuel's kindness prove,  
Thy God, thy life, thy peace;  
When soul-distressing billows rise,  
Thee to uphold, in love he flies,  
And he'll thy strength increase.

Believing, I rejoice; and sing  
The vict'ries of my God and King,  
Nor fear the king of dread:  
The arm of Jesus bears me through,  
A constant friend and brother too,  
My ever-loving head.

Jesus, my God, thy name I'll praise,  
And pass the remnant of my days,  
As one redeem'd by grace;  
Till thou shalt bid my spirit rise  
From earth, to meet thee in the skies,  
And see thee face to face.

**293.** *Free Grace.* C. M.

**F**REE grace to every heaven-born soul  
Will be their constant theme;

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 261

Long as eternal ages roll  
They'll still adore the Lamb,  
Free grace alone can wipe the tears  
From our lamenting eyes ;  
Can raise our souls from guilty fears  
To joy that never dies.  
Free grace can death itself out-brave,  
And take its sting away,  
Can souls unto the utmost save,  
And them to heaven convey.  
Our Saviour by free grace alone  
His building shall complete ;  
With shouting bring forth the head-stone,  
Crying, Grace, Grace to it,  
May I be found a living stone  
In Salem's streets above,  
And help to sing before the throne  
Free grace and dying love.

294. *The Reign of Grace.* C. M.

**H**APPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast ;  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And perfects all the rest,  
Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear ;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign  
If love be absent there.  
This is the grace that lives and sings  
When faith and hope shall cease ;

## 262 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.

When join'd to that harmonious throng  
That fills the choirs above,  
Then shall we tune our golden harps,  
And ev'ry note be love.

295. *The Name of Jesus.* C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear;  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding place:  
My never failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

296. *Weak Believers encouraged.* S. M.

**Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take,  
Loud to the praise of love divine  
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home,  
And nearer to our house above  
We ev'ry moment come.

His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.

Fasten'd within the vail,  
Hope be your anchor strong,  
His loving spirit the sweet gale  
That wafts you smooth along,

Or, should the surges rise,  
And peace delay to come,  
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,  
That drives us nearer home.

The people of his choice  
He will not cast away ;  
Yet do not always here expect  
On Tabor's mount to stay.

When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon his name.

## 264 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at his controul,  
His loving kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

### 297. *Looking to Jesus.* 104.

**H**ow glorious the Lamb  
Is seen on his throne!  
His labours are o'er,  
His battles are won:  
A kingdom is given  
Into the Lamb's hand;  
His children in heaven  
For ever shall stand.

Then sinners below,  
O trust in the Lord;  
Look up to his arm,  
His honour, his word;  
Athirst for his favour  
His Godhead adore;  
Look up to your Saviour,  
And joy evermore,

### 298. *Meditation on God's Love.* C. M.

**W**HEN langour and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward and attend  
The whispers of his love;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.



## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 265

Sweet to look back and see my name

In life's fair book set down ;

Sweet to look forward and behold

Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine

My sins on Jesus laid ;

Sweet to remember that his blood

My debt of suff'ring paid.

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,

Which saves from second death ;

Sweet to experience day by day

His Spirit's quickening breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,

Whose love can never end ;

Sweet on his covenant of grace

For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith

To trust his firm decrees ;

Sweet to lie passive in his hands,

And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the streams,

What must the fountain be,

Where saints and angels draw their bliss

Immediately from thee?

### 299. *Christ's Compassion.* C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace

Of our High Priest above,

His heart is made of tenderness,

His bowels melt with love.

## 266 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out his cries and tears;  
And in his measure feels afresh,  
What ev'ry member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power,  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

### 300. *Christ the Way to all good.* C. M.

Now may we all admire the way,  
The great highway to God,  
The way of everlasting love,  
Reveal'd in flowing blood.

This is the way of light and life,  
The way of joy and peace;  
The way of everlasting strength,  
The way of truth and grace.

Salvation in this way is found,  
And all abounding good;  
Rivers of glory rise and flow,  
In this delightful road.

Lord may we run the blissful way,  
 Keeping the cross in view ;  
 Run for the pure eternal prize  
 That now appears in view.

O may we end our happy course  
 With prospects all divine ;  
 And in the brilliant realms above  
 May we for ever shine.

There will we sing the glorious way  
 That led us to the throne ;  
 And raise the most melodious sounds  
 To thy dear name alone.

301. *The Enemy defeated.* 8. 7.

WHEN a guilty sinner's flying,  
 To a Saviour's pard'ning blood,  
 Satan will be fiercely trying,  
 To impede his way to God.

How he'll strive the heart to harden,  
 Veiling all the truth of grace ;  
 E'er proclaim there is no pardon,  
 No salvation, life, or peace.

But no furious raging devil,  
 Shall the Saviour's love prevent  
 He will conquer ev'ry evil,  
 He will succor all the faint.

Yes,—the tender-hearted Saviour,  
 Will his mighty pow'r exert,  
 And reveal forgiving favour,  
 To the sinner's trembling breast.

## 268 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

Hear the Lord, on Calv'ry crying,  
" See, ye sinners, see my blood !  
" See your great Redeemer dying !  
" See your loving, pard'ning God !  
" See my bowels of compassion,  
" Yearn o'er ev'ry troubled mind !  
" See, O see, your great salvation !  
" See, believe, and mercy find !"

### 302. *Affliction.* L. M.

IT stands in great Jehovah's word,  
That all the ransom'd of the Lord  
Shall pass through sorrows, grief and woe,  
While to fair Canaan's land they go.  
Many and great their trials are ;  
But ev'ry trial they shall bear,  
While they the word of God regard,  
And cast their burdens on the Lord.  
None of the saints shall e'er be lost,  
Though on the foaming waves they're tost ;  
Yea, tho' the mighty billows roar,  
Yet Christ will bring them safe to shore.  
Now, dearest Lord, thine hand stretch forth,  
And give us strength, while here on earth ;  
Then take us to our wish'd-for home,  
Where pains and sorrows ne'er shall come.  
Lord, how delightful will it be,  
When we shall all thy glory see,  
And stand before thy shining throne  
Never to feel a rising groan !

But in the most melodious songs  
 Shall be employ'd our happy tongues ;  
 Loud will we sing *deliv'ring grace*,  
 In that eternal world of bliss.

303. *Free Mercy.* C. M.

MERCY is welcome news indeed  
 To those that *guilty* stand :  
 Wretches that *feel* what help they need  
 Will bless the helping hand.

Who rightly would his alms dispose,  
 Must give them to the *poor* :  
 None but the *wounded* patient knows  
 The comforts of his cure.

We all have sinn'd against our God ;  
 Exception none can boast :  
 But he who feels the heavi'st load  
 Will prize forgiveness most.

No reck'ning can we rightly keep ;  
 For who the sums can know ?  
 Some souls are fifty pieces deep,  
 And some five hundred owe.

But, let our debts be what they may,  
 However great or small,  
 As soon as we have *nought* to pay,  
 Our Lord forgives us all.

'Tis perfect poverty alone  
 That sets the soul at large ;  
 While we can call one mite our own,  
 We have no full discharge.



270 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

304. *Union with Christ.* 104<sup>th</sup>.

YE children of God,  
By faith in his Son,  
Redeem'd by his blood,  
And with him made one;  
This union with wonder  
And rapture be seen,  
Which nothing shall sunder  
Without or within.

This pardon, this peace,  
Which none can destroy,  
This treasure of grace,  
This heavenly joy;  
The worthless may crave it,  
It always comes free;  
The vilest may have it,  
'Twas given to *me*.

'Tis not for good deeds,  
Good tempers, nor frames;  
From grace it proceeds,  
And all is the Lamb's.  
No goodness, no fitness,  
Expects he from us;  
This I can well witness,  
For none could be worse.

Sick sinner, expect  
No balm but Christ's blood;  
Thy own works reject,  
The bad and the good:

None ever miscarry  
That on him rely,  
Though filthy as *Mary*,  
*Manasseh*, or *I*.

305. *And the Lord shut him in.* C. M.

WHEN Noah, with his favour'd few,  
Was order'd to embark;  
Eight human souls, a little crew,  
Enter'd on board his ark.

Tho' ev'ry part he might secure  
With bar, or bolt, or pin,  
To make the preservation sure,  
Jehovah shut him in.

The waters then might swell their tides,  
Their billows rage and roar;  
They could not stave th' assaulted sides,  
Nor burst the batter'd door.

So souls that into Christ believe,  
Quicken'd by vital faith,  
Eternal life at once receive,  
And never shall see death.

In his own heart the christian puts  
No trust, but builds his hopes  
On him that opes, and no man shuts,  
And shuts, and no man opes.

In Christ, his ark, he safely rides,  
Nor wreck'd by death nor sin:  
How is it he so fast abides?  
The Lord has shut him in.

## 272 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

306. *Lukewarm Souls called to hearken to the Gospel word. 8. 7.*

**LUKEWARM** souls ! the foe grows stronger,  
See what foes your camp surround ;  
Arm to battle, lag no longer,  
Hark ! the silver trumpets sound.  
Wake ye sleepers, wake ! What mean you ?  
Sin besets you round about ;  
Up and search : the world's with in you ;  
Slay, or chase the traitor out.

What enchants you, self or pleasure ?  
Pluck right eyes, with right hands part :  
Ask your conscience, Where's your treasure ?  
For, be certain, there's your heart.  
Give the fawning foe no credit,  
Lo ! the bloody flag's unfurl'd :  
That base heart (the word has said it)  
Loves not God that loves the world.

God and Mammon ? O be wiser :  
Serve them both ? It cannot be :  
Ease in warfare, saint and miser,  
These will never well agree.  
Shun the shame of foully falling,  
Cumber'd captives, clog'd with clay,  
Prove your faith, make sure your calling,  
Wield the sword, and win the day.

Forward press towards perfection ;  
Watch and pray, and all things prove ;  
Seek to know your God's election,  
Search his everlasting love.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 273

Dread backsliding; scorn dissembling;  
Now salvation's near in view,  
Work it out with fear and trembling,  
'Tis your God that works in you.

307. *The milch-Kine drawing the Ark:  
Faith's surrender of all.* S. M.

THE kine unguided went,  
By the directest road;  
When the Philistines homeward sent  
The ark of Israel's God.

Lowing they pass'd along,  
And left their calves shut up;  
They felt an instinct for their young,  
But would not turn or stop.

Shall brutes, devoid of thought,  
Their Maker's will obey;  
And we, who by his grace are taught,  
More stubborn prove than they?

He shed his precious blood  
To make us his alone;  
If wash'd in that atoning flood,  
We are no more our own.

If he his will reveal,  
Let us obey his call;  
And think, whate'er the flesh may feel,  
His love deserves our all.

We should maintain in view  
His glory, as our end;  
Too much we cannot bear, or do  
For such a matchless friend.

## 274 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

His saints should stand prepar'd  
In duty's path to run ;  
Nor count their greatest trials hard,  
So that his will be done.

With Jesus for our guide,  
The path is safe, though rough ;  
The promise says, " I will provide,"  
And faith replies, " Enough!"

### 308. *Faith's Review and Expectation.* C. M.

AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound!)  
That sav'd a wretch like me !  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd ;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believ'd !

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come ;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promis'd good to me ;  
His word my hope secures ;  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease ;  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.



SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 275

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine ;  
But God, who call'd me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.

309. *The Believer's Safety.* L. M.

THAT man no guard or weapon needs,  
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows ;  
But safe may pass, if duty leads,  
Through burning sands or mountain snows  
Releas'd from guilt, he feels no fear ;  
Redemption is his shield and tow'r !  
He sees his Saviour always near  
To help in ev'ry trying hour.

Though I am weak and Satan strong,  
And often to assault me tries ;  
When Jesus is my shield and song,  
Abash'd the wolf before me flies.

His love possessing, I am blest ;  
Secure, whatever change may come :  
Whether I go to East or West,  
With him I still shall be at home.

If plac'd beneath the northern pole,  
Though winter reigns with rigour there ;  
His gracious beams would cheer my soul,  
And make a spring throughout the year.

Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil  
My lonely dwelling ere should prove,  
His presence would support my toil,  
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

## 276 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

310. *He led them by a right Way.* C. M.

**W**HEN Israel was from Egypt freed,  
The Lord, who brought them out,  
Help'd them in ev'ry time of need,  
But led them round about.

To enter Canaan soon they hop'd;  
But quickly chang'd their mind,  
When the Red Sea their passage stopp'd,  
And Pharaoh march'd behind.

The desert fill'd them with alarms,  
For water and for food;  
And Amalek, by force of arms,  
To check their progress stood.

They often murmur'd by the way,  
Because they judg'd by sight;  
But were again constrain'd to say,  
The Lord had led them right.

In the Red Sea, that stopp'd them first,  
Their enemies were drown'd;  
The rocks gave water for their thirst,  
And manna spread the ground.

By fire and cloud their way was shewn,  
Across the pathless sands;  
And Amalek was overthrown  
By Moses' lifted hands.

The way was right their hearts to prove,  
To make God's glory known,  
And shew his wisdom, pow'r, and love,  
Engag'd to save his own.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 277

Just so the true believer's path  
Through many dangers lies ;  
Though dark to sense, 'tis right to faith,  
And leads us to the skies.

### 311. *The blasted Fig-tree.* L. M.

**O**NE awful word which Jesus spoke  
Against the tree which bore no fruit,  
More piercing than the lightning's stroke,  
Blasted and dry'd it to the root.

But could a tree the Lord offend,  
To make him shew his anger thus ;  
He surely had a further end,  
To be a warning-word to us.

The fig-tree by its leaves was known,  
But having not a fig to show,  
It brought a heavy sentence down,  
" Let none hereafter on thee grow."

Too many, who the gospel hear,  
Whom Satan blinds, and sin deceives,  
We to this fig-tree may compare,  
They yield no fruit, but only leaves.

Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,  
Unless combin'd with faith and love,  
And witness'd by a gospel-walk,  
Will not a true profession prove.

Without the fruit, the Lord expects  
Knowledge will make our state the worse ;  
The barren trees he still rejects,  
And soon will blast them with his curse.

## 278 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

O Lord, unite our hearts in pray'r!  
On each of us thy Spirit send,  
That we the fruits of grace may bear,  
And find acceptance in the end.

### 312. *The Believer's Danger, Safety, and Duty.* C. M.

“ **S**IMON, beware! (the Saviour said)  
“ Satan, your subtle foe,  
“ Already has his measures laid  
“ Your soul to overthrow.  
“ He wants to sift you all as wheat,  
“ And thinks his vict'ry sure;  
“ But I his malice will defeat,  
“ My pray'r shall faith secure.”

Believers tremble and rejoice,  
Your help and danger view;  
This warning has to you a voice,  
This promise speaks to you.

Satan beholds with jealous eye  
Your privilege and joy;  
He's always watchful, always nigh,  
To tear and to destroy.

But Jesus lives to intercede,  
That faith may still prevail;  
He will support in time of need,  
And Satan's arts shall fail.

Yet let us not the warning slight,  
But watchful still be found;  
Though faith cannot be slain in fight,  
It may receive a wound.

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 279

While Satan watches, dare we sleep ?

We must our guard maintain ;  
But, Lord, do thou the city keep,  
Or else we watch in vain.

**313.** *Asking the Way to Zion.* C. M.

**ZION**, the city of our God,

How glorious is the place !

The Saviour there has his abode,  
And Sinners see his face !

Firm, against ev'ry adverse shock,  
Its mighty bulwarks prove ;  
'Tis built upon the living rock,  
And wall'd around with love.

There all the fruits of glory grow,  
And joys that never die ;  
And streams of grace and knowledge flow,  
The soul to satisfy.

Come, set your faces Zion-ward,  
The sacred road inquire ;  
And let a union to the Lord  
Be henceforth your desire.

The gospel shines to give you light ;  
No longer, then, delay ;  
The Spirit waits to guide you right,  
And Jesus is the way.

O Lord, regard thy people's pray'r,  
Thy promise now fulfil ;  
And young and old by grace prepare,  
To dwell on Zion's hill,



## 280 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

### 314. *The Greatness of Christ.* L. M.

**G**REAT are the glories of the Lamb,  
Supremely great his reigning name;  
His wond'rous person, how divine,  
His works, and ways, how bright they shine.

Whene'er he speaks, how great his words;  
Great is the peace his truth affords;  
Great are the beauties of his face,  
And great the riches of his grace.

Great are the triumphs of his pow'r  
That shine in each deliv'ring hour;  
Great are the blessings he bestows,  
So truly great, no mortal knows.

How great the virtues of his blood!  
Thousands at once it brings to God;  
Ah! great, indeed, are Calv'ry's charms,  
Divinely soft th' Atoner's arms!

Great the compassions of his heart,  
And great the joys they e'er impart;  
Great are the healings of his grace  
To all the poor backsliding race.

The numbers great he freely saves,  
Nor his dear saints he ever leaves;  
The Saviour's greatness they proclaim,  
And greatly praise his glorious name.

### 315. *Regeneration.* C. M.

**N**OT all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites that God hath giv'n,

## SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 281

Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heav'n.

The sov'reign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace:  
Born in the image of his Son,  
A new peculiar race.

The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,  
Blows on the sons of flesh,  
New-models all the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.

Our quicken'd souls awake and rise  
From the long sleep of death;  
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

### 316. *Christ our High Priest, King, and Judge.* L. M.

Now to the Lord, that makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honours paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.

'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,  
And wash'd us in his richest blood;  
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.

To Jesus our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus our superior King,  
Be everlasting pow'r confess'd,  
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

## 282 PROMISES OF GOD.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes,  
And ev'ry eye shall see him move;  
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,  
Then he displays his pard'ning love.  
The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day:  
Come, Lord! nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

## PROMISES OF GOD.

317. *The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.* C. M.

**B**EGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing;  
The mighty works, or mightier name  
Of our eternal king.

Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,  
And sound his pow'r abroad;  
Sing the sweet praises of his grace,  
And the performing God.

Proclaim "Salvation from the Lord,  
"For wretched dying men;"  
His hand has writ the sacred word  
With an immortal pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal brass  
The mighty promise shines;  
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness rase  
Those everlasting lines.

He that can dash whole worlds to death,  
And make them when he please;

He speaks, and that almighty breath  
Fulfil his great decrees.

His very word of grace is strong,  
As that which built the skies;  
The voice that rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises.

He said, "Let the wide heav'n be spread,"  
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad;  
"Abra'm, I'll be thy God," he said,  
And he was Abra'm's God.

O, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue  
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,  
And think my heav'n secure!  
I trust the all-creating voice,  
And faith desires no more.

318. *The Promise of the Spirit.* 5. 6.

"WHEN I," saith the Saviour,  
"Ascend to my throne,  
"The Spirit to comfort  
"I'll surely send down;  
"And this," saith Jehovah,  
"His mission shall be,  
"Of sin to convince, and  
"To glorify me.  
"To sap the foundation  
"Whereon they have stood,  
"And shew them the worth of  
"Salvation by blood;

284      PROMISES OF GOD.

“ And when to Mount Sinai  
“ For refuge they flee,  
“ Shall point them to Calv’ry,  
“ And glorify me.  
“ Shall shew them my Godhead,  
“ My blood, and my fame,  
“ And how, as the ransom  
“ For sinners, I came ;  
“ And when their demerit  
“ And vileness they see,  
“ Shall teach them my fulness,  
“ And glorify me.  
“ The stout-hearted rebels  
“ His pow’r shall subdue,  
“ Not mending old nature,  
“ But forming a new ;  
“ And when they acknowledge  
“ Salvation as free,  
“ As mine he shall seal them,  
“ And glorify me.  
“ In truth, all essential,  
“ My chosen shall guide,  
“ Whose surety I am, and  
“ For whom I have dy’d ;  
“ And when from the sheepfold  
“ They wand’ring shall be,  
“ Shall lead them to Zion,  
“ And glorify me.”

319. *My Grace is sufficient for Thee.* C. M.

**KIND** are the words that Jesus speaks  
To cheer the drooping saint ;



' My grace sufficient is for you,  
 ' Though nature's powers may faint.  
 ' My grace its glories shall display,  
 ' And make your griefs remove;  
 ' Your weakness shall the triumphs tell  
 ' Of boundless power and love.'

What, tho' my griefs are not remov'd,  
 Yet why should I despair?

While my kind Saviour's arms support,  
 I can the burden bear.

Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,  
 'Tis good to trust thy name:  
 Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,  
 Will ever be the same.

Weak as I am, yet thro' thy grace  
 I all things can perform;  
 And, smiling, triumph in thy name  
 Amid the raging storm.

## CHRISTIAN.

320. *The contrite Heart.* C. M.

**T**HE Lord will happiness divine  
 On contrite hearts bestow;  
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine  
 A contrite heart, or no?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
 Insensible as steel;  
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain  
 To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclin'd  
 To love thee if I could,  
 But often feel another mind,  
 Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few,  
 I fain would strive for more ;  
 But when I cry, " My strength renew,"  
 Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,  
 And love thy house of prayer ;  
 I therefore go where others go,  
 But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice or ache,  
 Decide this doubt for me ;  
 And if it be not broken, brake,  
 And heal it if it be.

321. *Helpless Man.* C. M.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,  
 Great God, are in thine hand ;  
 My choicest comforts came from thee,  
 And go at thy command.

If thou should'st take them all away,  
 Yet would I not repine ;  
 Before they were possess'd by me  
 They were entirely thine.

Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,  
 Though the whole world were gone ;  
 But seek enduring happiness  
 In thee, and thee alone.

What is the world, and all things here?

'Tis but a bitter sweet;

When I attempt a rose to pluck,

A pricking thorn I meet.

Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,

The honey's mix'd with gall;

'Midst changing scenes and dying friends

Be thou my all in all.

**322.** *Divine Manifestations in Distress.*

7. 6. 8.

**W**HEN I travail in distres,

Or grief of any kind,

Burthen'd with uneasiness

And anguish on my mind,

One sweet ray of heav'nly light

Breaks up the clouds that come between ;

Turns to day the gloomy night,

And quite renews the scene.

My complaints with speed remove,

My sorrows turn to joy,

Songs of melody and love

Again my tongue employ ;

Then I enter into rest,

Again I call Immanuel mine,

And, like John, upon his breast,

My weary head recline.

**323.** *The Conquerors.* 148<sup>th</sup>.

**B**Y whom was David taught

To aim the dreadful blow,

When he Goliath fought,

And laid the Gittite low ?

No sword nor spear the stripling took,  
But chose a pebble from the brook.

'Twas Israel's God and King  
Who sent him to the fight,  
Who gave him strength to sling,  
And skill to aim aright.  
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,  
Because young David's God is yours.

Who order'd Gideon forth  
To storm th' invader's camp,  
With arms of little worth,  
A pitcher and a lamp?  
The trumpets made his coming known  
And all the host was overthrown.

O! I have seen the day,  
When with a single word,  
God helping me to say,  
My trust is in the Lord;  
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,  
Fearless of all that could oppose.

But unbelief, self-will,  
Self-righteousnes, and pride,  
How often do they steal  
My weapon from my side!  
Yet David's Lord and Gideon's Friend  
Will help his servants to the end.

**324. *The Believer's Resolution.* 8. 7.**

**S**AVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor?  
Canst thou love a child of wrath?  
Can a hell deserving creature  
Be the purchase of thy death?

Is thy blood so efficacious  
As to make my nature clean?

Is thy sacrifice so precious  
As to free me from my sin?

Sin on ev'ry hand surrounds me,  
No acquittance can I hear;  
Pangs of unbelief confounds me,  
O! my grief I cannot bear.

Here then is my resolution,  
At thy dearest feet to fall;  
Here I'll meet with condemnation,  
Or a freedom from my thrall.

Now deny thy grace and mercy,  
If thou canst, to wretched me;  
Lay aside thy love and pity,  
If thou canst, and let me die.

If I meet with condemnation,  
Justly I deserve the same;  
If I meet with free salvation,  
I will magnify thy Name.

**325.** *Will ye also go away?* C. M.

**W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,  
(Alas! what numbers do,)  
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

Ah, Lord, with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast,  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.



Yet thou alone hast power I know,  
 To save a wretch like me;  
 To whom, or whither could I go,  
 If I should turn from thee?

The help of men and angels join'd,  
 Can never reach my case;  
 Nor can I hope relief to find  
 But in thy boundless grace.

No voice but thine can give me rest,  
 And bid my fears depart;  
 No love but thine can make me blest,  
 And satisfy my heart.

What anguish has that question stirr'd,  
 If I will also go;  
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,  
 I humbly answer, No.

326. *Mercy.* 11s.

**T**HY mercy, my God, is the theme of my  
 song,  
 The joy of my heart, and the boast of my  
 tongue,  
 Thy free grace alone from the first to the last,  
 Has won my affections and bound my soul fast.  
 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live  
 here,  
 Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;  
 But, through thy free goodness my spirits  
 revive,  
 And he that first made me still keeps me alive.

Whene'er I mistake, thy kind mercy begins  
 To melt me, and then I can mourn for my sins ;  
 And led by the Spirit to Jesus's blood,  
 My sorrows are dry'd, and my strength is  
 renew'd.

Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,  
 Which wonders to feel its own hardness de-  
 part ;

Dissolv'd by thy sunshine I fall to the ground,  
 And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

Thy mercy is endless, most tender and free,  
 No sinner need doubt, since 'tis given to me ;  
 No merit will buy it, nor fears stop its course ;  
 Good works are the fruits of its freeness and  
 force.

Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;  
 Of thy mercy I'll sing, of thy mercy I'll tell.  
 'Twas Jesus my friend when he hung on the  
 tree,

That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,  
 And the covenant love of thy crucified Son :  
 All praise to the Spirit whose whisper divine  
 seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness  
 mine.

**327.** *Christ the Believer's All.* L. M.

IN Christ my treasure's all contain'd,  
 By him my feeble soul's sustain'd,  
 From him I all things do receive,  
 Through him my soul does daily live.

With him I daily love to walk,  
 Of him my soul delights to talk,  
 On him I cast my ev'ry care,  
 Like him one day I shall appear.

Bless him, my soul, from day to day,  
 Trust him to bring thee on thy way,  
 Give him thy poor weak sinful heart,  
 With him, O never, never part.

Take him for strength and righteousness,  
 Make him thy refuge in distress,  
 Love him above all earthly joy,  
 And him in ev'ry thing employ.

Praise him in cheerful grateful songs,  
 To him your highest praise belongs,  
 To him who does your heav'n prepare,  
 And him you'll praise for ever there.

328. *Following Christ.* L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
 He whom I fix'd my hopes upon,  
 His track I see, and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way, till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,  
 The way that leads from banishment,  
 The King's highway of holiness,  
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

No stranger may proceed therein,  
 No lover of the world and sin,  
 No lion, no devouring care,  
 No sin nor sorrow shall be there,

No, nothing may go up thereon,  
 But travelling souls, and I am one;  
 Wayfaring men to Canaan bound  
 Shall only in the way be found.

This is the way I long had sought,  
 And mourn'd because I found it not;  
 My grief a burden long had been,  
 Opprest with unbelief and sin.

The more I strove against their power,  
 I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,  
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,  
 Shalt take me to thee as I am;  
 Nothing but sin I thee can give;  
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then will I tell to sinners round  
 What a dear Saviour I have found;  
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
 And say, "Behold the way of God."

329. *Tribulation.* S. M.

THE favour'd saints of God,  
 His messengers and seers,  
 The narrow path of suff'ring trod,  
 And walk'd this vale of tears.

Through sore afflictions past  
 To better worlds above;  
 And more than conquer'd all at last  
 Through our Redeemer's love.

Suff'ers, like them beneath,  
 Through much distress and pain,  
 Through various toils of sin and death,  
 We come with them to reign.

Jesus, our glorious King,  
 Shall wipe our tears away,  
 And call us up his praise to sing  
 In everlasting day.

The joys ineffable  
 That from thy presence flow;  
 The fulness here we cannot tell,  
 But, Lord, we die to know.

330. *At Parting.* C. M.

**B**LEST be the dear uniting love,  
 That will not let us part;  
 Our bodies may far off remove,  
 We still are join'd in heart.

Join'd in one spirit to our head,  
 Where he appoints we go;  
 And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,  
 And do his work below.

O let us ever walk in him,  
 And nothing know beside!  
 Nothing desire, nor aught esteem  
 But Jesus crucify'd.

Closer and closer let us cleave  
 To his belov'd embrace;  
 Out of his fulness still receive,  
 And plenteous grace for grace.



But let us hasten to the day,  
 Which shall our flesh restore;  
 When vanquish'd death shall shrink away,  
 And bodies part no more.

**331.** *Professor, lovest thou Christ? 7.*

'TIS a point I long to know,  
 Oft it causes anxious thought,  
 Do I love the Lord, or no?  
 Am I his, or am I not?  
 If I love, why am I thus?  
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?  
 Hardly sure can they be worse  
 Who have never heard his name!  
 Could my heart so hard remain,  
 Prayer a task and burden prove,  
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain,  
 If I knew a Saviour's love?  
 When I turn my eyes within,  
 All is dark, and vain, and wild,  
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin;  
 Can I deem myself a child?  
 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
 Sin is mix'd with all I do;  
 You that love the Lord indeed,  
 Tell me, is it thus with you?  
 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;  
 Should I grieve for what I feel  
 If I did not love at all?

Could I joy his saints to meet,  
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd  
 Find at times the promise sweet,  
 If I did not love the Lord.

Lord, decide the doubtful case,  
 Thou who art thy people's sun,  
 Shine upon thy work of grace,  
 If it be indeed begun.

Let me love thee more and more,  
 If I love at all, I pray ;  
 If I have not lov'd before,  
 Help me to begin to-day.

**332.** *The Shining Light.* S. M.

MY former hopes are dead,  
 My terror now begins,  
 I feel, alas, that I am dead  
 In trespasses and sins.  
 Ah, whither shall I fly?  
 I hear the thunder roar ;  
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
 And vengeance at the door.

When I review my ways,  
 I dread impending doom ;  
 But sure a friendly whisper says,  
 " Flee from the wrath to come."

I see, or think I see,  
 A glimm'ring from afar,  
 A beam of day that shines for me,  
 To save me from despair,

Fore-runner of the sun,  
 It marks the pilgrim's way,  
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,  
 And watch the rising day.

333. *Looking upwards in a Storm.*

L. M.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,  
 Clouds overcast my win'try sky ;  
 Out of the depths to thee I call,  
 My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
 And guide and guard me through the storm,  
 Defend me from each threat'ning ill,  
 Control the waves, say, " Peace, be still !"

Amidst the roaring of the sea  
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee,  
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
 Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of ev'ry shape and name  
 Attend the followers of the Lamb,  
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
 And leave it to return no more.

Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,  
 My Saviour through the floods I seek ;  
 Let neither winds nor stormy main  
 Force back my shatter'd bark again,

334. *Submission.* C. M.

**O** LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
 And help me to resign  
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,  
 And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,  
 Whose love forbids my fears?  
 Or tremble at thy gracious hand  
 That wipes away my tears?

No, let me rather freely yield  
 What most I prize to thee,  
 Who never has a good withheld,  
 Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour all my journey through  
 Thou art engag'd to grant;  
 What else I want, or think I do,  
 'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,  
 Shall I resist them both,  
 A poor blind creature of a day,  
 And crush'd before the moth.

But ah! my inward spirit cries  
 Still bind me to thy sway,  
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies  
 Drives all these thoughts away.

335. *Rejoicing in Hope.* 8. 8. 6.

**I** SHALL not always make my moan,  
 Nor worship thee a God unknown;

But I shall live to prove  
 Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,  
 The length and breadth, and depth and height  
 Of thy redeeming love.

O, that I might at once go up,  
 No more on this side Jordan stop,  
 But now the land possess !  
 This moment end my legal years,  
 Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,  
 And howling wilderness.

Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,  
 Sprinkle thy blood, forgive my sin,  
 My unbelief remove ;  
 The purchase of thy death divide,  
 And O, with all the sanctified,  
 Give me a lot of love.

**336.** *Precious Christ.* 148.

JESUS is all my hope,  
 His death is all my boast,  
 But for his sov'reign grace  
 I should be ever lost :  
 Redeeming blood, and dying love,  
 Here be my theme, and when above.

All that remains for me  
 Is but to love and sing.  
 Admire and adore  
 My Saviour, God, and King ;  
 Each stripe, each bruise, each bleeding wound,  
 Speaks love and peace to all around.



O happy, sweeter name  
 Than e'er the world did know,  
 More of thy smiling grace  
 Freely on me bestow ;  
 And let me taste that ardent love  
 That saints and martyrs taste above.

So all my doubts and fears  
 Shall wholly flee away,  
 And ev'ry mournful night  
 Be turn'd to joyful day ;  
 And all the world shall plainly see  
 Thou art a faithful friend to me.

**337.** *What shall I render to the Lord.* C. M.

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,  
 Which daily I receive  
 From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,  
 My soul, what canst thou give ?  
 Alas! from such a heart as mine  
 What can I bring him forth?  
 My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,  
 My all is nothing worth.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
 For all he has bestow'd,  
 Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
 And call upon my God.

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

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

338. *The Pilgrim.* 148.

JESU, at thy command  
 I launch into the deep,  
 And leave my native land  
 Where sin lulls all asleep;  
 For thee I fain would all resign,  
 And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.

What though the seas are broad,  
 What though the waves are strong,  
 What though tempestuous winds  
 Distress me all along;  
 Yet what are seas or stormy wind  
 Compar'd to Christ the sinner's friend?

Christ is my pilot wise,  
 My compass is his word,  
 My soul each storm defies  
 While I have such a Lord;  
 I trust his faithfulness and power  
 To save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep  
 Through all my passage lie,  
 Yet Christ shall safely keep,  
 And guide me with his eye;  
 How can I sink with such a prop,  
 That bears the world and all things up?

By faith I see the land,  
 The haven of endless rest,  
 My soul thy wings expand,  
 And fly to Jesu's breast ;  
 O may I reach the heav'nly shore  
 Where winds and seas distress no more.

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
 And all my storms subside,  
 Then to my succour fly,  
 And keep me near thy side ;  
 For more the treach'rous calm I dread  
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

Come, heav'nly wind, and blow  
 A prosp'rous gale of grace,  
 To waft from all below  
 To heav'n my destin'd place ;  
 Then in full sail my port I'll find,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

339. *Assurance.* 8<sup>s</sup>.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,  
 Of covenant mercy I sing,  
 Nor fear with thy righteousness on,  
 My person and off'ring to bring,  
 The terrors of law and of God  
 With me can have nothing to do,  
 My Saviour's obedience and blood  
 Hide all my transgressions from view.  
 The work which his goodness began  
 The arm of his strength will complete,  
 His promise is Yea and Amen,  
 And never was forfeited yet.

Things future, nor things that are now,  
 Not all things below nor above,  
 Can make him his purpose forego,  
 Nor sever my soul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands  
 Eternity will not erase,

Imprest on his heart it remains  
 In marks of indelible grace.

Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
 As sure as the earnest is given ;

More happy, but not more secure,  
 The glorify'd spirit in heaven.

**340.** *The Christian's Journey.* 112<sup>th</sup>.

**S**TRANGERS and sojourners below,  
 We travel through this wilderness,  
 Seeking the promis'd rest to know,  
 In Christ the fountain of true bliss ;  
 We seek a place beyond the skies,  
 An everlasting paradise.

In this pursuit we stand in need  
 Of daily fresh supplies of grace,  
 Our souls with manna Christ must feed,  
 While we his leading footsteps trace ;  
 So shall each pilgrim gladly move  
 Onward unto his home above.

No earthly bliss is worth our stay,  
 Or struggle for another breath,  
 These comforts vanish and decay,  
 And yield no solid joy in death ;  
 While others vain delights pursue  
 We taste God's love for ever new.

His cross inflicts the deadly blow,  
 And crucifies each rebel sin;  
 Peace, love, and joy, hence richly flow,  
 And cause sweet melody within.  
 Dependant on the God of power,  
 We glory in a suff'ring hour.

The new Jerusalem appears,  
 Her citizens resplendent shine,  
 For God hath wip'd away their tears,  
 And fill'd them with the life divine;  
 With them we shall his glory see,  
 And praise him through eternity.

341. *The Christian Race.* L. M.

AWAKE, our souls, (away our fears,  
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone,)  
 Awake, and run the heav'nly race,  
 And put a cheerful courage on.

True 'tis a straight and thorny road,  
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
 But they forget the mighty God  
 That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

The mighty God, whose matchless power  
 Is ever new and ever young,  
 And firm endures while endless years  
 Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,  
 Our souls shall bring a fresh supply,  
 While such as trust their native strength  
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.



Swift as an eagle cuts the air  
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode,  
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

342. *He has done all things well.* L. M.

Now in a song of grateful praise,  
 To my dear Lord, my voice I'll raise,  
 With all his saints I'll join to tell,  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

All worlds his glorious power confess,  
 His wisdom all his works express;  
 But O his love, what tongue can tell!  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

How sov'reign, wonderful, and free,  
 Has been his love to sinful me!  
 This pluck'd me from the jaws of hell:—  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,  
 And yet he undertook my cause,  
 To save me though I did rebel:—  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

And since my soul has known his love,  
 What mercies has he made me prove,  
 Mercies which do all praise excel:  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

Whene'er my Saviour and my God  
 Has on me laid his gentle rod,  
 I know in all that has befall  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

Though many a fiery flaming dart  
 The tempter levels at my heart,  
 With this I all his rage repel,  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

Sometimes my Lord his face doth hide,  
 To make me pray, or kill my pride ;  
 Yet then it on my mind doth dwell  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

Soon shall I pass the vale of death,  
 And in his arms shall lose my breath,  
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell,  
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

And when to that bright world I rise,  
 And join the anthems of the skies,  
 Above the rest this note shall swell,  
 My Jesus has done all things well.

343. *The hope of Heaven our support under  
 trials on Earth.* C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear,  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall ;  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heav'n, my all :

There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heav'nly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

344. *Christian Triumph.* 8<sup>s</sup>.

'TIS Christ is my Saviour and King,  
 My refuge, my portion, my God,  
 Of him will I gratefully sing,  
 Will sing of his all-healing blood:  
 His beauties I'd ever admire,  
 Adore the eternal I AM;  
 And feel my whole soul all on fire,  
 With love to his wonderful name.

My doubts and my fears all depart,  
 When Jesus from Calvary shines;  
 The love that he pours from his heart,  
 My spirit divinely refines.

Victorious in Jesus I rise,  
 Nor ought can my triumphs controul;  
 My soul is inflam'd with his praise,  
 And glory resides in my soul.

The world and its trifles to me,  
 Are now as contemptible dross;  
 True joys, peace and pleasure I see,  
 Are only deriv'd from the cross:  
 Delighted with this in my view;  
 Transported with conqu'ring love,  
 I'd ever my journey pursue,  
 Till caught to the regions above.

345. *The Christian's Resolve.* C. M.

Now shall my soul on Jesus call,  
To feel redeeming love;  
Hinder me not, I'll say to all,  
While seeking joys above.

Tho' num'rous evils make me sigh,  
There's none shall e'er confound;  
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,  
For I'm to Canaan bound.

If men combine my soul to chase,  
Ne'er may I cease to say,  
Hinder me not, for mighty grace  
Shall strength divine convey.

If gilded toys, allure my sight,  
And court a short delay;  
Hinder me not, I'll still repeat,  
And still pursue my way.

If mere professors croud around,  
To chill my zeal for God;  
Hinder me not, I'll still resound,  
Along the blissful road.

If snares abound, and foes defy,  
And all their strength unite;  
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,  
'Till crown'd in realms of light.

346. *The Sinner triumphing in the Saviour.*

L. M.

CHRIST is my rock, my hope, my stay,  
In him I triumph all the day;

Who can conceive the pure delight,  
My soul enjoys when he's in sight!

Tho' num'rous evils o'er me roll,  
And threaten ruin to my soul,  
Still in the strength my Jesus brings,  
My soul triumphant—loudly sings.

Sings in the midst of various woes ;  
Sings through the host of all her foes ;  
Pursues her rapid course to God,  
Thro' the rich plea of Jesu's blood.

For all the grace that makes me sing,  
I'll ever thank my God and King ;  
'Tis he *alone* my triumphs raise,  
And he *alone* shall have the praise.

Now to my glorious God I cry,  
Lord, let me feel abounding joy ;  
Oh! let me triumph like a Stephen,  
Triumph and sing my way to heav'n.

There on a throne of wond'rous love  
I'll triumph with the hosts above ;  
And like the first arch-angel sing  
The triumphs of my heav'nly King.

347. *The Christian Soldier.* 8s.

**B**ELIEVERS do wond'rous appear,  
To angels, to devils, and men :  
With earth, and with hell, they're at war,  
In peace they shall ne'er be again.



Immanuel's warriors shall stand,  
 As wonders in every view,  
 They fight by his word of command,  
 And wonders they ever shall do.  
 Led on by the Saviour each day,  
 Their actions will wond'rous appear;  
 They'll force men and devils to say,  
 "What wonderful heroes are here!"  
 They fight in the strength of their God,  
 With Lucifer's numerous train;  
 And through great Immanuel's blood,  
 A vict'ry complete they shall gain.  
 And then they shall fly to their God,  
 To bless and adore his great name;  
 And echo thro' heaven aloud,  
 The praises of God, and the Lamb.  
 Lord, may we with courage go on,  
 Press forward to mansions above,  
 'Till plac'd on Immanuel's throne,  
 And lost in the glories of love.

348. *The Same.* S. M.

**S**OLDIERS of Christ, be bold,  
 In Zion's way stand fast;  
 Cleave to the Lord, and you shall find,  
 All will be well at last.  
 Numbers will you oppose,  
 And many snares be laid;  
**B**ut Christ will be your strong defence,  
 Then never be dismay'd.

Fly to the throne of grace,  
 Jesus will soon appear,  
**Fight** the good fight ye ransom'd throng,  
 And never, never fear.

Fear not your num'rous foes,  
 O'er all you shall prevail;  
**And** live, and sing redeeming love,  
 When they'll lament and wail.

Hark, hark ye ransom'd race,  
 Your Captain cries, "Fight on,"  
**Soon** ye shall mount the lofty skies,  
 And stand round Jesu's throne.

Great God, send down thy pow'r,  
 And make thy saints arise,  
**Boldly** to fight, and conquer all,  
 And then receive the prize.

**349.** *Christian Soldiers.* 148.

**Y**E heav'n-bound soldiers all,  
 Ye saints redeem'd with blood,  
 On your great Leader call,  
 And nobly fight for God:  
**Arise**, proclaim your Captain's fame,  
 And loudly sing his conqu'ring name.

The troops of hell must fly,  
 Before heav'n's glorious King;  
 Then on his arm rely,  
 And he'll deliv'rance bring;  
**Then** you'll proclaim your Captain's fame,  
 And loudly sing his conqu'ring name.

May we in ev'ry storm,  
 Keep Jesus full in sight;  
 He will our foes disarm,  
 And put them all to flight;  
 Then we'll proclaim our Captain's fame,  
 And loudly sing his conqu'ring name.

May we pursue the fight,  
 In Jesu's strength alone,  
 'Till the great Prince of Light,  
 Give's the eternal crown;  
 Then we'll proclaim our Captain's fame,  
 And loudly sing his conqu'ring name.

**350.** *Good Works.* L. M.

**I**N vain men talk of living faith,  
 When all their works exhibit death;  
 When they indulge some sinful view  
 In all they say, and all they do.

The true believer fears the Lord,  
 Obeys his precepts, keeps his word;  
 Commits his works to God alone,  
 And seeks his will before his own.

A barren tree, that bears no fruit,  
 Brings no great glory to its root;  
 When on the boughs rich fruit we see,  
 'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree!"

Never did men by faith divine  
 To selfishness and sloth incline;

The christian works with all his power,  
And grieves that he can work no more.

351. *Faith without Works is dead.* S. M.

VAIN man, to boast forbear,  
The knowledge in the head;  
The sacred scriptures this declare,  
*Faith without works is dead.*

When Christ the Judge shall come,  
To render each his due,  
He'll deal thy deeds their righteous doom,  
And set thy works in view.

Food to the hungry give;  
Give to the thirsty drink:  
To follow Christ is to *believe*;  
Dead faith is but to *think*.

The man that loves the Lord,  
Will mind whate'er he's bid;  
Will pay regard to all his word,  
And do as Jesus did.

The dead professor counts  
Good works as legal ties;  
His faith to action seldom mounts;  
On doctrine he relies.

But words engender strife:  
Behold the gospel plan;  
Trust in the Lord alone for life,  
And do what good you can.

352. *Blessed is the Man that endureth  
Temptation. 148.*

AND must it, Lord, be so?  
And must thy children bear,  
Such various kinds of woe,  
Such soul perplexing fear?  
Are these the blessings we expect?  
Is this the lot of God's elect?

Daily we groan and mourn  
Beneath the weight of sin;  
We pray to be new-born,  
But know not what we mean;  
We think it something very great,  
Something that's undiscover'd yet.

Boast not, ye sons of earth,  
Nor look with scornful eyes;  
Above your highest mirth,  
Our saddest hours we prize;  
For though our cup seems fill'd with gall,  
There's something secret sweetens all.

How harsh soever the way,  
Dear Saviour, still lead on;  
Nor leave us till we say,  
"Father, thy will be done:"  
At most we do but taste the cup,  
For thou alone hast drank it up.

Shall guilty man complain?  
Shall sinful dust repine?  
And what is all our pain?  
How light compar'd with thine!



Finish, dear Lord, what is begun;  
Choose thou the way, but still lead on.

**353.** *The Paradox.* 11. 9.

**H**ow strange is the course that a christian  
must steer!

How perplex'd is the path we must tread!  
The hope of his happiness rises from fear;  
And his life he receives from the dead.

His fairest pretensions must wholly be wav'd,  
And his best resolutions be cross'd;  
Nor can he expect to be perfectly sav'd,  
Till he find himself utterly lost.

When all this is done, and his heart is assur'd  
Of the total remission of sins;  
When his pardon is sign'd, and his peace is  
procur'd,  
From that moment his conflict begins.

**354.** *The Outcasts of Israel.* 8. 8. 6.

**L**ORD, pity outcasts vile and base,  
The poor dependants on thy grace,  
Whom men disturbers call:  
By sinners and by saints withstood;  
For *these* too bad, for *those* too good;  
Condemn'd or shun'd by all.

Tho' faithful Abr'am us reject,  
And tho' his ransom race elect  
Agree to give us up,  
Thou art our Father; and thy name  
From everlasting is the same;  
On that we build our hope.

**355.** *Put on the whole Armour of God. 8. 7.*

**G**IRD thy loins up, christian soldier,  
Lo! thy Captain calls thee out;  
Let the danger make thee bolder;  
War in weakness: dare in doubt.  
Buckle on thy heav'nly armour;  
Patch up no inglorious peace;  
Let thy courage wax the warmer  
As thy foes and fears increase.

Bind thy golden girdle round thee,  
Truth to keep thee firm and tight:  
Never shall the foe confound thee,  
While the truth maintains thy fight.  
Righteousness within thee rooted  
May appear to take thy part:  
But let righteousness imputed  
Be the breast-plate of thy heart.

Shod with gospel preparation,  
In the paths of promise tread;  
Let the hope of free salvation,  
As a helmet guard thy head.  
When beset with various evils,  
Wield the Spirit's two-edg'd sword;  
Cut thy way thro' hosts of devils,  
While they fall before the Word.

But when dangers closer threaten,  
And thy soul draws near to death;  
When assaulted sore by Satan,  
Then object the shield of faith;

Fiery darts of fierce temptations,  
 Intercepted by thy God,  
*There* shall lose their force in patience,  
 Sheath'd in love, and quench'd in blood.

Tho' to speak thou be not able,  
 Always pray, and never rest;  
 Prayer's a weapon for the feeble;  
 Weakest souls can wield it best.  
 Ever on thy captain calling,  
 Make the worst condition known:  
 He shall hold thee up from falling,  
 Or shall lift thee up when down.

**356.** *Encouragement amidst the Storm.* 8<sup>s</sup>.

**M**ORE sweet than the nightingale's lays,  
 Are the notes which arise from the heart,  
 When Jesus his mercy displays,  
 And bids my mis-givings depart.

Thy soul-cheering voice let me hear,  
 Dear Saviour, again and again;  
 And when I am sinking with fear,  
 My sin-burthen'd soul O sustain!

Tho' fearful and feeble I am,  
 And apt ev'ry moment to slide,  
 I'll rest on the blood of the Lamb;  
 Tho' from me his presence he hide,

“Himself he can never deny,”  
 Is an anchor that holds in the storm;  
 In darkness 'tis here I'd rely,  
 And wait for the light of the morn.  
 My strength he again will renew,  
 Yes, times of refreshing will come!  
 His promise is faithful and true,  
 And he will conduct me safe home!

357. *Christ all in all.* C. M.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,  
 My heart doth sing for joy;  
 And sing I must, a Christ I have,  
 O what a Christ have I!

My Christ, he is the Lord of lords,  
 He is the King of kings;  
 He is the sun of righteousness,  
 With healing in his wings.

Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,  
 My physic, and my health;  
 My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,  
 My glory, and my wealth.

Christ is my father, and my friend,  
 My brother, and my love;  
 My head, my hope, my counsellor,  
 My advocate above.

My Christ he is the heav'n of heav'ns,  
 My Christ what shall I call?  
 My Christ is first, my Christ is last,  
 My Christ is all in all.

All glory to the God of love,  
One God in Persons Three;  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One equal glory be.

358. *The One Thing Needful.* L. M.

I WANT not India's pearly shore,  
I want the joys of earth no more ;  
I want to quit each vain delight ;  
I want to walk with Christ in white.

I want to know my Saviour's love ;  
I want to fix my heart above ;  
I want more grace to conquer sin ;  
I want to feel new life within.

I want Christ's robe of righteousness ;  
I want that bright and glorious dress ;  
I want to lay my own aside ;  
I want to fly from legal pride.

I want to lean on Jesu's breast,  
And feel him my eternal rest ;  
I want the Spirit's purging fire ;  
More faith, more love, to raise me higher.

I want with Jesus to sit down ;  
I long to wear my heav'nly crown ;  
I want the kingdom promis'd me ;  
I want no more, O Christ, but thee !



359. *Lot in Sodom.* C. M.

**H**ow hurtful was the choice of Lot,  
 Who took up his abode  
 (Because it was a fruitful spot)  
 With them who fear'd not God!

A pris'ner he was quickly made,  
 Bereav'd of all his store;  
 And, but for Abra'am's timely aid,  
 He had return'd no more.

Yet still he seem'd resolv'd to stay,  
 As if it were his rest;  
 Although their sins from day to day  
 His righteous soul distress'd.

Awhile he stay'd, with anxious mind,  
 Expos'd to scorn and strife;  
 At last he left his all behind,  
 And fled to save his life.

In vain his sons-in-law he warn'd,  
 They thought he told his dreams;  
 His daughters, too, of them had learn'd,  
 And perish'd in the flames.

His wife escap'd a little way,  
 But dy'd for looking back:  
 Does not her case to pilgrims say,  
 "Beware of growing slack?"

Yea, Lot himself could ling'ring stand,  
 Though vengeance was in view,  
 'Twas mercy pluck'd him by the hand,  
 Or he had perish'd too.

The doom of Sodom will be ours,  
 If to the earth we cleave :  
 Lord quicken all our drowsy pow'rs,  
 To flee to thee and live.

360. *Jacob's Ladder.* 7.

IF the Lord our leader be,  
 We may follow without fear ;  
 East or west, by land or sea,  
 Home, with him, is ev'ry where :  
 When from Esau Jacob fled,  
 Though his pillow was a stone,  
 And the ground his humble bed,  
 Yet he was not left alone.

Kings are often waking kept,  
 Rack'd with cares on beds of state :  
 Never king like Jacob slept,  
 For he lay at heaven's gate :  
 Lo ! he saw a ladder rear'd,  
 Reaching to the heav'nly throne ;  
 At the top the Lord appear'd,  
 Spake, and claim'd him for his own.

“ Fear not, Jacob, thou art mine,  
 “ And my presence with thee goes ;  
 “ On thy heart my love shall shine,  
 “ And my arm subdue thy foes :  
 “ From my promise comfort take,  
 “ For my help in trouble call ;  
 “ Never will I thee forsake,  
 “ ”Till I have accomplish'd all.”

Well does Jacob's ladder suit,  
 To the gospel throne of grace ;  
 We are at the ladder's foot,  
 Ev'ry hour, in ev'ry place ;  
 By assuming flesh and blood,  
 Jesus heav'n and earth unites ;  
 We by faith ascend to God,  
 God to dwell with us delights.

They who know the Saviour's name,  
 Are for all events prepar'd ;  
 What can changes do to them,  
 Who have such a guide and guard ?  
 Should they traverse earth around,  
 To the ladder still they come :  
 Ev'ry spot is holy ground,  
 God is there—and he's their home.

361. *O that I were as in months past.* C. M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt  
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood  
 Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
 And bring me home to God.

Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,  
 His praises tun'd my tongue ;  
 And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,  
 His love was all my song.

In vain the tempter spreads his wiles,  
 The world no more can charm ;  
 I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,  
 And lean'd upon his arm.

In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,  
 And saw his glory shine:  
 And when I read his holy word,  
 I call'd each promise mine.

Then to his saints I often spoke  
 Of what his love hath done;  
 But now my heart is almost broke,  
 For all my joys are gone.

Now when the ev'ning shade prevails,  
 My soul in darkness mourns;  
 And when the morn the light reveals,  
 No light to me returns.

My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,  
 For Jesus hides his face;  
 I read, the promise meets my eyes,  
 But will not reach my case.

Now Satan threatens to prevail,  
 And make my soul his prey;  
 Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail:  
 O come without delay.

**362.** *The Good Samaritan.* L. M.

**H**ow kind the good Samaritan  
 To him who fell among the thieves!  
 Thus Jesus pities fallen man,  
 And heals the wounds the soul receives.  
 Oh I remember well the day,  
 When sorely wounded, nearly slain,  
 Like that poor man, I bleeding lay,  
 And groan'd for help, but groan'd in vain.

Men saw me in this helpless case,  
 And pass'd without compassion by;  
 Each neighbour turn'd away his face,  
 Unmoved by my mournful cry.

But he whose name had been my scorn  
 (As Jews Samaritans despise)  
 Came, when he saw me thus forlorn,  
 With love and pity in his eyes.

Gently he rais'd me from the ground,  
 Press'd me to lean upon his arm,  
 And into ev'ry gaping wound  
 He pour'd his own all-healing balm.

Unto his church my steps he led,  
 The house prepar'd for sinners lost,  
 Gave charge I should be cloth'd and fed,  
 And took upon him all the cost.

Thus sav'd from death, from want secur'd,  
 I wait till he again shall come  
 (When I shall be compleatly cur'd),  
 And take me to his heav'nly home.

There, through eternal boundless days,  
 When Nature's wheel no longer rolls,  
 How shall I love, adore, and praise,  
 This good Samaritan of souls!

**363.** *The Legion dispossessed.* 8. 7.

**L**EGION was my name by nature,  
 Satan rag'd within my breast,  
 Never misery was greater,  
 Never sinner more possess'd:



Mischievous to all around me,  
To myself the greatest foe ;  
Thus I was, when Jesus found me,  
Fill'd with madness, sin, and woe.

Yet in this forlorn condition,  
When he came to set me free,  
I reply'd to my Physician,  
“ What have I to do with thee ? ”  
But he would not be prevented,  
Rescu'd me against my will ;  
Had he staid till I consented,  
I had been a captive still.

“ Satan, though thou fain wouldst have it,  
“ Know this soul is none of thine ;  
“ I have shed my blood to save it,  
“ Now I challenge it for mine :  
“ Though it long has thee resembled,  
“ Henceforth it shall me obey : ”  
Thus he spoke, while Satan trembled,  
Gnash'd his teeth, and fled away.

Thus my frantic soul he healed,  
Bid my sins and sorrows cease ;  
“ Take,” said he, “ my pardon sealed,  
“ I have sav'd thee—go in peace.”  
Rather take me, Lord, to heaven,  
Now thy love and grace I know ;  
Since thou hast my sins forgiven,  
Why should I remain below ?

" Love," he said, " will sweeten labours,  
 " Thou hast something yet to do;  
 " Go and tell your friends and neighbours,  
 " What my love has done for you;  
 " Live to manifest my glory,  
 " Wait for heav'n a little space:  
 " Sinners, when they hear thy story,  
 " Will repent, and seek my face."

364. *God's presence is light in darkness.*

C. M.

**M**Y God! the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights;  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights!

In darkest shades if he appear,  
 My dawning is begun!

He is my soul's sweet morning-star,  
 And he my rising sun.

The op'ning heav'ns around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 While Jesus shews his heart is mine,  
 And whispers, " I am his!"

My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
 At that transporting word;  
 Run up with joy the shining way  
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;  
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
 Should bear me conqu'ror thro'.

365. *The Sinner's portion and Saint's hope ;  
or, the Heaven of separate Souls, and  
the Resurrection. L. M.*

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

Their hope and portion lies below ;  
'Tis all the happiness they know ;  
'Tis all they seek : they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.

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

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

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

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

366. *Holy Mourning.* C. M.

LORD, while I wander here below,  
 What ill's my soul annoy;  
 But O! of thee I little know,  
 And still I less enjoy.

I often hear the word of *life*,  
 And all seems *death* within;  
 I feel a strange mysterious strife,  
 Between my soul and sin.

I read the truth, and think it o'er,  
 And long to know thy will;  
 And wrestle for thy Spirit's pow'r;  
 But, ah! how barren still.

But shall I from thy throne retreat,  
 And hopeless, yield to fear;  
 No, in the strength of God I'll wait,  
 'Till mercy shall appear.

And mercy ne'er can tarry long;  
 For O! at Calv'ry's voice,  
 Mercy shall wing her way along,  
 And I shall soon rejoice.

Then still, my soul, fresh cries lift up,  
 Stand firm in Zion's ways;  
 Thy God shall shortly crown thy hope,  
 And fill thee with his praise.

367. *The Christian Warfare.* L. M.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
 And gird the gospel-armour on;  
 March to the gates of endless joy,  
 Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
 But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;  
 Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,  
 And sung the triumph when he rose.

[What tho' the prince of darkness rage,  
 And waste the fury of his spite;  
 Eternal chains confine him down  
 To fi'ry deeps, and endless night.

What tho' thine inward lusts rebel,  
 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;  
 The weapons of victorious grace  
 Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]

Then let my soul march boldly on,  
 Press forward to the heav'nly gate;  
 There peace and joy eternal reign,  
 And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

There shall I wear a starry crown,  
 And triumph in almighty grace;  
 While all the armies of the skies  
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

**368.** *Looking unto Christ.* 8. 7.

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

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



Truly blessed is this station,  
 Low before his cross to lie ;  
 While I see divine compassion  
 Floating in his languid eye.

Here it is I find my heaven,  
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;  
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
 I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe :  
 Constant still in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death.

May I still enjoy this feeling,  
 In all need to Jesus go ;  
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,  
 And himself more deeply know!

**369.** *Growing in Grace.* L. M.

**P**RAISE to thy name, eternal God,  
 For all the grace thou shed'st abroad ;  
 For all thy influence from above,  
 To warm our souls with sacred love :  
 Bless'd be thy hand, which from the skies  
 Brought down this plant of Paradise ;  
 And gave its heav'nly beauties birth  
 To deck this wilderness of earth.

But why does that celestial flower  
 Open and thrive, and shine no more?  
 Where are its balmy odours fled?  
 And why reclines its beauteous head?

Too plain, alas! the languor shews  
 Th' unkindly soil in which it grows;  
 Where the black frost and beating storm  
 Wither and rend its tender form.

Unchanging Sun thy beams display  
 To drive the frost and storm away;  
 Make all thy potent virtues known  
 To cheer a plant so much thy own.

And thou, bless'd Spirit, deign to blow  
 Fresh gales from heaven on shrubs below;  
 So shall they grow, and breathe abroad  
 A fragrance grateful to our God.

**370.** *I will trust, and not be afraid.* 104<sup>th</sup>.

**B**EGONE unbelief! my Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief, will surely appear;  
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform:  
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,  
 'Tis *mine* to obey, 'tis *his* to provide:  
 Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
 The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

His love in time past, forbids me to think  
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;  
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite  
 thro'.

Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path,  
 When Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;

And can he have taught me to trust in his  
name,  
And thus far have brought me to put me to  
shame?

Why should I complain of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain?—he told me no less:  
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,  
Thro' much tribulation must follow their Lord.  
How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might  
live?

His way was much rougher and darker than  
mine?

Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine;  
Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;  
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before  
long,  
And then, Oh how pleasant the conqueror's  
song!

## BAPTISM.

371. *Baptism.* S. M.

THOU great incarnate God.  
Behold thy children stand;  
Warm'd with the fire of love divine,  
They bow to thy command.  
When bury'd with the Lord,  
May they his presence find;  
Prove that the pleasures of his throne  
Are with obedience join'd.

When rising from the stream,  
 Lord, shew thy lovely face;  
 May all the joys of heav'n descend,  
 And glory fill the place.

Then may these happy saints,  
 In thy commandments run;  
 'Till they shall reach the realms of bliss,  
 And mount Immanuel's throne.

There they shall sit and sing,  
 The once baptized Lamb;  
 Make all the courts of heav'n resound,  
 With his eternal name.

Then with what sacred joy,  
 They'll tune their Saviour's praise!  
 Millions of millions there shall join,  
 To swell the heav'nly lays.

372. *The same.* C. M.

**O**N Jordan we would often muse,  
 There view the Lamb of God,  
 With John descending in the stream,  
 And plung'd beneath the flood.

While great Jehovah's voice is heard,  
 From the pure realms above,  
 "This is my dear eternal Son,  
 "Pure object of my love."

Thus Christ the great example gives,  
 All heav'n approves the deed;  
 Thus the dear saints pursue the path  
 Of Zion's glorious head,

Dear Lord, when these, thy ransom'd saints,  
 Are in thy name baptiz'd,  
 Shine from the glorious throne of grace,  
 And show thyself well pleas'd.

Honour'd with God's approving smile,  
 And blessings from above;  
 Then let the world with anger frown,  
 We'll pity, pray, and love.

All the commands of Zion's King,  
 We'll cordially embrace;  
 For all his ways are pay'd with love,  
 And all his paths are peace.

373. *The same.* C. M.

LORD, may the messengers of peace,  
 Thy ev'ry truth proclaim;  
 Sway'd by the force of sov'reign grace,  
 Baptize in thy great name.

If twice ten thousand foes withstand,  
 Thy word is still the same;  
 Still we obey thy great command,  
 Baptize in thy great name.

Fearless of all that men can say,  
 We trace the heav'nly Lamb;  
 Pursue him in the wat'ry way,  
 Baptizing in his name.

Lord, while thy saints thus follow thee,  
 Thy glory is their aim;  
 Constrain'd by love, they long to be  
 Baptiz'd in thy great name.

Come, Jesus, in thy flaming car,  
 Thy mercy now proclaim;



Smile on thy children, while they are  
Baptiz'd in thy great name.

Lord, bid our ev'ry fear be gone,  
Support each weaker frame ;  
Bless'd with thy presence, we'll go on  
Baptizing in thy great name.

374. *The same.* 8. 7.

**O** YE blood-wash'd ransom'd sinners,  
Highly favour'd of the Lord,  
Now ye prove your love to Jesus,  
By regarding of his word.

See his wat'ry tomb before you ;  
Hear him echo—" Follow me ;"  
For beneath the streams of Jordan,  
Christ, your great Redeemer, lay.

Yes—beneath those honour'd waters,  
Great Immanuel was baptiz'd ;  
Out of which he then ascended,  
And the Father was well pleas'd.

Love constrains you all to follow  
Jesus to his liquid grave :  
Now look up, expect his presence,  
Which he's promis'd you shall have.

Jesus, come ; thine approbation  
May we gladly see and feel ;  
Cause, O cause the heav'ns to open,  
And thy wond'rous love reveal.

Joys exulting be imparting,  
Transports, raptures, all divine !  
Now, O now, on all our spirits,  
—May thine heav'nly glories shine.

**375. *Repent, and be Baptized.* 148.**

**REPENT**, and be baptiz'd,  
 Saith your redeeming Lord;  
 Ye all are now appriz'd,  
 That 'tis your Saviour's word;  
 Arise, arise, without delay,  
 And his divine command obey.

Ye penitential race,  
 Who fell at Jesu's feet,  
 Sav'd by his glorious grace,  
 Come, to his will submit;  
 And be baptiz'd without delay,  
 And his divine command obey.

Come, ye believing train,  
 No more this truth withstand;  
 No longer think in vain,  
 To honour God's command;  
 But haste, arise, without delay,  
 And be baptiz'd in Jesu's way.

Jesus, thou Prince of Peace,  
 To thy great name we pray;  
 Make the converted race,  
 Thine ordinance obey;  
 O may thy love their souls o'ercome,  
 And draw them to thy liquid tomb.

**376. *Baptism.* 148.**

**LORD** of abounding grace,  
 Shine from thy glorious throne;  
 With thy transporting smiles,  
 This institution crown;

In strains of rapture may we sing,  
 While we confess our Lord and King,  
 Jordan we call to mind,  
 Where Jesus was baptiz'd;  
 Where the eternal God,  
 Proclaim'd himself well pleas'd;  
 Where the bright scenes of glory shone,  
 Around the everlasting Son.

Inspir'd with love and zeal,  
 The grateful saints pursue  
 The pleasing paths of God,  
 With Jesus in their view;  
 They own their Saviour strong to save;  
 They own him in the wat'ry grave.

Now, Jesus, come, and bless  
 This ordinance of thine;  
 O bless thy waiting saints,  
 With blessings all divine;  
 Give them a soul-refreshing sight,  
 Of all the blissful realms of light.

377. *The same.* L. M.

Now, thou exalted Prince of Peace,  
 Behold the subjects of thy grace;  
 Drawn by the pleasing cords of love,  
 In wisdom's ways they sweetly move.  
 When in the water they descend,  
 There may they meet the sinner's Friend;  
 Smiling from yonder blissful throne,  
 Sending immortal blessings down.

O may they find beneath the wave,  
That Christ is in the liquid grave;  
May they sink deep in love divine,  
And feel the death of self and sin.

When from the honour'd stream they rise,  
Then may they view the op'ning skies;  
May the bright beams of light appear,  
Proving the Lord is truly here.

May ev'ry good to them be giv'n,  
And let them feel the smiles of heav'n;  
Then shall they find celestial peace,  
And triumph in thy special grace.

May all the ransom'd of thy blood  
Own 'tis a great command of God;  
May each obey the sacred word,  
And follow their incarnate Lord.

378. *The same.* L. M.

WHEN we baptize, we see the mode,  
In honour'd Jordan's swelling flood;  
We're deaf to error's impious voice;  
The way Christ chose, becomes our choice.

Down in the stream they both descend,  
And John immers'd the sinner's friend;  
Out of the water straitway came,  
The lovely, all-obedient Lamb.

Then, lo! the heavens open'd are,  
A dove celestial doth appear;  
And now the Father's voice is heard,  
(Approving the incarnate Word.)

“ This, this is my beloved Son,  
 “ Of whom I speak, whom now I own;  
 “ In him well pleas'd, I am always,  
 “ Because in all things he obeys.”

Now, ye believing souls, regard  
 The conduct of your glorious Lord;  
 Walk in his honour'd paths, and prove  
 How greatly his commands you love.

And now, O God, in love come down,  
 And this thy institution own;  
 Show to thy saints rich scenes of grace,  
 While Christ the Lord, they now confess.

**379.** *Faith assisted by sense; or, Preaching,  
 Baptism, and the Lord's Supper. C. M.*

**M**Y Saviour-God, my Sov'reign-Prince,  
 Reigns far above the skies!  
 But brings his graces down to sense,  
 And helps my faith to rise.

My eyes and ears shall bless his name,  
 They read and hear his word:  
 My touch and taste shall do the same,  
 When they receive the Lord.

Baptismal water is design'd  
 To seal his cleansing grace,  
 While at his feast of bread and wine  
 He gives his saints a place.

But not the waters of a flood  
 Can make my flesh so clean,  
 As by his Spirit and his blood  
 He'll wash my soul from sin,



Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,  
 So much my heart refresh,  
 As when my faith goes thro' the signs,  
 And feeds upon his flesh.

I love the Lord, who stoops so low,  
 To give his word a seal;  
 But his rich grace his hands bestow  
 Exceeds the figures still.

**380.** *Not Ashamed of Christ.* L. M.

**J**ESUS! and shall it ever be  
 A mortal man asham'd of thee!  
 Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine through endless days!

Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far  
 Let evening blush to own a star;  
 He sheds the beams of light divine  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon  
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon:  
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,  
 Bright Morning-Star! bid darkness flee.

Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend  
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!  
 No; when I blush—be this my shame  
 That I no more revere his name.

Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,  
 When I've no guilt to wash away,  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—

Till then I boast a Saviour slain!

And O may this my glory be,

That Christ is not asham'd of me!

[His institutions would I prize,

Take up my cross—the shame despise;

Dare to defend his nobler cause,

And yield obedience to his Laws.]

**381.** *Obedience to Christ's commission.* L. M'

“Go teach the nations, and baptize,”

Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries;

His glad apostles took the word,

And round the nations preach'd their Lord,

Commission'd thus by Zion's King,

We to his holy laver bring

These happy converts, who have known

And trusted in his grace alone.

Lord, in thy house they seek thy face;

O bless them with peculiar grace;

Refresh their souls with love divine;

Let beams of glory round them shine.

**382.** *On the Baptism of Christ.* 148,

WHAT condescending grace

Did our dear Lord display,

At Jordan's flowing streams,

On his baptizing day!

Here, Lord, we see

Thy glory bright,

And follow thee

With great delight.

Behold, the man of God  
 At humble distance stands.  
 And to baptize his Lord,  
 Withholds his active hands:  
 I stand in need,  
 He meekly said,  
 To be baptiz'd  
 By thee, my Head.

Jesus replies to John:  
 " Suffer it thus to be;  
 " My Father's will be done,  
 " It thus becometh me:  
 " And all my saints  
 " Should thus fulfil  
 " My holy Father's  
 " Righteous will."

The Baptist then obey'd,  
 And laid his Lord beneath,  
 In Jordan's honour'd streams,  
 A yielding wat'ry-wave.  
 Why should we fear  
 To follow him,  
 Who saves our souls  
 From hell and sin?

Ascending from the flood,  
 The heavens open'd were ;  
 The Spirit, like a dove,  
 Did on him then appear.  
 The voice proclaims,  
 " My pleasure's done,  
 " By this, my well  
 " Beloved Son

Into thy wat'ry tomb,  
 Dear Jesus, we descend ;  
 'Tis grace that gives us room  
 To lie with such a Friend.  
 We quit the grave,  
 And with thee rise,  
 Who left the same,  
 And reach'd the skies.

383. *On the Baptism of the Eunuch. C. M.*

FROM Candace's queen the eunuch came,  
 To worship at Jerusalem ;  
 On his return did God display,  
 His sov'reign grace while on the way.  
 As Philip's orders were divine,  
 With haste he must the chariot join ;  
 The sacred text did he explain,  
 And preached Jesus from the same.  
 The man's converted strait we see,  
 And then baptized he would be :  
 His faith in Christ was first requir'd,  
 Which he professed as desir'd.  
 Into the water both did go,  
 Both Philip and the eunuch too ;  
 Immers'd he was in Jesu's name,  
 With joy believing in the same.  
 Thus drawn with love, I would not stay,  
 But with delight walk in the way  
 My Lord has led, his saints have gone,  
 Relying on his grace alone.

384. *Reflection on the Eunuch's Baptism.* C.M.

WELL, now my ignorance I see,  
 And see it to my shame ;  
 It is a privilege to be  
 Baptiz'd in Jesu's name.

O! how I've seen it as a cross,  
 Too great to be endur'd ;  
 To be baptiz'd as Jesus was,  
 And buried with my Lord.

This is the way, which God above,  
 Commanded John to teach ;  
 This is the way, the Lord of love,  
 Bade his Apostles preach.

This is the way the saints of old,  
 Their faith and love profess'd ;  
 O how presumptuous, vain, and bold,  
 Are those who dare resist !

This is the way, I'll walk therein,  
 Howe'er it is despis'd ;  
 See here is water, let me then  
 Go down, and be baptiz'd.

Like Ethiopia's eunuch, lo !  
 My Master I obey,  
 And when baptiz'd, O may I go,  
 Rejoicing on my way.

## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

385. *An Invitation to the Gospel Feast.* C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
 Behold a royal feast !  
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store  
 For ev'ry welcome guest.



THE LORD'S SUPPER. 345

See, Jesus stands with open arms ;  
He calls, he bids you come :  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;  
But see, there yet is room !

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,  
There love and pity meet ;  
Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
That trembles at his feet.

In him the Father reconcil'd,  
Invites the souls to come ;  
The rebel shall be call'd a child,  
And kindly welcom'd home.

O come, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love ;  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.

There, with united heart and voice,  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
In ecstasies unknown,

Ten thousand times ten thousand more  
Are welcome still to come ;  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;  
Approach, there yet is room.

386. *The Sufferings of Christ on Calvary's  
Tree.* C. M.

BEHOLD ! the mighty Suff'rer hangs  
Extended on a tree ;  
Calls to the nations, far and near,  
The wond'rous sight to see.

## 346 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Thro' the whole earth he rolls his voice ;  
Thus speaks the mighty God :

“ Sinners, behold *the tortur'd man,*  
“ Behold the *crimson flood.*”

Jesus, we look, and are amaz'd,  
Yet pleas'd with what we see ;  
While we behold the fruits of love,  
Dropping from Calv'ry's tree.

Lord, help us to improve the sight,  
On thy dear self recline ;  
And thro' the emblems of thy death,  
Enjoy a life divine,

While of thy supper we partake,  
May all be richly bless'd ;  
And at the marriage feast above,  
Be each an honour'd guest.

There of thy bleeding love we'll sing,  
Sing with transported souls ;  
While all the wonders of the cross  
O'er ev'ry spirit rolls.

### 387. *Eternal Life flows from Calvary's purple Stream.* C. M.

MY wond'ring soul, what dost thou see,  
On yonder mountain shine !  
Sure 'tis the most amazing sight,  
That e'er by man was seen.

O 'tis a sight that makes me weep,  
And yet doth joy impart ;  
A sight that wounds, a sight that heals,  
A sight that charms my heart.

THE LORD'S SUPPER. 347

O may my spirit now adore  
The suff'ring Son of God!  
And never, never, cease to gaze,  
Upon the flowing blood.  
Now, Lord, thro' thy rich sacrifice,  
May all my sins depart;  
And with a blaze of dying love,  
Break, and dissolve my heart.  
Lord, help us now to sing aloud,  
Jesus shall be the theme;  
For life eternal richly flows,  
From Calv'ry's purple stream.  
Lord, to thy cross we'd fix our eyes;  
Thy bleeding love adore;  
And triumph in thy sacrifice,  
When time shall be no more.

388. *The Gospel Feast.* C. M.

O WHAT a noble feast is this!  
It makes us sweetly sing;  
Thro' bread and wine we clearly trace,  
The death of Christ our king.  
In bread, we view the bruised flesh,  
In wine we see the blood;  
And oh! the flesh and blood of Christ,  
Prove most delightful food.  
Our happy spirits now admire,  
The dying Prince of Peace;  
For in his suff'rings we behold,  
A matchless scene of grace.

348 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

O Jesus, may our longing eyes,  
Be fasten'd on thy death;  
May we thus gaze our time away,  
And thus resign our breath.

Then may we all triumphant rise,  
Up to the courts on high;  
There will Immanuel feast his saints,  
And make them sing for joy.

Celestial love, and sacred blood,  
Shall fill the noble song;  
Sweet hallelujahs shall employ  
The wond'rous happy throng.

389. *Pardon brought to our Senses.* C. M.

LORD, how divine thy comforts are!  
How heav'nly is the place  
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast  
Of his redeeming grace!

There the rich bounties of our God,  
And sweetest glories shine;  
There Jesus says, that "I am his,  
"And my beloved's mine."

"Here," (says the kind redeeming Lord,  
And shews his wounded side)

"See here the spring of all your joys,  
"That open'd when I dy'd!"

[He smiles and cheers my mournful heart,  
And tells of all his pain;

"All this," says he, I bore for thee;"  
And then he smiles again.]

THE LORD'S SUPPER. 349

What shall we pay our heav'nly King  
For grace so vast as this?  
He brings our pardon to our eyes,  
And seals it with a kiss.

[Let such amazing loves as these  
Be sounded all abroad ;  
Such favours are beyond degrees,  
And worthy of a God.]

[To him that wash'd us in his blood  
Be everlasting praise ;  
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,  
Eternal as his days.]

390. *The Agonies of Christ.* C. M.

Now let our pains be all forgot,  
Our hearts no more repine ;  
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,  
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

In lively figures here we see  
The bleeding Prince of Love ;  
Each of us hopes he dy'd for me,  
And then our griefs remove.

[Our humble faith here takes her rise,  
While sitting round his board ;  
And back to Calvary she flies  
To view her groaning Lord.

His soul, what agonies it felt  
When his own God withdrew ;  
And the large load of all our guilt  
Lay heavy on him too!



## 350 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

But the divinity within  
Supported him to bear :  
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,  
And made his triumph there.]

Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought  
The wonders of that day :  
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,  
Can equal thanks repay.

Our hymns should sound like those above,  
Could we our voices raise ;  
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,  
And all our lives be praise.

391. *Glorying in the Cross: or, not  
ashamed of Christ crucified.* L. M.

AT thy command, our dearest Lord,  
Here we attend thy dying feast ;  
Thy blood-like wine adorns thy board,  
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in one that dy'd ;  
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
And fling their scandals on thy cause ;  
We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumph in his cross.

With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
He that was dead hath left his tomb ;  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.

392. *The Tree of Life, and River of Love,*  
C. M.

LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,  
And sing the solemn feast,  
Where sweet celestial dainties stand  
For ev'ry willing guest.

[The tree of life adorns the board  
With rich immortal fruit,  
And ne'er an angry flaming sword  
To guard the passage to't.

The cup stands crown'd with living juice,  
The fountain flows above,  
And runs down streaming for our use,  
In rivulets of love.]

The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,  
The pleasures well refin'd;  
They spread new life thro' ev'ry heart,  
And cheer the drooping mind.

Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,  
Ye saints that taste his wine:  
Join with your kindred saints above,  
In loud hosannas join.

A thousand glories to the God  
That gives such joy as this;  
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,  
And reach where Jesus is,

352 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

393. *The Compassion of a Dying Christ.*  
L. M.

**O**UR spirits join t' adore the Lamb,  
O! that our feeble lips could move  
In strains immortal as his name,  
And melting as his dying love!

Was ever equal pity found?  
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,  
And pours his life out on the ground,  
To ransom guilty worms from death.

[Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;  
He from the threat'nings set us free,  
Bore the full veng'ance on his cross,  
And nail'd the curses to the tree.]

[The law proclaims no terror now,  
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;  
From all his wounds new blessings flow,  
A sea of joy without a shore.

Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,  
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood;  
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins  
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]

In vain our mortal voices strive  
To speak compassion so divine;  
Had we a thousand lives to give,  
A thousand lives should all be thine,

394. *Divine Glories and Graces.* C. M.

How are thy glories here display'd!  
Great God, how bright they shine!  
While at thy word we break the bread,  
And pour the flowing wine!

Here thy revenging justice stands,  
And pleads its dreadful cause;  
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,  
Like Jesus on the cross,

Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace  
On this great sacrifice;  
And love appears with cheerful face,  
And faith with fixed eyes.

Our hope in waiting posture sits,  
To heav'n directs her sight;  
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,  
And warmer powers unite.

Zeal and revenge perform their part,  
And rising sin destroy:  
Repentance comes with aching heart,  
Yet not forbids the joy.

Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,  
Let sin for ever die;  
Then shall our souls be all delight,  
And ev'ry tear be dry.

354 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

395. *Communion with Christ, and with  
Saints.* S. M.

**J**ESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board ;  
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold  
Communion with their Lord.

For food he gives his flesh,  
He bids us drink his blood ;  
Amazing favour, matchless grace,  
Of our redeeming God !

Let all our powers be join'd  
His glorious name to raise ;  
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise.

396. *Prayer for Communion with Christ.*  
L. M,

**P**ITY a helpless sinner, Lord,  
Who would believe thy gracious word ;  
But own my heart with shame and grief  
A sink of sin and unbelief.

Lord, in thy house I read there's room,  
And vent'ring hard, behold I come ;  
But can there, tell me, can there be,  
Amongst thy children room for me ?

I eat the bread, and drink the wine,  
But O my soul wants more than sign ;  
I faint unless I feed on thee,  
And drink thy blood as shed for me.



THE LORD'S SUPPER. 355

For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed,  
For I'm a sinner vile indeed.  
Lord, I believe thy grace is free,  
O magnify it now in me.

397. *Before Receiving.* C. M.

THE King of heaven a feast has made;  
And to his much-lov'd friends,  
The faint, the famish'd, and the sad,  
This invitation sends.

“ Beggars, approach my royal board,  
“ Furnish'd with all that's good:  
“ Come, sit at table with your Lord,  
“ And eat celestial food.

“ My body and my blood receive,  
“ It comes entirely free:  
“ I ask no price for all I give—  
“ But O, remember *me!*”

Lo, at thy gracious bidding, Lord,  
Tho' vile and base, we come,  
O speak the reconciling word,  
And welcome wand'ers home.

Rich wine, and milk, and heav'nly meat,  
We come to buy, and live;  
Since *nothing* is the price that's set,  
And we have nought to give.

Impart to all thy flock below,  
The blessings of thy death;  
On ev'ry begging soul bestow  
Thy love, thy hope, thy faith,

## 356 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

May each, with strength from heav'n endu'd,  
Say, " My beloved's mine :  
" I eat his flesh, and drink his blood,  
" In signs of bread and wine."

### 398. *The Table spread for the Church.* C. M.

**T**HIS is the day our Lord has made ;  
Rejoice my friends, to see  
His royal table richly spread  
For such vile worms as we.

Ye beggars, from your dunghills rise,  
Cast off your rags of shame :  
Open ye blind, your long-clos'd eyes ;  
And leap for joy, ye lame.

Come and with regal robes be clad,  
All at the cost of Christ :  
Come ev'ry one a king be made,  
And ev'ry one a priest.

Welcome, poor sinner, welcome here ;  
Leave all thy cares behind ;  
Dismiss thy doubt, cast off thy fear ;  
Give reas'nings to the wind.

Believe thy God ; believe his word,  
His Spirit, and his Son,  
Only believe thy dying Lord,  
And all the work is done.

Come, eat his flesh, and drink his blood ;  
Make all his merits thine,  
Sure as thy body lives on food,  
And feels the strength of wine.

399. *Peace is made by the Blood of the  
Cross.* S. M.

**G**LORY to God on high;  
Our peace is made with heav'n:  
The Son of God came down to die,  
That sin might be forgiv'n.

His precious blood was shed,  
His body bruis'd for sin;  
Remember *this* in eating bread,  
And *that* in drinking wine.

Approach his royal board,  
In his rich garments clad,  
Join ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord,  
And ev'ry heart be glad.

The Father gives the Son;  
The Son his flesh and blood;  
The Spirit applies, and faith puts on,  
The righteousness of God.

Sinners the gift receive:  
And each say, "I am chief;  
"Thou know'st, O Lord, I would believe  
"O! help my unbelief."

Lord, help us from above;  
Thy power is all thy own:  
Faith is thy gift, and hope, and love;  
For of ourselves we've none.

358 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

400. *Receiving the Memorials of Christ with Prayer.* C. M.

THE blest memorials of thy grief,  
Thy suff'rings, and thy death,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
But would receive with faith.

The tokens, sent us to relieve  
Our spirits when they droop,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
But would receive with hope.

The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,  
Our mournful minds to move,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
But would receive with love,

Here, in obedience to thy word,  
We take thy bread and wine;  
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,  
For all beyond is thine.

Increase our faith, and hope, and love;  
Lord give us all that's good;  
We would thy full salvation prove,  
And share thy flesh and blood.

401. *The solemn Feast ordained by Christ.*  
C. M.

THAT doleful night before his death,  
The Lamb for sinners slain  
Did almost with his latest breath  
This solemn feast ordain.

THE LORD'S SUPPER. 359

To keep thy feast, Lord, we are met,  
And to remember thee:  
Help each poor trembler to repeat,  
*For me* he died;—*for me*.

Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign  
To our remembrance brings:  
We eat the bread, and drink the wine;  
But think on nobler things.

O, tune our tongues, and set in frame  
Each heart that pants to thee,  
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb,  
"The Lamb that died for *me*." *Hal.*

402. *The Lord's Supper instituted.* L. M.

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!

"This is my body, broke for sin;  
"Receive and eat the living food;"  
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;  
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

[For us his flesh with nails was torn,  
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;  
And justice pour'd upon his head  
Its heavy veng'ance in our stead.



## 360 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

For us his vital blood was spilt,  
To buy the pardon of our guilt;  
When, for black crimes of biggest size,  
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

“ Do this, (he cry'd) 'till time shall end,  
“ In mem'ry of your dying friend;  
“ Meet at my table, and record  
“ The love of your departed Lord.”

[Jesus! thy feast we celebrate,  
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

## ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

### 403. *Prayer for Union in the Church.* C. M.

DEAR Saviour, may this church of thine.  
Flourish in all thy ways,  
Increase in love, abound in zeal,  
And grow in fervent praise.

Still as they walk the paths of truth,  
Thy greater grace display,  
And glory all immortal shine,  
Along their happy way.

May nothing break the bonds of love,  
Or hide thy brighter face,  
But all with growing warmth aspire,  
And pant for growing peace.

May the dear pastor of the flock,  
 Be faithful, and sincere,  
 Preach the whole council of the Lord,  
 And firmly persevere.

O let him see the hand of love,  
 Sealing the gospel word,  
 And feel an unction all divine,  
 Descending from the Lord.

May all the blessings of a God,  
 In rich abundance fall ;  
 Pastor and people all rejoice,  
 And Christ be all in all.

404. *Watching for Souls.* C. M.

LET Sion's watchmen all awake,  
 And take th' alarm they give :  
 Now let them, from the mouth of God,  
 Their awful charge receive.

'Tis not a cause of small import  
 The pastor's care demands ;  
 And what might fill an angel's heart,  
 And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
 Did heav'nly bliss forego ;—  
 For souls which must for ever live,  
 In raptures, or in woe.

All to the great tribunal haste,  
 Th' account to render there ;  
 And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
 Lord where should we appear ?

May they, that Jesus whom they preach,  
 Their own Redeemer see;  
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
 That they may watch for thee.

405. *At the Settlement of a Minister.* L. M.

**S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,  
 With constant care thy humble sheep;  
 By thee inferior pastors rise  
 To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

To all thy churches such impart,  
 Modell'd by thy own gracious heart;  
 Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,  
 Men may attest, and God approve.

Fed by their active tender care,  
 Healthful may all thy sheep appear;  
 And, by their fair example led,  
 The way to Zion's pasture tread!

Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,  
 And scatter'd blessings on thy house;  
 Thy saints are succour'd, and no more  
 As sheep without a guide deplore.

Completely heal each former stroke,  
 And bless the shepherd and the flock;  
 Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,  
 And own this tribute of our praise.

406. *Christ's Care of Ministers and Churches.* C. M.

**W**E bless th' eternal source of light,  
 Who makes the stars to shine ;  
 And, through this dark beclouded world,  
 Diffuseth rays divine.

**W**e bless the church's sov'reign King,  
 Whose golden lamps we are ;  
 Fix'd in the temples of his love  
 To shine with radiance fair.

**S**till be our purity preserv'd ;  
 Still fed with oil the flame ;  
 And in deep characters inscrib'd  
 Our heavenly Master's name !

**T**hen, while between our ranks he walks,  
 And all our state surveys,  
 His smiles shall with new lustre deck  
 The people of his praise.

**ADDRESS TO MINISTERS.**

07. *Missionaries addressed and encouraged.*  
 S. M.

**Y**E Messengers of Christ,  
 His sov'reign voice obey ;  
 Arise! and follow where he leads,  
 And peace attend your way.

## 364 ADDRESS TO MINISTERS.

The master whom you serve  
Will needful strength bestow;  
Depending on his promis'd aid,  
With sacred courage go.

Mountains shall sink to plains,  
And hell in vain oppose;  
The cause is God's, and must prevail,  
In spite of all his foes.

Go, spread a Saviour's fame;  
And tell his matchless grace  
To the most guilty and deprav'd  
Of Adam's num'rous race.

We wish you, in his name,  
The most divine success;  
Assur'd that he who sends you forth  
Will your endeavours bless.

### THE CHURCH.

408. *The Barren Fig-tree.* 148<sup>th</sup>.

THE church a garden is  
In which believers stand,  
Like ornamental trees  
Planted by God's own hand:  
His Spirit waters all their roots,  
And ev'ry branch abounds with fruits.

But other trees there are,  
In this enclosure grow,  
Which, though they promise fair,  
Have only leaves to show:



No fruits of grace are on them found,  
They stand but cumb'ers of the ground.

The under gard'ner grieves,  
In vain his strength he spends,  
For heaps of useless leaves  
Afford him small amends:  
He hears the Lord his will make known,  
To cut the barren fig-trees down.

How difficult his post,  
What pangs his bowels move,  
To find his wishes crost,  
His labours useless prove!  
His last relief is earnest pray'r,  
" Lord, spare them yet another year.

" Spare them, and let me try  
" What further means may do;  
" I'll fresh manure apply,  
" My digging I'll renew:  
" Who knows but yet they fruit may yield?  
" If not—'tis just, they must be fell'd."

If under means of grace  
No gracious fruits appear,  
It is a dreadful case,  
Though God may long forbear:  
At length he'll strike the threat'ned blow,  
And lay the barren fig-tree low.

409. *The Church is the Garden of God.*

L. M.

LORD, 'ti s a pleasant thing to stand  
In g arden planted by thy hand;

Let me within thy courts be seen,  
 Like a young cedar fresh and green.  
 There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
 Blest with thine influence from above ;  
 Not Lebanon with all its trees,  
 Yields such a comely sight as these.

The plants of grace shall ever live ;  
 (Nature decays, but grace must thrive)  
 Time that doth all things else impair,  
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

Laden with fruits of age they shew  
 The Lord is holy, just, and true :  
 None that attend his gates shall find  
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

410. *Union of a Church.* C. M.

- “ GATHER my saints together,” speaks  
 The great eternal Three ;  
 “ Join them in bonds of sacred peace,  
 “ And let them worship me.  
 “ Let them in flocks together meet,  
 “ Together pray and praise ;  
 “ Cleave to each other, cleave to me,  
 “ And walk in all my ways.  
 “ Never forsake my dwelling place,  
 “ But love fair Zion’s hill ;  
 “ Feast on the things my house affords,  
 “ And all my comforts feel.  
 “ Pastor and people all agree,  
 “ To live in constant peace ;

“ Watch for each other’s mutual good,  
 “ And each fill up his place.”

Lord, we’d obey the great command,  
 ’Tis wise, ’tis just, ’tis right;  
 Tends to promote the sweetest love,  
 And each to each unite.

Lord, may this church grow up in grace,  
 And in affection shine;  
 Prove the pure joys that ever flow,  
 From harmony divine.

411. *Zion the City of God.* L. M.

ZION’S a city God hath blest  
 With peace and everlasting rest;  
 A glorious City, strong and fair,  
 Jehovah dwells for ever there.

Her ancient walls appear to be  
 The workmanship of Deity;  
 Founded in grace they still appear  
 Without a flaw or chasm there.

Oft has this City’s strength been try’d  
 By desp’rate foes on ev’ry side;  
 But all in vain th’ attempts have been,  
 She baffles all th’ assaults of sin.

Count ye her tow’rs, how high they rise,  
 Her golden spires, they pierce the skies!  
 Her golden streets are fair to view,  
 Her palaces and bulwarks too.

Then round her walk, her turrets tell,  
 Mark all her brazen bulwarks well;

Spread far and wide her deathless fame,  
Her pearly gates and walls of flame.

Her Founder's love has ever prov'd,  
Like Salem's mounts which ne'er were mov'd;  
'Tis fix'd on this eternal base,  
The grace of God, and gift by grace.

412. *The World and Church contrasted.*

C. M.

WHAT a polluted world it is,  
A vale of sin and woe!  
The sons of earth complain of this,  
But Zion feels it so.

The world to creature-objects fly,  
Their maladies to heal;  
But Zion cries to God on high,  
"Do thou thy face reveal.  
"Saviour divine, reveal thy love;  
"Bright morning star arise,  
"And lead my thoughts to things above,  
"E'en to the upper skies,  
"This shall create a joy within,  
"Beyond what angels know;  
"Shall stimulate my powers to sing  
"The Saviour's praise below."

413. *Opening a Place of Worship,* L. M.

AND will the great eternal God,  
On earth establish his abode;  
And will he, from his heavenly throne,  
Avow our temples for his own?

These walls we to thy honour raise,  
 Long may they echo to thy praise ;  
 And thou descending, fill the place  
 With choicest tokens of thy grace,  
 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
 With all the graces of his train :  
 While power divine, his word attends,  
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends,  
 And in the great decisive day,  
 When God the nations shall survey ;  
 May it before the world appear,  
 That crowds were born to glory here.

SAFETY OF THE CHURCH.

414. *God's Foundation.* 7<sup>s</sup>.

**G**OD'S foundation standeth sure,  
 We shall to the end endure ;  
 Safely with the Shepherd keep,  
 Those he purchas'd for his sheep.

God's foundation, &c.

Known to him before the sun  
 First began his course to run,  
 Chosen, called from above,  
 Objects of eternal love.

God's foundation, &c.

Put thy seal upon each heart,  
 Thy blest image, Lord, impart ;  
 All thyself in us reveal,  
 We the clay, and thou the seal.

God's foundation, &c.



### 370 SAFETY OF THE CHURCH.

Every evil, Lord, subdue,  
By thy grace our souls renew ;  
Then from base affection free,  
Dead to sin, we'll live to thee.

God's foundation standeth sure,  
We shall to the end endure.

### 415. *The Church's Safety and Triumph among National Desolations.* L. M.

**G**OD is the refuge for his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep, and bury'd there ;  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
In sacred peace our souls abide ;  
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God !  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro',  
And wat'ring our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
That all our raging fear controuls :  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And gives new strength to fainting souls.

**SAFETY OF THE CHURCH. 371**

Sion enjoys her monarch's love,  
Secure against a threat'ning hour;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

**416. *Christ a Refuge.* C. M.**

**C**HRI**S**T is the sinner's only friend,  
Salvation's in his name;  
His love to Zion knows no end,  
To endless years the same.

Christ is a refuge in distress,  
When tempests rage within,  
Or when her foes around her press,  
The world, death, hell, and sin.

The way, the glorious way to God,  
Shines in his bleeding side;  
From ev'ry stain of sin that flood  
Shall surely cleanse his bride.

Her life from danger is secure,  
'Tis hid with Christ above;  
Jehovah's throne stands not more sure  
Than his unchanging love.

Tho' still her sins displeasing are,  
He views her in his Son;  
Clad with his vesture, bright and fair,  
She's like the Holy One.

For that blest hour she daily sighs,  
When, his dear face to view,  
She, mounting to her native skies,  
Shall bid all sin adieu.

## 372 SAFETY OF THE CHURCH.

417. *Christ a Refuge from the Storm.* L. M.

**G**REAT Rock, for weary sinners made,  
When storms of sin infest the soul;  
Here let me rest my weary head  
When light'nings blaze, and thunders roll.

Within the clefts of his dear side,  
There all his saints in safety dwell;  
And what from Jesus shall divide?  
Not all the rage of earth or hell.

Blest with the pardon of her sin,  
My soul beneath thy shade would lie,  
And sing the love that took me in,  
And others left in sin to die.

O sacred Covert, from the beams  
That on the weary trav'ler beat,  
How welcome are thy shade and streams,  
How blest, how sacred, and how sweet!

And when that awful storm takes place,  
That hurls destruction far and near,  
My soul shall refuge in thy grace,  
And take her glorious shelter there.

To shake this rock thy saints are in,  
Tempest or storm shall ne'er prevail;  
'Twill stand the blast of hell and sin,  
And anchor sure within the vail.

418. *Lot in Sodom; or God's care of his  
Saints.* C. M.

**W**HO can the dreadful horrors tell  
Of that tremendous hour,

When guilty Sodom sunk to hell,  
Beneath a fi'ry show'r.

Just as the sun had shot his beams  
Across the slumb'ring world,  
The liquid fire descends in streams,  
And vengeance was unfurl'd.

But ere Jehovah's wrath was rous'd  
To pour the dreadful fire,  
Lot was in Zoar safely hous'd,  
Secure from burning ire.

This little city's favour'd wall  
Did well the saint defend;  
He saw the flaming torrents fall  
And heard their cries ascend.

He sung in sweet, exalted strains,  
Preserving grace most free,  
That bid him haste across the plains,  
And to this city flee.

Thus shall the soul that grace redeems,  
Fly from the wrath to come,  
To Jesu's wounds, where pardon streams,  
His blest eternal home.

419. *God the Hope of Israel.* S. M.

“ To Israel,” saith the Lord,  
“ Who doubts my guardian care?  
“ I'll succour, help, and strength afford,  
“ In faithfulness I swear.

## 374 SAFETY OF THE CHURCH.

“ For ever, in my sight,  
“ I’ll guide thee with mine eye;  
“ My portion, and my soul’s delight,  
“ My treasure, and my joy.  
“ When rugged is the way,  
“ My grace shall strengthen thee,  
“ And in affliction’s troubled sea,  
“ My footsteps thou shall see.  
“ I love thee on the mount,  
“ And in the trying day;  
“ For thee thy sorrows I recount,  
“ And fi’ry trials weigh.  
“ When hell, to make thee fall,  
“ Shall with thy sin conspire,  
“ I’ll thee defend, as with a wall  
“ Of everlasting fire.  
“ My pow’r shall guard thy head  
“ From ev’ry cruel foe;  
“ On fi’ry serpents thou shalt tread,  
“ Nor hurt, nor danger know.  
“ I’ll guard thy naked breast,  
“ When shafts from hell are hurl’d,  
“ And crown’d at last, shalt victor rest,  
“ O’er Satan, sin, and world.”

### 420. *The Union betwixt Jesus and his Church.* C. M.

**B**EFORE the day-star knew its place,  
Or planets went their round,  
The church, in bonds of sov’ reign grace  
Were one with Jesus found.



**SAFETY OF THE CHURCH. 375**

In all that Jesus did on earth,  
His church an int'rest have ;  
Go, trace him, from his humble birth,  
Down to the silent grave.

'Twas for his saints he tasted death ;  
All glory to his name ;  
Yet when he yields his dying breath,  
With him his saints o'ercame.

With him his members, on the tree,  
Fulfill'd the law's demands ;  
'Tis " I in them, and they in me ;"  
For thus the union stands.

Since Jesus slept among the dead,  
His saints have nought to fear ;  
For with their glorious suff'ring Head,  
His members sojourn'd there.

When from the tomb we see him rise  
Triumphant o'er his foes,  
He bore his members to the skies,  
With Jesus they arose.

Ye saints, this union can't dissolve,  
By which all things are yours ;  
Long as eternal years revolve,  
Or Deity endures.

**421. God's absolute Dominion. C. M.**

**G**REAT Potentate, supremely wise,  
The Maker of my soul,  
Throughout the world thine empire lies,  
To rule without controul.

## 376 SAFETY OF THE CHURCH.

Supreme in pow'r to govern all  
Who life from thee receive;  
The worthless sparrow ne'er can fall  
Till thou permission give.

Thy council shall for ever stand,  
Tho' nature's frame decays;  
The hearts of men are in thine hand,  
To turn as thou shalt please.

Nature at large shall aid the cause  
That wisdom would fulfil,  
And act against her secret laws,  
To work thy sov'reign will.

The stars, those mighty orbs of light,  
That fill the vast concave,  
Against a Sisera's host shall fight,  
And prove thy pow'r to save.

There's nothing, then, too hard for God,  
He can and will perform;  
He sits as King upon the flood,  
And rules the raging storm.

The wheel of life, at each revolve,  
Some prize or blank shall turn,  
Till thou shalt bid the world dissolve,  
In liquid fire to burn.

422. *Let the Inhabitants of the Rock sing.*

C. M.

IN Christ the Rock, let those who dwell,  
Prepare a song to raise;  
For who like sinners sav'd from hell  
Should sing the Saviour's praise.

## SAFETY OF THE CHURCH. 377

When storms and death the world infest,  
And sin the nations drown ;

Here shall the weary sinner rest,  
When worlds are tumbling down.

What heav'nly prospects feast the eyes,  
When gazing from those hills ;

While scenes of endless bliss arise,  
And joy the bosom fills.

Here they can see the pearly gates  
Of Zion's city fair ;

Where blissful thrones and mansions wait  
Their safe arrival there.

Then shout, ye saints, whose weary feet  
On this bright summit stand ;

To sing the Saviour's praise 'tis meet ;  
You see the promis'd land.

Hither, your souls shall surely rest,  
The promise firm shall prove ;

Till you recline on Jesu's breast,  
And chaunt eternal love.

### 423. *Jesus the Foundation.* L. M.

**H**EAR what the Hope of Israel saith,  
Who holds the keys of life and death ;

Whose potent word must be fulfill'd ;  
“ Upon a rock my church I build.

“ Thou Peter art, but I'm thy Lord,

“ By all the angelic host ador'd ;

“ And, on myself, thy faith can see,

“ I build my church, and not on thee.

## 378 SAFETY OF THE CHURCH.

Strong to defend, tho' hell engage,  
And all its host inflam'd with rage;  
Not more secure, Jehovah's throne,  
Than Zion stands, on Christ, his Son.

In persecution's hottest fire,  
This glorious fabric stood entire;  
Witness the slaughter'd millions, who,  
For Jesu's sake, the flames went through.

Built on his Godhead and his blood,  
She stands, and hath for ever stood;  
Nor hell, nor sin, so firm the base,  
Shall e'er the Christian's hope erase.

When on the cross he bow'd his head,  
He Zion's debt of suff'ring paid;  
And on this rock, for ever blest,  
Shall mercy's glorious fabric rest,

424. *Israel's Safety in Egypt, typical of the  
Safety of the Saints in Christ.* C. M.

To make Jehovah's terror known,  
And lift his name on high,  
A midnight angel, from his throne,  
Must down to Egypt fly.

Israel, the race belov'd of God,  
And his peculiar care,  
Who groan'd beneath th' oppressor's rod,  
In bondage sojourn'd there.

Commission'd thus, in haste he flies,  
To strike the dreadful blow;  
When o'er the door, with wond'ring eyes,  
The peaceful sign he saw.

'Twas blood, but not so rich or free  
 As that which Jesus shed,  
 When on the cross, my soul, for thee,  
 In death he bow'd his head.

This sprinkling blood shall Israel plead,  
 When bending at thy throne;  
 Nor wrath, nor curse, nor terror dread;  
 But claim thee as their own.

Hail! favour'd race, redeem'd by blood,  
 From condemnation free;  
 Nor hell, nor sin, nor fire, nor flood,  
 Shall ever injure thee.

But shelter'd from his vengeful ire,  
 In safety thou shalt dwell,  
 When crashing worlds depart in fire,  
 And wrath, like mountains, swell.

At thy right hand, when this takes place,  
 May I be found to be.  
 A trophy to all-conquering grace;  
 A sinner saved by thee.

425. *Saints in the hands of Christ.* C. M.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,  
 My Lord, my hope, my trust;  
 If I am found in Jesu's hands,  
 My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honour is engag'd to save  
 The meanest of his sheep;  
 All that his heav'nly father gave,  
 His hands securely keep.



**380 CHURCH MEETINGS.**

Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove  
His fav'rites from his breast ;  
In the dear bosom of his love  
They must for ever rest.

**CHURCH MEETINGS.**

**426. *The Union of the Church.* C. M.**

**D**EAR God, 'tis pleasant to behold,  
Delightful 'tis to find,  
'The sheep and lambs of Jesu's fold,  
In gospel-union join'd.

For when thy saints together dwell,  
In pure celestial love,  
Then they divine enjoyments feel,  
And heav'n below they prove.

Come, precious Jesus, and remove  
Thy people's sad complaints,  
Enter the chariot of thy love,  
And ride among thy saints.

O drive our discords all away,  
In streams of sacred blood ;  
And may we evermore agree,  
To seek each other's good.

Jesus, our eye is now to thee ;  
On ev'ry spirit shine ;  
Then, O how tender we shall be,  
To ev'ry child of thine !

May we in heav'nly kindness grow,  
 And to fair Canaan move ;  
 There shall we all for ever know,  
 That God indeed is love.

427. *For a Church Meeting, or Christian  
 Society.* L. M.

How good, how pleasant 'tis to see,  
 The church of Jesus kind and free ;  
 Appearing like a new-born race,  
 Proving the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

How does the Saviour's love cement,  
 Brother to brother, saint to saint ;  
 Each feels the other's care and grief,  
 And runs to give a kind relief.

In paths of peace they sweetly move,  
 And traverse o'er the fields of love ;  
 Kindly they help each other on,  
 And press towards the heav'nly throne.

Now, Lord, may we, thy favour'd train,  
 Ever in purest love remain :  
 May discords evermore subside,  
 And we appear like Jesu's bride.

May we in peace be ever found,  
 And grace in every heart abound ;  
 Soon may we mount the heights above,  
 And live in all the blaze of love.

Then will we sing with all our might,  
 Through the refulgent courts of light ;  
 Highest hosannas shall we raise,  
 And spend eternity in praise.

428. *Love and Unity.*

**J**ESUS, cement our hearts as one,  
 And bury all complaints;  
 May nought divide us from thyself,  
 Or from thy honour'd saints.  
**O** may we feel the flames of love,  
 In ev'ry bosom burn;  
 Rejoice with them that now rejoice,  
 And mourn with them that mourn.  
**Lord**, may our souls for ever be,  
 To evil tempers dead;  
 Make us more gentle, meek, and mild,  
 More like our glorious head.  
**Never** may haughty furious words  
 Our honour'd lips defile;  
**Contention** we could ne'er promote,  
 But strive to reconcile.  
**Long** suff'ring—courteous—loving—kind,  
 We ever wish to be,  
**Just** like the lovely, patient Lamb,  
 That died on Calv'ry's tree.  
**Then** at the great and awful day,  
 When Jesus shall appear,  
**We**, as his saints, shall stand approv'd,  
 Without a rising fear.

429. *Love to Brethren.* S. M.

**B**LEST be the tie that binds,  
 Our hearts in Christian love!  
**The** fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent pray'rs:  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—  
 Our comforts, and our cares.

We share our mutual woes;  
 Our mutual burdens bear,  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain;  
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives  
 Our courage by the way;  
 While each in expectation lives,  
 And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
 And sin we shall be free;  
 And perfect love and friendship reign  
 Thro' all eternity.

### WORSHIP.

430. *Before Sermon.* 8. 7. 4.

**W**ELCOME, welcome, blessed servant,  
 Messenger of Jesu's grace!  
**O** how beautiful the feet of  
 Him that brings good news of peace.  
 All hail, herald! all hail, herald! &c.  
 Priest of God, thy people's joy!

Saviour, bless his message to us,  
 Give us hearts to hear the sound!  
 Of redemption, dearly purchas'd  
 By thy death and precious wounds!  
 O reveal it! O reveal it! &c.  
 To our poor and helpless souls.  
 Give reward of grace and glory,  
 To thy faithful labourer dear,  
 Let the incense of our hearts be  
 Offer'd up in faith and pray'r.  
 Bless, O bless him; bless, O bless him, &c.  
 Now, henceforth, for evermore.

431. *The Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances.* S. M.

WELCOME sweet day of rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise!  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes!  
 The King himself comes near,  
 And feasts his saints to-day;  
 Here may we sit, and see him here,  
 And love, and praise, and pray.  
 One day amidst the place  
 Where my dear God hath been,  
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
 Of pleasurable sin.  
 My willing soul would stay  
 In such a frame as this,  
 And sit and sing herself away  
 To everlasting bliss.



432. *Witnessing Christ.* S. M.

THE God whose smiles we court,  
 From whom we favour claim,  
 Whose love alone new life imparts,  
 And gives the heav'nly flame,  
 Is none but the meek Lamb,  
 Our dear exalted Lord,  
 Whose grace and Spirit still remain  
 To bless us in his word.

His promise is the same  
 His church below to bless,  
 When they assemble in his name  
 To supplicate his grace ;  
 A train of sinners poor  
 He will not cast behind,  
 But keeps his word for evermore,  
 And bears us on his mind.

To our relief he flies,  
 He flies from realms above,  
 Answers our prayers in sweet replies,  
 And tokens of his love.  
 Shall we not witness bear  
 How faithful he hath been,  
 And boldly to the world declare  
 Salvation we have seen.

Yes, if thou'lt help us, Lord,  
 Thy name we will confess,  
 And speak of Christ the living word,  
 The Lord our Righteousness :

We'll mention to his praise  
 The triumphs of his death;  
 And sing his everlasting grace,  
 Ev'n with our latest breath.

433. *God the Help of Israel.* C. M.

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

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

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

But "I am with you," saith the Lord,  
 "My saints shall safe abide,  
 "Nor will I e'er forsake my own,  
 "For whom the Saviour died."

Through ev'ry scene of life and death  
 Thy promise is our trust,  
 And this shall be our children's song  
 When we are cold in dust:

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

434. *Opening a Place of Worship.* L. M.

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

For thou, within no walls confin'd,  
 Inhabitest the humble mind;  
 Such ever bring thee where they come,  
 And going take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
 Thy former mercies here renew,  
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the pow'r of prayer  
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,  
 To teach our faint desires to rise,  
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Behold, at thy commanding word,  
 Let Sion stretch her cords abroad;  
 Come then, and fill that wider space,  
 And bless us with a large increase.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near,  
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;  
 O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
 And make a thousand hearts thine own.

435. *Zion's Resting Place.* C. M.

**ZION'S** the *resting place* of God,  
 In Zion he'll reside ;  
 Here all his stately steps are seen,  
 And mercies are display'd.  
 From yonder throne, Jehovah speaks,  
 In accents all divine ;  
 " Here is my rest, and here I'll dwell,  
 " Here shall my glories shine."  
 Here will I meet my chosen race,  
 Here will I feast my saints ;  
 Here will I bless immortal souls,  
 And banish all complaints.  
 Here is pure milk, and wine, and oil,  
 And here is living bread ;  
 All the rich fruits of heav'nly love,  
 A table richly spread.  
 Lord, may we all who here are met,  
 Of thy provision taste ;  
 May ev'ry spirit sweetly feed,  
 On this divine repast.  
 May we digest celestial food,  
 Flourish and grow in grace ;  
 Gratefully own thy lib'ral hand,  
 And love thy dwelling place.

436. *Longings for Soul-Settlement.* C. M.

**O** FOR a spirit stay'd on God,  
 And bound for things above ;  
 Sweetly compos'd in pard'ning blood,  
 And all dissolv'd in love.

But how my foolish, wav'ring mind,  
 Roves from Immanuel's breast ;  
 Leaves a bright heav'n and God behind,  
 Yet—vainly seeks for rest.

Sometimes it moves, and sweetly soars,  
 And mounts the hills of light ;  
 The realms of blessedness explores,  
 And feels a pure delight.

Again it leaves celestial good,  
 And nought but glooms appear ;  
 Again it flies to Calv'ry's blood,  
 To drown its ev'ry fear.

Again 'tis heal'd of ev'ry smart,  
 And beats for things divine ;  
 Lord, take this strange mysterious heart,  
 And sink it deep in thine.

There may it lie, entomb'd in love,  
 Absorb'd in conq'ring grace ;  
 From thy dear bosom never rove,  
 But dwell in endless peace.

437. *Christ's Care for his People.* 104<sup>th</sup>.

YE lambs of Christ's fold,  
 Ye weaklings in faith,  
 Who long to lay hold  
 On life by his death ;  
 Who fain would believe him,  
 And in your best room  
 Would gladly receive him,  
 But fear to presume.



Remember one thing—  
    (O may it sink deep!)  
Our Shepherd and King  
    Cares much for his sheep.  
To trust him endeavour;  
    The work is his own;  
He makes the believer,  
    And gives him his crown.

Those feeble desires,  
    Those wishes so weak,  
’Tis Jesus inspires,  
    And bids you still seek.  
His Spirit will cherish  
    The life he first gave;  
You never shall perish,  
    If Jesus can save.

Proud lions that boast,  
    When lusty and young,  
Soon find, to their cost,  
    Self-confidence wrong,  
Tormented with hunger,  
    They feel their strength vain;  
For famine is stronger,  
    And gnaws them with pain.

But lambs are preserv’d,  
    Tho’ helpless in kind:  
When lions are starv’d,  
    *They* nourishment find,  
Their Shepherd upholds them,  
    When faint in his arms;  
And feeds them, and holds them,  
    And guards them from harms.

Tho' sometimes we see  
 The case is not thus ;  
 Bad shepherds will flee ;  
 Yet what's that to us ?  
 The Shepherd that chose us,  
 Must surely be good,  
 Who, rather than lose us,  
 Would shed his heart's blood.

Blest soul, that can say,  
 " Christ only I seek ;"  
 Wait for him always :  
 Be constant, though weak.  
 The Lord, whom thou seekest,  
 Will not tarry long ;  
 And to him the weakest  
 Is dear as the strong.

438. *Fear.* 104<sup>th</sup>.

THE fear of the Lord  
 Our days will prolong ;  
 In trouble afford  
 A confidence strong ;  
 Will keep us from sinning ;  
 Will prosper our ways ;  
 And is the beginning  
 Of wisdom and grace.  
 The fear of the Lord  
 Preserves us from death ;  
 Enforces his word,  
 Enlivens our faith :

It regulates passion,  
And helps us to quell  
The dread of damnation,  
And terrors of hell,  
The fear of the Lord  
Is soundness and health ;  
A treasure well stor'd  
With heavenly wealth :  
A fence against evil,  
By which we resist  
World, flesh, and the devil,  
And imitate Christ.

The fear of the Lord  
Is clean and approv'd ;  
Makes Satan abhorr'd  
And Jesus belov'd.  
It conquers by weakness,  
Is proof against strife ;  
A cordial in sickness,  
A fountain of life.

The fear of the Lord  
Is lowly and meek ;  
The happy reward  
Of all that him seek :  
They only that fear him  
The truth can discern ;  
For living so near him,  
His secrets they learn.

The fear of the Lord  
His mercy makes dear,  
His judgments ador'd,  
His righteousness clear ;

Without its fresh flavour,  
 In knowledge there's fault ;  
 In doctrine no savour ;  
 In duties no salt.

The fear of the Lord  
 Confirms a good hope ;  
 By this are restor'd  
 The senses that droop.  
 The deeper it reaches  
 The more the soul thrives ;  
 It gives what it teaches,  
 And guards what it gives.

The fear of the Lord  
 Forbids us to yield :  
 It sharpens our sword,  
 And strengthens our shield.  
 Then cry we to heaven,  
 With one loud accord,  
 That to us be given  
 The fear of the Lord.

439. *Lord's Day Morning.* C. M.

How did my heart rejoice to hear  
 My friends devoutly say,  
 " In Zion let us all appear,  
 " And keep the solemn day !"  
 I love her gates, I love the road ;  
 The church adorn'd with grace,  
 Stands like a palace built for God,  
 To shew his milder face.

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

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

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

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

440 *Blessing of Zion.* 122<sup>nd</sup>.

How pleas'd and bless'd was I,  
 To hear the people cry,  
 " Come let us seek our God to day !  
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,  
 We haste to Zion's hill,  
 And there our vows and honours pay.

• Zion, thrice happy place :  
 Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,  
 And walls of strength embrace thee round :  
 In thee our tribes appear  
 To pray, and praise, and hear  
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.



There David's greater Son  
 Has fix'd his royal throne,  
 He sits for grace and judgment there;  
 He bids the saints be glad,  
 He makes the sinner sad,  
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,  
 And joy within thee wait,  
 To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;  
 The man that seeks thy peace,  
 And wishes thine increase,  
 A thousand blessings on him rest!

My tongue repeats her vows,  
 "Peace to this sacred house!"  
 For there my friends and kindred dwell;  
 And since my glorious God  
 Makes thee his blest abode,  
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

441. *God and his Church; or, Grace and  
 Glory.* L. M.

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

Might I enjoy the meanest place  
 Within thine house, O God of grace,  
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,  
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

God is our sun, he makes our day:  
 God is our shield, he guards our way

From all th' assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without, and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too ;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.

O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway  
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey ;  
And devils at thy presence flee ;  
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

**442.** *Hosannah : the Lord's-day : or, Christ's  
Resurrection, and our Salvation. C. M.*

**T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own ;  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

To-day he rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.

Hosannah to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son !  
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.

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

Hosannah in the highest strains  
 The church on earth can raise;  
 The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,  
 Shall give him nobler praise.

443. *The Amiableness of God's House.*  
 8. 7. 4.

LORD, how lovely is thy temple,  
 How delightful is the place,  
 Where thy beauties shine resplendent,  
 Where thou dost display thy grace!  
 How endearing, how endearing,  
 Are the smiles of Jesu's face!

Here we sing, and love, and wonder;  
 Here we join to praise the Lord;  
 Pouring out our souls to Jesus,  
 We enjoy a great reward;  
 For the Saviour, for the Saviour,  
 Does the weakest pray'r regard.

Ev'ry breathing is accepted,  
 When the soul to Jesus moves;  
 Pray'rs of all the truly humble,  
 Jesus cordially approves!  
 All the simple, all the simple,  
 Jesus listens to, and loves.

On his praying, waiting people,  
 O what blessings he doth pour!  
 How he smiles with approbation,  
 While they knock at mercy's door!  
 Lord we'll praise thee, &c.

Now, henceforth, for evermore,

444. *The Pleasure of Public Worship.*

L. M.

**H**ow pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

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

The sparrow chooses where to rest,  
And for her young provides her nest :  
But will my God to sparrows grant  
That pleasure which his children want ?

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

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

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

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

445. *New Year's Hymn.* L. M.

IN songs of praise before thy throne,  
 We'll celebrate thy name alone;  
 In all our trouble thou hast prov'd  
 A God whose counsel can't be mov'd.

The year is past, with all its cares,  
 Its perils, and its dismal snares ;  
 And thee we'll praise, our cov'nant God,  
 Who bore us up amidst the flood.

And now another year's begun,  
 Help us, O Lord! our race to run,  
 In Christ, the new and living way,  
 Till we all meet in endless day.

Our times, dear Lord, are in thy hand ;  
 And all events at thy command:  
 Our rising griefs thou can'st controul,  
 And speak sweet peace throughout the soul.

Preserve us, Lord! throughout this year,  
 O! let thy love our spirits cheer ;  
 Then shall we welcome all thy will,  
 And triumph over ev'ry ill.

446. *An Hymn for the New Year.* C. M.

COME, thou sweet celestial Dove,  
 And rest upon us here;  
 With thy rich unction from above,  
 May we begin the year.

'Tis by the pow'r of sov'reign grace  
 Thy council, and thy care,  
 We've been preserv'd in ev'ry place,  
 Throughout another year.



400      **TIMES AND SEASONS.**

How oft, through unbelief and pride,  
    We have been put in fear ;  
But in a Saviour's wounds we hide  
    Throughout each trying year.

How oft cast down, but not destroy'd,  
    Thou hast been ever near ;  
Thy sov'reign grace has been employ'd  
    For us all through the year.

Lord, we have prov'd thy faithful word,  
    A refuge ever near,  
The loving kindness of the Lord,  
    A song for all the year.

O ! may we prize it more and more,  
    While in this vale of tears,  
Till landed safe on Canaan's shore,  
    Beyond all changing years.

Till then we'd wait each day to prove,  
    Thyself to us more dear ;  
Then join the blood-bought host above,  
    Through one eternal year.

447. *An Evening Song.*    C. M.

**D**READ Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song  
    Like holy incense rise ;  
Assist the off'rings of my tongue  
    To reach the lofty skies.

Thro' all the dangers of the day  
    Thy hand was still my guard !  
And still to drive my wants away  
    Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

Perpetual blessings from above  
 Encompass me around;  
 But O, how few returns of love  
 Hath my Creator found?  
 What have I done for him that dy'd  
 To save my wretched soul?  
 How are my follies multiply'd;  
 Fast as my minutes roll?  
 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,  
 To thy dear cross I flee;  
 And to thy grace my soul resign,  
 To be renew'd by thee.  
 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,  
 I lay me down to rest;  
 As in th' embraces of my God,  
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

448. *An Evening Psalm.* C. M.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,  
 I am for ever thine;  
 I fear before thee all the day;  
 Nor would I dare to sin.  
 And while I rest my weary head,  
 From cares and bus'ness free,  
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,  
 With my own heart and thee.  
 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice:  
 And when my work is done,  
 Great God! my faith and hope relies  
 Upon thy grace alone.

402      TIMES AND SEASONS.

Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,  
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;  
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep.

449. *New Year*, 148<sup>th</sup>.

THE Lord of earth and sky,  
The God of ages praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
Ancient of endless days;  
Who lengthens out our trials here,  
And spares us yet *another year*.

Barren and wither'd trees,  
We cumber'd long the ground,  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls is found;  
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,  
Another, and *another year*.

When Justice bar'd the sword  
To cut the fig-tree down,  
The pity of our Lord,  
Cry'd, let it still alone.  
The Father mild inclines his ear,  
And spares us yet *another year*.

Jesus, thy speaking blood  
From God obtain'd the grace,  
Who therefore hath bestow'd  
On us a longer space;  
Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
And lo, we see *another year*.

Then dig about the root,  
 Break up the fallow ground,  
 And let some gracious fruit  
 To thy great praise abound :  
**O** let us all thy praise declare,  
 And fruit unto thy glory bear !

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

450. *Let thy Presence go with me.* C. M.

**D**EATH cannot make my soul afraid,  
 If God be with me there :  
 Soft is the passage through the shade,  
 And all the prospect fair.

Jesus, the vision of thy face  
 Hath overpowering charms :  
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
 If Christ be in my arms.

There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-withering flowers ;  
 Death, like a narrow stream, divides  
 The heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dress'd in living green ;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood  
 While Jordan roll'd between.

**O** could I make my fears remove,  
 Those gloomy fears that rise,  
 And see the Canaan which I love,  
 With unclouded eyes ;

Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,  
 I would forget to breathe,  
 And lose my life amidst the charms  
 Of so divine a death.

451. *Funeral.* C. M.

SWEET to rejoice in lively hope  
 That when my change shall come,  
 Angels will hover round my bed,  
 And waft my spirit home.

Then shall my disimprison'd soul  
 Behold him and adore ;  
 Be with his likeness satisfied,  
 And grieve and sin no more.

Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear  
 The trumpet's quick'ning sound,  
 And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,  
 At his right hand be found.

These eyes shall see him in that day,  
 The God that died for me,  
 And all my rising bones shall say,  
 Lord, who is like to thee ?

If such the views which grace unfolds,  
 Weak as it is below,  
 What raptures must the church above  
 In Jesu's presence know !

O may the unction of these truths  
 For ever with me stay,  
 Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,  
 My spirit flies away.



452. *The same.* 8<sup>s</sup>.

**A**H, lovely appearance of death !  
No sight upon earth is so fair ;  
Not all the gay pageants that breathe  
Can with a dead body compare.  
With solem delight I survey  
The corpse when the spirit is fled,  
In love with the beautiful clay,  
And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our brother, bereft  
Of all that could burden his mind,  
How easy the soul that has left  
This wearisome body behind ;  
Of evil incapable thou,  
Whose relics with envy I see,  
No longer in misery now,  
No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more  
With sickness, and shaken with pain ;  
The war in the members is o'er,  
And never shall vex him again ;  
No anger henceforward, or shame  
Shall redden this innocent clay,  
Extinct is the animal flame,  
And passion is vanish'd away.

The languishing head is at rest,  
Its thinking and aching are o'er,  
The quiet immoveable breast  
Is heav'd by affliction no more,

The heart is no longer the seat  
 Of trouble and torturing pain,  
 It ceases to flutter and beat,  
 It never shall flutter again.

The lids he so seldom could close,  
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,  
 Have strangely forgotten to weep;  
 The fountain can yield no supplies,  
 These hollows from water are free,  
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,  
 And evil they never shall see.

453. *The same.* C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,  
 Or shake at death's alarms?  
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
 To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upwards to,  
 As fast as time can move?  
 Why should we wish the hours more slow  
 That keep us from our love?

Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their bodies to the tomb;  
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
 And left a sweet perfume!

The grave of all his saints he blest,  
 And soften'd ev'ry bed;  
 Where should the dying members rest,  
 But with their dying head?

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

454. *The same.* C. M.

**G**REAT God, I own thy sentence just,  
And nature must decay,  
I yield my body to the dust  
To dwell with fellow clay.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs,  
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,  
My God, my Saviour comes.

The mighty conqueror shall appear  
High on a royal seat,  
And Death, the last of all his foes,  
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

Though greedy worms devour my skin,  
And gnaw my wasting flesh,  
When God shall build my bones again  
He clothes them all afresh.

Then shall I see thy lovely face  
With strong immortal eyes,  
And feast upon thine unknown grace  
With pleasure and surprise.

455. *The same.* C. M.

**H**ow happy are the souls above,  
From sin and sorrow free !  
With Jesus they are now at rest,  
And all his glory see.

Worthy the Lamb, aloud they cry,  
 That brought us here to God ;  
 In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout  
 The merits of his blood.

With wondering joy they recollect  
 Their fears and dangers past ;  
 And bless the wisdom, power, and love,  
 Which brought them safe at last.

They follow the exalted Lamb  
 Where'er they see him go,  
 And at the footstool of his grace  
 Their blood-bought crowns they throw.

Lord, let the merit of thy death  
 To me be likewise given,  
 And I, with them, shall shout thy praise  
 Through all the courts of heaven.

456. *The same.* C. M.

OUR brother dear, retir'd from earth,  
 Has reach'd the heav'nly plains ;  
 Freed from the anxious cares of time,  
 And dwells where glory reigns.

When here below, he long pursu'd  
 High and immortal things ;  
 Center'd his hopes on Calv'ry's tree,  
 Beneath a Saviour's wings.

Stedfast and firm, he urg'd his course,  
 And travell'd home to God ;  
 Still kept fair Canaan's land in view,  
 Nor lost the shining road.

Appris'd of death, his mounting soul,  
 Sprang with a new delight;  
 Enter'd the chariot of the Lamb,  
 And rode to realms of light.

Lord, may we all with rapid zeal,  
 Run the celestial way;  
 Press thro' the transient storms of night  
 To one eternal day.

There we shall sit on thrones of bliss,  
 And tune triumphant lays;  
 Make all the hills of light resound,  
 With dear Immanuel's praise.

457. *Death.* C. M.

**D**EATH! how important is thy stroke,  
 How solemn is thy voice;  
 How awful is thy ev'ry look;  
 And yet the saints rejoice.

Rejoice and sing with their last breath,  
 Sav'd from their ev'ry fear;  
 For Jesus dy'd, and conquer'd death,  
 The dying saint to cheer.

How truly bless'd are all the dead,  
 Who in the Saviour die;  
 From ev'ry sorrow they are freed,  
 And sing above the sky.

There Jesu's beauties they survey,  
 And all his glory prove;  
 See him in full resplendency,  
 With all the forms of love.



Now, Lord, to thee we look by faith,  
 To thy dear arms we fly;  
 Give us all vict'ry over death,  
 And make us long to die.

Then to the blissful courts above,  
 Our longing spirits raise;  
 Inflam'd with all the fire of love,  
 We'll burst in songs of praise.

458. *The Christian dying in hope of eternal  
 Life.* L. M.

IN hope of life eternal giv'n,  
 Behold a pardon'd sinner dies;  
 A legal, blood-bought heir of heav'n,  
 Call'd to his mansion in the skies.  
 He left the world, with all its toys,  
 For better, brighter worlds on high;  
 His faith embrac'd substantial joys,  
 Soaring beyond the starry sky.  
 From Pisgah's top, by faith, he saw  
 The land where milk and honey flows;  
 Nor could the pow'r of hell below  
 Prevail to break his sweet repose.  
 He trod the shades of gloomy death,  
 Could set his seal, that God was true;  
 Finish'd his course, and kept the faith,  
 For God kept him his passage through.  
 Methinks I see him now at rest,  
 In the bright mansion love ordain'd;  
 His head reclines on Jesu's breast,  
 No more by sin or sorrow pain'd.

Why should our eyes with sorrow flow,  
Or bosoms heave the painful sigh?

When Jesus calls, the saint must go,  
'Twas his eternal gain to die.

'Twas thro' the strength of Israel's King,  
He prov'd a conqu'ror when he fell;

'Tis to the praise of grace we sing,  
Tho' of a dying saint we tell.

Fearless he enter'd Jordan's flood,  
At peace with heav'n he clos'd his eyes;

His only trust was Jesu's blood,  
In sure and certain hope to rise.

**459.** *The State of departed Souls unalterable.* L. M.

IN realms of everlasting rest  
There lay a saint, in Abr'am's breast,  
Releas'd from sin, with all its woe,  
To dwell where joys eternal flow.

From the dark regions of despair,  
A pamper'd glutton saw him there:  
But, ah! how dreadful was the scene,  
An awful gulph was fix'd between.

This gulph was set, that none might go,  
From Jesu's breast to endless woe;  
And to secure within their cell,  
The souls that once have pass'd to hell.

No jail deliv'ry enters there,  
'Tis everlasting black despair;  
Ev'n hope itself gives up the ghost;  
The soul once lost, for ever lost.

This awful gulph was fix'd of old,  
 To keep his lambs within their fold,  
 Whose wand'ring feet were prone to stray  
 From the great Shepherd far away.

Tremendous thought! awake, my soul,  
 And prove election by thy call;  
 Jesus hath bled, salvation's free,  
 But thou must know 'twas shed for thee.

Be sov'reign love for ever blest,  
 By all the spirits now at rest,  
 That God admits of no remove  
 From the dear bosom of his love.

460. *Christ's presence makes Death easy.*

L. M.

**W**HY should we start or fear to die?

What tim'rous worms we mortals are!  
 Death is the gate of endless joy,  
 And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
 Fright our approaching souls away;  
 Still we shrink back again to life,  
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

O! if my Lord would come and meet,  
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
 Fly fearless thro' Death's iron gate,  
 Nor feel the terrors as she past.

Jesus can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
 While on his breast I lean my head,  
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

461. *Comfortable Prospect of Death and Judgment.* 148<sup>th</sup>.

**Y**E virgin souls arise,  
 With all the dead awake ;  
 Unto salvation wise,  
 Oil in your vessels take ;  
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
 Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.

He comes, he comes to call  
 The nations to his bar,  
 And take to glory all  
 Who meet for glory are :  
 Make ready for your free reward,  
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

Go meet him in the sky,  
 Your everlasting friend ;  
 Your head to glorify,  
 With all his saints ascend ;  
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace  
 To see without a veil his face.

Then let us wait to hear  
 The trumpet's welcome sound ;  
 To see our Lord appear,  
 Watching may we be found :  
 With that bless'd wedding robe endu'd,  
 The blood and righteousness of God.

462. *The Day of Judgment.* 8. 7. 4.

**D**AY of judgment, day of wonders!  
 Hark the trumpet's awful sound,  
 Louder than a thousand thunders,  
 Shakes the vast creation round!  
 How the summons will the sinner's heart  
 confound!

See the Judge our nature wearing,  
 Cloth'd in majesty divine,  
 You who long for his appearing,  
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"  
 Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for  
 thine.

At his call the dead awaken,  
 Rise to life from earth and sea;  
 All the powers of nature shaken  
 By his look prepare to flee;  
 Careless sinner, what will then become of  
 thee?

Satan, who now tries to please you,  
 Lest you timely warning take,  
 In that awful day will seize you,  
 Plunge you in the burning lake:  
 Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at stake.

But to those who have confessed,  
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,  
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,  
 " See the kingdom I bestow,  
 " You for ever shall my love and glory know."



463. *The Last Judgment.* Old 50<sup>th</sup>.

**T**HE God of glory sends his summons forth,  
 Calls the south nations, and awakes the north:  
 From east to west his sov'reign orders spread,  
 Through distant worlds, and regions of the  
 dead?

The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heaven  
 rejoices;

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful  
 voices!

No more shall atheists mock his long delay;  
 His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the  
 day;

Behold the judge descends; his guards are  
 nigh;

Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.  
 When God appears, all nature shall adore  
 him,

While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before  
 him.

Heaven, earth, and hell, draw near; let all  
 things come

To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom;  
 But gather first my saints, (the judge com-  
 mands,)

Bring them, ye angels, from the distant lands:  
 When Christ returns, wake every cheerful  
 passion,

And shout, ye saints, he comes for your sal-  
 vation!

## 416 DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Behold, my covenant stands for ever good,  
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,  
And sign'd with all their names, the Greek,  
the Jew,

That paid the ancient worship, or the new.  
There's no distinction here, join all your  
voices,

And raise your head, ye saints, for heaven  
rejoices.

Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread their  
thrones,

And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons;  
Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys pre-  
par'd

Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward:  
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful  
passion;

And shout, ye saints, he comes for your sal-  
vation!

## HEAVEN.

### 464. *The humble worship of Heaven.* C. M.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see  
The place of thine abode;  
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee  
Up to thy seat, my God!

Here I behold thy distant face,  
And 'tis a pleasing sight;  
But to abide in thine embrace,  
Is infinite delight.

I'd part with all the joys of sense  
 To gaze upon thy throne ;  
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,  
 Unspeakable, unknown.

[There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,  
 In shining ranks they move,  
 And drink immortal vigour in  
 With wonder and with love.

Then at thy feet with awful fear  
 Th' adoring armies fall ;  
 With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,  
 Before th' eternal ALL.

There I would vie with all the host  
 In duty and in bliss ;  
 While *less than nothing* I could boast,  
 And *vanity* confess.

The more thy glories strike mine eyes,  
 The humbler I shall lie ;  
 Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise  
 Unmeasurably high.

465. *The Saints' everlasting Rest.* L. M.

FOR weary saints a rest remains,  
 In heav'n, from all their toil and pains ;  
 Where seas of joy eternal flow,  
 Without a taint of mortal woe.

There, from all sin and sorrow free,  
 They spend a long eternity ;  
 No more to strive with flesh and blood,  
 But cease from sin, and rest in God.

Eternal love this rest ordain'd,  
 To soothe the breast with sorrows pain'd,  
 And fold his lambs from harm secure,  
 Long as eternal years endure.

A rest from all th' infernal strife  
 That here attends this mortal life;  
 Sin, death, and hell for ever gone,  
 No more they gird the armour on.

This rest prepar'd, they shall attain,  
 For God will ne'er his honour stain;  
 He stands engag'd by firm decree,  
 His Israel's Cov'nant God to be.

Oh! sacred rest, for thee we groan,  
 And bid the wheels of time roll on,  
 To bring that hour when we shall rise  
 To join the chorus of the skies.

Immortal love shall then repay  
 The transient sorrows of the way;  
 And Jesu's name swell ev'ry song,  
 A whole eternity along.

466. *The Lamb and his Virgin Company.*

L. M.

**O**N Zion's glorious summit stood  
 A num'rous host, redeem'd by blood;  
 They hymn'd their King in strains divine;  
 I heard the song, and strove to join.

Here all who suffer'd sword or flame,  
 For truth, or Jesu's lovely name,  
 Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,  
 And bow before the great I AM.

While everlasting ages roll,  
 Eternal love shall feast their soul;  
 And scenes of bliss, for ever new,  
 Rise in succession to their view.

Here Mary and Manasseh view,  
 The dying thief,—and Abr'am too:  
 With equal love their spirits flame,  
 The same their joy, their song the same.

O sweet employ, to sing and trace  
 Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;  
 And spend, from sin and sorrow free,  
 A blissful vast eternity!

O what a sweet exalted song,  
 When every tribe and every tongue,  
 Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,  
 And join in one full chorus there.

My soul anticipates the day,  
 Would stretch her wings and soar away,  
 To aid the song, a palm to bear,  
 And bow,—the chief of sinners there.

## HEAVEN AND HELL.

467. *The rich Man and Lazarus.* 148<sup>th</sup>.

A WORLDING spent each day,  
 In luxury and state;  
 While a believer lay,  
 A beggar at his gate.  
 'Think not the Lord's appointment strange,  
 Death made a great and lasting change.



Death brought the saint release  
 From want, disease, and scorn;  
 And to the land of peace,  
 His soul, by angels borne,  
 In Abr'am's bosom safely plac'd,  
 Enjoys an everlasting feast.

The rich man also died,  
 And in a moment fell  
 From all his pomp and pride  
 Into the flames of hell:  
 The beggar's bliss from far beheld,  
 His soul with double anguish fill'd.

“O, Abr'am, send,” he cries,  
 (But his request was vain)

“The beggar from the skies  
 “To mitigate my pain!

“One drop of water I entreat,

“To soothe my tongue's tormenting heat!

Let all who worldly pelf  
 And worldly spirits have,  
 Observe, each for himself,

The answer Abr'am gave;

“Remember thou wast fill'd with good,

“While the poor beggar pin'd for food.

“Neglected at thy door,

“With tears he begg'd his bread;

“But now he weeps no more,

“His griefs and pains are fled:

“His joys eternally will flow,

“While thine expire in endless woe.”

Lord make us truly wise,  
 To choose thy people's lot,  
 And earthly joys despise,  
 Which soon will be forgot:  
 The greatest evil we can fear,  
 Is to possess our portion here!

168. *The Last Judgment. Made in a great  
 Thunder Storm. C. M.*

SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts;  
 And thou, O earth, adore:  
 Let death and hell thro' all their coasts  
 Stand trembling at his pow'r.

His sounding chariot shakes the sky;  
 He makes the clouds his throne;  
 There all his stores of light'ning lie,  
 'Till vengeance darts them down.

His nostrils breathe out fi'ry streams,  
 And from his awful tongue  
 A sov'reign voice divides the flames,  
 And thunders roll along.

Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,  
 When this incensed God  
 Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,  
 And fling his wrath abroad!

What shall the wretch the sinner do?  
 He once defy'd the Lord:  
 But he shall dread the thund'rer now,  
 And sink beneath his word.

**422 HEAVEN AND HELL.**

Tempests of angry fire shall roll  
To blast the rebel-worm,  
And beat upon his naked soul  
In one eternal storm.

**469.** *The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of this World.* L. M.

**S**ING to the Lord that built the skies,  
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;  
Let all the nations sound his praise,  
And lands unknown repeat his name.

He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,  
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust,  
Nature and time with all their wheels,  
And push'd them into motion first.

Now, from his high imperial throne  
He looks far down upon the spheres;  
He bids the shining orbs roll on,  
And round he turns the hasty years.

Thus shall this moving engine last,  
Till all his saints are gather'd in:  
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,  
To shake it all to dust again!

Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,  
And light'nings burn the globe below,  
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,  
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

470. *The Promised Land.* C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting rapt'rous scene  
 That rises to my sight!  
 Sweet fields, array'd in living green,  
 And rivers of delight!

There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,  
 On trees immortal grow:  
 There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,  
 With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide-extended plains  
 Shines one eternal day;  
 There God the Sun for ever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,  
 Can reach that healthful shore:  
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
 Are felt and fear'd no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be for ever blest?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in his bosom rest?

Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul  
 Can here no longer stay;  
 Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.

## 471. C. M.

FROM the dear flock of Jesu's saints,  
 How painful 'tis to go!  
 But such must be our sad complaints,  
 While trav'ling here below.

If parting now so grieves each heart,  
 That's knit to Zion's head,  
 Then surely Jesus ne'er will part,  
 With those for whom he bled.

True must his word for ever stand;  
 Then—he'll ne'er leave his sheep;  
 But in the hollow of his hand,  
 Their souls he'll ever keep.

He'll train them up, thro' grace divine,  
 A kingdom to possess;  
 There shall their souls for ever shine,  
 In perfect love and peace.

What a delightful company,  
 Shall meet on Canaan's shore!  
 Oh! what a meeting that will be,  
 When parting is no more!

'Then round the shining throne above,  
 We'll sing in cheerful strains;  
 Sound the dear Saviour's dying love,  
 O'er all the heav'nly plains.

## 472. L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;  
 Help us to feed upon thy word;  
 All that has been amiss forgive;  
 And let thy truth within us live.



Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;  
 Wash all our sins in Jesu's blood:  
 Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,  
 And bid us all depart in peace.

## 473. S. M.

ONCE more before we part,  
 We'll bless the Saviour's name:  
 Record his mercies, ev'ry heart;  
 Sing, ev'ry tongue the same.  
 Hoard up his sacred word,  
 And feed thereon and grow;  
 Go on to seek, to know the Lord,  
 And practice what you know.

## 474. C. M.

LORD, help us on thy word to feed;  
 In peace dismiss us hence:  
 Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,  
 Our refuge and defence.  
 We now desire to bless thy name;  
 And in our hearts record,  
 And with our thankful tongues proclaim,  
 The goodness of the Lord.

## 475. C. M.

FATHER, ere we hence depart,  
 Send thy good Spirit down,  
 To reside in ev'ry heart,  
 And bless the seed that's sown.

Fountain of eternal love,  
 Thou freely gav'st thy Son to die;  
 Send thy Spirit from above  
 To quicken and apply.

## 476.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power,  
 Be unto the Lamb for ever,  
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 Praise the Lord,

## 477. L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise him all creatures here below,  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 478. 8. 6.

YE sons of men your voices raise,  
 And sing th' eternal Father's praise,  
 And glorify the Son;  
 Give glory to the Holy Ghost,  
 And join with all th' angelic host  
 To bless the great Three-One,

## 479. L. M.

To comprehend the great Three-One  
 Is more than highest angels can;  
 Or what the Trinity has done  
 From death and hell to ransom man.

But all true christians this may boast  
 (A truth from nature never learn'd)  
 That Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 To save our souls are all concern'd.  
 The Father's love in this we find;  
 He made his Son our sacrifice,  
 The Son in love his life resign'd,  
 The Spirit of love his blood applies.  
 Thus we the Trinity can praise  
 In Unity through Christ our King:  
 Our grateful hearts and voices raise  
 In faith and love, while thus we sing—  
 Glory to God the Father be,  
 Because he sent his Son to die,  
 Glory to God the Son, that he  
 Did with such willingness comply  
 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,  
 Who to our hearts this love reveals:  
 Thus God Three-One to sinners lost  
 Salvation sends, procures, and seals.

## 480.

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

481. 148<sup>th</sup>.

To him that chose us first,  
 Before the world began;  
 To him that bore the curse  
 To save rebellious man;

To him that form'd  
Our hearts anew,  
Is endless praise  
And glory due.

The Father's love shall run  
Thro' our immortal songs ;  
We bring to God the Son  
Hosannas on our tongues :  
Our lips address  
The Spirit's name  
With equal praise,  
And zeal the same.

Let ev'ry saint above,  
And angel round the throne,  
For ever bless and love  
The sacred Three in One :  
Thus heav'n shall raise  
His honours high,  
When earth and time  
Grow old and die.

### HOSANNAS.

482. C. M.

**H**OSANNA to the Prince of grace ;  
Sion, behold thy King ;  
Proclaim the Son of David's race,  
And teach the babes to sing.

**H**osanna to the Incarnate Word,  
Who from the Father came ;  
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,  
With blessings on his name.

## 483. S. M.

**H**OSANNA to the Son  
 Of David and of God,  
 Who brought the news of pardon down,  
 And bought it with his blood.  
 To Christ th' anointed King  
 Be endless blessings giv'n ;  
 Let the whole earth his glory sing,  
 Who made our peace with heav'n.

484. 148<sup>th</sup>.

**H**OSANNA to the King  
 Of David's ancient blood ;  
 Behold he comes to bring  
 Forgiving grace from God :  
 Let old and young  
 Attend his way,  
 And at his feet  
 Their honours lay.

**G**lory to God on high,  
 Salvation to the Lamb ;  
 Let earth, and sea, and sky  
 His wond'rous love proclaim.  
 Upon his head  
 Shall honoursrest,  
 And ev'ry age  
 Pronounce him blest.



485.

**G**OD of grace, now give thy blessing

On thy gospel's joyful sound ;

May our hearts (thy peace possessing,)

With seraphic love abound :

Bless our souls with thy salvation ;

Up to heav'n our voices raise ;

When we reach that blissful station,

Then we'll give thee nobler praise.—

And sing Hallelujah to God and the Lamb,

For ever and ever—Hallelujah. Amen.

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Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy  
house: and the place where thine honour  
dwelleth.—Psalm xxvi. 8.

